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ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM COWPER.

(Continued from page 359.)

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

May 1, 1781.

My dear Friend,

Your mother says I *must* write, and *must* admit of no apology; I might otherwise plead, that I have nothing to say, that I am weary, that I am dull, that it would be more convenient, therefore, for you, as well as for myself, that I should let it alone: but all these pleas, and whatever pleas besides, either disinclination, indolence, or necessity, might suggest, are over-ruled, as they ought to be, the moment a lady adduces her irrefragable argument, *you must*. You have still, however, one comfort left, that what I must write, you may, or may not read, just as it shall please you; unless Lady Anne, at your elbow, should say, you must read it, and then, like a true knight, you will obey without looking for a remedy.

In the press, and speedily will be published, in one volume octavo, price three shillings, Poems, by William Cowper, of the Inner Temple, Esq. You may suppose, by the size of the publication, that the greatest part of them have been long kept secret, because you yourself have never seen them; but the truth is, that they are most of them, except what you have in your possession, the produce of the last winter. Two thirds of the compilation will be occupied by four pieces; the first of which sprung up in the month of December, and the last of them in the month of March. They contain, I suppose, in all about two thousand five hundred lines;

are known, or to be known in due time, by the names of *Table Talk—The Progress of Error—Truth—Expostulation*. Mr. Newton writes a preface, and Johnson is publisher. The principal, I may say the only reason, why I never mentioned to you, till now, an affair which I am just going to make known to all the world, (if *that* Mr. All-the-world should think it worth his knowing,) has been this: that till within these few days I had not the honour to know it myself. This may seem strange, but it is true, for not knowing where to find under-writers, who would choose to insure them, and not finding it convenient to a purse like mine, to run any hazard, even upon the credit of my own ingenuity, I was very much in doubt, for some weeks, whether any bookseller would be willing to subject himself to an ambiguity, that might prove very expensive in case of a bad market. But Johnson has heroically set all peradventures at defiance, and takes the whole charge upon himself. So out I come. I shall be glad of my *Translations from Vincent Bourne*, in your next frank. My muse will lay herself at your feet immediately on her first public appearance.

Yours, my dear friend,

W. C.

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TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

May 10, 1781.

My dear Friend,

It is Friday: I have just drunk tea, and just perused your letter; and though this answer to it cannot set off till Sunday, I obey the warm impulse I feel, which will not permit to postpone the business till the regular time of writing.

I expected you would be grieved; if you had not been so, those sensibilities, which attend you on every other occasion, must have left you upon this. I am sorry, that I have given you pain, but not sorry that you have felt it. A concern of that sort would be absurd, because it would be to regret your friendship for me, and to be dissatisfied with the effect of it. Allow yourself, however, three minutes only for reflection, and your penetration must necessarily dive into the motives of my conduct. In the first place, and by way of preface, remember that I do not (whatever your partiality may incline you to do) account it of much consequence to any friend of mine, whether he is or is not employed by me upon such an occasion. But all affected renunciations of poetical merit apart, and all unaffected expressions of the sense I have of my own littleness in the poetical character too, the obvious and only

reason why I resorted to Mr. Newton, and not to my friend Unwin was this;—that the former lived in London, the latter at Stock; the former was upon the spot, to correct the press, to give instructions respecting any sudden alterations, and to settle with the publisher every thing that might possibly occur in the course of such a business;—the latter could not be applied to for these purposes, without what I thought would be a manifest encroachment on his kindness; because it might happen that the troublesome office might cost him now and then a journey, which it was absolutely impossible for me to endure the thought of.

When I wrote to you for the copies you have sent me, I told you I was making a collection, but not with a design to publish. There is nothing truer than that at that time, I had not the smallest expectation of sending a volume of poems to the press. I had several small pieces, that might amuse, but I would not, when I publish, make the amusement of the reader my only object. When the winter deprived me of other employments, I began to compose, and seeing six or seven months before me, which would naturally afford me much leisure for such a purpose, I undertook a piece of some length; that finished, another; and so on, till I had amassed the number of lines I mentioned in my last.

Believe me what you please, but not that I am indifferent to you, or your friendship for me, on any occasion.

Yours,

W. C.

—
TO THE REV. JOHN NEWTON.

May 23, 1781.

My dear Friend,

If the writer's friends have need of patience, how much more the writer! Your desire to see my muse in public, and mine to gratify you, must both suffer the mortification of delay—I expected that my trumpeter would have informed the world by this time, of all that is needful for them to know upon such an occasion; and that an advertising blast, blown through every newspaper, would have said—'The poet is coming.' But man, especially man that writes verse, is born to disappointments, as surely as printers and booksellers are born to be the most dilatory and tedious of all creatures. The plain English of this magnificent preamble is, that the season of publication is just elapsed, that the town is going into the country every day, and that my book cannot appear till they return, that is to say, not till next winter. This

misfortune, however, comes not without its attendant advantage: I shall now have, what I should not otherwise have had, an opportunity to correct the press myself: no small advantage upon any occasion, but especially important, where poetry is concerned! A single erratum may knock out the brains of a whole passage, and that perhaps, which of all others the unfortunate poet is the most proud of. Add to this, that now and then, there is to be found, in a printing house, a presumptuous intermeddler, who will fancy himself a poet too, and, what is still worse, a better than he that employs him. The consequence is, that with cobbling and tinkering, and patching on here and there a shred of his own, he makes such a difference between the original and the copy, that an author cannot know his own work again. Now, as I choose to be responsible for nobody's dullness but my own, I am a little comforted, when I reflect, that it will be in my power to prevent all such impertinence, and yet not without your assistance. It will be quite necessary, that the correspondence between me and Johnson should be carried on without the expense of postage, because proof sheets would make double or treble letters, which expense, as in every instance it must occur twice, first when the packet is sent, and again when it is returned, would be rather inconvenient to me, who, as you perceive, am forced to live by my wits, and to him, who hopes to get a little matter no doubt by the same means. Half a dozen franks, therefore, to me, and *totidem* to him, will be singularly acceptable, if you can, without feeling it in any respect a trouble, procure them for me.

I am much obliged to you for your offer to support me in a translation of Bourne. It is but seldom however, and never except for my amusement, that I translate; because I find it disagreeable to work by another man's pattern; I should at least be sure to find it so in a business of any length. Again, that is epigrammatic and witty in Latin, which would be perfectly insipid in English, and a translator of Bourne would frequently find himself obliged to supply what is called the turn, which is in fact the most difficult, and the most expensive part of the whole composition, and could not, perhaps, in many instances, be done with any tolerable success. If a Latin poem is neat, elegant and musical, it is enough—but English readers are not so easily satisfied. To quote myself, you will find, in comparing the jackdaw with the original, that I was obliged to sharpen a point, which, though smart enough in the Latin, would, in English, have appeared as plain and as blunt as the tag of a lace. I love the me-

mory of Vinny Bourne. I think him a better Latin poet than Tibullus, Propertius, Ausonius, or any of the writers in *his* way, except Ovid, and not at all inferior to *him*. I love him too with a love of partiality, because he was usher of the fifth form at Westminster, when I passed through it. He was so good natured, and so indolent, that I lost more than I got by him; for he made me as idle as himself. He was such a sloven, as if he had trusted to his genius as a cloak for every thing that could disgust you in his person; and indeed in his writings, he has almost amends for all. His humour is entirely original—he can speak of a magpie or a cat, in terms so exquisitely appropriated to the character he draws, that one would suppose him animated by the spirit of the creature he describes. And with all his drollery, there is a mixture of rational, and even religious reflection, at times, and always an air of pleasantry, good-nature, and humanity, that makes him, in my mind, one of the most amiable writers in the world. It is not common to meet with an author, who can make you smile, and yet at nobody's expense; who is always entertaining, and yet always harmless, and who, though always elegant, and classical, to a degree not always found in the classics themselves, charms more by the simplicity, and playfulness of his ideas, than by the neatness and purity of his verse; yet such was poor Vinny. I remember seeing the Duke of Richmond set fire to his greasy looks, and box his ears to put it out again. Since I have begun to write long poems, I seem to turn up my nose at the idea of a short one. I have lately entered upon one, which if ever finished, cannot easily be comprised in much less than a thousand lines! But this must make part of a second publication, and be accompanied, in due time, by others not yet thought of; for it seems (what I did not know till the bookseller had occasion to tell me so) that single pieces stand no chance, and that nothing less than a volume will go down. You yourself afford me a proof of the certainty of this intelligence, by sending me franks, which nothing less than a volume can fill. I have accordingly sent you one, but am obliged to add, that had the wind been in any other point of the compass, or blowing as it does from the East, had it been less boisterous, you must have been contented with a much shorter Letter, but the abridgment of every other occupation is very favourable to that of writing.

I am glad I did not expect to hear from you by this post, for the boy has lost the bag in which your letter must have been inclosed—another reason for my prolixity!

Yours affectionately,

W. C.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

May, 1781.

My dear Friend,

I believe I never give you trouble without feeling more than I give; so much by way of preface and apology!

Thus stands the case—Johnson has begun to print, and Mr. Newton has already corrected the first sheet. This unexpected despatch makes it necessary for me to furnish myself with the means of communication, viz: ~~the franks~~, as soon as may be. There are reasons, (I believe I mentioned them in my last) why I choose to revise the proof myself—nevertheless, if your delicacy must suffer the puncture of a pin's point, in procuring the franks for me, I release you entirely from the task, you are as free as if I had never mentioned them. But you will oblige me by a speedy answer upon this subject, because it is expedient that the printer should know to whom he is to send his copy; and, when the press is once set, those humble servants of the poets, are rather impatient of any delay, because the types are wanted for other authors, who are equally impatient to be born.

This fine weather I suppose, sets you on horseback, and allures the ladies into the garden. If I was at Stock, I should be of their party; and while they sat knotting or netting, in the shade, should comfort myself with the thought, that I had not a beast under me, whose walk would seem tedious, whose trot would jumble me, and whose gallop might throw me into a ditch. What nature expressly designed me for, I have never been able to conjecture, I seem to myself so universally disqualified for the common, and customary occupations and amusements of mankind. When I was a boy, I excelled at cricket and foot-ball, but the fame I acquired by achievements that way, is long since forgotten, and I do not know that I have made a figure in any thing since. I am sure however, that she did not design me for a horseman, and that if all men were of my mind, there would be an end of all jockeyship forever. I am rather straitened for time, and not very rich in materials, therefore, with our joint love to you all, conclude myself,

Yours ever,

W. C.

TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

June 5, 1781.

My dear Friend,

If the old adage be true, that "he gives twice, who gives speedily," it is equally true, that he who not only uses expedition

in giving, but gives more than was asked, gives thrice at least. Such is the style in which Mr. — confers a favour. He has not only sent me franks to Johnson, but, under another cover, has added six to you. These last, for aught that appears by your letter, he threw in of his own mere bounty. I beg that my share of thanks may not be wanting on this occasion, and that when you write to him next, you will assure him of the sense I have of the obligation, which is the more flattering, as it includes a proof of his predilection in favour of the poems, his franks are destined to inclose. May they not forfeit his good opinion hereafter, nor yours, to whom I hold myself indebted in the first place, and who have equally given me credit for their deservings! Your mother says, that, although there are passages in them containing opinions, which will not be universally subscribed to, the world will at least allow what my great modesty will not permit me to subjoin. I have the highest opinion of her judgment, and know, by having experienced the soundness of them, that her observations are always worthy of attention, and regard. Yet, strange as it may seem, I do not feel the vanity of an author, when she commends me—but I feel something better, a spur to my diligence, and a cordial to my spirits, both together animating me to deserve, at least not to fall short of her expectations. For I verily believe, if my dulness should earn me the character of a dunce, the censure would affect her more than me, not, that I am insensible of the value of a good name, either as a man or an author. Without an ambition to attain it, it is absolutely unattainable under either of those descriptions. But my life, having been in many respects a series of mortifications and disappointments, I am become less apprehensive, and impressible perhaps in some points, than I should have otherwise been; and, though I should be exquisitely sorry to disgrace my friends, could endure my own share of the affliction with a reasonable measure of tranquillity.

These seasonable showers have poured floods upon all the neighbouring parishes, but have passed us by. My garden languishes, and, what is worse, the fields too languish, and the upland-grass is burnt. These discriminations are not fortuitous. But if they are providential, what do they import? I can only answer, as a friend of mine once answered a mathematical question in the schools—“*Prorsus nescio.*” Perhaps it is, that men, who will not believe what they cannot understand, may learn the folly of their conduct, while their very senses are made to witness against them; and themselves, in the course of providence, become the subjects of a thou-

sand dispensations, they cannot explain. But the end is never answered. The lesson is inculcated indeed frequently enough, but nobody learns it. Well. Instruction, vouchsafed in vain, is (I suppose) a debt to be accounted for hereafter. You must understand this to be a soliloquy. I wrote my thoughts without recollecting that I was writing a letter, and to you.

W. C.

—
TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

June 24, 1781.

My dear Friend,

The letter you withheld so long, lest it should give me pain, gave me pleasure. Horace says, the poets are a waspish race; and from my own experience of the temper of two or three, with whom I was formerly connected, I can readily subscribe to the character he gives them. But for my own part, I have never yet felt that excessive irritability, which some writers discover, when a friend, in the words of Pope,

“Just hints a fault, or hesitates dislike.”

Least of all would I give way to such an unseasonable ebullition, merely because a civil question is proposed to me, with such gentleness, and by a man, whose concern for my credit and character, I verily believe to be sincere. I reply therefore, not peevishly, but with a sense of the kindness of your intentions, that I hope you may make yourself very easy on a subject, that I can perceive has occasioned you some solicitude. When I wrote the poem called Truth, it was indispensably necessary that I should set forth that doctrine, which I know to be true, and that I should pass what I understood to be a just censure upon opinions, and persuasions, that differ from, or stand in direct opposition to it; because, though some errors may be innocent, and even religious errors are not always pernicious, yet in a case, where the faith and hope of a Christian are concerned, they must necessarily be destructive; and because neglecting this, I should have betrayed my subject; either suppressing what, in my judgment, is of the last importance, or giving countenance, by a timid silence, to the very evils it was my design to combat. That you may understand me better, I will subjoin—that I wrote that poem on purpose to inculcate the eleemosynary character of the gospel, as a dispensation of mercy, in the most

absolute sense of the word, to the exclusion of all claims of merit, on the part of the receiver; consequently to set the brand of invalidity upon the plea of works, and to discover, upon scriptural ground, the absurdity of that notion, which includes a solecism in the very terms of it, that man, by repentance and good-works, may deserve the mercy of his Maker.—I call it a solecism, because mercy deserved ceases to be mercy, and must take the name of justice. This is the opinion which I said in my last, the world would not acquiesce in, but except this, I do not recollect that I have introduced a syllable into any of my pieces, that they can possibly object to; and even this I have endeavoured to deliver from doctrinal dryness, by as many pretty things, in the way of trinket and plaything, as I could muster upon the subject. So that if I have rubbed their gums, I have taken care to do it with a coral, and even that coral embellished by the ribbon to which it is tied, and recommended by the tinkling of all the bells I could contrive to annex to it.

You need not trouble yourself to call on Johnson; being perfectly acquainted with the progress of the business, I am able to satisfy your curiosity myself—the post before the last, I returned to him the second sheet of Table-Talk, which he had sent me for correction, and which stands foremost in the volume. The delay has enabled me to add a piece of considerable length, which, but for the delay, would not have made its appearance upon this occasion—it answers to the name of Hope.

I remember a line in the *Odyssey*, which literally translated, imports, that there is nothing in the world more impudent than the belly. But had Homer met with an instance of modesty like yours, he would either have suppressed that observation, or at least have qualified it with an exception. I hope that, for the future, Mrs. Unwin will never suffer you to go to London, without putting some victuals in your pocket; for what a strange article would it make in a newspaper, that a tall, well-dressed gentleman, by his appearance a clergyman, and with a purse of gold in his pocket, was found starved to death in the street. How would it puzzle conjecture, to account for such a phenomenon! Some would suppose that you had been kidnapt, like Betty Canning, of hungry memory; others would say, the gentleman was a methodist, and had practised a rigorous self-denial, which had unhappily proved too hard for his constitution; but I would venture to say, that nobody would divine the real cause, or suspect for a moment, that your modesty had occasioned the tragedy in

question. By the way, is it not possible that the spareness, and slenderness of your person, may be owing to the same cause? for surely it is reasonable to suspect, that the bashfulness, which could prevail against you, on so trying an occasion, may be equally prevalent on others. I remember having been told by Colman, that when he once dined with Garrick, he repeatedly pressed him to eat more of a certain dish, that he was known to be particularly fond of; Colman as often refused, and at last declared he could not: But could not you, says Garrick, if you was in a dark closet by yourself? The same question might perhaps be put to you, with as much, or more propriety, and therefore I recommend it to you, either to furnish yourself with a little more assurance, or always to eat in the dark.

We sympathize with Mrs. Unwin, and if it will be any comfort to her to know it, can assure her, that a lady in our neighbourhood is always, on such occasions, the most miserable of all things, and yet escapes with great facility, through all the dangers of her state.

Yours, *ut semper*,

W. C.

—
TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

July 6, 1781.

We are obliged to you for the rugs, a commodity that can never come to such a place as this, at an unseasonable time. We have given one to an industrious poor widow, with four children, whose sister overheard her shivering in the night, and with some difficulty, brought her to confess, the next morning, that she was half perished for want of sufficient covering. Her said sister borrowed a rug for her at a neighbour's immediately, which she had used only one night when yours arrived; and I doubt not but we shall meet with others, equally indigent and deserving of your bounty.

Much good may your humanity do you, as it does so much good to others!—You can no where find objects more entitled to your pity, than where your pity seeks them. A man, whose vices and irregularities have brought his liberty and life into danger, will always be viewed with an eye of compassion by those, who understand what human nature is made of; and while we acknowledge the severities of the law to be founded upon principles of necessity and justice, and are glad that there is such a barrier provided for the peace of society, if we consider that the difference between ourselves and the

culprit, is not of our own making, we shall be, as you are, tenderly affected by the view of his misery, and not the less so, because he has brought it upon himself.

I give you joy of your own hair; no doubt you are considerably a gainer in your appearance, by being *disperiwigged*.—The best wig is that, which most resembles the natural hair. Why then should he who has hair enough of his own, have recourse to imitation? I have little doubt, but that if an arm or leg, could have been taken off, with as little pain as attends the amputation of a curl or a lock of hair, the natural limb would have been thought less becoming, or less convenient, by some men, than a wooden one, and have been disposed of accordingly.

Having begun my letter with a miserable pen, I was unwilling to change it for a better, lest my writing should not be all of a piece. But it has worn me and my patience quite out.

Yours ever,

W. C.

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TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

July 12, 1781.

My ever dear Friend,

I am going to send, what, when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be verse, or not:—by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme, but if it be, did you ever see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ Charity, not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewer, should say, “to be sure, the gentleman's muse wears Methodist shoes, you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard, have little regard for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoydening play of the modern day; and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan to catch, if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production on a new construction: She has baited her trap, in hopes to snap all, that may come, with a sugar-plum.”—His opinion in this will not be amiss; 'tis what I intend my principal end, and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid, for all I have said, and all I have done, though I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far as from hence, to the end of my sense, and, by

hook, or by crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year.

I have heard before of a room, with a floor laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you went in, you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in, and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing; and now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penn'd; which that you may do, ere Madam and you, are quite worn out, with jigging about, I take my leave; and here you receive a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humbled me—

W. C.

—
TO THE REV. WILLIAM UNWIN.

July 29, 1781.

My dear Friend,

Having given the case you laid before me in your last, all due consideration, I proceed to answer it, and in order to clear my way, shall, in the first place, set down my sense of those passages in scripture, which, on a hasty perusal, seem to clash with the opinion I am going to give—"If a man smite one cheek, turn the other"—"If he take thy cloak, let him take thy coat also"—That is, I suppose, rather than on a vindictive principle, avail yourself of that remedy the law allows you, in the way of retaliation; for that was the subject immediately under the discussion of the speaker. Nothing is so contrary to the genius of the gospel, as the gratification of resentment and revenge, but I cannot easily persuade myself to think, that the author of that dispensation, could possibly advise his followers to consult their own peace at the expense of the peace of society, or inculcate an universal abstinence from the use of lawful remedies to the encouragement of injury and oppression.

St. Paul again seems to condemn the practice of going to law, "Why do ye not rather suffer wrong, &c." but if we look again, we shall find, that a litigious temper had obtained, and was prevalent among the professors of the day.—This he condemned, and with good reason: it was unseemly to the last degree, that the disciples of the Prince of Peace, should worry and vex each other, with injurious treatment,

and unnecessary disputes, to the scandal of their religion in the eyes of the Heathen. But surely he did not mean, any more than his master, in the place above alluded to, that the most harmless members of society should receive no advantage of its laws, or should be the only persons in the world who should derive no benefit from those institutions, without which society cannot subsist. Neither of them could mean to throw down the pale of property, and to lay the Christian part of the world open, throughout all ages, to the incursion of unlimited violence and wrong.

By this time you are sufficiently aware that I think you have an indisputable right to recover at law, what is so dishonestly withheld from you. The fellow, I suppose, has discernment enough to see a difference between you, and the generality of the clergy, and cunning enough to conceive the purpose of turning your meekness and forbearance to good account, and of coining them into hard cash, which he means to put in his pocket. But I would disappoint him, and shew him, that though a Christian is not to be quarrelsome, he is not to be crushed—and that, though he is but a worm before God, he is not such a worm, as every selfish unprincipled wretch may tread upon at his pleasure.

I lately heard a story from a lady, who has spent many years of her life in France, somewhat to the present purpose. An Abbe, universally esteemed for his piety, and especially for the meekness of his manners, had yet undesignedly given some offence to a shabby fellow in his parish. The man, concluding he might do as he pleased with so forgiving and gentle a character, struck him on one cheek and bade him turn the other. The good man did so, and when he had received the two slaps, which he thought himself obliged to submit to, turned again and beat him soundly. I do not wish to see you follow the French gentleman's example, but I believe nobody, that has heard the story, condemns him much for the spirit he showed upon the occasion.

I had the relation from Lady Austen, sister to Mrs. Jones, wife of the minister of Clifton. She is a most agreeable woman, and has fallen in love with your mother and me; inasmuch, that I do not know but she may settle at Olney. Yesterday se'nnight we all dined together in the *Spinnie*—a most delightful retirement, belonging to Mrs. Throckmorton, of Weston. Lady Austen's lacquey, and a lad that waits on me in the garden, drove a wheelbarrow full of eatables and drinkables, to the scene of our *Fete champetre*. A board, laid over the top of the wheelbarrow, served us for a table; our

dining-room was a root-house, lined with moss and ivy. At six o'clock, the servants, who had dined under a great elm upon the ground, at a little distance, boiled the kettle, and the said wheelbarrow served us again for a tea-table. We then took a walk into the wilderness, about half a mile off, and were at home again a little after eight, having spent the day together from noon till evening, without one cross occurrence, or the least weariness of each other. An happiness few parties of pleasure can boast of.

Yours, with our joint love,

W. C.

SHORT DISCOURSES FOR FAMILIES, &c.

THE CENTURION'S TESTIMONY TO THE SUFFERING SON OF GOD.

Truly this was the Son of God. Matthew xxvii. 54.

Suffering is, for the most part, a test from which the deceiver has been found to shrink, and by which the insincerity of the hypocrite has frequently been made manifest. The wicked, bold and stout-hearted as they may appear in the day of ease and prosperity, are not unfrequently found to be weak as helpless infancy, when subjected to this fiery trial. Or if their obduracy remain, it assumes rather the appearance of stoical apathy, of callous insensibility, or even of brutal ferocity, than that of patient sufferance, and meek submission. If we would learn how to suffer, we must repair,—not to the schools of ancient or modern philosophy, or to the death-bed of the gloomy infidel,—but to the chamber in which the humble follower of Jesus meekly resigns his departing spirit;—to the hallowed spot, on which the christian martyr seals the truth with his blood;—to Calvary's mount, where the divine sufferer proved yet more convincingly by the awful majesty of his death, than he had previously done by all the wonders of his life, that “he was of a truth the Son of God.”

In the following discourse, a few brief remarks will be made on the import of the memorable confession contained in the text; on the persons from whom it proceeded; on the circumstances which produced, and on the consequences which followed it, as far as they can be collected from the records of inspiration.

The inquiry which first presents itself, is,—what is the obvious import of the confession, made by the centurion and his attendants on the memorable occasion to which the text refers? An attentive examination of the various passages in the New Testament, and especially in the evangelical records, wherein a similar form of expression occurs, will, I conceive, fully justify the assertion, that, in these words is contained *a most express, and decided, and constrained testimony to the Deity of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.* The two titles by which our Lord was accustomed to speak of himself in his discourses, both with the Jews and with his select disciples, were the “*Son of man,*” and the “*Son of God.*” When he referred to his character and office, as the mediator between God and man, or to his proper humanity, the former of these appellations is usually employed: but when asserting the divinity either of his person or mission, the latter is more commonly, if not invariably used. How often in discoursing with the Pharisees did he most distinctly affirm that “*God was his Father;*” and that, not in the ordinary, extended sense, in which he may be said to be the universal Parent; but in a peculiar and emphatic sense; the import of which was well understood by his hearers, who inferred from it, that he claimed all the honours of Deity, by making himself equal with God. That the disciples of Jesus also attached a similar meaning to the term, is evident, from the memorable confession of Simon Peter, in which that zealous Apostle replied to an inquiry of his Master; “*Whom say ye that I am?*”—“*Thou,*” said he, “*art the Christ,*” the Messiah,—“*the Son of the living God.*”—A confession which, so far from being disapproved, was followed by a special benediction from the lips of Jesus;—“*Blessed art thou, Simon Bar-jona; for flesh and blood hath not revealed it unto thee, but my Father which is in heaven.*” (Matt. xvi. 13—20.)

It was generally known throughout the provinces of Judea and Galilee, that Jesus of Nazareth had publicly proclaimed himself to be “*The Son of God;*” and that, in proof of the justice of his claim to this distinguished honour, he had appealed to his numerous miracles, as so many proofs of his divine power. There seem to have been many controversies and discussions among the Jews on this subject; some contending, that, unless he were what he professed to be, *the Son of God,* he could not perform such miracles; while the far greater part, unable to deny their reality, ascribed them to satanic influence. These discussions, it is more than probable, had reached the ears of the Roman soldiers stationed

at Jerusalem, and employed by Pilate in executing his most unrighteous sentence; but had hitherto engaged little of their attention. When however reflection was forced upon them by the awful scenes which they had themselves witnessed, they could not refrain from testifying openly, "truly this was the Son of God," that is, this wondrous personage is not, cannot be,—what his enemies have represented him,—an impostor, a malefactor, a traitor. No; he is "*God with men.*" Whatever his enemies may affirm, the circumstances of his death prove him to have been "THE SON OF GOD."

2. This confession will appear to be the more remarkable, if *the persons from whom it proceeded* be taken into the account. If it had been the disciples of Jesus, who had come forward boldly at this moment, ashamed of their former cowardice, and base desertion of their Lord in the hour of danger, and confessed him before men, and, clinging to his cross, had cried aloud to the thousands of assembled spectators, "Truly this was the Son of God." O ye men of Israel, receive him, acknowledge him, believe on him as such;—this would not have been surprising. If it had been the pious women, who followed him, weeping as he passed along to Calvary, bearing the cross, who bathed with their flowing tears his lifeless body, and were the first witnesses of his resurrection;—if these christian heroines, fired with a sacred enthusiasm, had proclaimed throughout all the streets of Jerusalem, "Truly this was the Son of God,"—this confession from their lips would not have been so surprising. If even Nicodemus, the timid disciple, who first came to Jesus by night, and afterwards scarcely dared to advocate his cause before the Jewish Sanhedrim, of which he was a member, had now been so penetrated with grief, and roused to honest indignation against himself, as to make this avowal, whatever it might cost;—this too would not have been surprising. Nay, if the Jewish populace, so characterized by change, had begun to think of "Him whom they had pierced," and to mourn bitterly for him, their conduct had been both reasonable and scriptural.

But the disciples of Jesus hid themselves from the storm:—the female mourners wept in silence around the cross: Nicodemus as yet concealed his attachment, and the Jews yet looked on with hardened infidelity. It was from *Gentiles*, from *idolators*, from *Roman soldiers*, who might have been supposed to be the most indifferent to the scene, that this noble, this ingenuous, this ever-memorable confession burst forth:—"Truly this was the Son of God." How well said the venerable

prophet who preceded the Messiah, "Verily I say unto you, God is able of these stones to raise up children to Abraham." So does it oft times appear, that the most ignorant, and apparently the most hopeless of mankind, are made the monuments of divine mercy; while those who have possessed the most abundant privileges, and have been long standing, as on the threshold of the spiritual temple, when weighed in the awful balances are found wanting, and as such, are finally rejected.

3. This confession of the centurion and his companions will appear yet more remarkable, if we consider attentively the *time and circumstances in which it was made*. It might have been expected that those who were present at the baptism of Jesus, when the Holy Spirit descended upon him in a visible form, and when a voice from heaven proclaimed, "This is my beloved Son, in whom I am well pleased,"—would cry with one accord, "Truly this is the Son of God." It was perfectly natural, that the favoured three, whose privilege it was to ascend the mount of transfiguration, and who saw with ineffable delight the celestial glory which beamed from the irradiated countenance of their Divine Master,—who listened to the converse of his heavenly companions, and again heard a voice proclaiming from the excellent glory, "This is my beloved Son;"—that these should with devout adoration exclaim, "Of a truth this is the Son of God." It is astonishing that this was not the termination of every miracle which Jesus performed; and that all who saw him healing the sick, raising the dead, casting out demons, or by an authoritative and resistless mandate, controlling the winds and waves, did not with one voice exclaim, Truly this is the Son of God. But the time in which this memorable confession was actually made, was, when Jesus was in his *lowest state of humiliation*:—just after he had passed through a scene of the utmost degradation and suffering. These Roman soldiers had seen him treated with ignominy at Pilate's bar; arrayed in robes of mock royalty; a crown of thorns lacerating his sacred brow, and his back furrowed by the disgraceful scourge. They had seen him almost fainting beneath the pressure of his cross; they had contemplated him, as he hung suspended between heaven and earth, a laughing stock to his malignant adversaries, who mocked his bitter sufferings, and exulted amidst his dying agonies; they *now* saw him a breathless corpse, having just uttering his last expiring groan,—and this is the moment, the precise moment, in which the memorable confession was ex-

extorted from the lips of his executioners and murderers. How is this to be accounted for? What were the circumstances that produced this conviction, and constrained both the centurion and them that were with him to cry out, Truly this was the Son of God? To such inquiries, the evangelical records furnish a brief, yet most satisfactory reply. At an early period of his sufferings a tremendous darkness overspread the whole hemisphere, for which it was impossible to account on any natural principles—a darkness so profound and mysterious, that a heathen astronomer, residing at a great distance from Jerusalem, is said to have exclaimed, when he perceived it, “Either the God of nature suffers, or the earth is about to be dissolved.” The moment of our Saviour’s death was signalized by a tremendous earthquake, that rent asunder the rocks, opened the graves, and awakened some of their slumbering inhabitants. The veil of the temple too, which had long concealed the sacred mysteries of the *Holiest of All*, was in the same interest rent in twain from the top to the bottom by a mighty but invisible agency. All these miracles, which followed each other in succession; which were repeated by every tongue; and which struck a momentary terror into every heart; concurred to extort the confession even from idolaters and unbelievers, that the crucified man of Nazareth was indeed, *the Son of God*.

But this impression was not produced alone by these external and miraculous circumstances. There was a character of dignity impressed on the very *sufferings* of Jesus, which strengthened, if it did not produce this conviction. The Roman centurion had heard, it is probable, of the Brutuses and Catos of his own nation, who had defied dangers and death in every form, but never had he seen or heard of such courage combined with meekness—such mingled energy and patience, such dignity, and yet such condescension, as Jesus had displayed. Blinded by prejudice, and hardened by unbelief, the Jews did not indeed discern this character of greatness and majesty in the sufferings of the despised Nazarene; but it was visible even to the eyes of idolaters, who could not witness his meek submission, his dying love, without testifying, “Truly this was the Son of God.”

4. The inquiry would be perhaps more curious than useful, whether any permanent consequences followed this confession; and therefore scripture is, in a great measure, silent concerning it. What might we reasonably suppose to have been the next step taken by these soldiers, but that, falling prostrate at his sacred feet, whom with wicked hands they

had crucified and slain, they should, with penitential sorrow, have confessed their sin, and implored divine forgiveness;—or that, like the penitent malefactor, who was then expiring by the side of Jesus, they should have cried, “Lord remember us, when thou comest into thy kingdom!” But there is no evidence, that this was really the case. The evangelist Luke indeed informs us of this centurion, that “he glorified God;” and charity would lead us to hope, that he did this, by becoming a genuine disciple of the Lord Jesus. But the rest, it is to be feared, were affected only with a transient terror, which, when it subsided, left them as hardened as before. So have we sometimes seen persons, moved, alarmed, terrified by the judgments of the Almighty; who, while under the influence of religious convictions, have confessed their sins, and promised amendment; but whose impressions have proved, transient as the morning cloud and early dew. So it is to be feared that many who have been deeply affected with the recital of the sufferings of the Redeemer, will be found at last among those, who have refused to “come to Him, that they might have life.” Thousands and tens of thousands, who have confessed, with the centurion, “Truly this was the Son of God,”—but who have notwithstanding refused to submit themselves to his authority, and to trust in him for salvation, will meet with the tremendous doom, “Depart from me, I never knew you, ye workers of iniquity.”

Finally. If such were the character of divine majesty and glory discernible in the suffering Redeemer, at the time of his deepest abasement, when “his visage,” according to an ancient prophecy, “was marred more than any man’s, and his form more than the sons of men;”—what will be the impression made by his second appearance, when he shall come in the glory of his Father, and of the Holy angels;—come, in all the splendor and magnificence of his divine nature; come, in flaming fire, to take vengeance on his enemies, and on them that obey not his gospel? Then every eye shall see him, every knee shall bow before him, and every tongue confess, “Truly this is the Son of God.” While the conviction of the glorious truth will strike terror through the souls of his enemies, it will inspire with confidence, and unutterable delight, all those, who love his appearing. “For it shall be said in that day, Lo, this is our God—we have waited for him; we will be glad and rejoice in his salvation.”

For the Virginia Evangelical and Literary Magazine.

CIRCUMSTANTIALS OF PUBLIC WORSHIP.

To worship God, is to address ourselves to him in the feelings and the language of adoration, thanksgiving, and petition. When we do so, we are discharging a duty, and at the same time enjoying a privilege of unspeakable importance, as the experience of God's people, always and every where, has abundantly evinced. They who worship God, naturally call to their aid the social principle of our constitution, that they may improve their devout aspirations by the subtile power of sympathy; and this is the foundation of united worship, so largely enjoined in the holy scriptures, and so dear to all who love to approach the throne of grace. Already do we see the utility of a circumstance, to assist us in drawing nigh to God. Now there are several other things, little things you may call them, if you choose, which, nevertheless, appear to me to have a sensible bearing upon this point, and to be worthy, therefore, of more regard than they commonly receive amongst us. Favour me, I entreat you, with a few moments of your attention, and judge with the sobriety of Christians on what I have to say.

Now and then I find it pleasing to join an assembly for worship under the blue sky, surrounded merely with the trees of the forest. There is something in the artless magnificence of such a scene which tends to lift the thoughts toward heaven. But it is obvious that ordinarily we must resort to churches, that is, to structures expressly erected for prayer and other religious exercises. And here again I find an auxiliary to devotion in the circumstance of coming to a house set apart from common to sacred uses. But what sort of house ought a church to be? The first requisite evidently is, that it be capable of accommodating, in a comfortable way, all those who meet together within its walls. I have no notion, however, of stopping here. I add that a temple of God should be marked with the impressive characteristics of grandeur and simple beauty. That must be extremely dull in his sensibilities, or blind to what passes in his own breast, who does not recognize how very differently his mind and heart are affected by an elegant building, on the one hand, and a sordid hut on the other. If we have the temper of our Master, we shall enter with alacrity the humblest hovel in the land on the errand of mercy and compassion. But we go not to such a place, to get our thoughts refined and elevated above

the earth. God forbid that I should forget the absolute necessity of the Holy Spirit's influences in order to our praying as we ought, while I recommend a large room, adorned with agreeable forms and colouring, and soaring to an altitude that strikes the beholder with awe. But these circumstances have their subsidiary advantages. They have some efficacy in reducing worldly objects, in our view, to their real littleness and vanity; and so, by disengaging our minds from them, to prepare us for holding intercourse with our Creator. You will ask me, perhaps, what are these qualities of grandeur and beauty which I have mentioned? I answer, I am no architect; nor can I give a technical description of the kind of church which I have in my mind's eye. It is an affair of taste; and by men who have taste as well as piety it must be decided. You readily distinguish the good and the bad in other things; and why not in this? Let us try an illustration or two. Having brought you into a crowd of people, I ask, how do you employ yourself, and what are your observations? The first individual who happens to arrest your regard is yonder clown. He is a man, to be sure; but scarcely half extricated by the chisel of education from the native rudeness of the quarry; coarse and slovenly in his attire, awkward in his gait, gross and insolent in his language, gruff and surly in his manners. Beyond him stands the coxcomb, the beau of the day; dressed in utmost extravagance of fashion, and attaching much weight to his gaudy appearance; writhing under the torture of the corset, by which he is nearly bisected in his longitude, like a wasp, and labouring to disguise the agony by a thousand contortions and grimaces of fictitious merriment; his tongue, meanwhile, pouring forth, from an empty scull, "an infinite deal of nothing," to the sore annoyance of all who are exposed to its volubility. But look once more. Mark that face beaming with good sense, reflection, and benevolence. Every thing in his garb, every movement and gesture of his person, every word he utters, indicate the man of worth and dignity, the finished gentleman. Again, here is a promiscuous number of the other sex. Behold that poor slattern, that thing in female shape which has no concern about cleanliness, the most disgusting, probably, of all animals; so untidy, so indelicate,—you turn away in haste from the nauseous spectacle. More amusing for two or three minutes, though not more deserving of esteem, is that silly, fashionable belle; bedizened from head to foot with absurd finery; loud and flippant in speech; forward and masculine in deportment; striving to gain all

eyes, and securing, without fail, the pity or contempt of all. But who is that lovely one, sitting retired, and seldom heard to speak? Her array, simply neat, exhibits to you the purity of her mind. Her countenance, where kindness, intelligence, and unassuming modesty reign, touches your very soul with sweet attraction. Her voice is music, and her smile makes you think of the angel of heaven. In her you contemplate the truly accomplished lady. Now all these distinctions you make with equal promptitude and confidence; though it might puzzle you to explain the reasons of your judgment minutely even to yourself, and much more to another. It is in a great degree, the work of taste. And if you have this discriminating taste, I need not attempt to delineate to you the style by which a house of religious worship ought to be characterized. Only furnish the means, ye possessors of wealth; the plan will be easily formed, and hands found sufficiently skilful to bring it into effect. Mankind are fond enough of having palaces for their own residence. Why are they so contented, as Virginians generally are, to worship the King of the universe in low, unsightly edifices, altogether destitute of beauty and majesty?

In connexion with this, it seems worth while to say that the furniture of a church should bear the impress of a similar correctness of taste. By the furniture I mean the BIBLE, and other books used in the services of the place; together with all the utensils appropriated to the administration of the sacraments. The very sight of these things should be calculated to inspire the mind with pleasing ideas; as volumes, and table linen, and vessels liberally provided, and appropriated to these high purposes. As matters are now managed, you frequently see no book at church, but the preacher's poor, old, tattered pocket bible, and psalm book; and when baptism or the Lord's supper is to be celebrated, vessels of the meanest cast hastily borrowed for the occasion. Such penuriousness or negligence injures piety, and brings religion into disgrace in the eye of the world. We are bound to honour God with the best of our substance, as well as with the best affections of our hearts; and I believe the two pretty commonly go together.

In the next place, it is surely much to be desired that every family, and all unconnected individuals, should have their own fixed seats in the church. It helps to attach people to the house of God, as the possession of property in the soil attaches the citizen to his country. It prevents much confusion, which must ensue from an unsettled occupancy of the

benches. Every man has been struck with the contrast, provided he has had opportunity to witness it, between a large body of people rushing about helter skelter in quest of seats, and a body equally large filing off quietly to their respective pews. The system, too, of permanent ownership and location furnishes the easiest means of providing that support for the ministry which is required by the laws of God, and without which public worship, preaching, and the dispensation of the other ordinances of the sanctuary must soon become weak and contemptible. I know full well the opposition of many to what I am here recommending. But while due provision is made for strangers, and for the indigent, that opposition is founded in mere prejudice, without a particle of sound reason to sustain it. A fancy has grown into vogue that the men and the women shall sit apart in the church. And why so, I pray? Why should they not be associated in the holy place, as well as in all the other situations of life? I have often proposed the question, but could never get the shadow of an answer. When the father sits in one corner, and the mother in a different one, positive inconveniences are very likely to come of it. The younger children are frequently shuffled from under the inspection of their parents, and run about the premises at pleasure; and at the breaking up of the service, there is a good deal of trouble in getting the family collected for the return to their home. Besides, as domestic religion is the prime basis of the prosperity of the church, next to the grace and superintendency of its divine head, it is important that the people be arranged by families under the preaching of the gospel. With delight have I observed Christian parents pointing, by looks of mingled love and authority, some interesting sentiment issuing from the pulpit to the hearts of their little ones sitting beside them. And I doubt not parents would more highly value the means of doing this, were they more solicitous to bring up their offspring "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

I shall close with offering my idea of the style of dress in which I think we ought to go to public worship. Decent and clean it should be, of course; that we may not only avoid offending the eyes of those who see us, but also render our personal appearance mutually acceptable, and emblematic of the pure and noble business for which we assemble. But our dress should not be very gay nor very costly. Good taste, united with the fear of God, must determine the particulars. In this age of exertion for extending our Redeemer's dominion, in this time when so much good may be done in vari-

ous ways with surplus money, I frankly own that I have no great friendship for expensive, splendid apparel, and glittering jewels, any where. They are, at all events, peculiarly unsuitable for the court of the Most High. When we are advancing to that solemn spot, there to prostrate ourselves as sinners before him who is "of purer eyes than to behold evil, and cannot look on iniquity;" when our dearest hope must be that there we may learn to rejoice in his unbounded and unmerited condescension and tender mercy; what adequate preparation is it, think you, to spend the hours of the sabbath morning in decorating with all scrupulosity these perishing bodies of ours? Indulging our secret pride and rivalry of external adornings, how are we likely to send up our hearts to the God who is above in fervent supplication and praise? It will not be. Often, when I look around me in the temple of God, I am compelled to ask, with pain, what are these dashing, showy people, some of them professing disciples of Christ too, what are they come hither to perform? Is it to worship in simplicity and godly sincerity? Is it to be glad in the God of their salvation, and to press him with lively importunity for richer blessings than they have yet received of his hands? Alas, no. Their armour is carefully girded on; but it is not spiritual armour, nor do they aim at spiritual conquests. They have come to this habitation of the eternal Majesty, to achieve earthly victories. They want to attract admiration to their persons, and to vie with each other in that idle, foolish parade which, while it has no inconsiderable share in alienating the soul from God and immortal glory, is itself so speedily vanishing away forever. What signifies it to call these giddy butterflies to prayer? With such dispositions and designs as they bring with them, how can they cordially join in the song of redemption? What are all the joys of Paradise or all the horrors of Tophet to hearts so occupied with these wretched trifles; or what benefit will they obtain from the warnings or the gracious invitations of the word of God? How deeply melancholy is the fact, that multitudes are preparing themselves for endless wo in the very Zion of God, under the very sound of his gospel, and by courses which they never deem to be affrontive to him, and calculated to draw upon the heedless transgressors his final displeasure!

MELANCTHON.

For the Virginia Evangelical and Literary Magazine.

THE WHITE SPIRIT.

MR. EDITOR,

I have just been reading the last new romance, "The Monastery," by the "Ariosto of the North," and with great pleasure as you may suppose. Among other things, I am quite taken with the charming fancy of the White Spirit, and the Black Book. It is true, I do not think the author has made quite all of this point that a more religious man, (or rather Walter Scott, if he were more religious,) would have done. Still I am obliged to him for it, as it is, and especially, you see, as it has given me a good dream, which I shall tell to you at once.

You must know I had just fallen asleep last night, (after finishing the tale a little before,) when the White Spirit herself, (or something like her,) stood before me in all her charms; and never, I assure you, did I see such a lovely apparition. Her face, at least, was as soft and beautiful as you could wish, and had that air of grace about it which you would look to find in the native of a better world. Indeed, I soon saw that she was no Fairy; but a true Spirit, and as I think some young departed saint, newly gone to Paradise, and still anxious for the sisters left behind her in the flesh. "Alas! my young friend," said she, looking me earnestly and kindly in the face, "What have you been doing? Reading another romance?" (You may be sure I blushed a little at this.) "However," said she, seeing me confused, "it is one of Scott's and that is some excuse for you. But, seriously, how can you relish these tales so well? Young as you are, you ought not to waste your time in such things, so vain and light. However, I am glad to see that you love reading, (that is good so far,) and I will gratify your taste without danger to your heart." At this, she held up a small volume bound in black morocco, and she sung sweetly in my ear:

"Within this sacred volume lies
The mystery of mysteries,"
The mystery of Love and Grace,
Salvation for a fallen race,
And happy is the youthful fair
Who reads it well with faith and prayer;
But oh who casts the boon away,
And wanders with the careless gay,

Shall lose the life that God has given,
And never find the path to Heav'n.

The words were solemn, but sweet—and I drank them in with serious delight. “O, yes,” said I, “dear spirit, let me have the book, and I promise you to read it well;” “take it then,” said she, “with a look which I cannot describe, “open it often, and may it open your heart!” As she said this, her voice trembled with emotion, till it melted into song again.

Maiden whosleepst like the living dead,
Whose eyes may see the Lord, the *Dead—Alive*,
Take thou the book, and let it oft be read,
The Covenant of Grace, which thou must strive
With all thy heart to hold. Could Spirits shed
Tears in their bliss—O, I could ever weep,
To see how many fair ones are misled
By Fashion's arts—in sleep, in endless sleep,
All sunk—and everlasting woe their lot.
But let not thou their fatal choice be thine;
For thou may'st read the word if they will not.
It offers life to all of Adam's line,
And may that life be yours, as I now feel it mine.

The song died away—and the White Spirit was gone.

And now, Mr. Editor, I think you will not be surprised to hear, that my dream has made some impression upon my heart,. Indeed, tho' I am by no means superstitious, I am quite sure that I do not see and hear such things every night. At any rate, you see, I am resolved to take the good advice of my White friend, and like Mary Avenel, or rather like a still better Mary, I shall try and chose that *good path which shall not be taken away* from me.

I am, dear sir,

Your constant reader,

MARY GOODWIN.

REVIEW.

PETER'S LETTERS TO HIS KINSFOLK.

(Continued from page 384.)

This work has occupied us much longer, than we had expected; and perhaps longer than, in the judgment of many

of our readers, it ought to have done. It is, however, an amusing book, and withal contains a great many things deserving animadversion.

There is much space for us yet to pass over before we come to the end—we must therefore omit “Peter’s Portrait, Scotch Dandyism, Glasgow Punch,” and many such things doubtless of great value in the opinion of Dr. Peter Morris, and give attention to the General Assembly, the Scotch Clergy, and matters of this sort, more within the sphere of our particular studies.

The church of Scotland, it is well known, is presbyterian. The love of independence recommended that form of ecclesiastical polity to the Scotch. It was not, however, without a violent struggle that Presbyterianism was established. The British Kings of the house of Stuart, were bigotted and bitter Episcopalians. They attempted to compel their Scottish subjects to acknowledge them as heads of the church, and receive diocesan bishops as their spiritual rulers. This the people absolutely refused to do; and, after a violent conflict, succeeded in establishing their favourite form of church government—that is a government by Presbyteries and general Synods composed both of Clergy and laity. But when the union between England and Scotland took place, it was stipulated that the British King should be represented in the *General Assembly*, the name by which their national Synod is designated, by a lord commissioner. This was a departure from the good old principles of Presbyterianism; which place the prince and the peasant in the church, on equal ground. It may not be amiss to mention here another flagrant desertion of presbyterian principles, that took place some years afterwards. One of the fundamental principles of presbyterian polity is, that the people have the right to choose their own pastors. The Kirk of Scotland, has however received, but not without violent contests, a *law of patronage*, that is the recognition of the right of presentation to church livings, without consulting, nay contrary to the wishes of the people. That this is a departure from the fundamental principles of presbyterianism is manifest from the following extract from the *Second Book of Discipline* adopted in Scotland in 1578—
 “That patronages and presentations to benefices have flowed
 “ from the Pope, and corruption of the Canon law only, in so
 “ far as thereby any person was intruded, or placed over
 “ kirks, having *curam animarum*,” At the same time it was
 claimed, that in Scotland, “ none should be intruded upon
 “ any congregation, either by the prince, or any inferior

“ person, without lawful election, and the assent of the people, over whom the person is placed.” This is the true doctrine of the church; and the contrary was not received in Scotland, without the long continued opposition of the people and many of their pastors to the designs of the court, and the court-clergy.

The result of this measure has been in many ways disastrous to the church of that country. The church of Jesus Christ was never designed to frame alliances with the state. Her purity is sullied by the profane admixture. Nevertheless, the whole structure of presbyterian polity is such that it affords many counteracting influences to this mischief. And we were truly gratified to see in several late periodical publications the following token of Presbyterian independence.—“An order in Council, having been last year sent to the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland, prescribing forms or heads of prayer, to be used by the ministers of that church, respecting prayers for the royal family, it was taken up by the General Assembly on the twentieth of May. The following motion was thereupon made and carried, 126 to 53: That whereas the independence of the church of Scotland, in all matters of faith, worship and discipline, is fully established by law, the General Assembly finds it unnecessary and inexpedient to adopt any declaration with regard to the late orders in council, relative to prayers for his majesty and the royal family.” *Euge!*

The unhappy measures just adverted to, caused a secession in the church, which although despised at first, has become an object of deep solicitude to the establishment. The two branches of the secession constitute a body at this time if not fewer than *one hundred thousand* communicants. These have lately formed an union, and will doubtless make themselves to be more felt and respected than ever.

We have entered into this brief detail to enable the readers of Peter's Letters to understand various matters mentioned by him, and to give our readers in general some knowledge of the ecclesiastical state of Scotland.

Dr. Morris gives an account of the meeting of the Assembly, of the Lord Commissioner's levee, and of the procession, in which there is nothing remarkable but his unwearied resolution to be witty, and the flippant observations which it is natural for a man thus resolved to make.

There are frequent allusions to the parties which exist in the General Assembly. Dr. Peter distinguishes them by the

terms *Moderates* and *Wildmen*. This last term, we suspect, is not acknowledged by those to whom it is applied.—They used, if we mistake not, to call themselves, the orthodox. They were thoroughly evangelical in their religious, and sturdy whigs in their political sentiments. Robertson, *the King's Historiographer* for Scotland, was the leader of one party, and Erskine, of the other. And although they must all be, *in profession sound Calvinists*, as Dr. Morris says, it is known that there were considerable diversities in their religious sentiments. But here we give an extract from our author.

I was a stranger to the existence of the parties themselves, or very nearly so, till I came into Scotland, and even now I am much at a loss to know what are the distinguishing tenets to which they respectively adhere. They are both, in profession at least, sound Calvinists—for whatever may be said of our XXXIX Articles, not even Paley himself could have pretended to consider the "Confession of Faith," as a specimen of peace-promoting ambiguity and vagueness. Every thing is laid down there as broadly and firmly as if Calvin himself had held the pen, the very morning after the burning of Servetus; and the man who holds a living in the Scottish Kirk, cannot possibly do so with common honesty, unless he be a firm believer in the whole of a theological system—which, whatever may be thought of it in some other respects, must at least be admitted to be a far more rational thing than our English high-churchmen would wish us to believe—which, at all events, possesses the merit of singular compactness and harmony within itself—and which, moreover, can number among its defenders in past times, not a few, to whom, whether considered as divines or as authors, none of the theologians of these latter days on either side of the Tweed, are worthy, as the phrase runs, of holding the candle. So far as doctrine is concerned, the two parties therefore profess themselves to be agreed; and, indeed, I believe the great leaders on either side of the Kirk have a pride in showing themselves at all times in their sermons, to be alike the genuine disciples of their Institute.

Of old, as you well know, the whole of the Presbyterian ministers were Whigs—and it was only by means of the stubborn zeal with which they adhered to the political principles of that state party, that they were enabled to revive so often, and at last to establish on its present firm basis, a system of church government, long so odious to the holders of the executive power. But after the oppressive measures, under which the internal spirit of their sect long thrived and prospered, exactly in proportion as its external circumstances suffered—after these had been laid aside, and the Kirk found herself in secure possession of all her privileges and emoluments, all those varieties of political opinion which prevailed among the body of the nation, soon began to find adherents in the very bosom of the Kirk—and men ere long learned to think, that a Geneva cloak and a Scottish stipend might just be as well applied to the uses of a Tory as to those of a Whig. And so, by degrees, (the usual influences of the crown and aristocracy finding their way, no doubt among other things, into the minds of churchmen, against whom neither crown nor aristocracy any longer contended)—there arose even in the Kirk of Scotland a party of Tory ministers and elders. These are they, who in general go by the name of the *Moderates*. pp. 404-6.

On this we have nothing to say, except that part of it which relates to Calvin. If one looks into the writings of the Fathers of the Church of England, he will find very frequent and most respectful mention of the great reformer of Geneva. No language seems too strong to express their sense of his high endowments, his great piety, and important services.—And yet many of the moderns, who have never read his works, and who know little of his history, often go out of their way, that they may have a fling at him. The disciples of his school disdain to retort, as they well might, on Cranmer the prime agent in the English reformation. They know well that the burning of two poor Anabaptists in England affords no excuse for the burning of Servetus in Geneva. There is this difference between the two cases, however; that Cranmer was archbishop of Canterbury, and possessed uncontrolled influence over the young King Edward; and that he exerted this influence to induce the King to sign the warrant for their execution—While Calvin had no authority in Geneva, except as a Pastor of the Church; and when Servetus was condemned, exerted his influence, but without success, to procure a commutation of his punishment—Yet he is to be forever reproached on account of the burning of Servetus. There is a want of tenderness and of liberality in the way in which these things are brought forward, which we are sorry to observe. As for us, we do not pretend to vindicate this part of the conduct of the great Presbyterian reformer. But his guilt is comparatively small compared with that of others. In estimating the conduct of them all, however, it ought to be considered how slowly old prejudices and long established opinions yield to the force of truth; how common it is for men's theoretic principles to be better than their practice; and also that every where in those days religion was established by law, and a crime against the church was a crime against the state, which every good citizen was bound to prosecute. The first great difference between the papists and the reformers consisted in this, that among the former it was determined what was heresy by the opinions of the fathers, by the Canon law, by the decisions of Councils, and by the bulls of the Pope. And it is easy to see that any thing that the dignified clergy judged to be contrary to the interests of the church, might with very little ingenuity be made heretical. But among the reformers nothing was to be reckoned heretical, but what could be proved from the scriptures to be so. This was an immense advantage; and especially as it set all, both clergy and laity, on studying the

bible. The effect of this was slow but sure—We see it in the light and liberty of the present day. The happy result would have been produced much earlier, had it not been for the unhappy mingling of political and ecclesiastical interests. It was at Geneva that the doctrine originated that the church had nothing to ask of the civil power, but *protection*; and that the *people* have a right to choose their own pastors. It was the much abused Calvin too who first taught these precious truths. The republican nature of his institutions first raised against him the violent enmity of royalists and high churchmen. James I. began the use of the ordinary exclamation “No bishop, no king,” and this sort of outcry has been kept up by the same sort of men to the present day.

We have felt ourselves bound to make this statement here, and we intend to take occasion to enter fully into this subject, and show that the people of this country, at any rate, ought not to join in this declamation. That fire of liberty which burns so brightly, and spreads light and genial warmth thro' this happy country, was kindled at Geneva, was kept alive by the persecuted puritans, was brought by them to these western wildernesses, and is now spreading thro' a whole continent. May it spread throughout the world!

It is the custom in the General Assembly of Scotland to employ the first day in prayer to Almighty God for his presence and the influences of the Holy Spirit, during their sitting as a judicatory of the church. This laudable custom gives Dr. Morris an occasion for uttering many commonplace flippancies on the subject of extempore prayer. On this subject we shall not enter. It is introduced here, only for the sake of remarking, that it is truly unhappy that such prejudices have been excited in reference to it. Different churches have different modes of conducting public worship; and it is well for every one to keep his mind in such a frame, that he can join, with comfort and edification, in the services of any Christian society.

The manner of doing business in the G. Assembly need not be detailed. The only subject which seems to have interested Dr. Morris was that of the prosecution of a clergyman under the allegation of a grievous offence. The clergyman was acquitted of the charge; and our author offers the following sensible reflections on the event.

But whatever may be thought of the external shows and forms of their procedure, I should imagine there can be no more than one and the same respectful opinion concerning the severe and scrutinizing style of ecclesias-

tical discipline, of which such procedure constitutes so remarkable a part. It must be admitted, David, in spite of all our prejudices, that this popular form of church government carries with it manifold advantages. To you, who so well know the present state of discipline in the Church of England—it is not necessary that I should say much on this head. That no clergyman in the Church of Scotland can be suspected of any breach of that decorum, the absolute integrity of which is so necessary to his professional usefulness, without at once subjecting himself to the anxious and jealous investigation of Courts composed as these are—this one circumstance is, of itself, enough to convince me, that the clerical character in Scotland must stand very high in the sacred secureness of its purity. And so, indeed, is the fact, “their enemies themselves being witnesses.” Even W —, with all his Episcopalian prejudices, is proud of the uncontaminated character of the Clergy of the Established Church of Scotland, and scruples not to express his wish that some churches, with whose form of government he is better pleased, were better capable of sustaining a comparison with this.

It may be true, that, in the present state of things, few questions of great moment are submitted to the consideration of this Court—and it may be true, that in the mode of considering such questions as are submitted to it, there is much that they call a smile into the cheek of a casual observer. But who can question that the clerical body, and through them the whole of those who adhere to the church of Scotland—receive the most substantial good from this annual meeting, which calls their representatives together? The very fact that such a meeting takes place, is enough to satisfy one that it is prolific in benefits. From it there must be carried every year, into the remotest districts which contribute to its numbers, a spirit and an impetus that cannot fail to infuse a new life into the whole body of the ecclesiastical polity in Scotland. From it there must spring a union of purpose—a condensation of endeavour—a knowledge of what ought to be done, and a wisdom concerning the mode of doing it—which I fear it is quite impossible the clergymen of a church, ruled without such convocations, should ever effectually rival.

And here we would remark that the history of the Presbyterian Church is quite sufficient to put down the opinion that a pompous ritual, and powerful appeals to the senses, are necessary to give strength to the feelings of piety, and awaken the fervours of devotion. Indeed it is truth, which alone promotes genuine piety; and surely the relations which subsist between Christ and his people, between the pastor and his flock, between Christian parents and baptised children, between the whole family of our Lord as brethren in him; the work of redeeming love; the wonders of redemption; and the glories that are revealed to the christian's faith, are enough to enkindle the best affections of the heart. Decent and comfortable places of worship, constructed in the solemn simplicity of good taste are indeed highly expedient. But “splendid liturgies, and chauntings, and pealing organs,” and glitter of gold, have little to do with the religion of the gospel. Christianity in some countries is more than half paganized—and thus metamorphosed and meretriciously adorned,

she serves chiefly as a minister to the unhallowed designs of pride, covetousness, and ambition.

The principal preachers in Edinburg are *Sir Henry Moncrieff Wellwood*, Bart. D. D. *Dr. Inglis*, *Mr. Andrew Thompson*, *Dr. Thomas Macknight*, and *Dr. Brunton*. Interesting sketches are given of the manner of these preachers, for which we wish that we had room here. But we must refer our readers to the author.

The names just mentioned belong to the establishment. The author could not be expected to pass by the Episcopalian Dissenters of Scotland. *Dr. Sanford*, their bishop, and *Mr. Alison*, well known in this country by his sermons, are the noted preachers. Whatever may be our sentiments of the former conduct of that denomination in Scotland, we are ready to acknowledge that they deserve the praise of consistency; and that their adherence to their own principles, when there was no prospect of worldly interest or grandeur before them, deserves high praise.

The Seceders, of whom we have spoken, are led now by men of distinguished talents. *Dr. M'Crie* is advantageously known as author of the lives of *John Knox*, and of *Andrew Melville*. He is a man of very high talents. *Dr. Jamieson* also possesses eminent abilities; and is author of various works illustrative of the history and antiquities of his country. *Dr. Morris* acknowledges the merit of these individuals; but is in great wrath with them on account of their dissent. With submission, however to so great a man, we think that the law of patronage, affords sufficient reason for a Presbyterian to dissent, if there were nothing else.

We have no time to accompany *Dr. Peter* in his pleasant excursion to *Mr. Gillespies* in company with the *Ettrick Shepherd* (*Hogg*;) nor in many of his amusing gossippings. But we must follow him to *Glasgow*, and make some little abode there. Here however we cannot notice the minor matters which attracted his attention and provoked his sarcasm. His counting-house *blood* talkers of brown sugar and ginseng, and his counting-house *dandy* discoursing of pullicathandkerchiefs are ridiculous enough; and equally ridiculous is his tirade about the demolition of monasteries and other religious houses, by the Scotch reformers. This is called forth on his visit to the Cathedral of *Glasgow*. It is worth while to give our readers a specimen of a sort of romancing that is quite fashionable in the present day.—

The feelings one has in visiting a Gothick cathedral, are always abundantly melancholy, but the grand and elevating accompaniments by which this melancholy is tempered in a Catholic, and even in an English cathedral, are amissing—sadly amissing in the case of a cathedral that has fallen into the hands of the Presbyterians. When one enters one of those antique piles in Southern Germany, or in Spain, (for there only can a Catholic Gothic be seen in all its glory,) I know not that it is possible for the heart of man to desire any addition to the majestic solemnity of the whole scene. The tall narrow windows, quite dark with the long purple garments of pictured martyrs, apostles, and kings, tinge every ray that passes through them with the colours and the memory of a thousand years of devotion. The whole immeasurable space below,—nave, transept, and sounding aisles,—are left glowing in their bare marble beneath these floods of enriched and golden light—no lines of heavy pews are allowed to break the surface—it seems that if none could have any permanent place there except those who sleep beneath. You walk from end to end over a floor of tomb-stones, inlaid in brass with the forms of the departed—mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields, and helmets, all mingled together—all worn into glass-like smoothness by the feet and the knees of long departed worshippers. Around, on every side—each in their separate chapel—sleep undisturbed from age to age the venerable ashes of the holiest or the loftiest that of old came thither to worship—their images and their dying-prayers sculptured and painted above the resting-places of their remains. You feel that you are but a visiter amidst the congregation and home of the dead—and walk with gentle steps along the precious pavement, that answers with a clear prophetic echo to your living tread—[pa. 472. 473.]

Now would any of our readers suppose that the writer of these *heroics*, could find it in his heart to depart from the place of his idolatry to the dining room of a rich merchant, and spend the afternoon in drinking wine, and the evening till late at night drinking Glasgow punch, with Glasgow tradesmen? Yet it was even so. The religion of cathedrals is a mere religion of taste and poetry. It fills the imagination; but never reaches the heart.

There are not a few, calling themselves protestants, who adopt the very *cant* of this writer, and whine over the ruins of the ancient seats of Romish idolatry, with true *Shandean* sensibility, and abundant antiquarian absurdity. Some go so far as to lament the abolition of the monstrous system of heathen mythology, when every object in nature was consecrated to some impure God, or some goddess no better than she should be. We have heard fooleries of this sort quoted with approbation by our own countrymen, and therefore we make these remarks. But as for the *worse than gothic barbarism* of Knox and his followers in demolishing or defacing *gothic buildings*, the case was just this—In Scotland the reformation was carried on by the people, contrary to the wishes of their rulers. As long as the monasteries stood, the popish clergy favoured by their princes, entertained hopes of recovering their former

places, and with them their wealth and influence. That influence was decisively exerted against religion and liberty. The people saw this, and they determined to overthrow the strong holds of their adversaries. It was a measure of justifiable prudence, of necessary caution. The man of taste may lament the destruction of these works; but the true patriot and the enlightened christian, will compare this loss with the solid advantages that were gained. What are "tall narrow windows, and purple garments of pictured martyrs; what are floors of tomb stones inlaid with mitres, and crosiers, and spears, and shields and helmets," compared with the emancipation of the conscience from human tyranny, the liberty of worshipping the God that made us according to the scriptures and the privilege of hearing the pure gospel of Christ, in place of unintelligible Latin Psalms?

The decencies of religious worship are one thing, and the cant of *antiquarian devotion* is another. In fact we are utterly at a loss to conceive definitely and precisely of this sort of religion. And certainly Dr. Morris does not assert our conceptions, when he speaks of *rays of light* being tinged "with the colours and the memory of a thousand years of devotion."

This really is so near to nonsense, that we cannot discern the difference. We suspect that it was written under the influence of *Glasgow punch*.—What would Dr. Morris say were he to see our places of worship? We mean such as are generally found in the country—Instead of the tall gothic windows of stained glass, and the floors of marble, and things of this sort, we see rough pine boards, and naked brown looking timbers, and here and there a broken pane of glass; narrow benches with round wooden legs, which sometimes seem as though they would step through the wide gaping planks of the floor, to the manifest annoyance of the uncleanly beasts that litter below! If it be thought that this is an extreme case; we observe that it is so only in one or two particulars—And we have gone to as great excess in one way, as the poetical religionists have in another. There is a sordiness in our places of public worship in general, which strangers notice with surprize; and an uncomfortableness both in hot weather and cold, which it is wonderful we do not remedy. But we must return to Dr. Morris and to Glasgow.

The university of that city is said to be on a better foundation than that of Edinburg. We believe that it is so. Two of the professors, Young, professor of Greek; and Jordine, professor of Logic, are particularly celebrated. The follow-

ing remarks of Dr. Morris deserve the attention of our countrymen.

Assuredly, if the young men educated here do not become fervent Grecians, it is not for want either of precept or example in their Professor. But the truth is, as I have mentioned before, that according to the present style of academical education in Scotland, it is a matter of comparatively little consequence whether a professor of languages be or be not himself an eminent scholar or a skilful teacher. The clay is not so long in his hands as to allow him the power of moulding it to his will. Before the vessel is tempered in its fabric—long, very long before it can receive the high finishing polish which such an artist as this could give it, it is hurried away and filled with a premature, and what is worse, a chaotic infusion of ingredients.—[489.]

We should like very much to give the picture of the *philosophical* weaver, if we had space for it. It is a good thing in its way, and very handsomely takes off the folly of the coarse and low sort of infidelity which prevails among us. But we omit with greater regret, the beautiful tribute of applause given to Grahame, the author of a poem entitled “the Sabbath;” which ought to be more known and read than it is.

We are pleased to find Dr. Morris doing justice the old Covenanters, the puritans of Scotland, in his letters from this part of the country. They were men of whom Scotland, and Presbyterians throughout the world ought never to be ashamed. There is, however, in the present day of *loyalty* and *legitimacy*, a strong tendency to undervalue their services, and laugh at their peculiarities. Dr. M. quotes a passage from some good Whig poet, which justly censures this ingratitude.

All Scotia's weary days of evil strife—
When the poor Whig was lavish of his life,
And bought, stern rushing upon Clavers' spears,
The *freedom* and the *scorn* of after years.

But the days are coming, in which the labours and dangers and blood of these men will be duly appreciated.

Dr. M. mentions in this part of his book a feature of Scottish manners, well worthy of notice. It is their wonderfully strict observance of the Sabbath. “The contrast,” he observes, “which the streets of Glasgow afford on this day to every other day in the week, is indeed most striking. They are all as deserted and still during the hours of divine service, as if they belonged to the city of the dead. Not a sound to be heard from end to end, except perhaps a solitary

echo answering here and there to the step of some member of my own profession—the only class of persons who, without some considerable sacrifice of character, may venture to be seen abroad at an hour so sacred. But then what a throng and bustle while the bell is ringing—one would think every house had emptied itself from garret to cellar—such is the endless stream that pours along, gathering as it goes, towards every place from which that all attractive solemn summons is heard.”

This is one reason, why the Scotch are every where in general a moral, orderly and industrious people. Attending too on an enlightened ministry, they are all intelligent. Worshipping in the simplicity of Presbyterianism, and having their affections addressed and awakened through the medium of the understanding, they are an acute, reasoning people. The country is filled with well taught, laborious clergymen, and of course the nation is well instructed.

The preacher that attracts most attention is Dr. Chalmers. We have all heard much of him. Our readers may be well pleased to see a part, we have not room for the whole, of Dr. Morris's account of that great man.

At first, there is nothing to make one suspect what riches are in store. He commences in a low, drawling key, which has not even the merit of being solemn—and advances from sentence to sentence, and from paragraph to paragraph, while you seek in vain to catch a single echo, that gives promise of that which is to come. There is, on the contrary, an appearance of constraint about him, that affects and distresses you—you are afraid that his breast is weak, and that even the slight exertion he makes may be too much for it. But then with what tenfold richness does this dim preliminary curtain make the glories of his eloquence to shine forth, when the heated spirit at length shakes from it its chill confining fetters, and bursts out elate and rejoicing in the full splendour of its disimprisoned wings!

Never was any proof more distinct and speaking, how impossible it is for any lesser disfavours to diminish the value of the truer and higher bounties of Nature. Never was any better example of that noble privilege of real genius, in virtue of which even disadvantages are converted into advantages, and things which would be sufficient to nip the opening buds of any plant of inferior promise, are made to add only new beauty and power to its uncontrollably expanding bloom.

I have heard many men deliver sermons far better arranged in regard to argument, and have heard very many deliver sermons far more uniform in elegance both of conception and of style. But most unquestionably I have never heard, either in England or Scotland, or in any other country, any preacher whose eloquence is capable of producing an effect so strong and irresistible as his. He does all this too without having recourse for a moment to the vulgar arts of common pulpit enthusiasm. He does it entirely and proudly, by the sheer pith of his most original mind, clothing itself in a bold magnificence of language, as original in its structure—as nervous in the midst of its overflowing richness as itself. He has the very noblest of

his weapons, and most nobly does he wield them. He has a wonderful talent for ratiocination, and possesses, besides, an imagination both fertile and distinct, which gives all richness of colour to his style, and supplies his argument with every diversity of illustration. In presence of such a spirit subjection is a triumph—and I was proud to feel my hardened nerves creep and vibrate, and my blood freeze and boil while he spake—as they were wont to do in the early innocent years, when unquestioning enthusiasm had as yet caught no lessons of chillness from the jealousies of discernment, the delights of comparison, and the example of the unimaginative world. pp. 532—534.

There is a volume of sermons delivered by Dr. C. to the people of his parish, which we earnestly recommend to our readers. It contains much profound thinking, and much sound divinity.

We have an account, near the close of the volume, of the manner of administering the sacrament in the country churches in Scotland. It would be agreeable to enter into a detail of this matter, for the purpose of some errors which have been widely circulated by means of Burns's poem called "The Holy Fair." It is agreed even by Dr. Morris, that Burns completely caricatures the subject. The custom is, for a minister who is about to celebrate the sacrament, to procure the assistance of a number of neighbouring clergymen. This affords occasion and opportunity for the congregating of a vast number of people—more than any church can contain. The ordinance, however, is administered in the house of worship, while a number of assistant ministers preach to the supernumerary crowd out of doors. When the celebration of the supper is over, the service is continued, the whole congregation being together in the church yard. There is a description of this part of the service, so well drawn by our author, that we cannot help gratifying our readers with the following extract.

There could not be a finer sight than that which presented itself to us when we came to the brink of the ravine which overhung, on the one side, the rustic amphitheatre now filled by this mighty congregation. All up the face of the opposite hill, which swept in a gentle curve before us—the little brook I have mentioned flowing brightly between in the gleam of sunset—the soft turf of those simple sepulchres, rising row above row, and the little flat tombstones scattered more sparingly among them, were covered with one massy cluster of the listening peasantry. Near to the tent on one side were drawn up some of the carriages of the neighbouring gentry, in which, the horses being taken away, the ancient ladies were seen sitting protected from the dews of the twilight—while the younger ones occupied places on the turf immediately below them. Close in front of the preacher, the very oldest of the people seemed to be arranged together, most of them sitting on stools brought for them by their children

from the village—yet fresh and unwearied after all the fatigues of the day, and determined not to go away while any part of its services remained to be performed. The exact numbers of those assembled I cannot guess, but I am sure they must have amounted to very many thousands. Neither you nor I, I am confident, ever beheld a congregation of the fourth of the extent engaged together in the worship of their maker.

The number was enough of itself to render the scene a very interesting one; but the more nearly I examined their countenances, the more deeply was I impressed with a sense of respectful sympathy for the feelings of those who composed the multitude. A solemn devotion was imprinted on every downcast eyelid and trembling lip around me—their attitudes were as solemn as their countenances—each having his arms folded in his shepherd's cloak—or leaning in pensive repose upon one of those grassy swells, beneath which,

Each in his narrow tomb forever laid,
The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Here and there I could perceive some hoary patriarch of the valley sitting in such a posture as this, with the old partner of his life beside him, and below and around him, two or three generations of his descendants, all arranged according to their age and propinquity—the ancient saint contemplating the groupe ever and anon with a sad serenity—thinking, I suppose, how unlikely it was he should live long enough to find himself again surrounded with them all on another recurrence of the same solemnity of the midsummer. Near them might be seen, perhaps, a pair of rural lovers, yet unwedded, sitting hand in hand together upon the same plaid in the shadow of some tall tombstone, their silent unbreathed vows gathering power more great than words could have given them from the eternal sanctities of the surrounding scene. The innocent feelings of filial affection and simple love cannot disturb the feelings of devotion, but mingle well in the same bosom with its higher flames, and blend all together into one softened and reposing confidence, alike favourable to the happiness of earth and heaven. There was a sober sublimity of calmness in the whole atmosphere around—the sky was pure and unclouded over head, and in the west, only a few small fleecy clouds floated in richest hues of gold and crimson, caught from the slow farewell radiance of the broad declining sun. The shadows of the little church and its tombstones, lay far and long projected over the multitude, and taming here and there the glowing colours of their garments into a more mellow beauty. All was lonely and silent around the skirts of the assemblage—unless where some wandering heifer might be seen gazing for a moment upon the unwonted multitude, and then bounding away light and boyant across the daisied herbage into some more sequestered browsing place.

Whether this is the best mode of conducting this solemn ordinance, we are not able to say. A custom long established among a sober reflecting people, probably has reasons for it, which a stranger cannot perceive. To us it seems probable, that the assembling of so many thousands affords an opportunity for the loose and profligate to indulge their vicious inclinations that they perhaps might not otherwise have. We are sure that, however, it may be in Scotland, such meetings are not

advantageous to the cause of religion and good order in this country.

But it is time for us to conclude. Our numerous extracts will enable the reader to form his own judgment of this work. We shall therefore make only a single remark. The book although disfigured by many faults, and manifestly the production of a young man, is understood to be very popular in Scotland. This is evidence that it has a considerable portion of merit. We were very much struck with the freedom of the author. He mentions individuals, and speaks of their faults, notices the follies of his countrymen, and lashes some of their foibles, without the least hesitation or backwardness—Yet they are pleased with him. If we had made half as free with our countrymen, we should have been stunned with the outcry against us. In fact the people of this country are so used to be complimented and courted, that they will not allow a man to speak freely of them, except in their praise. Sovereigns require flattery, even when they are republican, But one would think that the people of this country have a sufficient stock of substantially good character, to enable them to bear the censures of friends, with good humour. Beyond a doubt we have our faults, and we ought to wish to be told of them. It is only thus that we can hope to mend our ways.

We have, on the whole, enjoyed much in perusing Dr. Morris's pages; and wish that our review may afford similar enjoyment to our readers.

EXTRACT FROM PATRICK HENRY'S WILL.

THE following is taken from the last will and testament of that distinguished statesman and orator Patrick Henry.—The Editor took the copy from the record made of the will in the office of the Clerk of Charlotte county court. It contains a testimony worthy to be known and remembered by all. After having disposed of his estate as he thought proper, Henry concludes his will thus:

“This is all the inheritance I can give to my dear family. The RELIGION OF CHRIST can give them one, which will make them rich indeed.”

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

ENGLAND.—ANNIVERSARIES.

(Continued.)

LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY.

Twenty-sixth Anniversary.

The Sermons were preached on this occasion, by the Rev Dr. J. P. Smith, of Homerton, on Wednesday morning, May the 10th, at Surry Chapel; the same evening, at the Tabernacle, by the Rev. Dr. Dewar, of Glasgow; on Thursday evening, the 11th, at Tottenham Court Chapel, by the Rev. R. Elliott, of Devizes; and on Friday morning, the 12th, at St. Clement's Church, Strand, by the Rev. W. Burrows, M. A. of Clapham.

On Thursday morning, the annual meeting was held in Queen-street Chapel; W. Alers Hankey, Esq. Treasurer, in the chair.

The report was read by the senior secretary, the Rev. George Burder; after which, resolutions were moved and seconded by several gentlemen, amongst whom we are pleased to state, was our fellow-citizen, Divie Bethune, Esq. We shall give extracts from the speeches delivered on the occasion, in a future number.

The income of the year has been 25,409*l.*—exceeding any former year by 2000*l.*; but falling short, by 736*l.* of the year's expenditure, which has been 26,145*l.*

RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY.

Twenty-first Anniversary.

On the morning of Thursday, May the 11th, at seven o'clock, Joseph Reyner, Esq. Treasurer of the society, took the chair, at the 21st annual meeting, at the city of London Tavern.

From the Report, which was read by Thomas Pellatt, Esq. it appeared, that tracts had been issued, during

the year, to the amount of 5,626,674; being an increase beyond the preceding year of 1,583,353. The loss on tracts supplied to hawkers, added to foreign and domestic grants, exceeds 900*l.*: and the society is under engagements for upwards of 1600*l.* toward the discharge of which the Treasurer is almost wholly unprovided with funds.

AFRICAN INSTITUTION.

Fourteenth Anniversary.

On Wednesday, May the 17th, the fourteenth annual meeting took place at the Freemason's tavern; his royal highness the duke of Gloucester in the chair.

The report was read by the Secretary, Thomas Harrison, Esq. It was truly afflicting in its general tenor; as it gave plain indications that the cause of Africa must be contended for, inch by inch, against the cupidity and barbarity of men, who seem determined, at all hazards, to maintain, to the last moment, the means afforded to them by this traffic, of enormous, but infamous gains. By the influence and machinations of these men, the decrees of France, for instance, against this wicked trade, are rendered in practice little else than a mere mockery. Nay, while British philanthropists are obtaining at home the most humane regulations—and British officers, like Sir George Collier, are vindicating the honor of their country by enforcing her laws—and British governors, like governor Mac Carthy, are cherishing and blessing the victims rescued from rapacious and cruel hands—there are men who will calumniate them all, and will leave no effort untried to defeat that work of justice and mercy in which they are engaged.

Under such circumstances, the support of the African institution, which watches with unceasing vigilance, every opportunity of hastening the utter and irrecoverable destruction of this trade, becomes a sacred duty with every humane mind.

Sir George Collier was appointed an honorary life governor; as was Prince Hoare, Esq. whose memoirs of the late Granville Sharp, Esq. presented to the institution by the author, are like to produce 500*l.* to the funds.

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PORT OF LONDON SOCIETY FOR PROMOTING RELIGION AMONG SEAMEN.

On Monday, May 8th, was held, at the city of London Tavern, Bishopsgate-street, the second anniversary of this institution.

The room, by 12 o'clock, was filled with a very respectable auditory of ladies and gentlemen, and at the lower end of the room many cleanly dressed seamen; and many weather beaten officers, either of the R. N. or the Merchant Marine.

The chair was taken by the Rt. Hon. Admi Lord Gambier, G. C. B. H. R. H. Prince Leopold, of Saxe Cobourg, honoured the meeting with his presence

The report stated, that the truly important object of the society awakens perpetually increasing attention; that sailors were now more identified in Christian society than ever; more frequently seen in religious congregations; and inquiries respecting their moral and religious culture more common than at any period anterior to its institution. That the numbers of seamen attending the worship of God, varied according to the state of the river as to shipping. That when the Upper and Lower Pools are full of vessels, it is not uncommon to witness the spectacle of 60 ships' boats, conveying from 400 to 500 seamen to enjoy this inestimable privilege—a privilege in which many thousands have participated in the floating Chapel during the past year, in addition to an increased number who resort to

other places of worship. That there is now, decidedly, far less swearing among the men who are on board ships, and those who navigate the craft, than there was formerly; and that, consequently, it is manifest that there is a change for the better; and that there is a growing reformation among this class of our fellow-subjects.

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Home Missionary Society.

The first annual meeting was held at the City of London Tavern, May 15th, the anniversary being fixed a few months before the time, for the accommodation of the public who attended the other sacred festivities of the season. Sir Thomas Bell presided on the occasion. The large room of the tavern was thronged, and multitudes went away unable to obtain an entrance. The Rev. B. Rayson opened the meeting with prayer. The Rev. E. A. Dunn read the Report, which stated that upwards of 700*l.* had been received, and that six missionaries were admitted into the service of the society, for whom fields of labour were either occupied or designed, in Wilts. bordering on Berks, in Sussex, in Oxfordshire, and in Devon and Cornwall

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Merchant seamen's Bible Society.

Monday, May 21st, was held the second annual meeting of this institution, the Rt. Hon. Adm. Visc Exmouth, in the chair, accompanied by a number of gentlemen, naval officers, and clergymen of different denominations

The Report was then read by one of the secretaries. It stated that 789 vessels had been visited and supplied during the last year, on board of which were near 8000 seamen. The issues of the Merchant Seamen's society had, during the last year, been 1889 bibles, and 2665 Testaments. The Report concluded by calling for additional aid, and stating that the East India Company

had munificently made a donation of 200*l.* to the society.

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SCOTLAND.

Union of the Secession Church.

The public will scarcely require to be reminded of that *proposal for Union* betwixt the two great branches of the secession, which we had the pleasure of announcing in our last volume. The plan of union embraced the word of God as the only rule of faith and manners; the standards of the church of Scotland; the Presbyterian form of government; the grounds of the secession; the approval of the noble struggles of our forefathers for reformation; and pledged the United Synod to the preparation of a formula, and a common exhibition of their principles.

At the meeting of both synods, held in April last, these important papers were laid on the table of the respective courts, and were read as introductory to the great discussion. Never was there one in the Secession church more interesting and more critical. Religious persons of all denominations had taken a deep interest in this matter. The petitioners, who had conducted themselves in the interval with the most marked attention to the rules of good order, and had met often to supplicate the throne of God for guidance to their respective courts, had their eyes and their hearts toward the metropolis at this moment. Hopes and fears were excited in a high degree. Many thought that the former would be disappointed, as religious parties once divided, seldom unite, especially those who come into collision on the same scene, and approximate one another most nearly in principles.

In discussions so delicate and difficult—in a process so new and so important—it was not to be wondered at that some diversity of sentiment should have arisen, or that the proceedings should have been slow; but the harmony was great, and the progress, though deliberate, was gradual. The basis was finally approved

and sanctioned by both synods, the union of course is effected.

Thus have two great portions of the religious community, which had been separated more than seventy years, been happily re-united; and a laudable example has been exhibited, which, it is hoped, will influence the feelings and the conduct of other denominations of professing Christians.

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UNITED STATES.

Cherokee Mission.—Brainerd.
To the editor of the *Christian Herald*.

Sir,

Since you have had the goodness to request of me any religious intelligence which I might be in possession of, and should deem worthy of communication from time to time; believing that both you and the Christian public would be pleased with the perusal, I send you the following copies of two letters, one of them addressed to the treasurer of "The Hartwick and Fly Creek Benevolent Society," upon the receipt of the second donation from the society; and the other to the "Burlington Beneficent Society," both of which are in Otsego county, (N.Y.)

The "Hartwick and Fly Creek Benevolent Society," have heard the affecting story of our missionaries at Ceylon;—that for the want of funds, many of the youth in this benighted region, who applied for admission into the school, and entreated with many tears, were necessarily excluded! The society, though small, have undertaken to support and educate five; embracing (if consistent with the views of the A. B. C. for Foreign Missions,) *one female*: believing as they do, that the period is not far distant, when *females*; even in that land of moral darkness and death, shall not only cherish a lively interest—but take an active part, in rearing the temple of divine glory. Funds and names have been forwarded to the Treasurer accordingly.

Truly yours,

L. Bebes.

Brainerd, 14th May, 1820.

Respected and endeared-brother in the Lord.

With inexpressible gratitude, your friends at Brainerd acknowledge the receipt of your very valuable box of clothing, and precious letters, which arrived the 8th inst. with several others in good order. As crowding business and feeble health, renders it quite impracticable for father to write, he has referred it to me to answer his letters; and, although it would be more desirable to present them in his name, yet I trust they will be acceptable in this way, when I mention that the numerous cares, and weighty charge, which must necessarily devolve upon father, appear evidently wearing upon his constitution.

All the clothing you sent will be useful in our numerous family. In these, as in many other like expressions of Christian benevolence, we notice the kind hand of our heavenly guardian; who anticipates all the wants of His children, and richly supplieth them with every needed good. Indeed were it not for these seasonable supplies which are sent from time to time, so exactly suited to our necessities, we could not sustain our heavy burden; but must, long ere this, have sunk in our overwhelming cares, and the work have been greatly retarded. But the great Lord of the harvest, He who has promised his Son the heathen for an inheritance, knows perfectly well how to accomplish his purposes—how to carry on his work from step to step; and will, by the mighty power of his arm, lead on the whole army of the redeemed people against all opposition, till he shall have ushered in that glorious day of millennial splendour, which has been long promised, and is now beginning to dawn upon the earth. The work here continues to prosper; and though at times we imagine an intervening cloud, yet again the light appears with increasing brightness, and we find from time to time, fresh cause to renew our confidence in God, and to persevere in the good

work which he has given us in this our highly privileged station.

With respect to the school and congregation here, although we cannot say as in times past, we are daily surrounded with those who, with streaming eyes and anxious solicitude, are inquiring the way to life and salvation; yet we can say, the still small voice has not wholly left us. Two very promising youths were lately added to our church, viz. David Brown, and John Arch, who appear to be entirely devoted to doing good among this people. D. Brown, who is a younger brother of Catharine, left us last week for Cornwall, (Con.) where he expects to receive his education. We have now three local schools projected—two in operation, and a third about to be commenced. Brother Butrick is engaged in one at Creek Path, about 100 miles west of us. The call was so urgent there, that although brother B. was much needed here, it was thought best for him to go to commence the school, and to stay till some other preachers could be sent to take the place. Brother B. left us last April. As soon as he arrived there, the natives united and built a very comfortable house, and in less than two weeks after his arrival, the school was commenced. He has about 50 scholars, and more are wishing to attend. Br. B. thinks there will be a sufficient number for two schools, and that they will put up another house for the girls as soon as a female teacher can be sent. More than 100 attend worship on the Sabbath, and all appear very attentive; of several he has hope that a work of grace is begun in their hearts. The children appear well and learn fast. Some of them were spelling in three letters in less than three weeks, who could not speak a word of English. Brother John Arch, of whom I spoke, is with brother B. assisting as an interpreter, and also in teaching; brother John has been in school only about one year; he reads in the bible and writes quite intelligibly. He is a young man, about 25 years

old, a full cast Cherokee, who came from the thick shades of the forest. In many parts of the nation they are calling loud for schools and preaching to be sent among them. Oh, will not our call be heard? Come over and help us; the harvest truly is great, but the labourers few. Truly it may be said of this western wilderness, "Here is a large field white to the harvest," for it is not this nation only, but all of our red brethren, to whom missionaries have been sent, are calling, with open arms, for schools and teachers to be sent among them. Dear sir, we are witnesses that God is hearing the prayers of Christians; and will not this encourage them to pray more fervently, that the great Lord of the harvest will send forth laborers into his harvest, till the knowledge of the Lord shall extend through every tribe and nation, and the whole earth be filled with his praise?

Yours in the best of bonds,

SARAH HOYT.

Mr. Albert North.

The following letter to the "Burlington Beneficent Society," was enclosed in the letter from which the above is copied.

Brainerd, May 16, 1820.

The sisters at Brainerd to their sisters of the "Burlington Beneficent Society," send Christian salutation, and present their most humble thanks for their kind expressions of love and benevolence, manifested in the very acceptable articles presented by them for the use of the school, which we received, with several others, in good order, on the 8th of May. But more especially do we feel that our humble gratitude, our praise and adoration, is due to our heavenly Father, who is so rapidly spreading a spirit of missions, a spirit of love and liberality among Christians of every name, and causing all to unite in the same work of love to perishing mortals.

Dear sisters, how highly privileged are we who live in this glorious day—a day replete with wonders! How admirably do we behold that

heaven-born charity; that sweet union of soul, that spirit of love and benevolence, so universally prevalent at the present day, stand against all opposition; winging its way to every dark corner of the earth, and bringing forward that glorious reign of the Son of Righteousness, when he shall have the heathen for an inheritance, and the uttermost parts of the earth for a possession.

The mission here continues to prosper; and a thirst for instruction appears now more and more prevalent in the nation at large. We have now three local schools established, and many more might be, if there were teachers to supply them. Let us have your prayers that the Lord will carry on his work, and increase it more and more. Did time permit, I could give you many interesting particulars with respect to the schools and mission at large, but I can only be brief and refer you to other means of information. We have a delightful task in teaching the dear children under our care in the various branches; but it is an arduous one, and requires continual application. My former most familiar friends and correspondents are almost wholly neglected by my pen, from a conscious regard to duty. In haste, on behalf of the sisters, I subscribe myself yours in the bonds of the gospel.

SARAH HOYT.

From the London Missionary Register.

SOUTH AFRICA.

THE BETHEL OF NAMAQUALAND!

Mr. Shaw's account of a Sunday passed among the Namaquas, in company with Jacob Links, a Native Assistant, at a distant kraal, presents a beautiful picture of christian labours amidst the wilder scenes of Creation. He writes, Sept. 10, 1819—

"Set out with Jacob for the outpost, where the greater part of our people are still lying with their cattle. Came to the kraal a little before sun-set. When the cows and goats had been milked, service was held

in the open air Jesus was proclaimed as the True Refuge, and all exhorted to flee unto Him. All was solemn, still, and quiet; except the croaking ravens on the adjacent rock; and some ill-natured curs which, at intervals, barked at each other.

Sept. 11, 1819. *Sunday*.— short distance from the kraal stands an amazing rock: its length is nearly 200 feet, its breadth 30 or 50, and its height 60 or 70. In former ages this has been one solid stone; but, by the mouldering hand of time or some convulsive shake of the earth, it has been separated into three almost equal parts.

Yesterday, whilst teaching the children, the heat of the sun was almost insupportable; in consequence of which we, this morning, repaired to the large rock, to seek a shadow from his scorching rays. At the beating of the gong, (an instrument exceedingly melodious, which is used instead of a bell at our last out-post,) the sound of which echoed in the mountains, the young people and children teemed from their huts, and accompanied us, while the aged and infirm hastened after.

Every thing seemed to invite us to worship and adore. The grand luminary of the world beginning his mighty career in the heavens, pointed out Jesus as a *Light to Lighten the Gentiles*—the immense mountain by which we were surrounded, shewed us the power of God—the decayed and tumbling rocks on every side, seemed to remind us that no earthly thing can withstand the waste of all-consuming time—the cows, sheep, and goats grazing around, brought primitive times to our recollection, and encouraged us to believe in the God of Abraham.

All being seated on the ground by the side of this rock, that verse

“Jesus, the name that charms our fears,
That bids our sorrows cease,” &c.

wassung by a great number of voices, and with much spirit. No cordial on earth could, in this wilderness, have given me such consolation. While prayer was offered to the God of

all grace, the Namaquas reverently bowed with their faces to the ground and worshipped. Under the cooling shade of so grand an appearance in nature, it was scarcely possible to pass over that beautiful passage in Isaiah—*A man shall be as a hiding place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, and as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.*

After service, the children were all ready with their books and waited to be taught. The Chief, and a number of old Namaquas, sat smiling on their children's children, while seeing them learn to read in the best of books. On saying to the Chief, that the Lord had provided us with a place of worship, without any labour of ours, he answered, Yes, “and it is good to sit under its shadow.” On explaining to him the meaning of the word Bethel, he said that the rock should thenceforth bear that name.

Letter from Jacob Links, mentioned above.

Jacob Links is a Hottentot, and is Assistant to Mr. Shaw, English Methodist Missionary at the Station of Leelie Fontein, or Lily Fountain, near Khamies Berg, or Little Namaqualand.

Jacob Links has given a very natural and striking account of his views and feelings, in the following letter to the Committee of the Wesleyan Missionary Society. It is dated Nov. 19, 1819:—

Unknown, but revered Gentlemen.—The salutations which you have sent, I received from our beloved teachers; and wish you and the Society much peace and prosperity, in the name of our Lord—I have long been desirous of writing you concerning my former and present state; but on the account of weakness in the Dutch language, I have been hindered. I hope, however, that your goodness will excuse and wink at my mistakes.

Before I heard the Gospel, I was in gross darkness, ignorant of myself, as a sinner, and knew not that I had an immortal soul, nor had any knowledge of Him who is called Jesus. I

was so stupid, that when a Hottentot came by us; who prayed to the Lord, I thought he was asking his teacher for all those things of which he spoke in his prayer. Some time after this, another Namaqua came upon our place; he spoke much of sin, and also of Jesus: by means of his conversation, I was very sorrowful, and much affected, and knew not what to do. My mother having some leaves of an old Dutch Psalm-Book I thought if I should eat them, I might there find comfort. I ate the leaves up: but my sorrow was not lessened. I then got upon the roof of an old house to pray; thinking that if I were high, the Lord would hear me better: but I found no deliverance I then ate all sorts of bitter bushes; for so I thought that the Lord might possibly have mercy on me: but my heaviness did not then go away. I then heard that I must give my cause over to Jesus, and tried to do so; by which I found myself much lighter. There was no one in this country to tell us of Jesus: and I desired to go to the Great River, to learn from the word.

I was now persecuted both by black and white. The farmers said, if we were taught by Missionaries, we should be seized as slaves. Some said I was mad; and my mother, believing the Christian men, wept over me. After this, a Missionary on his journey towards Pella, remained some weeks with our Chief. but being in the Bushman land with cattle, I heard nothing. Then our Captain and four people went to seek one who could teach us. I was at this full of joy; and, when they returned, and I saw our teacher, whom the Lord had sent us; that was the happiest day for me that ever I knew. Through the word that the Lord gave our Missionary to speak, I learnt that my heart was bad, and that the precious blood of Jesus alone cleanses from sin. Now I found that Christ is the way, and the sinner's friend. I feel pity over all people who do not know God. I often feel sweetness for my soul whilst I speak about the Gospel and my own experience in the Lord.

Before our English teachers came, we were all sitting in the shadow of death. The farmers around us, told us, that if we prayed they would flog us. Some of them threatened to shoot us dead, should we Namaquas call on the name of the Lord. They said we were not men, but baboons; and that God was blasphemed by the prayers of Namaquas, and would punish us for it. Now we thank the Lord, he has taught us that he has also given his Son over to death for us. We hear that English people pray for us, and hope they will not forget us. The society of all praying people, are by me saluted. An unworthy Namaqua,

JACOB LINES.

OBITUARY.

Died on the 15th of May last, in Kentucky, Mrs. ——— Venable, formerly of Charlotte county Virginia.

This lady was daughter of Josiah and Agnes Morton, and sister of col. William and Maj. Jacob Morton of Charlotte. Her death is recorded here because there was somewhat extraordinary in it.

She was the child of pious parents, and was connected with a long line of pious relatives. At a very early age she was brought under serious impressions, & made a public profession of religion. During thirty years her christian conduct was exemplary, and she enjoyed in an unusual degree, the consolations and hopes which religion afford. But about the close of that period, she, for what cause is not known, fell into a melancholy, which also lasted thirty years.

The disease, which goes under that name, while it doubtless has its seat in the body, as all diseases have, extends its influence to the mind in a remarkable manner. Dread or hatred of objects, before greatly beloved, almost universally attends it. Dearest friends are suspected of alienation and of unfriendly purposes. Employments and pursuits formerly delightful, are regarded with horror; and the sufferer flies with terror from

a husband, a brother, or any near relative. We have heard of instances in which the sight of a bible was intolerable; and the exercises of religion filled the mind with most dreadful agony. This was in a considerable degree the case of the person here noticed.

She had married Mr. James Venable, was the mother of several children, and was living in the happiness enjoyed by those who find their connexions agreeable, and have their relationships in life blessed with the hopes of religion, when the *melancholy* invaded her. Then the bible was turned from with horror, prayer was a burden too heavy to be borne, the house of God and the people of God were alike avoided, and no conversation on the subject of religion would be at all admitted. In this situation her husband determined to remove to Kentucky. Col William Morton resolved that before her departure he would once more see his sister, and converse with her. She, on hearing, by some means, this determination, fled from her house; but he pursued and having overtaken her, had a conversation of some length in which his object was to impress on her mind the faithfulness of the divine promises, and the precious doctrine of scripture, that "the gifts and the calling of God are without repentance," and to excite the hope that God would yet manifest himself to her in mercy. This conversation seemed to afford no relief to the sufferer. As was intended, she removed to Kentucky and lived for *thirty years* in the same melancholy situation; "so carefully shunning every thing like religion, that she could not be prevailed on to set at a table when she expected a blessing to be asked." It was however, so ordered by providence that a son-in-law of hers, in dangerous sickness, was visited by a clergyman, who prayed in his chamber. She was in an adjoining room, and was moved to approach the door, and listen. The prayer was blessed to her. Deeply convicted of her sin, in neglecting the means appointed by God for the

comfort of his people, she turned to her bible, sought again a throne of grace by prayer, and obtained joy in believing. The reading of the scriptures hereafter, was her constant employment, she loved the society of God's people, took delight in family worship, and other exercises of religion, and rejoiced in the best hopes of the gospel. It was natural for her to wish that her old friends and relatives who had known her in the time of her severest trials, should hear of her deliverance. At her request, letters were written, from which a considerable part of this statement has been taken. To her brother Col. Morton she sent this message "What you told me at our parting, has been a great support to me ever since."—About two months after it pleased God to reveal himself to her, she was taken with her last sickness—During the whole of this time, she enjoyed great comfort; and as the awful hour of dissolution approached "her faith grew stronger, and her evidences brighter." Just before she expired, she raised herself up and said, "God is good, and my bosom is full of joy." And thus she left this world to go to that, where despondency and fear, sorrow and death, are unknown forever.

This narrative affords opportunity for many useful reflections—But as our space is limited, we must leave it to the reader to make them for himself—It is not a little remarkable that, during a melancholy of thirty years, while religious exercises were a source of horror, and the Bible was regarded with dread, a passage of scripture urged by her brother should afford support, that she should still believe that the "gifts and calling of God are without repentance" and should find the doctrine so fully verified in her last experience

SELECT SENTENCE.

To render good for evil is God-like;
To render good for good is man-like;
But to render evil for good is Devil
like.