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To  
Bro Kelly Esq:  
with Mr. Rennie's respects.

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Pros. S. Taylor  
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MEMOIRS



AND

SELECT REMAINS

OF THE

REV. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR,

*Late Classical Tutor at Airedale College, Yorkshire.*

BY W. S. MATTHEWS.

LONDON:

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## PREFACE.

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By those who had the privilege of a personal acquaintance with the lamented subject of the following Memoir, it was deemed in no small measure desirable that some record should be preserved of his history and character. To do honour to the sainted dead was less the object of this wish, than to afford a fine example to the living of early and entire devotedness to the cause of God, as it was exemplified during a brief but beautiful life of cheerful piety. It was considered (in defence of publication,) that the just sentiment of Johnson, as to the *materiel* for effective biography, is now pretty generally recognized—that it adds nothing to the force and practical value of a book that the subject should be greatly lifted out of the ordinary sphere within which men think, and feel, and act:—on the contrary, that what appeals most closely to men's bosoms by way of example and excitement—showing that the points of highest moral, social, and Christian excellence are yet *attainable* points—will be best calculated to secure the object sought to be obtained. It was thought that at least a useful book—possibly an interesting one—might be produced; such an one as might succeed in gaining the attention, and speaking to the heart.

It is scarcely needful to say, that the Compiler of this volume (for he claims no higher title) entirely coincided

in the propriety of this design—except in that part which assigned to him the task of its execution. Little did he ever anticipate *such* a task! And yet there always seemed to him, in the enjoyment of the closest and most endeared intimacy with his departed friend, in days when death *seemed* far distant, an unacknowledged but pervading sense of unquiet—incompletion—or whatever it may be called,—the restlessness of some tropical bird, which cannot sing its own “song in the strange land,” on which, for a season, it has alighted, and whose wings are ever tremulous with eager anticipation of its flight. Memory often recurs to those days, and to that converse. It has *very* often done so during the period (prolonged by the engagements of business) which has been occupied in the arrangement of these pages;—but the Compiler trusts that he has in no unworthily partial spirit yielded to such influences as might interfere with the few qualifications he had for presenting a faithful exhibition of the character of his friend.

He can now only commit this volume to the divine blessing, with the prayer that it may be rendered abundantly useful.

*July 7, 1836.*

TO THE MEMORY OF THE

REV. THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR.

---

MILLIONS of eyes have wept o'er frames  
Once living, beautiful and young,  
Now dust and ashes, and their names  
Extinct on earth, because unsung ;  
But song itself hath but its day,  
Like the swan's note—a dying lay.

A dying lay I would rehearse,  
In memory of one whose breath  
Poured forth a strain of such sweet verse,  
As might have borne away from death  
The trophy of a sister's name,  
—Winning at once, and giving fame.

But all is mortal here ;—that song  
Pass'd like the breeze, which steals from flowers  
Their fragrance, yet repays the wrong  
With dew-drops shaken down in showers ;  
Ah ! like those flowers with dew-drops fed,  
They sprang, they blossom'd, they are dead.

The Poet (spared a little while,  
 Followed the sister all too soon ;  
 The hectic rose that flushed his smile  
 Grew pale, and withered long ere noon ;  
 In life's exulting prime, he gave  
 What death demanded, to the grave.

But that which death nor grave could seize  
 His soul—into his Saviour's hands,  
 (Who, by the cross's agonies,  
 Redeemed a people from all lands,)  
 He yielded, till "that day"\* to keep :  
 And then, like Stephen, fell asleep.

"That day" will come ; meanwhile, weep not,  
 O ye that loved him, and yet more  
 Love him for grief that "he is not ;"  
 —Rather with joy let eyes run o'er,  
 And warm hearts hope his face to see,  
 Where 'tis for ever "good to be."

J. MONTGOMERY.

The Mount, near Sheffield, June 25, 1836.

\* 2 Tim. i 12.

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MEMOIRS.



## MEMOIRS.

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It is a melancholy yet instructive thought, as we take up for perusal the memorial of departed worth, that within the volume in our hands is compressed the history of a whole human life. Within so narrow a compass is at last reduced all the record of its events and feelings. Here are the beginnings of that life, from its first days of helpless and unconscious dependence, and its golden hours of childish happiness, beautiful and lovely in the sunrise of intellectual being,—onward through the season of youthful discipline, with its ten thousand hopes, joys, purposes, and associations. Here too is all that remains of the excitement of actual conflict with the cares and occupations of life, when the child of yesterday emerges into a wider sphere, takes up his part in the great drama of Society, exerts an influence for good or evil over unnumbered minds,—his own character the whole time silently but surely moulding into the form it is ultimately to bear, of dignity or dishonour,—down to the solemn hour when the grave wraps this busy scene in its silent shadows, and the man becomes for ever, as a moral and intellectual being, what his pursuits, and associations, and dispositions have made him. All this, as in single perspective, is brought before the eye; and we see at once both the beginning and the end of so momentous a tale.

Yet however interesting in themselves might be the records of human events and characters, it is with reference to man as the child of immortality that they assume their chief value and significance. We look upon his life in all its aspects as the beginning of existence. We see it especially in a light in which, probably, we never regarded the living man,—in connection with his preparation of character for eternity,—and we feel at once the lessons spoken to our own hearts of example, and warning, and excitement,—and perceive in their true light, the worth and dignity which connect themselves with such a record. We see into how compendious a form may be reduced the history of human life and feelings, however long the period over which they may have extended, or however wide the sphere of their influence. And in proportion as the biographer succeeds in introducing us to that hidden laboratory of thought and feeling, whence emanated the excellencies and attainments of those characters on which Death has set the seal of unchanging and undecaying beauty,—may the living be incited to the attainment of the same measures of faith and hope, knowledge and love,—by the same means,—and resulting in the same glorious end. Especially in the case of those who in a few short years have passed with rapid steps along the path of duty and acquirement, attaining that early meetness “for the inheritance of the saints in light,” which is the unfailing earnest of its early possession, may the exhibition of character exert a pure and elevating influence beyond that which their living examples *could* have produced. We gaze upon their characters, not as upon the broken pillar of the desert, telling a mournful tale of beauty and magnificence for ever gone,—but as on some foundations deep and strong, scarcely indeed to our eye risen higher than the ground, yet on which is rearing, amidst

the silence of the invisible world, a Temple for the divine glory, the splendor and harmony of whose proportions shall be revealed to the eye, in that day when amidst the light and revelations of Eternity, we shall “know even as we are known.”

The employment, though pursued under a trembling sense of imperfection and incompetency, cannot be other than a most elevating and delightful one to the writer of these pages, to seek thus to record the history of departed worth,—to draw from memory a portrait, the original of which is in Heaven—and to embody for the instruction and imitation of others and himself, the living character of his sainted friend. Should this work be written and read aright, there will seem to arise a strain of solemn music at its close, as though “a voice from heaven” were heard, saying, “Write, Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord from henceforth: Yea, saith the Spirit, that they may rest from their labours; and their works do follow them.” Be ye, therefore, “followers of them who through faith and patience inherit the promises.”

THOMAS RAWSON TAYLOR, the eldest Son of the Rev. Thomas Taylor, of Bradford, Yorkshire, was born at Ossett, in that county, 9th May, 1807. It was his privilege to commence a life of no mean attainment in piety under no ordinary advantages. He was eminently “brought up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord.” Upon an ardent and susceptible temperament like his, there could not fail, even in childhood, to be produced no slight effects by the exhibition of “ whatsoever things were lovely and of good report;” and these impressions of Christian excellence, though, “like the morning cloud and the early dew,” they afterwards “passed away,” yet left upon the heart a freshening and

softening influence. The large measure in which it became observable in after life, that he had drank in the amiable and lovely spirit of his excellent mother, proves that his character in its earliest elements had received the impress of her tender and ardent piety. Happy the child who is blessed with the affection and example of such parents, and happy the parents of such a child!

There appears to have been little in his early history deserving of particular remark. One of the earliest indications of the development of his mind, (supplied to us by a memory that loves to dwell on his history), was his fondness for poetry. This was about his second year, and of course long before he could read. The natural liveliness and sportiveness of his temper were at times productive, it seems, of some disturbances of the domestic quiet. To restore this, and in particular to guard the slumbers of his infant brother William, his nurse was accustomed to call him to her, to hear some verses—the only effectual mode of securing her object. He would jump at once upon her knee, and “listen as quietly as a sheep,” while she repeated for him some nursery rhymes. Docility, affection, and cheerfulness of disposition, appear to have been the prevailing characteristics of his early years. Doubtless these afforded the ground of many fond and sanguine hopes respecting him, and were watched over with prayers and tears, as the germ of future excellence and happiness.

At the age of seven years, he was sent to the Grammar School at Bradford; to which town his father had removed, in 1808, to occupy an extensive and important sphere of ministerial labour. Here he possessed considerable advantages, which were improved with more than boyish industry. A thirst for knowledge, even at this early period, appears to have been awakened in his

mind, and with his accustomed ardour he entered earnestly into its pursuit.

Four years afterwards, in 1818, he was placed under the care of the Rev. Dr. Clunie, at Leaf Square, near Manchester, beneath whose instructions he soon distinguished himself among a number of clever boys. His early taste for literary composition seems to have manifested itself here, not only in the prescribed exercises of the school, but to have been indulged to a considerable extent in private. In one piece belonging to this period, which contains nearly two hundred lines, he became the satirist of the school circle. Fertility and occasional beauty of thought are to be found even amongst these rude effervescences of his boyish days.

During the three years he spent at this place, his proficiency in study was of a kind most honourable to himself, and most satisfactory to his worthy Tutor, whose remembrance of him, and estimate of his boyish character, we subjoin.

*“Seedley Grove, 9th May, 1825.*

“His character was marked by sedateness and thought, and his juvenile efforts were distinguished by seriousness and a talent for description not always found in persons so young. Hence he frequently attempted little essays in rhyme, and some of them indicated that, under suitable encouragement, he would produce something far superior. On the great question of his early piety and devotedness to the cause of God, you are probably better informed than myself. But I must say, that I always considered him, when at school, more than hopeful in both respects; and I then predicted that he would eventually become a minister. I need not add that his conduct was distinguished by propriety and amiability, and that his constitution, even then, indicated that tenderness and susceptibility for which

it was afterwards still more remarkable. With reference to his prevailing propensity, I sometimes called him our Poet Laureate."

In the absence of more direct and decisive testimony, we are thus led to believe that, even at this early period, his mind was the subject of those serious impressions which exerted a happy and beneficial tendency over his habits and feelings, though it was not till long afterwards that they assumed the force of conviction. His was a mind peculiarly susceptible of the force of *truth*. Placed, as he was, in the society, and amidst the strivings and emulation of boys of his own age, and possessing an abundant flow of spirits, and temper, and talents which rendered him the object of respect and regard to all, it would have been "hard for him to enter into the kingdom of heaven." But it is most interesting to trace the gentle progress of religion on the heart which at last submits to its influences, especially in the case of one who has enjoyed early religious advantages. It is like watching the grey twilight of the morning, scarcely discernible in its first emanations from the surrounding darkness, as it "shines more and more unto the perfect day." We learn that while at Leaf Square, Taylor first exercised his talents as a speaker on behalf of their Juvenile Missionary Society. On one occasion, in May, 1820, he appears to have distinguished himself. As no traces of preparation appear among his papers, it is probable these were extempore exercises.

After passing three years with Dr. Clunie, he returned, in 1821, to Bradford. He was now fourteen, and the period for anxiety as to his future occupation had commenced. A decision on this subject, however, appearing for a while impracticable, he returned for a short interval to the Grammar School, where he appears to have ap-

plied himself with great assiduity, especially to the classics. His proficiency seems, indeed, to have been considerable, and his character about this time, to have gained greatly in strength and solidity. The necessary degree of anxiety as to the future complexion of his history and engagements, could hardly fail, on a mind like Taylor's, to produce the most favourable results. In comparatively few cases, we apprehend, does the mind acquire any portion of *manly* energy among the employments of school days. The arena of actual conflict with the duties and difficulties of life, seems needful to brace the sinews of the mind, and to impart that firmness and decision to the character, which, after all, is no common attainment, and which none except minds under well-regulated influences ever do attain. In most cases, where a young man is left to form his character upon his entrance into the world, the process is found to be—from association to habit, from habit to opinion, from opinion to prejudice, from prejudice to obstinacy. And here, in most cases, it ends. Very different from this was the intelligent self-discipline by which the mind of Taylor was prepared for its future engagements. Nor can it fail to be recognized hereafter how much his character gained in aptitude and strength during that period which immediately succeeded his school history, and which qualified him, by habits of decision and business, for the important duties of active life, and invested his character and manners, under all circumstances, with an ease and self-possession, which the mere student, any more than the mere tradesman, can never acquire. But we anticipate.

In the beginning of 1822, Thomas was placed, as a temporary arrangement, in the counting-house of Messrs. J. Wood and Sons, merchants, at Bradford. Here his habits of business were formed, without the fearful

hazard often incurred by a too early removal from parental watchfulness. It was an arrangement, moreover, most grateful to his own feelings. Home was ever to him

“ — the spot of earth supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest.”

And it was happy for him that the genial influences of *such* a home were shed so abundantly on the feelings and habits of his earliest years. He was now at the age of fifteen, the eldest of seven, [besides himself, three sisters and three brothers,] and in the bosom of his family he sought and obtained those enjoyments of the intellect and heart, so needful to the right development and fair proportions of the youthful character. Far from having left his taste for acquirement on the forms of the school, it was quickly seen that a love of literature had become the prevailing bent of his mind, and the constant occupation of his leisure hours. About this time, a few young men of kindred tastes and feelings organized and carried into effect, a Literary and Philosophical Society at Bradford, and furnished it with a very respectable experimental apparatus. After some time, they proceeded so far as to establish public lectures; and the various sciences of Astronomy, Chemistry, Mathematics, &c. were laid under contribution by these youthful adventurers in the wide field of knowledge. Among the foremost of these was Taylor. Conscientiously and scrupulously giving the requisite portion of time and attention to the interests of his employers, (of which they afterwards bore a most honourable testimony,) his active and enquiring mind seemed to rise to a higher level amidst the occupations of his leisure hours. These seasons of relaxation from business, which are too often spent in the indolence of a mere lounge, and oftener still in the dissipation and evil fellowship of still more questionable scenes, were by him

and his companions treasured as the golden season of intellectual energy. It is refreshing to contemplate this little band thus wisely and steadily pursuing, amidst all the temptations incident to their age and situation, a path so full of dignity and true happiness. In the particular case before us, there can be little doubt that these early pursuits exercised a powerful influence in the formation of a character afterwards so distinguished for the intensity of its love for knowledge, the steadiness with which it was pursued, and the power and facility with which it was acquired. Only one of the lectures delivered by Taylor at the meetings of this Society is preserved among his papers. It is on the laws of motion, central forces, and the centre of gravity, and is dated 29th December, 1823. Though bearing evident marks of hasty composition, so as to be almost illegible, the arrangement is exceedingly luminous, the arguments well stated, and the illustrations most apt and interesting. The whole paper, which is of considerable length, is of a kind not often produced by a boy of sixteen. We think too that there is the more of merit in it, as the subject was not one most suited to the natural tastes and affinities of his mind, in which an exquisite taste for the beautiful, and that passion for poetry by which it is generally accompanied, were the prevailing features.

In these youthful studies he had the warm and intelligent fellowship of his brother William,—a youth rich in moral and intellectual promise, who early fell a victim to pulmonary disease. Although two years younger than Thomas, he exhibited, especially as a mathematician, decided proofs of a fine and vigorous intellect, as his few and interesting remains abundantly testify.

One of the most interesting relics of this period consists in a series of essays, contributed to a weekly paper

entitled the "Censor," which was read at the meetings of the Juvenile Society above referred to. These papers are evidently, as to the general design, framed after the model of the Spectator, Rambler, &c. and evince a range of observation, and accuracy of thought, which would not have disgraced more mature performances. Thomas was accustomed, in after life, to dwell with the utmost delight and tenderness upon the memory of these days, thus and so happily spent.

Several proofs remain, that amidst the occupations of the counting-house, and the exertions connected with the prosecution of his favourite Society, his mind continued to grow in its fondness for poetry, and in conversance with its pleasures. It was precisely the season when the mind, just opening to the power of beauty and truth through the universe, and expanding with delight beneath their first impressions, realizes in its own creations a plenitude of happiness, which the Poet of after life seeks in vain to renew among the more refined recreations of his art. The charm of early awakened poetic feeling is not often of long continuance, but it is most exquisite while it lasts. That Thomas shared largely in the inspiration excited by this first consciousness of "a presence and a power" filling his heart with deep and thrilling sympathy with all natural and moral loveliness, it would be impossible for any one to read his earliest pieces and doubt. There is little in them that would bear the gaze of an eye unprepared to judge of them by this test. Their chief, and in many cases only value, consists in the internal evidence they contain of a heart joying in its own joy, busy in the depths of its own happiness, and "finding in the hues and scents" of the meanest flower beneath his feet,

"A store of wealth untold."

Among many minor pieces of various merit, there is

one of considerable length, begun about this time, but left finally incomplete. It is entitled Robespierre, and is occupied chiefly with the horrors of the French Revolution. Though exhibiting many traces of correct, and even beautiful versification, it is chiefly valuable in the exhibition it affords of the comprehensive view his mind had taken, so early, of the principles and influences of that mighty national movement, which will remain to all ages a fearful monument of presumption and punishment. There is a spirit in Taylor's verses on this subject so different from that "happy effort," which is usually the highest praise that can be bestowed on boyish performances, as to impress at once the belief that, in the structure of his mind, both as to its powers and habits, there was nothing superficial, and that he had already learned "whatsoever his hand found to do, to do it with his might."

We must not close our notice of this period without remarking, that it was about this time that his mind first began to incline towards its ultimate destination. The desire to be a minister of the Gospel had by some means attained a power over his mind, which seemed scarcely to admit of control. His character, however, though in many respects hopeful, was not, in the estimation of his father, so thoroughly formed as to admit of the least encouragement being given to such a desire. It was judiciously determined, therefore, at least to give this wish the test of disappointment, by still keeping him at business. The wisdom of this decision was afterwards sufficiently apparent. In his own language, a year after, in a letter to his father, he says, 23d April, 1825;—"At that period I began to reflect more seriously on my future movements in life, and particularly on the reasons which had induced me to desire that I might enter into the ministry. I found that my motives

could not be considered pure, and that I was not in a proper state for the office. I could not wish to become a blind leader of the blind, and so lost all the desires which I had formerly possessed, and determined never to be a minister." In this decision it appears, therefore, that his own judgment bore a prominent influence.

In 1824 he left Messrs. Wood and Sons, with the highest testimony to his ability and integrity, and with a pecuniary consideration for his services, which Thomas, with his accustomed modesty, considered to be far beyond their value.

In May, 1824, he was removed from home, and placed apprentice to the Printing and Bookselling business, in the family of Mr. Jonathan Dunn, of Nottingham. Here he seems to have entered at once, with his characteristic energy and sense of duty, upon the new engagements which lay before him. The useful training through which his mind had passed appears to have thrown over this portion of his history the happiest influence, so that he soon came to be regarded in his new situation, more as the companion and friend, than as the apprentice and inferior. The kind and intelligent treatment he received was just of the nature to awaken the full energy of his disposition and talents. And it will be found, on reference to his remains of this period, how rapid and favourable was the progress which his mind was now making. Even in the productions of his more playful moods, it will be felt how there is ever and anon a chord struck that vibrates more deeply among the hidden harmonies of the heart. The associations of Nottingham, too, were just of a kind to tell with most power and effect on that vivid admiration of genius which was so strong a characteristic of his mind. In the holy quietude of Wilford Church-yard, and amidst the delicious twilight of Clifton Grove, his

spirit drank inspiration from scenes pervaded by the presence of Kirke White,—listening, as *he* listened, to those “hallowed airs and symphonies,” which are too dim and indistinct for any but a Poet’s ear. There is a touching sonnet of this period, which proves, if there were no other proof, how he sympathized with the visions, and feelings, and early fate, of this child of genius.\*

But we must hear his own account of his new situation, feelings, and pursuits.

“MY DEAR FATHER, “Nottingham, 27th May, 1824.

. . . “I think my situation is likely to prove a very pleasant one. . . . We have family prayer regularly. I am sure this will recommend my place to you more than most other things. . . .

“I am proposed as a Teacher at St. James’s Street Sunday School: this was without my consent, and when Mr. Henry told me of it, I declined deciding till I had heard Mr. A., who preaches at Castle Gate. . . .

“Besides being a Bookseller, Mr. Dunn is a Coroner, and I am his Clerk. Already I have been at two inquests. . . .

“The country about Nottingham is delightful, and, hallowed as it is by the memory of Kirke White, it is inexpressibly beautiful. Shady groves are here, and verdant meadows—sunny hills, and smiling vales—green hedges, interspersed with their own white blossoms—thicket woods, where the singing of birds is incessant. All that you can conceive of pure natural beauty combines to please the eye and mend the heart. This morning I drank milk in the Park at half-past six.—Adieu.

“Your very affectionate Son,

T. R. TAYLOR.”

\* “Here would the martyr student oft retire,” &c.

“*Nottingham, 21st June, 1824.*”

“MY DEAR FATHER AND MOTHER,

. . . “Nearly a month has expired since I left my dear home, and the dear ones at home ; and it is time I should tell you how I like my situation. I came here with a determination to like,—to be happy ; and I think I am so. At all events, I like my situation for many reasons. I am in a religious family, and the restraints which ought ever to be imposed on youth, are imposed on me, and there are many things in such a family which one of a contrary description could never afford. Regularly, morning and evening, do we bow before the family altar ; our Sabbaths are spent in religious duties ; and I should be kindly treated from principle, if inclination and natural feeling did not insure this. And I *am* kindly treated. I am considered as one of the family in every respect. I am allowed the pleasures of the social circle. I have accompanied the ladies on the piano-forte with my flute, and am, in short, on the footing of an intimate friend. In return for this, I endeavour to do my duty in the shop, and to make myself as agreeable as possible out of it ; and I hope I have not been unsuccessful. I sometimes take a walk before shop-opening, which I very much enjoy. I make a point, however, of never going out after we close, unless absolutely necessary.

“ I am become a Sunday School Teacher, and regular attendant at St. James’s Street. I was for some time undecided as to the place of worship I should attend. I heard both ministers, and like them about equally,—the Sunday School decided me. I knew no one at Castle Gate. All our young folks are teachers at James’s Street, and I was asked by a teachers’ meeting of the latter place to become one of them. I consented with pleasure, and am associated with Mr. W. Rawson in

the conduct of a class. We are all perpetual teachers, —Sunday after Sunday, without a day's cessation.

“Kiss all the dear ones for me. *Make* Bill write soon, and inform me particularly how you both are, how the Sunday School goes on, and whether he (Bill) has found a business. Believe me

“Your affectionate Son,

“T. R. TAYLOR.”

“*Nottingham, 6th Oct. 1824.*”

“I am still well and happy, but should be far more so could I hear of you, my dear father, being better :— your illness is like a cloud on my joys. Oh that some kind gale of mercy would bear it away! In general, things go on here much as usual. I must, however, inform you of two innovations which, at my suggestion, have been made in our domestic economy. The first is the use of ‘daily bread,’ as well as bread daily, and the second—the opening of the budget every Thursday evening. To explain myself :—You have heard of a book called ‘Daily Bread,’ which consists of a Scripture text for every day in the year. This we use by mutual consent, and commit to memory the text for each day. Fancy us all then at breakfast in our little parlour ;— after a devout blessing, the eldest (Mr. D.) repeats his text, then — — —, and so on to the youngest. Imagine our every day breakfast-table exchanged for our Sunday tea-party. We are seated as before—Mr. D. commences, and repeats all the texts we have learned during the preceding week ; he is followed by the rest, till the passages have been repeated no less than eight or nine times. Thus, if we persevere, we shall, at the end of the year, have committed to memory, a treasure well worth possessing. I am sure my father will not blame me for introducing this system, or for recommending the adoption of it to my brother William.

“The budget is a portfolio into which we each put some essay, or other communication, original or select (under certain restrictions) during the week, and on the Thursday evening after supper, the contents are read for the benefit of the company. I trust this plan also will meet your approbation. I may probably, in some future letter, tell you more about the contents of our budget, and the characters, &c. of the contributors. But I must close. May Heaven bless you, my father and mother, and all the dear ones at home!—and with you,

“Your affectionate Son,  
“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

Thus pleasantly and usefully was passing away the earliest part of this amiable youth's absence from the parental roof. *There*, it is evident, his heart still dwelt, and from the recollections of its dear and peaceful scenes, he was perpetually drawing thoughts that shed a refreshing and cheering influence over his heart and life. His indeed was preeminently the spirit that

“—wander where it will,  
Makes every place a home, and home a heaven,”

and his letters abundantly prove the estimation in which he held the kindness, which, in a land of strangers, thus readily provided a home for him, second, in his estimation, only to his own.

The period was now at hand, in which those religious impressions which had been left from childhood upon his mind, by that “nurture and admonition” in which he had been trained, were to receive an accession of strength, which brought his heart at once to submit to the authority of truth. There was no element of indecision in his character. Least of all on a subject so

momentous as his condition and prospects for immortality, could he long remain uncertain, when his feelings had once become awakened. This it pleased God to accomplish through the preaching of the Rev. R. Cecil, then of St. James's street, Nottingham, now of Turvey, in Bedfordshire. A sermon from the text, "What shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" Matt. xvi. 26, and another from the words, "Take ye therefore the unprofitable servant," &c. Matt. xxv. 30, seem to have been the means of convincing his mind of the great truths connected with his state as a sinner before God, and of awakening his most intense anxieties to find "peace by the blood of the cross." A most interesting and affecting letter to his father, too long for insertion here, dated 4th November, 1824, details the process of that hidden change which was silently effecting by the Spirit of Grace in his heart, in such simple and earnest terms as bear their own evidence of sincerity. Over these first trembling aspirations of the awakened spirit we will draw the veil, which *he* would have wished to draw. Such feelings—which can only find broken and imperfect utterance in private before God—are not of a nature for public exhibition. Those who have "passed" through the same agonies "from death unto life," will not need the description, and to none other would it be intelligible.

This first communication to his father, on the subject of his religious impressions, was followed at short intervals by others of an equally simple, earnest, and affecting description. The issue of the spiritual conflict—if conflict that could be called, which seemed to consist in an almost immediate surrender of the heart to the love and service of the Saviour of sinners—was one, in the remembrance of which he is doubtless at this moment rejoicing "with joy unspeakable and full of glory." The

world, with its illusions, honours, hopes, temptations,—was resigned. The “reproach of Christ” was joyfully and ardently embraced. On the 3rd Dec. 1824, he was proposed for admission into the church of Mr. Cecil, and on the 2nd of January succeeding, took his place for the first time, with three other young Christian friends, at the table, and among the people, of his Lord. We select a short extract from one of his voluminous letters of this period, characteristic of the *tone* of his feelings.

“12th Jan. 1825.

“I have now begun another year, and I have given myself to the Lord. I am no longer my own:—my soul, my body, my time, my talents, are His. I desire that the covenant which I have made on earth may be ratified in heaven, and that through His strength, who has called himself the Good Shepherd, and who cares for and loves the meanest and weakest of his sheep, I may be enabled to keep this solemn covenant inviolate. May a sense of all I owe to my dear Redeemer—of all that he has done and suffered for me, inspire me with such love to Him, that I may exclaim,

“Had I a thousand lives to give,  
A thousand lives should all be Thine.”

Towards the close of the same letter occurs an allusion which we cannot prevail on ourselves to omit. Those who knew *him* will readily supply the reason for its insertion.

“Since I received yours, and, in consequence of it, I have read Raffles’s *Life of Spencer*, and I hope I have profited by it. What a lovely character! Oh! to be more like him, and more like that Saviour whose example he followed, and whose spirit in so eminent a degree he possessed.”

It will shortly be seen that the profession of faith in

Christ, which he had thus publicly and solemnly embraced, was no inconsequential assent to truths of the highest moment,—no result of the prejudices of education,—no overheated expression of an ardent and susceptible temperament, which required *some* vent for its natural enthusiasm. Having felt the power of divine truth upon his heart, he stood ready at once to make all the sacrifices which that truth required. According to the expression above quoted, he “gave himself” to the Lord. And it was an entire surrender. He became at once, and for ever, in his own estimation, “not his own,” and his obedience to every requirement of the new obligations under which he found himself, assumed at once all the cheerfulness of gratitude, and all the promptitude of love. The following letter to his father, written after a very short interval, will exhibit the power which was possessed and exerted over his entire moral being by these feelings and lofty hopes of Christian duty and privilege. It introduces, too, the subject which to the last hours of his life remained the *one* object which was “preferred above his chief joy.” After referring, in words we have already quoted,\* to his early but defective desires for the Christian Ministry, he proceeds :

“*Nottingham, 23d April, 1825.*”

. . . “With my subsequent history you are acquainted. You know of the providence which led me here, and of the happiness I found in the family of which I became a member. You are acquainted, too, with the change which, I trust, through divine grace, has been wrought in my heart, and I have now to inform you of a most important change in my feelings and desires, as respects my future life. From the time when I became a member of Mr. Cecil’s church, and indeed for some weeks

\* “At that period I began to reflect,” &c., page 11.

previous to that event, I felt a stronger desire than ever to be engaged in proclaiming the glorious Gospel of the blessed God. This desire has daily increased. I have reflected most seriously on the subject. I have examined my motives. I have made it the subject of most constant prayer to my God. I have entreated his guidance. I have prayed that if, in his good providence, he had appointed me to be the minister of his grace, he would open a way for me, he would clearly show me the path in which I ought to go, and confirm and strengthen the desire which I trusted was implanted in my bosom by his own Holy Spirit,—but that, if otherwise, he would remove any wishes which I might feel in any degree opposed to the designs of his providence. But these desires have not been removed, these wishes have not died away. On the contrary, time has given to them increased vigour, and I have at length thought it my duty to mention them to those who, I knew, would view my feelings with a sincere desire that they might be subservient to the glory of God. I have asked myself the question—why should I wish to devote myself to the Lord in this particular and exclusive manner? Is it because I am discontented with my present lot? I trust not; for “the lines have fallen to me in pleasant places,” and I am as happy here as earthly comforts can reasonably be expected to make me. Is it because I seek to be raised above the common walks of life, and long after worldly fame? Oh no! I hope I can appeal to God that no such motive has any place in my heart. What then is my motive? I hope *I* have found mercy. I hope *I* have fled to the Saviour for pardon and for grace, and I hope I am looking forward to “an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away;” and I most ardently desire to lead those who are running in the broad road whose end is death, into

that narrow path which leads to life eternal. I think I have seen something of the immense benefits which God has conferred upon me, and of that love of Jesus Christ, my Saviour, which passeth knowledge; and oh! I long to do something for Christ. I would give up all my powers to advance his glory. I would spend and be spent, body, soul, and spirit, in his service, who has loved me, and given himself for me. I hope and believe I am not deceiving myself or you, when I say that the only motives which prompt my desire to enter upon the work of the Christian ministry, are an earnest wish to promote the glory of God, and the best interests of my fellow men. . . . .

“I have now, my dear father, stated to you the whole case—my wishes, and the motives from which, as far as I know myself, these wishes have arisen. I leave the matter with you. Give me your advice: give me your prayers.” . . . .

Under the full influence of these feelings, on the 3rd June, 1825, he paid a visit to Bradford, and, as his subsequent letters testify, derived no ordinary share of gratification from being again permitted to mingle with his beloved home circle. Here the great subject of his hopes and anxieties was fully discussed; but it was one far too important to be thus hastily decided. He returned, on the 29th June, to Nottingham, with his desires not only unchanged but increased, though his faith and patience had yet to be tried on the subject. *One* cloud hung over his spirits on his return—the indications of latent disease about his brother William, whom he tenderly loved. “The rose whose root is death,” had begun to shed its first hectic beauty over his countenance, and the yet unbroken family trembled in silence for the result. The fears of Thomas were

doubtless quickened by finding that, during his brief absence, one of the number of his Nottingham friends had been taken from the fellowship of the Church on earth to the sublime invisible society of the "Church of the first-born in heaven." In a letter home, of the 19th July, he makes touching reference to this occurrence, as well as to his own increased desire that God would "enable him, in the most extensive sense to *give himself to Him.*" We pass, however, to give extracts from a letter dated

*Nottingham, 3rd August, 1825.*

"You cannot think, my dear father, how much I need your counsel. I am very anxious—I fear too anxious—about the important question which is now agitating, respecting my entry into the Christian ministry. I feel, I think, more and more desirous to give myself wholly to the Lord. . . . I have mentioned the affair to Mr. Cecil;—I have had several private interviews with him. I have written four plans of sermons at considerable length for him; and yet he has not given me his opinion. I am now to write for him a complete sermon from "Search the Scriptures, for in them ye think," &c.; and on Friday next he intends asking me to go to prayer at the church meeting. I know not how it will terminate, or when. I assure you that the state of suspense in which I am placed, is very painful, but I feel that HE doeth all things well whose I am, and whom I desire to serve; and that the whole is in His hand, and under his direction."

He speaks in this and other letters of the stimulus to study supplied by the hope of one day entering the lists as a professed advocate of "the truth as it is in Jesus." At six every morning he was found busy in that mental

discipline to which, it has already been seen, he was no stranger. "Latin, Greek, Euclid, Edwards' Essay on the Nature of true Virtue, the closest and deepest thing I ever looked into, and as much more difficult to read than Euclid, as Euclid than one of the Scotch novels," formed exercises, which, with others of a more direct bearing on the great subject of his hopes and prospects, filled up the short intervals of his leisure hours. The same steadiness of purpose, diligence, self-denial, and habits of application, which we have before remarked, stand out in this part of his history, at once in beautiful harmony and contrast with that submissive and humble spirit with which he awaited the opinions of those in whose superior knowledge he confided, and the guidance of that Divine Spirit, whose teaching he so earnestly and constantly implored.

We proceed, however, with his letters:—

"MY DEAR FATHER,

"*Nottingham, 25th Aug. 1825.*

. . . "I thank you for all the advice, and counsel, and encouragement, which your kind epistle breathes. I am sure I can never cease to remember with gratitude and love all the tender care which I have ever experienced from you. . . . However, here I am, and I know all things will work together for good. I know all will be well, for He is faithful who has said by His holy word, "Commit thy way unto the Lord," &c. I hope I am enabled to commit my way unto the Lord, and to feel less than ever anxious about the particular way by which my God shall lead me. I still feel a most ardent desire to devote myself to his service, and that *now*. But I hope I can with some sincerity exclaim, 'Not my will, but thine, be done;' and that will *shall* be done, and therefore all *must* be well. . . . If I should be liberated at Christmas, I should not wish

to go to any Academy till the Midsummer following, as, in all probability, I should but stay four years. I should like half a year's hard labour, before I went, at the classics, &c. I think, upon the whole, I should prefer Blackburn to Idle,\*—but this is anticipating. I may not be set at liberty for a long time yet, and then it will be early enough to decide these points.

. . . “Last Sabbath I made my first attempt at any thing like preaching. I addressed the Sabbath scholars from the desk, only three teachers being present. I felt very composed, and succeeded in fixing the attention of the children, to a greater degree than I anticipated. My text was Mark x. 13, 14, “Suffer little children,” &c. I told them, I. of the persons mentioned—Jesus Christ—little children; II. The circumstances which took place—they were brought to Christ—the disciples objected to their approach—Christ received and blessed them. And III. I urged them to come to Christ, and endeavoured to shew them how this was to be done, and how willing Christ was still to bless them. . . .

. . . “I am sorry to hear so poor an account of William. I had hoped the fine summer weather would have removed his cough;—but he is in the hands of the Lord of life and death. I do pray for him, that his life may be preserved, and his health restored; but, above all, that he may be made spiritually alive—be made a partaker of all the blessings which flow from pardon, and sanctification, and adoption—from grace here, and glory hereafter. . . .

. . . “I know not that I can at present add more. I wish I could see you, this writing is such a roundabout

\* What human eye could have foreseen, at the time these lines were penned, that, in less than seven years, he should receive from *both* of the above colleges an invitation to the Tutor's chair?—“But this,” as he says, “is anticipating.”

way of telling you my thoughts and feelings. However, let us be thankful for this, and hope ere long to enjoy the other.

“ May the presence of God—that presence which brings with it joy and consolation, life and peace,—ever be with you and yours, and

“ Your affectionate Son,

“ and (he hopes) fellow-traveller in the same narrow path of life,

“ THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“ *Sept. 1, 1825.\**—I have hitherto lived not at all to God. I have made a profession of Christianity, and I have persuaded myself that I felt its power; but I am now convinced that nothing short of an entire surrender of *body, soul, and spirit*, will be of any avail.

“ I have so shamefully broken my former vows, and the law of God, that I am, if possible, more than ever unworthy to come to God;—but what can I do? I have no other refuge. The world will not do; and Christ came not to call the *righteous*, but sinners to repentance. As a sinner, the vilest of sinners, I therefore flee to the cross of Christ. Lord, have mercy upon me, the chief of sinners! It is my purpose, by the grace of God, to give myself wholly to him, and to his service. I know I have vowed before, and as often broken my vows, but this is no argument *against my returning to God now*; it should but make me more penitent before him. If I return not, I must perish; if I return sincerely and freely, through Christ, I *cannot perish*.

\* The following short extracts from his private diary, with a few others, which will be found under their proper dates, are, with small exceptions, all that remain of a journal which, there is every reason to believe, he kept for the last ten years of his life, but which he destroyed a short time before his death.

Lord—Jehovah—Jesus ! against whom I have so deeply revolted, whose hottest wrath is my just demerit, to whom can I come but unto Thee ? I do therefore come to thee. Oh ! assist me to come with the deepest penitential sorrow, yet with the most fixed faith on Jesus Christ. And oh ! enable me to keep these resolves which I form, not because they can be at all meritorious, but that they may enable me, by thy grace, to live more to thee, and less to the world, that I may glorify thee.

“ I purpose, then, to give my body to thee ; to do all bodily actions of whatever kind with a single eye to thy glory. To employ my *Eyes*—the sight that is given me by God—for God. Never to look on any thing sinful ; never to read any novel or romance, or, in short, any thing at all which I cannot plainly perceive will more fit me for thy service. But my eyes shall be employed to read thy Holy Word, and other books which have drawn their spirit from thy Word ; and to direct me in my ways of holiness and charity, and to admire thee in the works of thy hands. Also, to acquire knowledge which shall better enable me to serve thee. To guard my eyes against sleep at improper seasons, and for an improper length of time. Never to sleep more than six hours, unless unwell.

“ *Ears*—Lord ! I purpose to hear for thy glory. Never listen to vain, trifling, and improper conversation when I can possibly avoid it. But to listen with the deepest attention to the proclamation of thy Holy Word. When I feel my attention flag, strive, and pray, and resolve, and do not yield.

“ *Mouth*—I will deny myself the pleasures of the palate. I purpose to fast as well as pray, and always to be abstemious, taking only so much as shall appear necessary to fit me for thy service—thy actual service.

“*Tongue*—To keep this unruly member in entire subjection. For this end, never to speak without thought. Never to utter any thing *untrue*; never to utter any thing light or trifling at all, unless I can positively say that some good end will be answered by it. To speak less for myself, but more for thee and thy cause. To employ my time in recommending the Gospel, if it be thy will, *in the ministry*. To let my speech always be so meek, that it may be evident therefrom that I am a Christian. In short, to speak only *when* it shall be, and *as* it shall be, for thy glory.

“*Hands*—I give my hands to work the work of duty and of God: whilst in the situation of an apprentice, to do those parts of my duty which are manual unto the Lord, sincerely, diligently, and with a single eye to thy glory. To write nothing that has not thy glory for its object in some way or other:—nothing which I can suppose is at all displeasing to my God.

“*Feet*—To use these for thee. Let them be swift to run after God, but slow, nay absolutely immoveable, when evil calls. Let them always be found in the way that leads to the house of God—to the house of mourning or sorrow—to the spot, wherever it may be, where the glory of God and the best interests of mankind call me.

“In short, I purpose, in thy strength, to employ all the powers of my body—my health, my strength, my sprightliness, my vigour—and, no less, my sickness, my weakness, my dullness, my lassitude, my weariness for Thee.

“My soul—my spirit shall be thine.” . . . . .

‘MY DEAR FATHER,

“Nottingham, 15th Sept. 1825.

“You may thank a rather severe attack of dysentery for another letter from me so soon. . . . .

“ I am now, through mercy, convalescent. I am very weak, but can get down stairs, and hope soon again to get into my regular course of duty. The dysentery here has been very prevalent, and in many cases fatal, so that I have great reason to bless my God, who has so lightly afflicted me. I trust it will not be in vain. . .

“ My father, pray for me, that I may have more entire devotedness of heart to the Lord: this is what I most of all want—that I may, in the fullest extent of the word, ‘live unto the Lord.’ I certainly do very much wish to commence my actual studies for the ministry. Here I can do nothing. A page of Latin or Greek in the day, and now and then a page of a sermon written, but even that with so very much interruption—this is doing nothing. Nevertheless, I hope I shall be enabled to wait with patience. . . . I hope to make my first appearance before the church as a candidate for the ministry next church meeting. I purpose addressing them from Heb. xii. part of second verse, “Looking unto Jesus.” I feel great difficulty in preparing a sermon for them, lest they should think me forward or arrogant. I am sure I wish to be delivered from any such spirit, and I am sure it is not such a spirit that leads me to address them.

“ *Sept. 17.* P. S. My dear father, I hasten to inform you that to-day Mr. D. himself entered into conversation with me on the subject of my leaving him for the ministry. He really talked like a Christian. He said it would be a disadvantage to him to part with me; that if he consulted his own private interests he should refuse to let me go; but as it appeared that Providence was calling me to a more important work, duty would not permit him to keep me longer than was absolutely necessary. He will therefore let me off *in April next*. So that, if the Church here approve me, I hope then to

commence my labours for the ministry at home, and after the Midsummer vacation, if possible, to enter Blackburn or Idle.

“ T. R. TAYLOR.”

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ *Nottingham, 21th Dec. 1825.*

“ I write by post, because I cannot find time to make up a packet, and I really begin to fear you will think it unkind in me delaying so long. I am now stealing half an hour of my sermon-time, because I cannot bear to delay any longer. I received your last packet safe, somewhere about a month after date. I thank you for its contents, and not least of all for the money, which, after all Mr. Irving’s ranting declamation against it, is a very necessary article. (Vide Irving’s Oration for Missionaries after the Apostolic school, &c.) I was very sorry to hear that mother was unwell, but I hope, ere this, her health will have been completely restored. I wish William had said more particularly how *he* was. I hoped, from what he did say, that he was no worse.

“ Since I wrote to you I have preached once before the Church, and next Friday I am again to address them. I was more composed than I could have believed, and had it not been for a *boss* which was in the desk, and which plagued me sadly, I should have been pretty comfortable. My address took about forty minutes in its delivery. It was the first part of a sermon from Heb. xii. 2, “ Looking unto Jesus.” I considered the eminent tendency which a constant contemplation of Christ has to increase, first, the graces, and, second, the consolations of the Christian. Under the *first* head I noticed the graces of Faith, and Love, (thus far only I proceeded last church meeting, the rest will come next,) and then I shall glance at the other graces of the Christian, under the general character of conformity to

the spirit and temper of Heaven. Under the *second*, it will diminish the Christian's present sorrows, and increase his present joy; and then it will brighten his hopes for future glory. A few practical observations will conclude.

“ I find it the most difficult thing to bring my thoughts into a sufficiently small compass. I fear Mr. C. will think me a transgressor; he says half an hour is long enough for my address, but I fear next Friday I cannot do with less than fifty minutes. . . . Another year, my dear father, is drawing to a close. Oh! how much gratitude and penitence does the past demand! Pray for me that I may feel more poignant sorrow on account of my numerous departures from God,—that I may apply more constantly to the blood of sprinkling for pardon, and to the Holy Spirit for sanctification; that I may be enabled to give all that I am and have to the service of the Lord.

T. R. T.”

Here, then, we pause for a moment to admire the influence of that grace, thus early and so abundantly shed upon the heart of the subject of this memoir. It is easy and delightful to see how even the loveliest natural character receives an accession of grace and dignity from the pervading influence of piety, which words do but feebly express.

“The light that never was on sea or land,”

—the consecration of the heart shedding a lustre over the life—may be seen and loved—as in him it *was* seen and loved—but can never be described. We *feel* its influence as we follow him, while yet a boy, through the successive stages by which he pressed onward to the noble work that awaited him. We seem to catch the generous enthusiasm, which subjected all difficulties to itself, (even the greatest of all, his own natural modesty,)

as we see him burning with intense desire to "testify of the Gospel of the grace of God," the *source* of a happiness to himself which he panted to be the means of communicating to others. Prompted by no fondness for change, by no literary ambition, by no want of congeniality with the scenes and circumstances in which he was placed, his mind kept steadily before it the great object to which he had consecrated his life. Whatever temptations (and there were many—some of a kind which it tasked even *his* decisiveness of character to surmount) would have drawn aside his regard from the mark he had thus "set before him," his mind seemed constantly to fall upon his object with the directness of a ray of light—not less direct through whatever quality of atmosphere it may have to pass. We wish to state nothing extravagantly, but we do think that he possessed, in no common degree, a feature of character inseparably connected with *all* eminence, whether of piety, or intellect, or condition, a *singleness of purpose*, which subordinated all considerations to a conviction of truth and duty.

It will be imagined, that the engrossing nature of those engagements to which his letters refer, left him little leisure, at this period, for the indulgence of his poetic tastes and sensibilities. Except during the first part of his stay at Nottingham, he appears to have almost wholly abstained from poetic composition. The few pieces and fragments, however, which remain of this date, show the unquenched embers of that fire which only slumbered till some occasion should call forth its light and heat. With his passionate fondness for

"The inspiration and the Poet's dream,"

we find something to admire in this. It was only because he had nobler objects before him than even the indulgence and cultivation of the gift of song, that, for a while, he denied himself in this, the very element of

his tastes and feelings. Those will know something of the self-denial which this restraint cost him, who have heard him repeat the lines of his favourite old poet, George Wither, and have read in his eye the enthusiastic sympathy which he felt in the avowal:—

“ Poesy, thou sweet'st content  
 That e'er heaven to mortals lent,  
 Though thou be to them a scorn,  
 Who to nought but earth are born,  
 Let my life no longer be  
 Than I am in love with thee.  
 Though our wise ones call thee madness,  
 Let *me* never taste of gladness,  
 If I love not thy madd'st fits  
 More than all their greatest wits.”

Though he had drank, however, of the cup of Circe, he had not been enchanted; though he had listened to the song of the syren, he was unbeguiled. He had thus early learned to subject inclination to duty.

The following testimony, kindly furnished by one who knew him intimately during the period of which we have been speaking, will supply an appropriate conclusion to our notices of his Nottingham history. It is from the pen of his friend and pastor, the Rev. R. Cecil.

“ It was not till some time after he came to reside at Nottingham, that Mr. T. R. Taylor appeared to have any deeply serious impressions. The first intimation I had of any such thing was from a mutual friend, a member of the family in which he lived. It was his habit to place in a certain spot, in the shop, a volume to which he could turn during the day for occasional amusement or instruction. For some time this spot was occupied by *Shakspeare*,—but this fascinating companion at length gave place to one of another order—*the Bible*. This circumstance, which I could not but regard as highly pleasing and hopeful, particularly as it

occurred silently, without remark on either side, naturally led me to talk with him soon after in a friendly and religious strain, and in this way our familiar acquaintance began. The very brief notices of him which I find in my journal after that time, are highly satisfactory. He struck me as a youth of an excellent spirit, and of great promise. Even at that early period, there was a thoughtfulness, a depth of feeling, and an air of reality about him, which gave me much pleasure. This was in the latter part of 1824, and on the last day of that year he was admitted a member of the church under my care.

“ My own occupations soon after became more numerous and pressing, and this put an additional obstacle in the way of our intercourse. God, however, in his own way led him on in knowledge, spirituality, and love ; and I found, in about six months after his admission to the church, that his views were turning towards the ministry. I feared to give encouragement at once to this idea ; but the more I became acquainted with him, the more reason I found, from his talents, character, and state of mind, to conclude that he was preparing for the work. I therefore brought the subject before the Church, and requested him to deliver an address to the members. This he did twice, first in the close of 1825, and again in the February following. The text on both occasions was the same. It was one chosen by himself—“ *Looking unto Jesus,*” —and I believe it was sweetly characteristic of his own habitual state of mind. The addresses, though too diffuse in style, gave very pleasing and satisfactory indications of ability and Christian temper, and he was cordially recommended to the Academy at Idle. . . . The modesty, docility, and respectful attention with which he received any counsels or suggestions, were surprising in one who must have

been aware of his own intelligence and advantages, and could not but engage my warm attachment.

“ My mind fastens on his memory ; not only for the sake of friendship and affection, but as affording evidence that my ministry has not been in vain. In many cases, where good appears to be effected, the result is too dubious to afford much satisfaction, but one such unquestionable instance is cheering and valuable indeed.”

The time for his leaving Nottingham having been left to himself, he bade farewell to his friends there in March, 1826, and returned home to Bradford. In the following September, he entered the old Independent College at Idle, then under the superintendence of the late Rev. William Vint. The papers he submitted for inspection preparatory to his admission, furnish abundant evidence of the purity and fervour of those feelings which led him thus “ to consecrate his service unto the Lord,” and of the degree of preparation his mind had already attained for his work. In the midst of these engagements, he was called to bear his portion of domestic sorrow in the first visitation of death to their hitherto unbroken circle. The victim was his brother William. After sinking through the gradual stages of consumption, he died on the 30th March, 1826. This loss Thomas appears to have felt deeply,—and it threw a temporary shade over the ardour of feeling with which he was regarding his own future movements. The solemn influence, however, of such an event, at such a crisis of his history, was doubtless of a salutary kind. The terms in which he frequently referred to it, proved how deeply the lesson had taken effect upon his heart. We proceed with extracts from his letters :—

“ *April, 1826.*

“ I close this week more happily than I have closed

a week for some time. I think I can say that through divine grace, I have felt more of the power and sweetness of religion during its course than I can for some time remember. . . . To day I have been reading 'Mather's Essays to do Good,' and I did indeed feel the most ardent desires to do good myself; and in the prospect which I have of being employed as a minister of the Gospel, I rejoiced, because of the opportunities which that post of awful responsibility furnishes to this end."

" TO THE REV. R. CECIL, NOTTINGHAM.

" MY VERY DEAR SIR,

" *Bradford, 2nd May, 1826.*

. . . . " You are of course aware of the breach which it has pleased our heavenly Father to make in our heretofore undivided family;—undivided—for the separation of mere time and place sinks into nothing when contrasted with the divisions which death makes. Of course this has been a trying season for us all, yet 'we sorrow not as those who are without hope.' Blessed be God! we have a good hope that my brother has but been taken home a little while before us, and to that home we soon hope to follow him. Oh that this might spur us on to greater activity and zeal!—'to work the works of him that sent us, while it is called to-day, knowing that the night cometh wherein no man can work.' I hope I have felt greater desire to promote the cause of Christ in the world, and to feel the constraining love of Christ in my own heart, than during any former period of my life. For this I would desire to be truly grateful to Him 'from whom cometh every good and perfect gift,' but I would rejoice with trembling. I know how weak I am, and how strong are my foes, and how strongly my worst foe is lodged within. But I would remember that He whose I am, and whom I desire to

serve, has promised, 'my grace shall be sufficient for thee;' and on this I would rely.

"I believe it is now settled that I go to Idle. . . . Another and myself will, I expect, be received after the Summer recess. Since I came home I have preached once at a small village near Bradford; and I have reason to hope that my attempt was not unacceptable—to men,—may I hope, (I am sure I desire), to God? May I intreat, sir, a constant interest in your prayers, that I may be properly sensible of the awful importance and responsibility of the work to which I trust I am called, and that I may be kept humble, and watchful, and prayerful.

"Believe me, my dear Sir,

"Yours gratefully and sincerely,

"T. R. TAYLOR."

"TO \_\_\_\_\_

"Sept. 1826.

"I go on Monday to Idle, and then begins a new era in a life, the retrospect of which obliges me most painfully to say—'few and evil, (oh *how* evil!) have been the days of the years of my pilgrimage.' Oh that I may be found faithful! It is a most awfully responsible station to which I aspire, and which I am about to fill—I need your prayers more than ever. If I look back, I feel I am *weakness*: I desire to look upwards, to trust on the mercy of God, to regard him as my all, and then all shall be well. Oh for more love to Christ! When this divine principle is glowing in our hearts, how sweet to be, to do, to suffer, any thing or every thing for his sake! How sweet to be engaged in telling others of him, in leading others to him—in tearing down the standard of Satan from many a heart, and erecting there the Cross—the only object in which we glory—the only subject of our boast."

“TO THE SAME.

“Oct. 1826.

“I find myself, in too great a degree, a slave to my own evil principles and passions. These cannot require a less exercise of faith for their expulsion, than the case of the demoniac. If I would conquer them I must obtain more *faith*, by a more constant life of prayer and self-denial. Prayer draws down divine strength, and self-denial is the hand by which this blessing is received. The two must be united. Inconsistency is involved in the absence of either. Self-denial without prayer is self-dependence, and therefore certain defeat; prayer without self-denial is insincere, and therefore cannot be answered. ‘It is,’ as Dr. South observes, ‘as if a drunkard were to pray against temptation, and go to the alehouse to seek the answer to his prayer.’ Now I can see the force of all this without any difficulty, but to practise it is the difficult part of the matter. ‘To pray without ceasing’—to take up the cross daily—to make every action of life, every thought, every feeling, bend to one principle and lead to one object; these are the things which make it such hard work to be a holy, consistent Christian.”

“ . . . . How delightful it is at any time to obtain a victory over temptation! Last night I felt the power of sin rising most malignantly within me, and striving to lead me from God. I began to tremble, but, blessed be God! he led me to prayer, and I had more joy in that prayer than I remember to have had for a long time, and I rose from my knees ‘a conqueror through Christ.’ Shall we then despair under the pressure of any temptations? Is his arm shortened that he *cannot* save? or is his mercy gone that he *will not*? Oh no! —‘Call upon me in the day of trouble. I will deliver thee, and thou shalt glorify me.’ ”

“ TO THE REV. R. CECIL, NOTTINGHAM.

“ MY VERY DEAR SIR,

“ *Airedale College, Nov. 1, 1826.*

“ It was my intention to have written you a very long epistle, detailing all the minutiae of a college life, but I find eleven o'clock fast approaching, and my watch which hangs before me, warns me that it is time to retire for the night, while I remember that I must write to you to-night or not at all, as my parcel must be dispatched early to-morrow morning. Choosing therefore to run the risk of brevity and incorrectness rather than neglect my duty, (for I hold it a duty to answer all letters from those whom I can *feel* my friends,) I begin a task which would be more agreeable if I could but perform it better. My daily course of study is soon declared. I generally rise sufficiently early to get to my *secular* work by six or half-past. Till breakfast and prayers at nine, I read or sermonize as may be necessary. To breakfast succeeds the preparation of Latin or Greek, and to the preparation the repetition of it to our Tutor, which (as far as I am concerned) terminates about half after twelve. Immediately after dinner we commence our Hebrew studies, in which, when prepared, we are examined by Mr. Vint, as in the case of classics. After tea—on Tuesday, one of our number reads, in the presence of Mr. Vint and the students, one of Campbell's Lectures on Rhetoric, in which we are examined the next day at dinner. On Wednesday evening we preach in rotation, the inhabitants of the village being present. On Thursday afternoon we alternately read Latin divinity to Mr. V., and have from him an original theological lecture. In the evening, once a fortnight, we hold the meeting of our debating society. On the evening of Friday the students hold a prayer meeting, and immediately after, the reading society assembles. Our plan is this. Two students each night

read a portion of the Letters of Junius, and the Paradise Lost, while the students sit in judgment on every word and tone, and I assure you corrections are made with pretty much freedom. I am reading in Latin the Satires of Persius, and the History of Livy: in Greek, Homer's Iliad and the Cyropædia of Xenophon. My preaching engagements are no doubt numerous, but I am disposed to alter an opinion which I once entertained, that this is an injury to a student. I do not think I have hitherto found it so. The number of the places which require our aid renders it unnecessary to compose more than one sermon per month, and less I should suppose, ought not (for the sake of mere exercise) to be done. Besides it improves our delivery, gives us greater readiness in speaking, and keeps us alive, in a more elevated degree, to the great object of our studies, and the great end of our lives—the glory of God in the salvation of men. I am quite aware that I *do* incline to the verbose in my attempts at composition, and I most sincerely thank you for your fidelity in telling me of my failing. I strive against this fault, and there is one expedient which I hope may not be altogether in vain. I mentioned, before, the Theological Lectures which we hear every fortnight: Mr. V. requires us to deliver to him on the day of the next lecture, an essay on the subject of the preceding, which essay must not occupy more than ten minutes in reading. In my essays I have determined not to have a word too much—just sheer argumentation—more of mathematics than poetry—in short, more that is like ———'s sermons than I should wish *my sermons* to be. Do you not approve the plan?

. . . . "I pray that I may possess more of that spirit which you describe and recommend, and which is after all the grand excellence of ministerial character, and the only security for ministerial usefulness. Most of us

have mottoes in our studies. I have two. How do you like them? 'Cruce triumphans' is one. 'Bene precasse, bene studuisse,' the other.

"Your very sincere and obliged friend,  
"T. R. TAYLOR."

"TO —————"

"Feb. 1827.

. . . . "Oh! do I murmur? God forbid. The cause of sorrow is within my own heart—that I am so little what I ought to be—so restless in my situation—that I act as one unwilling to possess *only* the fountain of living waters—so ready to repair to the broken cisterns. Oh! for grace to derive more happiness, even in temporal enjoyments, from above—to subordinate all the things of time and sense to the things which are unseen and eternal! 'Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all for the glory of God.' Oh! to have this simplicity of purpose extending itself into all my thoughts, my studies, my preaching, my affections! And the same prayers I urge for you. The more I see, the more perfectly I am satisfied that *religion* and *happiness* are synonymous terms—that in precise proportion as we live up to the spirit of that high and holy gospel which we have espoused, shall we possess 'peace and joy in the Holy Ghost.' For this then, oh let us more ardently strive, *depending upon Christ!* Oh! how simple, how sublimely simple, and yet what a load does it take off a poor penitent's heart to know, 'I have Christ to depend upon—the perfection of love, and power, and purity! What can I want beside?'

"I have read Whitridge's Memoirs of Jefferson. The biography is poor—the Lectures on Hebrew Prophecy admirable. In my moments of more careless reading, as on my solitary walks to preach, I am reading Currie's

Life of Burns, than which I have not for a long time read a more fascinating volume.”

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“*Driffield, 24th March, 1827,*

“My time is so fully occupied here that I scarcely know how to find time for writing, save for sermon writing.

. . . . “To my father I may tell without any insinuation of vanity being retorted upon me, that I have reason to bless God for the acceptability he has hitherto given me among this people. When I left, you expressed a wish, that when I came away, I should leave the congregation as good as I found it. I hope and think I shall. The people have all expressed themselves more than satisfied with my preaching. Last Sabbath evening there was a better congregation than there has been for a long time, so was the attendance at the meeting afterwards; and on Wednesday evening there were very many more than usual, among whom was an old Baptist Minister who was accidentally there on Sabbath evening, and it seems, was pleased with my sermon. . . . It were folly to record the many wishes that have been expressed to me that I were only at liberty and would stay among them, and the pity it is that I should go back to the Academy, and so on. Of course I know how to estimate all these things. I feel thankful to God that I am thus acceptable, but I deem these things no causes of vanity, but rather of humility. I know how different a thing it is to please the fancy, and to benefit the souls of a people. I would rather offend a people by faithfully declaring the truth, than please them with a sermon in which the attention is drawn more to the manner of the discourse, and the ‘cleverness’ of the preacher, than to the matter of his teaching, and the importance of his message. . . . Tomorrow I preach morning and afternoon from Job xl. 4,

‘Behold I am vile.’ In the evening, Isaiah xxvi. 4, ‘Trust ye,’ &c. Oh! that I might not labour utterly in vain! If it were by might and by power, and not exclusively by the Spirit of the Lord, I should despair:—as it is, I dare not.

“Remember me, as I doubt not you do, in your prayers, and be sure you are not forgotten in the weak supplications of

“Your affectionate and dutiful Son,

“T. R. TAYLOR.”\*

“ TO HIS SISTER.

“MY DEAR —,

“Bradford, 18th June, 1827.

You will be prepared for the painful news which I have now to communicate. I write to you, my dear sister, as a Christian, and now it is that you must prove that you have the principles of true Christianity, which above every thing else are able to bear up the mind under the depressing influence of the calamities and sorrows of this most mournful world. You will have heard that Mary came home from school very ill with an inflammation on the lungs. This has not been removed, and this morning it is worse, so that the doctors now seem to say we must not deem it strange if she do not recover. . . . And now I must again become a comforter. I know this will be a shock to you. Mary, besides being your sister is your companion, your — just what William was to me;—and the prospect of losing her must fill your heart with sorrow. Yet surely not with unmingled sorrow. If it should please our Heavenly Father to remove Mary from us, will it not be well? *well* if for no other reason, because He does it who does all things well? But we are not driven to this consolation alone. I am sure it will be well for

\* At this period he remained for six weeks at Driffield.

Mary. I feel as confident as certainty can make me, that she is ready to depart, and that for her to depart will be 'to be with Christ,' and is not that 'far better?' So then if she depart, the loss will be only ours,—and our Father who is in Heaven will not suffer it so to be except for *our profit*. And then as to the uncertainty whether Mary shall leave us or not:—while there is life there is hope;—Mary is in the hands of God. . . I am then willing, and you will be willing also, to leave her in His hands, and at His disposal. These are the considerations which have comforted me, and I trust will be some solace to your spirit. . . .

“As ever, in joy and sorrow,

“Your affectionate Brother and Friend,

“T. R. TAYLOR.”

“TO ———

“22nd June, 1827.

“You have probably expected hearing from me before now, but have hoped the best from our delay. Those hopes I have now to blast—for earth, that is,—for another world hope I can confirm into certainty. My sister Mary is in Heaven. This is the way in which I love to state the fact after death. When thus told it loses all its dreadfulness. Yet the scenes which are around me, and the feelings of my own heart tell me also, that what is her gain is our loss, and that we are bereaved. . . .

Mary's has been a short passage through this troublous sea. She was only fifteen. She had been hitherto of an apparently strong constitution, with a flow of spirits able, as it seemed to us all, to bear her well through the world, and to support in no small measure her bodily strength. We were all expecting much from her. Just finishing her education, so much

of it at least as can be acquired at school, we looked to her for much joy and aid in the concerns and communion of our domestic home. She was to have returned on the week before last—on the Friday before that I found her here on her way to the grave. Since that time she has been gradually, almost imperceptibly sinking. — found her better than she had feared, and neither she nor Mary perhaps apprehended death. Yesterday however, about half-past five o'clock, she fell asleep,—so indeed it might be called. I have heard the tale of her departure though I did not see it, not having then returned from Idle. She sat up in bed and took her medicine—leaned back—lifted up her eyes to Heaven, and in a tone of sweetest rapture exclaimed, 'Oh! where am I? where am I?'—and she was dead. . .

. . . "We have now two of our number in Heaven—William and Mary—from the family. I hardly consider them removed. They are still of 'the whole family in heaven and earth.' Oh that this most heavy trial might be submissively borne, and suitably improved by us all!"

"TO MR. \_\_\_\_\_

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Bradford, 14th July, 1827.

"It has been often remarked, and the remark is not on that account surely the less true, that we are always prone to judge others by ourselves, and from our likings or antipathies, pleasure or aversion, under any circumstances, or in any case, to conclude the likings, &c. &c. of others in similar circumstances, or in the same case. The drift of all this you must hear. I love long letters from you—the longer the better (and I have no great ground of complaint on this score). I judge you from myself, and so suppose that you would rather have a sheet of quarto, than octavo post from me, and, for the

same reason, a sheet of foolscap than either the one or the other. Moreover, I feel sure that you will not be so graceless as to write me at less length than you receive from me, and therefore that I (writing this large sheet full) shall have the same quantum to place to your credit ere long. . . . And now I must thank you, as I most sincerely do, for yours, whose date I perceive is this day month. Shall I need to make any excuse for having delayed its reply so long? You will discover reasons enough to produce such delay, as you read on. At the time I received yours, I was in the midst of sorrow. My second sister, Mary, whom we were expecting home from school, arrived the Friday before the receipt of your letter, in a state of very dangerous indisposition. . . . Every day saw her decrease in strength, and it was soon evident that we must prepare to say her our last farewell. And on the Thursday after I had received your letter, she was not. This has been a trial, I need not tell you, to us all. For some years she had been almost an alien from her home,—just visiting us for a little season when the intervals of labour at school allowed;—and now she had finished her education, was just rising into womanhood,—and we were all anticipating the addition which her society would make to our domestic joys. When, lo! just as the fruit had ripened, there came a frost, a nipping frost, and our gourd was withered;—just when the flower had attained its fullest and fairest expansion, the canker worm was at the root, and the hueless leaves were scattered on the ground. As far as we are concerned, so it is—she *was* here—and now she is gone. She has left us. ‘Her place is empty, and her voice is mute.’ To us she lives but in the sad recollections of a faithful memory, or the dreary fancies of what might have been, or in the relics she has left of those talents and that spirit which would have se-

cured to herself and us no mean share of the best felicities which are yet to be found on this side heaven. So it is to *us*—but oh! not so to her. I am sure she is in heaven. I have no more doubt of this than I have that I am *not*. If you were to ask for the grounds of my strong confidence, I should have to show you her heart, if I could, as it has been in various ways laid open to me for the last three years;—I should especially bring you to the side of her dying bed,—and you should tell me, if you could, what could be the origin of that unmurmuring patience, and that strong consolation, and that unshaken, unwavering faith,—and if you could find no where else whence these might be drawn, save the foot of the cross, I would say, can there be any road save to glory from that hallowed spot? and can there issue from ‘the fountain opened for sin and for uncleanness’ any streams which, instead of flowing onward to the ocean of eternal purity and holy joy, shall merge their waters at length in ‘the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone?’ Her’s was ‘the death of the righteous,’ and I cannot but in spirit breathe forth Balaam’s prayer when I think of her ‘last end,’—and I would breathe it forth for you.

. . . . “Such pleasure I can communicate to you. Mary, the Monday only before she died, was charmed by your delineation of that sweet home on whose threshold even then she was lingering, and of whose unspeakable joys she has even now become a participant. And I am told that often, in the course of that short space which intervened between this and the period of her dissolution, she expressed her earnest wish that I could come over from Idle and read her ‘those beautiful lines.’ She has found one thing now, that however beautiful they may be, they are unworthy the theme. Oh! I am sure you will not deem me cynical when I

say this. How can we form any conception of heaven? And yet I know no view of it so soothing, as that of HOME. Home! how does the heart leap at the sound, and all that is holiest in our nature respond to that name of love!

‘And oh! if homes like these are sweet,  
How sweet that home will be,  
Where all the ransom’d ones shall meet,  
From sin and sorrow free!’

You will forgive me for having dwelt so long upon my individual sorrows—upon the angel who has left us.—You are a brother. . . .

. . . . “I have mentioned ‘your next,’—will you allow me to mention the date on which, and the place at which, I should wish to receive it? I expect being at Nottingham from the 1st to the 15th August. May I hope then to receive a letter as long as this from ——? With your request for some samples of my rhymes I comply. ‘Do thou likewise.’ I fear you will be unable to decipher the whole of this miserable scrawl:—had it not been to a friend, it would have been written more *artfully* and less *heartfully*.

“To conclude seriously. May the blessing of Heaven rest upon you, keeping you near to God, and crowning you at length with the prize of your high calling. I am yours sincerely and affectionately,

“T. R. TAYLOR.”

Shortly after the affecting bereavement referred to in his letters, Thomas left home on a month’s absence. His next letter is addressed

TO HIS SISTER.

“MY DEAR ——,

“Nottingham, 10th Aug., 1827.

“I have purposely waited till the close of this week, before I answered your letter, in order that I might

more equally divide the time of my absence. I left home for four Sabbaths. On the second of these you will, I expect, receive this. And yet I am obliged to confess that I do not just now feel myself much disposed for letter-writing, even to you. I am not *at liberty*. If you can take in all the ideas I had of this word which I have dashed when I wrote it, you will find that excuse enough, if this should not be so long a letter as you might have been led to expect by my promises before I left home. Add to which, that it is now Friday, past four o'clock, p. m.—that I have to go out to tea—that this letter must be posted before to-morrow morning, and then—you will be content (as you must, of course,) with what you can get. . . .

“One evening I walked over to Wilford with W. W——, to spend the night there. . . . Having eaten some supper, and had family prayer, we set off about half-past nine o'clock to walk to Clifton Grove. It was a beautiful moonlight night, though scarce visibly so yet, the moon not having yet overtopped the trees of the distant grove, and the whole appearance of the scene being rather that of a fine summer twilight. All was still, except now and then the chirping of the few birds who had not fallen asleep, (as they say birds *do* in good time), and the frequent leaps of the fish in the river. We entered the grove;—all was sombre—and the windings of the avenue could hardly be distinguished by a deeper shade than the rest of the place.—We set our feet to return, and the moon just then had risen sufficiently high to fling her beams through the thinner foliage of the topmost boughs, and painted a path of light whereon we might travel home. When we again reached the banks of the river we stood to look and listen. The position in which we stood, with the moon across the river made its light to be reflected in a broad and per-

fectly well defined stream of glory, from the waters just rippled by an almost imperceptible breeze. And the clear reflection of the blue sky, with all its many stars, and its festoons of clouds, made it appear as if that stream of light were a pillar supporting the expanse of heaven below. We listened—there was the distant whispering of a waterfall (a mile or more up the river)—and then the sounds died away—and then they swelled into a louder breathing, like the witching tones of the Æolian harp. After a delightful walk, we reached W. W.'s house about a quarter before twelve. . . .

. . . “I am called to breakfast, and must close, reserving to myself the usual privilege of a P. S. May God bless you, and

“Your affectionate Brother,  
“THOMAS.”

“P. S. Write to me at Manchester, *not post paid*. Love to all—*from* all—and from myself especially.”

“TO MR. ———

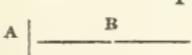
“*Airedale College, 11th Sept. 1827.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I received your welcome epistle, as you intended I should, at Nottingham, but have been prevented till now from replying to it. I suppose I must say *how* prevented. Well, then,—from Nottingham, a day or two after its receipt, I went off to Manchester, where I had to supply for Mr. Coombs two sabbaths. There—in a strange place—I could not attend at all to my correspondence. From Manchester I came home, (to Bradford, that is,) but stayed only one day; posting off then with my eldest sister to Ilkley, a place noted for its salubrious air, fine cold baths, and beautifully diversified scenery. Thence, on Wednesday evening, I came hither—to my little study—spending Thursday and Friday in

setting things in order, Saturday in walking to Pateley Bridge, (twenty miles,) to preach thrice on the following sabbath, and Monday in retracing my steps homewards—that is, to Idle! And now, on Tuesday morning, before the business of the day commences, I devote my attention to my unseen friend.

“And, as it is a wish you have more than once expressed, I shall endeavour to give you some idea of the way in which I am plodding onward through this state of pilgrimage. You are aware that I have now been one year a student here—a place most unluckily yclept ‘Idle,’ which stigma our committee has determined to remove, if possible, by calling *this* part of Idle as I have dated my sheet. Idle is, in sooth, the very reverse of what you would conceive the site of a college should be. ‘Airedale College!’—why, you would picture to yourself a beautifully retired hamlet, with its whitewashed cottages, and sanded door-stones, and intermingled gardens, and healthy-looking children; and then, just within a stone’s throw of this happy-looking village, peering out from among its ancient trees, a handsome building, the seat perhaps of some portly squire or lord of the manor of the last generation, which, in the midst of the motley changes of time, had passed into a very Temple of the Muses, flinging around itself an air of calm retirement and hallowed seclusion.—Never were you more mistaken in your life. Idle is a dirty, groveling, manufacturing village, without one single charm. Imagine a long straggling street, forming by its turning course, a series of those figures which I think mathematicians call *cycloids*, built of stone, once cleanly and natural, but having long since passed into a shade between dirty yellow and sooty black; these dwellings of men placed in utter contempt of all order and regularity, and mingled with the palaces and palace-yards of pigs,

and the temples of Cloacina (I am not quite sure about this lady's name); before each door-place a 'midden,' or an embryo 'midden,' growing up by the regular addition of ashes and filth of all sorts, into its full dimensions and proper portliness;—and to complete the picture, amid the abominations of their own filthiness, ragged brats squalling '*frequentes*,' and you have some idea of Idle. At the top of this delectable place stands our college.  This is the shape of it. A is the domicile of our Tutor, B the studies, bed-rooms, and common hall of ourselves. It is a poor, irregular, cold, unromantic spot;—not a tree to bless itself with, nor a bit of garden-ground to smile upon its walls—I beg pardon—there are some inches of earth on which some two or three shrubs are doing their best to grow, in the front of our Tutor's window. To make up, however, for this, a walk of five minutes brings us to a point whence we have a view of some of the finest scenery of Airedale, which, lying west, presents every evening an enchanting sunset scene. But, to return to the college. *Our* apartments consist of a large room where we dine, and where also is our library; and in accordance with old Homer's account of the dinners of his heroes, we may say, when our meal is over,

‘ Οὐδε τι θυμὸς ἐδέετο δαιτὸς ἕισης.’

Besides this, there are two bed-rooms in which eighteen of us are stowed every night, Sundays and Saturdays excepted, when these epitomes of the stuffing system are left to sweeten. We have, besides, each a study, and this brings me to my own, and that, by a natural transition, to myself. My study, then, whence I write, is a little section of one side of a long room on the second story, every side being of wood except two—the place where the window looks down into the sweet village I have described, and the ceiling above my head.

which is of plaster. It is about five feet ten inches square, and contains my desk and stool, my clothes-boxes, two tiers of book-shelves, and a row of wooden pins to hang my coats, shoes, &c. upon. I assure you, it looks more comfortable by far than you might suppose possible, for it is papered quite dashingly with two or three different sorts of paper, (my first pattern failing me when I had clothed little more than one side,) and carpeted with most of the colours of the rainbow, and some for which you shall seek in vain in that summary of the colours. Then, my shelves are tolerably well filled with books, and I hold that nothing makes a study more like a study, and more congenial, therefore, with the feelings of a student, than goodly rows of *tomes*, without one blank to show the nakedness of the land.

“Here then it is that I consecrate myself, not as I ought, to those labors which are essential to qualify me—so far as human labor and application, and the habits of mind, and the stores of knowledge thereby attained *can* qualify me—for those *future* labors of high responsibility to which I am ardently looking. I have said *ardently*, and I apply the word in its fullest sense. I have invested that post of deep responsibility which I hope awaits me, with all the hues of interest which fancy knows so well to fling over every scene and circumstance of real life; and many are the regions of joy into which from this cell I soar, and many the visions of rapture in which I revel,—and these too, all arising from views of the ministerial character and duty—a character, to attain which may well call the mind rather to painful strivings than to earnest hopes—a duty, which may well excite fear, lest that should fail in a feeble mortal’s hands, for which the powers of intellect, and strength of feeling, and intensity of zealous devotion of an angel were scarcely sufficient, rather than the

joyous thrillings of youthful anticipation. But I must check myself. I have touched on a theme which would, if I suffered myself to expatiate, occupy far more than what remains of my present sheet. I can only ask you as a friend to myself, and as interested for the general good of the Church, which must in some degree suffer or prosper as its Ministers are faithful or not—I can only ask you to pray for me;—that I may have resting upon my heart a more constant and affecting conviction of the importance and responsibility of the station on whose threshold I now stand, and on whose active duties, if spared, I hope to enter in due time.

“ ‘But how do you spend your time?’ In general as follows.\* . . . .

. . . . “You will perceive by this matter-of-fact statement that we have not much time left for general reading, and this is lessened by the circumstance that we have many sermons to prepare in order to meet all our preaching engagements. However, if we were better disposed we might accomplish much more than we do. I have ceased to think ‘want of time’ an excuse. I think that if the portion of time we have were well employed, it would be found enough; and no man’s acquirements who does thus carefully harvest and properly use his time ought to be despised, or are indeed despicable. I have entered upon this session, resolving, though with much fear, that I will thus act,—and, seeing ‘the time is short,’ that it shall be like those essences which though occupying little space, do yet concentrate in themselves the virtue of larger quantities of fluid, in which the same is diffused over a more extensive space. And I would desire to look to the Strong for strength, and to the Wise for wisdom. Without this I shall not

\* See p. 36.

labor,—and if I did, without this it would be a joyless and useless toil.

“ I have now written a long letter, not at all I fear like the essence to which I have alluded, but I trust it will avail to draw from you a reply, even though that should be to blame me for the poverty of this. . . I thank you for your remarks on my sonnets. I am conscious that you have read them rather as a friend than a critic. If I can recollect, I will say more on this style of poetry in a future letter. I need not assure you that you have my best wishes, for that you will believe, so long as you allow me to subscribe myself

“ Your sincerely affectionate friend,

“ T. R. TAYLOR.”

“ TO —————

“ *Sept. 1827.*

“ The circumstances under which I write, forcibly remind me of the fact that I am fast passing onward through that section of eternity which men call time, and that the revolvings of the great machine of Providence are incessant. . . .

. . . . “ I have to-day (for I am now writing on Saturday morning) a long journey before me. . . . I would desire with pleasure to undergo this toil for the sake of my Lord and Master, who bare such and so many toils and sufferings for me. I have entered upon this session with many convictions of the increased obligations which are laid upon me to labour constantly and most diligently in the acquisition of those qualifications for future labor, to seek which I have come hither,—and above all, of the necessity of a diligent cultivation of personal holiness, and constant communion with God. I can join with you in your lament over moments of past joyous experience, but let us not de-

spar therefore of attaining to the same degree of spirituality—rather let us aim higher: as the Apostle when, from perhaps similar experience, he was constrained to acknowledge, ‘not as though I had already attained or were already perfect,’—yet did not fix those past enjoyments as the limits of his aim, but ‘forgetting the things which were behind,’ however lofty they might have been, ‘he *looked* to those which were before,’ even to Jesus, ‘the Author and Finisher of his faith,’—his example, at once, and his strength to imitate that example.” . . . .

“ TO THE SAME.

“ *Oct. 1827.*

. . . . “And yet into these six weeks what a vast variety of events have been crowded—events which may not appear of great importance, but each of which has doubtless had its influence on our physical and moral being. The least things—the most trifling circumstances—the admission of a certain train of thought into the mind—the formation of some scheme of fancy, may produce most powerful habits, and lead to most painful effects. And it is on this account that the least indulgence of evil thoughts or improper fancies is to be avoided and dreaded. Because they will not die in the birth, but, once introduced into the mind, will lurk in some of its dark corners, coming forth to torture us when we are least expecting them, and when, almost overwhelmed by other temptations, we are least prepared to resist them. And then every fresh indulgence will give them fresh energy, till they shall act the tyrant over us, and our mental self-possession shall expire in their grasp.”\* . . . .

\* It was in illustration of this idea, that Thomas wrote the Story of Harvey Thornton.

“ TO MR. ————

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Airedale College, 17th Oct. 1827.*

“ I am ashamed as I open your letter for the purpose of writing to you, to perceive that a month has elapsed since the date of it. I cannot however say that conscience at all troubles me in the matter, for in very truth I have a good excuse. Other engagements which might not be postponed have postponed your letter, or rather my letter to you. In the first place, I was unexpectedly called upon to preach, with my father, at the re-opening of a school-room connected with the Chapel at Bradford, which our folks have set apart for a house of prayer. To be quite sincere, I had no sermon for this occasion, and the time to which you had a claim was perforce devoted to the preparation of one. In the second place, we have been establishing a Society here as an auxiliary to the West-Riding Home Missionary Society, and what with speechifying, collecting, &c. &c. for this bantling of ours, what little time remained has been consumed. And now I shall hardly think it needful ‘*poscere te veniam,*’ but constituting myself the jury to decide, and the judge to pronounce the verdict, I give myself a perfect and honorable acquittal. And having now cleared the way, and placed myself on the same ground with yourself, I shall have nothing to prevent my most unrestrained converse. And I know not why I should not first of all thank you for your letter—so unexpected and so welcome. We do not, it is true, write for the purpose of gaining praise from each other, or being called or thought ‘clever fellows,’—but still, if we are to communicate feelings, and if I feel thankful for your epistle, it would be uncandid in me (to say the least) to withhold the expression of that feeling, and equally incorrect in you to shrink from its acceptance. I think, indeed, we are all by far too much afraid of

gaining the character of pride or vanity, or any other state of mind which is deemed inconsistent with true moral worth. We often fear the imputation of these characters to us, rather than the characters themselves; coming under that description of men whom Christ so justly chides for seeking honour of men rather than of God. For instance, let us take vanity or pride, or rather that state of the moral powers which is a compound of both. A vain fellow is esteemed in respectable and sensible society a most worthless fellow; and let him possess never so fine a mind, if it puff him up with self-conceit, and make him boast 'we are the men, and wisdom will die with us,' his imagination, how vivid soever, and his judgment, how clear soever, will stand him in no stead, but he must sink to a level (at least) as low as theirs, who lack all these splendid powers of intellect, but know and feel that they do so. And there are certain marks settled upon by the world as the certain notifications of this self-conceit, and certain other marks which are deemed inseparable from an opposite state of feeling—that, namely, of calm and diffident humility. For instance, if a man have dared to write verses; if he were to extol them on every occasion, as worthy of comparison with the compositions of the master-spirits of the age, making himself, in his works, the subject to which, with annoying assiduity, he brings every other person, as to a standard of excellence, beyond which fallen nature can hardly go,—the world would properly set him down as a disagreeable *embodying* (I know this is not the word, but I cannot on the moment recollect the one I want) of vanity and self-conceited egotism. And these various notifications of vanity and self-conceited egotism are taken to be invariably proofs of the existence, wherever they are found, of the same causes as in this particular instance have produced them:—and their con-

traries are taken to be proofs of the existence of a precisely contrary cause. Hence, wishing to appear (as it is meet we should) modest, ingenuous, humble, &c. &c. and deprecating (as we ought) every imputation of a contrary character, we strive to show forth these external signs; and we strive to exemplify these, often to the utter neglect of the states of heart and mind of which they ought to be the expressions. We seek to show forth to men the *effects*, in order that they may thence conclude the existence of the *cause*; but we are not careful that they should indeed *be effects*. We look at things in the wrong order. Instead of being anxious to secure the cause in all its active and influential reality, careless about the effects, because we know they are inseparable from the cause, we are apt to strive first to manifest the effects, and then to look whether or not the cause be there. Hence, if we are in the society of those who are wiser than ourselves, or of greater weight in society, we are as mum as mice, because we are young men, and it is *modest* to be still, and listen to the oracles of the earth—(for they err most egregiously who suppose that oracles became extinct when Delphi and Dodona lost their tripods, and priestesses, and divine *afflatus*.) And, as it is the part of humility to deem others better than ourselves, of course we must always maintain this becoming silence, this charming unobtrusiveness, this retiring bashfulness.—‘I suppose, Mr. ——, you write poetry?’ ‘Indeed, sir, you are misinformed; I never wrote any *poetry*—I have indeed perpetrated some few *rhymes*—but I assure you that is all;’—when all the while Mr. —— is conscious that it is not two hours since he was enjoying the very sublimest alto of poetic feeling, and scarcely half that period since he was certain his last verses were true, genuine poetry, and that of no mean sort either.—‘Ah! Mr. ——, I see here is a son-

net of yours in the ——— ; 'tis a sweet thing, Sir,—the very soul of touching sentiment !' ' Indeed, Sir, you are no judge ; you have a mind to banter me, Sir ; or, your partial friendship blinds you, Sir ; or,—in short, Sir, I am ashamed of that trifle, and would give the world to have it back in my own desk, or rather in its proper place—the fire :' when, in truth, that very sonnet is the thing which a day or two before had convinced him that it was neither pride nor presumption in himself to designate his own, a poetical mind.—Miss ——— has sent her album for a poetical morceau ; but no—he is modest—he cannot have the impudence (fie upon such barefaced boldness !) to blazon his own name where shine the names of Montgomery, and Elliot, and Robert Hall, and a score or two other great ones,—and many a score perhaps of little ones too. That *would* be vanity,—that *would* be a pitch of conceit. And so, while he longs to please the young lady, and while he longs more to let her know that he loves to please her, and while he pants to shine (as he feels he could) beside the best of the recorded memorials, and to outshine the vast majority of them ; he sends back the volume with a most humble confession, and modest withal, that ' *if he could* only write any thing which would not foul those virgin pages, and disgrace the good company into whose society its entrance would be an impudent intrusion, he would feel most happy, and most highly honored in complying with a request so agreeable, and so agreeably urged,—but,' &c. &c. &c. The drift of all this long prosing lecture is this,—that of all pride that pride is the worst ' which apes humility.' That for a man to say that he is 'naught,' when he rationally believes that he is somewhat, and somewhat considerable too, is the very essence of pride, and that too of the very worst kind—which cannot be content with its

own gratulations, but must fish for praise in the filthiest of waters to feed its sickly appetite.

. . . . “And now candidly, my dear ——, I know not how I have been led into all this verbose remark. I began with a design of defending the practice of returning thanks where we know thanks are not the things sought for, and I have written a long tractate of pride and humility, and I know not what. However it is written and must go. The subject is one of importance, and I am convinced that I am verily guilty in this matter. And especially may I, (shall I say *we*?) recur again to that declaration of Christ’s to which I have already referred, about the danger of those who seek honor of men and not of God. I am sure the feeling here deprecated has too often been in my heart, and developed in my conduct. I have been careful not to disgrace my profession, nor bring a scandal upon my Christianity, by any impropriety before men, but the same godly jealousy I have not invariably exercised over my heart and conduct in the moments and amid the scenes and circumstances of my solitude. We want, my dear friend, more of the principle which can overcome the world, by ‘looking not at the things which are seen, but at those which are not seen.’ To live that ‘life’ which, as to its exciting principles, and impelling motives, and arousing hopes, ‘is hid with Christ in God,’—to act, and think, and feel, under ‘the powers of the world to come,’ and with the solemnities of the day of judgment in stern array before us; and anticipating by constant, careful self-examination the unbending and strict scrutinies of that day. To answer, in short, a description which I have somewhere seen—

‘He has the onward faith that never flags:  
Bringing the unseen future to his sight:

He liveth in a wider sphere than this,  
 With spirits hovering round him, and the light  
 Of heaven upon his path; and it is bliss  
 To know most surely that this pure and bright  
 Fulness of joy, ere long, shall all be his.'

"Then might we always be more sure that the subsequent part of the same description, applied to ourselves, would be no *misapplication*. It is, you will perceive, a sonnet, the subject of which is Lazarus in Abraham's bosom; and as an excuse for filling up my letter with poetical quotations, I must tell you that the author is a friend of yours. The subsequent sonnet is the last of four, embracing the story both of the rich man and the beggar.\*

"And this sonnet reminds me that I promised to give you some thoughts upon sonnets, which, however, I perceive I must again postpone 'sine die.' In looking over your letter, I see you say that a description of myself was wanting in order to guide you to your friend. I dare not attempt it. Suffice it that I follow your example, and tell you in a word or two my history, not of my mind, but my mere 'soul's case,' as one of the old Puritans called the body. I was born at Ossett, near Wakefield, and am still called by a host of linty clothiers their '*awn barn*.' When about a year old, my father removed to Bradford, where I subsequently became the brother of three brothers and three sisters, 'most of whom remain till this present, but some have fallen asleep.' These sleepers in Jesus are, my eldest brother, William, and my second sister, Mary. I was educated, as it is called, at Leaf Square, near Manchester, where I abode three years. At the age of fifteen I entered a merchant's counting-house as clerk, and a year after I became an apprentice of Mr. Dunn, at Nottingham. My sojourn there may perhaps furnish materials for

\* See Remains.

subsequent letters, being, as it was on many accounts, the most important period of my life. I have been here a year and a half, and shall, if I live till next May, be 21 years of age. But my sheet is just full, and I have two or three other things to tell you. On Saturday I leave Idle for Settle, where I supply two sabbaths, after which I proceed to Sedbergh, where I must tarry six more. . . I shall stand in need of all 'the appliances and means' of comfort of which I can avail myself, to keep up my spirits in my long and dreary exile. I trust this will be quite enough to ensure a *long* letter or two from —

. . . . "I send you these vespers\* only because they are the last verses I have written. . . .

"I can only wish you a hearty good night, and subscribe myself yours as ever,

"T. R. TAYLOR."

"TO \_\_\_\_\_

"*Sedbergh, Oct. 1827.*

"The country about Settle is very fine. All the Craven hills, and rocks, and waterfalls—the wonderful and wild, and not seldom the soft, and tender, and beautiful too. Settle itself is situated for the most part in a valley surrounded on all sides by hills, and overhung on one part by a fine pile of limestone rocks, yclept Castlebergh. . . .

. . . . "On Thursday morning, to my surprise, I received a letter from Mr. Vint, saying that I must go forward immediately to Sedbergh, and another supply would succeed me at Settle. This overthrew all my schemes for visiting, as I had intended on Friday, the finest scenery in Craven, viz. Malham Cove and Tarn, and Gordale Scar.

. . . "On Friday I rode to Kirkby Lonsdale, in West-

\* See Remains.

moreland, and thence on Saturday morning to the place whence I now write. Sedbergh is a small market town in Yorkshire, quite surrounded by lofty hills. It is a poor, cold-looking place, and is illustrious for nothing but its Grammar-school, which is connected with St. John's College, Cambridge, and is well endowed. The hills here are very fine. I have ascended two of them, though the labour is not small on account of their excessive steepness. Last night just before tea, not having had my daily walk, I set out to mount one of them, taking my flute with me,

‘To charm the air on the still mountain top.’

I ascended to what I thought the top of the hill, but not so: there arose above me another as lofty as the one already mounted. The sheep which were feeding on the close grass, looked at me suspiciously, as much as to say, ‘What business have you here?’ and then skipped away down the declivity. I toiled up the ascent before me, and then another, as high as the former, presented itself. This overcome I was on the mountain top, and overlooked most of the hills around me. The scene was most imposing. It was a bright twilight,—not at all increased in light by the moon, which now and then struggled through the clouds which interrupted her beams. Beneath me lay the valley in which Sedbergh is situated, and the river sweeping behind it, with its banks here and there clothed with low wood in all the rich tints which autumn flings over scenery, like consumption, lovely in decay; and then the same river, in the long vale to the right, shining forth in a sheet of light as the last daylight—not sunlight—found out the channel where it flowed. The dark hills closed the valley,—but over them the great sea, like a mirror, in the far-off horizon, was an object which could not be

contemplated without some feelings of sublimity. After gazing till I began to fear that I should miss my way home, I descended, and no easy task was it, I assure you, to keep my feet. Many a time did I afford a practical illustration of the doctrine of accelerated motion, as, having once set off, first at a gentle walk, I passed through all the progressive stages of pace, till I was running far more swiftly than safely, and had no easy work to bring myself to a pause. When I reached the foot of the hill, and crossed a brook in the gully, I found I had lost my way. . . . . In due time I got back safely to my lodgings. . . . .

“Our congregations are very good, and I hope I may be happy and useful here. I pray that so I may.” . . .

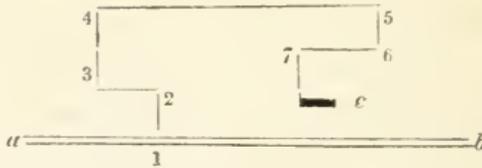
“MY DEAR FATHER,

“*Sedbergh, 5th Nov. 1827.*

“I intend writing three letters home during my absence from you, and to divide them equally among the three to whom I feel myself bound to communicate the knowledge of my affairs—my father, my mother, and my sister. I wrote to my mother from Settle,—the present I address to you; and when I have heard again from —, *she* shall hear from me. I received Mr. Vint’s letter on the Thursday, i. e. before last, apprising me of the alteration in the supply of this place, which would make it necessary for me to be here a week earlier than I expected. In obedience to the injunctions of that letter, I left Settle on the Friday evening (disappointed in my intended visit to Malham Cove, Tarn, and Gordale Scar) for Kirkby Lonsdale. I staid all night there with Mr. Healy, who treated me, as he has done all my brethren, very kindly. I took the next morning’s coach, and got to my lodgings here to breakfast. I did not much relish my antedated visit, coming upon the people like a bad shilling, in another man’s shoes; however, I

got over it. We had good congregations. I mentioned that I was not Mr. E——, and, if they are sincere, they were not disappointed when the day closed. This is a very promising place, and with encouragement, will, I have no doubt, become a flourishing interest. The people are poor—lodgings and meeting-house testify this. I have never before dwelt in so poor a domicile, but I know it is the best they can get, and therefore I am satisfied; and, by consequence, with my books, and pen and ink, I can be happy here. My sitting-room, in which I write, is a small room on the second story, looking into the only street which Sedbergh can boast, and which is the high road to Kirkby Stephen, and some other places. The walls of this my sanctuary appear once to have been blue or green, but have subsequently been badly *white-washed*, so that the hues of the former mingle with those of the latter, and make it ‘neither one thing nor another.’ The door, which is of flat boards united by means of three cross-bars, presents the dirty, damp, greenish appearance, which I have noticed on the doors of some out-offices. The fire-place contains none of your extravagant metal grates, but an economical substitute for a grate, made up of stone work, and four thin iron bars, to keep the fire within the bounds of due decorum. The room above this is my dormitory, to which I advance by the aid of an old rail-less series of six or eight steps. The ceiling and the floor approach so near each other, that, in some parts, while my feet rest upon the one, my hair salutes the other; so that if the one were positively electrical, and the other negatively so, I should become the conductor, and restore an equilibrium. The bed, however, is a very comfortable one, and *all* very clean; and I have quite got into the way of these things, so that I am not incommoded by any of them. The chapel is far worse

than the lodgings. I cannot describe the way to it—except perhaps by a diagram:—



*a b* the main street of the town, 1 a road leading out of it, down which lies the road to the meeting—2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7; and the said meeting is at *c*, quite back from the street, and only to be reached by the circuitous route above described. The room in which we preach is primitive, ‘an upper room,’—a workshop in days of yore, and worthy of its original destination. The ascent to it is by a sorry flight of steps, and a gallery (covered over), railed in by the fragments of old barrels. The place itself will hold about three hundred people or nearly. Its walls are unplastered, but whitewashed; it is open to the slates, and from the bare beams are suspended two apologies for chandeliers. There is *something like* a pulpit to preach from, and loose forms for the audience. Of all the miserable places of worship I have ever seen, it is the most miserable. Yet I do not now feel at all incommoded by its uncomfortable looks. We have good congregations—afternoon and evening as full as it will hold, the scholars obliged to be sent home—and in the morning quite full, the scholars remaining. They must have a chapel here. I do not wonder that the respectable part of the town do not go to this place; but I believe many would attend, if there were a decent place of worship. Besides, even this they can only have till May. I have preached thrice each of the sabbaths I have been here, with some comfort and pleasure. I know not when I enjoyed a sabbath more than yes-

terday. I preached in the morning from Rom. xiii. 2; afternoon, Isa. xxvi. 4; evening, 1 Thess. v. 10. To-night I have attended the missionary prayer meeting, and sabbath-school teachers' meeting. Last Friday evening I preached in the country, from 'What shall it profit a man,' &c., endeavouring to be quite simple and familiar, and faithful. The country about here is altogether *heathen*—as ignorant as can well be conceived. The people, in connexion with the church here, seem for the most part a very pious, humble band, having much of the spirit of prayer, and a zealous desire to advance the interests and influence of religion. The preaching of the students has certainly been blessed here, and I trust, will yet be further blessed. . . .

. . . . "I fear, however, that I shall not sermonize or read so much as I intended. The fact is—I have got it into my head, that I might be better in health than I am, and that this is a fine healthy country; and, in accordance with these convictions, I generally spend an hour or two a day in rambling among the lofty hills that surround me here on every side.

. . . . Remember me still in your prayers as

"Your affectionate Son,

"THOS. R. TAYLOR."

We have not interrupted hitherto the progress of narration contained in these letters, because the few incidents of which it is composed are so simply and feelingly told, that it would have been injustice to have withheld them, for the sake of more connected detail. It will be seen how artlessly and graphically the writer was accustomed to throw off, for the gratification of the ever present circle of his home, the impressions which fell upon his heart and fancy from passing scenes and circumstances; and how much of happiness he derived

to himself by throwing his whole soul into the pursuit of "whatsoever his hand found to do." We break the connexion of his most interesting communications at this point, to observe that it was during this lengthened exile from home, that the touching verses were written, soon afterward published, with his initials, under the title of "Communion with the Dead." Of this poem it is no more than its just praise to assert, that, allowing for some abruptness of versification, and occasional redundancy of style, it is

"A strain of higher mood"

abounding in passages of true poetic beauty and pathos. The tone of his mind in reference to the affecting bereavements which had visited his family, will have been already gathered, and is yet further to be displayed in the entireness of submission which characterized him under the relative and personal afflictions of his lot. To his view, Death, even when breaking off and treading under foot his most cherished earthly hopes, seems always to have worn the aspect of a friend, rather than an enemy. There was with him nothing of the pungency and evanescence of mere human sorrow. His love for the dead was as intense and constant, and far more elevated and sacred, when they had been removed from the scene of his immediate fellowship. He always spoke of them as still forming a part of the circle in which his affections moved; as neither distant nor forgotten: there was not even any thing like sadness in his mention of their names, but a holy cheerfulness which none who ever heard him *could* mistake for stoicism. It always struck us that the way in which he spoke of the dead, was that in which the pious dead *ought* ever to be remembered and referred to. In *this* sense, no less than the primary one, he might have said, and *did* say with reference to himself, "our conversation is in Heaven." We merely ad-

vert again to the poem on his sister's death in confirmation of these remarks, (which, for the credit of religion, as to the *happiness* it confers, we think a subject worthy of attention,) and proceed with our extracts from the correspondence.

“ TO ———

“ *Airedale, Jan. 1828.*

. . . “ I am, through mercy, in body tolerably well at present. I wish I could say the same in reference to my state of Christian experience. Of late I have been hard beset by temptations, and I have lost much of the calm pleasure which, in past days, I have found in religion. I have often lately, in the depth of my study, been led to question most seriously whether or not I have ever been the subject of a change of heart; or whether all that I have felt, and all that I have done as a Christian in past times, have not been the result of circumstances and novelty. I have prayed that my heart might be changed, but alas! I have found but little pleasure in prayer. And often has my hope been almost gone, and I have been ready to conclude that ‘after having preached to others, I myself should prove a cast-away.’ Still however I am here,—still I have my Bible before me,—still I can be sure that God is here, and can listen to the feeblest breathings of a broken spirit; and I cannot, while I write these things, I cannot despair.

. . . “ All our happiness depends on our holiness and devotedness to God, and we have reason to plead especially for each other, that all these temptations may prove as the fire which shall only purge us, and make us fitter for the experience of future life, and the full realization of eternal glory.

. . . . “ I have been reading Blanco White's Evidences against Catholicism; a fine book, and one which

has given me clearer views of the nature of the Roman Church than any which I had previously read. I am now going through Williams's Edition of Matthew Henry's Life of his Father, Philip Henry; a work of wonderful research and deep piety." . .

"TO THE SAME.

"Feb. 1828.

. . . . "Have you read Pollok's Course of Time? I have, and have been much delighted with it. There are passages of almost superhuman conception, and whose force and beauty are not frittered away in vapouring, insignificant verbiage, as is the case with much modern poetry. From what I recollect of Milton's grand work, I think Pollok very much his inferior, though not perhaps so tedious as the Paradise Lost, with all its grandeur, is confessed to be. In both poems the first few books are the best. There was a charm flung over Pollok's book, in my imagination, from the circumstance that the author had fallen a sacrifice at the shrine of hard study, and that in all probability the 'Course of Time' had struck the fatal blow. He had pondered and re-pondered the sublime truths about which he wrote,—he had advanced to the extremest verge of the material world, in order, if it might be so, that his daring eye might look through the veil upon the solemnities of eternity,—and he tried to lift this veil on his knees, and with the strong hand of fervent prayer; but now, just as other men are wondering how it could be that he should discover *so much* of the things which are not seen, he has seen all, and is surprised that he discovered *so little*. The things which he fancied before are now before him; and perhaps he is listening to the tale which himself has told, from some glorified saint of former days, who, like his own min-

strel, delights to dwell upon the wondrous works of God, and to teach them to others. . . . Will it not be delightful to meet Pollok in Heaven?" . . .

“ TO MR. \_\_\_\_\_

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Airedale College, 14th Feb. 1828.*

“ I received your very acceptable letter last Friday, and now, without further delay, I take this earliest opportunity of replying to it. I have said *acceptable*, and so in truth it was. I had, as you suppose, almost given up all hope of hearing from you again. I had puzzled my brain to find out plausible reasons for your long silence, and most of the reasons which presented themselves arose from myself. I thought you must have found out that the opinion you had entertained of me was more favorable than true,—that my letters had undeceived you, and that you were taking the way (most likely to wound my feelings, though you fancied it the least so) to break off a correspondence which, while it took a large capital of time to carry on the concern, brought but a small return into your hands. Again I fancied that I must in my last have unconsciously written something unkind or, from some other cause, offensive; and that if you had not become convinced of my mental incapacity for the post into which by mutual consent I had been introduced, yet you had discovered that I was lamentably deficient in moral qualifications. I tried to recollect what this might be,—

‘ This word unkind, or lightly spoken,’

but all in vain; and conscious that whatever of this sort there might seem to be, yet it was only in *seeming*, and giving you credit at once for candour and discrimination enough to find this out, I dismissed the idea of having offended you. And as I have mentioned the word *offend*, I must, just by way of episode, fling in a

word about it. I do not like this same word 'offend,' especially among Christians. For my own part, I have long since made up my mind to be offended with nobody. *Grieved* I may be for a moment, but that I think is all. If it be with a Christian, a man of sense and feeling, I tell it him,—so criminate and forgive—am criminated and forgiven—and there is an end of it. If it be with a man whose opinion is so hastily formed, or so soon changed, or entertained so much in alloy with prejudice, and personal and selfish feelings, as not to be worth caring for; and whose whole moral nature is disorder, and not only so, but without the principles of order,—I cannot waste my temper in being offended with him, and I forget the affront and the affronter too. Unless, indeed, he be one with whom I am obliged to mingle in my daily concerns, and then I act towards him just as if nothing had happened. And I find this by far the most comfortable plan for myself. Having to do with seventeen young men of different dispositions, with different modes of thought, and different tones of feeling, and coming into contact with them in so many ways and so closely, there must be much on all sides which calls for my charity, and much in me which calls for theirs. Laying it down as an invariable principle of action never to be offended with any, I find it easier work to get through without offending any. I have *quarrelled* (if I must use such a word) with more than one since I came hither, but there is not one with whom I cannot at this moment, and at every moment, shake hands with the most entire sincerity. It is true I cannot feel towards all alike. There are some so full of kindness, and so free from interested motives, and, of course, from interested conduct, that I can be perfectly natural, and open, and unguarded in my fellowship with them: there are others who are the opposite of these,

and towards whom, therefore, I maintain more reserve, if not of *manner*, yet of *mind*. Knowing that they have gunpowder in their mental constitution, I take care and do not come into collision with them, lest the spark should fire their brain, and that should kindle mine. The corollary to be gathered from all which prosing piece of egotism is this: that you never need fear to offend me, and never need offer any apologies to deprecate my being so. But to return. I was mentioning the reasons which I gave to myself in attempting to account for your silence. Suffice it to say, that after some half score had passed through my mind, had

‘Come like shadows, so departed,’

I had begun to fear you must be unwell, and had just resolved to write to you in order to ascertain the fact, when your letter set me at rest, and yet filled me with anxiety too. As how could it fail to do, confirming as it did my fears on your account, and giving me a sadder tale than I had even feared. . . .

. . . . “I can feel for you, though I do not think I can feel as you do. . . . I often think there is no one who professes not to be utterly heartless, and yet has so little deep feeling as myself. Brought into circumstances of personal or relative trial, even in which I am truly ‘*pars magna*,’ I often wonder that I am not overwhelmed by intense feeling. The same has excited my surprise and sorrow, when I have read or reflected upon truths which I know ought to have ‘eaten me up’—produced an entire abstraction from every thing else—broken up the fountains of my deepest sorrow, and called forth their floods of sympathetic tears—and yet which, instead, have almost produced less effect than the keel or the arrow to which Dr. Young alludes in that fine passage so often quoted about procrastination. I have looked into my heart, and wondered why it should be

so. I have catechised my feelings, and asked for an account of their unsusceptibility in those respects in which they ought to be most susceptible, and I have seen afresh how our *whole* nature is injured by sin, and how every part of us, moral and mental, is out of order and imperfect here ; and Heaven has appeared more and more desirable, because there ‘that which is perfect being come, that which is in part shall be done away ;’ and while ‘we shall know even as we are known,’ none of our knowledge will be merely of the *head* ; and while thought will be, to an immense, inconceivable extent, far more minutely discriminating, and far more expansively capacious than now, it will not outrun the feelings of the heart ; but for every one of its perceptions will have a corresponding glow of tenderness, or burning of love, or yearning of desire, in the purified passions, and affections, and sympathies of immortality.

. . . . “You are often very happy in your expression of ideas, which perhaps in themselves are not new, but to which you thus give the force and beauty of entirely new thoughts. This is the charm of much of Montgomery’s poetry, especially in his lyric, and in my opinion his best, pieces ; also of the first of living poets, Felicia Hemans. I have perhaps written ‘*first*’ here too hastily. . . . .

. . . . “I thank you for your congratulations on my authorship. It is a mere trifle. I wished to have made you a present of a copy, but that it would not be worth the charge of carriage. I shall hope to have your candid criticism on this trifle, in your next. You know it is fair game now. I have not room to give you my reasons for publishing *anon* ; nor to descant, as I could like to do, on Wilford, and Clifton, and Kirke White ; nor to state how fully you have expressed my opinions about Home Missions ; nor to combat Urquhart’s sen-

timent, in which I cannot at all agree; nor to tell you of my present and late engagements. All these must stand over till another opportunity. . . . Have you read Pollok's 'Course of Time?' If you have not, you are a happy man, for you have an intellectual feast of the richest dainties yet to partake of. It is a most sublime poem. . . .

"And now, good night. It is past midnight, and Friday. To-morrow I have to walk through the snow to Ossett, seventeen miles. This Ossett is the place where I was born, and which I have never visited since about my eighth or ninth year. . . . May God bless you and keep you in perfect peace, your mind being stayed upon him!

"Your affectionate Friend and  
Brother in Christ Jesus,  
"THOS. R. TAYLOR."

"P. S. I transcribe according to my former plan, which your subsequent example has sanctioned, the last rhymes which I have strung."\*

"TO ———"

"May, 1828.

. . . . "On the whole, I have to thank my God, that for the last two or three weeks I have been more what I should wish to be, as a Christian, than for some time previous—that 'the sin which doth so easily beset me,' has had somewhat less dominion—that I have got into a more regular course of religious duties—that I have found more pleasure in communion with God—and have been more under the influence of a desire for his glory. I still however have only attained thus far—to discover, viz. that I have attained nothing. If I look at every one of the particulars to which I have alluded,

\* A Father's Dream.

as having made some progress therein, I find that I am most awfully imperfect, so that I have still no other resource than the glorious one which is the sinner's only safety—that in Jesus Christ there is *full salvation* for all who will seek it. Oh! what a glorious gospel! And how shall we escape if we neglect it?"

“ TO MR. ———

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Bradford, 8th July, 1828.*

“ I cry you ‘*peccavi.*’ You should, by right, have had the present five or six weeks ago, but if good at all, ‘*better late than never.*’ I have not your letter by me, having left it unfortunately at Idle, so that I must reply from memory. The painful narrative which occupies the greater part of that letter, I read with the most thrilling interest, and not, I trust, without some sympathy. . . .

“ But I am sure I cannot feel as you must. . . . And I have often had to lament that it should be so; for the same *unexcitability* extends its influence beyond the sphere of secular affairs—of temporal joys and sorrows—and diminishes my pleasures, and increases my discomforts, and I fear (which is far worse) contracts my love and lessens my usefulness in more important respects. Seldom is there a time when I have not cause to present the prayer of David, ‘*quicken* thou me according to thy word.’ So that I believe from the constitution, or, at least, present state of my mind, I cannot enter into the full misery which must overwhelm your heart when you think of ———. And then sorrow, both in general and in particular cases, is only to be learnt by experience. The glad boy who sports away his happy days amid the indulgence and ease of his paternal home, could not at all *feel*, however he might partially *understand*, the grief which shall break his own

heart in a few years, (and here I will only refer you to Gray's most exquisite 'Ode on a distant Prospect of Eton College.')

And when we are grown up to mature years, and have lost the fine light-heartedness of childhood, and become familiar with sorrow, we cannot fully appreciate the various kinds of it, except so far as we can say in reference to them, 'quorum pars magna fui.' Now I have never been tried *as* you have in this instance. If you had closed ———'s eyes in death, and felt the last beatings of his heart, and then followed him to the grave, and returned to console others when you needed it most deeply yourself, I could have identified my heart with yours—I could have known exactly how you must be affected, for I have had just such a part to act. But it must be a totally different sorrow which now oppresses you. ——— is not dead, but yet he is far from you, and you enjoy none of the pleasures of his society; and you cannot cheer yourself with the thought, either that he is cheering some other home, or that he has reached in safety the last and best home of all God's children. You would feel most keenly if ———, in so early a period of his life, had been taken from you to Heaven;—but, oh! it would have crushed your spirit if, in the midst of his sin, and without repentance, he had passed into the unseen world. And the pangs of your present grief are between these two—more painful than if he were safe in Heaven, but bearing no comparison to what they would be if he were irrevocably lost to you. Which I bless God he is *not*. If he were —if any sins could remove us out of that circle of hope, to all within which the offers of the gospel are addressed, —or if any confirmed habitude of crime, any settled depravity of heart, were insuperable by the omnipotence of the Spirit—we might all despair. Oh! my dear friend, *we* may have been exposed to so much fewer

temptations, or circumstantial restraints may have been in our case so much the more numerous, or natural passions may be so much the less boisterous, that the less obvious transgressions of which we are guilty, may have been committed after less violent resistance than the more awful ones which have so disgraced him; and the morality which to some degree we are enabled to maintain, may cost us less painful labour, than that much lower character of his which you so much deplore. I say not this to excuse him, but to excite myself and my friend to fresh humility and repentance. We have 'not yet attained, neither are we already perfect.' The perfection of attainable Christian character is before us, but, oh! at what an immense distance. What heights have we not to climb—what difficulties have we not to surmount, before we shall be 'clothed upon with our house which is from heaven,'—before we shall be '*men of God, perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works!*' And may I, as a friend, beseech you to see to it, that these heavy trials produce their proper effect upon your own mind. We believe that though chastisement is not for the present joyous, but grievous: yet that 'these light afflictions which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory,' and that they do this by leading us to '*look not at the things which are seen and temporal, but at the things which are unseen and eternal.*' See to it that these strokes of your Father's rod have the effect of bringing you afresh to his feet, and of calling forth the expressions of a more habitually filial spirit. Take care that the infliction upon you of this trying calamity elevate your thoughts and hopes to subjects which are unaffected by, because unconnected with, any of the transitions of this fluctuating life. Take care that it make you feel more that '*your citizenship is in Heaven*'—that you are a denizen

of a better world than this ; which, because better, is worthy of, and has a right to, your frequent consideration. In looking back upon the trials which it has pleased God to call me to suffer, my chief regret is that I have so completely failed to improve them as I might have done. And the way in which I failed, I am convinced was this—that I did not sieze upon my earliest and deepest feelings under my afflictions, and bind them to religion, and by habitual recurrence to them, and fervent prayer, and devout meditation, render them permanent. I pray God he would work in me by his own spirit, without the repetition of his chastisements, but if *they* are needful, I would not have one stroke withheld, if I might. I know I must be purged from my dross, and if this can only be done by the refining fire, let the furnace be heated seven times hotter than its wont. There is One, like unto the Son of Man, who can, and I trust will, walk with me in the flames ; and he can, and I trust will, preserve me. And so, I hope and believe, he will preserve you, imparting patient resignation to his will, and confident reliance on his mercy. . . .

. . . “ Since I came home I have been so busily engaged, that though a fortnight ago I commenced a letter to you, it lies in my desk this moment unfinished and unfinishable. I thank you for your kind invitation to come and see you at —— during the present vacation. Nothing would give me more pleasure, but it is impossible. Every sabbath I am engaged in preaching, and several sabbaths from home. On Friday I leave this place for Sheffield, and shall remain there till after Lord’s day, the 20th instant. After that day I go forward to Nottingham, where I preach the next *two* sabbaths, hoping to reach Bradford again about the 5th of August. On or about this date, I shall expect to see you *here*. Now, no excuse. There must be some short period in

the summer required and allowed for relaxation. And why not come and spend it with me? If you will do so, I will contrive to have very little to do, so that the whole time can be devoted to mutual edification and enjoyment. I have already built the castle—there it is in the air—fair and beautiful, I assure you, and symmetrical—and you cannot have the hardness of heart, by the breath of a denial, to dash it to the ground. I need not say that my father and mother join their earnest invitation to my own. I trust you will reply to my humble petition as above, on receipt of this, and that in the affirmative. You will see where I am to be found, by the statements I have given already. . . . Excuse the haste of the present, and still think of me, and pray for me, as

“Your affectionate Friend and Brother in Christ,  
“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“P. S. I give, as usual, a scrap of versification—the beginning of a birth-day ode, which has proved an abortion.” \*

TO THE SAME.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

*Nottingham, 1st August, 1828.*

“I received your affectionate and most welcome letter, on Monday evening. . . . My history since I last wrote has been an exact fulfilment of my anticipations and intentions. . . . You will ask why I am so much at Sheffield? And as this comes under those personalities, which I hold cannot but be interesting topics of converse or correspondence between friends, I shall, as briefly as possible answer the question which I have supposed you to put. Among the Independent Chapels at Sheffield, there is one, Howard-street, at present destitute of a pastor. I supplied it at Christmas last.

\* “Time, a little moment stay”

and the result was a request that I would take two sabbaths there during the subsequent summer. This I have now done. During my late visit there, the people have communicated to me their wish, that, if it should appear to be accordant with the providential leadings of God, I should ultimately become their pastor. I have yet, at the least, two years to remain at Idle, before my academical course will terminate, and they expressed their willingness to wait for me during this long period. In consequence of their having such wishes and views, they have desired me to supply for them four sabbaths during the next two months, in order that it may be seen whether the attachment be an abiding one, and not the result of mere fancy and caprice. (This is *my* statement of their reason.) To all this I have replied, that I cannot preach for them more than two sabbaths, before the next winter recess, and that, in case I do thus much, I must beg to be considered solely in the light of a supply rendering them assistance in their time of need, and that neither directly nor indirectly will I be regarded as a candidate :—that I will make no engagement, either formally or by implication, till I enter upon the last year of my term of study ; and that I think it their duty not to bind themselves to wait for me, but to obtain a pastor as soon as God shall send them one after his own heart. In this I have acted in accordance with the advice and wishes of my father. Since communicating to the people my views and determinations upon the subject, I have received a letter from one of the Deacons, expressing his own decided approval of my conduct, and stating that it met the approval also of those to whom the contents of my letter had been made known ; but still expressing also their continued attachment to me, and their earnest hope that I may yet become their pastor. Here the matter rests ; and here for some time it must

rest. My own feelings and tastes lead me decidedly to fall in with the wishes of the Howard-street people, but I am mistrustful of my own judgment, and that especially when I can clearly see my *inclinations* interfering in the decision. My father, I know, has long cherished the hope that I might become his assistant, and eventually his successor, at Bradford. This I do not like. I cannot think the office of assistant in the Christian ministry, under any circumstances, desirable or happy. I am sure it would not suit me. Besides which, I very much prefer Sheffield to Bradford. In the former, the first impressions of my character, &c. have been good, and I have reason to believe deep; in the latter I have to bear down that sort of contempt which I know must be felt towards me by those who have known me in my childhood, and have traced my course through every successive stage up to the present, and who have been witness also to all my youthful follies. In Bradford I do not believe I should ever obtain authority—that proper authority without which the ministerial functions cannot be profitably discharged;—in Sheffield I have secured this already. Bradford, besides, (I mean the chapel there,) is larger than I should like to undertake; Sheffield is just a comfortable size. The former congregation may be stated at 1200, the latter at 6 or 700. But there is yet plenty of time to employ in prayer and reflection on this important matter. I would strive to discover the leadings of Divine Providence, and desire to follow them. May I ask your prayers also? . . . I must now close. To write to you has given me some pleasure, and I believe it will give you some pleasure also to receive what I have written, principally, if not solely, because *I* have written it. After all that Lord Bacon has written against prejudices, we could not do without them; and I, for my part, should be sorry if I

had only to do with cold, correct realities. There are some realities, however, which are not cold—which must always appear lovely and full of life; and the contemplation of which cannot fail to excite emotions strong and pleasing in the hearts which are fitted to apprehend and embrace them. Such realities are those which lie beyond the present state of discipline and trial, and constitute the objects of our mutual hope. May these hopes be realized! May we be enabled to try all the things of time by the standard of those which are of eternity! May we always have respect unto the recompense of reward, and at length enter into the joy of our Lord! In hope speedily to hear from you,

“ I remain, as ever,

“ Your sincere and affectionate Friend,

“ THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

Here again we pause. Let the eye of the reader glance backward for a moment over the few preceding pages of these memoirs; and while he recalls the brief interval that separated, in the history of the subject of them, between the “ fine light-heartedness of boyhood,” and the solemn and responsible circumstances in which we have now left him, and to the high sense of which his whole soul was surrendered—let that grace be admired which thus imparted to his character a strength and dignity corresponding to the hopes which had been awakened within him, and concerning him. We have seen how ardently he had entered on the anticipation of his future ministry—how earnestly he was panting to “ testify of the Gospel of the grace of God;” with what prudence beyond his years he was weighing its difficulties and responsibilities—and with what sacred fervour he was reckoning “ the recompense ” of its “ reward.” Many eyes and hearts were turned towards him, in the

indulgence of hopes fully warranted by the unequivocal evidence given of the full consecration of his heart and talents to the ministry of the cross. At home scarcely less than at Sheffield—though he modestly thought it impossible he should “have honour” *there*,—the impression created by his preaching was of no ordinary kind; and at this early stage of his academical course, the feelings which he had supposed to be confined within his father’s bosom, had extended to a much wider circle; and he was already regarded by the Church at Bradford with feelings which could hardly be mistaken. It pleased God, however, to select this as the moment for the visitation of affliction.

Thomas returned from Nottingham, as he had intended, on Monday the 4th of August, in about his usual state of health. On the Thursday evening following, however, he spit a little blood; on the Friday a greater quantity; and on Saturday considerably more. He was ordered immediately to commence the regular invalid. Preaching for a long time, he was told, was quite out of the question; he was not even to speak, or use any exertion, especially of the lungs, where it was supposed the vessel had been ruptured. The following hasty note, addressed to the friend already referred to, a personal stranger, though for some years a correspondent, will be regarded as a highly interesting exhibition of his feelings under this afflictive dispensation.

“ TO MR. ———

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Bradford, 26th August, 1828.*

“ You may be quite sure there is some reason for the selection of this scrap of paper instead of our usual folio; and some better reason than merely that I wrote you last. That reason is—affliction. Since my short letter from Nottingham, I have been brought, as I supposed,

to the borders of the grave ; and, a fortnight ago, I had given up all hope either of seeing you, or corresponding with you again in this world. I then thought that we must never come into actual contact till I should receive you, and bid you welcome to the joys of our home. . . . .

“ I am led to hope, however, that, after all, I may be as strong as ever, and that ultimately I may enter upon my academical and ministerial duties as usual, three times preaching in one day always and for ever excepted. I bless God for this affliction ; and I do think I can enter into the spirit of those lines of Newton’s (?), when, speaking of such visitations, he says, that

‘The true-born child of God  
Must not—would not, if he might,’

be without them. ‘It is good for me to be afflicted.’ But I cannot bear to write you what I should be glad to talk over with you as a friend and brother. And my main purpose in scrawling these lines is to press upon you more earnestly than ever my former request, that you would come and see me. I cannot return to Idle for some weeks. I am alone. The time of recovery from affliction is that when we are most susceptible of the delights of friendship and Christian communion. I shall have nothing to attend to but you ; I cannot study—I cannot preach,—but I can enjoy your society ; and I hope, by the time you come, that I may talk to you, and contribute my poor share to the communion of our first interview. Do then come as soon, and to stay as long as you can. It is now a visit of mercy—‘sick and ye came unto me.’ I am quite tired, and can only assure you that I still remain

“ Your affectionate Friend,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

To another friend he writes, at this date, as follows ;—

“There are many reasons which make me desire to ‘recover strength before I go hence, and am no more seen.’ The chief, however, is the one implied by the Psalmist in the same composition, whence the above quotation is made : ‘The grave cannot praise thee.’ I see so much to be done in myself, and in the world,—so much which, by the grace of God, *I* could do, but have neglected to do as yet, that, if it please God, I should desire a full recovery. Still I would say with all my heart,

‘ I would not have a wish  
But what ’s absorbed in thine.’

If God see not fit that I should ‘live to the Lord,’ I trust I shall be enabled to ‘die to the Lord.’ Pray for me more expressly and more earnestly than ever, and especially pray that my afflictions may produce those proper sentiments and emotions of mind which are the result of all sanctified trials.”

It pleased God to check the progress of his alarming and dangerous disorder. On the 3rd September he left home, in company with his father, for the sea side, and arrived at Bridlington Quay the following day. Here, as his strength returned, he took a great deal of exercise, which, with occasional bathing, and especially with that *cheerfulness* of mind so conducive to recovery, and which never forsook him, had the happiest effect upon his health. His playful letters to those most interested in his condition, dated from this place, give abundant evidence of the serenity which dwelt within, and of the amiable anxiety, so characteristic of him, to give the *best* account of himself that truth would allow. Early in this year he had begun to record private memoranda, in

short hand, of his thoughts and feelings, in reference to his Christian experience. Immediately after his arrival at this place, however, he commenced on a more regular plan these daily notices of his condition. The record was evidently intended never to be looked upon by any other eye than his own; and we forbear, therefore, to break its sanctity, further than by a short extract from the commencement, explanatory of the feelings and motives with which it was undertaken.

“*Monday night, 8th Sept. 1828.* I commence at length the regular account of my actions, thoughts, and states of heart, which I have meditated (more particularly) since the first attack of my present indisposition. Several things have conduced to convince me that it is good to keep such a record,—among which I may mention an extract from the memoirs of Henry Martyn, and another from those of Miss Ely. I purpose, by God’s gracious assistance, to set down in the pages which I now for the first time inscribe, ‘the general Outlines of my Life,’—the course and progress of my studies—the places I may visit—the daily occurrences of Providence which mark my pilgrimage—and more especially the progress of my mind in its pursuit of the knowledge of Christ, and of my heart in his grace. Alas! I fear I must oftener record failures than advances. I unite what at first sight appears secular, with what is more evidently religious, because I wish all my life to be for God—because I desire to give a religious character to my common and necessary actions—to the regular avocations of my business—to the lawful recreations of my more relaxed hours. It is my wish, both by a general intention, and by a particular purpose, ‘to do all for the glory of God.’ I am convinced that this is my duty,—and more, I am satisfied that it is my happiness. I

desire no other heaven than the perfection—that state of mind which the Apostle describes as ‘living to the Lord’—‘for me to live is Christ.’ I do not commence this document with any retrospect of my former life;—I would come to Christ now afresh, with all my imperfections on my head, and trust in him for that Spirit which shall ‘work in me to *will* and to *do*, of his own good pleasure.’ ‘This is all my salvation, and all my desire.’”

At Bridlington he remained six weeks. His journal bears abundant evidence of the progress his heart was making in the love of holiness, and the desire for usefulness. Many, indeed, and sad are its confessions of sin and short-coming, as he thus in secret with his own heart “judged himself, that he might not be judged.” Yet who that has known and felt the worth of the salvation of the Gospel, as a deliverance from the *love* of sin, but would sympathize with these bemoanings over its *subtlety* and *power*. Only such an eye could look on this sacred record, and that only in moments when the heart was “right with God,” so as to learn any useful lesson from it. Valuable, therefore, as these papers are, as a testimony that he “walked with God,” in the exercise of holy vigilance, and self-denial, and severe examination of his own states of heart and mind, in the cultivation of a conscience tender toward sin, and of feelings alive at every point to the great object of his future life,—we turn, rather, once more to his communications with his friends, following still the order of time.

“ TO MR. ————

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,                      “ *Bridlington Quay, 22nd Sept. 1828.*

“ While I am writing, you will be undergoing a disappointment that my letter is not already in your pos-

session. . . . I need not say how much pleasure it would have given me, if health and other circumstances had rendered it practicable, to have met you. This, however, as you will presently see, is impossible, so that we must live a little longer on faith and hope. Our friendship must be a romance a little longer. Much as I am disappointed, I am disposed to bear this 'light affliction' without much repining, or many useless regrets. If it were only in the more important—the more palpably important transactions and occurrences of life, that there is an interference of Deity—we might with some show of reason fret and disquiet ourselves, when schemes carefully laid are proved Utopian, and hopes fondly cherished end in the sadness of unanticipated disappointment. But if there be *no* occurrence so trivial as to be out of the circle of providential arrangement and management; and if, in reference to the people of God, the whole course of this present life is a course of training, in which every event, whether pleasant or otherwise, has to take its allotted part, and to produce its intended effect, directly or indirectly, upon the soul, we may well rest satisfied with all events, however ungrateful to our feelings, provided they are not rendered so by our own sin—by our own fault. Now I am not aware that we have neglected any proper means to obtain a meeting. We ardently wished it. We had laid our plans in that way which to us appeared most likely to bring about the accomplishment of our wishes. We had given fancy leave to anticipate all the circumstances of the consummation—*how* we should meet—and *where*—and what would be the first impressions on both sides—and how we should talk over the past, and the future, and range together through the worlds of imagination, and recount, and compare notes of, our past travels in those airy regions—and a thousand other vagaries equally delight

ful in the personal indulgence of them, and equally foolish when put down on paper, and read under the influence of disappointment, which proves (what we never troubled ourselves to recollect before) that they were 'airy nothings,' and that they have nor 'local habitation nor a name.' We schemed, and hoped, and fancied—and what more *could* we have done—*ought* we to have done? Yet we are not to meet.—Why? *I* cannot tell, *you* cannot tell,—yet some reason there is which God approves—which infinite wisdom accounts of more importance than the gratification of our most friendly feelings, the mingling of our most cordial sympathies *in the way* we had proposed to ourselves. Well then, I am content. 'All things work together for good to them that love God.' And so this disappointment is a link which could not be severed from the chain of God's gracious designs, without disjoining us from the great and glorious end he has to accomplish in us and by us. The whole system is complete—there is nothing wanting—there is nothing superfluous. If *this* had been taken away, its fitness and harmony would have been destroyed. And thus, I apprehend, by his providence, as well as in the ways of his grace, does God make 'the foolishness of this world to confound the wise,' by using what *we* in our wisdom should scout from any dispensation professing to have universal benevolence for its basis—by using this very thing to exalt and illustrate his own glory, and to build up, beyond the reach of uncertainty or decay, the eternal happiness of his creatures. But I am forgetting that I am still an invalid, and that I have told you nothing of the 'why and the wherefore,' which have led me into these musings. . . .

"I hope I am better than when I last wrote you, though my recovery of strength has not been so visible and rapid as I hoped it might have been. That I am

better, and have hopes encouraged of ultimate restoration to duties which I now feel more delightful than ever, are blessings which call upon my heart for no common thankfulness. Pray that I may be made thankful. . . .

“ Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

“ THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“ MY DEAR FATHER,                      “ *Bridlington Quay, 10th Oct. 1828.*

“ You will scarcely be expecting a letter from me :— this, however, is to excuse and supply the lack of my personal appearance.

. . . “ With Mr. Marshall’s invitation I think it best to comply, and I hope when I return I shall be able to go forthwith to Idle, to set to my studies, and to commence preaching. I am certainly better than when you left, and have less pain in my back and side. This pain is, I trust, wearing itself away, and I am expecting some of my bathes to leave it in the water. I desire to feel truly thankful for my present state, and for the hopes which I am (I think not groundlessly) indulging, that I may be restored to the work whose sweetness I now feel more sensibly than ever. And I desire also that this affliction may produce on my character the important and delightful effects for which such discipline has been inflicted. These effects, I conceive, may all be included in one word—*more devotedness to God*,—to regard God, in Christ, as ‘all, and in all’—all, for pleasure and enjoyment—all, for duty and action: continually to feel his presence, not only as God, but as *my God*: to subdue self, so that nothing may be done to please this dangerous idol, but all either directly in obedience to God’s law, or for God’s glory: so that ‘*for me to live may be Christ.*’ I think this affliction has been sent also that I may be better able to preach about afflictions, both for warning and for consolation; like the great prophet,

who, 'having himself been tried, is able also to succour them that are tried.' . . . May God bless you, my dear father, and

"Your affectionate Son,

"THOMAS."

"TO \_\_\_\_\_

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"*Bridlington, Oct. 1828.*

"I am in the house of my good host, Mr. M., *alone*; yet *not alone*, for God is with me indeed, and of a truth. . . . I am spared, I hope, for labour, happy and successful. I do not wish to live an idle life. I am sure it would be a miserable one to me. My highest ambition is to work as a builder up of the temple of the Lord. I am convinced that, with all its difficulties and responsibilities, the ministerial life, if consistently maintained, cannot fail to be a happy one."

"TO THE SAME.

"*Bradford, Oct. 1828.*

"Writing you once more from this place, I call upon you to unite with me in thankful acknowledgment of that goodness which has restored me to my home, and still continues me in the midst of my friends below. I am sure I have great cause to be grateful. . . . I was not much fatigued by my journey, and am now, I hope, reaping the benefit of my long sojourn at the sea. I am happy to say that the pain in my back and side decreases; if this be quite removed, I suppose I shall be able, and be thought able, fully to return to my work. On this point I am in a good deal of doubt and darkness. My wish, as you may suppose, is to go back at once to Idle, and after a few weeks more resume my preaching engagements. On the propriety of these steps there is a diversity of opinion among my medical friends. . . .

“ I want the matter settling. Till it is decided what I am to, I shall be unsettled, and unable to apply myself with vigour to any branch of study. Pray that I may be directed, and that, if God’s will, I may be qualified by renovated health for my chosen work of the sanctuary. It would be a great trial to me now to be called upon to relinquish it; but even this I think I could bear, with the conviction that I was walking in the path pointed out by the finger of God. . . . . Two lines of my favourite Wordsworth admirably express the prayer which I would present for myself, and which I would have you present for me :—

‘ Give unto me, made lowly wise,  
The spirit of self-sacrifice.’

In the beginning of November, though still very unwell, he returned to the college, and to his studies. At the urgent request, however, of his medical advisers, he wrote to decline the engagement he had made at Midsummer to supply at Sheffield during the winter recess. His friends laboured for some time under the utmost anxiety as to the result, even of the confinement and application of the college exercises, upon his shattered health. A return of the bleeding from the lungs was justly dreaded as in the highest degree dangerous. This, however, was in mercy averted. He was enabled to prosecute his work without much interruption.

“ TO MR. S. ELLIS, SHEFFIELD.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Airedale College, 4th Dec. 1828.*

“ It is so long since you had a right to expect some communication from me, that I fear you have long ago ceased to expect, and now at length to desire it. I am afraid you have set me down as unthankful, or at least as abominably careless and forgetful. . . . Still, I must

put in my defence. And, first of all, I did not receive your letter till the end of October. When Mr. Hastie brought it to Bradford, I was wandering upon the shore of old Ocean, and drinking in the inspiration of the most sublime part of the works of God. My visit to Bridlington Quay was to me very delightful, and I hope and believe beneficial. Have you ever seen the sea? But I must not take you into its unfathomable depths—I must not take you with me on the wild voyage which I have often gone over its bosom, and down its bottom, and through all the hosts of its marvellous inhabitants. I must not land you among its rocks, and hills, and vales, and point out to you the wonders which I have discovered in the midst of its coral groves—‘the treasures of the deep.’ If I were to tell you half I have thought, and fancied, and felt, about the sea, you would think me a most wild and unprofitable correspondent, and almost wish I had delayed my epistle a month or two longer, till the sound of the waters had ceased to murmur in my ears, and I had become reconciled to the more sober realities of the land. You would have had to wait long before I should have drunk so deeply of the Lethean wave. My soul is like a shell, which having once been part of the mighty sea, never loses its tones, however far you may remove it from its original home. But, to resume my defence. When I reached home, I *heard* of your letter, and for some days was *tantalized* to quite as great an extent as the starving old gentleman who is immortalized in this word. The letter was lost—high and low did I seek it. Out upon all ‘sidings,’ and cleanings, and dustings, and whitewashings!—Still it was not to be found, and I am not sure whether I obtained a sight of it till I had completed another visit of about a week to Leeds. Thus November was begun, and then I was fully occupied in preparing for my re-

turn to Idle—a step which had been approved by two of my medical friends, and reprobated by a third. I came to this seat of the muses, and then my time was fully taken up in cleaning my study, dusting my books, and so forth. From that time to this my attention has been entirely taken up with my studies. The state of complete disuse in which my mind had lain for so long a time, had not put it into better order than when I left my class, as you may suppose ; and I have had to make greater exertions than my common course of study requires, in order to bring it back to a proper tone, and to proper habits. Except in one or two cases, I have not ventured upon any letter-writing since I returned to this place. I am now, however, somewhat more settled ; my path of duty is, I think, clearly marked out ; my mind has, I hope, in some degree, cast off that *vis inertiae*, which had clung to it from a long period of inactivity ; and Mr. Tunstall's visit to Sheffield deprives me of the only excuse which was left—that my hasty epistle will not be worth the postage.

“ After all this trifling, then, the conclusion to which I come is this—that I am writing to you ; a conclusion which would have been equally evident had I spared you the frivolities of the preceding half-sheet. And now, my dear friend, accept my thanks for your letter. I take it as a kindness that you remembered me when removed from your sight, in the midst of affliction which might have put it out of my power to acknowledge or repay your goodness. I thank you that your remembrance of me was manifested in so tangible and acceptable a way as that which you selected. I thank you for your letter, and for *such* a letter. It is like Christian brotherhood to administer consolation to a suffering member of the same family, and I trust the spirit which led you to write, and in which you wrote, will always actuate my

conduct towards those who are in my circumstances. Your views of the trials of God's people exactly accord with my own. In fact, on any other scheme I could not reconcile my mind when visited with them. We call ourselves mortal creatures, and it is well to remember that here we have no continuing city; but there is another fact which is too often forgotten, and which is certainly of no inferior moment—that we are *immortal* creatures—that we have *begun* to live, and shall never die—that the very being which gives to each of us a conscious self-existence at this moment, will do the same for ever. Eternity is begun. We are in the youth of our immortality, and the character which we form, and the habits which we contract in this season of pupilage, will abide with us throughout all the years of our interminable existence. Hence the importance of every moment of our lives—hence every thought becomes important—every feeling deserving the closest scrutiny—and hence (as from the constitution of our minds, the external world and its varying accidents give a considerable part of their peculiar character to our thoughts and feelings) ‘the things which are seen’ acquire an interest to which their own essential meanness by no means entitles them. If my present state is one of invariable comfort, it is not likely that my mind should stretch out in ardent desire after another. After all that has been said about mankind being a dissatisfied race, they are soon settled into a satisfaction with their present state, at least into such a satisfaction as is free from all concern for a happier state to come. Under such circumstances our views are confined to time—we do not educate ourselves for eternity—we are training our minds, but the principles of our spiritual discipline are perfectly erroneous, inasmuch as we do not at all take into the account the most important feature in

the case, viz. that we are to exist *for ever* just *as* we exist now—only progressing in that character in which Death finds us for ever. What then is to be done? Why, we must have our attention called off from temporal and directed to eternal things—we must have excited in our minds a dissatisfaction with the condition of our earthly existence, and a disposition to receive with joy, or with joy to recur to, the assurances of a happier condition in a future state of being. The two facts of our mortality and immortality must be brought home to our hearts at the same time; that while we feel that ‘we have here no continuing city,’ we may also feel that we have ‘a city which hath foundations’—‘a building in the heavens’—‘a house not made with hands.’ And this is the very design, and the natural tendency of afflictions. What says the Apostle? ‘These light afflictions, which are but for a moment, work out for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory:’ how?—by making us ‘look not at the things which are seen, but at the things which are not seen.’ And what so likely to draw out our desires towards Heaven, as to show the worthlessness of earth? What so likely to fix our ‘affections on the things which are above,’ as some dispensation of providence which removes from us all the dearest objects of our earthly love? And is it not unspeakable love—kindness which we can neither appreciate nor repay—to dash from our lips the garlanded cup of poison—to arouse us, though it be by a thunder clap, while we sleep on roses in the serpent’s lair—to hurry us forth from the blazing banquetting hall, though with a rough and ungentle hand—to bring down our burning fever, and assuage our delirium, and restore us to calm collected health, though by reducing us first of all, by strong medicine and unsparing surgical operations, to a state of extreme feebleness? This is just

what God does for his people when he visits them with heavy affliction: he brings them to their senses—he brings them to know their proper place—he compels them to come to himself for comfort—he makes them loathe themselves, and sin, and a sinful world, and long for the holiness of their home. The world may slumber, but he will not suffer his people to do so. The world may be suffered to revel in the intoxication of an all-absorbing sensuality, but his people must be kept sober, or at all events soon brought back to sobriety. The world may lift up their heads in proud self-sufficiency and self-complacency, but his people must be humbled, must feel their dependence on their Father in Heaven. And though I have said that afflictions have a *natural* tendency to accomplish these ends, I only mean to say that as *moral means*, with a definite end in view, they are admirably adapted to bring it about. Still this adaptation depends upon the Spirit of God for efficiency, and this is supplied to all who ask it; and all God's people, if they are not most lamentably inconsistent, do ask it, and *most* earnestly when they feel the strokes of their Father's rod. My friend, may you and I have this spirit—may our trials be sanctified to our spiritual profit. Sure I am they are a part, and a necessary part, of that system of discipline by which God is training us for the lofty services of his heavenly temple. . . . I hope I still feel the value of religion; and I would record in this epistle to a brother in the gospel, the goodness of God to me during the last week, in giving an increased delight and enlargement of heart in prayer. Oh may we obtain more of the Spirit of grace and supplication! This, I am persuaded, is the soul of religion; if this be taken away, we are spiritually dead—if this be in lively operation within us, we enjoy 'the light of life.'

“But I am weary, and I fear you are weary too with

(perhaps fruitlessly) attempting to decipher my illegible scrawl. At all events, may God bless you—perfecting your Christian character—accomplishing all your best hopes—dissipating all your apprehensions—guiding you by his counsels—and, at last, taking you to himself. Oh! my friend, it is but a little while that we can talk or write to each other about the things which affect our peace. May we so employ that little period as to secure to ourselves, for Christ's sake, an inheritance in Heaven. Let us 'glory in the cross of Christ'—in the hopes which it inspires—in the duties which it imposes—in the motives which it supplies. On earth be this our glory, and then it shall be so in Heaven. May this be the character and destiny of yourself and your unworthy friend and brother in the bonds of the gospel,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“ TO —————

“ *Jan.* 1829.

“ From Bridlington I returned home, certainly improved by my visit, although I did not adhere to my intention of not preaching at all. I gave them three sermons, after the ratio of one per week, which as I had very little preparation to make for preaching, was not any great labour. On the whole, my sojourn at the Quay was a very pleasant one. I had the *sea*, and with that I could scarcely want excitement and enjoyment. During my stay I saw it in many various states, all interesting, but in different ways and degrees. I saw it by day, and I saw it by night; like a plate of polished silver, when the full glory of the early sun fell upon its unruffled bosom; and like a golden mirror when the moon was on its still tranquil surface. I saw it when the wind had lashed its waves to fury, and I saw it when you might have fancied it a large inland wear, shut out

from the assaults of the wind by guardian rocks and mountains. I often felt it to be beautiful—often sublime—sometimes almost overwhelming—and it was sometimes (once I remember with peculiar distinctness) very pleasant to think that the God who made that sea, and restrained it at all times according to his own good pleasure, was the Father of his people—employed all his power to make them happy—and would soon make them perfectly acquainted with his glorious self. May *we* be of his people—may he make us happy on earth, and complete that happiness by taking us, when he shall see that it is time, to Heaven.”

Thomas had begun about this time, we have seen, to renew, as his strength would bear, his favourite preaching engagements. Never so happy as when engaged in this his “work,” it was with difficulty that his friends and medical advisers were able to restrain him within the limits of prudence, in reference to his pulpit exercises. In the middle of March he paid a hasty visit to his Sheffield friends, some notices of which are contained in the following letter.

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“*Sheffield, 30th March, 1829.*

. . . . “I am not sure whether you knew that I was to preach yesterday for the Howard-street Sabbath-Schools. I did not inform you of it lest I should increase the anxiety which I know you feel on my behalf when I undertake *ordinary* services. So however it was. We had two services connected with the anniversary—morning and evening—which I conducted. In fact, *all* was mine, for I had supplied them with hymns for the occasion. The morning congregation, on account of the wetness of the day, was not so good as I had anticipated. In the evening the chapel was crowded

to excess. . . . I preached all the day from 1 Cor. ix. 22, 23. 'I am made all things to all men,' &c. In the morning I spoke about an hour and five minutes. In the evening Mr. Docker, a Sheffield Minister, opened the service for me by reading the Scriptures and prayer, after which I preached, including an address to the children, &c. about an hour and a quarter. . . . During the whole of these engagements, which I had not anticipated without much concern on various accounts, I was most mercifully blessed by my God; and this morning, notwithstanding the great excitement and exertion of yesterday, I do not feel at all worse than usual, nor more than commonly '*Mondayish*.' For this I desire to 'bless God and take courage.' You will think I have some strength and *stamina*, when I can go through so much labour. I do hope that it is the will of God to spare me, and use me as a successful servant in the great works which he is carrying on in the world. I do trust I may not only glorify Him by patient suffering, but by active and efficient exertion. To his name the glory shall all be rendered. . . .

. . . . "Give my affectionate love to my mother, and the rest. . . . Do not forget me in your prayers, and always think of me as, my dear father,

"Your affectionate Son,

"THOMAS."

We give the following letter entire, notwithstanding its length, on account of the simplicity and beauty which characterize it, no less than as a proof how ready the writer was to seize on every opportunity of usefulness.

"MY DEAR —

"Malton, 20th April, 1829.

"According to my promise I write to you from Malton—I can scarcely say in *reply* to your letter sent me

some weeks ago, because it is not here ; but yet to acknowledge the pleasure which I felt in receiving and reading that letter, and to let you know that it will always gratify me to hear of your improvement and happiness. You are now, my dear ——, come to a most important period of your life ; a period on which in a great measure your future respectability and happiness will depend. *Now* is the time when you will form those habits of mind which make up what is generally called ‘the character ;’ and as all persons, but especially women, are estimated according to their character, you perceive it depends upon what habits you acquire, whether you are esteemed and respected, or looked down upon with disapprobation and disrespect, in your future life. And not only so, but we have all the causes of our happiness or unhappiness in ourselves : and according to our *character* shall we possess the one or the other. I have said that you are now arrived at the age when this character will be formed in you. Let me try to describe two sorts of character, which are both within your power, so that either of them may be your own. I will suppose, first of all, that you neglect to apply yourself to those studies which call for your attention at school—that you take no delight in them—that you are anxious only to get through your tasks in such a way as to escape positive disgrace and punishment ;—and that you consider your play hours the best and happiest of the day. You are not at all concerned to understand what you learn, nor to remember it. You have nothing of the spirit of a just and virtuous *emulation*. You have no desire to be like the excellent and eminent women of whom you have heard or read. You are a *drone* among the bees ; and while others in this sunny time of early youth are laying up stores for the wintry season of more advanced life, you are utterly

improvident. You only care for *present* pleasure. You are only concerned about the *agreeable*—taking no interest in the *useful*. You only long for these dull school days to be over, when, as you think, you shall have no troubles and toils, but be your own mistress, and do just as you please. The consequences of such conduct are, that your *mind* is unimproved—you have acquired no taste for intellectual pleasures—you have never learned to *think*, and every thing which requires *thought* is laborious and unpleasant to you. You can find no amusement in books, except such as are trifling and dangerous—you are unable to enter into any serious and sensible conversation, and you can find no pleasure in listening to such conversation; you can only talk, and you only love to hear gossip, and frivolity, and scandal. Of course, you are altogether a light, trifling, ridiculous young woman,—fit enough to play with kittens, or dress with butterflies, or chatter with daws,—but altogether unfit for the society of sensible men or reasonable women, and altogether inadequate to enter upon any of the relations, or discharge any of the duties of life. You are destitute of the means of procuring for yourself an honourable livelihood; you have none of those qualifications which can gain you the respect and confidence of others; you are a useless thing; bearing, indeed, the form of human nature, but exhibiting a lamentable example of its meanness and decay. Thus, you have no springs of comfort in yourself—you have none in the respect and kindness of others; and having neglected religion, you cannot repair to any higher source of consolation. Would —— like to grow up into such a miserable and despicable creature?

“ Now, let me suppose another case; and it shall be just the reverse of this. You attend with diligence and perseverance to all your school duties—determined that you will be superior, if possible, to all your companions;

yet not so much caring about being, or being thought, *superior* to others, as about *that which makes you superior*. You accustom yourself to *think*—not only to learn your lessons by rote, but to understand them, and to examine them in all their parts, and in all their bearings. You break off your mind from the habit of wandering about from fancy to fancy, and accustom it to be fixed upon *one subject at a time*, and to get done with that before another is meddled with. You *finish* all that you begin, never undertaking any thing which is not worth pursuing to the utmost, and always acting upon the determination of gaining every thing that is within your reach, and that is worth the labour of pursuing. You store your mind, so trained, with all kinds of useful knowledge—knowledge which will afford you matter for future thought and profitable conversation. You cultivate, also, the good feelings of your soul, keeping your vanity, and passion, and self-love under habitual restraint, and accustoming yourself to seek the good of others—to please your friends—to obey your parents—to do what is *right* and *lovely*; not what is agreeable, or accordant with your own inclinations. And, above all, you listen seriously to the religious instructions which are given you, and think about your eternal concerns. You read your Bible frequently, and with an attentive and devout mind. Especially you *pray* that God would be the guide of your youth, that he would make you a sincere follower of Christ, that he would enable you to live for his glory. And thus you grow up a useful and happy Christian woman. All who know you respect you—and, what is better, *love* you. You are never at a loss for employment or amusement, with a well-trained and well-stored mind, and with good society or good books within your reach. You are prepared for whatever walk of life Providence shall assign you, and

in any you can be useful and happy. Amid the trials incident to human nature, you have the consolations of religion to support you; and at death you will depart with the confidence of true Christian faith, having, in that solemn hour,

‘No more distress, no more despair,  
No thought but heaven, no word but prayer.’

You glorify God in life, and you go to *his* glory when life is at an end. . . . I have not room to extend this description, but I think you will tell me at once that it is your desire and purpose to *act now* in the way, and *become hereafter the character*, which I have last described. Do so, my dear — : but it will not be so very easy to do, as that it will not require you to labour much and long. The other course is easier *just now*. The other character is much sooner formed and confirmed. But never grudge present exertion—the reward will be most glorious. Sow the good seed: ‘in the morning sow thy seed, and in the evening withhold not thine hand,’ and in due time you shall gather the sheaves with rejoicing.”

TO MR. S. ELLIS.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Malton, 30th April, 1829.

. . . The Catholics are emancipated, and we are not burnt. St. George’s day is over, and the Parliament-house cellars are not let to Guido Faux. The constitution of 1688 is overthrown (Eldon judice), and yet Smithfield is guiltless of all murders and martyrdoms; save in the case of sundry flocks and herds, who, however, were not Protestants. Seriously, I am thankful for the triumph which has been achieved by civil and religious freedom. . . . Protestantism and Popery are now on equal grounds—‘a fair field and no favour’ has been secured. I do not tremble for the issue. I have

the fullest confidence in the goodness of that cause in whose defence I desire to spend what strength shall be given to me of God. Protestantism has been treated like a rickety babe, and its might has been restrained, and its energies cramped by unnecessary swaddling bands. It has been regarded as a child of mortality, and men have forgotten (if I may use so paganish a phrase) that it is of the race of the gods. Why, in its cradle, and when it was in truth but an infant, it strangled more, and more deadly, reptiles than the infant Hercules;—and why has it not fulfilled the hopes which were built upon its early promise? Why are the Augean stables uncleansed, and the Nemæan lion unslain? Because it has not been suffered to enter on its labours in its own omnipotence—because, first of all, it has been enervated by the luxuries and effeminacies of civil power, and, secondly, because it has been fettered by the useless and dangerous supports of civil pains and penalties. . . . Do not fail, my dear friend, to pray for me. I do need the prayers of all my friends, and I trust I esteem no kindness so much as that which is manifested in prayer for me. . . .

“I am your affectionate Friend and  
Brother in Christ Jesus,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

TO HIS FATHER.

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“Malton, 6th May, 1829.

“I do not know that there is any *necessity* for this letter, as I have no *news* to communicate, nor business to transact; but as I have led you to expect it, and as it will serve to prove that I do not forget you and my dear home, I devote an hour this morning to its preparation, with sincere pleasure. I have now been four sabbaths at this place, on each of which I have preached

twice, morning and evening. The congregation is still poor, though there has been some improvement. Our week-night services are, a prayer meeting on Monday and Friday, and a lecture on Wednesday. These, compared with the sabbath congregations, are well attended; and there seems to be a spirit of prayer beginning to stir amongst the people. At several of the meetings since Good Friday I have directed their attention to the subject of revivals in religion—especially by reading to them some extracts from a volume which has been sent to me by Mr. Henry Dunn, containing, besides some account of the American revivals drawn up by himself, three sermons by H. F. Burder, the London Congregational Ministers' Circular Letter, and a letter on Welsh revivals. The cause here is at present very low; but I do hope it may not continue to decline, and ultimately die.

. . . . "I have seen in this place the progress and consummation of the Catholic question—most truly *catholic*, that is to say, *universal*, for it has been the all-engrossing topic for the last two or three months—and now it is settled. Four or five popish peers are already in the House of Lords—as many commoners are on their way to the Chapel of St. Stephens. . . . There are indeed in the high Tory papers most woful lamentations. The 'Morning Journal' (not inaptly called the *mourning* Journal) tells us very gravely, 'that the first effect of the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, is *the enlargement of Smithfield*;' and moreover, 'that the fire at Westminster Abbey is most alarmingly ominous at the present juncture;' and moreover still, 'that the same awful Bill has affected the whole frame of nature, so that we have a cold, chill snow storm on May-day, and the earth seems determined to refuse her fruits to a nation so awfully in error.' Nay, Catholic emancipation seems to be in the politics of these ultras what the long and

vainly-sought universal *solvent* was to be in chemistry. Why is trade depressed? Why are the Spitalfields weavers famishing for bread? Why is there an increase of crime in the county of Middlesex? Why was York Minster burnt? Why has Westminster Abbey but just escaped the same calamity? Why is there any thing unfortunate or unhappy in the whole kingdom? And the plain and simple answer to all these queries is—‘Catholic emancipation.’ However, it is pleasant to think that all changes, political as well as domestic, are arranged or overruled by God for the purposes of his own glory, and the promotion of the greatest possible good to the universe; and by these changes, brought about as the late one has been, at a most unexpected time, and by most unexpected instrumentality, he proves that ‘the hearts of all men are in his hands, and he can turn them as the rivers of waters;’ ‘that the most High is the ruler among the children of men.’ I hope Protestants will not now be wanting in the discharge of their duty. Popery and Protestantism now meet on equal ground—(there is ‘a fair field and no favour’)—and it will be the fault of its professed friends, if the so often quoted adage is not soon fulfilled, ‘*Magna est veritas, et prevalebit.*’ Let us sow, and the Spirit of God will water the seed, so that we shall gather our sheaves with rejoicing. Yesterday I spent in walking to Castle Howard—the princely seat of the Earl of Carlisle—and in examining the pictures, statues, &c. &c. I cannot enter into any description now; only I was much delighted with my visit. One picture I shall never forget—it is a most complete triumph of art—‘The three Marys,’ by Annibal Caracci. It is worth 7 or 8,000 guineas; the expression of grief in Mary Magdalene is carried to the extremest point of agonizing woe; and it is perfectly astonishing that such fixed despair, and excruciating misery, should be de-

scribed on the human countenance, without verging on grimace or distortion. The fainting figure of the Mother of Jesus is a masterly contrast to the dead body of her crucified Son, whose head rests upon her lap; and the terror of the elder Mary, the mother of the Virgin, at viewing her daughter apparently lifeless, is admirably combined in her countenance with deep sorrow on account of the death of Christ. An interesting female figure supports the head of the fainting Mary. The only fault I could find was, that the drapery of the Magdalene is too *gaudy*. But if I had intended writing about Castle Howard, I should have begun with my first page; as I have not done this, I must *tell* you of my pleasure when we meet. My health, I hope, improves—not, however, very rapidly. My love to all at home.—I am, my dear father,

“Your affectionate Son,

“THOMAS.”

The variable and delicate state of Thomas's health induced him again to quit the labours of the study in the beginning of July. He spent three weeks among his friends at Nottingham, whence he proceeded, by Gainsborough and Hull, to Bridlington Quay, where he remained three weeks longer, and returned home in the middle of August, considerably refreshed and strengthened. At this time the declining state of Mr. Vint's health required that some help should be rendered to him in the duties of the college, and our friend was selected as his assistant. Those who knew him in these circumstances bear their testimony at once to the modesty and ability with which he superintended the exercises in the classics. Mr. Vint himself estimated his services so highly, as to express, shortly after this time, to the writer of this memoir, his earnest hope that

Thomas would relinquish his views of the ministry, for the public duties of which the state of his health threatened to disqualify him, and engage himself wholly in the service of the college as Classical Tutor. The ministry of the cross, however, had charms for Thomas, for the abandonment of which no prospect of literary distinction could compensate. "The foolishness of preaching" was, in his estimation, infinitely beyond "the wisdom of the wise." He panted for the office and honour of "testifying of the Gospel of the grace of God," with an ardour which would be restrained by no other consideration than the visible and manifest interposition of the divine will concerning him.

The first two sabbaths in September were spent at Sheffield, in preaching for the Howard-street people. The following letter is expressive of his feelings in the prospect of returning to his college engagements ;—

"TO MR S. ELLIS.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"*Airedale College, 14th Sept. 1829.*

"It is scarcely necessary, I fancy, after the date which I have *just* written, to tell you that I did not write last week, my intention in that respect, like many other good intentions, having been conquered by circumstances, which you must believe to have been inevitable. To-night, therefore, shall be devoted to you. It is an *intervallum* of time between the dissipation of our long recess, and the active duties of our new session, which will commence to-morrow. And, as such, it is more completely my own than any future period will be for a considerable length of time. I have got my study into decent order. I have laid my train of plans, which is to be fired to-morrow, at five, A. M.; and I have some such feelings as must prevail in the mind of a stout campaigner on the eve of a long-anticipated battle—a

battle for which he has been longing for months. There, on the heights before him, are the ranks of his foes—one by one their watch-fires are kindled; he can hear the sound of their martial music—at times he can even distinguish the hum of their voices, or the rattling of their arms. And, as for himself, his gun is cleaned, and in good order; all his affairs are settled; and he has an hour or two before the hour of rest to give to quiet thoughts and feelings of the past and the future. I know you will *think*, perhaps you will have too much courtesy to *say*, that this is all fudge; and yet, I assure you, I do feel as *I* should suppose he must feel. I look forward with pleasure to the engagements of our present session, and yet that pleasure is by no means unmixed with anxiety and fear. So much before me which I know ought to be done, and which I am sincerely desirous of doing; and yet so many things to make me almost certain that much of it will not be done. I anticipate much happiness in study, but fear my studies may not be so efficient as I wish them to be, and fear lest I should have, at the close of the session, to charge upon myself the guilt of failure. But, courage, my soul! I know where there is wisdom, and wisdom which is given to all who seek it. And I know that persevering industry never fails of its object. This I believe to be *true*, and I desire to act upon it. To do this, however, is the difficulty;—‘*hic labor, hoc opus est.*’

“During a moment’s pause, I have looked round my little study with a feeling of complacency and happiness. It is only of small dimensions, but it will hold my body, and serve for a point whence my thoughts may wander through the whole range of knowledge—that is, to which I am allowed access. The mind cannot be enchained by any fetters, much less circumscribed by the contracted limits of its corporeal residence. It is free,—

and, like the poet's eye, 'can glance from earth to heaven, from heaven to earth.' Just now, my mind is at Sheffield—and now it has alighted in 44, Broad-lane, and I can see every object in your little parlour, and could comment upon your pictures, and upon your looks, and can talk with you—but I have no reply; and that convinces me that I have mis-stated the case—that I am not with you, but have transported you hither—all but your spirit, over which mine, at this distance, can have no control. How wonderful a thing is memory!—and what is it?

“I have looked round my study once more, and still feel pleased with what I have seen. All my books are in good order, tolerably free from dust, looking down most invitingly from their shelves. Cowper, with that night-cap which enters into the very idea of a portrait of the great poet, looks down upon me with archness and benignity; and, as if through an opening in the ceiling I perceive a landscape—a wild scene, made up of wood and waters, and the blue and distant hills. But my books—these are the glory of my little room. I am in a noble company. Great spirits are about me—spirits of every age, and of many different countries. I have just been fancying how strange and delightful it would be to have the power of calling forth from their graves the forms of all the great men whose works I have before my eyes. To touch with my paper-knife, as with an enchanter's rod, this volume of Tacitus, and see forthwith the elegant Latin historian ready to tell me the story, which he has written so well, of the death of his father-in-law, Agricola, and all the tender sorrow of his wife and daughter, and the proud glow which mingled with his own grief, as he resolved to immortalize the departed hero by his own imperishable history. When *he* had passed, to summon to my side Livy, and

Horace, and Terence, and Demosthenes, and the old father of poetry—Homer; and besides a host of heathens, some who sang imperfectly on earth the strains which they have now learned to sing without imperfection in heaven. Would not this be rapturous? But it is only a fancy—a fancy, nevertheless, which I can sometimes almost realize, and which enables me to understand that line of Byron, which says,

‘There is *society* where none intrude.’

But, my dear friend, I crave your pardon. I have written what will be as uninteresting to you as I fear it is useless in itself. This is too often the case with me in my epistolary compositions. I give loose to my fancy, and never draw back the reins till the goal appears in view—a goal which should have been reached by another way altogether. Alas! how imperfect are all our attempts to discharge pleasant and important duties! How seldom do we accomplish our intentions! How seldom do we become what we purposed and wished! It is most strange to me, that any one can lose sight of his perpetual sinfulness—how any one can help feeling that he is far different from what he might have been—that *his* soul has fallen from the high station which was assigned to the human soul at first. We *must* be fallen; the ‘gold is become dim;’ so many vain aspirations after something indefinitely great and excellent—so constant a sense of want and incompleteness, so much that is good mingled strangely and incongruously with what is unworthy—just as if one should discover the head of a Medicean Venus among the dust and defilement of a dilapidated ruin. Blessed be God! we may be restored. There is no excellence which we may not attain, and to which we ought not to aspire. We cannot picture to our minds a character or state which it would be Utopian to labour after, providing

that character be *holy*, and that state *happy*, truly, rationally happy. In fact, we desire and expect *too little* from a God who is *reconciled to us*, and reconciling *us to him*. We ‘faint,’ because we do not ‘believe to see the goodness of the Lord, in the land of the living.’ If we *expected* more, and acted up to such sublime expectations, ‘what angels we should be!’ While I write this, I feel reprovèd, and my conscience whispers, ‘Physician, heal thyself.’ I know the truth, and in my heart I desire to reduce it to experience and practice; but I am too much in the state described by Paul, in Romans vii. Like him, I am often compelled to cry, ‘Who shall deliver me from the body of this death?’ *Death* it appears to be—a living spirit in a lifeless corpse—shut up in chilling destitution and darkness—a man alive in his coffin, with six feet of clay and a heavy tomb pressing upon its lid: these are the images by which I sometimes express my unhappy and unprofitable states of mind. Not that it is always so. If it were, I must cease to hope and live. And not that I expect that it will always be so in the same degree as at present. ‘Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory,’ &c. . . With sincere affection and esteem, I remain, my dear friend,

“Your Brother in Christ Jesus,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

On the 1st October of this year, he received an invitation, *pro forma*, from the church at Howard-street, Sheffield, to become their pastor, at the close of his academical course. His acknowledgment of this communication might almost be regarded as a model of right feeling and conduct under circumstances so truly important. Nothing could be further, in *his* estimation, from what belonged to the momentous engagements

between a pastor and his people, than the indecent haste and thoughtlessness with which they are too often contracted.

“ TO MR. HORRIDGE, SHEFFIELD.

“ MY DEAR SIR,

“ *Airedale College, 24th Oct. 1829.*

“ There are one or two things which I am desirous of stating to you, and which it may be proper for you, or one of your brother deacons to communicate to the Church. The first is, that I shall not give a final answer to their call before Christmas. I am advised to this by Mr. Vint and my father, and it is the opinion of every person whom I have consulted, that this will not be too long a period for the deliberation which the case will require. I think you and the Church will acquiesce in this opinion; especially when you remember that the decision to which I come will extend its effects, not only throughout the course of many years on earth, but throughout eternity. Such a decision ought certainly not to be precipitately come to, and two months' consideration, inquiry, and prayer, are certainly not too much to precede it. If I should see it my duty to reply in the affirmative, it will be my wish, and probably yours also, that I should spend the Christmas vacation at Sheffield. I shall take care, therefore, that you have an intimation of my mind in time to make your arrangements for that season.

The other point to which I have alluded concerns the duty of your Church to assist me in deciding upon my reply to their invitation, by *special prayer*. It is a great comfort to my mind, that, in asking me to become their pastor, they have acted under a conviction that it was their duty to do so, and that this conviction was the result of much serious deliberation and earnest prayer. Believing that God will direct his people who seek his guidance, I am led to hope that they *have* been directed,

that they *have* done right. But they must not cease to pray, for *I* need direction just as much as they, and unless *I* obtain it, it will not be enough that *they* have been directed. The work is but half done, and it certainly rests with them, to some extent, to complete it. As a Church, then, and in their collective capacity, I ask them to pray for me. I could wish them to appoint one special meeting of their body, or more than one, if possible, (and I think it is possible,) the express object of which should be to ask direction for me—to pray that I may be influenced by the spirit of wisdom in all my deliberations—that I may be enabled to discover the will of God, and the leadings of his providence, and that I may be preserved, in this important matter, from error, and all its fatal consequences. And, if possible, I should like to know the time of these meetings, that I might be similarly occupied at the same hour, and thus we should be ‘agreed in what we ask of our Father,’ and our prayers, though offered from different places, would ascend in union before the same throne of grace. And not only as a Church, but in their individual capacity—in their social, and family, and private devotions—I trust they will remember me. The prayer of faith for spiritual blessings *cannot* be presented without being heard, and if they and I seek direction from God by such prayers, I *shall* be directed—whatever my decision may be, it will be the *right* one; and whether I become their pastor or not, all will be well. If I am led to do so, I shall labour among them with the blessing of God resting upon and succeeding my efforts to promote his glory;—and if not, *they*, under some other pastor, and *I*, in some other sphere, shall go on prosperously and happily until our work is done. If they knew my anxious fears lest I should do wrong—my earnest desires that I should do right—they would, I am sure

they would, pray for me, in the spirit of him who said, 'I will not let thee go, unless thou bless me.'

"I have had some talk with Mr. Vint on the comparative claims which Bradford and Howard-street seem to possess to my future life and labours. I have also heard, on the same subject, from my uncle James Rawson. Both seem to think that the case is one of great difficulty to decide upon, and so, I assure you, I feel it to be. I do hope that my God will be my guide. If I could not entertain, and rest upon such a hope, I should give up both places in utter despair.

"Yours with Christian affection and esteem,

"THOS. R. TAYLOR."

Such letters as the above need no comment. How much better and happier days might we hope to see in our churches, were all their engagements formed under the influence of *such* a spirit.

" TO \_\_\_\_\_

" Nov. 1829.

"Your opinion about the effusion of the Holy Spirit is precisely my own. I think *we* might experience it in the same degree as the Americans, if we only sought it in the same way, and with the same faith. We have no need to wing our way to America, even if feelings would change with places. 'The word is nigh thee,'—not only the word which announces the first statements of the Gospel, and excites the first hopes and emotions of the believing heart; but the word of universal promise, the word in connexion with whose study the energies of divine grace are put forth if at all—the word of progressive, and ultimately perfect sanctification. This word is nigh us, and we have only need to *give ourselves wholly* to it—to study, to believe, to obey it—and we shall grow

—and we shall be happy—and we shall see and feel the revival of true religion.” . . .

“ TO MR. ———

“ MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,      “ *Airedale College, 15th Dec. 1829.*

“ I have just completed a re-perusal of your letter, and in laying it on one side of me, in order to make room immediately before me for the sheet on which I write, my eye has caught the date which it bears—‘20th Nov.’ My conscience reproaches me—my heart *feels* that I have done wrong. . . . .

. . . . “ Let this assurance, my dear friend, which is sincere, convince you that no ‘defence’ of your delays in correspondence can hereafter be necessary *as such*. *Why* you delay I shall always be anxious to know, because I am fully persuaded that the cause will be in circumstances of your own external or internal history, which will be deeply interesting to me. I am quite satisfied that such apparent neglect as that to which you allude *so* much, (may I say as I feel, *too* much?) in your last, cannot be actual neglect—cannot arise from unkind forgetfulness, or cold-hearted indifference. If you should in future be even more *unpunctual* than you have ever been during the past periods of our friendship, I shall be affected with more regret on your account than my own; I shall feel that in this delay there is a call upon me for greater sympathy, and that of a more tender character, than my usual state of mind, even towards you, has exemplified. I shall, I trust, be especially convinced that you are in peculiar need of divine consolation, and that it is my duty and privilege to be more than usually fervent in prayer on your behalf. And when, at length, my eyes and heart are cheered by your most welcome epistle, I will regard it as a proof that my prayers have been heard—that my fears have been unfounded—that

my hopes have been fulfilled. . . . But why have I not written sooner? You have a right to ask, (I do not suppose you think so, but so it is.) I cannot plead in excuse the painful exercises of mind to which you have been called. I am sure I ought to have been a subject of similar exercises to a very much greater extent than I have ever been. I often wish, and I have *very* often wished it of late, that I could be *without hope*—that I could be brought to a fierce conflict with despair. I have felt that any thing would be better than this dead calm—any thing preferable to this contentment with imperfection and sin. I have read of the agony of some persons under the consciousness of their guilt, and I have envied them. I have actually prayed to be made miserable, and have been ready to shed tears that I could not feel unhappy. I have thought myself come to the state of those who ‘cannot be renewed unto repentance’—who have been under ‘the powers of the world to come,’ and have become familiar with them, and fearless of them, until at length they can look upon judgment with the most unshrinking calmness of mind, and can stand between the place of torment and the place of bliss, and gaze upon the engagements and characteristics of each without dreading the one or desiring the other. And even when I have fancied that this was *my* case, I have felt little dread from the imagination or reality, as it may be. Even the possibility of such an awful state and character produced little emotion, few and heartless prayers, transient and inefficient exertions. But all this is digression. I may allude to it again. At present I was only wishing to say that no peculiar religious experience, whether morbid or healthy, has been the cause, or must now plead the excuse, of my delay in writing to you. . . . I can only say, in general, that I have been engaged, and *so* engaged that I could not obtain time to scrawl a sheet for you. . . .

. . . . "There is one passage of scripture to which I have already alluded, and which I would now quote, which has sometimes afforded me unspeakable support when my Christianity appeared to be at the lowest ebb, and, of course, my enjoyment of religion was almost extinct—'Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever.' I have thought thus: it was once possible that I might be saved, not by my own efforts, or for my own merits, but only by the grace and for the sake of Christ. If Christ be still the same, my salvation is still possible. Sinners the most guilty, of the most depraved habits, of the most inveterate devotion to inferior attachments and pursuits, have been reclaimed to the image, and favour, and enjoyment of God. How, and why were they so reclaimed? It could not be because they were worthy—it could not be because some virtuous energies, still lingering in their polluted nature in a state of torpid yet vital inaction, were called forth by the force of moral suasion and excitement alone. The sole cause of their rescue, so far as merit and efficiency go, must have been in Christ; and if they were rescued through Christ, why not I also? seeing that *he* is just the same now as then—seeing that the promises of God's word are neither obliterated nor changed. I have sometimes thought that these views supplied me at once with the grounds and spirit of that prayer which *pleads* with God—which 'fills the mouth with arguments'—which will have no denial, nor suffer our Lord to depart until he bless us. Oh! for such feeling in more frequent and efficient existence and operation! Oh! for more of these 'effectual and fervent prayers'! In my history they have been 'few and far between.' But, courage, my brother! Let us start afresh in our course '*towards* the mark, *for* the prize.' May we yet be all that we have wished or hoped to be—'*men* in

Christ'—'*thoroughly* furnished for all good works'—'*built up* on our most holy faith.' There is no grace of character—no ease in the discharge of difficult duty—no enjoyment of advanced and consistent Christianity which is not within our reach. 'The kingdom of Heaven *yet* suffereth violence'—the violence of a holy zeal, of a humble confidence in the strength of Christ. Let us, then, take it by such force. Let us be more thankful for all the victories which we do gain, for all the advances which we make; but less *satisfied* with them. Let us possess this mark of perfectness—that we burn with an unabating, insatiable desire to be infinitely better than we are. And let this desire, under the guidance of celestial hope, be constantly *ascending* and bearing us on its wings. Thus shall we go from strength to strength till even *we* are strong by the constant and conscious possession and exercise of an imparted power. And thus, instead of vain regrets and ineffectual wishes, we shall often call each other to unite in grateful acknowledgements of prayers answered and efforts crowned with success.

. . . . "My mind has been in a state of great anxiety and uncertainty as to the decision between Bradford and Sheffield. I have not known which way to go. If I could have discovered the right, I hope I should have acted in accordance with such discovery, and that it would not have given me much pain to do so, whichever way the finger of God pointed. But I could not see any such clear indications of the divine will. I knew well enough that I must form my opinions by ascertaining facts, and comparing circumstances, and anticipating probable consequences; that prayer must be accompanied by serious reflection and careful thought; that I must just *act* as if I had all to decide by my own efforts, while I felt and depended upon superior guidance just as if my efforts were of no efficiency whatever.

And yet I seemed to myself to be looking for some supernatural expression of the will of God concerning me, —‘the pillar of fire and cloud’—the voice of the Most High speaking to me, while I knelt alone in my closet, in the gentle whispers of Horeb. I tried to get the better of this state of mind, and to rouse myself to exertion. And to some extent I succeeded. I set about the work of self-scrutiny—of investigation in both spheres of prospective labour—of consultation with my most affectionate and judicious friends. As to myself, I have been led to ask, whether I ought to be in the ministry at all—whether I should not now retire before I took the vows of God upon me before the churches and their elders, and assumed the oversight of some peculiar people. And I have found these questions press hard upon me. They have made me discover more of my own imperfection and sinfulness. The remarks made in a former part of my letter, about my deadness to religious feeling, have a particular reference to this subject. I have just been reduced to this: I hardly dare go on in the ministry, but I dare not at all retreat from it. I should feel the curse of apostacy resting upon my heart, and I should be quite sure of declining from all personal religion. I am in this case—‘woe is me if I *preach not* :’ ‘A dispensation of the Gospel is committed unto me,’ and I cannot escape from it. I must therefore go forward. Though I have the sea before me, and it is fearful and perilous to advance, yet the armies of Egypt are behind me, and the fiery pillar of my God, and it is far more tremendous to think of going back. Here, then, I fling my scabbard away, and, by the grace of God, I will wield the sword of the Spirit till my life and labours terminate together.

“Shall I then fight in some field—what field shall it be? Must I exercise the functions of the pastorate in

Bradford or Sheffield? There are circumstances in both places which would induce me to decide in favour of each, and *vice versa*. Of my friends here, all, with about two exceptions, think that I ought to go to Sheffield. In favour of Bradford, I have thought of the advantage of my father's society and advice—of the greater ease and superior advantages for study which his assistant would have over an independent pastor of any church. I have thought of the pleasures of *dependance*—the comparative freedom from anxiety which the man enjoys who, in an important office, is not the responsible man—who has not the trouble of thinking for himself—of striking out new plans, nor of accounting to any for their success or failure. These latter feelings, if I were to give way to them, would greatly influence me. But it would be cowardice and self-seeking to do so, and therefore

‘Procul, O procul, este profani!’

. . . . “After hesitating long I have found my inclinations and convictions gradually incline towards Sheffield, until I may now say that I have determined, if God will, to make that town the scene of my future labours. I have not yet sent the people my reply, but I purpose doing so in a few days, and I intend spending the Christmas vacation among them. I hope I have done right—yet I hope with trembling. . . . .

“And now, in bidding you once more farewell, I commend you solemnly and affectionately into the hands of our common Father and God. May he keep you at all times, and at last take you to be with him in glory, and then, if not before, may you be united again to

“Your sincere and affectionate Friend and Brother,  
“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

His official reply to the call addressed to him from Sheffield was conveyed, shortly after the above letter, in the following terms :

“ TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST, ASSEMBLING FOR DIVINE  
WORSHIP IN HOWARD-STREET CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD.

“ MY CHRISTIAN BRETHREN,

“ It is now nearly three months since I received an official expression of your wish that I should become your pastor. Shortly after that period you were informed that my reply must not be expected before Christmas, and that, in the mean time, I should devote myself to serious deliberation, and careful endeavours to discover the leadings of divine providence. *That* time has now expired; and my mind, which, during a considerable part of it, has been painfully hesitating and perplexed, is able at this moment to contemplate, with calmness and satisfaction, the decision at which I have arrived. With that decision I must now make you acquainted.

“ I have to state, then, that I am at length fully convinced that it is my *duty* to answer your call in the *affirmative*. It appears to me, on the most diligent investigation, to be the *will of God* that I should exercise my ministry *amongst you*. I think I hear *his* voice calling me—I think I see *his* hand pointing me to the sphere of labour which I now select. It is not necessary for me to enter into an account of the process by which I have been gradually led to the conclusion just recorded; but I would express my humble hope that I have been guided into the right path; and that the ‘effectual fervent prayers’ of many ‘righteous men,’ on our mutual behalf, have been graciously answered. I feel especially happy in remembering that *you* have prayed frequently and earnestly for God’s blessing upon yourselves and the object of your choice; and I may repeat my acquiescence in that choice in the words of St. Paul, ‘I trust that *through your prayers* I shall be given unto you.’ You are aware that I shall not complete my term of Academical study until next midsum-

mer; until that time, therefore, I can only watch over your interests, and desire your prosperity at a distance. I may, however, in the meanwhile, be able occasionally to visit you; and if God should spare me in life and health so long, I shall hope in June or July next to take up my permanent abode amongst you.

“I may here just mention, (what indeed you are already well acquainted with,) that it is my conscientious opinion that *two sermons* in the course of the sabbath, afford quite sufficient matter for subsequent meditation and family instruction; and that *two public services* occupy quite as much time as can be spared from the private and domestic duties of that holy day. I shall, therefore, preach to you on the morning and evening of the sabbath, and once in the course of the week. Besides the reasons already given for this resolution, there is another of equal weight with me—viz. that I do not think my constitution of body, or powers of mind, capable of sustaining the labour of more *public duty*. There is another wish which it may not be improper to express here—that I may have four sabbaths in the year at my own disposal, when I may relax from the severe exertions of a stated ministry, and enjoy the society of my more distant friends. I make this request by the advice of many pious and judicious persons; and in accordance with a custom which is now pretty generally observed in the churches.

“Before I conclude, allow me, my Christian brethren, to express the feelings with which I look forward to the period of my settlement amongst you. I anticipate it with joy and trembling. The assurance that I am the man of your choice and affection, imposed upon you by no foreign authority of any kind, leads me to expect much happiness in labouring among you to promote your *best*, because your *immortal*, interests. On

the other hand, the immense responsibility which is connected with such labours—a painful sense of my own incapacity and insufficiency—a recollection of the wide extent and eternal duration of the influence, good or bad, which my ministrations will exert upon you—fill me with apprehension, and make me almost shrink back from the office which I have now deliberately chosen to fill. But, even in the moments when these things appear most tremendous, I am consoled by reflecting that the best of ministers are insufficient and incompetent *in themselves*, and yet that many such imperfect men, by the grace of Christ, have been made eminently useful during the whole course of their lives; and further, that ‘Christ is the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever,—his grace as omnipotent—his promise as sure—his readiness to communicate the one, and fulfil the other, unchanged. Abiding, therefore, in the path of duty, and borne up by your affectionate co-operation and prayers, *I* will look for the same usefulness. I will hope that I may not either disgrace my holy calling, or labour in it in vain. I will cherish a humble, yet a confident expectation that I shall find the grace of Christ sufficient for *me*; and that from the teeming population of Sheffield I may have ‘seals to my ministry, and souls for my hire’—regenerated and justified spirits who shall be my ‘joy and crown of rejoicing in the day of Jesus Christ.’ But in order that it may be so, you and I, my dear friends, must both *labour* and *pray*. Oh! do not, I beseech you, cease from exertion; do not restrain prayer. Let both be increased. Let the past bear no comparison with the future. ‘Look not at the things which are behind,’ but ‘look at’ a standard of much more perfect Christianity ‘which is before.’ For yourselves, ‘grow in grace’ by growing ‘in the knowledge of Jesus Christ.’ And in reference to others, ‘become all

things to all men, that you may by all means save some.' And especially, 'brethren, pray for *me*,' that I may be 'kept by the power of God, through faith unto salvation'—that I may be enabled to possess myself of such qualifications as the union to which I now pledge myself will demand—that in due time I may come amongst you 'in the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace'—and that 'utterance may be given unto me, that I may open my mouth boldly, to make known the mystery of the Gospel'—'that therein I may speak boldly as I ought to speak.'

"To the members of the *congregation* I would express my deep concern for their welfare, and my sincere wish that they may derive much more pleasure and advantage from my ministry, than the most sanguine of them has ever anticipated or desired.

"To both *church and congregation* I would say in conclusion, beware of expecting too much from my labours. Beware of trusting to human effort, for that which divine power alone can effect. Beware of calculating upon prosperity without honouring the Spirit of God, as the only efficient cause of it.

"For myself—think of me as a very imperfect and unworthy servant, and yet a servant of Jesus Christ, and of the Church for his sake. Think of me as 'not worthy to be called' an 'ambassador of Christ,' and yet chosen to *be* an ambassador. Think of me as one who can do nothing except by 'Christ strengthening him,' and yet able, in that strength, 'to do all things.' Think of me, finally, as one who is affectionately attached to you—deeply interested in all that affects *your* interests—willing 'to spend and be spent' that you, with himself, may constitute part of 'the general assembly and church of the first-born,' whose names are written in Heaven.

“ And now, my friends and brethren in the Lord, I pray God to bless you, and ‘keep you from falling’—to guide you by his counsel, and afterward bring you to his glory. And ‘may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be with you for ever, Amen.’

“ Believe me to remain yours in the bonds of  
Christian affection and duty,

“ THOS. R. TAYLOR.

“*Airedale College, 23rd Dec. 1829.*”

“ TO ———

“*Airedale College, 26th Jan. 1830.*

. . . . “ In reference to my own affairs, I have only to say that after considerable hesitation and perplexity, I have clearly seen it my duty to pledge my troth to the people at Howard-street. I have spent three sabbaths amongst them this Christmas, and I have seen nothing to make me regret that decision, but much to impart and encourage hope. And I look forward to my settlement amongst them next July, not indeed without fear and anxiety, but yet with much pleasure, and many delightful anticipations. There is much that is good among them already; but I am most encouraged by the capability of improvement, and desire of improvement, which there is among the people. I trust the results of our union during many years yet to come, will prove that it has been entered upon with the divine blessing and approval.” . . . .

“ TO MR. S. ELLIS, SHEFFIELD.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“*Airedale College, 11th Feb. 1830.*

. . . . “ I was at Manchester last week, supplying the pulpit of the late Mr. Roby. I mention this for the sake of remarking the affection and respect with which his memory is cherished, both by his own people

and by all Christians in the circle of his acquaintance and labour. He appears to have conciliated universal esteem, and almost veneration. He is seldom spoken of without tears; no one utters a word against his character, private or official. He is thought of and spoken of just as a minister of Christ should be, when his Master has taken him away from his work to his reward; just as I should wish to be thought and spoken of by my dear people in Sheffield. Oh! to be such a minister as he has been—and oh! to be such a man! To *do* as much—and to *be* as much what one ought to be! He has laboured 36 years among the same people, and with most abundant success. He began with a mere handful of people, and he has left an united and consistent church of five hundred members. To apply the words which originally referred to his Master to him, ‘He was set for the rising of many in Israel.’ This is Saturday morning, and I must very shortly go off to Harrogate to preach for them on the morrow. How many different places have I visited for this purpose during the three years and a half which I have spent in this institution. From how many different parts of this county will witnesses rise up to approve or condemn me at the last day. To how many persons will my ‘preaching of Christ’ be ‘the savour of life unto life,’ or ‘the savour of death unto death.’ Thinking of all this, and the immense responsibilities which it involves, I am constrained to ask, with one in whose steps I would fain tread, ‘who is sufficient for these things?’ Well, there is a *grace* which ‘is sufficient;’ there is a *glory* where all the anxiety, because all the imperfection, of Christian duty will be at an end.

‘Oh! for the land of rest above—

Our own eternal Home!’

. . . . “Yours most affectionately and sincerely,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“ TO ———

“*March*, 1830.

. . . . “ I would I had more delight, and skill, and success in prayer myself, but mere expressions of desire are extremely foolish and extremely futile. I know where to seek all this—all, in fact, that I can possibly want; and I must and, by God’s grace, I *will* seek it there. Help me by your earnest supplications on my behalf.

“ I look forward to my settlement at Sheffield, on the whole, with pleasure. I cannot conceive that I could have anticipated my settlement in *any place* with more satisfaction. Yet I rejoice with fear, and hope with trembling. The responsibility is tremendous, but not so tremendous as an insensibility to it, or an inadequate apprehension of it. The mere labour of a regular ministry is enough, in prospect, to overwhelm one, and yet I fear for myself that I form even *too low* an estimate of what it is. I am not sufficiently alarmed, sufficiently anxious, sufficiently alive to all the work which lies before me. I am too easy—too *unexcitable*. And I sometimes think that nothing but a thunderstroke will arouse me, some tremendous visitation of divine displeasure — some earthquake, either among the circumstances and relations of my earthly state, or in my own soul. God grant that it may not be so—that the ‘still small voice’ may speak to me—that the gentle influences of divine love may steal into and subdue my hard heart.”

“ TO MR. ———

“*Airedale College*, 21st April, 1830.

“ MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . . “ What strange beings we are ! What a most strange being *I* am. For the last two or three weeks I have been perfectly unable to feel composed, to reduce my mind to a working state, to make any music, or listen

to any, which should have the power to reduce the chaos of my soul to order. I seem to *feel* the earth going round, and I am made dizzy by its whirl. My thoughts do not float smoothly over the surface of the wide sea of knowledge and fancy; but are, as it were, boxed up in the close cabin of a steam packet, and sailing down some narrow river or canal. The motion of the boat—the banks of the stream, which seem to be running away from me as I proceed—the din of the machinery by which my vessel is propelled—all these, and a thousand more with which I might bore you, make me giddy—give me the mental head-ache—fling me down under the awful influences of spiritual sea sickness. I do not know whether you can understand this strange incoherency. Perhaps you can apprehend my meaning by the force of sympathy, (for after all that cold-blooded metaphysicians and rhetoricians tell us, there are some things that can only be *felt*.) There is no distinctness in my mental operations—there is no individuality in my thoughts. ‘I see men as trees walking,’ and, of course, my descriptions of what I see are neither descriptions of men nor trees, (e. g. so much of this letter as is yet penned, and I fear the rest, which is yet in embryo.) I was labouring under the full malignity of this mental disease when we met—while we were together—when we parted. It is still working within me, and I seem to myself perfectly unable to expel it—to shake myself free from its pestiferous influences. I have a sense of utter impotency—as if all energy of mind were dead, and had its sepulchre within me, and I am almost ready to despair of a resurrection. Every thing like thought is irksome to me, because I cannot think to any purpose. And as to feeling, (either the pleasure or advantage of it,) that seems to be stunned by the torpedo touch of an invincible apathy. The faculties of my spiritual nature

are just at this moment much like Cicero's 'concursum atomorum'—as utterly unable to produce any thing which is not shapeless, lifeless—'cui lumen ademptum,' as the said atoms to form themselves into 'a portico, a house, a temple.' . . . But why all this? Where lies the use of so much egotism and cant? In truth, I cannot see the use of it any more than yourself—only it came *first*, and here it is. I have tried to communicate my own consciousness—the most painfully forcible consciousness of which I am at present the subject. And I may ask your sympathy and prayers. *Clear-headedness* and *clear-heartedness* are unspeakably important to all rational beings, but most important to those whose character and office—whose ordinary business and duty are to think and feel. And may one hope to obtain these invaluable qualifications? I trust it is not impossible, but oh! it is difficult. The training which is necessary in order to produce them is most painful and protracted. This discipline of the mind and heart cannot be imaged forth by the severest discipline of the severest schools. To tear the thoughts away from themes on which they have long been fixed, to which they have grown like the ivy to the oak—this is hard work. To give the character of *fixedness* to thoughts which had been butterflies before,

'Roving at pleasure from flower to flower,

And kissing *all* buds that were pretty and sweet,'—

this is harder still. To acquire the habit of doing *one* thing at a time, of giving the mind *one* direction, of putting all its energies upon *one* scent—this is next to an impossibility. And then, having accomplished all these preliminaries, to 'go forward,' putting aside the irrelevancies which on all occasions stand in our minds' way, like the tangled briars and brushwood of an untrodden forest,—to 'press right on,' and never to tire of doing

so, and never to be content with any thing short of complete success — ‘*hic labor, hoc opus est.*’ And yet all this must be done before a man can hope to be a correct, an easy, a happy thinker; and I am satisfied all this must be done by me before I shall be delivered from the misery of my present condition—before I am able to go through the the duties of my ministry, or even the duties of our friendship with pleasure and success. Well, let me gird myself for the conflict—let me brace myself for the labour. I blush to think that I have occasion to make the complaints which I have been recording. Let this be the last, as it is the first time, my friend hears such complaints. And if, in future days, he should enter the chamber of my soul, let him find it ‘swept and garnished,’ a treasure-house of good things, whence the wants of others may be supplied, or their pleasures ministered to. And let me not forget that there is a Spirit of wisdom, by whose overshadowing alone light can be brought out of darkness, and order from confusion—a Spirit who has the power of controlling and directing the mental no less than the moral energies—a Spirit by which the early Christians were made discerners of spirits, interpreters of prophecy, oracles of sound wisdom. I would apply to that Spirit. Is it not a fact that we dishonour the Spirit of God by confining our acknowledgements of his agency almost entirely to conversion and sanctification? We seldom pray that our *mental* powers may be energized and directed by the same Spirit. We seldom pray that he would help us to become sound scholars and correct thinkers. We seldom ask of him that the essay which we are about to cogitate and compose, may be, both in ideas and words, just what it ought to be; and that the sonnet or song may be instinct with the soul of poesy. And hence we fall so far short of the excellence which,

however lofty its sphere, is yet within our reach, and may be touched by our minds, even before they gain their immortal wings. ‘Acknowledge him in all thy ways.’ That is a hard word to the thoughtless, ungodly man. And yet, in *this word* lies the essential secret of all duty and happiness. It is the acknowledgement of God in every action of life, by which that action is sanctified, and constituted one of the direct offices of piety. It is by the same acknowledgement of God in all our ways that we become familiarized with the idea of his presence as our reconciled Father, and that we connect and mix the destinies and engagements of time with those of eternity. And thus we have at once that single piece of knowledge which communicates the happiness of Christianity, and those views of every thing else, which allow that knowledge its full operation, its legitimate influence, its certain issue in a ‘joy,’ even now, ‘unspeakable and full of glory.’ Oh for more of this true godliness! For myself, I hope I do, *in heart*, desire it above all things; and for you, my dear friend, I have no more earnest, and I can have no better wish. Let us diligently strive to obtain it. Let us pray for each other, let us think of each other, let us feed our hopes by the anticipation of meeting again, even on earth. I trust we shall—many a time. I do trust that much happy intercourse yet awaits us. How it is to be secured—when—where—I know not; but of the fact I do not at this moment feel any doubt. May God grant all my hopes be realized! and especially may we meet, and never part among the glories of a happy immortality. After all, that hope is the best. . . . Ever think of me as your affectionate friend and brother,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“ TO ———

“ *June 1830.*

“ You are right in supposing my present circumstances unfavourable to steadiness of purpose or action, and I hope you are also right in supposing that a state of greater regularity would be more to my mind. I am, however, exceedingly jealous of myself. I know how prone we all are—how prone especially *I* am—to charge my own faults upon circumstances, to clear my own character, and quiet my own conscience, at the expense of others. The fact is, we should be superior to circumstances. We ought to possess our minds in such a state of perfect discipline, that we should be able to rise above the various changes of material things—to make them all subservient to our most important interests—to derive from them valuable aid and instruction. We should be able to keep ourselves calm in the midst of perturbation—regular in the midst of irregularity and confusion—spiritual in the midst of carnality and sense. Not, indeed, that we should be *stoics*, but that we should be taught to be influenced only in a right mode and degree by visible things, and that we should be much more deeply and permanently affected by invisible things. If our motives were derived from this latter class of objects, how very little should we be induced to change by the vicissitudes which obtain among the other class. If we were always under ‘the powers of the world to come,’ how little should we be governed and guided by the vanities of this. More *faith* would produce more *virtue*—that is, more firmness, more decision, more resoluteness in all that is good. And more of this we must possess, in order to the enjoyment of much happiness—the attainment of much excellence. May you have more of it, and may I !”

It was thus, in the exercise of *such* feelings, that Thomas was brought, in his twenty-third year, to the termination of his collegiate course. Before following him into the stated duties of that ministry which he had anticipated with so many mingled emotions—emotions which would have been enhanced, rather than diminished, could he have foreseen how short the period of that ministry would be—it may not be improper to review and estimate such portion of his history (drawn, as it has been, principally by his own hand) as we have already traced. The fervour of first emotions toward the office of the ministry, not seldom cools down beneath the sobering exercises of college discipline, to a much lower standard. The *spirit* of piety is not always promoted even by its most direct offices. There are not a few temptations within the walls of a college—the *necessary* result of human feelings brought thus into collision, under whatever restraining influences, which might easily lead aside from its spirituality and simplicity of aim, any mind that were not endued with a spirit of vigilant and prayerful watchfulness. There is so much in the association of youthful minds—the exuberance of youthful feelings—the emulations—the varieties of talent and attainment—which afford scope for the indulgence of lightness and flippancy, especially among the sanguine and cheerful—that the contemplation of the direct object of the Christian ministry, is not always as it should be brought before the mind. To these temptations Thomas, from his natural temperament, was peculiarly exposed. From their influence he appears to have suffered, if not in character, at least in *comfort*. Upon the whole, however, he seems to have maintained, in a more than ordinary degree, the becoming spirit of seriousness which a sense of his circumstances was so well calculated to awaken. In fact, the same quickness

and susceptibility to enjoyment which rendered him, when he chose, the delight of the college circle, and allowed him to enter, with a keener relish than others, into the pleasantries of relaxation from severer duties, gave him also a peculiar sensitiveness of feeling, when for a moment such pleasantries might have carried him away from the remembrance of his appropriate sphere of enjoyment. This indeed was most seldom. His habitual tone of mind, as those who knew him will testify, was one of a cheerful and even playful seriousness; morbid feeling (except when under the influence of disease) he had none. Truth, and especially sacred truth, furnished for *his* mind, even for relaxation, a more copious store of enjoyment than any merely external circumstances could have yielded him. Especially it was his wont to recreate his mind, when he sought repose from the labours of his class, amidst the regions of "divinest poesy." Truth in this form, or rather its fair and lovely adumbrations, its hidden sympathy with all that is beautiful in the universe—its low and quiet voice, like the song of the ocean within the shell—which can only be seen, and felt, and heard by those to whom have been imparted "the vision and the faculty divine,"—these were to him sources of exquisite mental enjoyment and repose, which needed no meaner auxiliaries. Nothing, indeed, but the sterner claims of duty, could have prevented these from engaging a larger share of his time and feelings than could have been compatible with the relationship in which he stood towards his chosen work. Rather, we should say, that the glory and dignity of that work, as the "ministry of reconciliation" between God and man—its noble object, and sublime rewards—were more than enough to call him away from the indulgence of thoughts and feelings, however elevating and refined, which did not bear immediately upon his pre-

paration for the great work which he was "sent to do."

It will be evident how much he must have suffered, in point of academical advantages, by the serious interruption of his health, which for so long a time laid him wholly aside from mental exertion, and which overshadowed the whole of his later course with that languor and sense of weakness most oppressive to a student. To this physical disarrangement, without doubt, may be attributed many of those feelings of which he so bitterly laments in some of his letters, as to the increased perception of his want of *moral* qualifications for his office. Nothing, indeed, but the ardour with which he at all times contemplated his sacred duties, and the faithfulness with which *all* was rendered subservient to his adaptation for their discharge, could have preserved his mind from suffering exceedingly under the constant pressure of bodily weakness. He sought strength, however, where it was to be found. His illness was rendered highly useful to him, in the tone of elevation which it gave to his personal piety; in the corrected and chastened estimate which it taught him to form of every earthly prospect—even of those which in their own nature seemed to have demanded and justified the exercise of much anxious forecast and thought; and doubtless it led him to a deeper apprehension than ever, of the *nature* of that great work to which he had consecrated himself. So that, when his term of preparation for ministerial duty was completed, his Christianity, as we have seen, had assumed a dignity, and force, and steadfastness, which bespoke the sanctifying influences which had turned even his afflictions into a blessing. His mind appears to have cast aside much of the desultoriness which is apparent in the exhibitions we have given of it in the earlier portions of his college history. The *one*

object of his life seems to have stood out with greater distinctness and importance than ever before him. And we see him now in the anticipation of his ministry, like the traveller addressing himself to the ascent of the lofty Pyrenees. His eye scanned the awful elevations before him. He knew how much of toil, and suffering, and self-denial, lay between him and the glorious result of his labours. Yet "none of these things moved" him. He was rather elevated than discouraged. He knew it was his to "to lay aside every weight"—to rely on "the grace which is in Christ Jesus"—and to anticipate the day that should complete his labour, and "recompense" him with a "reward" which should transcend his most glowing anticipations, and overpay his severest toils. His epistle to the church at Sheffield, already quoted, furnishes no mean proof of the tone of spirit of which we have spoken.

On the second sabbath of July, then, in 1830, he commenced his stated duties as the minister of Howard-street chapel, Sheffield, amidst the most pleasing anticipations of ministerial success. There was indeed *one* cloud that hung over the horizon, which all were willing (himself not the least) to hope would pass away as a morning exhalation. The blow which had been struck by disease two years before, had left a tremulous uncertainty about his health, which did not fail often to awaken much solicitude on his account. In less than a month, he found it needful to relax from the intense exertions which he could be in no other way restrained from using, than by the sense of absolute incapacity. He went for a week to Nottingham, for relaxation, and returned without much improvement. It was with some difficulty that he went through the duties of the next Lord's day. On the day following he called in medical

advice, and was ordered instantly to the Isle of Man. After three weeks spent in great hesitation, he reluctantly consented to go. It was a severe trial to him, but evident duty preponderated, and he yielded. In the beginning of September, (taking Bradford in his way,) he proceeded to Douglas, where he found his friend, the Rev. J. W. H. Pritchard, of Attercliffe, himself a pilgrim in pursuit of health. He writes to

“MR. HORRIDGE, SHEFFIELD.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“*Douglas, 13th Sept. 1830.*

. . . . “I am going through a course of medicine and blistering; and these means, accompanied by *His* blessing who ‘healeth all our diseases,’ will, I trust, issue in my complete restoration to health, to labour, and to my people. The trial to which God is now putting my faith and theirs is a severe one. But be assured we need it. Somewhere or other there is something wrong—some dross which can only be separated from the pure gold by the fire of a fierce affliction. Oh! let us all try to find out the accursed thing, and cast it from us! Let us not only pray, but *humble* ourselves, and ‘repent in dust and ashes.’ Without such deep self-abasement the end of afflictions will not be gained, and *they* will not be removed. . . . .

“I am comfortably lodged with my friend Mr. Pritchard, whose decided improvement during his stay here encourages my own hopes. . . .

“Yours in Christ Jesus,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“MY DEAR FATHER,

“*Douglas, 17th Sept. 1830.*

. . . . “About my health, I scarcely know what to say. That I am not *worse*—that my cough is not *more* violent—that I have no *additional* pains or distress-

ing symptoms of any kind, I can safely say. Nay, I can go further. My looks, Mr. Pritchard tells me, are improved, and my strength is somewhat returned to me. My appetite is most enormous, and would not at all discredit a farmer after two or three hours at the plough. My spirits are good, and the general feeling of health is not quite a stranger to me. . . . I am surrounded with mercies, and I see nothing, I hear nothing, I think of nothing which does not loudly call me to thankfulness and renewed devotion to my God. I have not seen a great deal of the island. What has come under my observation has struck me as very interesting. The mere circumstance of its being so *small* an island makes it interesting; and, apart from this, the peculiar character of its coast scenery, the strange conformations of its rocks, the varied landscapes, some wild and some beautiful, which are to be found inland, afford such constant variety to the eye and mind as cannot fail to charm a creature whose nature it is to be 'fond of change.' Were I perfectly strong, there is nothing I should enjoy more than to ramble among these cloud-capped hills—to climb these sea-beaten cliffs—to trace to its source this bubbling stream—and to explore to its fullest extent this valley which stretches away between the hills. At present, I can only venture upon these things on a very small scale. . . . I am almost tired of writing, and it is almost our bed time. I dare say you are now remembering me, and, before long, I know you will be praying for me. I do estimate these prayers most highly. There is nothing which I would not sooner lose than such 'effectual' supplications. Your prayers, and the prayers of my mother, and the prayers of my dear people, and the prayers of some dear friends, who do not, I am sure, forget me in any of their devotions, constitute my strength, next to that grace which it is their object to

bring down upon me from on high. And now, once more, the blessing of God rest upon you. My love to mother and the rest. Believe me

“Your affectionate Son,

“THOMAS.”

“TO MR. S. ELLIS, SHEFFIELD.

“*Douglas, Isle of Man, 24th Sept. 1830.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

. . . “That I am better since I reached this island I can safely say ; and my improvement is of such a character as to justify the hope that it is radical, and, in process of time, will be complete. At present it certainly is not so. But, as our good Tutor used to tell us, at least once a week, ‘Rome was not built in a day ;’ and as I may safely say, to make the proverb more *apropos* to my own case, ‘Rome was not *re*-built in a day.’ But I know you are a man of business—a specific, matter-of-fact calculator—and you will not be satisfied with these generalities. *Imprimis*, then, I left Sheffield with a bad cough. That cough is not gone, but it is considerably *less bad* than it was. *Item*, I was the subject of considerable pain in my side. That is gone, except when I cough, which seems like a trumpet of summons to bring it back again. *Item*, I was greatly alarmed for some time before I left home by perspirations at night. These I brought with me hither, and for a week they were as faithful to me as ever Damon and Pythias could be to each other. But now, I am happy to say, they show signs of infidelity, and last night I slept without them.

On the whole, I am really hopeful that I shall be restored to you all, for your furtherance and joy of faith. That this is the object of my ardent desire I need not tell you, nor do I need to say how greatly I have been pained by the circumstances of my present affliction,

and the fears and forebodings of ill which I have not at all times been able to banish from my mind. But I must practise the duties, and feel the resignation, which I have enjoined upon others. I know *whose* wisdom, and love, and power, are engaged to support the meanest of his friends, and to uphold and advance the cause of truth and virtue, in spite of all depression and opposition. In *His* hands I leave myself, and my people, and the Church of the living God. There all of us are safe, and to feel ourselves there is to be happy. . . .

“Your faithful and affectionate Friend,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“TO HIS SISTER.

“MY DEAR —,

“*Douglas, Isle of Man, 6th Oct. 1830.*

. . . . “Finding me, as it (your letter) did, in this *ultima Thule*—an exile from my homes and friends—separated from them by the billows of the Irish sea—it was peculiarly welcome. I never felt myself so completely away from home as now. Every thing about me is (*now* I should perhaps say, *was*) strange and un-English. We are not governed by English laws—we are not amenable to English tribunals. If I take a fancy to turn vagrant, I shall not be sent to the tread-mill. If I lay myself open to any of the countless charges which come within the range of legal criminality, it is not to a magistrate, or a member of the right worshipful, that I shall have to answer for my misdeeds—nor will he deliver me over, in his zeal for the public peace and Burn’s Justice, to the chairman of sessions or judge of assize; I must be arraigned before the *Deemster*, or plead my cause in the august presence of one of the vicars general. There is no parliament by whom laws are enacted, and petitions sold to the drum manufacturers. Every act of legislation issues from a ‘Court of Tynwold,’ and is

sanctioned by the governor, the council, the house of keys, and the people. But I must not set down the wonders of this 'isle of the ocean,' lest I should have nothing to talk about when I see you. As it is, and at present, I am able to detain any person, who has the good sense and patience to hear me, for 'hours and hours' with a running narrative of all that mine eyes have seen, and mine ears have heard, since I set foot upon these shores. . . .

"Your affectionate brother,

"THOMAS."

"TO MR. FRETSON, SHEFFIELD.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"*Douglas, 11th Oct. 1830.*

. . . . "I trust I shall come back to you *radically* improved in health, and susceptible of progressive improvement even amid the toils and exposures of my important duties. I think I shall be more careful and precise in minute particulars than ever I have been before, convinced as I now am, that it is upon little things that the continuance of health in a great measure depends. A young student is greatly tempted to negligence in these points, and I fear I must not dare to deny the charge, or attempt to plead *not guilty*. The past, however, must teach me lessons of practical wisdom for the future; and I must especially believe and act in the strength of my creed, 'that attainments or advantages which are acquired at the expense of health, are purchased at a price infinitely too dear.'

"I look forward to my return with great pleasure—pleasure which would be unmingled with pain, did not some fear about my own capabilities for entire duty present themselves to my mind. These, however, I will not entertain. I will be hopeful. If I cannot always 'rejoice in hope,' I will try to be satisfied and peaceful.

The Lord is my refuge and my strength—my help in time of trouble. It is by his grace that I hope to be made meet for his glory myself, and it is no less by his grace that I hope to present my people ‘perfect in the day of Christ.’ Oh! that we were all more deeply sensible of our dependence for all spiritual good upon that grace, and that we were united in more determined supplications for its continual supply. We *must* have God’s blessing. We cannot *live* as Christians—we cannot live without it. And if we have it not, believe me, it is, and ever will be, our own fault. . . .

. . . . “Continue to remember me in your prayers. I am, my dear friend,

“Yours most affectionately and sincerely,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

He returned from Douglas with the intention of occupying his own pulpit on the third sabbath in October. It is probable, however, that the nervous anxiety which possessed him to be at his post, was of a nature too intense for his partially restored health to sustain. In a hasty letter to one of his Sheffield friends, just before leaving the island, he thus expresses himself—“‘God is my witness’ that I am willing—nay, that is a cold word—that I do earnestly *long* to ‘spend and be spent’ for the dear people whom it has pleased God to entrust in my hands.” However this might be, when he reached Manchester he was attacked again with a bleeding from the lungs, which not only destroyed in a few hours the hopes of restoration which his sojourn at Douglas had excited, but gave too much reason for the fear that disease had struck its roots more deeply into his constitution than had been suspected. After proceeding to Nottingham, where he rested a little, he returned to Sheffield, and preached *once* on the first sabbath of

November, from the text "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good." One of his friends remarks that "so touching and appropriate was this discourse, that nearly the whole assembly was melted into tears." It was indeed an affecting disappointment to himself and to his people, thus to be once more thrust back from the very gate of hope. His extreme anxiety, however, to continue instant in his work, led him, even beyond his strength, to venture on public exertions after his return. All feared for the result; but no mere apprehension of evil—nothing less than positive *incapacity* for public duty, was sufficient to cause his hand to relax its hold on that which he had "found to do." He continued to preach twice on the sabbath, though his cough and hoarseness left him at the close of each service a mere wreck of strength and spirits. In the midst of this constant exhaustion, his correspondence flagged. A hasty letter to his mother, from which we extract, is the principal document of this period.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,

"*Sheffield, 20th Dec. 1830.*

. . . . "I hope we are prospering in the church at Howard-street. Last church-meeting we admitted five members, next we shall receive seven, and six others will be proposed. There is a spirit of great unity, affection, and prayer among the members.

. . . . "I rejoice, my dear mother, in knowing, that though I am separated by distance from many of those who are my dearest earthly treasures, they are not, any more than myself, removed beyond the reach of God's gracious care. Oh! let us ever fear and trust him, and we shall be safe and happy, wherever we are, and whatever may befall us. Let us leave ourselves in his hands, and be satisfied with all his doings. May he ever keep and bless you, and my dear father, and all the beloved

ones about you ; and may his good Spirit prepare us all for a better world ! . . . .

“Believe me, my dear mother,

“Your truly affectionate Son,

“THOMAS.”

Under the pressure of constant indisposition, he continued to discharge the regular duties of the pulpit. At Christmas he presided at the Sunday-school teachers' annual meeting, and on the first sabbath in 1831 he preached to the young people of his place, from Haggai i. 2. “This sermon,” observes his friend Mr. Ellis, “was delivered to a numerous audience, and produced, I believe, the strongest impressions, and was followed by the most beneficial results, of any that he ever preached. Often do I hear persons, unconnected with us, distinctly refer to it as one of the most solemn, affecting, and faithful appeals to the understanding and the heart that ever fell from mortal lips.” It was, however, the *last* sermon he was for a long time permitted to deliver. Every public effort was one of imminent danger to his already shattered constitution ; and, early on the sabbath morning following (Jan. 9,) he was again taken alarmingly ill. From the first of this attack he seems to have regarded it as the death-blow to his hopes of remaining in the ministry. Such in truth it was. He never afterwards was able stately to resume it. To a note of inquiry the next morning, he replied as follows :

“TO MR S. ELLIS.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“I thank you for the Christian affection and brotherly sympathy of your note, which is just put into my hands. I am thankful that it is in my power to inform you that my mind is *peaceful, satisfied, and happy*. I am indeed

in perplexity, and darkness rests upon the path which I have to travel. It may be that my labours for God, at least my labours in the ministry, are over. It may be that my life is verging fast towards its close. But still, I know that all is, and shall be, *well*. God is the disposer of my lot, and in his hand I rest content; and upon his wisdom and love I can confidently rely.

“I am not so well this morning as yesterday. During the night I had a return of the same symptoms which alarmed me yesterday. But I think the bleeding has now ceased. I purpose going home (to Bradford) on Wednesday or Thursday. I cannot decide which, at this moment—probably the former day. I rejoice in having a constant place in the sympathies and prayers of my dear people. With kind remembrance to your parents, believe me to be

“Yours most affectionately,

“*Monday Morning.*”

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.

“TO \_\_\_\_\_

“*Sheffield, 10th Jan. 1831.*

. . . . “I am not so well as when I last wrote. I have less cough and no pain, but I have had a return of the spitting of blood. For the last week or two, I have been able to attend in part only to my duties here, and now I am convinced that it is obligatory upon me to rest from all labour, until I am fit for all. In consequence of this conviction, I go to Bradford on Wednesday. If I get well in a month or five weeks, then I shall return to my work at Sheffield; if my illness be more protracted, it is probable I shall feel it my duty to put my resignation in the hands of my people, that the cause of religion may not suffer among them by my inability and absence. I do not fear my ultimate recovery. But I am not without fear that I shall be obliged to give up the

ministry, either altogether or for some considerable time. This is dark and painful, but it does not make me either dissatisfied or unhappy. We are in God's hands, and there we are safe. 'Let *him* do what seemeth him good.' Death, with all his power, is under the control, and abides the bidding of a mightier than he. And as for the uncertainty of human affairs, there is no such thing. Every thing is certain in the infinite mind; and if not a sparrow fall from its mother's nest, and perish in the bud of its being, unmarked by the all-seeing eye of my heavenly Father, I am quite sure that none of the children of his vast family shall fall without a superior attention and regard."

During that week he returned to his home—the home which he had left with such and so many fond anticipations of ministerial usefulness, now overcast with a shadow which threatened to extinguish them. His *heart*, however, was still with his work. The thought of relinquishing it was like that of bidding farewell to the "warm precincts of the cheerful day," and many a "longing, lingering look" was cast behind to its engagements. To this feeling may be ascribed the following most touching and beautiful letter, which he addressed, in little more than a week after his return,

"TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ASSEMBLING IN HOWARD-STREET CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD.

"MY DEAR BRETHREN IN CHRIST,

"It is with mingled pleasure and regret that I address you through the medium of an epistle. It would have been much more accordant with my own feelings and wishes to have continued in the enjoyment of your society, and in the uninterrupted discharge of that important office in your church, which you have called

me to fill. At the same time, *being* removed from you, I cannot but regard it as some alleviation of my calamity, that I am able in any way to assure you of my continued affection, and to put you in remembrance of those great principles which were the basis of our union, and which, since that union was consummated, it has been my constant effort to unfold and enforce.

“ We are seldom able to discover the reasons which influence and justify the divine conduct. His ways are often ‘in the sea,’ and his ‘footsteps are not known.’ We cannot understand *why* so often our wishes are thwarted—our hopes disappointed—our projects foiled. It seems to us in many cases, that our lot might have been better cast, and our circumstances more kindly arranged; that some other condition than that in which we are called to act or suffer would have afforded us greater facilities for securing our own best interests and promoting the honour of the divine name. At the same time, we cannot but recollect that God is the doer of all things for his people, that he determines the bounds of their habitation, and orders all the circumstances of their existence, so that nothing can befall them which he does not approve or permit as most truly good for them. With such views of the general character of God’s dealings with his people, we cannot find fault with any part of his conduct, however inscrutable it may be. If it seem unkind or unwise, we know that it is so *only in seeming*, while it is in reality the dictation of infinite wisdom and love, which nothing but our own ignorance, and shortsightedness, and unbelief, prevent us from discovering. God’s dispensations then may be mysterious *to us*, but at the same time they must be and *are* perfectly just, and good, and wise. This conviction ought to make us satisfied and happy. We should be able to say with the most perfect sincerity of heart, ‘It is the

Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.' He has brought these sorrows and disappointments upon me; and meekly and penitently will I bear them. If the infliction had not been *necessary*, I should not have had it to endure; and if it be necessary, I have no wish to escape it. I would not subtract one single sorrow from the sum of those tribulations through which I am required to follow my Redeemer in the way to 'his kingdom and glory.'

' Aliens may escape the rod,  
Sunk in earthly, vain delight;  
But the true-born child of God  
Must not, would not, if he might.'

You will perceive at once that these reflections have been suggested by a glance at my own circumstances and yours during the last six months. My whole course at Sheffield has been one of *disappointment* and *affliction*. I do not mean to say that I have had no enjoyment in my intercourse with you, or that I am compelled to look upon my labours among you as utterly in vain. Far from it. I am sure I have been *happy*, and I believe I have been *useful* in the employment even of enfeebled energies, to promote your spiritual weal. It is when I compare my *anticipations* with my *experience*—when I remember how much I had hoped to do in my Master's cause, and how little I have been able to do, that I speak of affliction and disappointment. I shall not describe the expectations and schemes of usefulness with which I entered upon my stated ministry as your pastor. Nor shall I do more than just remind you how completely these expectations and schemes have been disappointed and frustrated. I had not laboured more than a month at Sheffield before I was deprived of health, and along with it of that energy of body and mind which are absolutely essential to pleasurable and effective la-

hour. And now, at length, I am totally disqualified for that arduous but delightful work to which I have devoted my life, with all its powers. I know not what may be the issue. It is possible that my *last sermon* may be already preached. It is possible that my days of active exertion in the cause of Christ *are over*. The prospect and the retrospect are alike gloomy. The past is disappointment—the future is apprehension. But what then? ‘It is the Lord.’ Shall I, or will you, interfere with *his* purposes, because our own have not been realized? Can we charge him with ignorance of our wants, or the wants of his Church? or shall we say that he is indifferent to the interests of either? Oh! not so. ‘*Whatever is, is right.*’ God is carrying his own plans into effect, and in them *we* are appointed to suffer as well as to do. He is subjecting your Church and its pastor to severe but needful discipline; and upon neither shall a single stroke be laid which is not inflicted by the hand of mercy. If we could only lift the veil, and see into the secret counsels of God, we should be constrained to give our fullest approbation, both to the *end* which he proposes to accomplish, and the *means* by which it is pursued. For my own part, though my present afflictions, both in themselves, and in their bearings upon the future, are the severest by which I have ever been tried, yet I can thankfully say that they do not make me murmur, or feel dissatisfied with my lot; and that they are perfectly unable to rob me of *peace* and *happiness*. It is enough for *me* to know, that I and my people are both in the hands of our heavenly Father; and that he cannot but ‘do all things well.’ Only let us ‘hear the rod.’ Its voice is loud, and deep, and commanding. It is the voice of reproof and warning—‘*except thou repent.*’ My dear brethren, we have all much evil in our hearts and actions of which we are not aware. We are lamentably destitute of that *simple-*

*minded spirituality* which should be the prime element of our Christian character. We have, I fear, been more anxious to secure *minor* advantages—to have a *show* of prosperity—to occupy a respectable station among the churches of our own order—than to ‘*grow in grace*’ ourselves, and to diffuse abroad the influences of divine grace among others. Our hearts have been slow to feel, and our lips to acknowledge the obligations under which, above all others, *we* have been laid to love and serve the Saviour. What have we *sacrificed* for his sake? What have we *done* to make known his dying love? And, in our labours and sacrifices, with what spirit, from what motive, have we acted? Oh! my brethren, we have need to repent; and I rejoice to know that by some means or other, God will bring us to repentance, if we are indeed his people. Let us hear his paternal call, and be moved by his paternal discipline without delay, lest ‘he make our plagues wonderful.’ Let us be thankful for past success, humbled under present calamities, and earnestly prayerful for future blessings.

“Remember ‘Christ is all and in all.’ We have no salvation but in him. Remember religious prosperity is ‘not by might nor by power, but by *my Spirit*, saith the Lord of Hosts.’ But at the same time remember, you must neglect no appointed instrument of good—you must be laboriously diligent in the work of self-improvement—you must, each for himself, ‘press forward’ in the race, and ‘fight the good fight of faith;’ and thus you must ‘work out your own salvation.’ A greater amount of diligent labour and earnest prayer is what *we* want, and what the whole Church wants, in order to more eminent prosperity. The blessing we have so often desired is within our reach; let us not lose it because we are too indolent to labour, or too self-sufficient to pray, as we ought.

“ May you, my dear people, ever enjoy the best blessings which the Head of the Church has to bestow ! May you become, and continue, to other churches a model of affectionate *oneness* of heart and effort ! May you experience all the felicities of true religion yourselves ! and may you be eminently instrumental in conferring the same exalted happiness upon others ! ‘ God be merciful to you, and bless you, and cause his face to shine upon you ; that his way may be known upon earth, and his saving health among all nations.’ ”

“ I salute you all with cordial affection ; and assure you that, though absent from your Christian communion, and forbidden for a while to exercise the functions of my office, I am, nevertheless, *in heart*,

“ Your devoted Pastor and Servant for Christ’s sake,  
 “ THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“ TO MR. BARBER, SHEFFIELD.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Bradford, 27th Jan. 1831.*

“ It was a promise which I made to some of you before I left Sheffield, that one of my people should hear from me once a week. It is now just that time since my last, addressed to the Church, and I now select you as the organ of communication with those friends (and I know they are not few) who still continue to desire my restoration to health, and to inquire what progress I am making toward that blessed consummation. For such it is, and as such I regard it. ‘ No affliction is for the present joyous, but grievous,’ and I feel that affliction more than usually hard to bear which separates me from my beloved people—which lays me aside from my delightful work—which renders me, in appearance at least, a useless thing ; and I cannot describe to you how excellent, and dignified, and happy those engagements appear, from whose discharge I am so painfully laid

aside. To preach the Gospel of Jesus Christ seems to me the only thing that is worth living for; and if, by the exhibition of Christian principles on a dying bed, I could more effectually serve my divine Redeemer, than by continued and active efforts as a minister of Christ, I think I would rather die than live. Oh! how unspeakably great are our obligations to love and serve *Him* who gave himself to the death for us! And surely, if we have any sympathy with the misery of our fellow-creatures, we must desire to make them acquainted with that glorious system of truth which has 'made us free.' Especially when we connect with this the consideration, that by making known the Gospel of Christ, in the most extensive sphere, we are promoting the objects of his death, and doing our part to crown our Saviour with his promised and anticipated glory and joy.

. . . . "In body and mind I am much the same as when I last wrote. I am peaceful and content, enjoying, I trust, in the midst of 'the fires' the presence of 'One who is like unto the Son of Man,' and possessing a fountain of consolation and happiness which the world knoweth not of. I bless God that he delivers me from all disposition to repine, or to charge him or his proceedings with unkindness or folly. In your prayers forget not

"Your truly affectionate Friend and Pastor,

"THOS. R. TAYLOR."

"TO MR. HORRIDGE, SHEFFIELD.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,

"Bradford, 3rd Feb. 1831.

"I think I am just about the same in sensations and symptoms of illness as I was last week—neither better nor worse. I still cough and am hoarse, and I have still a good appetite by day, good rest by night, and a good pulse both day and night. Medical opinions concerning

me remain unchanged, and I am still told that I must not think of preaching at all for many months, and that it is a question whether I shall not be obliged to relinquish preaching, *as a profession*, altogether. . . .

“Of this it is very painful for me to write. But I must do it, and I must do all, and bear all, with patience and contentment. God of mercy! help me to do so, and ‘temper the wind to the shorn lamb.’ How does it fare with you all?—with your own family—with the church—with our Christian Instruction Society—and with the congregation? I shall be most happy to hear from you on these points. I cannot cease to feel that I am your pastor, and that you are my people. . .

“Bear me up on your prayers before God, and ever think of me as

“Your faithful and affectionate Friend,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.

TO MR. WOSTENHOLME, SHEFFIELD.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Bradford, 11th Feb. 1831.

. . . . “We are strangely forgetful creatures—forgetful of our duties and privileges—forgetful of our present relations and future destiny. And it is kind and merciful in our God to remind us, by any means and in any way, of those things which we are so prone to forget, and which it is so dangerous to lose sight of. Never are we so likely to see the littleness of the world, as when we are reminded by the encroachments of disease of its instability, and our own speedy removal from it. . . . How precious is the Gospel to an afflicted believer! It is his all! Take that away, and he has nothing to support his mind—nothing to produce submission, or to stimulate hope. With his weariness and weakness of body and mind, and with those painful views of his own sinfulness which oppress and overwhelm

him, he cannot build any expectations of future bliss upon his own doings or deservings. In himself, and in the law of God, there is nothing but condemnation and wrath. How sweet, then, to repair to the cross, and lose every burden there! How delightful to rest in the hope of a full salvation offered to him 'without money and without price.' How full of consolation to a wounded spirit is that glorious plan, in which God is set forth 'just,' and yet the 'justifier' of all who believe on Christ, 'reconciling the world unto himself, and not imputing their trespasses to them.' This is the theme most worthy of all others our constant meditation, inasmuch as it will be the matter of our employment in heaven. Oh! my friend, let us never cease to 'glory in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ.'

. . . . " Since I last wrote, I have continued just the same. I think no better, and certainly no worse. . . . I fear it is now certain that I must bid you farewell. There seems no likelihood of my being able to return to my work—at all events, until a very long period of rest shall have restored me to perfect health—if, indeed, it is God's will that I should ever be restored. It is very painful to be situated as I am; but I must endure all in the strength of my Lord. If I am flung aside as a useless and unprofitable servant, I know I have deserved such rejection; and even then I will rejoice that I myself am not 'a cast-away.' My kindest regards to Mrs. W. and your dear family. I salute all our Christian friends and brethren. They have a constant place in my heart. Believe me,

" Yours most faithfully,

" THOS. R. TAYLOR."

“ TO MR. FRETSON, SHEFFIELD.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Bradford, 18th Feb. 1831.*

“ I am, you perceive, still here—at home, and yet away *from* home—surrounded by my *dearest* friends, and yet not among the friends with whom my heart most anxiously yearns to be associated. . . . I cannot add any thing to the account of my own health which I gave last week. I am, I think, just the same; my cough and hoarseness not much, if at all, abated—my rest and appetite not impaired. I do not feel ill; I have none of the oppressive sensations which usually accompany disease. And yet I know that I am out of health—that I must treat myself, and submit to be treated, as an invalid—that I must cease (oh! how long?) to pursue those objects which have long appeared to me of all-absorbing importance, and which now appear more important and excellent than ever. I must still ‘possess my soul in *patience.*’ I must still with ‘meekness of wisdom’ ‘hear the rod.’ Oh! for a heart to perceive and retain its lesson!

“ Allow me, my dear friend, to hope, and to express that hope, that you are prospering in the religion of your family and your own heart. In the case of a parent—the head of a family—I am persuaded this two-fold prosperity cannot suffer division. There cannot be a good state of religion in the heart, if there be not also a good state of religion in the family circle. At least, if religion do not flourish in the midst of a family, it cannot be the fault of a truly consistent and eminently devoted parent. He will not spare any exertions, nor any example, which may be likely to kindle the fire of true godliness and devotion upon the domestic altar, or, when kindled, to keep it from becoming dim. And oh! how delightful to such a parent will it be, to see his labours crowned with success!—to be able to hope—

oh! more than hope—of his children, as they grow up towards mature years, that they are Christians in spirit and conduct—sojourners through this sorrowful world to the glories of a happy immortality. May none of your hopes be disappointed! none of your prayers unanswered! May you and yours, after the enjoyment of much Christian fellowship on earth, go, one by one, as your several parts are performed, to join the society of the blest in heaven! . . . Remember me in your private and family prayers as

“Your sincerely affectionate Friend,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“TO MR. HORRIDGE, SHEFFIELD.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“Bradford, 1st March, 1831.

“I regret exceedingly that my weekly letter should have been even once omitted. But this, however undesirable, was last week inevitable. . . . I am just as usual—just as I have been for the last two or three months. I cannot make this statement without considerable pain and perplexity. The pain arises chiefly from the circumstance of my *unimproving* state; that I should have been so long in the employment of those means which it is presumed are well adapted to meet my case, and yet, up to this period, without any marks of success—that I am, at this moment, to all appearance, as far from health as when I left Sheffield. This is very painful and discouraging. At the same time, I am *not worse*. During those months of the year which are most unfavourable to complaints of the kind to which mine appears to belong, the symptoms of fixed and dangerous disease have certainly not increased. I have kept my ground, and that perhaps is as much as I had any right to *expect*, however much I might *desire*. And it is possible—so hope whispers, and so my doctors also sug-

gest—that the return of more genial weather may be the *season*, if not the *means* of my restoration to health. This hope it is which has reduced me to greater perplexity than ever, in reference to my charge at Howard-street. If I had grown *worse*, or if my symptoms were such as to forbid all hope of recovery, except at some exceedingly remote period, then I should have taken steps for dissolving my connexion with you before this period. But this is so painful to my mind, even in the contemplation of it, that I am ready to find, in mere hopes and possibilities, a reason for deferring (at least) my resignation. If I should resign, and afterwards, in the course of a month or two, recover my ability for the pastoral work, when my own people can no longer be mine, *my* heart (I say not *theirs* also) would be pierced with many sorrows. And yet at the same time I am in doubt whether I ought to be the occasion of my people's destitution for the course of so long a time—whether I ought not at once to set them at the fullest liberty to call for the labours of another and more efficient man. . . . Salute all the brethren in my name. May God's blessing rest upon them all!

“I am, my dear friend,

“Your most sincere and affectionate Friend,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“TO MR. WOSTENHOLME, SHEFFIELD.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,

“*Bradford, 14th March, 1831.*

“I think I would rather you had not made my last letter public. I have no copy of it, but I dare say, as it was written in haste, and only for the eye of private friendship, that it would be wanting in the accuracy and connectedness which should characterize all documents intended for general inspection or audience. . . . I need not say that I was most powerfully affected by the

account which Mr. Horridge gave me of the affection which was manifested—the spirit which reigned—the sentiments which were expressed—at the church-meeting held after the reading of my letter. It was what I expected. I never did, and never could, doubt, the attachment of the people to myself, because I was conscious of no diminution in my attachment to them. Besides, I have heard of their prayers, in society and in solitude, for my recovery, and I know that they would not plead at the throne of grace with fervour and constancy for one whom they did not regard with deep and tender love. Sure I am that when I proposed deferring any communication on the subject of my resignation until May, it was chiefly done with the hope that I might thereby be brought back again to labour among my dear people in Howard-street—that no premature or hasty step might prevent me from devoting my energies of soul and body to the promotion of their welfare, and the cause of God among them. It was not because I was unwilling to leave myself unprovided with any sphere of labour, but it was because in one sphere I could wish, if it be God's will, to labour all my days, and with all my might. . . . I salute, with Christian affection, all our brethren in the Lord, and wish them every blessing. Continue to be mindful of me as

“Your sincerely affectionate Friend,  
“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

The most interesting narrative which has run through the preceding letters, and the spirit of deep piety and resignation which they exhibit, cannot fail to furnish a fine study in Christian character to all who have “ears to hear.” Affliction *thus* sanctified, severe as was the trial of faith to the young pastor and his people, could not fail to be to each “a blessing in disguise.” Such ex-

hibitions of the force and tenderness of Christian affection, *are not, cannot* be without their effect. We could linger over this period of the history of our friend with feelings of no ordinary kind, but cannot destroy, by any remarks of our own, the effect of his own simple and earnest statements of feeling thus recorded.

In the beginning of April he left Bradford (taking Sheffield in his way) for Nottingham. His last hope of restoration to the duties of the pastorate was founded on the effect of change of air and scenery. On his arrival, he wrote to his mother an expression of the same ardent longing to be restored to his work, and for some time during his stay there he seemed unwilling to relinquish the hope. The progress of time, however, brought no abatement of the dangerous symptoms of his disease; and at length the decision, long postponed, was with reluctance forced upon his mind, that it was the will of God that his stated labours in the ministry should be considered as terminated. We subjoin the following letter, both on its own account as a most affecting expression of Christian resignation and ministerial solicitude under this painful conviction, and because it closes the history of his official connexion with his beloved people :

“ TO THE CHURCH OF CHRIST ASSEMBLING FOR THE  
CELEBRATION OF DIVINE ORDINANCES IN HOWARD-  
STREET CHAPEL, SHEFFIELD.

“ MY DEAR FRIENDS,

“ It is with a sad heart that I address to you the present communication, and nothing but a deep and deliberate conviction of duty could have impelled me to the hard task which I must now attempt to discharge.

“ It is about eleven months since I cast in my lot amongst you ; and in compliance with your desire, and, as I thought, with the clearly ascertained will of God,

entered upon the duties of the ministry and pastorate amongst you. You were the people towards whom, more than any other, the affections of my heart had gone forth. Among you I fancied that I could discover the fairest prospect of usefulness and happiness. To you I hoped that it might have been my privilege up to my life's end to preach 'Christ crucified,' and to display the blessings of his salvation. Never were anticipations more glowing—never were desires more ardent—than mine, as I looked upon you, and the congregation worshipping with you, as my future charge—for whom I must 'spend and be spent' on earth, and who should be 'my joy and crown' in Heaven. You know well how soon and how sadly these anticipations were disappointed. Under the pressure of ill health, I was compelled first to relax and then to suspend my labours. And although those labours were subsequently, for a short period, resumed, yet was I, all the while, in such a state of indisposition as disqualified me for any vigorous or extensive effort; and if I had been disposed to listen to the dictates of mere prudence, I should probably have desisted from my work altogether. In January last, however, I was compelled by the return of alarming symptoms, and a consciousness of increased incapacity, to leave you again in search of health, hoping, long ere this date, to have been with you in the full possession of those energies which my duties, as your pastor, required. This, however, has not been the will of our heavenly Father. Though my disease does not appear to have made any progress, or to present any very alarming symptoms, it has resisted all the means which have been used to remove it, and I am still almost as unfit for public duty as I was in January. Return to you *now* is out of the question, and I am unable to calculate with the least probability of correctness, the time when I may

hope to be in a condition to return. Such being the case, I think it my plain duty to release you from the obligations, and to dissolve the connexion which exists between us, by resigning into your hands the office which I received from you when, in compliance with your own solemn call, I became your pastor. While I have held it, I have felt it to be a sacred trust, and to the extent of my ability I have laboured to discharge its functions aright. In looking back upon the brief period of my ministry, my conscience does not accuse me of having wilfully kept back any thing which I believed to be truth. As far as I had knowledge and opportunity, I think I have declared to you 'the whole counsel of God.' Conscious, indeed, painfully conscious, I am, of much neglect, and of many imperfections; and if I had the same time and duties to go through again, there are many, many things in which I should strive to be better. But still I can call God to witness that I have not wittingly been *unfaithful*; and I assure you also, that the more closely I examine the views of divine truth which I endeavoured to unfold in my public ministrations amongst you, the more am I satisfied of their correctness, and beauty, and unspeakable worth. Oh! when I am no longer your spiritual overseer and instructor, think of the truths which I once laboured to instil into your minds. Sometimes speak to each other of what I preached—feebly I know, and imperfectly, but yet with deep and affectionate concern for your profit. Short has been the period, and small the quantity, in which I have been permitted to scatter in your hearts 'the good seed of the kingdom.' Do *you*, my dear people (I call you so for the *last* time) 'enter into' and follow up 'my labours,' so that I may not die without seeing some fruit, much more abundant than any which has yet appeared amongst you. Remember the day when you

and I must give account to God of the duties and privileges of the union which is now dissolved. *I* must answer for the matter and the mode of my preaching; and you must answer for the entertainment which you gave to my message. *My* work, in connexion with you, is *done*; and its record is even now ready for the judgment. But *you* may yet call to mind, and yet reduce to practice, what you have heard from my lips in past days. And thus my remembered instructions may exert an influence upon your character, greater and more decidedly beneficial than did any of my teachings when they were first uttered and heard.

“I shall not speak more of the sorrow which I feel in thus bidding you *farewell*. I bow to the will of Him who is the Head of the whole church, and *you* must do the same. His wisdom we cannot question, for the history of the church from the first most clearly displays it. His love to the church cannot be doubted, for he ‘gave himself for it,’ and ‘bought it with his blood.’ The church then—and if you form a part of the church, *your* Christian society—shall not suffer injury by any circumstances, however untoward—by any bereavements, however painful. ‘Wait only upon the Lord.’ ‘Trust also in Him.’ Put him in remembrance of his own promises; and he will not leave you in declension or distress. You shall yet ‘arise, and shine.’ Brighter, happier days are in reserve for you; and God will give you a pastor more able and excellent—but assuredly not more attached to you—than I have been. I shall always rejoice to hear of your increasing prosperity; and it will be a great addition to my comfort and happiness, to know that I have still some place in your affections and prayers.

“I shall add no parting admonitions. Go to God’s word, and there learn what you should become, both in

heart and action. Let Christ be to you 'all and in all'—the ground of your hope—the model of your character—the prince of your heart. Never cease to repose your soul in his hands, and to consecrate your life to his service. So will he receive each of you to his glory, when you are called to leave this troublous world; and then, if never till then, I trust you will all meet your affectionate friend, though no more

“Your faithful pastor,

“*Nottingham, 24th May, 1831.*”

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.

Thus terminated, after two years of anxious expectation, succeeded by scarcely six months of actual and uninterrupted labour, yet further followed by five months of painful uncertainty, during which “hope deferred” made “the heart sick”—*thus* terminated Taylor’s ministerial course. Under ordinary circumstances, so early a relinquishment of the ministry would have been a most severe trial,—to *him*, and in *his* circumstances, it had a character of peculiar poignancy. After considerable hesitation, and not until they were assured that his mind was fully made up, the church at Howard-street passed a very affectionate resolution, which made the act of separation formal and complete.\* At the same time it was unanimously resolved that he should be requested to print some of his sermons. With this request, so warmly urged, he eventually complied, both

\* “*The Church of Christ assembling at Howard-street Chapel, Sheffield, to the Rev. T. R. Taylor.*”

“At an adjourned church-meeting, held on Tuesday evening, June 7, 1831, it was unanimously resolved:

“That the Church, having heard the communication from their beloved Pastor, containing his solemn resignation of his office, are filled with unfeigned regret and grief, knowing how well, how faithfully, and how affectionately he discharged his duties during the short time he was permitted to labour amongst them; yet feeling that the hand of God is in it, and feeling called upon to be resigned to the arrangements of Providence, do reluctantly accept his resignation, but at the same time express their

from the hope of *thus* perpetuating his ministry among his people, and as furnishing an object sufficiently interesting, yet not too laborious, wherewith to cheat away the sad leisure of ill health. And yet we ought not to call it *sad*. The tone of simple affiance in the love and wisdom which had thus called his faith to the test, and the cheering persuasion of his mind that

“They also serve who only stand and wait,”

so fully exemplified in the extracts already given, continue to be exhibited in such portions of his correspondence as belong to this period. His letters, however, for the most part, are hasty and desultory, evincing but too sadly the depth of that wound which had fallen as from a two-edged sword upon his spirit. To one friend he writes, “I am groaning under a conviction that my mind is going to ruins, if it be not in that state already; and that if I ever possessed any valuable intellectual habits, I am rapidly losing them all. And I cannot help it.” All this was very melancholy, but the certain and natural result of the state of over excitement in which he spent the whole time of his ministry at Sheffield. Most evidently the extent of labour there was beyond his physical strength, shattered as it had previously been by disease; and nothing but the unintermitting affection of his people, could have prevented his acting much sooner on the conviction that this was the case. The resignation of his charge, therefore, after the first bitterness of disappointment was past (for the heart *must* feel even in the midst of the most lowly submission) was a real relief to him. After seeking change of air and hopes, and wishes, and prayers for his recovery, their deep thankfulness for his services, and their sincere desire to be remembered by him in all his intercessions at a throne of grace.

“Signed by the deacons on behalf of the Church,

“GEO. LINLEY,

JOHN FRETSON,

GEO. HORRIDGE,

G. WOSTENHOLME,

J. BARBER.”

scenery at Nottingham and Matlock, he paid a hasty visit to Sheffield, to make arrangements for the removal of his books, &c. and returned home to Bradford in the end of July. Shortly afterwards, in company with his father, he left it again for the Isle of Man. They arrived in Douglas on the 12th of August, where he spent the remainder of the autumn. This visit was on the whole beneficial to him. He returned, still unfit for preaching, but considerably stronger in body, and more composed in mind. The printing and publication of his volume of sermons, together with the interest he took in the formation of a Mechanics' Institute at Bradford, occupied him until the beginning of the following year, when he again left home for Nottingham. From this place he returned on the 11th of February, and found his mother unwell. Her illness shortly increased so much as to preclude all hope of recovery; but after strange fluctuations of disease, bringing within the affectionate circle around her corresponding fluctuations of hope and despair; in the beginning of March she rallied wonderfully—so far that Thomas, who had ventured, after fifteen months' silence, upon *one* sermon from his father's pulpit, without experiencing any ill effects, was induced to accept an invitation to Bryn Hyfryd, near Ruthin, in Denbighshire—both with the hope of benefiting his own health, and for the purpose of preaching, for one month, once on the sabbath and once in the week, to a newly-formed English dissenting congregation. The time here he appears to have spent very pleasantly, continuing to receive favourable accounts from home, in the enjoyment of the hospitality of his host, Mr. Jones, and of the exquisite beauty and repose of the scenery of the Vale of Clwyd—"the Arcadia of Wales," as he calls it.\* The following letters tell their own

\* From this place a cordial invitation was presented to him to become

mournful tale of the fresh affliction which awaited his return to Bradford :

“ TO ———

“ *Bradford, 19th May, 1832.*

“ You will not refuse to ‘ weep with those that weep.’ I need your sympathy and prayers more than ever—no, not *more* than ever. David fasted and wept while his child continued sick, but rose up and was comforted when it was taken from him. So do I feel, now that my dear mother is taken from us. She went to heaven yesterday afternoon (Friday) about four o’clock.

“ Till the last day of her precious life, she was perfectly conscious, and (I think I may say) collected, recognizing us all, first by kind words, and, when the power of utterance failed, by her own sweet smile. . . . Her end was calm and peaceful—easily, and, I believe, without suffering, she passed to her glorious home—that home of which she so often and so fondly spake, during her long-continued illness.”

“ TO MR. ———

“ *Bradford, 9th July, 1832.*

. . . . “ I thank you, my dear friend, for your two most affectionate and excellent letters now before me, and especially for that which conveys the expression of your sympathy and condolence with me under the severe affliction with which it has pleased our heavenly Father to visit us. The springs of divine consolation to which you direct me are, I trust, those from which I have already drawn ‘ living water.’ I know ‘ it is the Lord’s doing,’ and that in all things he must do well. I know

the stated pastor, the congregation having increased from forty to about two hundred hearers. This, however, he declined

that I am ignorant and *He* all-wise ; and I would not take from him the direction and disposal of all that is most precious in my estimation, and most dear to my heart ; nor, when he has acted for me and mine, would I be dissatisfied with his proceedings, even though the reasons of them be utterly concealed from my view. ‘ Let him do what seemeth him good.’ I am content. I would not have it otherwise. I know, too, that his own glory, and the good of his people, are objects perfectly accordant with, and involved in, each other, that he loves his people with an everlasting and unchangeable affection, and that all his conduct towards them is regulated by that infinite love. And I am sure, therefore, on the one hand, that while he directs all events and circumstances to the advancement and discovery of his own glory, he is at the same time securing the greatest possible good to his people ; and, on the other, that he will in no single instance act otherwise than with a direct view to their real advantage. ‘ With the righteous,’ therefore, it must ‘ be well.’ God is for them ; his purposes and promises he designs and executes ; he wills and acts, in all cases, for their good. They have just that amount of prosperity and adversity, of happiness and sorrow, upon earth, which is, on the whole, best for them. The system of discipline is complete and perfect ; it could not possibly be improved, or rendered more efficient ; the deduction of one trial of any kind would diminish its excellence and adaptation, and would leave the subjects of it, at the close of their probationary state, deficient in some important degree of that ‘ meetness’ for heaven which it was intended to produce in their souls. With this conviction, my dear friend, how can I for a moment be dissatisfied or complaining ? How can I wish to be freed from the pressure of *one* calamity—the weary desolateness of one bereavement ? How can I desire to

shed one tear the less, or escape one moment of sighing sadness? 'For the present,' indeed, it is 'not joyous,' but still, it is the appointed means of preparation for a more perfect state of being; it is the way to the kingdom, along which all my fellow-Christians, now in glory, have travelled to the celestial city. And why should *I* (more unworthy and imperfect than they all) desire a milder discipline, or a smoother road?

'The path of sorrow, and that path alone,  
Leads to the land where sorrow is unknown.'

And (to remind you of another passage of sacred song, with which you are no less familiar than with the touching lines of Cowper just quoted),

'Since all that I meet with shall work for my good,  
The bitter is sweet, the med'cine is food;  
Though painful at present, 't will cease before long,  
And then, oh how pleasant the conqueror's song!'

Oh! how often have these lines, sung to the fine air which Handel composed for the old 104th Psalm, burst upon my soul like a trumpet note from eternity, and filled me with such perfect *rapture* as (I suppose) the disembodied spirit will experience (doubtless in a far higher degree) when it first listens to the harps of heaven. . . .

“ And, for my dear mother, whose removal from us has been the severest trial, the heaviest affliction with which, as a family, we have ever been visited, it is impossible to cherish any feelings but those of congratulation and joy. I can say, with the most perfect sincerity and heartiness, that if I had the power to bring her back again to this sorrowful earth—kind, and lovely, and precious to us all as she was—with a certainty that her final safety and bliss would not be perilled by a fresh exposure to the evils of the world, but only postponed until for a few years longer she had blessed us with her

affectionate vigilance, and counsel, and prayers—I would say, ‘Return not hither, thou bright and blessed spirit! Leave not thy glory for a single hour to sojourn in this valley of weeping. We will come to thee, but come not thou back again to us, to renew the anxieties, and pains, and distresses—the depravity, and imperfection, and deep penitence from which thou hast so triumphantly escaped. Thou art just where our most devoted love could desire thee to be, and ever to remain! We will bear our loss, and even rejoice in it, because to thee it has been glory and gain unspeakable.’

“That it *was* so with my beloved mother—that she is now ‘with Christ, which is far better’ than the happiest condition here—that she died *only* because she was fit for heaven, and because ‘flesh and blood cannot inherit the kingdom of God’—it is impossible for any one who knew her to entertain the slightest doubt. There was a maturity about her Christianity which I have seldom, if ever, witnessed in any other case. I have often seen more *strength* and *energy*, but never in connexion with the same gentleness and meekness, heavenliness of temper, and simple trust in God. I never saw any one in whom religion appeared so *beautiful*—and it was *most* beautiful in her last days. Hers was eminently and universally a *cheerful* piety, amiable and attractive in the eyes even of the irreligious. To spiritual doubt and distress of mind in the prospect of death she was an utter stranger. In the days of her most perfect health and enjoyment, she was always accustomed to speak of ‘the hour of her departure’ with pleasant anticipations, as the period when her joys would be perfected, her hopes realized, and her best desires fulfilled. And for the last six months of her continuance with us, during which she was often in the expectation of death every day or hour, she contemplated the event with the same

calm and happy emotions. She knew that death to her would be a most blessed change. She knew that heaven was before her, and no cloud was ever permitted, even for a moment, to hide that glorious heritage from her view, or even to obscure its glories. Will you bear with me if I comfort my heart by remembering and recording some of her dying words?

“ We asked her one day what should be the special subject of our prayers on her behalf. ‘ Pray,’ said she, ‘ that the presence of Christ may be with me to the end.’ On another occasion, in reply to the same question, she said, ‘ Oh ! pray that dear Immanuel may wash me in his precious blood ;’ and then she repeated with great fervour, and with tears of overflowing gratitude,

‘ Oh ! the dear wonders of that cross,  
Where Christ, my Saviour, groaned and died !’

There was one season of family prayer which I remember with almost overwhelming emotions. We were kneeling round my dear mother’s bed, and my father was endeavouring to give calm expression to the desires of his almost breaking heart. She was most fervently devout, and responded aloud to almost every petition that was presented before the throne of grace. It was asked that God would graciously be pleased to heal her diseases. She said, ‘ Heal, oh ! great Physician ! Heal, oh ! dear Physician !’ We tried to acknowledge that whatever might be the issue of her afflictions, it would, on the whole, be best for her and for us, as the people of God. She responded,

‘ My Jesus hath done all things well.’

We blessed God for the peace and composure of mind which our dear mother possessed and manifested. She whispered ‘ On the rock of ages ! On the rock of ages !’

“ She afterwards spoke of her death and burial with the most cheerful composure, and said that ‘ some kind

spirit would be sent to conduct her across the troubled waters.' She thanked my father for all his affection, and said, 'You must forgive me all my failings and faults—whatever I have done to grieve you.' When my father told her that would be a very easy matter, she replied, 'Yes, we forgive each other, as God, for Christ's sake, hath forgiven us.' She afterwards put the same request to her children, and added, when she observed their sorrow of heart, 'We have loved each other dearly upon earth, and I hope, by and bye, we shall all meet in Heaven.'

"She was often overpowered with sickness. On recovering from a very distressing and long-continued attack, her first words, uttered with great emotion, were,

'Jesus! I love thy charming name!'

and she went through the entire hymn, altering the second line of the last verse to

'With *this* last labouring breath.'

Another day, being overwhelmed with sickness, so as to be completely inattentive to all external objects, we heard her whisper; in a low but cheerful tone, 'When heart and flesh fail, God is the strength of my heart, and my portion for ever.' And after waiting a few minutes, she added, 'When this earthly house of my tabernacle is dissolved, I have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' In another fit of the same distressing sickness, she turned to me and said, 'No sickness *there!* no pain *there!* But the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them, and shall lead them to living fountains of waters, and God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes!' And in a little while, with increased energy and emotion,

'Thou dear Redeemer, dying Lamb,  
I love to hear of thee!' &c.

As we left her room to go to the Lord's table, she said,

‘May the Lord’s presence and blessing go with you! May you all find it a time of refreshing!’ And to my father she added, ‘Deliver this message from me to my fellow members in the church, ‘Be ye faithful unto death, and God will give you a crown of life,’—which I am just going to receive.’

“‘Heaven,’ said a friend, ‘will make up for all the trials of life.’ ‘Oh yes,’ she replied, with more than her usual cheerfulness, ‘*in a moment!* One moment at the feet of Jesus will more than make up for all.

‘The blissful interview—how sweet  
To fall transported at his feet.’”

. . . “But I must desist. I could fill a much longer sheet than this with reminiscences of her dying hours. She died in peace, falling asleep in Jesus, and she is now happy with him in glory.

. . . “And now let me turn, for a few moments, to your first letter. You inquire most affectionately after my health. I am happy to say that it is, on the whole, better, though I am still far, very far, from being strong, or capable of much effort of any kind. Of all exertion, however, preaching seems to weary me the least. Hence I have occupied my father’s pulpit once on each sabbath during the last (nearly) three months, when I have been at home; and at other places I have, in several instances, preached twice. The people here are anxious to secure my services as co-pastor with my father, and his successor when he is obliged to desist from public duty. On many accounts this would be a pleasant arrangement both to myself and my father; but I have not room to discuss the subject *now*. . . .

“Farewell! My dear friend, we are in an uncertain world, surrounded and assailed by sin and sorrow in a thousand forms. Heaven defend you from both, and all! May you be happy! The best blessings of omni-

potent mercy rest upon your spirit ! And may some drops of the same bounty alight upon the heart of

“ Your affectionate Friend and Brother,

“ THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

To the renewed call from his father's church, alluded to in the above letter, was added, about this time, an application from the committee of the Dissenting College at Blackburn, for his services as Classical Tutor. The state of his health, however, was not such as to warrant his undertaking any post of labour and anxiety. Situated as he was *at home*, he was able (free from all sense of responsibility) just to proportion his exertions to his capacity to endure them ; while he was left free, by change of air and scenery, to seek the establishment of his health. The arrow of disappointment had already drunk so deeply at his heart, that he could not lightly expose himself to another shaft, by entertaining any project of labour to which the state of his health was manifestly incompetent. The subject of his future occupation was, indeed, one full of darkness and perplexity. Even the small amount of preaching exertion referred to in the last letter, he was compelled, in the close of the autumn, to relinquish. To his sister he says, very mournfully, “ I am still enduring the wasting anxieties of suspense, and the load of *aimless* existence.” Scarcely any situation can be imagined more trying than that of a naturally fervent and energetic mind panting, amidst bodily weakness, for some occupation of its strength, and yet feeling, at every movement, the fetter on its wing.

“ It was in the month of May, 1833,” writes one of his most esteemed friends, “ that T. R. T., notwithstanding his fond anticipations and ardent wishes of being enabled to resume the work of the ministry, finding his health

decline instead of improve, determined, upon the advice of his medical friends, to try the effect of sailing on the coast. He was about to proceed to Liverpool with this view, when, on communicating his intention to me, I stated to him that I was about to proceed to Scotland in a few days, and invited him to meet me in Glasgow. He was gratified with the proposal, and it was immediately arranged that this plan should be adopted. He proceeded to Liverpool, and from thence sailed to Stranraer, where he sojourned a short time, enjoying the hospitality of Mr. Douglas and his family, and the kind attention of several friends to whom he had letters of introduction. From Stranraer he proceeded by steam to Glasgow, which place he reached about two hours after my arrival." During his stay in Glasgow, Thomas remained under the hospitable roof of Mr. Lethem, by whom, with his friend, Mr. Forbes, he was accompanied on a most interesting tour among the lochs and mountains of the Western Highlands, sailing down the Clyde, and visiting in succession Loch Long, Loch Goyle, Loch Fyne, Inverary, Arroquhair, Tarbet, Loch Lomond, and Dumbarton, thence returning to Glasgow. From Glasgow he was accompanied by Mr. Forbes to Edinburgh, where they remained together some days, and then separated, Mr. F. returning home, and Thomas shipping himself on board a packet for the Orkney Isles, in order to try the effect of a sea voyage. Severe sickness, however, obliged him to land at Aberdeen, where he was kindly received by Mr. Booth, to whom he had letters of introduction, and at which place he was shortly joined by his friend Mr. Robertson, from whose interesting account of their further sojourn in "the land of the mountain and the flood," we give the following extract.

"On my arrival at Aberdeen I found him just returned

from an excursion to the Aberdeenshire Highlands. He was in excellent spirits, looking much better than when he left home, and quite in raptures with the scenery among which he had been sojourning for the previous week. We remained in Aberdeen some ten or twelve days longer, making occasional excursions into the surrounding country. One of these afforded him much pleasure. It was a visit to the castle of Dunottar, once deemed impregnable, interesting in itself as a splendid ruin of ancient architecture; but chiefly interesting on account of the associations, moral and religious, with which it is connected. Here we were shown the dungeons where some of the early Protestants and their descendants, the suffering Covenanters, endured 'a great fight of afflictions for the word of God, and for the testimony of Jesus.' And we were entertained by the loquacious keeper with some of those heart-thrilling traditions which, knowing them to be *founded* in fact, imparted a peculiar interest to the mouldering ruins. . . . During our stay in Aberdeen he was introduced to some of the Professors in King's and Marischal Colleges, two of whom\* showed him the most polite attention. In company with them he visited the libraries and museums belonging to both universities. During these days he seemed gradually to improve; he grew stronger, and his cough, though not removed, did not trouble him so much at nights. Leaving Aberdeen, we shipped ourselves on board the steam packet for Inverness. Unfortunately the weather proved very boisterous, and we were both sick; *he* was excessively ill, almost paralysed by the sickness. Landing, therefore, at Burghead, we pursued, the following morning, our journey to Elgin. He was much pleased with this town and neighbourhood, especially with the magnificent ruin of the cathe-

\* Dr. Forbes and Dr. Knight.

dral. The same evening we reached Inverness, where we remained three days. One day we visited Culloden Moor, and I shall never forget the deep feeling we experienced while resting on the common grave of the slain, (marked by its green covering from the surrounding sterility,) and culled some of the wild flowers which bloomed in rich luxuriance over the spot where the ashes of the once deadly combatants now mingle in peaceful repose. Another day we made an excursion to the celebrated Fall of Foyers, distant about twenty miles from Inverness. This was perhaps the most delightful day we experienced in our journey. We started early in the morning; the sun shone gloriously, nature was clad in her very richest attire, and the drive along the banks of Loch Ness was exquisitely fine. We were, as you may conceive, in high spirits, but they were chastened and subdued by the wild grandeur of the objects by which we were surrounded. We spent some hours in viewing the Fall and the adjoining scenery. He planted himself on the ledge of the rock, and watched the descent of the water to the abyss below with a depth and intensity of emotion which can only belong to minds constituted like his. The romantic wildness of the scene seemed to stimulate him to fresh ardour in exploring all the favourable views to be obtained of the Fall. He skipped from rock to rock, and from ravine to ravine, with an agility and courage which astonished his more timid companion, sometimes giving utterance to his feelings of admiration and delight, in language which "only poets know,"—and again sinking into silence, as if in deep communion with other scenes. The last day we spent in Inverness was the sabbath. On the Monday morning we took the steamer through the Caledonian canal as far as Fort William. Leaving the packet the following morning a little above Fort William, we

struck into the mountains near the celebrated Pass of Glencoe. This is the most terrifically wild scene in the Scottish Highlands, and as we journeyed through it we felt powerfully the contrast it formed to the scenery of the previous day, which, though highly romantic, partook more of the beautiful, and less of the sublime. Among other sources of grateful satisfaction to us at this time was the decidedly favourable influence which the journey seemed to have upon his health. The weather was highly favourable, and, while among the hills, we walked a good deal each day, (one or two days as much as fifteen miles,) and the exertion really seemed to have an invigorating effect upon him. Having sojourned three or four days among the mountains, we arrived at the head of Loch Lomond, where we embraced the opportunity of the steam packet, and reached Glasgow in safety."

Without staying at Glasgow, he proceeded at once to Edinburgh, on the invitation of his friend Dr. Tetley, from whose valuable communication we proceed to extract :

*" Southdown House, Tor, Devon, June 13, 1835.*

" During Mr. Taylor's stay in Edinburgh, he made the acquaintance of several eminent and excellent people. His piety and intelligence gained him many friends, who still retain a grateful remembrance of him. Very frequently did I hear his name mentioned during the subsequent period of my residence there, and I feel that I can but imperfectly express the estimation in which he was held. It was with much pleasure that I listened to their willing testimony to the excellence of his character, and I was led to value more highly the privilege I enjoyed in being one of his early friends.

“The depth of his personal piety was too striking to escape observation. I had heard advanced Christians speak of it before, but I never knew it so well as when I observed him most closely. His religion was not the creature of circumstances, liable to rise and fall with every change of scene or society. . . . As earthly prospects closed, heavenly realities engaged his attention more completely, and he truly lived by faith of joys to come. As a natural consequence, he enjoyed a serenity of mind, and even a buoyancy of spirit, which surprised all who became acquainted with his history. Nor did these feelings arise in any degree from the delusive hopes of future health, so commonly observed in those who are the victims of pulmonary consumption. It was not his plan to build upon any imaginary foundation. Having resigned himself entirely into the hands of God, and presented his body a living sacrifice to Him, he was ready to labour or to suffer as his heavenly Father might appoint. He had strong confidence in his faithfulness and love, who had not spared his own Son, and rested in the assurance that no real blessing could be withheld. He not only bore a willing testimony to the goodness of God in general, but delighted to dwell on it, as it had been manifested in his own experience; and although his hopes of regaining health had been often disappointed, I never heard an approach to a murmur. In all his deportment he evinced deep humility; and, in his approaches to a throne of grace, abasement of spirit and lively gratitude were leading characteristics. His life was a transcript of Gospel truth; every action testified that he had been with Jesus.

“Such eminent personal piety was well calculated to be socially useful, and his amiable manners, combined with good conversational powers, made his acquaintance as desirable as it was valuable. He was always ready

to give information, and by the unostentatious way in which he communicated it, gave no uncertain indication of the depth of his knowledge, and the greatness of his mind. His habitual cheerfulness may have been attributed by some to his habits of close application, and doubtless these habits were not without their usual influence. But if it had rested on no surer foundation, he would certainly have fallen into a state of despondency, owing to the frequent interruptions to which his studies were exposed; and at the time to which I allude, his favourite pursuits had been so long laid aside, that the very habit of study would increase, instead of diminishing this tendency to depression. Nor was he in any degree insensible to the influence of these privations. He would occasionally refer to them in a way that might have moved apathy itself, but *never* with any thing approaching to a reflection on Him who sees not as man sees. His Christian friends were delighted to see the power of divine grace so clearly exhibited, and knew that nothing less could support any one whose prospects had been so often clouded, and whose hopes had so frequently ended in disappointment. Mr. T. took great delight in the social exercises of religion, especially in conversation on the Scriptures, and singing. He frequently asked us to join him in singing

‘Blest be the dear uniting love,’ &c.

and I often heard him sing it when alone.

“He was ardently devoted to the work of the ministry, and the injunctions under which he was laid to abstain from preaching were those with which he found it most difficult to comply. The first desire of his heart was to spread the knowledge of the Saviour, and to bring sinners to him. Often, during his tour through Scotland did he long to assemble the inhabitants of some neglected district, for the purpose of making

known to them the glad tidings of salvation, and, on one or two occasions, was only prevented by the judicious advice of his travelling companion.

“It is very rarely that we meet with a man who lived so little for himself, and so much for others. It was often necessary to remind him of his weakness, as he would offer to walk or converse, when the state of his cough and breathing was such as rendered exertion at least painful, and most probably injurious.

“Mr. T. was unwearied in the pursuit of knowledge. While in Edinburgh, he availed himself of the opportunity to make some valuable additions to his library, and looked forward with mingled pleasure and anxiety to the time when he hoped to resume his important studies. We visited many excellent museums together, and also many of the interesting buildings with which Edinburgh abounds. An opportunity was thus afforded for forming an idea of the nature and extent of his general acquirements—but of these I leave others to speak. In the museums of natural history, and in the botanic garden, he displayed a knowledge of the natural sciences, and, by his inquiries and observations, gave an additional interest to every place we visited. He was much pleased with his visit to the museum of the Antiquarian Society, and here his knowledge of history proved of essential service, in enabling him duly to appreciate many things which might otherwise have passed unnoticed. The pulpit in which John Knox preached interested him more than any other object. He stood in it some minutes absorbed in thought.

“I was prevented by numerous engagements from being his companion in many excursions, but the few we made together are among my most pleasing recollections. Those who know any thing of the magnificent scenery in the neighbourhood of Edinburgh, may

form some idea of Mr. Taylor's pleasure in visiting it. His energetic mind lost nothing of its activity on these occasions. His eye was quick in watching new and striking features in scenery, and by his pleasing remarks he greatly heightened the pleasure of his companions. Our visit to Inverkeithing was perhaps the most interesting and delightful day we spent together. The scenery, both from the land and the water, was such as excited my friend most agreeably, and I regret exceedingly that I have not any memoranda by which I might recall his remarks. We were kindly received by the Rev. Henry Angus, of Aberdeen, and by him introduced to the Rev. Ebenezer Brown, the venerable father of the secession church. Our interview with him was truly gratifying, and he was not less pleased with Mr. Taylor. At Mr. Brown's urgent request, Mr. T. remained all night, and gave me a most pleasing account of his conversations with Mr. B. when we met next day."

While in Edinburgh, he consulted Dr. Abercrombie, to whom he had letters of introduction, and from whom he received great kindness and attention. He was advised wholly to abstain from preaching for at least two or three years. He was also introduced to several of the professors, and other eminent literary and scientific characters, in whose society he found himself in a congenial element. After spending some time in Edinburgh, receiving and communicating pleasure, he returned to Glasgow, remaining there a week with his friend Mr. Lethem, and proceeding thence to Stranraer.

It was now four months since he had left Bradford. Amidst the scenes of wonder and beauty through which he had wandered, his mind had cast off the shadows which the afflictive dispensations of the previous period had rolled over it, and in body he *seemed*, at least, better

than he had been for a long season. His mind reverted with its characteristic ardour, to his chosen work, and he longed to employ his renewed energies in the only occupation which he deemed worthy of them. He hastened, accordingly, his departure homewards, amidst the pressing invitations of many who would have been glad to retain him as their visitor during the winter, and arrived at Bradford, by way of Portpatrick and Liverpool, in the end of August.

To the pleasure derived from this journey to Scotland he was ever afterwards accustomed to refer with feelings of no ordinary delight. And he left behind him, among those friends whose kindness he had shared in that distant land, an impression of affectionate admiration which will not soon or easily be effaced. "The fine keeping of his intellectual with his moral endowments," observes Mr. Robertson, in the account from which we have already quoted, "has been the subject of frequent remark since his decease; and when lately in the north, among those friends who were favoured with his acquaintance and friendship at the period now referred to, I was often struck with the *variety* of the testimony borne to the excellencies of his character. Some valued him for his attributes of mind, the clearness of his mental perceptions, his enlightened and liberal views, and his unquenchable ardour in the cause of universal truth;—others, on account of his mild and conciliating manners, his cheerful and instructive conversation, and his manly piety;—while those who were favoured to witness his devotional exercises at family prayer, thought it was *here* that he preeminently shone; the various excellencies of his mind and heart seemed then enshrined in a heavenly radiance—and they felt that he was indeed 'speaking unto the Lord.'"

The same testimony to the estimation in which he

was then held, is given by his friend Mr. Forbes. "The impression produced in all those circles, especially of Christian friends, to which he was introduced, and the interest which he excited, were so great, that on my successive visits to Scotland I found the most tender and affectionate solicitude manifested for his welfare, and the deepest anxiety entertained respecting his recovery. And I had repeated proofs from his own lips that he was equally alive to all those emotions which, in a bosom so susceptible as his, were certain to flow from a review of the unceasing and numerous manifestations of heartfelt kindness which he experienced wherever he moved in Scotland."

We might have extracted largely from the correspondence of Thomas during this most interesting and every way beneficial excursion, and have given, in his own words, the impressions of beauty, and magnificence, and glory, which fell upon his heart in converse with the external forms of nature; and of kindness and gratitude toward those who contributed so largely toward his enjoyment; but we have foreborne to do so, for the sake of recording the estimates formed of his character, and talents, and spirit, at this interesting period, by those well qualified to form a judgment of them. *One* point indeed we have failed, by this course, to illustrate—the influence on his own mind and heart of this season of relaxation and enjoyment, and for *this* we turn for a moment to his letters.

"MY DEAR SISTER,

"Aberdeen, 19th June, 1833.

. . . . "You have thought of the glorious scenes which I have visited, and the spirit-stirring associations by which in many of these I have been surrounded. I have been where Wallace hid himself from the fury of his own and his country's foes. I have pried into the deep ravines, among whose crags, and mosses, and

heather, and underwood, the Covenanters sought a place of refuge from the blood-thirsty minions of Charles and James. I have penetrated into the heart of the Highlands, the haunts of Rob Roy and Rhoderick Dhu. Nay, more than all, I have looked upon the banner, and wielded the sword which, it may be, Balfour of Burley (certainly some stanch assertor of the covenant) bore at Bothwell Brigg, or the rising of Pentland. And I have stood in the very pulpit in which John Knox, in days of yore, thundered his anathemas against a licentious court and a corrupt church. And, at the moment when I write, I am on the borders of the wild and wondrous land of Ossian, and quite within reach of Loch-na-gar and Morven, the sources of his earliest poetical inspiration to Lord Byron. I need not tell you, that, amid all these exciting things, I have had much enjoyment—and enjoyment, I would hope, not entirely dissociated from solid advantage. No person of common susceptibilities and capacities can be brought into contact with so many different scenes and characters as I have approached during the last few weeks without receiving an accession to his ideas, without being sensible of enlarged and expanded views, and without deriving most important lessons of practical wisdom from the panorama which passes before him, and the emotions which are excited within him. Nay, I do trust that I am becoming better furnished for the great work of *preaching*, by all that I am now witnessing and feeling. Oh! that I may be restored to that work! And oh! that I may be fully qualified, both in body and mind, for the discharge of its momentous functions!"

“ TO MR. FORBES.

“ MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Aberdeen, 29th June, 1833.*

. . . . “ I left this place on Saturday last, by coach,

for Banchory, a small village on the banks of the Dee. Here in the midst of a most lovely display of the wonderful works of God I passed the sabbath. And I have seldom spent one more quietly or happily. I was perfectly alone—‘the world forgetting, by the world forgot.’ The scenery which was spread around me on every side was such as no person of common sensibility could look upon without impressions of deep quiet delight, and such as no devout Christian could contemplate without saying in his heart, with overwhelming emotions of gratitude and filial love,

‘My Father made them all.’

Every thing was peace—tranquillity. Nature was in beautiful repose, and smiled in her slumbers. ‘The holy quietness that breathes from sabbath hours’ was spread like a mantle over the whole landscape; and the hills and valleys, the rocks and the meadows, the woods, and the waters of the murmuring river—all appeared to my eye as I could fancy they must have appeared on the first sabbath, when God pronounced them all ‘very good.’ I went in the morning to the parish church, which was filled by a neat, happy-looking, and attentive congregation, in number, I should think, not much less than 1,000—coming from five, ten, fifteen miles, or even more in some cases than this. The discourse was in all respects excellent—the subject highly important,—‘I was in the spirit on the Lord’s day.’ After the conclusion of divine worship, I took a book in my pocket, and strolled for an hour or two by the river side. My walk lay chiefly through a copse of birch trees. On the one side, at the distance of a few feet, the river flowed gently along, filling the air with soothing sounds; on the other, a steep bank rose for some distance, richly clad with heath, the early-flowering wild thyme, and all lovely flowers. Here I thought of the beloved disciple

in the depth of his solitude in Patmos—a holy and triumphant sufferer for the truth; and I could not but rejoice that my lot was cast in more peaceful times, when the service of our divine Redeemer was attended by no such severe privations. Perhaps, if my faith were stronger, and my love more ardent, I should rather mourn that I am not accounted ‘worthy to suffer shame for his name.’ Here, too, I thought of my beloved home and its precious inmates;—of my distant Christian friends, who, in various places, were employed in sabbath duties, and were drawing consolation and profit from sabbath privileges, and I gave God thanks for that kindly sympathy which unites all the children of God together, and makes them ‘*one* in Christ Jesus.’ I felt that, though in different places, we were all engaged in the same work, fighting the same battles, running the same race, serving the same master, pressing towards the same mark, journeying to the same home. I felt that your prayers and praises at Bradford, and mine on the banks of the Dee, like incense from different censers, mingled before they reached their celestial destination, and went up before the throne, in one united cloud, presented and made worthy of God’s acceptance by our *one* High Priest and Intercessor. Oh! how precious are such thoughts as these! What a charm do they impart to Christian friendship! . . . .

“Your faithful and affectionate friend, and I trust I may also venture to add,

“Your Brother in Christ Jesus,

“THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“TO MR. LETHEM, GLASGOW.

“Aberdeen, 8th July, 1833.

“I am thankful that I am able to say that my health is perceptibly improved, though I have by no means lost

my cough. God has been most gracious to me throughout the whole of my journeyings. Oh! for a heart to love him more, and serve him with truer devotedness!"

“ TO MR. FORBES.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Edinburgh, 20th July, 1833.*

. . . . “ I am certainly much better than when I left home—I think I can say much better since you left me on board the *Sir Joseph Banks*, of doleful memory. My cough is less frequent and less violent. Especially it is diminished in the mornings. I feel stronger, and in all respects more like a healthy man. Still, however, I am not well. I have not forgotten how to cough, nor can I walk up the interminable stairs of this towering city, or *run* along its most level street, without asthmatic symptoms. However, I have more hope now than I have had for some months that I may be able to resume my preaching, and to continue a humble minister of the Gospel of Christ. This is my great desire—my highest ambition. Still, I would say, the will of the Lord be done! He knows what is best for his Church, and what is best for me too. In his hands—at his disposal—I leave myself and my dearest interests. . . .

“ It is only to-day that I learned that —— is gone home. So one friend after another departs, and their places are left vacant! How many of the faces that beamed kindness and pleasure upon me during my earliest years, are now shrouded in the darkness of the grave! Alas! I almost feel that I am getting old—to have outlived so many. Well!—*our* day of death will not long delay. May you and I, my dear friend, be able to welcome it with confidence and triumphant joy! . . .

“ I am, my dear friend,

“ Most faithfully yours,

“ THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ *Edinburgh, 24th July, 1833.*

. . . “ On Tuesday, James Tetley and I took a shilling’s worth of steam on the Forth to Inverkeithing, for the two-fold purpose of seeing Mr. Angus, of Aberdeen, now visiting there, and of obtaining an interview with Ebenezer Brown, the oldest surviving child of John Brown, of Haddington. He is a very venerable old man, and has been preaching the Gospel in his present sphere of labour for fifty-three years. His reception of us all, particularly of myself as an English minister, was most cordial, and, in many points, patriarchal. I have seldom seen a more interesting face, or heard a voice whose tones are more touching. After some very delightful conversation, in which the good old man discovered a mind eminently spiritual, and a heart glowing with the most exquisite emotions of religious fervour, he bade us farewell, hoping that when next we met, ‘ we should either be *in* heaven, or nearer to it.’ The day becoming very wet, he sent up immediately after us, to say, that he should be glad if we would all come down and take tea with him, and if J. Tetley and I would remain at his house all night. My friend was obliged to return to Edinburgh, but I accepted the invitation with great pleasure, accounting it a high privilege and honour to have the opportunity of seeing more of so fine a relic of the olden time, and of becoming more intimately acquainted with so eminently good a man. And seldom, if ever, have I spent an evening more pleasantly, or, I trust I may add, more profitably. Mr. B. entered largely into the history of his father’s life and labours, and gave a most affecting account of his death, and the months of painful debility which preceded it. He described also the manner of his own ministry, and the methods of labour which he had found most eminently useful. And over all that he said and did there

was breathed a simplicity and guilelessness—a deep, ardent, unearthly piety, which at once delighted and overwhelmed me. I never witnessed a more interesting spectacle than this aged disciple—I had almost written, *apostle*—with his three daughters about him, and his father’s Bible open on his knees. I left him this morning, and brought along with me autographs of John Brown and Ebenezer Erskine. . . . I am now fairly on my way home, where, I can assure you, I shall rejoice to be, especially if I can be there without lying as an idle, useless incumbrance. I do trust that I shall be able to preach *now* ; but after the disappointments which I have experienced, I rejoice and hope with trembling. However, I am in God’s hands, and so I am happy to think are you and all my dearest friends. My love to them all.

“ I am, my dear father, most sincerely,

“ Your affectionate Son,

“ THOMAS.”

“ TO MR. FORBES.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ *Portpatrick, 21st Aug. 1833.*

. . . . “ I continue decidedly better, and hope my improvement will be permanent. Already have I begun to lay schemes of future labour, and, I would fain believe, of future usefulness. When I recollect that I have lived more than a quarter of a century, and think how little *I have done*, and how wretchedly ignorant and feeble-minded, and imperfect in all that constitutes true excellence I *am*—I feel overwhelmed with confusion. What a useless creature I have been ! How shamefully wasted my past days ! What a dark host of lost opportunities and unimproved privileges will rise up against me, when I am called to render an account of my stewardship ! Well ! the throne of grace is still accessible, and

He who sitteth upon that throne is as ready as ever to give, even to *me*, 'mercy to pardon and grace to help.' Ask them for me, my dear friend.

. . . "Believe me ever to remain, with Christian affection and esteem,

"Your obliged and faithful Friend,

"THOS. R. TAYLOR."

On the sabbath after his return home he occupied his father's pulpit at Bradford. This, with slight interruption, he continued to do, once, and even occasionally twice, every sabbath for some time. "His inmost soul was so unceasingly intent," remarks Mr. Forbes, "upon his Master's work, that he even doubted the correctness of the views of his medical advisers, remarking that he never found himself worse for the exercises of the pulpit. The precarious state of his father's health during this period most deeply affected his mind; his anxiety to supply for him in part, in his pulpit, and by exchanging with neighbouring ministers, was incessant."

Another check, however, to his pulpit exertions was at hand—not, indeed, of the same serious character as before, yet of a kind that plainly evinced his incapacity for public exertion. This all saw, except himself.

"I trust in a few weeks," he again writes at this period, "to be as well as usual, and, notwithstanding your disapproval, to resume my work of preaching—a work in which it is the first desire of my heart to spend all my remaining days. Not that I would rush madly upon death, or persevere in any course which is certain to conduct me to a premature grave. For I am more and more convinced that if I can get over a few temporary ailments, from which I suffer, and once obtain the habit of regular study and preaching, I may with great

ease go forward in the discharge of ministerial duty, and enjoy as long a life in that occupation as in any other. For the present, however, I am most severely tried. May the Lord deliver me in his own time and way! He has power, and he only. Oh! pray for me! . . .

“Even in the pursuit of common attainments and mere intellectual eminence, success comes, and must be sought, from above. Luther said, long ago, ‘bene orasse, bene studuisse.’ And in Dr. Payson’s journal, quoted in his very interesting memoirs, I find this record (I think I give the words, I am sure I give the sentiment correctly ;) ‘Since I began to seek the divine blessing on my studies, I have done as much in one week as I did before in the whole year.’ It is not only that prayer brings down supernatural assistance, but, by its own direct influence upon the mental tone and character, produces an aptitude and tact in the pursuit of knowledge, which nothing else can supply, and for the want of which nothing else can compensate. Alas! how much have I lost, from inattention to this important fact! How wise and able a scholar might I have been, if, from the period when I first became a Christian student, I had kept up a close connexion between earnest prayer and diligent application to my books! If it please God to spare me, and restore me to a condition for study, I do hope that I shall be able to reform in this, as in many other respects. . . .

“I did not return home from Scotland until I had been absent four months. During this period, I had much enjoyment, and enlarged my acquaintance greatly with nature and mankind. My health was certainly improved, though not to the extent which I had hoped and expected. While I was out among the hills I felt almost well, but as soon as ever I came down to Edin-

burgh, Glasgow, &c. I found some of my old symptoms returning. However, better I certainly was, and better, so far as my cough goes, I certainly am. A month or two will, I feel pretty sure, decide whether I can go on as a preacher, or must, after all, be compelled to abandon the work."

During this affliction his mind was, on the whole, in a delightful and elevated frame. He stated to his friend, Mr. Forbes, that "he did not recollect at any time having realized more calm and serene peace in believing, and enjoyed greater nearness in communion with his Saviour." Shortly after his recovery, he was invited by Mr. Forbes to take up his residence for a while in his house. During this interval, he engaged himself as actively as his limited strength allowed. In the beginning of October, he assisted in the formation of a Juvenile Missionary Society, in connexion with Hortonslane Chapel, and was unanimously chosen as the president. The origin of this society, to give his own account of it, was as follows:—"Some young men, chiefly engaged in shops and warehouses, who are disposed to care for their own souls and the souls of their fellow-creatures, heard Mr. Knill during his visit to Bradford, and were so much excited and impressed by what he said, that they were resolved to try if they could not do something in the cause of missions." He also established about this time a Bible class among the young people of his father's charge, whom he used to meet weekly, and for whose spiritual good he was most deeply concerned. The notes of preparation for this "labour of love" found among his papers, prove most truly, that with all his might "whatsoever his hand found to do" was done.\*

\* Prior to his entering on his engagement at Airedale College, two of

In the beginning of November, and shortly after he had taken up his sojourn with Mr. Forbes, he received a pressing invitation to become the Classical Tutor of the Independent College at Undercliffe. Prepared as he had been by such and so many disappointments, in relation to his chosen work of the ministry, this invitation was a subject to which he could not refuse to yield his serious consideration. Its claims too upon his heart were of a *kind*, second only to those of the direct office of a preacher. It was a post through which his influence would extend precisely in the direction he most wished it to operate. Such a situation, therefore—apart from its adaptation to his state of health, and incapacity for public speaking—possessed many recommendations to his mind. He had waited to see whether he should be “shut out from the ministry,” before he would seek for any other employment. He waited “to hear a divine voice calling him away from his work—to see some opening in divine providence—some offer to be made without his seeking, which should be considered a divine intimation.” . . . “The call which he so much desired he soon heard, and when the offer of filling the classical chair was made, he did not hesitate in the least to accept it, because he looked upon the invitation as an immediate interference of God’s providence in his behalf.”

The anticipation of the duties, however, connected with his new office, was such as to fill him with his characteristic anxiety that he might be rightly qualified for their discharge. “During his stay with me,” says Mr.

the deacons of his father’s church waited upon him, and presented him with a purse of fifty pounds, as a token of esteem and regard, and as an acknowledgment of the services rendered to them in a ministerial and pastoral capacity, during his father’s indisposition. After some hesitation, characteristic of his modesty, he accepted this present, with the understanding that it should be expended in the purchase of books. Valpy’s Variorum edition of the Latin Classics, afterward bequeathed to the College library, formed a part of the purchase thus effected.

Forbes, "it was his constant practice to rise at from half-past four to five o'clock in the morning; and this was during the months of October, November, and December, when his frame was still much enfeebled, and his cough unremittingly troublesome from the period of his leaving his bed until breakfast time. He was engaged in his study, on an average, nine hours per day; and on Saturday, when preparing for the exercises of the ministry, with the exception of short periods for slight repasts, he was secluded the whole day. You are probably aware that he wrote the whole of his sermons. Whilst with me, also, immediately after his acceptance of the classical tutorship, he commenced the diligent and attentive revisal of the Greek and Latin classics. His plan was to read the different authors, with the various scholia and critical remarks, frequently taking notes of the more valuable and striking portions."\*

These studies were prosecuted with unremitting energy on his return home, and subsequently during a visit to his kind and esteemed friend, Robert Milligan, Esq., under whose hospitable roof he remained several weeks.

In the beginning of March, 1834, he entered upon his new and most important station. Seldom have there been brought to the work so many qualities of mind and heart appropriate to its successful discharge, with so much of that singleness of heart for the glory of God, which crowns and sanctifies the highest attainments. To one so young it would have been in most cases improper to have confided an office requiring for its right discharge that *influence* over the minds of others, usually the attendant only of more matured years.

\* It was during his stay with Mr. Forbes that Thomas prepared for the use of his friend the excellent manual of private devotion and self-examination, since published under the title of "Practical Hints," &c.—a little work calculated for great and general usefulness, and bearing a high testimony to the personal piety of its lamented author.

Taylor, however, was one with whom no one could take a liberty. So much of grace and gentleness belonged to his character, and so much withal of firm and conscientious faithfulness in the discharge of whatever he felt to be duty, that even when he administered reproof, it was felt to be with the authority of love.

Here again, then, he was provided with a definite direction for his powers—a fair prospect of usefulness, and consequent happiness; and he entered on his duties with pleasurable anticipation. We turn again to his own correspondence, in illustration of his feelings.

“ TO MR. ———

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,

“ Though you will scarcely be able to credit the assertion, it is nevertheless true—*literally* true—that for the last month I have not had time to write even the shortest expression of affectionate remembrance to any one of my friends. . . . I am labouring here at Latin, Greek, and Mathematics, from morn till night. I am not sufficiently *au fait* at the minute peculiarities of any of these to feel comfortable in attempting to teach any part of them, without previous preparation. If I were to neglect this, even though I should not *trip* before my students, but go creditably through the lecture, my conscience would tell me that I had not done my duty—that I had not made it a certain matter that I should be able to meet every difficulty—to answer every objection—to remove every obscurity which might occur, or which ought to be suggested, to the minds of my class. In addition to the labours arising directly from my office, there are some preaching engagements from which I cannot be free, and these engross the few hours of vacancy which I should otherwise be able to secure on a Saturday and Monday. . . .

“ Let us write as often as we can to each other, the simple, unadorned history of our thoughts and feelings, our condition and circumstances, our duties and trials, our pleasures and woes—assured that to each the other’s memorial will be most precious. And oh ! that we may be able, and oh ! that we may feel disposed always to interchange some ‘ short and simple annals’ of *Christian* experience !

“ I am your truly affectionate Friend,

“ THOS. R. TAYLOR.”

“ TO \_\_\_\_\_

“ *Airedale College, April, 1834.*

“ I certainly never was so fully occupied in my whole life—may I hope that I was never more usefully ? I have bound myself to abide by the rules of our house, so that I cannot sit up later at night than 10 o’clock. I rise at half-past five. Five or six hours every day I spend with the students in classes—the rest of my time is spent in preparing for those classes. I hope and believe I am fully competent to the duties which devolve upon me ; and my conscience does not accuse me of any neglect or inadequacy in their discharge. But in order to such a discharge of my duties constant preparation is necessary. I make a point of being *perfect* in every portion of every classical or mathematical author which is read in class, before the time when I sit down to teach it. And this preparation, I assure you, occupies every moment of my spare time, except a very small portion of it, which I devote most conscientiously, and with a deep sense of its necessity, to walking out in the open air. However, I go on comfortably. . . . I think my health is improving, though very slowly. I do not lose my cough, nor gain any very great accessions of strength. Bear me up by your prayers.”

“ TO THE SAME.

“ Wherever we are, and in whatever favourable circumstances we may be placed, and how much time soever we may be permitted to devote to the great purposes of mental and moral improvement, we shall always feel that we are cramped, that we cannot do as *much*, nor that as *well* as we could desire. The more we think, the more we shall feel the necessity of thinking, and the more extensive shall we perceive those fields of thought to be, which it is necessary or desirable to explore. Such being the case, it cannot fail to be of great advantage to get into the way of employing our time to the best effect—of making the most of all our opportunities and advantages, and this is only to be accomplished by acquiring the power of applying our minds readily and successfully to any subject which may be presented to them, by accustoming ourselves to think connectedly, by attending to ideas more than the mere signs of them. This last particular is too much neglected. In reading we are very frequently satisfied with conning over the mere words of the author; and if we can only remember these, with some vague and general impression of the proper place where they may be quoted with effect, we think we have done very cleverly. When we have done all this, however, we have done nothing to the purpose—in fact, we have done harm, for we have induced in our minds a self-sufficiency, or at least a self-satisfaction equal to that which true thinking can produce, and which, of course, indisposes us to harder labour, when this pleasant complacency costs so much less. We should always *see through* our author, examine his arguments, weigh his reasons, realize his descriptions—in short, identify our minds with his, so that they shall be exercised just as his was when he thought out the close argument, or the fine description, or the lucid definition,

or the touching and effective appeal. This, however, is very difficult, and is only to be acquired by writing ourselves. In addition to the thought which is required, in order to compose at all well (though there may be composition, too, without much thinking, and this may be made a work of mere verbiage) we thereby gain a sort of sympathy with great authors—a habit of identifying ourselves with them when we read their works. . .

“Let us make our labours after mental superiority, duties—services done for God, which for Christ’s sake he will accept.”

“TO THE SAME.

“I am of Mr. Orme’s opinion, that the gift of the Spirit is not an act of sovereignty, but connected inseparably with the use of certain means, and *vice versa*. Hence we must take the whole blame of our joyless experience upon ourselves. It might have been otherwise: if we had come to the fountain and drawn, we should not have been suffering thirst: if we had come to the tree of life, we should neither have been hungry nor diseased.”

He had been applied to by the committee of the Howard street Sunday-school, in the middle of February, to preach their anniversary sermons. This, however, from a sense of the pressing duties of his new station, he declined;—he durst not hazard “the conflict of intense emotions which would be joined,” (as he says,) “in my heart as I looked round on a place and a people where I once was so happy, and hoped to have been so useful.” When the session closed for the midsummer recess, he embraced the opportunity of again seeking, by change of scene, to have his health re-invigorated, and made susceptible of further labour. He accordingly left Brad-

ford in June, on a visit into Staffordshire, Derbyshire, and Nottinghamshire.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,

“ *Stone, 28th June, 1834.*

“ You would learn from my good friend Mr. F. that I remained with him in Manchester on Tuesday, and started by the Birmingham mail for this place on the Wednesday morning. Here I arrived in safety, and was heartily welcomed by W. S. M. and by his friends at Stone. The ride from Manchester hither is throughout the whole of it interesting. The general character of the scenery is that of calm quiet beauty. There are no mountains, or even hills, no rocks or ravines. There is nothing bold, magnificent, or sublime. But there is a richly-cultivated country, covered with noble trees, and diversified with the various objects, both natural and artificial, which are the common ornaments of a rural district.

“ Stone is pleasantly situated, and is itself a clean, quiet little town, without any peculiar attractions. Its vicinity, however, supplies many of those delightful walks of which we have so sad a deficiency about Bradford. W. S. M. and I rambled out this morning at half-past six, and did not find our way home again until half-past eight. During the whole of our walk we did not encounter one stone wall, or one muddy brook, or one volcanic chimney pouring out its awful volumes of half-burned carbon. The not very ‘even tenour of our way’ (for we climbed a little hill or two) lay through green flowery lanes, between thick overshadowing hedges, across meadows fragrant with the new-mown hay, beside meandering streams ‘making music as they flowed,’ within sight of stately mansions and the pleasant town. We did not meet five people in the two hours; and they were all in perfect unison with the scene through which

we roved. We were most perfectly alone—only that nature was with us, and those thoughts of the unseen future which bring its realities before the eye of faith with a distinctness and power almost equal to the impressions of sensible objects. ‘We had much talk of men and things, in heaven and earth.’ Especially did my friend M. recall the memory of his sainted pastor,\* whose favourite paths we were tracing, and make me acquainted with the features of his beautiful character. He must have been a youth of great intellectual and moral power, capable of doing and sustaining more than the majority of men or ministers, and well able to fix upon himself the devoted, but not idolatrous affections of all who knew him. His living labours were highly prized, and his ‘memory’ is indeed ‘blessed.’ I cannot tell you how *little* I have felt myself to be, compared with what I have conceived that *he* must have been—how little in all respects, both as an intellectual and a religious being. I seem to myself to be a perfect dwarf—‘less than the least of all saints’—and in some points of view ‘less than the least of all’ sinners. I have in some moments been ready to despair—to conclude that I can never acquire more energy and freshness of mind, and more susceptibility, and tenderness, and glow of heart—that I must ‘for ever live at this poor dying rate.’ But the thought of God’s all-sufficiency has cheered me. I have thought of his wisdom, and love, and grace, as the source of all that is truly great and good in others far nobler and better than I, and recurring to the delightful truth that *He*, and all his perfections, are ‘the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever,’ I have ‘blessed God and taken courage.’ Both in reference to the body and the soul, the intellect and the heart, he can, and if we trust him aright, he *will* ‘perform all things for us.’

\* The late Rev. W. Thomas.

“Last night W. S. M. and I walked from Stafford to Stone, a distance of seven miles, having gone thither by coach early in the afternoon. . . .

“I think I am just the same in health as when I left you, but I have hardly yet had time for much improvement. I am still hoping. To-morrow I preach *only once*.

. . . May God bless you all, and with you

“Your affectionate Son,

“THOMAS.”

On leaving Stone, he was accompanied by his friend M. to Alton Towers, and the following day to Dovedale. Of these days and scenes it is elsewhere recorded that “the memory is sweet.” The deep, quiet beauty of Dovedale, on the last of these days, has seemed in remembrance to have been consecrated as a fit parting place for those who might not meet again on earth.

Thomas proceeded to Matlock, and from thence to Nottingham.

“MY DEAR SISTER,

“Nottingham, 10th July, 1834.

. . . “This will reach you as soon as if it had been written yesterday, and though it will not be very lengthy, (unlike my sermons,) and though it *will* be very dull, (too much like those same compositions,) I have no doubt it will be acceptable, as conveying an assurance of my continued and kind remembrance of you all, and as informing you of my *whereabout* and *howabout*, of which you are at this moment, of necessity, in total and perhaps not unanxious ignorance. On Wednesday last, a week ago, my friend W. S. M. and myself started in a gig for Farley, a small village in the immediate vicinity of Alton Towers, the seat of the Earl of Shrewsbury. The gardens were our object, and we were suc-

cessful in obtaining admission, though the Earl's rule is that none shall pass the bridge gate who do not travel in their own carriage, with their own servants. The whole is a fairy scene, which I shall not attempt to describe. Think of the gardens of the Arabian Nights at Ispahan, or Bagdad, and you have some notion of the trees, and shady walks, and parterres, and bowers, and cascades, and fountains, and temples, and grottoes, and cottages, and statues, and conservatories of Alton Towers. In the midst of the whole is a Welsh harper, imported by the Earl from Llangollen, who struck from his old instrument 'the soul of music,' and made the whole appear like enchantment. In the evening we rode on to the entrance of Dovedale. Next morning we set off on a ramble down the dale, commencing with one of the hills which guard its entrance. I suppose we were walking incessantly, though strolling for the most part, from half-past seven till half-past two. Here again both time, paper, and my very feeble powers of description fail me. Art in Dovedale is a total stranger—nature is supreme; and the monumental trophies of her power which she has reared are indeed stupendous and sublime. *What* they are I must try to tell you when we meet. On Thursday evening I walked on to Ashbourn; Friday and Saturday, I proceeded, walking by a circuitous route, to Matlock. *Here* I was, of course, most cordially welcomed. . . .

“Your most affectionate Brother,

“THOMAS.”

From Nottingham he proceeded to Sheffield, occupying his old pulpit at Howard-street, on the last sabbath in July, and arrived at home in the course of the same week, without having derived so much advantage, in respect of health, from his journeyings as he had antici-

pated. He entered, however, on the duties of the new session on the 1st September with ardour and delight. After three months close application to the duties of his classes, he employed the short vacation at Christmas in a hasty visit to Nottingham, preaching on his way for his old people at Sheffield, on sabbath 28th Dec. In the morning he preached from these words, "Then were the disciples glad when they saw the Lord," John xx. 20: and in the evening from Psalm cxxx. 3. "If thou, Lord, should'st mark iniquities, O Lord, who shall stand?" "This," remarks Mr. Ellis, "was the *last* time he preached, and it was a singular incident that he finished his public labours and preached his last sermon in his old pulpit."

On Saturday, 3rd Jan. 1835, Thomas returned home. He seemed considerably fatigued, but did not complain of being worse than when he left home. In the night he was taken very unwell, and continued so the next day. On Monday he went up to the college. His continued illness, and a succession of rough and stormy weather, prevented him from ever returning home again.

" TO ———

*"Airedale College, 6th Jan. 1835.*

. . . " Somehow or other I managed to take a severer cold than I have had for years. I rode up to the college in a coach, and, in a very unfit state for such exertion, attended a meeting of our committee, after which I set about curing my cold. Already my efforts are beginning to be successful. Last night I got some very comfortable sleep. To-day I have had less cough, and continue decidedly better, and, by dint of care and good nursing, I have no doubt that in a few days I shall be myself again. . . .

“I found my father, on reaching home, much about as when I left him. Death had, as usual, been busy among our friends, and one especially—the last of his family—has been carried to his grave during my absence. How little the deaths of our friends affect us! I am astonished that it is so, and yet I cannot *make* myself feel more deeply, or permanently, or practically, the solemn truth of which every death is a sad illustration. May we be ready for our last change!” . . .

To *him* that “last change” was now hastening on. The tremulousness of suspense was about to give place to the solemn but not mournful certainty, that his days of duty and of suffering were verging to their close. In the afternoon of Sunday, January 18th, the alarming symptoms of bleeding from the lungs returned with great violence.

From that time he continued for some weeks alternately better and worse, although growing gradually weaker. About the 14th of February, as he had been much better for several days, his bed was removed, at his own request, down stairs into his lecture room. The sight of his library, he said, was a very delightful one;—he recognized “the old familiar faces” of his books, and the associations connected with them filled his mind with pleasure. He continued better until early in the morning of the 20th, when he had two very violent returns of the spitting of blood. Up to this time he entertained hopes of his ultimate recovery, but now its hopelessness became apparent. During this period, however, his cheerfulness and composure never forsook him. On Thursday the 26th of February, when he was reminded that it was then nearly six weeks since he was first attacked, he replied, “How comfortably have those six weeks passed away! My life has long been threatened,

and I should not be surprised or disappointed if this affliction should terminate it." Of the certainty of this result he was informed the following day by his medical adviser and friend, Dr. Macturk. No shade of disappointment passed over his countenance at this intelligence. He seemed, indeed, to be perfectly prepared to receive it. He expressed his gratitude that he had so kindly been made acquainted with his danger, and said that now he could "speak without any reserve." He was reminded that whenever he should die, it would be a happy change for him. "I trust it will," he replied, "because Jesus Christ is able to save to the very uttermost. All that I have to do now is to arrange my few temporal affairs, and then get ready to go home."

On the Saturday afternoon Mr. Scott, his esteemed colleague, came in to sit a little with him. Thomas adverted to the opinion of the physician as to the extreme danger of his case, and to the probable termination, at so early a period, of the connexion between them, and said: "If it had been the Lord's will to have spared me, I had hoped to have spent my life in his service; but since it is not, I trust I am quite disposed to submit." Much interesting conversation succeeded relative to the engagements of heaven. The prevailing idea on which he delighted to dwell in the course of his illness was this—that heaven would be a state, not of rest and enjoyment merely, but of *active devotedness to the service of God*. In this consideration he experienced great delight. He also spoke of himself in a strain the most lowly and affecting. He said, "I am but little distressed with anxiety or fears respecting my acceptance in Christ. Not that anything I have done, or been, during my past life would be evidence of this, although I feel emotions and desires which I think are inwrought by the Spirit of God. Yet I would not build on these. It is my firm conviction that, come to God

through Christ when we may, he will receive us : and I come afresh now, and I know he will not cast me out."

Early on Sunday morning, March 1st, the hæmorrhage returned again with some violence. To his brother, who was standing by his bed side, he said, " This will shorten my life some days ; but that I trust is no misery, no calamity. You can do nothing for me—there is nothing for us now but quiet submission to the divine will." In about two hours afterwards another attack came on. To one of the family who was weeping, he said, " Do not distress yourself. It is all right. It will only bring matters to a close rather more speedily. Let us try which can look the pleasantest to-day : there is nothing to make us gloomy." Shortly afterwards it was feared that he was dying. His father (who had been sent for) enquired on his arrival, " Can you trust yet ?" He replied, " Oh yes ; I felt no discomposure when the bleeding returned." His father observed, " What a mass of corruption our bodies are !" " Yes," he replied, " but

"Corruption, earth, and worms,  
Shall but refine this flesh,  
Till my triumphant spirit comes  
To put it on afresh.' "

In the evening, feeling a little better, he said he should like to sit up awhile, and that he should have no objection to die in his chair. At tea he wished to ask a blessing for them once more. This he did in a short prayer of singular pathos and beauty. After tea he said, " Another sabbath is nearly closed. I may not be with you next sabbath, and if I am, I must expect increased sufferings. My stay here is undesirable ; but, however it may be, it must be right."

During the early part of the night his cough was exceedingly troublesome, and he was threatened with a return of the bleeding. " This is the appointed way,"

he said to his brother, who was standing by his bed side—"a rough way—an unpleasant way—but still God's way." He went on to speak of the omnipresence of God. "How delightful to think that God is in this very room! It is indeed a great—a delightful mystery. We are all a mystery. What are we?—There is a very good old book, of which I have read part, but shall not be able to finish it now, entitled "The Vanity of Dogmatizing," by a person of the name of Glanville. He says that we really know nothing of all that we see. And so it is. What do we know about ourselves? I began with coughing and spitting blood, and since then I have been growing weaker and weaker by gradual steps. And I shall soon give up coughing and spitting blood, and then people will say that I am dead. But *I* shall not be dead, and that which constitutes *me* shall never cease to exist.—It is a great mystery! We can only learn it from the Bible, and there is not much even there. But yet, oh! there is enough, and more than enough, to excite, and animate, and comfort, and bless us.

"What a glorious place heaven will be! To dwell for ever with Christ! And if I am interested in his salvation, which I trust I am, and prepared and made meet for heaven, which I trust his gracious Spirit is effecting, I shall go there, and enter heaven with all its joys! And, what is more delightful still, heaven will not be a place of rest and enjoyment merely, but I shall be actively employed in serving God, holding some important station, and showing forth my gratitude to him. 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love him.'"

That night he slept rather better than usual. "I have had," he said when he awoke the following morning,

“ a very merciful night. Another Ebenezer must be raised this morning : ‘ hitherto hath the Lord helped me.’ ” In the course of the morning, however, an alarming return of the bleeding took place. No discomposure passed, even for a moment, over his mind. He only said, with a tone not to be forgotten, “ It is the Lord ; let him do what seemeth him good.”

During the day, several of his friends came to bid him farewell. To one he said, “ You see I am about to leave you all. My departure is fast approaching. But if, as I believe, I am going to a better home, this should not be a sorrowful occasion.”

To another friend he said, “ We little thought when we last saw one another, that the next time we met it would be in such circumstances as the present. But I do not consider them melancholy or painful circumstances. I am very mercifully dealt with. My passage to the tomb is easy. I have comparatively little suffering, and I enjoy that peace of God which passeth all understanding. I can truly say that ‘ goodness and mercy have followed me *all* my days,’ including these suffering days ; and, looking upward to that house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, I can also add, ‘ I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever.’ ”

On this day, for the last time, he sat up in his chair, while the mournful meal was taken. With *him*, however, there was no mournfulness :—“ at eventide ” it was “ light ”—the sweet and solemn light of peace, and cheerfulness, and holy resignation. To one of his sisters, who was standing by, he said, “ This does not seem like dying, does it ?—to be able to sit up, to eat and drink, and be so comfortable ? My passage to the tomb is indeed easy.”

In the afternoon he was visited by some of his relations from Leeds. One of them remarked, that it was

very delightful to think of heaven as a place where we should be perfectly free from pain and sorrow. "Yes," he replied, "but the text which gives me the most sublime idea of heaven is—'They serve him day and night in his temple.' This is, in my opinion, the beatitude of heaven."

The two following days he grew perceptibly weaker, and on the Thursday became very rapidly worse. The valley of death had begun to throw its shadows over him. Still, however, all was peace. "Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever," was the sure foundation of his hope, and the repose of his faith was perfect and entire. "It is now my business," he said, "to *die* to the Lord. I am a poor weak miserable creature, but 'I know in whom I have believed, and am *persuaded* that he is able to keep that which I have committed to him against that day.'"

At another time he said, "'It is the Lord; let him do what seemeth him good.' I have promises and declarations continually ringing in my ears, such as these—'He is able to save to the uttermost.' 'Him that cometh I will in no wise cast out.' 'The gift of God is eternal life through Jesus Christ our Lord.'"

The final scene was now at hand. The streams of life were failing fast from their fountains. While it was yet noon, his sun was evidently going down, but no cloud was suffered to pass over the parting hour. He grew more and more silent, and his lips frequently moved, as in prayer. His spirit seemed conversing with the bright and glorious scenes amidst which it was so soon to be set free. To him Death was stripped of his terrors, and approached with the aspect of a friend. No ripple seemed to agitate the clear and untroubled expanse of his mind, as it lay like a broad ocean, reflecting the unclouded brightness of eternity.

To a friend, who had come from some distance to see him, he said—"He hath done all things well;" and shortly afterwards, with great difficulty of articulation,—"Complete in him."

For the last time the bleeding returned. Still, however, his composure remained. After a short sleep, he looked round on each of the family, with a parting smile for each. When he came to his father, he gasped out with great difficulty, "In hope"—— His father took up the verse—"of eternal life, which God, that cannot lie, promised before the world began." Again he smiled and nodded.

Such were his last words. At a little before five in the afternoon of Saturday, 7th March, 1835, he fell asleep. He never woke again. At a quarter after ten, his breathing became shorter, his heart beat more faintly, and in a few minutes the beloved spirit was set free among the scenes for which it had long been yearning. So gentle were the steps of death, so silently and with such beautiful composure did "this corruptible put on incorruption," that they who looked upon his countenance could scarcely tell the moment when the night of death passed away into the morning of immortality.

It might, perhaps, be well, were we to leave the affecting lessons arising from the history just recorded, to make their own impression. The ineffable grace and beauty shed over the character by piety—its power over circumstances, subordinating all the scenes and changes of life to the great work of preparation for eternity, and its sublime influence over the heart in that work of progressive sanctification which is carried on by the Divine Spirit, down to the moment when the meetness for the

inheritance of the "saints in light" is perfected, and the saint of earth passes into the society of "the church of the first-born in heaven;" these are themes which affect the heart more powerfully as they are embodied in such a history as that we have just brought to a close, than by any mere description, however glowing, of their truth and importance. Especially might they suffer wrong in an unskilful hand; and the writer of these pages would therefore have chosen rather to close the history of his friend at that point where *he* exchanged the labours and sufferings of earth for the rewards of heaven,—but that a hasty glance at the prominent points of his character may be of service, both as affording an opportunity for noticing some incidental expressions of it, which did not fall naturally into the course of the narrative, and as exhibiting his example in a more condensed view, for the instruction and imitation of others.

His *mental* character owed less of its force to the peculiar development of any one power of intellect, than to the harmonious and well-disciplined state of the whole. His intellectual powers were in an admirable condition of equilibrium. The rays of truth fell direct upon his understanding through no discoloured medium; and there was entire sympathy between his understanding and his heart. With a thirst for knowledge which no weakness or difficulty could quench, and with a candour, and independence, and patience of thought, which have seldom been exceeded, *every* subject in the field of nature, and literature, and morals, possessed an interest for him, to which he surrendered himself, not in the spirit of desultory and unsteady attention, but of earnest and intelligent application. His mental exercises were not those of the *mere* scholar, or poet, or philosopher. He viewed truth with a practical eye. He loved her for her own sake—for her hidden and silent beauty;

but his acquirements were made more with the view to usefulness than in the pride of attainment, and it was therefore that his *whole* mind was given to the pursuit of truth, rather than his literary tastes should be indulged at the expense of qualification for his professional duties. There appears little reason to doubt that the prevailing bent of his mind, if left to its own inclinations, would have been toward poetry. The spirit of poetry dwelt in his heart as water in a fountain, and there is sufficient evidence (yet to be adduced) that if he had devoted himself with the same diligence of application, and intensity of purpose, to the cultivation of this, the divinest of all arts, which he gave to the *entire* discipline of his mental character, he would have claimed and occupied no mean place among the "sons of song." As it was, his poetry was of the simplest and most inartificial kind—thrown off in the intervals of other duties, under the excitement of the moment, without preparation, and generally without revision. With all this, his judgment of poetry was singularly correct, his taste in it refined, almost to fastidiousness. It was delightful to watch the fine expression of his countenance in reading some of his favourite passages,—to feel, by his peculiar intonation, the chord struck that thrilled to the depths of his own spirit, and to catch from his eye the beaming delight with which he realized the fairest and brightest conceptions of true genius.

His classical attainments were pursued so much *con amore*, that he could hardly fail to make very respectable acquisitions in this department of knowledge. The spirited and eloquent criticisms in which he was wont to indulge before his classes at the college, and by which he sought to imbue them with his own perceptions of the beauties of the highest models of literary excellence, no less than the free and frequent reference he was

accustomed to make to them in the intercourse of private friendship furnished ample proof at once of the quality of his classical taste, and the extent of his acquisitions.

In his own peculiar department of theological study, he had made, for his age, an astonishing acquaintance with the best books, and had formed his opinions from an extensive course of accurate reading. His remarkable facility of analysis, aided by a very retentive memory, gave him the advantage of being able to make all he read *his own*, to a degree not often observable. He might be said to have at command the entire store of arguments contained in our best works on metaphysico-theology, and was accustomed to state them with much force and precision of language. All this, in reference to his chosen work of the ministry, he regarded as that *substratum* of indispensable knowledge, by which the "good minister of Jesus Christ" might become a "workman that needeth not to be ashamed," thoroughly conversant with the principles of his faith, and standing prepared at any moment for its advocacy and defence.

There was less of what is commonly called *talent* in his pulpit exhibitions than would appear consistent with the judgment we have recorded of his mental endowments. There was no parade of learning, nor ostentation of acquirement, nor even, to any great extent, discursiveness of thought. His highest ambition *there* was to be approved the preacher "of the truth as it is in Jesus." The importance of his message, the worth of souls, and his own affecting circumstances, combined to shut out from his mind every anxiety except this *one*—to "beseech" sinners to be "reconciled unto God." His style, in the pulpit, was singularly simple and direct, sometimes even to abruptness, though never to boldness, nor in bad taste. His *evident* aim was to do good. If,

however, originality of conception as to the order and disposition of his sermons, joined to great luminousness of illustration, both as to the sentiment and connexion of his subjects, may be regarded as proofs of talent, his sermons exhibited the decided impress of a powerful and vigorous mind, rich in scriptural knowledge, and in an acquaintance with the workings of the human heart.

His conversational talents, without being of the highest order, were of no ordinary kind. His mental resources never *appeared* to so great advantage as in private intercourse with his friends. He had great aptitude of language, which, when he was perfectly unconstrained, gave a peculiar charm to his society. Some will remember his habit, in conversation, of taking from the shelf at home, in his own study, first one author and then another, whose recorded or implied opinions on the point in hand he thought worthy of notice, and this with as much promptness and facility of reference as if he had himself written the books he consulted.

As a whole, his intellectual powers "were of no mean order. They qualified him in no inconsiderable degree for the reasonings of the mathematician, the researches of the philosopher, the investigations of the scholar and the antiquarian, or for the creations and lofty flights of the poet; and he had a muse of his own that could sing in no unharmonious strains,—a poet's eye that could 'glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.' He had acuteness and a power of observation that could collect treasures from the riches of nature and art and intellect, and a memory which could receive and retain what he had appropriated."\*

The parts of his *moral* character which challenge especial remark were, his amiableness of temper and deportment, and his love of plain dealing. There was

\* Funeral address, &c. by the Rev. Walter Scott

a sterling and high-minded integrity about him, which knew nothing of artifice or dissimulation. As a friend these qualities shone in him with peculiar lustre. Nature never endued a heart with more generous feelings, with a wider range of gentle and tender sympathies. There was no acerbity, no affectation of superiority, no morbid sensitiveness about him. He was above guile himself, and he had no suspicion toward others. There was a transparent sincerity and frankness about his manners, which was the true expression of a heart "open as day" to every kindly and honourable feeling.

And the same dispositions which rendered him in private an object of so much esteem and confidence, gained for him in society, under all the positions in which he appeared before the public eye, a proportionate measure of respect and attachment. His freedom from every thing little and selfish, his sound and vigorous understanding, his stability of purpose, his readiness to do good, and to oblige;—these, combined with his modest and unassuming manners, formed a character on which the eye and heart of many still love to dwell.

It is with reference to his *religious* feelings, however, that his character assumes an aspect of most attractive interest. *Here*, indeed, was the fountain of that stream which shed a richer beauty over those endowments of the head and heart for which he was distinguished—*this* it was which rendered him so excellent and honourable and lovely in the estimation of others, and so lowly in his own. The surrender of his heart to the love and service of the Saviour who redeemed him, was entire, and his sense of happiness was bound up in the enjoyment of His favour. Amidst the painful alternations of his short but eventful life, *this* was "the joy that was set before him." For this, as his letters and journals abundantly testify, his health, and comfort, and

fame, and life itself were "counted as loss." From the hour of his consecration to the service of his Lord, he was possessed by an unquenchable desire to be *useful* in his service, to manifest the sincerity and devotedness of his gratitude, by an entire surrender of body, and soul, and spirit to the service of God, in the Gospel of his Son. He looked abroad on the moral wretchedness of the world, and longed to employ his energies in the glorious work of its recovery and renovation. To this service he gave himself, and in this service he fell.

Christianity has its internal and external manifestations : the proper sphere of the one is the closet—that of the other, in the church and in the world. The heaving of the bosom before the altar of the sanctuary, the expression of enthusiasm among the multitudes of the temple, are not of necessity connected with Christian faith, but the *doings* of the man. "Whosoever *doeth* the will of God," &c. With regard to the welfare of others, there is abundant opportunity for the exercise of this active principle in a world of so much spiritual wretchedness. In what subterranean windings must that man have passed his life who can make the avowal that he has never met with any spot of barrenness that solicited the cultivation of his hand! To hold an inconsequential assent to the doctrines of the Gospel is equivalent to utter disbelief. Inactivity in the camp is treachery. "Whoso seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?" It will be the most cutting part of that awful sentence which such shall finally receive, "Inasmuch as ye *did it not* to the least of these my brethren, ye did it not unto me." It is neither in fanaticism, nor in love of praise, that true philanthropy is generated ; but in supreme love to an unseen Redeemer, and in earnest compassion to the perishing souls of men,

arising from sympathy in their danger—these two producing a feeling which will not rest until it has “worked by love.”

Such was the character of the subject of this memoir, in relation to the church and the world. Having given himself to the Saviour, he gave all he had—time, talents, influence, labour, life itself. His piety had so *pervading* an influence over his history and character—it shone out so beautifully and consistently in all the associations and relationships into which he was thrown, that none could fail to “take knowledge of him that he had been with Jesus.”

The great secret of that strength and maturity which marked his Christian experience is to be found doubtless in his devotional habits. In secret communion with God he passed much of his time, and realized much both of happiness and attainment. Nor was his devotional spirit confined to fixed seasons of retirement and prayer, though it was doubtless then that it mounted *nearest* heaven. He was habitually devotional. It was his aim to pursue every engagement in such a spirit that the transition to a direct act of prayer might be neither unnatural nor violent. And it is believed that, to a great extent, he succeeded in this holy attainment. The copiousness and fervour which distinguished his prayers at the family altar, have been already referred to:—they were of a kind not to be easily forgotten by those who shared in them. In these exercises (which, of course, afforded the nearest insight to his *private* feelings before God) there was at once a simplicity and fulness of thought and expression, which afforded the most convincing proof how habitually and closely he “walked with God,” in the maintenance of a holy converse with him; there was a *repose* of heart upon the invisible and sublime objects of Christian faith and hope, which

showed that they were approached in no formal or unaccustomed spirit. He loved especially to dwell in holy thanksgiving upon the great work of salvation by the blood of the cross, and to "rejoice in hope of the glory" of which it is the foundation and foretaste. Many who have knelt with him at the throne of grace, have had the mental exclamation forced from their hearts, "this is none other than the house of God, and the very gate of heaven."

From so pure a fountain, none but salutary streams could flow. The heart that dwelt in converse with God, and in daily preparation for heaven, could not fail to shed around it, even on earth, some of its own holy and happy influence. *Cheerfulness, modesty, consistency, open-heartedness, fervour*—these were the features of his religion, blending so beautifully and harmoniously in his character, that, though any *one* would have simply sustained his Christian reputation, it was in the union of the *whole* that he appeared, young as he was, the "man of God, thoroughly furnished unto all good works." In public and in private, in labours and in afflictions, as the friend, the student, the minister, and the tutor—every where, and in all circumstances, he was the same humble, devoted, and influential servant of the Master whom he loved. We turn with pleasure to the just estimate of his character, formed by one who knew and judged him well. "All that death is to the Christian, it was to him. In making this assertion, we are warranted by all the principles of Scripture (it may be said, of reason too) as compared with his life, with the part he was enabled to act for many years. Varied, and lucid, and delightfully satisfactory, was the evidence which he was enabled to give that the principles of spiritual, immortal life were implanted in his heart, and that, therefore, they are now perfected in heaven. Hence he

was enabled to view the approach, and to sustain the attack of death with rational, intelligent composure, and scriptural confidence. He had *much*, in a sense *every thing*, to attach him to life, and to induce him to pray ‘spare me, that I may recover strength,’—‘take me not away in the midst of my days.’ He was in the prime, almost in the spring of life; he was surrounded with a circle of kind, excellent, and beloved friends; his cultivated mind, amiable, cheerful disposition, correct taste, and well-regulated passions, enabled him to draw largely on the various sources of enjoyment which the God of providence and grace had opened around him. Much of the region of human hope, with its fascinating scenes, had yet been unexplored by him. And how much more difficult is it in many cases, to part with the *hopes*, than with the *realities* of life! His heart was in his work as a minister and a tutor, and he had recently entered on an important situation, to which he was much attached, in the duties of which he had found his ‘meat and his drink.’ He had doubtless formed plans, and entertained expectations, which he would naturally be anxious to realize. And yet with all these inducements to wish to continue here, when it was very properly and kindly intimated to him by his medical attendant, that his case was dangerous, and that even the fondness of love, and the earnest desires of friendship, could scarcely hope any longer, he received the intelligence with the greatest calmness: he manifested—because he felt—no perturbation, no alarm, far less any disposition to murmur or repine, but was ready to say, and in effect did say, ‘the will of the Lord be done,’—‘the Lord gave’ me life and all its comforts, and the Lord is about to take away, ‘blessed be the name of the Lord.’ And he afterwards said, in substance, for I do not remember the exact words, ‘If I

could alter the appointment of God by holding up my hand, I would not do it.' And I need not say, that his calmness and resignation were not the effect of ignorance of the value of life, or of the nature and solemnity of death, or of insensibility to either, for he was most intelligently and keenly alive to both. They were the result of a firm persuasion that all God's dispensations, not excepting those which deprive us of life, even when it appears most desirable, are wise and good; of an enlightened faith in the all-sufficiency of the Saviour's power, grace, and merits; of a direct application to him as always ready to receive those who comply with his invitations; and of a preference of heaven—viewed in its true character, as the place where God would be loved, and served, and enjoyed in perfection—to earth in its most interesting forms. With the greatest composure—nay, with lively hope—did he behold death gradually performing its work, and taking down the earthly tabernacle. He was not only resigned, but cheerful. None visited him on his death-bed who did not see and hear what was worth remembering, what was calculated to teach them both how to live and how to die. And at last, dying was to him falling asleep, both as it regarded the manner and consequences; for without waking from a slumber which had continued some hours, he gently breathed his last, and awoke in heaven. In his death, I do not hesitate to state, and I speak the deliberate language of firm conviction, his relatives and friends, society and the church in general, the town with which he was connected, the institution in which he filled an important station, have sustained a great loss: and when I utter this language, I am seconded by the views of every mind, and the feelings of every heart now present. And I do not scruple to say, while I remember that I am speaking in the hearing of

his parent, of his brethren and sisters, and relations, and special friends, that I have sustained almost as great a loss as any of you ; and that I yield to none in cordial respect and love. Short indeed has been our connexion. When, only about twelve months ago, we entered on our labours in the college, in an important era of its history, little did we think that our union was so quickly to be dissolved, that I was so soon to have allotted to me the mournful task of pronouncing his funeral oration. But, however, harmonious and delightful has been our intercourse. In no one instance, and I speak literally, and can appeal to many within these walls who have lived with us, and therefore have had the best opportunities of judging of the correctness of what I say—in no one instance was it ever disturbed, or rendered less pleasing and profitable than it otherwise might have been, by any thing like misunderstanding or jealousy, or peevishness, or opposition; and I can hardly conceive it possible, (while I do not forget what is in man, and the effect of circumstances, and events, and familiarity, in developing what was once scarcely conceived to exist,) that it could ever have been interrupted by any of these, however long we had lived together. I may well say, “ ‘ I am distressed for thee, oh my brother ! very pleasant hast thou been to me’ in the short period of life that we have been together ;” while, on account of his actual attainments, and fitness for the station which he had to fill, his habits of application, his ardour in the pursuit of knowledge, his correct views of what an institution for the education of ministers of the Gospel ought to be, his practical wisdom, his conscientious diligence, his piety, his amiable temper, his happy art of gaining hearts—the college has sustained a loss which will not be easily repaired. Seldom has so wide a vacancy been left by the removal of one so young. Seldom has death

wounded in their keenest sensibilities, so many hearts, by a blow which laid only one in the dust. He 'loves a shining mark,' and here he has found one."

There is *one* great practical lesson which we think may be fairly deduced from the study of a character thus early matured for the region of perfection upon which it has now entered. It is this:—that *eminent piety* is the one true element of all that is exalted and ennobling in the human heart and life; that a consecration of the soul to God, and to the sublime interests of the eternal world, constitutes the only true virtue and happiness; and that, of all influences exerted upon society, *that* is the most valuable which is shed upon it by the spirit and example of the holy and consistent Christian. It is by this that our departed friend, "being dead, yet speaketh." He possessed no secondary claim to the possession of fine talents and extensive attainments—to the character of the poet and the scholar; but a nobler testimony to his memory is this, that he adorned and served his generation while he lived, by a rare assemblage of the highest qualities of the Christian character, and when he died, bequeathed to the Church and to the world a fine example of imitable and attainable Christian excellence.



REMAINS.



## SELECT REMAINS.

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### TO A LADY WEeping.

“Should there be tears?”—EDMESTON.

---

OH! do not weep: thou hast no cause for sorrow;  
Though, for a moment, care becloud thine heart,  
The sun shall smile again—before to-morrow  
The mists shall vanish and the clouds depart;  
And for the transient blast that hurried by,  
Shall be more calm repose, more deep tranquillity.

So when the slight storm of the summer day  
Hath spent its rage before the hour of even,  
And for the blast—the gentle zephyrs play,  
And for the rains—the dews distil from heaven;  
Oh! lovelier far that summer sunset scene,  
Than had no cloud obscured, than had no tempest been.

And the returning sunshine of thy breast  
Shall beam the brighter for those passing tears  
Which dimmed it for a moment: thou shalt rest  
From sadness free, and dark foreboding fears;  
And all serenely shall thy young heart lie,  
Like some deep stirless lake beneath the moonlight sky.

## SONNET,

WRITTEN IN WILFORD CHURCH-YARD, A FAVOURITE HAUNT OF  
HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

---

HERE would the martyr-student oft retire,  
And watch the shades of eve descending, till  
Meek twilight robed the valley and the hill ;  
Then would he sweep his sad, melodious lyre,  
And bid such music from the chords respire,  
So melancholy, soft and sad, and sweet  
As angel choirs might waken when they meet  
Around the bed where holy men expire.  
Henry ! thy lyre is mute, thy song is sung,  
And we may list thy plaintive notes no more ;  
But thou hast waked a happier strain, and strung  
A sweeter harp upon a fairer shore.  
Oh, martyr-minstrel ! let thy mantle fall  
On all who love the lyre—on me, though least of all.

## SONNET.

“Wrapt, inspired.”—COLLINS.

---

YES ! there are moments when the spirit springs  
Above the fleeting vanities of time,  
And soars to other worlds on wings sublime,  
And holds communion with unearthly things ;  
And from the height of her imaginings,  
Spare not a thought for this inferior clime ;  
Its smiles and tears—its folly and its crime  
Are very trifles to her ; and the strings  
Are cut which bound her to her house of clay,  
And forth she wanders, unrestrained and free,  
Secure in her own immortality,  
Amidst the blaze of uncreated day.—  
A moment is gone by, and they are past,  
Those witching scenes—too lovely far to last.

SONNET.  

---

OH no ! I would not that my poor name fell  
From the unstable many's brazen tongue :  
Oh no ! I would not that my deeds were sung  
By those most worthless sycophants that swell  
The tide of popular clamour. I would dwell  
Shrined in those faithful hearts, whose chords are  
strung  
In thrilling unison with mine ;—among  
The sons of earth a few fond lips should tell  
My name with rapture, and a few bright eyes  
Beam brighter when they beamed on me—and then,  
When I must droop and die like other men,  
My name should blossom in their memories,  
Fragrant and flourishing, even though I should be  
A slumberer in the arms of cold mortality.

A THOUGHT.  

---

DAZZLING, and beautiful, and bright  
Is the lightning's flash as it hurries on ;  
And scarce may you mark its glorious flight,  
Ere its brightness and glory are gone ;  
But its memory shall live for many a year  
In the widow's sigh, and the orphan's tear.

And just as brightly doth pleasure fling  
Her flashes of joy round the worldling's head :  
Oh ! pleasure is just such a dazzling thing,  
As bright, and as swiftly fled :  
Oh ! soon is its glory gone—but never  
The sting she has planted—to sting for ever.

## SONNET.

REV. X. 6.

—

ONE foot was on the sea ; upon the earth  
The other rested, and his giant form  
Robed in black tempest, hurricane, and storm,  
Towered to the heaven of his celestial birth.  
His visage was all brightness ; mortal eye  
Could not behold its lineaments, nor bear  
The radiancy of glory blazing there.  
Anon he raised his red right hand on high,  
And lightnings followed it, and thunder rolled—  
And then he bade the wheeling spheres stand still :  
And by His name who *was*, and *is*, and will  
*For ever* be, that mighty Angel swore—  
“ Thy last dark hour, mortality, is told—  
Eternity hath dawn'd, and Time shall be no more ! ”

SONNET.  

---

ART thou a wanderer, oppressed with care,  
Borne down with deep disquietude and grief?  
And findest thou no solace, no relief  
In this dark world? Oh! seek relief in prayer;  
Fly to thy Father's feet, and ask it there;  
And thou shalt find it, though thy prayer should be  
Framed with much fear — breathed forth most  
tremblingly—  
A few brief words, which thou canst hardly dare  
Speak in the audience of the King of kings.  
Oh! one weak breath of humble prayer hath more  
Power to prevail with heaven than all the roar  
Of twice ten thousand voices, when it springs  
Not from the heart's devotion. Sufferer, pray!  
(It cannot be in vain,) and fling thy fears away.

## STANZAS.

## I.

BLOOMS there a rose without a thorn ?  
Go, search creation round,  
From morn to eve, from eve to morn,  
There shall not one be found.  
Sweet they may be, and fair, and bright,  
All life, and loveliness, and light ;  
The leaves may be green as the mermaid's locks,  
When she wreathes them with shells on the coral rocks ;  
And the beautiful flowers may far outvie  
The golden tints of the sunset sky ;  
And far more fragrant their breath may be  
Than the spicy gales of Araby ;  
But be they ever so bright and fair,  
There's many a thorn in ambush there.

## II.

And oft across the waste of life,  
The few frail joys that flee,  
Seem thus with fragrant beauty rife,  
From shade of sorrow free,  
And lighten on our gloomiest hours,  
Like such a rose among the flowers.  
But let their beauties be all forgot ;  
Oh ! think of the thorns, and touch them not.

For the hand that plucks the fair false weed,  
 Though it gain the flower, is sure to bleed.  
 And they may be sweet and fair to-night,  
 But all is over by morning light ;  
 And withered and shed are the leaves so fair,  
 And the roses are gone, but the thorns are there.

---

## A MOTHER'S MUSINGS.

A FRAGMENT.

---

“ Beautiful ! what mean'st thou ?  
 Why dost thou look to yon bright heaven ? What see'st  
 That make thy full eyes kindle as they gaze  
 Undazzled on the fiery sky ? ”—MILLMAN.

---

My martyr died : I looked upon his brow,  
 If agony had stamped her impress there :—  
 There was no trace of agony or care,  
 But all was beautiful and tranquil now,  
 As when, some twenty years ago, he lay  
 An infant in my bosom. Oh ! my child,  
 'Tis well that thou hast perished thus. Away  
 With grief and tears for thee—art thou not blest ?  
 Rough was thy travel, but the end was rest,  
 And on thy bed of torture angels smiled,  
 And watch'd with lingering earnestness to hail  
 Thee one of them, as pure and bright as they.

And thou art now an angel ; and perchance  
Art bending o'er thy mother. Lightly dance  
The sunset beams around me, slowly sail  
The twilight shadows from the mountain sides :  
There are sweet whispers on the evening gale,  
And melancholy music softly glides—  
Too sweet for mortal song—upon mine ear :  
Oh yes ! it is thyself, and thou art near,  
Mine own sweet martyr-spirit ! I can mark  
The brightness of thy glory ; I can see  
Thy golden harp and shining crown. And hark !  
Thyself art calling me. My son ! my child !  
Oh guide thy mother to the throne of God,  
By the same path of light which thou hast trod ;  
And there, with deep humility, and mild  
And glowing adoration, will we cast  
Our radiant crowns together, and begin  
(From sorrow freed, and earthliness, and sin)  
That song of holy rapture, which shall be  
Harmonious still when earthly songs are past—  
The ceaseless song of Heaven and Immortality.

## SONNET,

FOR A BENEVOLENT SOCIETY.

---

God speed you in your holy work ! There are  
Who love to cater for the ravening grave,  
And from the battle-field and peopled wave  
To gather spoils for Death's triumphal car,  
And fill the earth with weeping. Nobler far  
The war whose dangers and whose toils ye brave.  
'Tis yours to smooth the dying pillow—lave  
With joy the wounded spirit—light a star  
Of pure immortal radiance o'er the gloom  
Of the dark valley—hold the torch of Faith  
To those who pass the dreary shades of death,  
And strew with flowers the pathway to the tomb ;  
And in the soul whose earthly hopes are gone,  
The hopes of heaven to kindle.—On ! your God be with  
you, on !

SONNET.  

---

It is a melancholy joy, at eve  
To sit upon some woodland seat, and list  
The moaning of the brooklet, softly kiss'd  
By evening winds ; and through the boughs that weave  
Their branches overhead, and gently heave  
Their flowers and leaves athwart the deep blue sky,  
To watch the pale moon as she travels by.  
Ah ! sad remembrancer !—she bids us grieve  
For those erewhile on whom she shone ;—she shines  
As brightly now as then—upon their graves.  
For them no more this bower its cool shade twines,  
The tall dark grass in cheerless whisper waves,  
Where they are sleeping on their couch of clay :—  
A few more waning moons, and we shall be as they.

## SONNET.

(FROM FOUR SONNETS ON THE PARABLE OF DIVES AND LAZARUS.)

---

AND how does he, the beggar, fare ? Behold  
Within that circle of archangel's wings,  
Shading the radiant harps whose thrilling strings  
Breathe harmony through heaven ;—a crown of gold  
Laid at His pierced feet, who was of old  
The man of many tears ;—and one who brings  
That crown an offering, and adoring flings  
Himself, with joys too mighty to be told,  
A prostrate worshipper before the throne.  
Anon, he walks through all the glorious place,  
Communing with the angels face to face,  
And with their heavenly Father and his own.  
Oh, boundless bliss ! Yet this is he who sate  
A wretched beggar at the rich man's gate.

## HEAVEN IS MY HOME.

AIR---"ROBIN ADAIR."

I'M but a stranger here,  
           Heaven is my home :  
 Earth is a desert drear,  
           Heaven is my home :  
 Danger and sorrow stand  
 Round me on every hand ;  
 Heaven is my father-land,  
           Heaven is my home.

What though the tempests rage !  
           Heaven is my home :  
 Short is my pilgrimage ;  
           Heaven is my home :  
 And Time's wild wintry blast  
 Soon will be overpast ;  
 I shall reach home at last ;  
           Heaven is my home.

There at my Saviour's side,  
           Heaven is my home :  
 I shall be glorified ;  
           Heaven is my home :  
 'There are the good and blest,  
 'Those I loved most and best ;  
 And there I too shall rest,  
           Heaven is my home.

Therefore I murmur not,  
                   Heaven is my home :  
 Whate'er my earthly lot,  
                   Heaven is my home :  
 And I shall surely stand  
 There at my Lord's right hand ;  
 Heaven is my father-land,  
                   Heaven is my home.

---

## HYMNS

FOR SABBATH SCHOOL CHILDREN.

—  
 NO. I.

YES ! it is good to worship Thee,  
   To tread thy courts, O Lord !  
 To raise the voice, to bend the knee,  
   To hear thy holy word :  
 We praise thee that another year  
 Has brought this blest assembly here.

'Tis sweet, oh God ! to sing thy praise,  
   Till all our spirits glow,  
 And we could almost seem to raise  
   The notes of heaven below ;  
 Hearts all on fire, and feelings strong,  
 And our souls melting in our song.

'Tis sweet when every voice is heard,  
The aged and the young,  
Sweeter when every soul is stirred  
To feel what we have sung ;  
And thoughts of heaven the hearts engage  
Of smiling youth and hoary age.

But oh ! if songs like ours be sweet,  
How sweet that song must be,  
Where all the ransom'd ones shall meet,  
From sin and sorrow free,  
Where nought of sorrow can intrude  
To mar that mighty multitude.

How vast that heavenly temple is,  
How ravishing the song !  
Oh ! how unspeakable the bliss  
Of that exulting throng,  
Waking for evermore the strain  
Of praise to Him who once was slain.

Ours, Saviour, may these raptures be,  
When other joys are past ;  
And having liv'd on earth to thee,  
May we exchange at last  
This house—these hours—of praise and prayer—  
For holier, happier worship there.

---

## NO. II.

There was a time when children sang  
The Saviour's praise with sacred glee,  
And all the hills of Judah rang  
With their exulting jubilee.

Oh ! to have joined their rapturous songs,  
 And swell'd their sweet hosannas high,  
 And bless'd him with our feeble tongues  
 As He—the man of grief—went by !

But Christ is now a glorious king,  
 And angels in his presence bow :  
 The humble songs that we can sing,  
 Oh ! will he, can he hear them now ?

He *can*—he *will*—he loves to hear  
 The notes which babes and sucklings raise.  
 Jesus ! we come with trembling fear,  
 Oh ! teach our hearts and tongues to praise.

We join the hosts around thy throne,  
 Who once, like us, the desert trod ;  
 And thus we make their song our own—  
 “ Hosanna to the Son of God ! ”

---

## NO. III.

Yes, there are little ones in heaven,  
 Babes such as we, around the throne,  
 To whom the King of kings hath given  
 A glory like his own :  
 Jesus ! thy mercy, rich and free,  
 Hath suffered them to come to thee !

Oh ! let us think of them to-day—  
 Their sweet and everlasting song,  
 And hope to sing as loud as they,  
 In the same heaven, ere long :  
 Jesus ! may this *our* portion be !  
 Oh ! suffer *us* to come to thee.

Those blessed children in the sky  
Went from this sad and sinful earth ;—  
How were their spirits raised so high  
Above their native birth ?  
They came to Christ, and so will we :  
Lord ! suffer *us* to come to thee.

To come with humbleness of mind,  
With simple faith and earnest prayer,  
To seek thy precious cross, and find  
Peace—joy—salvation there ;  
Oh ! set our sin-bound spirits free,  
And suffer us to come to thee.

To come while we are young and gay,  
While life, and joy, and hope run high ;  
To come, in sorrow's gloomiest day,  
To come, when death is nigh :  
Lord ! in *that* day our guardian be,  
And suffer us to come to Thee.

## SONNET.

—

“ Oh ! how he longs  
To have his passport signed, and be dismissed !  
'Tis done, and now he's happy ;—the glad soul  
Has not a wish uncrown'd.”—BLAIR.

—

Poor Christian negro ! sooth 'tis hard to bear  
The load of life thou bearest, hard to brave  
The dark and cheerless bondage of a slave.  
But cheer thee, captive !—bitter though thy fare  
In this sad prison-house of toil and care,  
A royal banquet waits thee : thou shalt lave  
Thy soul in seas of joy beyond the grave ;  
No tyrant's chain, nor lash, nor fetter there.  
Be it thy travel here was nought but sorrow,  
Thy cup of life but bitterness and woe,  
'Twill make thy rest the pleasanter to-morrow,  
And thou shalt find that cup more sweetly flow,  
With heaven's immortal nectar. Negro ! rest  
Till death shall snap thy chains—till death shall make  
thee blest.

## A TALE OF SLAVERY.

—

“So I returned and considered all the oppressions that are done under the sun; and behold the tears of such as were oppressed, and they had no comforter; and on the side of their oppressors there was power, but they had no comforter. Wherefore I praised the dead which are already dead, more than the living which are yet alive.”—ECCLES. IV. 1, 2.

—

THERE was a happy negro home—a happier could not be,  
The bright abode of health and peace, from care and  
sorrow free;

Oh! you may trace the wide earth o’er, and you shall  
hardly greet

A spot so fit for pleasure’s home—so simple and so sweet.

It was a lowly hut, beside a mountain stream it stood;  
Before, the dark green sea was spread; behind, a dark  
green wood;

And there the stately cocoa rose, and there the taper palm,  
And flowers whose hues were sunny light—whose breath  
was fragrant balm.

Aud there were all the earliest fruits of laughing sum-  
mer cast,

And when she bade that clime adieu, ’twas there she  
left the last;

Creation there had robed her in her most divine array,  
And every day in that fair land was Nature’s holyday.

And there were hearts within that cot as gladsome and  
 as light,  
 And looks as full of merry glee, and eyes as wildly bright,  
 And swarthy brows unfurrow'd, and dark locks unbleach'd  
 with care—  
 A negro, and his negro bride, and negro babes were there.

Oh! shame upon you, churlish ones, who say the negro  
 knows  
 No bliss when those he loves are blest, no sorrow in  
 their woes!  
 Watch but that throbbing bosom, and those briny tears  
 that steal  
 Down his dark cheeks, and they shall tell how deeply  
 he can feel.

\* \* \* \* \*

There *was* a lovely negro home—the *home* is lovely still;  
 The cot is there, the grove is there, and the silver moun-  
 tain rill;  
 The sea as green as ever, and the sky as blue; the bowers  
 All beauty still, and studded with the bright mimosa  
 flowers.

But why this death-like stillness? why the silence all  
 unbroke?  
 Where is the hum of social mirth, and the laughter,  
 and the joke?  
 Why do the swarthy little ones forsake their evening play,  
 And the negro, and his negro bride—oh why?—and  
 where are they?

It was a summer's evening ; their daily toils were o'er,  
And they sate them down together at their little cottage  
door ;  
And with all a mother's fondness, and with all a father's  
joy,  
They gazed upon their two twin girls, and their noble  
negro boy.

That night they laid them down to sleep, in peace and  
free from fear,  
And fondly dreamed of joys to come through many a  
happy year ;  
That even they were bright of eye, and light of heart,  
and free,  
The morrow—weeping captives, sailing sadly o'er the sea.

The spoiler came at midnight, and tore them from their  
cot ;  
The father prayed, the mother wept, but he regarded not,  
And the base white man o'er the wave hath hurried with  
his spoil,  
To fatten with the negro's blood and tears a foreign soil.

But ere three sultry days were past, the two twin  
daughters lay,  
Clasp'd in each other's arms at rest, cold lifeless lumps  
of clay ;  
Another, and the negro boy was buried in the wave,  
And the negro bride slept by his side, in the same deep  
crystal grave.

The cursed human cargo gain'd at length its destined  
shore,  
And the slave-ship was unladed at the bloody planter's  
door.

The negro went to labour in the groves of sugar-cane,  
But his eye was dim, and his arm was weak, and his life  
was on the wane.

One morn he came not to his toil ; they sought for him .  
and found

Within his hut a bloated corpse, stretch'd lifeless on the  
ground.

They shuddered, for they knew the poison'd slave : and  
thus he died,

*He* of that happy negro home—a negro suicide.

Oh ! shame on thee, my country ! thou art free and  
thou art brave ;

But thy robes are dyed, thy hands are red, with the life-  
blood of the slave ;

And the black man's curse is on thee. God of mercy !  
for the day

When that curse shall be a blessing, and that blood be  
wiped away !

## SONNET.

—  
 “Willing rather to be absent from the body, and present with the Lord.”  
 “Not for that we would be unclothed.”—PAUL.

—

OH! just when thou shalt please, would I depart,  
 My Father and my God! I would not choose,  
 Ev'n if I might, the moment to unloose  
 The bonds which bind my weak and worthless heart  
 From its bright home. So I but have a part,  
 However humble, there, it matters not,  
 Or long or short my pilgrimage,—my lot  
 Joyful or joyless,—if the flowers may start  
 Where'er I tread, or thorns obstruct my path.  
 I look not at the present: many years  
 Are but so many moments, though of tears;—  
 My soul's bright home a lovelier aspect hath;  
 And if it surely shall be mine—and then  
 For ever mine—it matters little when.

## SONNET,

ON WITNESSING A GORGEOUS SUNSET.

—

OH! I do pity the poor grovelling thing,  
Who, if he would, could gaze on such a sight,  
And feel no inward thrilling of delight,  
Most painfully intense and ravishing,  
Within his bounding, bursting bosom spring;  
And have no aching consciousness of want,  
No sense of utter powerlessness, to bring  
The feeling from its deep unsunned font  
Into its adequate and proper play.  
Oh! though we may not *now*, 'tis joyful fear,  
That kind eternity will soon be here,  
And then—unfettered spirits—then we may.  
And if these earthly scenes can thrill us so,  
What o'er our changed souls will heaven's bright land-  
scapes throw.

## VESPERS.

—

NATURE is tired ; I must away,  
Upon my couch to sue for rest :  
And yet, my soul, a moment stay ;  
Awake, my weary breast.

One little song of praise is due—  
Oh ! surely, surely due to Him,  
The only great, and good, and true :—  
Lord ! hear my vesper hymn.

Angels are praising thee, and bow  
Lowly, adoring round thy throne ;  
And their sweet songs thou hearest now,  
Without a jarring tone.

Their praise is full of gratitude,—  
No coldness chills their burning zeal,—  
No thought of folly can intrude,  
To mar the love they feel.

*Their* songs are perfect worship ;—*mine*,  
How feebly flows it from my heart :—  
Oh God ! to this deserted shrine,  
Fire from above impart ;

Enkindling on this altar, fires  
More pure and bright than earth can show ;  
Expanding hopes, and high desires,  
That find no home below ;

But caught from thine eternal love,  
Will mingle with that boundless flame,  
And ever tend to join above  
The glory whence they came !

So as each midnight's solemn voice  
Warns me another day is gone,  
I may not sorrow, but rejoice  
That Time is passing on.

Joy ! thou art passing onward, Time !  
And very long thou canst not last :  
Give place to raptures more sublime  
Than all the joys thou hast.

Joy ! the last night will soon be here :—  
Oh God ! what shall it be to me ?  
A night of rapturous joy—or fear—  
Or calm serenity ?

Perchance, ev'n now 'tis here,—and this,  
This very night my soul must stand  
Amid the scenes of woe or bliss,  
Of that untrodden land.

Well, be it, be it as it may,  
I have a rock of refuge still ;  
And my last breath shall be to pray  
“ Work in me, Lord ! thy will ;

And wash me in the healing fount,—  
Have mercy in th' accepted hour,—  
And take me to thy holy mount—  
A trophy of thy power !”

And there among the crowned host,  
My ransomed spirit would abide,  
Foremost to glory and to boast  
In "Jesus crucified."

And with this name my song shall end—  
Sweetest of all the names that be :  
Oh! for thy grace, that I may spend—  
Spend, and be spent for Thee !

---

HYMN.

---

LORD ! who hast bled and died for me !  
I thankfully resign  
All that I am and have, to be  
Now and for ever thine.  
Take thou possession of my soul,  
And all its sin subdue ;  
Its pride abase, its lusts control,  
And fashion all things new.

Oft have I vowed that I would give  
To thee my mortal days ;  
'That to thy honour I would live,  
And dying, speak thy praise.  
But ah ! how oft my vows I broke,  
My best resolves forgot ;  
And though my dying Saviour spoke,  
My heart regarded not.

Yet turn, oh turn me, gracious God!  
 And leave me not to die;  
 From the vile paths which I have trod,  
 I would for ever fly.  
 And here again I give to thee,  
 This guilty soul of mine;  
 In time, and through eternity,  
 Oh make and keep me thine!

---

## MEMORIAL VERSES.

TO ———

“Oft alone in nooks remote,  
 We meet thee like a pleasant thought,  
 When such are wanted.”

WORDSWORTH—“*To the Daisy.*”

---

THUS, of a favourite English flower,  
 The poet sings;  
 And to our charmed fancy brings  
 The memory of many an hour,  
 Which these same simple flowers have fraught  
 With most unutterable thought.

The gay and gorgeous summer's train  
 Before us lay,  
 But o'er our souls they had no sway:  
 This modest flower, which would have lain  
 Concealed, but for the wind's revealing,  
 Thrilled all our souls with holy feeling.

And so the melodies which fill  
     The summer air,  
 When *all* the birds are singing there,  
 Cannot so stir the soul, or still,  
 As when their pleasant task is done,  
 And of all birds there is but *one* :

One lonely robin, in the snow—  
     Poor, desolate thing—  
 He has no summer airs to sing ;  
 Yet his few notes, so wild and low,  
 Are matchless music in our ears,  
 And touch our pity unto tears.

Lady ! in thy more thoughtful hours,  
     These artless words  
 May be like such familiar birds—  
 May be like such familiar flowers—  
 Having no glorious hues or tone,  
 But a sweet virtue of their own ;

A gentle power to touch the strings  
     Within thy heart ;  
 Till Fancy from his slumbers start,  
 And Hope and Memory wave their wings,  
 And thoughts, which long were counted lost,  
 Spring up “ when they are wanted ” most.

Thou hast the songs of mighty bards,—  
     Giants in song ;  
 And they will bear thy soul along  
 Where earth, nor sense, nor time retards :  
 Among their strains my verse must lie,  
 A dim star when the moon is high.

But when thou hast no mind to soar,  
    And art content  
To breathe an earthlier element ;  
And drawest from no loftier store  
Of joy and grief, than that which lies  
Within our human sympathies ;

And, most of all, when thou art sad,  
    Nursing apart  
The melancholy of a heart  
Which "would not, if it could be glad,"—  
When thou art in a musing mood,  
And fancy is in want of food,—

'Then give *my* song a glance or two,  
    And look with me,  
Back, on the past of memory,  
And forward, to hope's brighter view;—  
'Think of the time when last we met,—  
Think of a happier meeting yet.

We had much talk of men and things,  
    In heaven and earth ;  
And, sitting round our winter hearth,  
We drew from pleasure's choicest springs ;  
And mirth and wisdom laughed together,  
And set at nought the stormy weather.

If pleasant gossip, grave or merry,  
    At times grew dull,  
Music was always plentiful :  
Ah ! those sweet tones, so wild and airy,  
So full of simple feeling, still  
Ring in my ears, and always will.

Those hours, and words, and songs, are past :—

We meet and part !

This is the history of the heart,  
In all its unions, first and last ;  
And Christian friendship is not free  
From this so mournful destiny.

We met and parted,—it may be

To meet no more ;

By different roads we journey o'er  
This desert to eternity ;  
And we may never more be brought  
To mingle sympathy and thought.

Well—be it so ;—yet shall there come

A meeting time :

We travel to a happier clime  
Than this ; we have one common home,  
And unto us it shall be given,  
To part on earth and meet in heaven.

Oh, what a glorious hope is this !

That every saint

Shall gain, though trembling oft and faint,  
An immortality of bliss !  
The parted all shall meet again !—  
Creation groaneth until then.

Farewell ! It is enough for me

To point thy soul

Upward to its immortal goal.  
Now set thy thoughts and feelings free,  
Above this desert world to roam,  
And hold communion with thy home !

## SONNETS.

—

I.

METHOUGHT I saw upon the ocean's strand,  
 A crowned monarch on his gorgeous throne,  
 Who called the realms of England all his own ;  
 Around him stood the nobles of the land ;  
 The sea before him lay ; on every hand  
 Were signs of pomp and power and pleasure strewn.  
 The monarch spake in an imperious tone :—  
 "My subject ocean, hear thy lord's command ;  
 Back, nor presume to wet my royal feet !"  
 But the sea heard him not—the waves drew nigh,  
 And rushing up the beach like coursers fleet,  
 Dashed o'er the monarch and his chivalry.  
 Oh, earthly greatness ! what a sad defeat  
 To all thy pride, and pomp, and boastings high.

II.

Another vision of the unfettered main :—  
 Night on its waste of waves, as dark and wild  
 As if the cheerful day had never smil'd ;  
 Among the furious billows, hail and rain,  
 Battling with the resistless hurricane,  
 "How can these elements be reconciled ;  
 When shall this raging sea again be mild ?"  
 I asked,—and o'er the waters looked again.  
 A poor, sad man walked on that stormy sea,  
 As on a summer plain : I heard him cry—  
 "Be still !" The winds were hushed at his decree,  
 And the waves sunk to slumber quietly :  
 Then in the calm he sweetly spake to me ;  
 "Behold thy Saviour ! fear not, it is I !"

“ GOD IS LOVE.”

---

ALL I feel, and hear, and see,  
God of love, is full of thee !

Earth, with her ten thousand flowers—  
Air, with all its beams and showers—  
Ocean’s infinite expanse—  
Heaven’s resplendent countenance—  
All around and all above  
Hath this record—“ God is love.”

Sounds, among the vales and hills,  
In the woods and by the rills,  
Of the breeze and of the bird,  
By the gentle summer stirr’d ;—  
All these songs, beneath, above—  
Have one burden—“ God is love.”

All the hopes and fears that start  
From the fountain of the heart ;\*  
All the quiet bliss that lies  
In our human sympathies ;—  
These are voices from above,  
Sweetly whispering—“ God is love.”

All I feel, and hear, and see,  
God of love, is full of thee !

\* The *capabilities* of these passions originally implanted in the human heart by the Creator, are here to be understood.

“ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS.”

---

“He with true joy their hearts does only fill,  
 Who thirst and hunger to perform his will ;  
 Others, though rich, shall in this world be vex'd,  
 And surely live in terror of the next.”—WALLER.

---

CAN all the pomp and vain parade  
 Of wealth and mightiness avail,  
 To chase the horrors that invade,  
 Of Death, this dark and dreary vale ?  
 The wrinkled brow can tell a tale ;  
 The quivering lip—the hectic cheek—  
 Would say, the heart within that breast  
 Had little rapture, little rest,  
 If they could only speak.

Are there not fears of outward foes,  
 And cares for gold and treasures gained ?  
 Knows not the heart a thousand woes,  
 From pleasure's sweetest goblet drained ?  
 Has not the eye with anguish strained  
 To catch beyond the present scene,  
 (Albeit a wilderness of flowers)  
 A fairer one for future hours  
 Than ever yet hath been ?

And there are whispers to the heart,  
 That wealth and bliss *may* flee ;  
 That all this brightness may depart,  
 Poor, gilded worm ! from thee :  
 And oh ! the thought that this *may* be,

Or, sad alternative, that thou  
*Must* leave thy all to others, clings  
 To thy gay vessel's silken wings,  
 And darkness o'er its prow.

And thou art like a gallant ship,  
 With streamers bright and pennons gay,  
 Forth from the cheering port did slip,  
 Upon a laughing summer's day.  
 The scene is changed—and far away  
 That gilded vessel, rich and fair,  
 By winds and waves is wildly tossed—  
 What recks it when the helm is lost,  
 Beauty and wealth are there ?

There goes a labourer to his toil,  
 And oh ! how merrily he sings :—  
 Knows not that man the conqueror's spoil—  
 Knows not the smiles that honour brings—  
 Wealth's golden 'larum never rings  
 Its summons in his startled ear ;  
 Yet is he blest, and o'er his head  
 Doth peace her hallowed olives shed,  
 To banish care and fear.

Has he no fears for future ill ?  
 No yearnings for forbidden joy ?  
 Vacuity he cannot fill ?  
 Nor dull satiety to cloy ?  
 Are his delights without alloy ?  
 Show me the road that man hath trod :  
 Whence may such quiet rapture fall ?  
 He sought his wealth—his peace—his all,  
 And found them—in *his God*.

## A FRAGMENT.

I HAD a dream of after days : my soul  
Swam swiftly down the darkened stream of time,  
Without one mortal feeling to control  
Her powers, or stay her in her course sublime.  
I was all spirit then ; for I had cast  
My earthly fetters off, and I was free  
As the resistless lightnings in their strength.  
And still along that stream I hurried fast,  
Onward and onward floating, till at length  
The shadowy rocks of dark eternity  
Rose dim before me. On their utmost verge  
I stood, and looked around. Behind me all  
Was dark, interminably dark : before,  
I watched time's last faint dying billows urge  
Their feeble sides against the boundless shore,  
Which I had landed on. The little ball  
Of earth, amid the azure clouds afar,  
Rolled swiftly onward its invisible car,  
Amid a thousand other spheres of bright  
And dazzling radiance—orbs of life and light  
Intensely beautiful ; yet, even to me,  
All spiritual as I was, and free  
From touch of earth or earthly weakness, seemed  
That least of all the worlds, the loveliest  
And sweetest far ; and of them all, I deemed  
My native orb the brightest and the best.

My dream was of the earth. A thick dense cloud  
Was hung around it, overshadowing quite  
The relics of its beauty. Mortal sight  
Was all too weak to pierce that gloomy shroud ;  
But I had power to pierce it. 'Twas the reign  
Of Antichrist. Upon his iron throne  
The beast was seated, with the varied train  
Of his attendant demons round him strewn,  
Thick as the summer sunbeams. In a vest—  
A gaudy vest—of many-coloured dyes,  
Tattered and loathsome, he was habited ;  
He bore a painted sceptre ; on his head—  
It might have been in mockery—was pressed  
A gilded crown ; and on his brow appeared  
'The broad black stamp of hell. The demon reared  
His hideous form on high, a bloated mass  
Of horrible corruption. His sunk eyes  
Flung from their hollow cells a baneful light,  
Like two sepulchral lamps. His very smile  
Fell with a fearful witheringness and blight,  
Like the sirocco's breathings ; but his frown  
Descended like the avalanche's force,  
Crushing to dust whole hamlets in its course,  
Where youth and health, and beauty bloomed ere-  
while ;  
And hurling rocks, and hills, and forests down  
To utter desolation. If he spoke,  
Threatenings, and blasphemies, and curses broke  
From his curled lip ; and if he breathed, his breath  
Shed dire disease around, and pestilence and death.

\* \* \* \* \*

## THE SONG OF THE DYING.

AIR—"YE BANKS AND BRAES OF BONNY DOON."

OH ! yes, my soul, 'tis hard to part  
From scenes so bright, and sweet, and fair ;  
To rend the fond ties from my heart,  
Which love hath bound so closely there :  
How can I hear the parting knell,  
Of all that was most lovely here ?  
How can I breathe my last farewell  
Without a sigh—without a tear ?

And yet I would not linger : no—  
Loved ones and lovely things, adieu !  
And care, and crime, and pain, and woe,  
Farewell ! for I have done with you.  
And welcome ! suns without a shade—  
Undrooping youth—undying morn ;  
And welcome ! joys that never fade,  
And deathless flowers—without a thorn !

## THE EVE OF THE VINTAGE.

---

“Alas! for all the loved and lovely things  
That were and are not.”

---

It was the summer time : the hills all clad  
With purple grapes ; the bending heavens were glad  
To overhang such rich luxuriant fruit ;  
The winds had ceased their revels, and were mute,  
Deeming it most ungracious, and a crime,  
To shake off one ripe cluster ere its time.  
The cloudless sun looked down upon the scene  
More brightly than his wont, as he had been  
Rejoicing in the beauty and the worth  
To which his own warm beams had given birth.  
The pretty village, bosomed in the hills,  
    Looked like a bride upon her wedding day,  
Whom all around her with such rapture fills,  
    She is too deeply happy to be gay.  
So seemed this pleasant village, on the eve  
    Of its first vintage. Many a little maid  
Sate on the turf, tasking herself to weave  
    A pretty wreath, her sister's hair to braid,  
For the glad dance, which, with the morrow's sun,  
Should hail the glorious days of wine begun.  
The old grey-headed men and women sate  
Beside their doors, in patriarchal state,  
Listening their children, to their children's born  
Teaching sweet songs to sing upon the morn—  
And with their feeble voices, now and then,  
Blessing their sons—those tall and noble men,

And their sweet wives—those delicate and fair.  
 And there were lovers wandering here and there,  
 Wishing the time of purple grapes were past,  
 When they should end their wooing days at last,  
 When they might talk of all their sorrows flown,  
 In a small vine-wreathed cottage of their own.

The sun went down behind the hills, and heard  
 The stillness of his setting scarcely stirred  
 By many vesper hymns and evening prayers.  
 Another hour—and all the loves and cares,  
 Of that sweet Eden, were forgot in sleep ;  
 And they were wrapt in those most blessed dreams  
 Which over guileless spirits oft will creep,—  
 The things of earth shown forth in heaven's own  
 beams.

The morrow came, but ah ! no vintage song—  
 No merry meeting of the village throng ;  
 Noon came and went, and not an eye looked on—  
 The beatings of the many hearts were gone.  
 Evening—and over the far hills came one,  
 A hale old man, to see his favourite son,  
 Who brought the chosen of his heart, to bide  
 In this fair spot—meet home for such a bride.  
 The old man searched with aching heart and eye,  
 But not a vestige found he of the spot ;  
 And not a living thing to tell him why,  
 With all his earnest looks, he found it not.  
 From the sad place the hoary man departed,  
 And hied him home, completely broken hearted,  
 And raving wildly of his perished son,  
 From his weak arms by some strange monster riven ;—  
 But ere his maniac tale of woe was done,  
 The old man went to find his son in heaven !

And others sought that loveliest far of all  
Their many lovely villages, but sought  
In vain. Of all its beauty there was nought.  
Buried that village lay—its funeral pall  
A sea of stagnant waters, sending out  
Fumes of sulphureous vapour. Round about,  
Upon its brink, hemlock and vile weeds grew,  
Dropping their poison in the lake like dew.  
The hills, that were so richly clad with vines,  
Lay barren as the wildest Appenines,  
Without their barren beauty—a dead slope,  
Unvaried by a rock, or flower, or tree,  
Down to that dreary “Sepulchre of hope,”  
(As they have called it well)—that deep black sea.

One chestnut tree, as if by lightning split,  
(Beneath whose shade the village maids would sit,  
Singing so gladly when their work was over,  
Each listened to by husband, sire, or lover)—  
This aged tree, of all its glory reft,  
Save one stray branch, as if in mockery left,  
Stood on the margin of those dreary waves,  
Like some old sire among his children’s graves,  
Weeping with ceaseless sorrow o’er the dead;  
And like those tears the chestnut’s leaves are shed,  
Year after year; and, blighted in their prime,  
They fade and fall before their withering time.

It is a desolate and dreary place,  
And none may view it with a changeless face,  
Or undimmed eye, when he beholds so wild,  
The scene that once with richest beauty smiled;  
And when he thinks how golden-locked and grey,  
Were, in one night, so sadly swept away.

## A FATHER'S DREAM.

—

THERE was a lovely little flower  
I fondly hoped to rear ;  
I saw it at the matin hour,  
It was expanding here.  
I looked again ; my flower was gone ;  
I knew it must be dead ;  
And put a robe of sackcloth on,  
Strewed ashes on my head,  
And sate me down, to wail and weep  
That thus my flower had died ;  
And in my sorrow fell asleep :—  
There stood one by my side,  
Who told me of my lovely flower,  
And showed me where it grew,  
Beyond the scorching summer's power.  
Where winter never blew ;  
And told me he had taken it  
To that more genial sphere,  
Because, in truth, it was not fit  
That it should wither here ;  
And said it was too sweet a thing  
To bloom *on earth* for me,  
For waters from a purer spring  
Around its root must be ;  
And dews which always fall in heaven,  
But never here below,

Must wash its leaves, both morn and even,  
Or it would never grow ;  
And it must have a tenderer care,  
And truer love than mine,  
He pointed unto heaven, “ and there,”  
He said, “ a hand divine  
Shall tend and train thy flower for thee,  
Till it is fully grown ;  
Then come to heaven, and it shall be  
Eternally thine own !”

And then he went away. My heart  
Was calm and reconciled ;  
But gently yearning to depart,  
And join my blessed child !  
And thinking of my pleasant dream,  
In happy sleep I sung !  
Both joy and grief were in my theme,  
And both were on my tongue.  
It was not quite a gloomy strain,  
Nor quite a merry glee :  
But a sweet mingling of the twain,  
In one deep melody.  
I woke in tears, which soon were dry,  
And knelt me down to pray ;  
And then I laid my ashes by,  
And flung my weeds away.

## SONNET.

EIGHT hundred thousand Slaves ! and, what is worse,  
Our slaves ! stolen, bartered, tortured, slain,  
By this unrighteous England ! 'Tis a stain  
Most foul on our escutcheon, and a curse  
Louder than all our glory. Fame ! rehearse  
No more our victories on the land or main ;  
But say we do self murder, and for gain,  
Which is no gain ; that, first of all, we nurse  
An aspic in our bosom, then call down  
(Twice suicides !) the thunderbolts of God,  
Who will not see his meanest creatures trod  
Under the feet of any. Oh ! his frown  
Resteth on England. Patriots ! toil and pray  
That this dark thunderbolt of wrath may pass away.

## ACELDAMA.

---

—————“ Oh ! what are these,  
 Death's ministers, not men, who thus deal death  
 Inhumanly to men, and multiply  
 Ten thousand-fold the sin of him who slew  
 His brother : for of whom such massacre  
 Make they, but of their brethren—men of men ?” —MILTON.

---

It was the eve of battle—there they stood,  
 Hosts of brave men, on either side the river,  
 Which, as it flowed along, made gentle music,  
 Scarce louder than the beating of their hearts,  
 Who sternly stood upon its flowery banks.  
 —Alas ! that War should have such sacrifice  
 Of noble blood, and lofty minds, and warm  
 And love-inspired hearts !

'Twas there they stood,  
 The many and the brave. Rank after rank  
 Rose from the river's brink, like forest trees,  
 Covering the valley—crowning all the hills :  
 And as the moon—the mournful moon—looked forth  
 From the pavilion of pale clouds, in which  
 She hid herself from that unnatural sight,—  
 Her silver beams enkindled all the scene,  
 Glancing upon the martial garniture ;  
 So that the sky of earth was lit, no less  
 Than that above, with many twinkling stars.

Why are they called to battle ? Wherefore summoned  
 To murder in cold blood each man his brother ?  
 Why must that gentle stream be stained with gore,

With human gore? Why are those vineyards trampled  
 Beneath the feet of men, whose noble hearts  
 Might have been gladdened by the generous wine?  
 Why? Ask the mighty tyrants of the earth,  
 And let them answer, as they doubtless can.  
 —They have too much of man within their breasts,  
 To butcher men for naught—too deep a sense  
 Of common immortality, to urge  
 So many, and so rudely, to their doom,  
 Without befitting reason.

The monstrous crime of having different homes,  
 Which neither could control, became the cause  
 Of long, and bloody, and unnatural wars.  
 Hundreds of years are blotted with their murders;  
 The archives of the long-descended past  
 Are one sad history of their cruel feuds.  
 Kings, that are in their graves, (sad home for kings!)  
 And warriors, that have served the worm for food,  
 (Alas! that heroes should be conquered so!)  
 And people, multitudinous as the sands  
 That sweep the wastes of Araby, or lie,  
 Kissed by old Ocean, on the wild sea shore,—  
 Have stood upon the banks of this sweet river,  
 Waiting, as these are waiting, for the morn;  
 And the morn came to them, as it shall come  
 To these.—The most were slain—a few returned  
 To their now desolate land, and called themselves  
 The victors of the day, and decked their city,  
 (A city of sad hearts and widowed homes,)  
 With gorgeous banners—and ten thousand lamps—  
 And garlands of bright flowers—and laurel boughs—  
 (Strange that they were not turned to mournful cypress!)  
 For death and war alone were conquerors,  
 And should have worn the victor's wreath together!

Thus hath the story been, age after age,  
Foul War hath reaped his harvest of brave men ;  
—Then came a time of Spring—and youths grew up—  
And reached the summer of their perfect strength,  
And then again War shouted—“Harvest home !”  
And had a merry Autumn.—Now once more  
The reaping time is come, and War hath whet  
His unrelenting sickle, and the morrow  
Shall see the harvest gathered, and his garner  
Filled—for the cravings of his ravenous maw.

“Stand forth—stand forth—the morn is on the hills,  
Stand forth to battle !”—and the morn has broke ;  
—The sun is in his chariot—he has driven  
Through the highway of heaven—and now has reached  
The western sea, eager to meet his bride.  
Twilight is in the valley.—With the dawn,  
Two mighty hosts, in order and in health,  
Looked on each other, with the stream between ;  
And might as easily have said—“All hail !”  
As—“I defy thee !”—It is even-song,  
And where are they ?—Oh ! gone to placid rest,  
That they may be recruited and refreshed  
For their to-morrow’s toil ; or they have fled  
To the deep coverts of some secret vale,  
Where they may cease from battle, and the cares  
Of soldiership, and have communion sweet  
With peace and nature.—Aye, they *have* sound sleep !  
No rude alarms shall break their deep repose ;  
But they shall rest for ever, where they lie,  
In the quiet vale—along the dark hill side—  
Beneath the waters of that murmuring stream,  
Which tells no tales of who or what they were ;  
More faithless than even marble monuments !  
Aye ! they are tired of conflict and turmoil,

And they have sought a still and secret valley,  
 And found the valley of the shade of Death.  
 —That host is but an army of dry bones !  
 And they shall never don their arms again ;  
 And they shall never gird their faithful swords ;  
 And all the accoutrements of martial pride  
 Shall rot unheeded by them.

They have fought

In their last battle-field :—and as the din  
 Of clashing arms grew silent in their ears—  
 And as the awful visions of the fight  
 Faded from their glazed eyes—and they were stretchèd  
 Almost without a struggle, gasp, or groan,  
 Where men and horses trod them under foot—  
 Just ere their hearts were still, there came to each  
 The last dread foe that all must grapple with,  
 And challenged soul and body to the conflict ;  
 And they were forced to bring the quivering relics  
 Of their weak natures to the fight with Death.  
 That was the fiercest struggle. The horrid crash  
 Of armed men together—the stern strife  
 For mastery—hand to hand, and heart to heart—  
 The weary worn-out body—and the soul  
 Fearing and hoping—big with proud ambition,  
 And yet the cowering victim of despair—  
 Unvaried—dark—intolerable despair ;  
 The many feelings, thoughts, and sympathies,  
 And secret yearnings of the heart towards home,  
 And those who make it home—which clash together  
 In the first shock of battle—these are nought,  
 (Though *they* have most unutterable pangs,)  
 Yet these are nought but ease, and peace, and pleasure,  
 To the soul's conflict, and the body's conflict,  
 On the last frightful verge of mortal being,

With unrelenting and all-conquering Death,  
While all eternity is looking on.  
—*They* fought this battle, and were worsted in it,  
And went in captive fetters to the grave,  
Death's well-secured and crowded prison-house.

The river hath not stayed—the mountain sides  
Vie with the vale in fruitfulness and beauty.  
And they will bloom and flow a little longer,  
Till hostile bands shall trample down the one,  
And choke the gentle waters of the other.  
And thus the constant change of things goes on !

## THE OCEAN.



POOR man! yet in thy poverty so proud!

Go, stand and muse beside the mighty sea:  
Its rampant billows, and its roarings loud  
Shall read an humbling lesson unto thee.

What art thou to the sea?—a grain of sand  
Upon its shore—a bubble on its breast;  
Having no power its vengeance to withstand,  
Or hush the fury of its waves to rest.

It hath defied the mandates of thy kings,  
And swept their cities from the earth away;  
Thy brave, and beautiful, and noble things,  
Age after age, have been its easy prey.

It was before thy first forefather's birth;  
It shall be when thy latest heir hath died:  
And canst thou yet be proud, poor child of earth,  
With that eternal ocean by thy side?

With more than ocean.—HE is there, who made—  
Who now controls—who shall dry up that sea:  
Oh! rest not till thine inmost soul hath prayed  
“Break my proud heart, oh God! and humble me!”

A BIRTHDAY ODE.  

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A BIRTHDAY, in the history of our years,  
Is like a seat upon some rising ground,  
On which the traveller rests, and looks around  
O'er all the glowing landscape. There appears  
The road which he has trodden—every hill,  
And every vale—the wood—the waterfall—  
The lovely village, looking lovelier still  
In the dim distance. He can trace them all ;  
And there is not one pleasant spot, but fancy can recal.

And then he looks upon the moss and flowers,  
Which grow in rich profusion at his feet ;  
Some costlier clad than kings, and some more sweet  
Than all the spices of Arabian bowers ;  
And some with neither flower nor fragrant scent,  
Yet oh how beautiful ! In that small space  
What varied hue and matchless form are blent !  
And it is rapture to his soul to trace  
These more minute and graceful lines in nature's lovely  
face.

And then his eyes are on the wide champaign,  
 Tracing the mazes of his future path ;  
 The beauties and sublimities it hath,  
 Which he shall reach before to-morrow's wane.  
 But, where the hills and clouds together mix,  
 His eye reposes. Tender fancies come  
 Into his heart, and all his feelings fix,  
 On the dear spot beyond those hills—his home ;  
 And his soul yearneth for the hour when he shall cease  
 to roam.

Such, Lady ! be this day to thee—a spot  
 For rest, and whence to mark thy course thus far ;  
 And what thou art, and what thy prospects are ;  
 Past—present—future—of thy changeful lot.  
 Look on the country thou hast travelled through,  
 And is it not a rich and goodly land ?  
 Art thou not almost longing to renew  
 Thine old acquaintance with the scenes which stand  
 So beautiful, and rife with placid joy, on every  
 hand.

Look on the past. Up to this day thy life,  
 Hath it not been a cloudless summer's morn—  
 Sun without shade, or if the clouds were born,  
 They tarried but a moment, as in strife  
 With the brave sun, then left to him the field :  
 And thou, beneath this mild congenial sky,  
 Like a fair flower, thy beauties hast revealed ;  
 Around thee, withered leaves and blossoms lie—  
 Thou didst but bow thy beauteous head, and the harm-  
 less storm went by.

Think of thine infant hours, whose pleasant story  
Few tears make up, and many, many smiles ;  
Think of thy happy childhood's playful wiles ;  
Think of the visions of unearthly glory  
Which brake upon thy raptured soul, when first,  
One after one, the wild and beautiful  
Of art and nature, on thy fancy burst ;  
Think of the days when thou wast never dull,  
But all within thee, and without, of gladsome glee was  
full.

Think of the moment, when upon thy soul  
The light (but dim at first) of knowledge broke,  
And, in thy young untutored spirit, woke  
Fancies and thoughts that could not brook control,  
Like the deep strains which every morn called forth  
From Memnon's harp of gold ; and think again  
How rich a mine, and of what nameless worth,  
Was sprung within thy bosom, when the pain  
And joy of love first started from the cells where they  
had lain !

Think of the blessings which have crowned thy days ;  
Think of the dangers which have touched thee not ;  
Sorrows as soon as April showers forgot ;  
Joys, which in setting, left a line of rays,  
And melt to twilight when *even they* depart ;  
Think of the tearless griefs of many a one—  
Their blasted hopes—their brokenness of heart—  
The tiresome life which they are dragging on ;  
Hast thou more worthiness than they ? and thy heart  
answers—none.

Think of all this—what thou hast been and art,  
Even from thy birth a happy one ; and now  
The locks of woman wreathing o'er thy brow,  
The love of woman beating in thy heart,  
And all her fondest hopes. O think ! and raise  
An altar to thy God—the good—the true—  
Yea, make this day the record of his praise,  
Inscribe it “ Ebenezer ! Hitherto ! ”  
Then start again thy journey, with the better land in  
view.

Thou dost not know thy future wanderings,  
If they shall be even as the pleasant past,  
Or full of storm—cloudy and overcast :  
Thou canst not tell how many coming springs  
Shall bring their early flowers to wreath thy hair,  
Before those flowers shall bloom upon thy tomb.  
The dreary future ! and yet Hope is there,  
And Fancy bids a glorious Eden bloom,  
And flings a track of heaven's own light athwart the  
desert's gloom.

There is a vision rising on my sight—  
A pleasant home, beside a gentle river,  
In a broad vale, where Nature weareth ever  
Her garb of softest beauty ; and a bright  
And beaming summer's day is on the earth.  
A group of little ones from that sweet home,  
Glad as the summer's day, are hurrying forth,  
And lo ! the father and the mother come,  
With their sweet boys and girls, along the river side to  
roam.

I know thy fair, high brow, thou thoughtful girl !  
And those bright, laughing eyes, so full of joy,  
I know them well, thou merry-hearted boy !  
And these dark locks, like clustering vines that curl  
Over this little modest maiden's face,  
Are as familiar things to me ;—and ye,  
Father and mother ! have the air and grace  
Of two who once were very dear to me—  
Lady ! I cannot choose but know thine own true love  
and thee.

Oh lovely vision ! thou art gone. But lo !  
A lovelier far, entrancing all my soul :—  
I have not heard one sound of murmuring dole,  
I have not seen one tear of parting flow ;  
And yet their home is empty in the vale ;  
Father, and mother, and their babes have parted ;  
And sounds of woe have floated on the gale ;—  
And mournful requiems for the dear departed ;  
And tears from broken hearts to straining eyes (how oft)  
have started !

But all their grief is past ; and there they are,  
All met again. Oh ! what a glorious home !  
From which their feet and hearts shall never roam.  
Oh sweet communion, which no strife can mar !  
Oh blessed interchange of lofty thought,  
And holy feeling, and affection true !  
Oh rapturous songs of praise to him who brought  
The pilgrims safely all the desert through !  
Such, Lady ! be the happy home of thee and thine.  
Adieu !

A VERY YOUNG LADY'S THOUGHTS ABOUT  
TIME.

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“ Out upon time ! ”—LORD BYRON

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“ TIME ! a little moment stay ”—  
But he flieth on alway ;  
Waiting for the will of none,  
Ever, ever hurrying on.  
Swifter than the autumn wind,  
Or the glances of the mind,  
Or the lightning, or the river,  
Flying, flying on for ever. .

Off he started on the morn  
When the heavens and earth were born ;  
For he had a race to run  
With the planets, round the sun ;  
Rolled along each blazing ball,  
But he soon outstripped them all.  
Still he found no resting place,  
Still he would not cease his race ;  
On he went, demure and mute—  
Oh ! he had a rapid foot.  
’Twas no wonder that he had,  
He was *then* a nimble lad,  
Yet ’tis surely somewhat strange  
There is *now* no sign of change,  
When he is an aged man,  
Hoary-locked, and lean, and wan :

Strange he moveth on as fast  
Every season as the last ;  
With a foot as fleet and strong  
As he had when he was young ;  
Never weary of the way—  
Never resting for a day—  
Never falling on to sleep,  
When the stars their vigils keep,  
Marshalled by the wakeful moon—  
Never at the sultry noon.

“ Hear, old wrinkled eld, and smile !  
We will let thee rest awhile.  
Do not look so stern and gruff—  
Thou hast laboured long enough,  
Through so many weary ages ;—  
Here, old man, receive thy wages,  
Which for years have been thy due  
For such lengthened toils and true.  
Thou hast won the race, and now  
Here are laurels for thy brow ;  
Sit thee down—be blithe and gay,  
For we give thee holiday ;  
Take the pleasant sleep we grant thee,  
We will wake thee when we want thee !”

But he will not have our gift—  
There he goes—ah me !—how swift !  
Oh ! thou dost deserve our ban—  
Out upon thee, stern old man !

## SONNET.

KIRKSTALL ABBEY.  

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MINE eye is on thy ruins, hoary pile !  
But my free thoughts are in the olden time,  
And I behold thee in thy gorgeous prime.  
There is no alder in that stately aisle—  
Thy spacious roof hath not a broken tile—  
The treacherous ivy hath not dared to climb  
Those solemn towers, from which the vesper chime  
Swells o'er the pleasant vale for many a mile.  
Thus didst thou look upon the gentle Aire,  
In all thine early majesty and grace,  
And *now* thou art a desolate ruin there,  
Like an old man with age upon his face,  
Dying where he was born. Yet art thou fair  
In thy decay, thou fancy-haunted place.

## ISABEL.

A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE.

“ OH ! thou wilt soon forget me, Isabel !  
When prouder lovers kneel to ask thy hand ;  
And memory to thy heart will never tell  
Of me and my true faith, when I shall dwell  
A weary stranger in a far-off land.

“ And all the tales of love that I have told ;  
And all the tender vows that I have said ;  
The beatings of thy happy heart of old ;  
The glad confiding smiles which made me bold ;  
The precious parting tears which thou hast shed ;—

“ All—all will be forgotten. Thou wilt bless  
*Another* with thy love ; and smile to see  
*Another* at thy side ; and gently press  
*Another's* hand with thrilling tenderness ;  
And never think, or weep, or pray for me.”

The fair girl did not chide him ; but her cheek  
Grew pale at first, and then with crimson burned,  
And her eyes filled with tears. She could not speak,  
Save by her eloquent looks—so fond and meek—  
To heaven, and then on her beloved, turned.

There was a Bible near her ; by and bye,  
    (When she had somewhat stilled her troubled heart,)  
She took it up, and led her lover's eye  
Along the page, which tells of Naomi  
    And faithful Ruth. At the most touching part

Of all that moving story, Isabel  
    Rested her finger ; and her lover read  
These words—" Entreat me not to say, farewell !  
For where *thou* dwellest *I* will surely dwell,  
    Die where thou diest, and there be buried ;

" The Lord do so to me, and worse than so,  
    If aught but death shall part us.\*" At this place  
She pressed her hand upon her heart, to know  
Whether it were a heart like Ruth's, or no ;—  
    And looked up, weeping, in her lover's face.

He felt that he had wronged her ; kissed away  
    Her passionate tears, but strove in vain to quell  
The joy and grief, which held tumultuous sway  
In his own heart ; and he could only say—  
    " In life and death, my own sweet Isabel !"

\* The book of Ruth, chap. i. 16, 17.

## COMMUNION WITH THE DEAD.

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“For our conversation is in Heaven.”—PAUL.

“And we have often said how sweet it were,  
 With unseen ministry of angel power,  
 To watch the friends we loved.—  
 —— We did not err ;  
 Sure I have felt thy presence, thou hast given  
 A birth to holy thought.

Not to the grave, not to the grave, my soul  
 Follow thy friend beloved !  
 But in the lonely hour,  
 Think that he companies thy solitude ;  
 Think that he holds with thee  
 Mysterious intercourse ;  
 And tho’ remembrance wake a tear,  
 There will be joy in grief.”—SOUTHEY.

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## I.

MARY ! thou once would’st listen to my call,  
 And answer it with ready smiles ; and now,  
 If on thy spirit’s ear my words may fall,  
 Oh ! surely from thy glory thou wilt bow,  
 Though thou dost wear a crown upon thy brow,  
 Or that which honours thee as crowns do here,—  
 Come—I am far away from home, and thou,  
 Of all my heart’s beloved, art most near,  
 And if thou hearest not, there is not one to hear.

## II.

My heart is sad and weary.—It is night,  
 A cold November night. The autumn gale  
 Comes, like the sighings of a troubled sprite,  
 Upon my ear and spirit. 'Tis a tale  
 To turn the cheek of blooming rapture pale,  
 This dismal ditty of the whistling wind ;  
 Summer and Spring have no such dreary wail ;  
 But they are dead, and the Year mourns, to find,  
 For all their many sweets, stern Winter left behind.

## III.

What melancholy tones ! How strangely linked  
 The spirit is to sound ! for I have grown  
 Quite sad with listening :—dark, and indistinct  
 Feelings, and fancies, o'er my soul have flown ;  
 Like shadows, when the sun is going down,  
 Behind the mountains. I will hear no more ;  
 But have sweet converse—Ah ! I am alone,  
 And when I say my greetings o'er and o'er,  
 And wait an answer—hark ! that wind's eternal roar.

## IV.

Alone !—and so I call again to thee,  
 Mary, my Sister ! come and join me, sweet !  
 Be my companion all unseen, and we  
 Shall be so happy, once again to meet,  
 And talk about the pleasures, bright and fleet,  
 That once we shared together, in our love,  
 And deep affection ; and thou shalt repeat,  
 (Thus shalt thou be my olive-bearing dove,)  
 One of the hymns of praise, which thou hast learned above

## V.

I do believe thou art not very far,  
 Even at this moment, from me. Hast thou not  
 Come swiftly down in thy invisible car,  
 And lighted by me in this lonely spot?  
 My little room is hallowed, and my lot—  
 I will not call it desolate again.  
 Winds! ye may howl your worst and dreariest;  
 (what—  
 What are the winds to me?) but all in vain:  
 Ye shall not make me sad—I will not now complain.

## VI.

Mary, my own dear sister! oh, how long,  
 How *very* long it seems since last we met!—  
 I can remember thee, when thou wast strong,  
 And thy sweet looks, which I shall ne'er forget.  
 There were not *many* cheeks had then been wet  
 With tears for thee; but since how many a one!  
 And many an eye is sadly drooping yet,  
 Which, o'er thine early grave, afresh begun  
 Topouritsfountainsforth—when will those tears be done?

## VII.

For thou art dead.—I think me of the day  
 When first I saw thee in thy cradle lying;  
 And now and then forsook my thoughtless play  
 To kiss thee—with most curious glances eyeing  
 My little sister.—On the years were flying,  
 And soon we romped together, in our mirth,  
 Among the graves; but never thought of dying:  
 And every hour to some fresh joy gave birth;  
 We might have shouted then—“Oh happy—happy  
 earth!”

## VIII.

But we outgrew those merry hours of life :  
 School parted us—yet oft we met, and knew  
 With what prime joys the holidays are rife :  
 And we were still a happy-hearted crew ;  
 Our fancies growing sadder, as they grew  
 Less fanciful, and more allied to truth ;  
 For, ah ! 'tis not more pitiful than true,  
 That the world's wisdom hath a serpent's tooth,  
 To gnaw its gloomy lore, deep in the hearts of youth.

## IX.

Yet did we never grow so very weary  
 Of all the scenes and sounds of joy that bound us ;  
 And never seemed the world utterly dreary,  
 With such kind looks, and hands, and hearts around  
 us,  
 And days, and weeks, and months, returning, found us  
 Growing in hope, and heart together ; till  
 All the gay wreaths, with which young fancy crowned  
 us,  
 Faded and died :—*Thy* hopes might none fulfil ;  
 And *thy* fond heart became so passionless and still.

## X.

For thou art dead ! I will repeat that word—  
 “ For thou art dead ”—I cannot *feel* thou art ;  
 There are no chords to distinct music stirred,  
 Of all the strings of feeling, in my heart ;  
 'Tis sadly out of tune, and will not start  
 To melody as it delighted erst ;  
 The strings are in disorder, and a part,  
 Shattered beyond repair ; and what is worst,  
 Thyself hast broken one—but, Mary ! *not the first !*

## XI.

"For thou art dead."—I know that thou art dead ;  
 I saw thee in thy coffin, and I kissed  
 Thy cheek *so* pale, and brow *so* cold ; and read  
 Thy name upon the coffin lid. A mist  
 Came over my sad heart. I hardly wist  
 Why I was weeping ; but the tears were there,  
 Blotting another name out, from the list  
 Of those beloved ones, who more than *share*  
 Our hearts with us—their yearning sympathy and care.

## XII.

I stood not by thee, Mary ! when the last  
 Words of deep joy, and boundless ravishment  
 Brake from thy lips, as thy freed spirit passed  
 To its right home. Cherubic bands were sent  
 To bear it thither, and they fondly bent  
 Over thy dying bed ;—And thou didst cry,  
 Thy soul beholding, as it upward went,  
 Those bright and beauteous creatures of the sky—  
 "Oh where am I?"—and then again—"Oh ! where  
 am I?"

## XIII.

I did not hear that triumph, I was coming,  
 That very moment, towards my home, and thought  
 Was all devote to thee ; and I was humming  
 Snatches of songs, with hope and pleasure fraught :  
 Yea, I was almost happy ; I had caught  
 The spirit of the joyous summer scene ;  
 Despair, and almost fear, was gone ; and naught  
 Was left upon my fancy, that had been  
 Sad and foreboding, all was hopeful and serene.

## XIV.

I thought how I would tend thee,—by thy side,  
Watching the day depart and come again,  
If I might make thy weary moments glide  
Less wearily along, and soothe thy pain,  
And strive to cheer thy heart, not quite in vain.  
And I was bringing home my flute, to play  
Some gentle air to thee, or merry strain,  
Which might avail to while the hours away,  
And make the languid looks of sickness bright and gay.

## XV.

In thought, I saw thee well again, and full  
Of spirits and glad health, as heretofore.  
I walked with thee—and it was joy to cull  
The loveliest flowers for thee, that summer bore ;  
To scan the varied summer landscape o'er,  
And point its richest beauties out, and trace  
In all Jehovah's footsteps, and adore ;  
And then I looked in fancy, on thy face,  
Which seemed of placid joy, the unruffled dwelling-place.

## XVI.

“ 'Tis over ”—From my reverie I started,  
My too—too happy day-dream—“ She is gone ! ”—  
“ Is gone ? ”—and all my hopes at once departed ;  
—“ Mary—an hour ago ”—I hurried on,  
And thou *wast* dead, my Sister ! Every one  
Wept, whose deep grief could vent itself in tears ;  
Thy happy home was sad and wo-begone ;  
There was strange havoc in our hearts—the fears,  
And hopes, and fond desires engulfed, of many years.

## XVII.

Didst thou behold our sorrow? Couldst thou spare,  
 So soon, a moment from thy blessedness,  
 To look into the darkened chamber, where  
 Thou hadst so keenly suffered, but far less  
 Than we were suffering? Didst thou stoop to bless  
 Thy kindred, for their love to thee? and bow,  
 Longing to calm thy Mother's loud distress—  
 To smooth the furrows of thy Father's brow,  
 And bid his aching heart be still, and teach it how?

## XVIII.

And didst thou think of me, thy Brother? Didst  
 Thou feel a Sister's sympathy, with her  
 Who stood so much bereaved, in the midst  
 Of our sad circle? Did thy pity stir,  
 To see the very little ones, who were  
 So full of childhood's glee, forsake their play,  
 And, in their momentary grief, prefer  
 A place beside thy cold, but lovely clay,  
 To all that charmed them most—the thoughtful or the  
 gay.

## XIX.

Methinks it was not so. Thou couldst not gaze  
 Downward so soon, from Heaven. Thy soul was  
 lost,  
 A little while, and dazzled in the blaze  
 Of pure immortal glory. Angels crossed  
 Thy path, and called thee—'Sister;' (for thou wast  
 Become at once an angel:) and, in sweet  
 Communion, and high praise, would be engrossed  
 Thy earliest hours; and they would guide thy feet,  
 With songs and happy smiles, through every golden  
 street.

## XX.

And so perchance thou hadst not time to look  
 Upon thine earthly kindred, till the dust,  
 From hands that would, but could not hold thee took  
 All, Mary! that was left of thee, in trust,  
 To wait the "Resurrection of the just."

But there was one, to all our spirits dear,  
 In Heaven a year before thee. He was thrust  
 Forth from our circle of communion here,—  
 Too bright a star for earth—and went to his own sphere.

## XXI.

He would be there to greet thee—thine own Brother—  
 And hail thee welcome to thy home of rest :  
 Oh ! with what bliss would ye embrace each other !  
 And Heaven itself would seem more deeply blessed,  
 That all its raptures were by each possessed.

And the fond intercourse which Death had broken,  
 Would be renewed with superadded zest,  
 For its brief interruption. Say—what token  
 Of love by him was given—by thee what sweet words  
 spoken ?

## XXII.

I know there are who think it but a dream  
 Of wild romance, to talk, as I have done,  
 Of kindred sympathies, beyond the stream,  
 —The dark cold stream of Death, whose waters run  
 Betwixt Time and Eternity. "Not one,"

So runs their creed, "of all our dearest friends—  
 Mother, or Sister—Brother, Sire, or Son,—  
 May there be recognized. Affection tends  
 Our travel *to the grave*—there, its brief being ends."

## XXIII.

And is it true, this harsh, unlovely creed ?

Tell me, my Sister !—But no voice I hear :—

Thou art a spirit now, and dost not need

A language fitted for a mortal's ear.

—Oh ! did we know it true, how we should fear

Death's future visitations ! He *would* seem

“The King of Terrors” then,—with such a leer

Of malice in his eye, as poet's dream

The Vampire hath ; and, in his throat, the Vampire's  
scream.

## XXIV.

And, such an awful vision, he would come,

Marring the choicest pleasures of the heart,

Striking home's pleasant music—oh how dumb !

Bidding the sweets of Friendship all depart.

Now, keen as the forked lightning, *then*, his dart,

In dark annihilation's poison dipped,

Intolerable anguish to the heart

Would strike.—Even as its chains the spirit slipped,

’Twould grieve to see love's beauteous buds so rudely  
nipped.

## XXV.

But oh, it is not so ! Fraternal feelings,—

Father and Mother's yearning tenderness,—

Love's pure affection, are the first revealings

Of Heaven, which is all love, and so all bliss.

These are most sacred things : and sure it is,

All that remains of Eden on the earth,

All that is heavenly in our sympathies,

Must be transplanted to their place of birth,

And there expanded forth to their full power and worth.

## XXVI.

I have not lost thee, Mary ! which I had,  
 If a pure spirit only went to Heaven,  
 And not my Sister.—Now I am not sad,  
 As those who have no hope ; though thou art driven  
 To rest, a little while before the even,  
 It matters not. The morning soon will break ;  
 And, in my soul, I feel it will be given  
 To us, to know each other when we wake,  
 As ere we laid us down our last long sleep to take.

## XXVII.

And thou and William were not strangers then,  
 But knew at once, and felt, as Brothers do,  
 And Sisters, when on earth they meet again,  
 After brief absence—only far more true  
 And deep your love would be, than ever grew  
 In any heart within a mortal breast ;  
 Where the fair plant lacks Heaven's ethereal dew,  
 And bows, by many and fierce storms oppressed,  
 And blights, that come not near the Eden of the blessed.

## XXVIII.

What sweet communion hast thou had with him,  
 In that fair land of glory where ye are !  
 With wings untired, and eyes that wax not dim,  
 And powers of thought and feeling, mightier far  
 Than all earth's mightiest minds ; and nought to mar  
 That high and hallowed converse—thus ye fly  
 Together through high Heaven.—So one bright star  
 Differeth from another in the sky,  
 Yet all move on, in still, unbroken harmony.

## XXIX.

And I can fancy ye have often sate  
 Upon the green top of some heavenly hill,  
 (If there be changes in that blessed state,  
 Of hill and vale,) till ye have looked your fill  
 Of the bright scene beneath you, soft and still,  
 Yet full of living beauty—with the swell  
 Of those melodious harpings that can thrill  
 The inmost spirit, rising from the dell—  
 Which ye would echo back, most eloquently well.

## XXX.

Then would ye still your harps, and take your eyes  
 From the fair landscape ; and your talk would be  
 Of those who dwelt beneath less placid skies,  
 And looked on scenes not half so bright as ye,  
 And might not hear such rapturous harmony ;  
 And ye would name us, one by one, and think—  
 “ Which of the captives shall be first set free ?  
 Who first shall join us here ? Who first shall drink  
 Yon living stream, and stray with us along its brink ? ”

## XXXI.

And ye would hold discourse of by-gone time,  
 When ye were in the body, and amid  
 The thoughts and things of this our nether clime :—  
 How pleasantly your early days had slid  
 Along,—life’s thorns among the roses hid.  
 But still fond fancy on your *home* would dwell,  
 (Not so ye call it now, but *once* ye did,)  
 And those who still were there, and what befel  
 Each since ye left them, and if with them all were well.

## XXXII.

Until at length each to the other said,—

“Come, let us see our Father’s house once more,  
And hover all unseen around the bed

Of each beloved one, when day is o’er ;  
And, to the Sun when darkness shall restore

His wide dominion, be it still our care,  
A happy influence, all day long, to pour

Upon their heads and hearts.”—And ye were there,  
I know ye were, and bent at morn and evening prayer.

## XXXIII.

I know ye have been with us, both of you ;

When o’er our spirits, in their deepest grief,  
There came sweet thoughts of Heaven,—like evening  
dew,

Upon the parched-up desert—or a leaf  
From your own Tree of Life, the best relief  
For wounded hearts :—and when, in solitude,

We entertained our sorrows, they were brief ;

For o’er our souls most surely ye did brood,  
And we were in a sweetly melancholy mood.

## XXXIV.

We bid you still be with us, still attend

Our footsteps, till we step into the tomb ;  
So shall we never lack a present friend,

Of life, this dreary valley, to illumine,  
Which scarce hath less of thick, impervious gloom,  
Than the sad vale of Death—and when we go

Forth from the night to day, and gladly plume

Our wing for Glory, hail us, from the woe  
Of earth, to your blest home, where tears forget to flow.

## XXXV.

Mary! I call again to thee—with thee  
 My song began—and hast thou heard my song?  
 —I may not know, thou hast no voice for me:  
 But I do hope to hear thy voice ere long;  
 And, as we rove the fields of bliss among,  
 If I remember, I will ask thee then,  
 About these moments, consecrate to strong  
 Enduring love—and if thine angel ken  
 Behold these artless lines flow from thy Brother's pen.

## XXXVI.

And now, my Brother! and my Sister! both—  
 Till then, farewell!—and once again—farewell!  
 To end this pleasant converse, I am loth,  
 Though on mine ear, when I have asked, there fell  
 No audible responses, which might tell  
 That ye were near me,—one or both,—and all  
 Was not an idle fancy. Yet 'tis well,  
 Though only Fancy's doings. She let fall  
 Some sweet, sad flowers, which I have gathered at her  
 call.

## XXXVII.

Be that however as it may, 'tis time  
 To leave, at least a while, this pleasant talk;  
 To cease my wanderings in this airy clime,  
 And come to more material things, that ask,  
 Aye, and must have my presence.—In the masque  
 Of this most busy world, I act my part;  
 Your's was soon played, and now, at rest, ye bask  
 In Heaven's pure beams of glory. To depart,  
 And join ye there, I long.—' Be still, my wayward heart!

## XXXVIII.

‘ Wait! and thou, *shalt* depart to be with Christ,  
Thy more than Brother, more than Sister.—Wait  
And, to thy glorious mansion as thou fly’st,  
*They* shall receive thee to that joyous state.’—

It is enough—this most “ exceeding great,”

“ Eternal weight of joy unspeakable”—

The most bereaved heart to animate!

And while these rapturous hopes my bosom swell,  
Once more—the “ word that has been, and must be,”—  
farewell!

## A BROTHER'S FAREWELL.

---

“Farewell! we surely meet again,  
In —— death—farewell till then.”

MONTGOMERY.

---

## I.

OH! fare thee well, my Brother! fare thee well!  
Thy toil is over, and thy work is done;  
And thou hast burst the body's prison cell,  
And now the goal is gained—the battle won.  
Thou couldst not longer brook a house of clay,  
And thy freed soul hath flung her fetters all away.

## II.

Thy seat is empty, and thy voice is mute;  
In many a heart there is an aching void;  
A master-chord is broken of the lute;  
Feelings are torn, and sympathies destroyed:  
And many an eye is drooping o'er thine urn,  
And sorrowing most, that thou wilt never more  
return.

## III.

What never?—Days, and months, and years roll on—  
 Spring waken — autumn laugh — and summer  
 smile—

And winter frown,—the hoary heads be gone—

And those be white, the golden locks erewhile.—

And we who joined thee in thy boyish play,  
 Have reached, with tottering steps, the evening of our  
 day :—

## IV.

Yet no return for thee? And wilt thou rest

For ever where we laid thee? Never wake

From thy deep slumbers? Never fling the vest

Of dark corruption off? Oh! never break

Forth from thy narrow chamber? Never come

To cheer, as thou wast wont, our bosoms and our home?

## V.

No! never—never—never! To the tomb

Earth is the road—here is the entrance-door;

But those who once have entered, from its gloom

Must pass another way,—return no more,

When once stern death hath turned his iron key—

And thou hast entered there—and it is turned on thee.

## VI.

Then, fare thee well—*for ever!* Oh! not so!

Though thou shalt never tread this earth again,

There is a world to which the righteous go,

Where comes not aught of sadness, grief, or pain;

And to that beaming world thy soul hath sprung,

“That land, that clime, that home,” thyself so sweetly  
 sung.

## VII.

Thou hast but thrown thy mortal garb aside,  
And robed thee in the joyous marriage vest ;  
Hast but o'erleaped the waters, that divide  
This land of sorrow, from that land of rest :  
Earth's darkness, doubt, and sin thou couldst not bear,  
And thou didst pant for Heaven—My Brother ! thou art  
there !

## VIII.

And there we soon shall join thee. Thou hast stept  
Before us, but a moment, to the shore ;—  
Hast won an earlier crown of glory ;—wept  
Thy last sad tear, an hour or two before  
Thy Father—Mother—Brethren ; but ere long,  
For them, as erst for thee, “ ’twill ring to even song.”

## IX.

Till then, farewell,—my Brother ! I will weep—  
Oh ! not a tear for thee ; but gladly hail  
The hour, (’twill not be long,) when I shall leap  
To where thou dwellest now, and humbly veil,  
And bow with thee, and then adoring rise  
To swell the song of Heaven,—the chorus of the skies.

## THE TWIN SISTERS.

---

*Lady Alyce.* I praye you, good my lordc, plesure mee with some melancholie sonnett or dolorous madrigall.

*Lord Henrye.* Why, my swete ladye, wast thou not a girl before thou didst growe up to bee a woman?—and hath not thy Fancye ye skil to chaunte thee mourneful and eke merrye songes of thy lyfe in yts plesaunte sprynge time?  
*Ye Lowlie Ladye.* 1564.

---

I SAW them first one summer's day,  
 Within their father's bowers,  
 Wreathing each other's auburn locks  
 With fragrant leaves and flowers :—  
 They were too frail and beautiful,  
 For this dark world of ours.

Twin sisters were they—having each  
 The same rich auburn hair ;  
 The same bright eyes—and coral lips,  
 And gay smiles lurking there ;  
 The same slight form, and silver voice :—  
 They were a lovely pair !

Two stars in the calm depths of heaven,  
 Might well resemble them ;  
 Two snow-white lambs upon the lea ;  
 Two rose-buds on one stem ;  
 Two pure and precious jewels, set  
 In the same diadem.

They were together night and day  
Through all their early years—  
Had the same fancies, feelings, thoughts,  
Joys, sorrows, hopes, and fears ;  
They had a fellowship of smiles,  
A fellowship of tears.

If *one* were gay, through *both* their hearts  
The tide of rapture rushed ;  
If *one* were sad, the voice of joy  
In *both* their hearts was hushed ;  
Yea, all their thoughts and sympathies  
From the same fountain gushed.

They had no separate interests,  
Affecting *one* alone ;  
To them mistrust and selfishness  
Were utterly unknown ;  
Their hearts were two sweet instruments,  
Alike in every tone.

I saw them first one summer's day,  
(They were but six years old,)  
Wreathing each others hair with flowers—  
Crimson, and blue, and gold ;  
And finding in their hues and scents,  
A store of wealth untold.

And then, in childish waywardness,  
They left the flowers to die ;  
Aud round, and round the garden, chased  
A gorgeous butterfly :—  
Oh, what a happy shout they raised  
When it soared into the sky !

And then they talked of future days—  
And here they checked their pace,  
And spake in low and earnest tones,  
And with an earnest face ;  
Until another butterfly  
Recalled them to the chase.

At length they sate them down to rest,  
In a bower of cypress-trees ;  
And placed a “ pretty story-book ”  
Before them, on their knees ;  
And they read an old, sad melody,  
Till their hearts were ill at ease.

And sadness settled like a cloud,  
Where smiles were wont to brood ;  
And in their bright and laughing eyes  
The tears of pity stood ;  
And they looked in each other’s face, and said,  
“ *Poor children in the wood !* ”

They were happy all the summer’s day ;  
But happier far at night,  
When they knelt to say their evening prayers,  
With spirits pure and light,  
And the father and mother kissed their babes :—  
It was a blessed sight !

The morrow—I was far away,  
Musing with many fears,  
How those fair creatures would be changed  
In ten or twenty years ;  
And I thought about their sweet “ *good night,* ”  
Till my heart was moved to tears !

## HYMN TO THE SAVIOUR.

AIR—"AVE SANCTISSIMA."

SAVIOUR and Lord of all !  
We lift our souls to thee :  
Guide us and guard us,  
Whate'er our lot may be !

When we are full of grief,  
Victims of anxious fear,  
Give thou our hearts relief,  
Jesus, be near !

Brighten our darkest hour,  
Till the last hour shall come ;  
Then in thy love and power  
Oh take us home !

Glorious deliverer !  
How long wilt thou delay !  
Saviour, gracious Saviour !  
Bear us away !

## SONNET.

---

“The poor old man is greater than he seems.”

WORDSWORTH.

---

You see that old man with the silver hair ;  
He has a soul above the common stamp ;  
Sorrow and toil have tried in vain to cramp  
Its powers, which have expanded everywhere,  
And in all seasons, whether foul or fair.

You may compare his body to a damp,  
Unwholesome charnel-vault, yet even there

His spirit shines, like an enchanted lamp,  
Braving the mists, and dews, and noxious air.

He has been a hard day-labourer all his life ;  
And now he is a pauper, old and ill,

Without a home. Friends, kindred, children, wife,  
They have all left him :—he is noble still,  
Breathing this prayer—“ My God, accomplish all thy  
will !”

## A MOOD BY THE SEA.

---

“Collecting toys  
And trifles for choice matters :  
As children gathering pebbles on the shore.  
MILTON.

---

I stood upon the shore  
Of the everlasting sea,  
And I listened to its roar,  
As an awful melody :

A well-sustained part  
Of that universal strain,  
Which hath burst from nature's heart,  
And shall ne'er be hushed again.

I listened to its tones—  
And they brake upon my ear  
Like a wounded giant's groans,  
Or a thunderclap of fear.

I started :—at my feet  
The gentle billows played :  
And their murmurs were as sweet  
As an evening serenade.

Away I heard them pass  
Till the last faint note was gone :  
And as smooth as polished glass  
The mighty ocean shone.

And the balmy summer air  
On the waters lay at rest,  
Like a babe of beauty rare,  
Sleeping on its mother's breast.

As that beauteous babe might wake  
In the watches of the night,  
And the mother's slumbers break,  
By its gambols of delight ;

So the gentle breeze woke first,  
And the breeze awoke the sea,  
And from winds and waters burst  
Voices sweet, and wild, and free.

There was first the wind's low sigh,  
Then the murmur of the deep,  
Like a mother's lullaby  
Singing the babe to sleep.

But the winds would not be still,  
So the waves in anger curl'd,  
And spake out their sovereign will,  
In a voice to rouse the world.

Thus an hour or two I stood,  
Drinking in the music strange,  
Which came up from wind and flood,  
In mystic interchange,

In mystic interchange  
Of cadence—pause—and swell :—  
What a hand, that could arrange  
The wayward notes so well !

Thou hast perfect melody,  
Thou hast no discordant tone :  
But thy music, mighty sea,  
Is a music of thine own.

I cannot comprehend  
How its varied notes are linked,  
How most sweetly they do blend,  
When most severed and distinct.

There is dimness in my heart,  
There is darkness in my soul,  
And, of the weakest part  
I cannot feel the whole.

It hath too vast a sphere,  
And it soareth far too high  
For my ill-attuned ear,  
And my erring sympathy.

But could my spirit spring  
From the taint of earthly leaven,  
And be taught to feel and sing  
As they feel and sing in heaven ;

Oh ! what music I should find,  
And heart-searching melody,  
In the warblings of the wind,  
And the everlasting sea !

But ah ! they are too deep  
For my mortal eye to scan ;—  
And I could sit me down and weep  
That I am *but a man !*

## FRAGMENTS.

## I.

\* \* \* \* \*

HERE was I born, and here I spent  
 My first fifteen most happy years ;  
 Most bless'd, because most innocent,  
 Made up of happy hopes and fears,  
 And all the deep delight that lies  
 In a young spirit's sympathies.  
 I lov'd to ramble o'er the hills,  
 To trace the source of mountain rills,  
 To launch my own gay pleasure-boat,  
 And raise the mast, and spread the sails,  
 And down my native lake to float,  
 Wafted by most auspicious gales.  
 But this was not my chiefest joy,  
 For I was a domestic boy  
 Ev'n from my cradle ; and I found  
 Such deep delight within the bound  
 Of my glad home, that other bliss  
 Was poor and tame compared with this.

To hear my father talk of things  
 More wonderful, in heaven and earth,  
 Than the most wild imaginings  
 Of my young soul had shadowed forth ;  
 To sit beside my gentle mother,  
 As I was wont, for hours and hours,  
 While she would tell me of another  
 More lovely land by far than ours,  
 And ask me if I should not love  
 To go and have my home above,  
 Till she beheld my tears declare  
 How ardently I longed to be  
 A dweller in that home, if she—  
 My mother—might be with me there.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

## II.

## THE GOD OF NATURE.

ROM. I. 20.

—  
 A God of vengeance here !  
 There is no sign of fear,  
 There are no traces of his fury.—No !  
 The evening air is still,  
 Sunset is on the hill,  
 The river warbles in the vale below.

The birds are in the sky,  
 Singing melodiously,  
 Or in the coverts of the forest glade,

Chanting their vesper hymn,  
 In that their temple dim ;  
 Or nestling quietly in the cloistered shade.

Adown the mountain grey  
 The flocks have found their way,  
 And now are bleating homeward through the dale.  
 The weary oxen come  
 With gentle lowings home,  
 And the tired herdsman bids his cottage, hail !

And deeper shadows now  
 Are on the mountain's brow,  
 And twilight o'er the peaceful vale is flung :  
 The village murmurs cease,  
 And every note is peace,  
 By the scarce breathing gale of evening sung.

And now the yellow moon,  
 And all her maidens soon  
 Trip through the heaven their silver-sandalled dance :  
 And lea, and grove, and stream  
 Sleep in her hallowed beam,  
 And earth is wrapt in a most peaceful trance.

And all the earth below  
 And all the heaven doth glow  
 With quiet joy, for utterance all too deep,  
 And all the heaven above,  
 And all the earth is love,  
 And rapture that can only smile and weep.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

## III.

COME home, my vagrant fancy!—my stray heart  
 Come to thy proper home:—my every thought  
 Here on this holy volume fix, nor start  
 To other themes with worthless folly fraught—  
 Alas! with worse than folly. Is there aught  
 Within the circle of the spirit's powers  
 Deserves so well its energies? Oh! nought:  
 And were these holy truths no longer ours,  
 My heart had lost at once its fair fruit and its flowers.

Come, then, be fixed, my mind—concentred here;  
 Earth, with thy trifles and thy follies, hence!  
 Passion, away! And, hope and trembling fear,  
 To-morrow is your hour; and no pretence  
 Of mighty moment, be it drawn from whence  
 So e'er it may, forbid me now to cling  
 Fast to these holier musings:—every sense  
 Be thou absorbed, and Reason, drop thy wings:  
 Here rest for aye, for here are Wisdom's living springs.

\*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*       \*  
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## HAPPY ERROR.

---

“Where ignorance is bliss,  
'Tis folly to be wise.”—GRAY.

---

I HAVE heard the sages say,  
“Life is but an April day,—  
And, for every sunny *hour*,  
Followeth a *day* of shower,—  
And the course of all our years  
Lieth through a vale of tears.”

I would say, it is not so ;  
But the sages surely know ;  
And away with the suggestion  
Which would call their troth in question.  
Yet, methinks, I should prefer,  
On this pleasant side to *err*,—  
Counting all things better far,  
And more lovely than they are ;  
Finding hundreds of delights  
In the days and in the nights ;  
Fancying Nature's soul imbued  
With benign beatitude,  
Which she joyously imparts  
To simple minds and humble hearts ;  
—Deeming ocean, earth, and sky,  
In their fair variety,

An unfailing spring of pleasure—  
An imperishable treasure—  
For the eye and for the ear,  
A rich banquet all the year.

Thus I always should prefer  
To be happy, and to err ;  
Cheerful, when, perhaps, I ought  
To be full of gloomy thought ;  
Finding what *I* take for bliss,  
Where, in truth, no pleasure is ;  
Feeling that the world is fair,—  
That there *is* some goodness there,—  
That its joys *are* something worth,—  
That it *is* a happy earth ;  
Making light of all the stirs  
Raised by great philosophers ;  
And, however grave their looks,  
Wise their faces, dull their books,  
Long their lectures, beards, and ages,  
Laughing at the solemn sages.

TO \_\_\_\_\_,

ON THEIR WEDDING DAY.

—

YOUR wedding day is over, a brighter never shone,  
On the wings of calm enjoyment its hours have glided  
on ;

We have brought you to your pleasant home, and now  
we leave you there

With many a heart-felt blessing, and many a fervent  
prayer ;

And before we say " Farewell ! " dear friends upon this  
page we write

Affection's parting wishes, and a most sincere "*good  
night.*"

May this, your happy wedding day, (so every fond heart  
prays,)

Be the beautiful beginning of many happy days !

May every future one be bright and blest, as this has  
been !

—The light of earthly joy without—the light of Heaven  
within !

No cloud upon your spirit—no tempest in your soul—

May you run the race together to the bright celestial  
goal !

The home of your immortal hope—the true and better  
home,  
From which, when once you enter it, your feet shall  
never roam ;  
Where all your best beloved shall be with you, and be  
blest  
With pure and perfect happiness—with pure and per-  
fect rest !  
Thus we record our heart's desire—what shall we write  
beside ?  
God bless thee, true and trusty friend ! God bless thy  
bonnie bride !

## LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BLANK LEAF OF A VOLUME OF HIS SERMONS,  
ON PRESENTING THEM TO AN ESTEEMED FRIEND.

---

DEAR friend ! accept my little book ;  
A tender record let it be  
Of days gone by, of mine and me,  
On which sometimes thine eye shall look,  
O'er which sometimes thy thoughts shall stray,  
When I am dead or far away :

Think of me then with all the love  
That fills a Christian brother's heart ;  
Think of me as a worthless part—  
And yet (oh ! joy all joys above !)  
And yet *indeed a part*, and free,  
Of God's own ransomed family !

Think of me, as partaking all  
The sin and sorrow, doubt and fear,  
Which struggle in the Christian here,  
And hold too oft his heart in thrall ;  
Which keep his soul from heavenly things,  
And will not let him use his wings.

Think of me, too, as one who knows  
Where strength and comfort may be found ;  
Whose hope and joy sometimes abound ;  
For whom the "*living water*" flows ;  
On whom, when most for sin he grieves,  
The "*tree of life*" sheds down its "leaves."

Think of me in the social hour ;  
Think of me in thy solitude,  
When love, and hope, and memory brood  
O'er all thy soul, with gentle power ;  
And when thy knee is bent in prayer—  
Think of me then—think of me there !

May thou and thine, dear friend, be blest !  
God be thy guide—thy guardian He,  
In time and in eternity !  
Thy joy, thy portion, and thy rest !  
May he who pens this artless song  
Meet thee and thine in heaven ere long !

## BRITANNIA LIBERATRIX.

[Written for the Halifax Bazaar in aid of the London Missionary Society's funds for affording religious instruction to the emancipated Negroes. 18th September, 1834.]

---

WE are proud of thee, oh England! we make our  
boast of thee!  
Thou fairest isle of all the isles, on the bosom of the sea!  
Thou loveliest land of all the lands, on which the sun  
looks down!  
The earth's most precious treasure! the ocean's costliest  
crown!

We are proud of thee, oh England! but it is not that  
thy name  
Is written in the proudest place, on the blazoned scroll  
of fame;  
It is not, that thy banner is afloat on every breeze;  
And that all the nations bow to thee, as the empress  
of the seas.

It is not, that of soldiers there are none so brave as thine;  
It is not, that thy sailors are the best upon the brine;  
It is not, that thy sages are the wisest of the sage;  
It is not, that thy merchants are the richest of the age.

It is, that having *once* been base, inhuman, and unjust,  
Thou hast seen thy damning guilt, and sate repentant  
in the dust;  
That having been the author of intolerable woe  
To thy black brother many a year—thou art no longer so.

It is, that having bought, and sold, and slain thy fellow-  
man,  
By thousands and by millions, since the horrid work  
began,  
Thy conscience yet could sting thee, and thy cheek  
grow red with shame,  
When they told thee of thy deadly sin, and thy long  
dishonoured name.

It is, that having made men slaves, and called those  
slaves thine own,  
Thou didst retain thy human heart, unchanged to steel  
or stone ;  
A heart, which, when the negro's wrongs and bitter  
woes were told,  
Regained the noble sympathies with which it yearned  
of old.

It is, that thou hast purged thyself from thy accursed  
crime,  
Repenting of the evil deeds thou hast done in former  
time,  
Abjuring the unrighteous power, which thou hast held  
so long,  
And swearing never more to do thy Negro brother  
wrong.

It is, that having yesterday eight hundred thousand  
slaves,  
Whose curses rolled in thunder tones across the Atlantic  
waves ;  
Thou hast risen in thy majesty, and torn their chains  
away,  
And of all the eight hundred thousand slaves—thou  
hast not one to-day !

We are proud of thee, oh England!—nay, *thankful*,  
and *not proud*!

Glory! glory unto HIM by whom thy stubborn heart  
was bowed!

The God who gave the precious boon, long ages since,  
to thee,

And hath constrained thee, at the last, to set thy cap-  
tives free!

We praise thy *God*, oh England!—for the deed which  
*thou* hast done;

And to HIM we give all glory for the glory thou hast  
won;

And before his throne of mercy with humbled hearts we  
bow,

To offer up our earnest prayer—to breathe our solemn  
vow.

Our *prayer*—that God would ever bless the slaves that  
we have freed,

Renew them by his heavenly grace, and make them  
free indeed!

Our *vow*—that, having bound them long in spirit, as in  
limb,

*We*, by God's help, will free their *souls*, and lead them  
unto HIM.

## THE MARTYRED MISSIONARY'S GRAVE.

---

“While some shall delight to gaze upon the splendid sepulchre of Xavier, and others choose rather to ponder over the granite stone which covers all that is mortal of Schwartz, there will not be wanting those who will think of the humble and unfrequented grave of”—JOHN SMITH.

*Sargent's Memoirs of Henry Martyn.*

---

WHOSE is that quiet grave ?  
 No shrine is there the heedless dust entombing ;  
 But tall green grass, and wild flowers ever blooming,  
 In silence wave.

Greatness ! it cannot be  
 Thy haughty dust should choose so mean a dwelling ;  
 Without one line of adulation, telling  
 Its lies of thee.

Honour ! thou could'st not here  
 Rest thy high spirit from its dreams of glory ;  
 No wondering crowds, to tell thy wondrous story,  
 And none to hear.

Riches ! 'tis far too small  
 For thee to rest in, with thy treasures by thee ;  
 A wider tomb the world will ne'er deny thee,  
 When thou shalt fall.

Meek Charity ! thy shrine  
 Should record of the bleeding heart, and broken,  
 Which thou hast bound ; but here is no such token ;  
 Can this be thine ?

Religion ! should'st not thou  
 Have one brief line, to tell where thou art sleeping,  
 That " he who wept with anguish once, is weeping  
 With rapture now ?"

Whose is this quiet tomb ?  
 Religion—Charity—Wealth—Greatness—Glory—  
 To tell, of all in one, the last sad story,  
 These wild flowers bloom.

Was it not *great*—to brave  
 Furious contempt, and scorn most spirit-breaking ;  
 For *thee*, his country and his home forsaking,  
 Poor negro slave ?

Hath he no *honour* ? Fame  
 Speaks not, but, when the judgment trump hath shaken  
 The earth to dust again, its tones shall waken  
 This martyr's name.

And he was *rich*—an heir  
 Of all the bright inheritance of heaven ;  
 And to the world he panted to have given  
 A portion there.

And *charity* ? oh ! see  
 That fettered captive in yon dungeon lying ;  
 What brought him there—pale, weeping, pining, dying ?  
 'Twas charity.

*Religion* ! thou wast near !  
 Witness that smile upon his brow of anguish ;  
 That glowing joy, when earthly joys did languish,  
 And hope was sere.

Let age on age roll by ;  
 Yet still his memory shall the negro cherish ;  
 And when *his* wrongs and woes in death must perish,  
 Come here to die.

And sire to son shall tell  
 The tale of him beneath this sod who lieth ;  
 And his shall be a name that never dieth :  
 Martyr ! farewell.

A STORY OF HEAVEN.  

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BEFORE a lowland cottage,  
    With climbing roses gay,  
I stood one summer's eve, to watch  
    Two children at their play.

All round the garden walks they ran,  
    Filling the air with glee,  
Till they were tired, and sate them down  
    Beneath an old oak tree.

They were silent for a little space,  
    And then the boy began :—  
“ I wonder, sister dear, if I  
    Shall ever be a man.

“ I almost think I never shall,  
    For often, in my sleep,  
I dream that I am dying—  
    —Nay, sister, do not weep !

“ It is a joyful thing to die ;  
    For, though this world is fair,  
I see a lovelier in my dreams,  
    And I fancy *I* am there.

“ I fancy I am taken there  
As soon as I have died ;  
And I roam through all the pleasant place,  
With an angel by my side.

“ To that bright world I long to go ;  
I would not linger here,  
But for my gentle mother’s sake,  
And your’s, my sister dear !

“ And, when I read my book to *her*,  
Or when I play with *you*,  
I quite forget that glorious land,  
And the blessed angel too.

“ But oft, when I am weary  
Of my books and of my play,  
Those pleasant dreams come back again,  
And steal my heart away.

“ And I wish that you, sweet sister !  
And my mother dear, and I,  
Could shut our eyes upon this world,  
And, all together, die.”

Then spake his fair-haired sister,  
In tones serene and low :—

“ Oh, if heaven is such a pleasant place,  
Dear brother, let us go !

“ Our mother wept when our father died,  
Till her bright eyes were dim ;  
And I know *she* longs to go to heaven,  
That she may be with him.

“ So let us all together go !”

—The thoughtful boy replied :—

“ Ah, no ! we cannot go to heaven,  
Until that we have died.

“ And sister, we must be content

Upon this earth to stay,

Till the blessed Saviour, Jesus Christ.

Shall call our souls away !”

\* \* \* \* \*

Before the next year's roses came,

That gentle call was given,

And the mother, and her two sweet babes,

Were, all of them, in heaven.

TO AN ORPHAN.\*  

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MARY ! thy father is in heaven,  
    Beyond the reach of pain and care—  
    May all his children meet him there !  
Their souls renewed, their sins forgiven,  
Made meet by God's almighty grace  
To dwell in that most glorious place.  
May he and all his children meet  
Where Mary sate—at Jesus' feet,  
In him accepted and complete !

\* The simple pathos of these verses will lose none of its interest from the circumstance of their having been the last production of their lamented author—"like the swan's note—a dying lay."

## ON THE RELIGION OF THE PATRIARCHAL AGES.

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WHAT were the beginnings of religion in the world? What were the first conceptions which men formed of their Creator? In what way, and with what worship did they attempt to approach him? Did their faith look beyond the scenes and circumstances of Time, and calculate upon the issues of their earthly life in Eternity? Were they able to gaze down the vista of future years, and, by a strong effort of believing anticipation, to recognize, and rely upon, the great Atoning Sacrifice? By what provisions were the knowledge and worship of the true God maintained; through what channels, and by what means, were they transmitted? To no Christian, surely, can such inquiries as these appear barren of interest or instruction: and to their consideration we now apply ourselves.

In doing so, it will be necessary, first of all, to state, in a few words, the sources whence our information is to be derived. During almost the whole period, whose religious history is the object of our present research, the affairs of men were transacted and transmitted by *oral* communication alone; and, of course, no *human* history of these times can deserve more than a very limited degree of credit. Our attention, therefore, must be directed and confined to the sacred scriptures, which comprise the most ancient, as well as the most authentic,

of all historical compositions. And there are three different portions of Holy Writ, which constitute so many distinct sources of information on the subject before us.

1. The first and most prolific is the *Book of Genesis*. We have here a concise, but comprehensive History of the whole Patriarchal Age, extending from the Fall to the time of Moses, and embracing the events of more than two thousand years. From these venerable annals we may hope to collect some distinctly recorded *facts*, and more obscure *hints*, illustrating the character of those early revelations, which God vouchsafed to his creatures, and the opinions and expectations to which such revelations gave rise.

2. Another source whence we may hope for some assistance in our present inquiries, is to be found in the *Expositions of Patriarchal History, and the additions to it, which occur in the New Testament*. These are valuable not only on account of the actual information which they communicate; but equally so on account of the *data* which they supply, for explaining other points, upon which they do not directly touch.

3. The distinct portion of sacred scripture which is to be consulted on the subject before us, is the *Book of Job*. We cannot enter here into the merits of those interminable discussions which have been agitated amongst the learned, on various topics connected with this sublime composition. The opinions of Dr. Mason Good appear to possess a high degree of plausibility.\* Their substance may be stated as follows:—that the scene of the poem was Idumæa, in Stony Arabia; that all the characters who figure in it were Edomite Arabs, real and not imaginary persons, whose circumstances and opinions were such as are ascribed to them; that

\* See the introductory Dissertation prefixed to Dr. Mason Good's Translation of the Book of Job.

Moses was the author of the book ; and that its composition might probably occupy those hours of pastoral leisure which occurred during his forty years' residence with Jethro, in one of the districts of this same Idumæa. If these opinions be adopted, it will be easy to go along with Dr. Good in supposing that this book of Job, written, as it was, before the Jewish Exodus, and of course before the commencement of the Mosaic economy, was intended to embody the Patriarchal Theology ; and that it has been placed and preserved in the Sacred Canon, to furnish, in conjunction with the other books of scripture, a connected view of Religion, under each of the dispensations which God has introduced into the world.

Here, then, are our authorities, and to these we are confined. Our only reference is to the "law and to the testimony," and beyond the facts which are plainly stated therein, and the conclusions which may be legitimately grounded upon them, we must not venture either to affirm or deny.

There is one most striking fact, presented to our notice in almost every page of the early Patriarchal History. The duration of human life, for several generations, was protracted far beyond its present term, and extended in some cases over more than nine centuries. This longevity afforded most important facilities for the transmission of knowledge, and the propagation of opinions, in an age when there were no written records ; and it is a material circumstance in the religious history of those times, that no more than three individuals were required to constitute a direct and uninterrupted communication, from the commencement of the world to the time of Abraham.\*

\* According to the chronology of Blair, Methuselah was two hundred and fifty-three years of age at the death of Adam—Shem ninety-seven, at the death of Methuselah,—and Abraham one hundred and fifty at the decease of Shem.

When such opportunities were afforded for communicating information—for reviving the recollection of it—and for separating it from errors with which it might happen to be mixed up, it appears scarcely possible that religious truth should be corrupted to any dangerous extent, or that it should not be widely and almost universally disseminated. It will only be necessary, therefore, to ascertain the religious views of two or three illustrious men, selected from different periods of the Patriarchal age, in order to ascertain the religious character of the age and people in general.

1. There is every reason to believe that during the period of his innocence, Adam was permitted to hold frequent intercourse with his Creator. In those moments of sublime communion, he must have conceived the most exalted ideas of the divine nature and perfections; and his own happy consciousness must have led him to conclude, that the divine favour and presence are sources of pure and perfect enjoyment. At the same time he was no doubt privileged with some direct revelations from God, to instruct him in his duty, and make him acquainted with the relation in which he stood to his Maker and a Future World. And, afterwards, when he had seen the face and heard the voice of God in anger, he could not surely forget the happy fellowship and important discoveries of his unfallen days. And, when he had become truly penitent, and had been taught to *hope* in God's mercy, the relics of his original knowledge would be regarded as an invaluable treasure, and would form the subject of his frequent reflections and instructions.

2. An addition, most sad indeed but most real, was made to this knowledge by the circumstances of his fall. Adam had before been acquainted with the terms of that penalty which was connected with disobedience.

It could not, however, excite in his mind any distinct ideas, and he would only think of it as something tremendously dreadful. But, now, the curse was both pronounced and explained by his offended God. Upon the terms in which it was conveyed, or the feelings it was calculated to excite, it is unnecessary to dwell. It must have produced in the mind of our first father a conviction, never to be eradicated, that sin is essentially evil—the grand source of human misery—the supreme object of divine abhorrence. He must have seen the utter impossibility of transgressing the divine commands with impunity. He must have discovered in the serpent an inveterate enemy—the malignant author of his ruin and wretchedness. And the lying deceit of that evil one, must have appeared to his mind, in strong contrast with the unfailing faithfulness of God.

3. Along with the curse there was held out the possibility and prospect of blessing. Nay, before sentence was passed upon the deceived transgressor, his deceiver was judged; and with the curse which was denounced upon the serpent, there was interwoven an intimation of God's mercy and a promise of man's redemption. "I will put enmity between thee and the woman, and between thy seed and her seed; it shall bruise thy head and thou shalt bruise his heel."\*

If Adam understood this prophecy according to the literal meaning of the words, there was nothing in it to administer comfort to his own mind, or to give him elevated and worthy views of God. "Taking it in this sense, the sacred Historian," says Bishop Sherlock, "would represent God foretelling with great solemnity, a very trivial accident, which should sometimes happen in the world: that serpents would be apt to bite men by the heels, and that men would be apt to revenge

\* Gen. iii. 15.

themselves by striking *them* on the head." And "What," continues the same excellent author,—“ what has this trifle to do with the loss of mankind, with the corruption of the natural and moral world, and the ruin of all the glory and happiness of creation !”\*

Let us consider the circumstances in which Adam was placed ; let us try to conceive the deep sorrow and shame by which his heart must have been wrung—and we shall be disposed to think that he would look upon this prophecy in a far more solemn light, and deduce from it far more illustrious hopes. He found himself overcome by the serpent. To that enemy, whom he could scarcely now regard as a mere beast of the field, he would ascribe all his ruin. It must have afforded him some pleasure to hear the author of his degradation convicted and doomed. And especially since the sentence was pronounced by *God* ; for in that circumstance *this* glorious truth was implied—that the serpent was no less the enemy of *God* than of *man*—that the ruin which he had wrought was displeasing to the divine Being—that Omnipotence had undertaken to vindicate his own honour, by robbing the victorious foe of the triumph he had won. And the joy of Adam would rise still higher—rise almost to rapture even at that sorrowful time—when he learned that his own race was not finally subdued ; that, by his own posterity, the mischief should be avenged and repaired ; that one of his own family should grapple with the enemy of God and man, and come off victorious. And what would he conceive of this promised victory ? Surely, *the recovery of that which had been torn from him when he was overcome*—the redemption of his forfeited life—the restoration of his original integrity and happiness. When the gracious promise of a redeeming seed was given him, he

\* Sherlock on Prophecy, p 62.

had indeed only an imperfect idea of what he had lost, and he could not have more than an imperfect idea of the blessings which were to be restored. But his acquaintance with human guilt and misery was becoming more painfully accurate and extensive every day of his long life, and, of course, his expectations of deliverance, according to God's promise, would be enlarged in the same proportion. He did not indeed discover in the first revelation of the Gospel that minute prefiguration of the character, and sufferings, and victories of Christ, which it exhibits to *us* ; but he could not fail to discover enough to excite and justify his hopes. There was *compassion* for *him*, there was *none* for his *tempter*. There was *justice* dispensed to *both* ; but to *him* only was it dispensed by the hand of *mercy*. Hence his sole consolation and hope would arise, and hence would they continue to be derived. He bore in his own body the marks of deterioration, and the forewarnings of decay. He was surrounded on every hand by the most affecting scenes of labour, and sorrow, and crime. And in his own soul—its turbulent passions, its wild irregularities, its unfitness for contemplations and communion once easy and habitual—he had the most painful proofs of all, that he was fallen, degraded, and lost ;—and all this he would feel to be his own evil work. In these truths, so unceasingly pressed upon his attention, there was enough to sink him to the lowest depths of despair. But, amid all this darkness, there was one ray of glorious hope ; and from that his eye could never wander. His constant attitude must have been one of straining expectation. Till his dying day he was looking and waiting for the great deliverer who should “take the prey from the mighty,” and bring back the creatures of God, to the purity and bliss of a second Eden.

Such were the expectations on which, as its sole

foundation, the patriarchal religion was erected, and from which it derived its essential character.

4. The next point which demands our attention is the institution of animal sacrifices.

To us it appears evident from their very nature, and from the statements of scripture, that they must have been *divinely appointed*. The various arguments in support of this opinion cannot be gone into at present, let it suffice to examine one remarkable passage in the fourth chap. of Genesis. Cain and Abel had brought, each of them, his offering to the Lord; and had done so, be it observed, on the recurrence of a period regularly observed for that purpose, and, in the common course of Patriarchal worship.\* Abel's only was a *bloody offering*; and *his alone* was received with marks of divine approbation. Cain, who had presented the produce of his agricultural labours, was displeased that his offering was not acknowledged in the same way, and his anger is thus reproved by God.—“If thou doest well, shalt thou not be accepted? and if thou doest not well, sin lieth at the door.”† There is some difference of opinion about the proper translation of this passage. The difference has taken its rise, from the two-fold signification of the word which is rendered “sin,”‡ in the concluding member of the sentence just quoted. Say some critics, the common version is the correct one—“*sin* lieth at the door:”—say others, it might, and ought to be read—“a *sin offering* lieth at the door.” Whichever translation is adopted, the passage seems to us to afford a strong proof that animal sacrifices are of divine institution. Take the former translation, and the following

\* “And *in process of time*,” (or rather, as in the margin, “*at the end of days*,” i. e. on the Sabbath,) it came to pass that Cain brought of the fruit of the ground,” &c.—Gen. iv. 3.

† Gen. iv. 7.

‡ See Buxtorfius and Gesenius on the word.

is submitted as a paraphrase of the whole text. "Jehovah said unto Cain, if thou hadst done well in presenting upon my altar the fruits of the ground alone, wouldst thou not have been accepted? The rejection of thy offering is proof enough that it was not of the right kind, and if so, and if thou hast not done well, the fault is none of mine, the error is not to be charged upon God, the sin lieth at thine own door." The sin of Cain obviously arose from the nature of his offering; but how could it possibly be sinful to offer a basket of fruit, rather than a bleeding lamb, unless God had expressly required the latter?

Again, take the other translation, and let the word mean a "*sin offering*." We shall now find, that God, after referring to the non-acceptance of Cain as a proof that he had not brought a proper offering, goes on to inform him that "his case was not yet hopeless; that he might still be accepted, notwithstanding his disobedience and neglect, for this reason, that a *sin offering* was lying at the door"—by presenting which, his sin might be atoned for. This rendering of the passage makes an important addition to our previous argument, by presenting us with an actual case, in which God directed the transgressor to an animal sacrifice, as the regularly constituted means of expiating guilt.

Reference might also be made to the comments on this piece of History, contained in the xi. chap. of Hebrews. We are told that the ground of Abel's acceptance was this—that "he offered by faith." But faith must have respect to some testimony—to some revelation—to some command. And the offering up of a sacrificial victim could not be the effect of any faith, which had not for its object the divine appointment of such a sacrifice.

It is most likely that Adam was the first to receive

and obey the command to offer sacrifices ; and, occupied as his mind was by the first revelation of mercy, he would suppose every divine appointment, and that of sacrifices among the rest, to be in some way or other connected with it. As he slew the lamb, and poured forth its blood, and burnt its flesh upon the altar of the Lord, his thoughts would instinctively revert to the promised seed. He would perceive in the dying victim a proper image of that death which he himself deserved to undergo ; and from its acceptance in his stead he would derive some general conceptions of a future and more glorious substitution. His ideas might not be distinct or definite ; but thus far he would doubtless be able to go :—“ My sinful life requires expiation, and I believe that, in some way, and at some future period, a great and all-sufficient expiation will be made.”

5. In process of time, when men had increased upon the earth, the practice of sacrificial worship would afford an evidence of the soul's immortality, and the certainty of future retribution. The wicked, who offered no sacrifice, were, doubtless, in many cases, prosperous and happy : and for *this* life, and for the *present* world, there was no profit in offering up the choicest of the flock on the Lord's altar. The pious of those days would, therefore, be compelled to look beyond the termination of human life, and into futurity, for the beneficial results of this costly and solemn rite.

And the same truths would be impressed on the minds of good men by the melancholy circumstances of the first murder. “ If this be the only life,” Adam might justly argue, “ why is it placed in the power of wicked men ? Why was Cain his brother's keeper ? Why has Abel, the gentle, the virtuous, the pious, been taken away from the duties he was so well qualified to discharge, and the pleasures he was so eminently formed to

enjoy ; while Cain, the envious, the malicious, the ungodly, is still here ? There must be *another world*, and Abel must be living and happy still, or else the serpent hath triumphed, and the promise hath failed."

It has been said that the religion of Adam was altogether prospective in its character. Hence, when Cain was born, the fondest hope of his parents was, that he might be "the man,"\* "the seed" who was to be given them from the Lord ; and when his wickedness and its punishment had blasted those hopes, Seth was regarded as "another *seed* instead of Abel whom Cain slew."† There was little in the circumstances or character of the world to encourage these expectations. The amount of crime and misery was increasing every day. Seth alone continued faithful to the true God. In his family religious knowledge was preserved, and religious worship maintained : and it was in his days that men were first taught to address the supreme Being, by his peculiar and incommunicable name *Jehovah*.‡

6. Here we lose sight of Adam. The religion which he professed and taught was transmitted, in the line of Seth, to the Patriarch Noah, increased by the discoveries of another world, which burst upon the minds of good men, when they witnessed or were informed of *the translation of Enoch*. He was a just man. An inspired Apostle proves that he had correct views of the Being and perfections of God, and that he was acquainted with the proper mode of approaching him so as to obtain an infinite reward.

This signal interference of divine grace and power does not seem to have produced any salutary change in the general character of the world. Evil was propagated amongst men with a fearful rapidity ; until there were but the family of Noah and the venerable Methuselah

\* Gen. iv. 1.

+ Gen. iv. 25.

‡ Gen. iv. 26.

who had not entirely forsaken the worship and fear of Jehovah. The church of God, the repository of his precious truth and promise, was placed in extreme peril; and to preserve it, the *world* must be destroyed. And when its wicked inhabitants had been fairly and faithfully warned, and the preaching of Noah for fifty years or more had only produced an increased enmity against God and virtue, then "the flood came and destroyed them all." Methuselah went to heaven; and Noah and his family with their numerous charge of living creatures were preserved in the Ark. As the fathers of the new world rode in safety over the waters in which the former earth had perished, the most solemn reflections must have passed through their minds. "All this desolation," we may suppose them to have said, "is the fruit of sin. All these multitudes have been destroyed because they would not serve God. They felt no concern about the promised redemption; they paid no respect to the appointed sacrifices. And over them the serpent hath gotten the victory. Here are the memorials of his triumph;—the *whole earth* at once enduring the utmost infliction of the curse: and *almost the whole human family* reduced by one awful visitation to their original dust. When shall the seed be born of whom our Fathers told us! when shall this fallen creation be renewed!"

The waters subsided, the green earth appeared again, and the "prisoners of hope," by whom it was to be peopled, came forth and hallowed it by solemn sacrifice. *That* sacrifice was accepted in heaven; and God held communion with those who presented it, on terms of friendship, and for purposes of mercy.

It is thought by a judicious author already quoted, that "at this period, the earth was restored from the curse laid on it at the fall; and that it is now enjoying

the effect of the blessing bestowed on Noah.”\* Without subscribing to the whole of this theory, we may observe, that it is to a certain extent supported by the terms employed in describing the purpose of God, in the viii. chap. of Genesis. The sacred Historian tells us, that “Jehovah said in his heart, I will not again *curse* the ground any more, for man’s sake;”† and “while the earth remaineth, seed-time, and harvest, and cold, and heat, and summer, and winter, and day and night, shall not cease.”‡ From these passages it is fairly inferable, that the curse of the ground consisted in such irregularity of times and seasons as rendered the exertions of human industry almost fruitless. And if such were the state of things, in the Antediluvian ages, a change for the better must have taken place at the period under review. This change, however, if it took place, would not at all realise the patriarchs’ hope, or satisfy their desires. They must still have been painfully conscious that their own hearts were imperfect and ungodly. And it was not long before they witnessed among their descendants abundant proofs that moral evil was yet ineradicated, and that natural evil is inseparable from it. And so they would still feel that there was need of redemption; and, if they had any benevolence or piety, they would still desire and expect the advent of that seed by whom redemption was to be effected. The partial fulfilment of the promise would not satisfy their desires, but only prove them well-founded; and in the mercy already experienced, and in the sign of mercy, on the brow of the storm, they had a constant intimation and pledge of greater mercy yet to be revealed.

7. The religion which Noah taught was soon corrupted. Idolatrous practices were rapidly and exten-

\* Sherlock on Prophecy, p. 81. † Verse 21. ‡ Verse 22.

sively adopted ; and among the earliest and most prevalent of these was Zabianism, or the worship of the heavenly bodies. To this worship it was intended to consecrate the tower of Babel, which seems also to have been projected as a land-mark, by which the dispersion of men might be prevented. True religion was once more in danger of being lost amid the almost universal prevalence of false systems of worship, and the true light again appeared on the point of becoming extinct. But again Jehovah interfered. By a direct exertion of his power, the language of the idolaters was confounded, their union broken up, and their projects rendered abortive.—About the same era, the term of human life was abridged ; and, as the majority of men had rejected God, he left them to the darkness which they had deliberately chosen.

8. From all the inhabitants of the earth, he selected one individual in whose family religious truth should be preserved, and of whose blood the Great Deliverer should spring. This distinguished man was Abraham. For sixty years he was a contemporary of Noah ; and Shem survived him. From these holy patriarchs it is probable that he derived his knowledge of divine things. He was eminent above all mankind for faith and obedience. At the command of God, he left his own country, the birth-place of the Zabian idolatry, to sojourn in the land of Canaan ; a land in which he had no present possession, but which was made over to his heirs by a divine promise. Here he had repeated revelations of a gracious covenant which God had chosen to establish with him. This covenant had a two-fold reference, both as to the objects and subjects of it. It referred partly to Abraham and his posterity, and partly to the whole world. So far as its application was restricted to the family of Abraham, it conveyed only temporal prosperity ; but,

in its more extensive reference, it insured blessings of an infinitely higher order to all mankind. Of this more glorious portion of the covenant, Abraham had no doubt a clear apprehension. "Your father Abraham," said Christ to the Jews, "*rejoiced to see my day, and he saw it, and was glad.*"\* His religion had long been a religion of anticipation, and all his hopes for himself and his fellow-creatures were fixed upon "*the seed of the woman;*" when, therefore, it was promised to him "*in thy seed shall all the nations of the earth be blessed,*"† he would have no hesitation about the intention of the promise, but would rejoice, at once, in the certainty that he should be a progenitor of the Great Deliverer of the world.

His faith in this promise was unhesitating, and stood the test of most unprecedented trials. In the whole of his conduct and temper he was influenced by the realities of a future world. "He confessed himself a pilgrim and stranger on the earth," and "he desired a better country, that is a heavenly."‡ He was called in a peculiar sense, "the friend of God," and enjoyed extraordinary proofs of the divine favour to the end of his days. At length he "died in faith;" but he left that faith also to his son Isaac, the child of promise and prayer. By him it was transmitted to the elect heir of promise in his family; and so it was kept in the house of Israel, until that house had become a mighty nation, the terror of those by whom they were enslaved—the especial objects of the divine regard—destined throughout all ages, and in a most unprecedented manner, to experience and display the justice, and mercy, and faithfulness, of Israel's God.

9. It remains only to examine the Patriarchal Theology, as it may be collected from the book of Job.

\* John viii. 56.

† Gen. xxii. 18.

‡ Heb. xi. 13, 16.

The opinions which are introduced by the interlocutors, in this most ancient of all compositions, seem to have been derived from two sources :—in the first place, from an examination of the past history and passing affairs of the world ; and, in the second place, by direct revelation from God. Supernatural inspiration is mentioned throughout the book in such terms as justify us in concluding that it was by no means of rare occurrence ; and the revelation of divine things by *visions* is repeatedly alluded to, and its authority is never questioned.\*

From these two sources, then, they became acquainted with the following important truths :—

1. That all things were created by *one* supreme Deity, of infinite wisdom, of almighty power, of unbounded goodness, and of unimpeachable rectitude.†

2. That the God, who at first created the world, is constantly exerting the same power for its preservation ; that his superintendence extends to all its affairs ; that his providence embraces the life and happiness of all its inhabitants.‡

3. That there is a hierarchy of angelic existences, either actually employed, or permitted to interfere, in the administration of the divine government, part of whom have revolted from their allegiance to God, and, by so doing, have lost their purity and happiness. Whether good or evil, however, they are all inferior to God, and entirely subject to his control.§

4. That idolatry, of which only one kind is specified, (the worship of the heavenly bodies,) is a crime of the

\* See Job iv. 12, 13, 16, vi. 10 ; vii. 14 ; xxiii. 12 ; xxix. 4 ; xxxiii. 14, 15.

† See Job passim, but especially xxxviii ; xli.

‡ Job. i. 9, 21 ; ii. 10 ; v. 8—27 ; ix. 4, 13.

§ Job. i. 6, 7 ; ii. 1 ; iii. 18, 19 ; iv. 18 ; v. 1 ; xv. 15 ; xxxiii. 22, 23.

most aggravated character, and one which cannot fail to be punished by God, the supreme judge.\*

5. That Adam, the first man, fell from his original state and character, through the malicious contrivances of the grand deceiver;† and that, as a consequence of this lamentable change, the moral nature of all mankind is unholy and unclean.‡

6. That the pardon of sin is to be sought through the medium of expiation, and the intercession of the just.§

7. That there will be a day of general resurrection and righteous retribution, when all mankind shall receive according to their present character and actions.||

Here our inquiries must close. We have endeavoured to ascertain what was the nature, and what the extent of Patriarchal Religion; and we may record these general conclusions: that no generation of men since the fall has been without an expectation, more or less definite, of a future Redeemer; that from the earliest period, all “who have *feared* the Lord,” have also “*hoped* in his mercy,” and expected *that* mercy to be extended through the medium of expiation and atonement; that the whole progress of human affairs, from the birth of time, has been made subservient to the gospel of Christ; in short, that the world itself has only been a grand theatre, on which to execute and exhibit this most stupendous of all the works of God. Its execution and exhibition, however, have been gradual, “like the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day.” The Patriarchs saw but its feeble dawn. Their conceptions of the nature and blessings of the promised salva-

\* Job xxxi. 26, 28. See Peters on Job.

† Job. xii. 16; xx. 4—7; xxvi. 13; xxxi. 33.

‡ Job xiv. 4; xv. 14, 16; xxxv. See Sherlock on Prophecy, p. 209, 217.

§ Job i. 5; xlii. 8, 9.

|| Job xiv. 7, 10, 12—15; xxvii. 8; xxxi. 13, 14: and especially xix. 25—29; on which see Sherlock on Prophecy, and Peters on Job.

tion were general and indistinct, And, though they walked with God in all the intimacies of friendly communion; and, though they testified against an idolatrous and ungodly world, by the eloquence of a holy and devoted life; and, though there is that in their spirit and deportment, which puts to shame the inconsistency and unbelief of a more enlightened age—we can say no more of them than the author of the Hebrews has already said—“*These all, having obtained a good report through faith, received not the promise, God having provided some better thing for us, that they without us should not be made perfect.*”\*

\* Heb. xi. 39, 40.

## THE PLEASURES OF ASSOCIATION.

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THE power of association or suggestion, (I leave the metaphysicians to decide upon the correct nomenclature,) is certainly, on many accounts, the most important of all the mental faculties. And it is especially so, because it increases, to an almost unlimited extent, our capacity for intellectual enjoyment, and opens up to us, in the world of nature and art by which we are surrounded, a thousand sources of pure and exalted pleasure, to which, without its influence, we must have been strangers. There are many things indeed which are interesting and beautiful in themselves. No man of the smallest sensibility or taste can look upon an English landscape, with its waving woods, and clustering cottages, and "river gliding at his own sweet will;" or watch the progress of a stately vessel amidst the billows of a summer sea; or gather wild flowers on the banks of some shady lane, or the gentle slope of some sunny hill; or wander by moonlight among the mouldering columns, and broken arches of Kirkstall or Melrose; no human soul, I say, whose common perceptions are in a natural and healthy state, can possibly be brought into contact with such forms and combinations as these, without experiencing the most lively emotions of pleasure. But how much more intense and varied must these emotions be, when every object is viewed, not in itself alone, but in its relation to other objects; not merely as an isolated type or

image of beauty, but in connexion with a thousand other images of life and loveliness, far transcending its own individual charms, and investing it with a much more deep and tender interest.

To the man who has this faculty of association in vigorous exercise, the woods and fields, and streams, over which he expatiates to-day, recall other scenes, it may be in other lands, with all the circumstances under which they were contemplated in other days, and all the dear companions to whom he then spake of their sublimity or beauty. Every cottage in the landscape before him is peopled with its separate family, ("alike, yet oh, how different!") and has its own touching tale of human love or sorrow. He goes with the gallant ship, through the wonders and perils of the sea, to the most distant continents and isles; and before her white sails have sunk beneath the dim horizon, he has toiled with her hardy mariners in the midst of hurricane and storm—listened to their wild stories of shipwreck and battle—experienced all the emotions of the home-bound wanderer, watching for the cliffs of his native land—and caught the exulting shout, or more tender whisper of affectionate recognition, as he leaped ashore after a twelvemonths' voyage. There is not a flower in the hedge-row or the meadow, dancing in the wind or drooping in the sun, which is not associated in his fancy with some well-remembered spot, haunted by the same flower—or some absent friend by whom it once was gathered—or some touching incident connected with its history or common appropriation—or some simple melody, in which its praises have been celebrated by Herrick, or Wither, or Wordsworth, or some other of the unsophisticated sons of song. He looks, long and earnestly, upon the crumbling ruin, clad with venerable ivy: but "his free thoughts are in

the olden time,"—and lo! castle and priory are towering in all their pristine glory and strength; the scenes of remote antiquity pass before him; he gazes upon the splendid pageants of a former and forgotten age.

Every object which presents itself to his notice is a *text* upon which Fancy, like a learned clerk, discourses most eloquently well. Like the lady in the song, "he rides upon a horse with wings!" and in every spot to which he resorts—among his books or at his fireside—in the "bosky dell," or on the heathery mountain—at the foot of the oak, or among the sweet-scented violets—everywhere his gentle Pegasus awaits him, ready to bear him on pleasant pilgrimage to all the shrines of beauty, and gladness, and joy in the universe. There he goes! through the "regions mild of calm and serene air," and not all the vociferation and bustle of this matter-of-fact and money-getting world can bring him down to the moody dissatisfactions and "low-thoughted" cares of those who are

"Confined and pestered in this pinfold here."

There he goes!—now among the stars and above them, and now over the length and breadth of this dædal earth; now among the crowded haunts of men; and now through the heart of those profound solitudes which human passions and follies have never polluted. There he goes! a visionary and an enthusiast if you will, but yet a cheerful and happy creature,

"Roving at pleasure from flower to flower,"

and gathering stores of sweetness and strength, to meet the emergencies of soberer and sadder hours. If he be a visionary, however, let it be remembered, that he dreams of things which actually *are, and as they are,* or have been, or may naturally and reasonably be supposed to be. The materials of his visions are not the

monstrous birth of a distempered imagination—"Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire;" but the scenes and circumstances, the griefs and pleasures, the hopes and apprehensions of everyday observation and experience; and these not forced into unnatural juxtaposition, or placed in improbable situations, but presented to the mind in an order and a combination perfectly true to fact and nature.

For my own part, gentle reader, (if on so short an acquaintance I may be allowed to play the egotist, and talk of myself,) I do not scruple to confess that many of my best pleasures are derived from this source: and I can say without ostentation, that, having acquired the habit of quick and vigorous association, and giving my mind the fullest licence on all suitable occasions, to follow out the intimations and obey the impulses of such a habit, I am an entire stranger to the miseries of idle vacuity, and listless leisure, and do not know what it is to want the best materials for intellectual diversion and recreative musing.

In the midst of my severer studies, I not seldom give my fancy leave to employ itself on the various objects which surround me in my *sanctum sanctorum*; and there is hardly a single volume upon my shelves which has not, at some time or other, suggested to me a world of agreeable images and reflections, bringing me into familiar acquaintance with the author and his times—the circumstances which attended the first publication of his work—the many hands, if it be an *old* book, (and such are my special favourites,) through which it has since passed; and the various effects, more or less striking and permanent, which it may have been the means of producing. In some of my moods, I could take oath, (if I did not eschew all swearing,) that Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Bacon, and Milton, and

Jeremy Taylor, and Sir Thomas Brown, have appeared to me in *propriis personis*, and that I have been chatting *tête à tête* for the last half hour with merry old Montaigne and honest Owen Feltham.—And my little study has more than once been transformed into

“ the gentil hostelrie  
That highte the Tabarde faste by the Belle;”

and Chaucer and I have set out on Pilgrimage with Knight and Yeman, Frere and Frankleine, Persone and Prioress, and all the rest of those

“ nine and twenty in a compaignie  
That toward Canterbury wolden ride.”

When I have left my books, and gone forth to look on nature in the open air, a wall-flower in a cottage garden has *spirited* me away to all those “ castles old,” on whose dismantled ruins I have seen its yellow tufts, waving like banners in the breeze; and “ a little forget-me-not,” by the brook side has whispered to me many a touching tale—of parting lovers and dying friends; of Waterloo, where it blooms the living epitaph of “ England’s dead;” of Clifton Grove and Wilford Church Yard, where I have gathered handfuls of it, in the favourite haunts (still haunted by the spirit of his song) of Henry Kirke White. A troop of merry urchins have passed me from the village school, and *I* became once more a thoughtless child, and lived over again my happy school days. As they ran across the green, they shouted “ HOME!” and forthwith I saw before me the outcast and desolate, who have no *home*; the sailor and soldier, torn away from wife and babes to toil for the support, or fight for the defence of, *home*; the young bride upon her wedding-day, weeping in the midst of her fulness of joy, that she must leave her *home*; the exile in foreign lands cheering his drooping heart with the thought of *home*;—these, and a host of other scenes,

and characters, and incidents, were called up before my spiritual eye by that magic word ; and in the musings of half an hour, I had brought together *materiel* for a volume of no insignificant dimensions on HOME.

But I must not record my day-dreams, or I shall never have done. I would not have any but pleasant recollections associated with this my first paper. It would make even *me* unhappy to see you, fair sir or madam, yawning over my lucubrations, and to hear you exclaiming, "Ohe ! jam satis." And, therefore, I will at once give the peroration of my discourse in the words of that good old Puritan and poet, George Wither ; and as *he* said of *his* muse, so will *I* say of *mine*, (meaning by my *muse* nothing more than that faculty or habit of association of which I have spoken,)—

" Her divine skill taught me this—  
That from every thing I saw,  
I could some invention draw ;  
And raise pleasure to her height,  
Through the meanest object's sight.  
By the murmure of a spring,  
Or the least bough's rusteling,  
By a daisy, whose leaves spread  
Shut when Tytan goes to bed,  
Or a shady bush or tree,—  
Shee could more infuse in mee,  
Than all nature's beauties can  
In some other wiser man."

*The Shepheards Hunting—the fourth Eclogue.*

SEMPER FELIX.

## AN APOLOGY FOR AN ARTICLE.



GENTLE Reader, have you any patience for "personal talk?" Can you endure an egotist in print? Is the perpetual recurrence of "I-by-itself-I" (as they say in the dame schools), at all tolerable to your good taste? If so—I trust my *twaddle* may amuse you; if not, it will be a novelty to find that which is neither interesting nor edifying in these pages, and you may pass at once to the next column where better fare awaits you.

It was the very day on which my promised paper must be sent to the printers, and not a line of it was written. I had "resolved and re-resolved," according to the most approved methods of procrastination, for the last fortnight, but had never begun to *do* anything, and I was terribly dissatisfied with myself. I found that I was fast losing all self-confidence and self-respect; and lest my case should become a hopeless one, and I should pass into the character of a confirmed imbecile, I determined to amend my manners, and be at once myself again. So I walked with an air of most manly and decided resolution into my library; bolted the door, that no officious friend might interrupt my musings; and sat down in good earnest to excogitate (adjutoribus musis) a column of pleasant reading for the *Leeds Mercury*. "Pen, ink, and paper" were before me soliciting employment. My head was leaned upon my hand in an attitude of most studious contemplation. I

had almost begun to write, when I recollected, for the first time, that it was necessary before I proceeded further, to know what I was going to write about.

I threw down my pen, flung myself back in my easy chair, and applied in turn to fancy, and memory, and anticipation for an answer to my question. My mind sunk into a dreaming mood; and forthwith I saw the monuments, and heard the language, of the world's ancient sons; and the mysterious PAST spread all its marvels before me. I expatiated over the scenes and transactions of the PRESENT; and dwelt with intense emotion upon the fears and hopes, the conflicts and labours, the joys and agonies, of living men. And the FUTURE—the dim and shadowy future—stood before me wrapped in clouds, upon whose tempestuous bosom ever and anon appeared the resplendent bow of hope. Slowly and solemnly he unfolded before my eyes his volume of dark hieroglyphics, of which no mortal wisdom has ever found the key. And when I spoke to the oracle, methought he was not dumb, but gave utterance to some intimations, obscure indeed, but not altogether uncertain, of “things not seen as yet.”

Within this wide circumference, and amid the endless variety of circumstances and sentiments which it enclosed, there were themes for all sorts and styles of writing—grave or gay—fanciful or philosophical—narrative or didactic—*utile* or *dulce*. But I could not fix or confine my musings. Like the butterfly, I skimmed in pleasant idleness over the bosom of the flowers; but alas! repaired not, like the “busy bee,” to my hive to store up the extracted honey.

At length something led me to reflect on the *sum of individual and social happiness*. “I will prove,” said I, “that this world of ours is a very pleasant world, admirably adapted to the physical and mental constitution of

its inhabitants. I will expose the abusive misrepresentations of our earthly condition and circumstances, which whining poets and philosophers, "falsely so called," have propagated in every age. I will hold up to deserved contempt those churlish souls whose congenial element is discontent and gloom; whose habitual language is carping complaint; who can discover no beauty, or harmony, or fragrance in all the universe of God. And I will do all this in "A Chapter from the Autobiography of Semper Felix, Esq." This project took my fancy, and, in the twinkling of an eye, I had called my hero into existence and intellectual activity, and there, occupying the seat which I had filled a moment before, sat an elderly gentleman, with green spectacles, a snuff-coloured coat, and a bob wig, transcribing for the press, chapter xvi. of his (as he assured me) most edifying memoirs. He had not, however, proceeded far before I felt it my duty to stop him. I found that he was likely to prove a *bore* of the most inveterate species. He was positively penning a homily, which would have set any man but a transcendental philosopher a-yawning. For yourself, gentle reader, it would either have sent you to sleep, (in which case no great mischief would have been done,) or, much more likely, have given you a desperate fit of *ennui*. In short, my friend's effort on happiness was anything but a happy effort; and if it could have operated favourably in any single case, it must have been on the principle, that the most bitter potions are sometimes the best cathartics and tonics.

Disappointed and deceived, I banished pity from my heart, and, without respite, annihilated the hapless autobiographer, resolving to do the needful in my own proper person, and to eschew fancy and sentiment altogether. So I steered for the region of politics, and in a few moments had resolved to concoct a brief treatise on "The

British Constitution." "That," said I to myself, "is the very subject for the miscellaneous department of a newspaper, and one can hardly fail to write something popular and attractive on such a theme, in such days as these." And I went on musing.

"The British Constitution! In what intense bathos have its glories been celebrated! In what dolorous Jeremiads has its fall been deplored! It has called forth Eldon's tears, and Croker's vaticinations. All the Pitt clubs shouted "Ichabod!" when the Test Acts were repealed; and declared that after those "foundations were destroyed," it was "as good as dead." When the Catholic Relief Bill accorded tardy justice to 7,000,000 of British subjects, the Duke of Newcastle's crack member most eloquently told us that the British Constitution fell like Cæsar in the Senate-house, beneath the worse than murderous hands of traitors. As usual, however, it appears that the honourable gentleman was *out*; and his own strenuous efforts of late to preserve this same constitution pure, healthy, and energetic, as it was in the golden age of rotten boroughs and aristocratical supremacy, prove that the alleged decease was only a case of suspended animation. But now at length "The Bill" has done the deed. Blackwood assures us, in set phrase, that the constitution is no more,\* and all the Conservatives, from north to south, take up the same parable, and re-echo the mournful cry—"Is fallen! is fallen!" Still, however, they seem to think there is some chance of restoring the departed to new life; or else that there is some heir and successor of the thrice glorious dead, which may need their wise superintendence and zealous guardianship. Something there must be left, after all the ruin that an "infidel press," and

\* See an article in a late number of his Magazine, entitled, "The Fall of the Constitution."

political unions, and the triumphant Whigs have achieved, which is worth preserving; or else why do the routed enemies of popular freedom rally their forces, and compass sea and land to maintain or increase their numbers in the first reformed parliament? They may probably have discovered, that, like a certain domestic animal (of whom the thing has been so long asserted that it must be true,) the constitution has *nine lives*; and we shall hear again and again of its destruction and overthrow, as, one after another, the defects of our political system are supplied, and the remaining abuses in our political institutions are corrected.

“When the ruinous monopoly of the east, and the iniquitous slavery of the west, shall both have been terminated, (and surely their days are already numbered,)—“Alas for our glorious constitution!” When a learned and pious minister of the gospel shall no longer be given up by law to the rapacity of unprincipled churchwardens and constables, because he refuses to pay for the support of a religious establishment, from which he not only derives no advantage, but which he regards as unscriptural and anti-christian—“Alas for our glorious constitution!!!” When tithes, which Parliament has already torn from one church, and given to another, shall, by the same authority, be employed for the real promotion of national morality and happiness—“Alas, for our glorious constitution!!!” When the incestuous alliance between church and state shall have been dissolved, in obedience to the voice of reason and scripture, and the public will—“Alas, for our glorious constitution!!!!” Above all, when the great work of political regeneration shall have been completed, and in all the administrations of government and law, in all the appointments of office, and in all the disbursements of revenue, *the good of the many* shall be systematically regarded, and not the *ag-*

*grandisement of the few*—"Alas, alas, for our glorious constitution ! ! ! ! ! " In what pitiful accents, and with what unaffected sorrow, will all the staunch supporters of political abuses repeat this lamentation, and tell us of the good old times when the Tories were *in*, and the Whigs were *out*—when loyalty to the monarch and the minister was sure to be remembered in the pension list—when the people were kept in their proper place, and were dealt with as the "swinish multitude" ought to be—when, as they will phrase it, *the constitution was unimpaired, and in its perfect glory !*"

"And what is this constitution of which we hear so much? When did it begin to exist?—when did it reach its perfect stature and unimprovable maturity?—whence may we gather its form and proportions?—where is its "local habitation?"—what is its "name?" Has it been established by accumulated precedents and immemorial usage, or is it described with technical precision in the *statutes at large*? Is it the coronation oath—or the magna charta—or the bill of rights? Does it consist in the union of a Protestant Church with a limited monarchy? or in the association and balance of the three estates in the enactment of laws and the administration of government? Let us know what we are to understand by this same constitution, which was such a fine thing when Liverpool was premier, and Eldon on the woolsack; but which has been so scurvily treated, and so murderously maimed since Grey and Brougham (*proh pudor !*) had the temerity to take office?"

When I had proceeded thus far in my lucubrations, I reached from my shelves the various authorities on English government which I happen to possess, that I might have the aid of their investigations and opinions. And De Lolme, Blackstone, Bishop Hurd, Selden, Hallam, stood ready to bear evidence to facts, and argue

points of distinction and debate. The field of research and reflexion enlarged before me. The vastness of the theme overwhelmed my mind. And I could only resolve that, hereafter, when I should have vacancy for extensive reading, continuous thought, and careful composition, I would resume the subject, and solicit the intelligent readers of these weekly essays to join me in an attempt to trace the progress, and unfold the characteristics of British liberty, as it is developed in our past history and existing institutions.

In the mean while, these desultory musings and confessions must be accepted as an apology for an article.

OMICRON.

## A CHAPTER ON CHILDHOOD.

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THERE are in the world some very sage and sensible persons, who appear most reluctant to acknowledge that they were not always so. They blush as if they were charged with some disgraceful delinquency when you remind them that they were once *children*, and as childish as others of the same years. They are so completely wrapped up in the sober staidness and dignified self-consequence of adult age that they have almost forgotten this undeniable fact themselves, and they are most deeply concerned that no one else should remember it. Look at them ! They are grave, serious, thoughtful men ; with furrowed brows, and pale, anxious faces, every feature of which, sharp, tense, and angular, is the index of close application and determined resolve : and is it possible that once upon a time they were chubby-cheeked urchins, no higher than the table—romping and laughing all day long—delighting only in fun and frolic—the merry plague of over fond mammas and over precise maiden aunts ? They are clever, money-getting men of business, toiling, morning, noon, and night, to “ buy and sell, and get gain ”—wise to calculate good profits and effect desirable investments—and their great ambition and confident expectation are, that they shall die worth half a million : and is it to be credited that forty years ago they did not know a shilling from a guinea, nor care a straw for either, and

that they would have given all the wealth in the world for a plum cake or a whipping top, a game at blindman's buff, or a romp in the hay field? They are regular, sedate, and, in seeming at least, religious men; most scrupulously correct in all the exteriors of a virtuous life; never forgetting that they have a high character to maintain; never neglecting, at all events, what others think to be their duty; the very pink of propriety, with whom nobody finds fault, whom every body praises, and who never seem to slip, or stumble, or go wrong; and is it to be supposed that they *were*, or will *acknowledge* themselves to have been just common children—

“Curly headed good for nothings,  
And mischief working monkeys from their birth?”

That they ran out of bounds, and broke the Dominie's spectacles, and set his wig on fire, and were *kept in*, and fined and flogged just as often as any of their compeers? They are men of letters and science, who write half the alphabet after their names, with “loads of learned lumber in their heads,” and loads of learned lumber, the progeny of their prolific brain and pen, on the groaning shelves of the Row; and surely it cannot be that there was a time when they knew nothing, and cared nothing for knowledge; when they could not comprehend an intellectual abstraction, or unravel a vicious syllogism; when *Jack the Giant Killer* and *Tom Hickathrift* were their favourite reading—for whose precious pages, however, they had but little respect when a patch was wanted for their paper kite, or an addition was voted to its almost interminable tail? They are men of dignity, rank, and station, familiar with all the “pomp and circumstance” of civic distinction—who dine with baronets, and aldermen, and M.P's—who would not for their lives go out of the magic

circle which pride or the absurd customs of high society have drawn around them, and to whom the *profanum vulgus*, (all, in fact, who do not belong to their own set,) are as “heathen men and publicans:” and is it likely that they should remember the low-lived equality of the village school—the days when they knew no difference between the son of the squire and the son of the sexton, when they read from the same book, and sat at the same desk, and joined in the same boisterous gambols with the children of hinds and “unwashed artificers;” nay, when pretty Mary Morrison (who is now the cobbler’s wife as she was then the tailor’s daughter) was their especial favourite—the Cynosure of their eyes and hearts—far more lovely in their childish apprehension, and far dearer to their unsophisticated affections, than all the infant aristocrats who honoured their birth days at —— Hall!

Of all these things they are profoundly oblivious. Perchance they *remember to forget them*. They are ashamed of what they were during the first ten years of their lives, and would fain repudiate their former selves. They do not believe that “the child is father to the man,” or if they do, with “unnatural impiety” they renounce and deny their parentage. They would have us suppose that they came into the world much in the same state as Minerva sprung from the brain of Jove—armed at all points—entirely divested of all juvenilities in taste and temper, and completely endowed with all manly accomplishments. One might fancy, from their talk, that they were always mature men; that they never passed through the same stages and processes of growth as others; that the very moment they began to live, they began also to think grave thoughts, and utter wise sayings, and do creditable things—the drama of life in this case commencing with its third or fourth act.

If you succeed in bringing these persons to remember that they were once children and school-boys, you will find their memories unaccountably dull, when you come to question them on their juvenile delinquencies. They cannot remember anything of themselves as children, which would not become them as men, and which their present sense of propriety does not justify and approve. So far as they can recall the incidents of so remote a period, they always eschewed mischievous frolics, and kept out of naughty scrapes. To the best of their recollection they carried off the prize for good behaviour and clean copy-books every half year, and they do not think they were ever sent to Coventry, or crowned with the dunce's cap. And they are shocked at your incivility, and turn up their eyes and hands with indignant surprise, when you ask how many floggings they can remember to have got, and how many of these were for playing truant? Floggings, indeed! How could *they* require the rod, which is only "for the fool's back?" With their good disposition and quiet temper, their natural love of learning, and quickness at their books, their plodding industry, and unwearied perseverance,—how can *they* have any reminiscences of cane, or ferula, or birch rod? And what could induce *them*, who were always happiest when they were kept closest at their tasks, in whose estimation play hours and half holydays were the dullest part of the week, and who, besides, were on all points and at all times such good sons and scholars—what could induce them to deceive parents and pedagogue, and forsake the pleasant durance of the school-house? No! no! they were of another kidney. At home, they were always a comfort and a treasure; and in their class they seldom failed to be *duces*. They had ever "a good sprag memory," and never forgot "their *kies*, their *kees*, and their *kods*." They never

“did the things which they ought not to have done, nor left undone the things which they ought to have done.” All this, by their own showing, and, according to the decisions of their “own little court.”

I confess, gentle reader, that I am somewhat incredulous of these braggarts, both as to what they remember and what they forget. I shrewdly suspect that as they are now no better than other folks of humbler pretensions, so they were much about the average standard, if indeed they reached it, in their earlier days. If the history of their childhood were impartially written, it would be found, I rather fancy, that they were by no means “the faultless monsters” that they represent themselves to have been, but just as fond of vanities, as full of folly, and as completely puerile in all their tastes and pursuits as any of us. Otherwise their progress since those days has been at a very snail’s pace. If they started so much in advance of their less clever and good-dispositioned fellows, how is it that they have been distanced in the race? Why are they not still nearest to the goal? They must have been idle loiterers; and the credit which they take to themselves for precocious goodness at the beginning of their lives, will make but a sorry appearance in their balance sheet, as a set-off against the neglects and indolence, and misimprovement of early advantages, of which that very precocity proves them to have been guilty.

For myself, I care not who knows that I was not one of those early immaculates, and that I have no sympathy with them. I was once a *child*, and it is without any sense of disgrace that I adopt the confession of one, than whom there never lived a wiser or a better man:—“When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child.” There was a time when I was ignorant of every thing, and found my

ignorance to be bliss ; when the merest trifles gave me more unalloyed delight than I can extract from the most precious treasures now-a-days ; when all things *were* in my estimation just what they *seemed* to be, and I had no notion that the earth moved or the sun did not ; that a smiling face might conceal an aching heart, or kind looks and speeches be the cloak of “ envy, hatred, and all uncharitableness.”

Nor am I ashamed either, to confess the little errors and misdeeds of my early days. Divines, indeed, tell us that there are no *little sins* ; and that it is bad theology to speak of an *innocent child*. I eschew all polemics, and at once submit to the judgment of the church in matters which are too high for me. But, alas ! when I compare the positive evil in thought, word, and action, which conscience records against the *man*, I cannot but deem lightly of the small offences and harmless follies of the *child* ; and when I think of the *man* as *guilty*—though Calvin denounce it as heresy, I cannot help thinking of the *child* as *innocent*. How much insincerity and unkindness, how much envy and selfishness, how many bad passions and unworthy motives do the best of us detect in our adult hearts, which were not there, or never discovered themselves, when we were children ! Often, indeed, we did that for which we were taken severely to task, and not seldom, perhaps, did we deserve all that we suffered ; but still our follies were more than our faults, were rather simple than sinful, and more mischievous than malicious. If we did not so often act under the influence of good motives, we were also less frequently actuated by bad ones. If we had a smaller amount of positive excellence, we were also chargeable with less of positive evil. If our good works were fewer, so also were our wilful misdeeds. If we were less wise, we were also, in the same degree, less

wicked. We were the creatures of impulse, and seldom persisted in doing wrong under the influence of a cherished love of evil-doing, or in spite of a clear conviction that it *was* evil. Instinct, rather than knowledge, was our guide. We never thought of the matter as *right* or *wrong*; we had never been taught such consideration. Not to speak profanely, “we did it ignorantly, in unbelief.”

After this apology, I should feel but few compunctious visitings, if I were to recall and record all the faults and follies of my early days. I should hardly blush, gentle reader, to tell you of my first flogging; and I almost think I could make you wish yourself young again, that again you might have the pleasure of playing truant. How well I remember those four days, (“my offence had this extent—no more,”) on each of which I enjoyed that pleasure, not in my case, as Gray found it at Eton, “a *fearful* joy.” “Stolen waters are sweet,” says the proverb; and so *I* can testify, passing sweet are stolen half-holidays: and the books that I read, the rambles that I took, and the sights that I saw, during those pilfered hours, “take them for all in all, I shall not look upon their like again.” But these important matters must not be brought in at the fag-end of an article. Why should we not perpetrate a paper, redolent with the freshness of the age and acts which we describe, on Playing Truant?

MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

OUR SCHOOL-DAYS.  

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WE all love to think and speak of our school-days. Wearied with the dull, monotonous realities of the present, and suspicious of the flattering promises of the future, we turn with calm satisfaction and delighted confidence to the past. The path of life is all up-hill; and it is a pleasant thing to pause on our journey, and look back from the point of vantage which we have gained in the progress of years, upon the road that we have travelled; to survey its sinuous mazes—its perplexing intricacies—its dreary wastes, which we have so happily overpassed—its smiling Edens, which we can thus revisit and re-enjoy. And the remoter parts of that landscape are always most transcendently lovely in our eyes. A more beautiful heaven seems to overhang them—a softer and more melting sunshine to brood upon them. The trees are greener, and more richly umbrageous. The flowers, (for memory's far-seeing eye can distinguish even the celandines, and daisies, and forget-me-nots at the distance of forty years,) the flowers are more gaily apparelled, and more tastefully grouped, and there are far more of them. Over hill and valley, wood and waterfall, meadow and moorland, there are flung "a glory and a joy," which have passed away, like summer mists, from the nearer landscape.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy;" and throughout all our early days we are surrounded by influences, and

pervaded by emotions, which in more mature life we *may* remember, but *cannot* recall. When once we have ceased to be children, we have lost the power to think and feel "as only childhood can." We have become sophisticate—cold-hearted—suspicious. We are too wise—too cautious—too incredulous. We will not submit to be cheated into enjoyment, and take the benefit of a happy error. "The world is too much with us"—the solid, substantial, matter-of-fact world, in which grown-up men and women slave at the dolorous drudgery of money-getting. And our senses, and faculties, and susceptibilities have suffered injury from the tainted atmosphere in which we live. Where are now the marvels and glories which met our earnest gaze everywhere, in heaven and earth, when we were six, or eight, or ten years old? We search for them in vain. There is a film upon our eyes. We are short-sighted beyond the power of surgery or optics to cure us. And the sounds which then rung in our ears, awaking the sense of divinest melody in our souls, and wrapping us in thrilling trance from morn to night—where be they? The songs of birds—the hum of bees—the flute-notes of summer winds—the soothing murmurs of running brooks—the mysterious whispers of autumnal woods—are they all silent? Not one is mute; but alas! they fall upon deaf ears. Nature still "pipes to us, but we will not dance;" and what was once "most musical," is now to our altered spirits, oftentimes "most melancholy." And we can never recover what we have lost, or be again assimilated to our former selves. We can only *remember* what was then *experienced*. The "formal man" can realize the careless joyance and light-heartedness of days which are long since past, in no other way than by contemplating in memory's magic glass, what, and in what manner, and with what emotions, he saw,

and heard, and spake, and acted "when that he was a tiny boy."

Hence we all love to think and speak of our childhood and early youth; and especially of our school-days, because they are, for the most part, the commencement of our juvenile reminiscences—we can go no further back—and because, in all cases, it is from that period that our recollections become distinct in their particulars, and interesting in their associations.

We can remember many grave lectures of parents and pedagogues, to the effect, that school-days are the happiest part of a man's life, and that *we* should find them so. *Then*, we did not believe a word of it. The thing appeared to us a plain contradiction. Long lessons and short play-hours—dreary pages of geography and English grammar, and *Propria quæ maribus*—with all the fears and anxieties, the pains and penalties of our pupilage, were, in our estimation, any thing but elements of happiness, or incentives to enjoyment. And besides, "Hope told a flattering tale;" and we looked forward to the time when we should leave school, and be our own master—with no dry tasks to learn, and no tiresome bounds to keep, and no frowns or flagellation to fear, as our jubilee—the period of complete emancipation from all trouble and annoyance, when we should pass at once into a state of perfect, uninterrupted, and interminable bliss. Alas! we have seen "Hope's summer visions die." We have been in the school of experience, and disappointment has taught us many a sad and sobering lesson. We have *cut* Campbell for Rogers. We have read through "The Pleasures of Hope," and have got some pages into "The Pleasures of Memory." And now (is it not your experience, gentle reader, as well as ours?) even the little sorrows of our early days are dwelt upon with feelings near akin to pleasure.

That ancient school-house, (we thought it a very dungeon once,) what a pleasant place it looks! And of what gentle restraints, and easy labour, and innocent mirth, was it the scene! And its presiding genius, with the awful spectacles, and the still more awful "rod for the fool's back," whom we once regarded as an apt prototype of all the ogres and giants in our delightful story-books—what a kind, good old man he was! How much "more sinned against than sinning!" With what loud and hearty praises did he reward our smallest merits! With what surpassing patience did he endure our intolerable and endless provocations! Peace to his gentle shade!

How pleasant it is to send our fancy on pilgrimage to all our school-day haunts!—the walk across the meadows, and down by the brook side, and over the crazy bridge by the mill, and back again through the shady lane where we gathered sweet violets:—the vicar's copse, where blackberries were as plenty as pebble stones, and the hazel wood, to which once a-year we went a-nutting:—and, above all, the old play-ground, with its smooth turf, and weeping birches, (bless the tender-hearted trees for their sympathy!) which would have been a jewel of a place for all our games, if it had only been out of bounds! Oh, those merry games! the boisterous sports of our short play-hours; the riotous rambles and madcap frolics, and innocent mischiefs of our long half-holidays; the

"Quips, and cranks, and wanton wiles,"

which made us every day, and every hour, at once a plague and a delight to each other, and to all about us! And who were our companions in those glorious romps and rambles? The whole group is before us. Of all "the old familiar faces," not one is absent, and not one is changed. We can see them all as clearly—we can

distinguish them all as accurately, as we did so many years ago, when we were one of them. There they are, from the oldest to the youngest; from the clever little rogue who taught us how to make whistles, and to fish for minnows, and who so often made us an April-fool, to the grave, melancholy boy, who never once fought a battle, nor joined in a romp, nor went a-bird-nesting, but told us such marvellous and touching tales, in such eloquent words as "often did beguile us of our tears." There they are! We could name them one by one, without a single mistake. We could arrange them in their old classes, and seat them in their old desks. We could describe, with most exact minuteness, the qualities, bodily, intellectual, and moral, of every one of them. And if we wrote ourselves R. A. we could paint their pictures to the life. So clearly and distinctly are they present to our inward eye. And hark! the air is vocal with their glee. Their merry voices ring in our ears. We can recognize every tone; we know to whom every shout belongs. Again we listen to "their gibes, their songs, their flashes of merriment," and again we hear our old nicknames and byewords, none of them unkindly meant or harshly spoken, but flowing from a frank familiarity and an innocent open-heartedness, which knew nothing of formal propriety and forced politesse.

Beloved companions! years have passed since we parted; but ye are our companions still. Ye have gone each to his appointed portion and station. We know not what or where you are—in what circumstances—of what character:—certain it is, that neither in body nor soul are ye the same as in former days. But no matter. *We* know you only as a troop of joyous children, who studied and sported—who read and romped—who laughed and wept with us when we too were a child. As such, ye abide in our memory, and in our "heart of hearts," unchanged and

unchangeable. And your simple society affords a precious solace and happy retreat to our troubled spirits, when we are weary of the heartless formalities and insincere professions of the world.

For your sakes, then, we shall always love to think of our school-days, and, as far as retrospective fancy may enable us, to live them over again. And though the gay and thoughtless may eschew such musings as fantastic and melancholy, and though they must ever be attended with somewhat of pensive sadness and tender regret, yet will we often indulge them, and they shall employ our thoughts and engross our sensibilities, even in our choicest moods. If they should make us sigh sometimes, or even shed a tear, we are content. Not always would we dwell with

“ Sport that wrinkled Care derides,  
And Laughter holding both his sides:”

but sometimes follow the silent steps of “divinest Melancholy;” knowing, as we do most surely, and feeling, as we are daily constrained to feel, that

“ There is no *music* in the life  
That sounds with idiot laughter solely;”

that

“ There’s not a string attuned to Mirth,  
But has its chord in Melancholy.”

MEMINISSE JUVABIT.

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E R R A T A .

- Page 138 line 10 for "of which" read "which."  
166 ,, 13 for "uninterrupted" read "interrupted."  
216 ,, 34 for "boldness" read "baldness."  
264 ,, 4 for "darkness" read "darkens."  
282 ,, 16 for "gold" read "old."



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