

Timothy East

The Modern Martyr *And Other Writings*



The Modern Martyr

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The Modern Martyr

*With Other Interesting Extracts.
Originally Selected For and Published in
the "Philadelphia Recorder"*

By Timothy East

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Contents

About The Lutheran Library

Contents

Preface by Lutheran Librarian

Preface.

The Modern Martyr

The Modern Martyr. No. 1.

The Modern Martyr. No. 2.

The Modern Martyr. No. 3.

The History Of Mr. Linger.

The Modern Martyr. No. 4.

The Modern Martyr. No. 5

The Modern Martyr. No. 6.

The Modern Martyr. No. 7.

Miss Hutchinson. Part I.

The Modern Martyr. No. 8.

Miss. Hutchinson. Part II.

The Modern Martyr. No. 9

Miss. Hutchinson. Part III.

The Modern Martyr. No. 10.

Miss. Hutchinson. Part IV.

The Modern Martyr. No. 11.

The Modern Martyr. No. 12.

The Modern Martyr. No. 13.

On The Loss Of Temper, Compared With Other Losses.

Gaming.

Death Of A Gambler.

On Candor.

On The Causes Which Increase The Prejudices Of Worldly Men Against

Religion.

Suicide.

[The Sacrifice Of Moloch](#)
[On The Love Of Singularity.](#)
[Hints Of Advice Addressed To Mr. Linger.](#)
[On Anger.](#)
[On Idleness.](#)
[A Rich Poor Man.](#)
[A Poor Rich Man.](#)
[Dew An Emblem Of Conversion.](#)
[Heaven.](#)
[Dupes.](#)
[Copyright Notice](#)
[How Can You Find Peace With God?](#)
[Benediction](#)
[Basic Biblical Christianity | Books to Download](#)
[Essential Theology | Books to Download](#)
[Devotional Classics | Books to Download](#)

Preface by Lutheran Librarian

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Preface.

THE “Spirit and Manners of the Age,” is an English periodical, devoted to the interest of literature and religion. A series of essays under the title of the “Modern Martyr,” was commenced in the first number of this work, and carried on at intervals for several months. At last it ceased altogether, from some cause unknown in this country, most probably, however, from the death of its author, as though the work goes on with regularity and interest, the particular article, “Modern Martyr,” has never been finished. The author is the same who prepared the Evangelical Rambler, which has been received with so much favor. We have collected the series as far as it went, in this small volume, and have added to it such other selections from the same work, as appeared to us peculiarly useful and important. We are confident, that it all tends to the interest of pure and undefiled religion.

The Modern Martyr

The Modern Martyr. No. 1.

'Tis my delight, alone in Summer shade,
To pipe a simple song for thinking hearts. — Wordsworth

IN THE IMMEDIATE VICINITY of the village of ———, stood the ruins of an old mansion, which had been for many generations tenanted by the descendants of one of the Norman barons, who accompanied King William when he came to take possession of the British throne. When it was erected, there are no dates to decide; but it is generally supposed to have been built at a very early period in British history. It is situated on the slope of a hill, whose higher grounds are covered with woods; on the east and west sides, plantations of fir and beech trees are luxuriating in the rapidity of their growth; and the front, which lays open to the south, commands an extensive view of the surrounding country, through which a fine broad river flows in majestic silence. On the right, at the distance of three quarters of a mile, is the beautiful village of ———, containing one hundred neat cottages, a few genteel villas, of modern origin, and a smaller number of antique farmhouses. I had not visited this sequestered spot for more than twenty years, but having an invitation from an old friend, who had left the bustle of commercial life, for the calm retreat of the country, I consented to spend a few weeks with him. As it was late in the evening when I arrived, I felt no disposition to rave abroad; but on the following morning I perambulated the place. I soon found that the spirit of improvement which has given a more tasty form to our cities and our towns, has penetrated into the interior of the empire, working its mighty changes, where no changes could have been anticipated. The first object that arrested my attention was the old mansion: but instead of ruins, it stood arrayed in the beauties of modern architecture. Its fallen turrets and parapets were rebuilt; its decayed stones were replaced by new ones; its dilapidated windows were reglazed; its living and dead ivy had been stripped off to admit a stuccoed frontage;

the lawn, which had been used to fodder cattle, was restored to its original verdant state; the old cow-sheds and stables were pulled down, and on their site stood more stately buildings; and every other appearance indicated that it was now occupied by a man of wealth, if not of noble birth. After gazing on this metamorphosis of the old ruins, I bent my steps towards the church, which reared its unassuming spire above the tops of the surrounding trees; and finding the doors open, curiosity induced me to enter. On the left of the pulpit I observed a full length stone figure laying on a marble slab, and which I was informed by the old clerk, was a correct likeness of the old Baron. "I presume," I remarked, "that the family has now become extinct."

"Not quite, Sir: there are some remote branches of it in Westmoreland; though, being females, the name is lost."

"Have any branches of the family resided in the mansion in your time?"

"Yes, Sir. I remember when Sir Thomas ——, the last male branch of the family, was christened; and I knew his father; and my father has told me, that I was once taken to the mansion, when I was about six months old, to see Sir Thomas' grandfather; but I don't remember that."

"I suppose not. Pray, how long has Sir Thomas been dead?"

"About forty years; and he lies buried along with his lady and his infant son in this vault."

"I suppose the death of so great a man, which led to the extinction of his family amongst you, was a great loss to the neighborhood?"

"Yes, Sir, the greatest calamity that ever happened amongst us; for he was as good as he was great. He was every man's friend, and no man's enemy. He was very kind and generous to the poor; he never oppressed his tenants, nor did he ever turn them out of their farms. He was wonderfully beloved by us, and so was his lady. She was so condescending in her manners, that she would visit the poor at their own houses, and give them relief if they were in distress. He was just like his father, and his father was just like his grandfather, and all were just like the old Baron that you see there, Sir. Now, Sir, if you will just step this way, I will tell you a tale that I am sure will please you."

He took me to another part of the church, and pointed my attention to a monument which bore the following inscription:—

Sacred to the Memory
of
The Rev. Edward Wood, B. A.
Who departed this life, Aug. 16, 1753,
Aged 64.

“Sir, Thomas’ father,” continued the old clerk, was a great sportsman, and he used to rise early in the morning to take the field. One morning in the month of September, as he was riding through the wood at the top of the hill, he heard the cries of a child, and turning round, he saw a blanket with something in it. He got off his horse, and opened the blanket, and saw a fine boy about six months old. He took it up, gave it to his servant who was with him, and rode back to the mansion, and showed it to his lady, and told her where he found it. Enquiries were made after the unnatural parents, but they could not be heard of; so Sir Thomas took the child, and placed it under the care of my grandmother. When he grew up, he was sent to school at Winchester, and after that he went to Oxford, and being a learned man and a good reader, Sir Thomas gave him this living; and here he preached for twenty-six years; and as Goldsmith says,—

Nor e’er had changed, nor wish’d to change his place.

He was christened Edward Wood, after the name of the place where he was found, and the servant, who carried him in the blanket to the mansion, whose name was Edward.”

“I suppose you are old enough to recollect the Vicar?”

“Recollect him!

A man he was to all the country dear.

Yes, Sir, he was a good friend to me, for the old clerk dying soon after the Vicar came to reside amongst us, he gave me the situation; and as I was then young, and rather fond of books, in consequence of the kindness of my grandmother to him a when he was an infant, he became my tutor, and instructed me in several branches of learning, and permitted me to have free access to his library. And when he died, Sir, he left me an annuity of twenty pounds a year for my life.”

“Has he left any family behind him?”

“No, Sir: he used to say, when joked upon the subject, that he had taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts at Oxford, and he thought by retaining it, he should be a Master, without having to undergo the ceremony of preferment.”

“Time,” I remarked, “which works many changes in human affairs, has changed the aspect of your village; the mansion, I see, which was in ruins the last time I was here, is now resuming its ancient splendor, and villas are springing up in almost every direction.”

“Yes, Sir, the estates which once belonged to Sir Thomas were sold about ten years since by an order in Chancery, and the old mansion, and about twenty acres of land, were bought by a Mr. Lester of ——, who had acquired a property by trade. He has given a modern appearance to the mansion; but... This is his pew; Sir. It looks finer than it did when the Baron sat in it, but I don’t think it contains more godliness.”

“He inherits the house and the land after the old Baron, but you don’t think, if I judge by your manner, that he inherits his spirit?”

“Why, Sir, it is not my habit to speak ill of friend or foe, but I must say that there is as great a difference between the present occupier of the mansion, and the former occupier of it, as there is between its present fantastic appearance and its former stately grandeur. Sir Thomas and his lady used to walk to church every Sunday, and were always in their pew before we were in the desk, and the servants also; but now we are often disturbed in the midst of our devotions, by the rattling of the carriage, and the entrance of Mr. Lester’s family. Sir Thomas and his lady always behaved when at church, as though they came to worship their Maker; but there’s no appearance of devotion in the pew now. Sir Thomas and his lady were familiar even with the poorest man in the parish, but Mr. Lester will speak to no one, except ‘Squire Tonks and a few other people of property. Sir Thomas and his lady set no bounds to their charity, but I have never heard of any poor family being relieved by Mr. Lester. Soon after he came, I took the liberty of calling on him, and asked him to contribute something towards a poor worthy man, who had met with an accident, which rendered him unable to do his work; but instead of giving me anything, he said, scornfully, ‘I am not come to support a set of paupers. If you want any

money, go to the overseers.’ ‘What’s that?’ said Mrs. Lester, as I stood in the hall. ‘The old clerk is come begging.’ ‘Come begging! And does he think that we are going to support beggars in idleness, after being obliged to work so hard as we have done for our money. No: go, man. We have nothing to give. We shall have to pay poor’s-rates, I dare say, and I hope the overseers will be frugal in giving away our money.’”

“I could not help weeping,” added the old man, “By being driven away from the mansion, where I had been received in former times with so much kindness; and I thought of the old Jews, who wept aloud when they gazed on the second temple, because it was so inferior in magnificence to the former one. The mansion, Sir, looks better than it did when it lay in ruins; but it lost the Shekinah of its glory when Sir Thomas went to heaven; and now I look upon it as a painted sepulchre which looks beautiful to the eye; but is tenanted by spirits that breathe no vital breath of charity or good will to the poor.”

“Has he any family?”

We were now interrupted in our conversation by the entrance of the sexton, who came to toll the bell for the funeral of the eldest son of a gentleman of considerable wealth and importance in the parish. As I could not conveniently tarry during the solemnities of the service, I withdrew, and soon afterwards met my friend, with whom I returned home to an early dinner.

“Have you seen the old clerk in your rambles?” said Mrs. Mowbray.

“Yes, Madam, I saw him at the church.”

“Did he show you Sir Thomas’ tomb?”

“Yes, Madam.”

“And gave you, I presume, a detailed account of Sir Thomas and his lady, and his ancestors?”

“Yes, Madam.”

“And the history of the old Vicar, and his joke about taking his degree at Oxford, with a quotation or two from Goldsmith?”

“Yes, Madam.”

“And made a few references to the present occupier of the mansion, and instituted a few comparisons between present and former times? Is he not a most interesting man?”

“Indeed he is the most intelligent, and the best informed man of his profession I ever met with; and I hope, from some few expressions that fell from his lips, that he is pious.”

“Of his piety we have no doubt. He was once, like the Apostle before his conversion, a Pharisee of the stricter sort; but within the last few years, we hope he has been renewed in the spirit of his mind. He is a most benevolent and humane man; fond of reading and so attached to the memory of the old Vicar and the old Baron family, that he seems to regain the vivacity of his youth when speaking of them; and though he is not given to detraction, yet he cannot speak in praise of Mr. and Mrs. Lester. I suppose he told you of the reception he met with when he made his first visit; and gave you his beautiful figure of the temple and the sepulchre.”

“Why, Madam, you seem to know the full extent of the information he gave me.”

“Yes, Sir. He tells the same tales to every stranger who will give him an opportunity; and as his memory is now become very treacherous, except in relation to the earlier incidents and events of his life, he will tell the same tales to the same person again and again, without varying the order of the narrative, or introducing even another sentence or word, unless diverted by an obtruding question.”

“This is very common with very old people; and while it exhibits an affecting picture of the decaying state of the human mind, it is gratifying to find, that at this stage of existence, its religious principles appear active, and the visions of bliss which futurity discloses, not unfrequently elevate it above the tumultuous scenes of earthly vexation and care.”

“Did he make any reference to Miss. Lester?”

“He was going to reply to a question which I proposed to him, respecting the family which now occupies the mansion, but the sexton coming into the church at the time prevented him.”

“That is a circumstance which I regret, as you would have been much delighted. He is truly eloquent in her praise; but as she is a later actor in the

interesting drama of his history, he usually reserves his description of her to the last. That you may witness the mechanical fidelity of his memory, in his narratives and descriptions of the ‘olden times,’ and hear his simple eloquence in the praise of that most lovely and interesting character, we will invite him to spend the evening with us.”

The Modern Martyr. No. 2.

I remember an evening, tho' years are gone by,
Since that evening was spent; to my heart and my eye
It is present, by memory's magical power,
And reflects back its light on this far distant hour. — Barton

THAT THE HUMAN MIND generally attains its highest degree of cultivation in the immediate vicinity of our large towns and cities, is a fact so well established, that it is not necessary for me to adduce any formal arguments in confirmation of it; but yet I have met with some fine specimens of mental improvement amongst the inhabitants of our lonely villages. While they are generally excluded from those sources of knowledge which are placed within the reach of a more crowded population, they are not by nature inferior in their intellectual endowments; and often, amidst the rusticity of their character, and uncouthness of their manners, we discover a degree of shrewdness and intelligence which we should not expect. But even in these instances of rustic improvement, we see no departure from the established plan of providence, which requires the application of a certain order of means to bring out into action the capabilities of the mind; as we may invariably trace the influence of instruction imparted either by an oral teacher, or through the medium of books. The poet or the fabulist may describe man as acquiring the refinements of taste, and the stores of intellectual wealth, by the unaided efforts of his own genius; yet when we descend amongst the realities of life, we invariably find, that where there is no vision, the people remain in a state of ignorance — under the dominion of prejudices and passions, which debase and corrupt them. Hence, while works of imagination may be read for the gratification of our taste, we must look to other sources for correct views of men and of manners — of the causes of their improvement or degradation.

“We are very happy to see you,” said Mrs. Mowbray to the old clerk, as he entered the parlor; “I have the pleasure of introducing you to a gentleman of whom, I believe, you have some knowledge.”

At first the old gentleman did not recognize me, as his eyes were rather dim, through age; but when I advanced and gave him my hand, and made an allusion to the interview of the preceding day, he said, “I hope you are well, Sir.”

Having taken his seat, and cautiously unfolded his clean pocket handkerchief, which he placed on his right knee, to avoid soiling his clothes while the ceremonies of the tea table were performed, and put on his spectacles, which he rubbed with a piece of leather kept for that special purpose, he led off the conversation of the evening.

“Ah! Sir, it was a very affecting scene at our church yesterday. The father and the younger brothers of the young squire wept very much when the coffin was let down into the vault. He lies just alongside the old baron family; but I fear he never inherited their virtues.”

As the old man was now touching on his favorite theme of narration and description, I resolved to ascertain to what a degree the memory of an aged person can lose the recollection of recent communications, while it retains, strong and unimpaired, its more early associations and impressions. I therefore began by saying, “I believe you had some knowledge of some of the branches of the old baron family?”

“Yes, Sir; I remember when Sir Thomas, the last male branch of the family, was christened; and I knew his father; and my father has told me, that I was once taken to the mansion, when I was about six months old, to see Sir Thomas’ grandfather; but I don’t remember that.”

This occasioned a smile from the facetious Mrs. Mowbray, who said, “You knew the old Vicar, the Rev. Edward Wood, who was found when an infant by Sir Thomas’ father?”

“Yes, Madam; Sir Thomas’ father was a great sportsman, and he used to rise early in the morning to take the field. One morning,” etc., etc.

He gave us the story, and the quotations, and the joke, with as much glee as though he had never narrated it to us before; and an allusion being made to the present occupier of the old mansion, we had the comparison drawn

between the two families, the statement of his application to Mr. Lester on behalf of a poor man; his repulse; the figures of description, etc., etc., etc., in the most exact order.

This mechanical fidelity in the narrations of the aged, may supply to the philosopher an interesting subject of inquiry; while it often affords to the young and the facetious a source of innocent gratification; yet it teaches all a most humiliating lesson, by exhibiting the infirmities which may befall the deathless spirit of man, ere he gain that state of intellectual and moral perfection which is to be enjoyed when he is presented faultless before the presence of the only wise God and Saviour.

“Has Mr. Lester, who resides at the old mansion, any family?”

“Yes, Sir, he has several children; but Miss. Lester is the chief ornament of the family. She is equal in beauty, and in charity, and in condescension, to Sir Thomas’ lady; but I think she surpasses her in religious knowledge. It is to her instruction that I owe, under the divine blessing, my clearer views of Scripture truth, and the hope of a blissful immortality, that now gilds the evening of my life with its brightening beams.”

The statement which he gave us, though often heard before by my esteemed friends, was new to me; and as it may interest the pious reader, I will record the more prominent parts of it. And though by doing this. I may give the spirit of infidelity an opportunity of accusing me of painting from fancy rather than from life, yet as I feel no terror from its frowns, nor dread from its sarcastic invectives, I shall not suppress a well-attested fact as a compliment to its ignorance and anti-Christian enmity.

The old clerk was born within the pale of the establishment, and taught from his earliest days to observe all its laws, customs, and ordinances with the most scrupulous exactness; and as he felt anxious when a lad to gain the situation which he had now filled for the greater part of half a century, he became no less distinguished for his chaste morality, than his regular and punctual attendance at church. He had early imbibed the notion that God requires nothing more from man than a strict conformity to the religion of his forefathers, and the practice of the social virtues; and as he had never heard this opinion controverted, it became an established doctrine of his creed. Hence, when about fifteen years of age, he was confirmed by the Bishop of Salisbury, and soon afterwards took the sacrament; and so

desirous was he to excel in his religious attainments, that in addition to the Catechism and Belief, he learnt all the Collects and Prayers which are contained in the established formulary of devotion. Thus his life was gliding away, unruffled by the agitations of controversy, free from the cares which oppress the great, calmly waiting for the hour of his departure, when he expected a reunion with the spirits of his departed friends. Soon after the Lesters came to reside at the old mansion, he received a visit from the amiable Miss. Lester, who spent the greater part of her time in going about amongst the poor, distributing her alms of charity, conversing with them on religious subjects, and lending them books to read.

“The first time I saw her at church,” said the old man, “I thought she looked more like an angel than a human being; and when I heard of her deed of goodness, I thought my opinion was confirmed. She came to see me when I was ill, about two years since, and I shall never forget her visit; for though what she said gave me a great deal of uneasiness for some time, yet it led me to derive my hope of future happiness from a purer source than that from which I had been accustomed to derive it.”

He was sitting in his arm chair, very ill, when she entered his cottage; and having made some general inquiries respecting his indisposition, his age, etc., she expressed her hope that he was anticipating his entrance into that better world, where the weary are forever at rest.

“Yes, Miss,” he replied, “I have been fit to die for more than fifty years; for it is more than fifty years since I was confirmed by the Bishop of Salisbury, and since I first received the sacrament; and I don’t know that I have ever done any thing to injure anybody.”

“I am happy to learn that you have lived a comparatively blameless life, and that you have attended to the sacred ordinances of religion; but still, if you read the Scriptures, you will perceive that something more than this is required of us, before we can be admitted into the kingdom of heaven.”

“More than this! What?”

“Our Saviour says, Except a man be born again, he cannot see the kingdom of God.”

“I have been baptized, and my name stands in the church register.”

“But our Saviour says, Except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God. He here expressly states, that the baptism of the Spirit is necessary to fit us for heaven; and if you read the Epistles of the New Testament, you will perceive that the same requirement is enforced, by the Apostles again and again; as in the following passage: —”

“But after that the kindness and love of God our Saviour towards man appeared, not by works of righteousness which we have done, but according to his mercy he saved us, by the washing of regeneration, and renewing of the Holy Ghost; which he shed on us abundantly through Jesus Christ our Saviour; that being justified by his grace, we should be made heirs according to the hope of eternal life.”

“This, I must confess, is a new idea; and as it is one which appears to receive the sanction of the holy Scriptures, I will examine it.”

“And you will permit me to say, that I think you do not place your hope of final bliss on the proper foundation. You alluded to your religious habits, and to your comparatively blameless life, as forming, the basis of your hope of gaining an entrance into heaven; but if you read the New Testament with close attention, you will perceive that we are all sinners, in relation to God, though we may not violate any of the laws of human society; and that if we are ever delivered from that state of condemnation in which our transgressions have involved us, and admitted into the kingdom of heaven, it must be through faith in Christ Jesus, who has suffered for us, the just for the unjust, that we might be brought to God. For other foundation can no man lay than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.”

“All this,” said the old man, “was new to me; and though expressed in very plain language, yet I could not understand it. However, when Miss. Lester left me I took my Bible, and examined it, to see if her statement was correct; but before I began, I prayed to the Almighty Spirit to assist me by his teaching. If wrong, I prayed that he would correct my errors; and if right, I prayed that he would keep me from erring. The more I read, the more I wished to read. I was soon convinced that the foundation on which I had been building my hopes of salvation was a false one. This alarmed me. I now felt like the jailer at Phillipi, and adopted his prayer, ‘What must I do to be saved?’ My peace was gone, till it pleased God to enable me to

believe in the Lord Jesus Christ, and then it was restored, and became like the gently flowing river, that passes through our village, calm and permanent.”

“Are you not surprised that you should have remained for so many years entirely ignorant of the scriptural plan of salvation, notwithstanding all the advantages you have enjoyed to gain correct information?”

“I was, Sir, till I read the following passage of Scripture: — ‘But the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.’ When I read that passage, the mystery was explained; but now, blessed be his holy name. I can say, He hath revealed them unto me by his Spirit: for the Spirit searcheth all things, yea the deep things of God.”

The Modern Martyr. No. 3.

Hail, mildly pleasing solitude,
Companion of the wise and good,
But from whose holy, piercing eye
The herd of fools and villains fly.
Oh! how I love with thee to walk,
And listen to thy whisper'd talk,
Which innocence and truth imparts,
And melts the most obdurate hearts. — Thomson

IN THE IMMEDIATE NEIGHBORHOOD of the village there are some natural curiosities which attract the notice of the scientific traveler: the chief of which are, an echo, a grotto, and a quarry abounding with fossil remains. Amongst those, over whose minds the light of science has never thrown its rays, perhaps there is no object in nature which has excited more astonishment or given rise to a greater number of fabulous stories, than the faithful, yet invisible echo. The poets of antiquity, who were unable to account for it, imagined that it was a nymph in the solitudes of nature, occasionally bewailing her absent lover; and some of the inhabitants of far-famed Britain still believe, that it is a supernatural being responding to the voice of man. But these fanciful conceptions are exploded by the discoveries of philosophy, which have demonstrated, that it is the mere return of articulated sounds, from the singular construction of the place against which the vibrating air strikes.

I have read of some echoes that will repeat the sounds that are uttered as many as ten, seventeen, and even more than fifty times; but the echo of ——— was not quite so loquacious. Possessing more genuine modesty than the Milan echo, which Addison tells us will return the report of the pistol fifty-six times; or than the famous Woodstock-park echo, that replies seventeen times by day, and twenty by night; she consulted her own dignity

by answering me, when I spake only once; but she did this in a clear, loud, and harmonious, intonation of voice. While amusing myself by listening to the returning sounds of my own speech, I thought of the descriptive lines of the poet:

Echo in other's words her silence breaks,
Speechless herself, but when another speaks,
She can't begin, but waits for the rebound;
To catch his voice, and to return the sound.
Hence 'tis she prattles in a fainter tone,
With mimic sounds and speeches not her own.

The next object that engaged my attention was the grotto; which, if not equal in size to some others that are to be found in different parts of the kingdom, is surpassed by none in its power to awaken the sensibilities of a refined taste. The entrance to it is through an opening in the rock, which appears to have been rent asunder by some tremendous convulsion in nature; and which, being overhung with brambles, and the branches of the trees that grow on the top, assumes an appearance no less awful than grand. As I had no blazing torch, I did not advance farther than the light of heaven penetrated; but I could easily imagine, from the crystallizations which hung round the first compartment, that the *sanctum sanctorum* of its concealed glory must have been inimitably beautiful.

I now retired from this enchanting spot, which I thought might have afforded, in the days of persecution, a calm retreat to some hallowed band of worshippers, when driven from the public temple into the dens and caves of the earth, to offer up their evening oblations, and sing their midnight hymns of praise, to the God

“Who rules on high,”

to another scene of wonder, in which I traced the footsteps of justice, and the triumphs of mercy. The quarry, in which lie entombed the remains of many creatures that lived on the earth when Noah was building his ark, is at a considerable distance from the grotto: and though rarely visited by the inhabitants who reside in the village, supplies many curious specimens of fossils to the geologist, who, on descending, rejoices as one who has found

a great spoil. After making a small selection, I sat me down to muse on former times: and having a Bible in my pocket, I took it out, and read the account of the deluge, which Moses records in the seventh and eighth chapters of the book of Genesis. "And is it possible," I immediately exclaimed, "that with such facts and evidences, man can venture to deny the truth of this part of the Scripture Testimony! Yes; and so he would, if one rose from the dead to bear witness to it, as he is unwilling to admit the force of any argument in favor of the authenticity and inspiration of the sacred volume."

Having regaled myself with these sights and sounds, which proclaimed the glory of the great Supreme, I bent my steps towards the village; and as I was sauntering along, I saw the old clerk enter his little wicket gate. I quickened my pace; and had the gratification of resting myself on the same chair on which he sat, when the light of truth first shed its celestial beams over his darkened mind. His cottage stands about five hundred yards from the parish church. It is built of stone dug out of the quarry which I had just been examining, and is covered with a very neat thatch, with a small stack of chimneys at each gable end. The door is partly concealed by a porch, that was covered with various species of woodbine, which running up on the roof, fell back in hanging festoons on each side of the little Gothic windows. The garden presented a most beautiful sight. It was surrounded by an hawthorn hedge, with a few variegated holly trees, about seven feet high, tastefully trimmed at the tops, and standing at equal distances, bearing up the slender honeysuckles that entwined themselves round their stems and branches. Though not large it was divided into different compartments, and contained an assortment of the various flowers, vegetables, and fruits, that are usually cultivated in our best villages.

The interior of the cottage discovered the same elegance of taste: — the same nice disposition of its different articles of use and embellishment, and seemed from its quietude, the fragrance which pervaded it, and its enchanting appearance, to favor the romantic conceptions of the poets, who have lavished on a rustic scenery the richest colorings of their descriptive pencils.

The old man appeared very anxious that I should examine his curiosities; and lest I should overlook any, he took upon himself the labor of exhibiting them. "Here, Sir, is a silver buckle, which was found by my father fifty-two

years ago, when he was plowing in the homestead, and is supposed to have belonged to one of the old barons. He showed it to Sir Thomas who permitted him to keep it.

"This, Sir, is the horn that Sir Thomas' father used to drink out of when he returned from hunting. It was given to me by Sir Thomas.

"But this, Sir, is the greatest curiosity. It is the prayer book which the family used to use at church. You see it bears their coat of arms. That, Sir, is Fleetwood's *Life of our Saviour*, which was given to me by the old vicar, the Rev. Mr. Wood, who, when he died, left me an annuity of twenty pounds a year for my life."

His library contained a few odd volumes of the Spectator, the Gentleman's Magazine, the *Whole Duty of man*, Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, Thomson's *Seasons*, Young's *Night Thoughts*, and about thirty other volumes. "But, Sir," said the old man, with great animation, "this is greatest treasure," resting his hand on his Bible, which was laying on the table. "I have had this blessed book in my possession many, very many years; but like an AEolian harp when no air is stirring, it was thrown aside, and would have remained neglected, had not that Angel in human form taught me its value, and how to understand it. She came, Sir, and found me ignorant, yet presumptuous; dreaming of future happiness, when expecting it, as the reward of my righteous deeds; tottering on the verge of the grave, without any experimental knowledge of Him who is the resurrection and the life. But blessed be the holy name of my God, who of his great mercy sent his handmaid to teach me the way of the Lord more perfectly."

"You now, I presume, read your Bible more frequently than in former times, and with much greater interest?"

"Yes, Sir; it is now my constant companion. In former times I seldom read it, except at church; and when I did, I found no pleasure in reading any part of it, except the historical books, the book of Proverbs, a few of the Psalms, and a few of the Parables of our Saviour. I could not understand the Epistles, because the veil of ignorance was over my eyes; but now, blessed be the holy name of the Lord my God, that is taken away, and I see new beauties rising up before me every time I examine the sacred pages."

“You must now have a new, a purer, and a more definite class of pleasurable feelings, when engaged in the exercises of devotion, and when anticipating your entrance into the heavenly world?”

“Yes, Sir, I have!” he exclaimed, with more than usual animation, as a fine glow came over his wrinkled countenance. “Before I passed from death unto life, I had no feeling in my devotions, as they were conducted mechanically, rather than from supreme love to the great object of devotion. I was religious only by profession, for I had no conception of what the Apostle calls the power of godliness. My character was good, but my heart was deceitful, and I knew it not; and when I thought of heaven, I thought of going there, rather from necessity than from choice, as I had no desire to depart. And when I thought of the felicity of heaven, the highest conceptions which I could form of, it, was by supposing, that we should live there much as we do here, only we should suffer neither hunger, thirst, nor oppression. But now, a Saviour is become the medium of my access to the Father; the object of my dependence, and of my love, I feel as though I were introduced into a new world of being, in which all things are become new. I see the same church, I read the same Bible, and I exercise the same faculties, as in former times, but I now discover their relation to God, to the Redeemer, and to an eternal world, which was concealed from me in the days of my ignorance. I now can say, I am happy: happy, because redeemed by the precious blood of Christ; happy, because I can commune with the Holy One; happy, because I expect ere long to unite with the general assembly of heaven, who serve him day and night in his temple.”

“I suppose you often enjoy the society of the estimable Miss. Lester, to whose conversation, under the divine blessing, you attribute the great moral change which you have undergone?”

Never shall I forget the depressing effect which this question produced on the old man. He looked at me till the tears moistened his fine blue eyes, and wetted his aged cheeks; he heaved a deep sigh, as though nature had made the last gasp for life; and after pausing, to regain the power of utterance, he said, “Alas, no Sir! She often came to see me when she dwelt at home, and used to sit in that window seat, and talk to me about the Saviour; but now she is far away, and I never see her. Here is a letter, Sir, I received from her three months ago last Sunday evening;” taking it out of his side pocket, and handing it to me, “and if you would like to read it, you

are welcome. She called on me before she left, to bid me farewell, and then told me it was probable I should never see her again. She wept when she parted from me, and so did I, and I have often wept since, and if my tears would bring her back, I would weep day and night. She did not tell me why she was going to leave us, but since she left us, strange rumors are afloat.”

I now listened with deep interest to the old man’s story, and though at times I thought he was narrating the events of a recent and actual occurrence; at a other times, I thought that his mind had suddenly relapsed into a state of idiocy, and that he was now collecting, out of the fragments of some strange tales, of the iron age of intolerance, materials to form a regular history of a Modern Martyr. I knew not how to discredit, nor how to believe him; and having heard all he chose to tell me, and promised to renew my visit, I left him, amazed and deeply affected. “And can it be true! And is it possible? And has the evil genius of persecution outlived the revocation of his own laws? and dares he still linger about the valleys, and mountain tops of society, annoying and oppressing those whom he cannot, as in former times, destroy?”

The History Of Mr. Linger.

To The Editor.

AS IT IS your professed object to mark the prominent features and manners of the age, I am led to state my own case to you, with the hope that you will suggest such counsels and advices, as may prove useful to myself, and to others who are similarly circumstanced. If it be painful to have the mind held in a state of skeptical suspense, with reference to the grand concerns of a future world, it is hardly less so, to fall under the dire spell of procrastination; Through a series of years, and a succession of vicissitudes, I have been subject to this distressing thralldom; and, as many persons in the circle of my acquaintance are apparently in the same condition, a brief outline of my life may serve to characterize a class, as well as to delineate an obscure individual.

I was born and brought up in a small country town, and early habituated to attend public worship. Our family, which was large, sat under the ministry of a preacher, whose pungent and faithful addresses often touched and roused my conscience. I sometimes, during these seasons of excitement, retired to read the Bible, and offer up prayer to God in secret.

One discourse from the pulpit, on the subject of decision in religion, convinced me that both duty and interest required that I should make an immediate surrender of my soul into the hands of the Saviour, and firmly avow my attachment to his truth in the face of an ungodly world. I had, however, some juvenile companions, who partly by certain proposed schemes of pleasure, and partly by some artful strokes of raillery and turns of wit, put a check upon the frank and open profession of religion, which I was on the point of making. These associates were neither tinctured with infidelity, nor stained with profligacy; but, while they maintained a regard to the decencies of life, it was easy to perceive the strong recoil of their feelings from everything truly serious and devout. Pleased with their

company, and fearful of forfeiting their good opinion, or exposing myself to the light weapons of their ridicule, I partially suppressed the dictates of conscience, and began to search for reasons which might justify my conduct. These reasons seemed all to terminate at one point, viz. that an earnest attention to the great concerns of the soul, should only be deferred for a time, not superseded altogether.

During a period of ten years I flattered myself that as soon as I should settle in life, and become my own master, nothing would remain to hinder or delay the serious and resolute prosecution of the one thing needful. At the age of twenty-five, I married and commenced business. But now a new train of engagements and temptations, before I was aware, entangled my mind, and held me back from my original purpose. One worthy and conscientious man, I well remember, upon paying us a wedding visit, did indeed impart both to myself and my blooming bride, such excellent advice on the subject of religion, as made a considerable impression on my mind; but the effect was in a great measure destroyed by the opposite tendency of the conversation I had with different branches of my father's family, for the Lingers were very numerous, and, in a manner, swayed the whole town. A grave senior, who had the reputation of consummate prudence, and had been very prosperous in the world, advised me to shun the error of those who are righteous overmuch; to push on my business with spirit and activity, care and perseverance; to secure a large connection by accommodating myself to the customs, manners, and humors of my neighbors. I began to act according to this advice, and the success of the trade into which I had entered soon exceeded my most sanguine expectations.

But hardly had I tasted the sweets of gain, before I was attacked by a fever, which threatened to terminate my life. It was a visitation of terror and dismay. The solemn scenes of eternity were disclosed to view, and I felt myself unprepared and afraid to die! I wept, and prayed, and resolved, that, if I recovered, nothing should divert my attention from the things which belonged to my peace. I passed the crisis of the disorder, and slowly regaining my strength, seemed, as it were, brought back from the brink of the grave. For a time the serious impression remained on my mind, and I not only retired to the devotions of the closet, but also began to read prayers in my family. It was not long, however, that this course was pursued.

As I entered again into the world, the vivid scenes and awful realities of eternity, and the strong emotions which had shaken my soul, gradually sunk, till at length a cold crimping apathy took possession of every faculty and every feeling. This change in the frame of my mind was followed by a correspondent change in my conduct. Family prayer was now and then omitted, under the pretext of numerous and pressing engagements, and in a few months wholly laid aside. I continued in this state many years, though not without sharp checks of conscience, and occasionally renewing those resolutions which had been so often broken and destroyed, as bands of flax are consumed by the touch of fire. It is somewhat remarkable, that, though I often felt the preaching of the word like a probe piercing to the very quick, and filling me with anguish, I could never bring myself to neglect attending the house of God. In the spirit and manner of the minister, whom I constantly heard, there was always much affection blended with fidelity, and his life agreed with his doctrine. My convictions and feelings on the Sabbath were usually stifled and chilled by the tumults and cares of the week. At one period, within the short space of a month, I lost two lovely children, and the severe stroke went to my heart; the world appeared stripped of its charms, and I thought this was the time for turning my whole soul in good earnest to the things of God.

My friends were alarmed at what they termed the symptoms of melancholy, and pressed me, for the sake of health, to visit my uncle, Timothy Linger, in the metropolis. This relative was of a rather gay and sprightly turn, and in his house and society I soon lost every trace of serious impressions. Not that I ventured into the resorts of loose pleasure, for I never had a taste formed to relish the delights and dissipations of the fashionable world. My snares have been amidst the sober, and in some sense honorable habits of business. A thousand times have I said to myself, if I can but acquire a decent competence, which will enable me entirely to give up trade, how glad shall I be to pass the calm evening of life in piety and peace! Figuring in imagination some quiet lovely retreat, I said, Ah, there will I serve God, and seek an interest in his favor, which is the true secret and the only source of happiness! Yes; there no clamor shall stun my ears, no object of disgust offend my eyes, no disappointments and cares vex and harass my mind!

More than a quarter of a century I continued in business, and have now retired with considerable property. Yet I will frankly confess, that the same fatal spell of procrastination has followed me to the charming rural retreat I now occupy, and once fancied would be so propitious to my early purposes and best hopes. I find a vacancy around me, and feel a listlessness and torpor within, which cannot well be defined. It is true, the passions of youth have subsided, and the anxieties of trade and commerce are abandoned; yet certain mysterious invisible ties still bind me to this world, though growing conviction of its emptiness and insufficiency evinces the folly of making it my rest and portion I have leisure, books, means of religious instruction, motives to watchfulness and prayer, and monitions of my own frailty and approaching dissolution, continually thickening upon me. Whence then this reluctance to think of eternity, or to prepare to meet my God? It is not that I doubt the truth of Christianity, which had been sealed by so many signs and miracles; it is not that I question the importance and value of that felicity, which the doctrines disclosed beyond the dark confines of the grave. The propensity to delay, which has been my sin and snare through life, is even now the chief source of my danger. Tell me, Sir, if possible, how I am to escape an entanglement which to this hour holds me in thralldom; how I am to dissipate a delusion which tantalizes and mocks me at every successive stage of my mortal pilgrimage; how I am to make the grand realities of eternity predominate over the toys and trifles of time! It is a miserable state to act in habitual opposition to the sober and deliberate convictions of one's own judgment. Is there no means of raising the tone and temper of the mind, of reconciling the dictates of conscience, and the tendencies of the will? Tell me, Sir, if you can, how those weighty and momentous truths, which completely command the assent of my understanding, may control and effectually engage my affections; how the vivid impressions which the scenes and solemnities of a future everlasting state at times produce, may become more permanent and practically influential; how the resolutions, formed in my best hours, may be so strengthened and sustained, as to be capable of resisting the arts and assaults of my confederate spiritual enemies. Shall those dilatory and indolent habits continue till my few remaining sands are run down, till the dim taper of life sinks into the socket, and sends forth its last fitful blaze? Shall I be still riveted to this point of wretchedness, on which I have been so long writhing? Sensible I am, that a

narrow space only separates me from a state of endless woe or endless joy; and it is therefore high time to wake out of sleep.

I have ingenuously stated my case, and shall be happy to receive such counsels and aids from you, or any one, as shall save me from any farther procrastination, and lead me at once and without reserve, to turn to the hope set before me in the Gospel. Your's,

THOMAS LINGER

The Modern Martyr. No. 4.

The sense to value riches, with the art
T' enjoy them, and the virtue to impart,
Not meanly, nor ambitiously pursued,
Not sunk by sloth, nor rais'd by servitude:
To balance fortune by a just expense,
Join with economy, magnificence:
With splendor, charity: with plenty, health:
Oh teach us. — Pope

PERHAPS there is no country in which there are so many fluctuations amongst the different orders of society, as in this kingdom; and though we would not exclude the agency of divine providence, in deciding, who shall sink, and who shall rise, yet we are at liberty to trace up the changes to the causes which produce them. Some of the descendants of those mighty men, who once regulated the balance of trade, and who, by their over grown wealth excited the envy of the public mind, may now be found amongst the paupers of our parishes; while the children of indigence and obscurity are rolling in wealth, occupying the chief places of renown in our land. And though we will not deny, but the descent, from unbounded affluence, to abject poverty, may sometimes be effected by a combination of extraordinary circumstances, which no foresight could guard against, yet in general it is owing to a spirit of indolence and extravagance, which is too often cherished by those who inherit property, which has been accumulated by the industry and frugality of others. Coming into the possession of large treasures which have been collected by other hands they feel no disposition to augment them; and conceiving that they are inexhaustible, like the prodigal of Judea, they spend them in riotous living. And though in most cases, when they have begun their career of dissipation, their ruin, in the estimation of every wise man, is inevitable; yet they proceed with an

heedless, and an accelerating progress, spurning from them, contemptuously, the advice of friendship, till they are plunged into the depths of misery.

And if we advert to the elevation of some of the lower orders of society, and the wealth which they have acquired in their respective professions, we shall be able to account for it, without resorting to the aid of miracles. They have risen gradually; the property which they have acquired, has been acquired by their own industry; and being forced by the peculiarity of their circumstances, to watch over every item of expenditure with the most vigilant care, they imbibe habits of frugality and economy, which are the safeguard of their riches.

As it is but rarely that the human character has obliterated, from its first impressions, we may often trace the influence of early associations and habits amongst those who have been removed out of their original condition in the social system. Hence the fallen, discover a loftiness of mind, a refinement of taste, a generosity of disposition, which combine to make them interesting, in their low estate; while their rivals, who have sprung out of the dust, not unfrequently, when clothed in purple, and pampered by indulgence, betray the meanness of their origin by their vulgar hauteur, their niggardliness, and their illiberality.

When walking with my friend Mr. Mowbray, we perchance met Mr. and Mrs. Lester, who were very polite in their way; but it was evident that they had never studied Chesterfield. But much as I admire the gracefulness of elegant manners, and the fascination of a courteous demeanor; I have so often found them unaccompanied by sterling principles of moral goodness, that they have, in some measure lost their charm; and hence, I am accustomed, when introduced into any new company, to enquire into character, that I may not be deceived. The story which the old clerk narrated to me on the preceding day, had excited such powerful feelings in my breast, that I recoiled from all intercourse with them; and when we separated, they, going their way, and we, going ours, I ventured to ask my friend, if he were intimate with them.

We speak, Sir," he replied, "but we are not intimate."

"He is, I believe, a man of considerable property."

“Yes, Sir, he is a man of property, but wealth has no attractions in my eye, only as it is associated with the principles of benevolence and honor.”

Mr. Lester, I was informed, sprang from poor, yet reputable parents, who obtained for him a situation as errand boy in a large bookseller’s shop. Possessing good natural talents, and being of an active and ingenious turn of mind, he rose in the esteem and confidence of his master, who advanced him from one situation in his employment to another, till he became the principal man in the establishment. This station he occupied for several years, and having resolved, when a lad, to cultivate the most rigid habits of economy, he saved a considerable sum of money during the term of his servitude, which, with a small fortune he had with his wife, enabled him, at the decease of his master, to take to the business. For some few years he had to contend with the usual difficulties which are felt by tradesmen, whose capital is not adequate to their demands, but he eventually overcame them, and acquired a very large property.

There are few tradesmen in modern times, who are more intelligent than booksellers, and we may easily account for it, from their intercourse with men of general literature; but Mr. Lester being intent only on the acquisition of money, paid but little attention to the improvement of his mind. He knew how to buy and sell, with any man in the trade: could quote title pages, and the number of the editions, with great facility: but as he seldom waded beyond the preface, he could give no account of the works which passed through his hands, except what he acquired from reviews, or the current opinions of his customers. Indeed, he often said, that is the best book, which has the greatest run — estimating its quality by the extent of its sale, rather than its real excellence.

As he had imbibed, at a very early period in his life, some very strange prejudices against what he termed the Methodists in the Church, and the Methodists out of it, he hesitated, for sometime, on the propriety of giving any circulation to the productions of their pen, till he submitted this case of conscience, to the decision of Mrs. Lester, who very gravely remarked, “our business is to get money, and if we don’t sell these works, others will, and therefore, I think it is our duty to study the taste of our customers.” This reference to the doctrine of profits, overcame all his pious scruples, and he soon found that sacred literature was as productive of gain, as profane. When rallied on this point, by his worthy rector, who had just denounced

from the pulpit the enthusiastic productions of the press — urging his parishioners to avoid reading them, as they would avoid touching the body of a man who had died of the plague, he replied,

“I agreed with you Doctor, on Sunday morning, respecting the tendency of such works, but I am happy to find, that your sermon did not produce the effect you intended.”

“How so, Mr. Lester, how so?” replied the worthy Doctor.

“Why, Doctor, your sermon was intended to prevent the people from purchasing the books you condemned.”

“Certainly, certainly; and don’t you think my arguments were very just and conclusive.”

“They may have been just, but if they had been conclusive, they would have half ruined me.”

“Why, you know, Mr. Lester, that the interest of individuals must be occasionally sacrificed to promote the general good. That you know is a favorite opinion of mine. And if, sir, you should sustain some loss, in consequence of the sermon which I delivered on Sunday morning, you ought to be consoled by this reflection, that our church will be made more secure.”

“No man, Doctor, feels a greater regard for the church as by law established; and no man can feel a greater abhorrence against all the fanatics of the age, than I do; but I have a family to maintain, and therefore I think my first duty is to make provision for them.”

“Very true, Mr. Lester, very true; and you shall have all my influence.”

“Then, Doctor, I wish you would preach that sermon, once a month.”

“How so, Mr. Lester, how so; if it will lessen the number of your customers?”

“If, Doctor, it would lessen the number of my customers, I would give you a handsome price for the manuscript, and place it where you wish to place the works you condemned, in the darkness of oblivion; but it produced quite the contrary effect.”

“What! Mr. Lester! what! Mr. Lester: the contrary effect?”

“Yes, Doctor, for I had scarcely opened my shop on Monday morning, before the works which you condemned were asked for; and I have sold three times as many this week, as I ever sold in one week in my life.”

“Indeed! how can you account for that Mr. Lester?”

“Why, Doctor, you excited the curiosity of the people, who very naturally felt anxious to read what you thought proper to condemn.”

“Do you say so, Mr. Lester.”

“Yes, Doctor.”

“But I hope, that notwithstanding my sermon has had the effect you mention, that my parishioners will feel that disgust by reading these fanatical works which you and I feel, Mr. Lester.”

“Why Doctor, if I were to speak as a churchman, I should say I hope they will; but you know I sustain a two-fold character; I am a churchman and a bookseller; and therefore, when I speak as a bookseller, I say that I hope they will catch the mania.”

“It is a great misfortune, Mr. Lester, when a man follows a profession which is not in exact accordance with his principles. You see the danger of it. His love of gain makes him do what his conscience censures him for. But, Mr. Lester, permit me to ask you one question; do you think that the reading of these books has any bewitching effect on the minds of the people?”

“Why, Doctor, you must know, that there is no power so strong as the power of the press; and if I express my opinion, I must say, that with the exception of infidel publications, there are no works which gain over such a number of admirers, nowadays, as those which we call fanatical. They are indeed bewitching. And I am sorry to say that I have a melancholy instance of it, in my own family. One of my daughters, who is a very intelligent and accomplished girl, is now become, I fear, a confirmed fanatic by reading some of Miss. Hannah More’s Works. I have endeavored, and so has her mother, to reason her out of her new opinions, but all is in vain. When they once get infected with this moral disease, they generally become incurable.”

“Miss. Hannah More, I have no doubt, Mr. Lester, is a very excellent lady, and I have heard that she does some little good amongst the poor; but I

have long thought, that her writings have a most pernicious influence over the public mind. She is, in my opinion, the patron saint of the modern enthusiasts who infect our church — to the charms of whose pretended sanctity, and fanatical writings, we are to attribute, the extensive prevalence of what you very properly call a moral disease. Yes, it is a moral disease, and one which if not expelled from amongst us, will corrupt the whole body. And has one of your daughters taken it, Mr. Lester? This is a circumstance which you may regret, but you ought not to complain; [for if a person will sell tares, he ought not to be surprised if a few grains fall into his own field.]”

“Very true, Doctor, but still I wish you would look in some day, when you are disengaged, and see if you cannot reclaim her, before she is irrecoverably gone. You would confer a lasting obligation on the family, as we feel rather degraded by the introduction of this fanatical religion amongst us.”

“Very well, Mr. Lester, I will. But you must give me a list of her opinions that I may have time to examine into them; and then I shall be better able to enter on the task of refutation.”

“Shall I send them to the Rectory, Doctor?”

“Yes, Mr. Lester; do — do.”

“When, Doctor?”

“Why, Mr. Lester, I am engaged at a card party tonight; and tomorrow I expect to leave home for a week or two, for Cheltenham; but when I return I shall be happy to serve you.”

The Modern Martyr. No. 5

Ah, methinks, this wo'rd how fair
Were it but from sin refined!
Man how free and happy there,
Were he pure, as God is kind;
But the breath of sin has past
O'er it like a poison blast.

Lovely still, some happy hours
Beam between, to glad us here
And these forest-thicket bowers
Almost void of ill appear,
Smiling as if nought had been
Here to mar the lovely scene.

Yet how many forms of harm,
E'en these greenwood coverts bear!
Well the deer starts with alarm,
Well the wild bird shuns the snare:
And within the flowery brake,
Lurks the evil-venomed snake." — Edmeston

A Letter addressed to the Rev. Dr. ———

REVEREND SIR,

I send you a list of the opinions which my daughter holds on the different points of religion; and if you will fulfill your kind promise, when disengaged from your numerous duties, and call and see her, and eradicate from her heart, these fatal tares of error, you will confer a lasting obligation

on our family. I forgot to add in my list of errors, that she will not admit that you preach the gospel. I need not say, how much this latter charge has affected us, nor should I have mentioned it to you, but I think it proper to let you know, how far she is led astray. I am, reverend sir, your humble . and obedient servant,

A. LESTER.

Articles Of Belief.

She believes that all men are guilty and depraved; and that the most virtuous require the same repentance as the most profligate; and the same moral process to fit them for heaven.

She believes that there is another regeneration, besides the regeneration by baptism, which she calls a spiritual renovation of the heart, and that without it, the most virtuous cannot be admitted into the kingdom of heaven.

She believes that good works have no influence in procuring for us the favor of Almighty God; but that it is by faith alone that we can be saved.

She believes, that even the most virtuous, when they take a correct view of their own heart and nature, will admit, that they are very great sinners in the sight of God.

She believes that it is wrong for a Christian to conform to any of the fashionable customs of the . world; and that he ought to be habitually thinking of death and eternity.

She believes, that it is the duty of every one who imbibes her notions, to propagate them, not only in this country, but in foreign nations; and that they should retrench from their domestic expenditures, to contribute to the funds of the different Evangelical Societies, that are established amongst us.

And she acts on her belief; and the consequence is, we cannot get her to go with us to the theater, or any other place of public amusement; she is always talking to us about the awful mysteries of our faith, or excluding herself from our society; and though she appears happy in her way, yet we fear it will bring on delirium, or a confirmed melancholy.

We have consulted Dr. ———, who has seen her, and has given it as his opinion, that from her peculiar temperament and sanguine disposition, unless some plan can be devised to divert her attention from religious subjects, he won't answer for the consequences. He says, that the religious mania that is abroad, is impairing the intellectual character of the nation, but no class is more affected by it than the female parts of society. In this opinion I have no doubt you will concur, and regret with me, that its prevalence is so extensive.

Though neither Mr. nor Mrs. Lester had received a liberal education, yet they were so thoroughly convinced of the importance of it, in the present day, that they resolved to spare no expense, in having the minds and the manners of their children cultivated by the most skilful masters; and taking the advice of a particular friend, they placed them at a very fashionable boarding school, which was established in the suburbs of the city in which they lived. Miss. Lester, being the eldest of the daughters, had finished her education some years before her two younger sisters left the establishment: and having a thirst for knowledge, and such a favorable opportunity of gratifying it, she devoted a considerable portion of her time to that it materially impaired her health; and it was deemed expedient to send her to Teignmouth for its recovery. When it was proposed to her, she readily consented: and having an intimate friend, an old school-fellow, with whom she had kept up a regular correspondence, who intended to spend a few of the summer months in that lovely retreat of fashion, she soon made arrangements to accompany her.

The temptations of watering places are so numerous, and so fascinating, that few can withstand them; and it often happens that those who frequent them, sustain more moral injury than they derive physical advantage. There is necessarily an interruption given to the ordinary habits of life; and as no immediate object engrosses the attention. besides that of recreative pleasure, the energy of the mind soon becomes relaxed, and unfitted for every kind of intellectual pursuit. The scenes, and the scenery of the place, capable of very little variation, cannot retain that vivid power of impression which they possess while the dew of novelty rests upon them; and hence to avoid that complete ennui, which the dull monotony of sights as well as sounds will produce, it is found necessary, on these occasions, to admit of a more unreserved intercourse with strangers, than the usual decorum of

domestic society is known to tolerate. Indeed, those who first pass each other as entire strangers, very soon begin to feel an intimacy by frequent passings and repassings on the same promenade or in the same rural walks; and yielding to the bows and courtesies which politeness gives, they first speak, then chat and laugh, then exchange visits, and then cultivate a real, or a dissembled friendship. And if none but men of honor and of virtue resorted to these summer retreats, there would be comparatively little danger to be apprehended from this repeal of the standing law of society, which keeps apart its various members, till their principles and characters are known; but there the vultures of destruction direct their course, and often meet with unsuspecting victims, which they prepare for ruin. Skilled in all the arts of intrigue, polite in their manners, loquacious and obsequious, they waylay the unprotected female, who, having no suspicion of their dishonorable motives, gives her company and then her affections to the base spoiler of domestic happiness. Hence arises the absolute necessity on the part of parents, not to suffer their children, especially their daughters, to go to these places, except they go with them, or some wise and judicious friend, under whose protection they can take shelter.

As Miss. Lester was a fine figure, handsome and accomplished, she excited general attention: was admitted into the first circles of fashion; admired no less for the sprightliness of her wit, than the elegance of her manners, and became the prize for which several of the loungers of dissipation were contending. At length, a Mr. Murry was declared the successful candidate, in whose company she was seen, taking her morning and her evening walks. From his appearance, his style of living, and the society which he usually kept, he was considered to be a man of great property and respectability; who had, like the group around him retreated from the busy scenes of life to enjoy the calm and repose of Teignmouth. But after the lapse of a few weeks, a circumstance occurred which excited the suspicion of Miss. Hutchinson, the friend and companion of Miss. Lester. She received an anonymous letter, informing her, that Mr. Murry was a mere fortune hunter, who had left London in the most urgent extremity, with the hope of being able by artful intrigue, to gain a fortune at some watering place.

This letter, she concealed from her friend, as she was not willing to become the medium for the conveyance of any libelous attacks on the

reputation of another, yet she resolved to watch his movements, and endeavor, by indirect interrogations to ascertain, if possible, who, and what he was. She proceeded in her plan of enquiry very cautiously; but she could elicit no satisfactory information, as he, with great dexterity, turned away every question which bore any relation to his connections or his circumstances. This, she thought, tended to confirm the correctness of the anonymous communication she had received; yet without fresh proof, she did not like to express her opinion as she felt too high a regard for the principle of honor, to take any step that should injure him in the esteem of her friend.

Having been frequently pressed to take a day's excursion, Miss. Lester and her friend at length consented, and they set off early in the morning, in a landau, to view the more remote scenery of this romantic part of the country. They stopped to dine and take tea at Sidmouth, and in the interval took a survey of the town. When they were prepared to leave, Mr. Murry entered the parlor in great apparent perplexity, saying, that he had unluckily left his purse behind, and solicited the loan of a few pounds till his return. This was immediately granted, and they drove back to Teignmouth. On entering the drawing room, Miss. Lester found a letter from her father, urging her to return home in the course of the following week. This information she communicated to Mr. Murry, who expressed his hope, that she would defer her departure as long as possible. The next morning he called rather earlier than usual, and having expressed a desire to have a private interview with Miss. Lester, she dressed, and they walked away together. They did not return till some time after the usual dinner hour had elapsed; and though during the evening she kept up her usual flow of spirits, yet after Mr. Murry's departure she became reserved and depressed.

"I guess," said Miss. Hutchinson, "that you will leave Teignmouth with more reluctance than you entered it."

"I shall. Indeed I shall; for, as I abhor dissimulation, I feel that I have lost the government of my passions."

"The same calamity has befallen you which has befallen others; but I presume you do not consider your loss, as a calamity."

"It may be a calamity."

“Yes, if the object of your affections be not worthy of them.”

“I cannot doubt but Mr. Murry is deserving of the high esteem in which we hold him. Have you, my dear Charlotte, any suspicions?”

“I don’t know him.”

“Not know him!”

“I mean, I have no knowledge of his connections or circumstances.”

“I have no doubt but he is a gentleman of great respectability; and considerable affluence; and you must admit, that he is intelligent and interesting.”

“He is intelligent, and interesting in his manners; but—”

“But what! my dear. What is the meaning of the settled gravity of your countenance? Have you any suspicions?”

“Has he returned the sum you lent him at Sidmouth?”

“No. It escaped his recollection, I have no doubt.”

“I hope, my dear Miss. Lester, that his forgetfulness was the only reason why he has not returned the loan; but I doubt it.”

“And have you any suspicion, that he is not what he professes to be?”

“May I speak what I think?”

“Yes, Yes; if every word you utter should be a barbed arrow.”

“I do not wish to wound.”

“But silence will wound, more than speech. Tell me what you think, and tell me all. I have not one so far, but I may retrace my steps, if Mr. Murry has deceived me.”

“The circumstance of his leaving his purse behind, would not have excited any suspicion in my mind, if he had not borrowed a much larger sum than was necessary to defray the expenses of the excursion.”

“But, perhaps he had made no accurate calculation of the expenses.”

“Well, I will admit the force of this apology; but when I view it in connection with his not returning it, according to his reiterated pledge, I

cannot avoid, my dear Charlotte, expressing my fears respecting him. For considering all circumstances, there was a degree of indelicacy in soliciting a loan from you, which a gentleman must have felt too deeply and keenly to have easily forgotten. His pride must have been mortified.”

“Oh, no! He had confidence.”

“Yes, but I think a man of honor would have been extremely anxious to have redeemed his pledge by returning the money, that our confidence in him might not be shaken. We must remember one of the sage maxims of our late estimable governess, ”little things develop character.”

“He ought certainly to have fulfilled his engagement, but as it slipped my memory, I have no doubt but it escaped his. He has engaged to take breakfast with us tomorrow, and then I have no doubt, all your suspicions will be removed.”

The next morning they waited breakfast till eleven o’clock, but Mr. Murry did not make his appearance. They were both perplexed to account for it.

“Some accident has befallen him,” said Miss. Lester. “He is ill.”

At length they were relieved from their anxieties by the reception of the following note.

“Mr. Murry’s respectful compliments to the Ladies, and begs to apologize for his unavoidable absence from the breakfast table, but having a friend from London on special business, he could not leave him, but he intends doing himself the honor of calling in the afternoon, with his friend.

“Wednesday, noon.”

About four, he was ushered into the drawing room, in company with his friend, whose style of dress and whose manners, were not like those of a well-bred gentleman. He looked pale and dejected; talked with an incoherent rapidity, or fell into a profound reverie; alternately laughed and sighed; and appeared so embarrassed that he excited as much sympathy as astonishment.

“I am sorry to inform you, ladies, that the special business on which my friend has come to Teignmouth, renders it necessary for me, to depart for town this evening; but I hope to be back before you return home.”

And having taken his leave of them, he retired.

“There is a mystery in this,” said Miss. Lester, “which I cannot explain.”

“I think I can, but I fear that the explanation will wound my dear Charlotte.”

“But the explanation will not inflict a deeper wound than this strange conduct of Mr. Murry’s has done. Why did he bring his friend on such an occasion, when it ought to have been more congenial to his feelings to have come alone!”

The anonymous letter was now produced, which Miss. Lester read; but remained silent. On arising from her seat, and walking towards the window, she saw a note laying on the side table, which she immediately perceived was directed in the hand writing of Mr. Murry. She opened it with great eagerness, and read.

“Mr. Murry’s respectful compliments, to Miss. Lester, and regrets that in consequence of his being obliged to leave for London before he received an expected remittance, it is not in his power to return the few pounds he borrowed at Sidmouth; but as he expects to return before Miss. Lester leaves Teignmonth, he presumes she will feel no inconvenience from it. This hasty departure may excite some degree of surprise in the breast of Miss. Lester and her amiable friend, but they need not be uneasy on his account, as he rather expected the message which calls him away from their endearing society.”

The Modern Martyr. No. 6.

Benignant time's insensible erasure
May mitigate the heart-felt pangs of sorrow. — Barton

The departure from Teignmouth — Treachery of man — The tendency of works of fiction — The inefficacy of public amusements to restore tranquility to an agitated mind — Cowper — Madam Guion — Religion.

THE NEXT POST brought Miss. Hutchinson another anonymous letter, written in the same hand as the former, of which the following is a copy.

"MADAM, — I gave you, some time since, a sketch of the character and of the circumstances of Mr. Murry, and informed you of the design of his visit to Teignmouth; not to injure him, but to save your amiable friend from ruin. That letter by being anonymous, was probably disregarded; but as recent circumstances have confirmed the correctness of its statements, I think it right, as a man of honor, and the father of a family, again to address you. Mr. Murry was arrested yesterday, and taken away by a sheriff's officer; not having sufficient money to discharge the arrears that were due at his lodgings. As this fact is now the topic of general conversation, you will most likely hear of it, when you see some of your friends; though it is possible, that you may have heard of it before this reaches you. Yours, respectfully,

“AMICUS”

Miss. Lester was too deeply affected by the abrupt departure of Mr. Murry, to admit of any fresh communication which reflected disgrace

on his reputation, and therefore Miss. Hutchinson very prudently suppressed this letter, and forbore making any allusions to him. She hoped that her friend, who assumed an air of pleasantry, and chatted with her usual hilarity of spirits, would soon conquer the passion by which she had been enslaved; and when convinced of the baseness of the man who had deceived her, spurn him from her affections, with indignant contempt. To prevent her from musing on this mysterious affair, and having her imagination tinged by the melancholy shades of sorrow, she exerted all the energy and vivacity of her mind, and endeavored, by recalling the more pleasing incidents of their visit, to obliterate those impressions which she feared would become permanent unless speedily effaced. She knew that her friend, from the cast of reading, to which she had devoted her attention, had caught the spirit of romance; and presumed, that while under its dominion, she might feel more disposed to cherish the fond illusions of her fancy, than listen to the sober dictates of reason; and hence judged it proper to hasten her departure.

It was a fine, pleasant evening. The sky was serene; the air soft, and salubrious; and the numerous parties were abroad, some in groups and some in pairs, inhaling the pure breath of heaven, and amusing themselves, some in one way, and some in another.

“Let us join them,” said Miss. Hutchinson, to her friend, who was watching their sportive maneuvers.

“The place has lost all its charms.”

“Not all. There is the same hill and dale; the same bleating sheep, and the shepherd’s dog; the same declining sun; and the same rippling waves that have so often charmed your romantic muse.”

“Very true, my dear, but their animating spirit is gone. Yes, I feel it. They now present no more beauty to my eye, than a sterile desert. Nature is a cheerless blank. Don’t you think Mr. Murry will return?”

“I think he will not; and I have a reason for thinking so.”

“Do you still suspect his honor?”

“More than ever.”

“What is the reason to which you refer?”

“I dread to disclose it.”

“Disclose it, my dear Maria, though it be the most frightful object that ever disturbed my brain.”

“Will you forgive me?”

“Not if you hold me in suspense. I can bear up under a visible calamity, though dark and portentous; but if my imagination is left to create its own miseries, they become insupportable.”

“I do it with reluctance, because I fear that it will wound the wounded breast, but as you urge it, I comply.”

She then gave her the letter, which she read, and remained silent for some minutes. Her countenance betrayed the conflict of her passions.

“I will not believe it — it is a plot got up by some evil spirit, who, wishing to destroy his reputation, has grounded the charge of arrest on the fact of his sudden departure with his friend.”

“But, my dear Charlotte, do not previous circumstances corroborate the correctness of this communication? Think of his borrowing money of you at Sidmouth — his not returning it, according to his promise, and his note of apology for not paying you when he left.”

“These circumstances are strong corroborations to a person who is disposed to believe the statement; but as it is no unusual thing for men of property, when from home, to be disappointed of their remittances, I see no force in them.”

“But would he have brought his friend with him, when he came to take such an abrupt leave, if he could have come alone? does not this, my dear Charlotte, look suspicious?”

“That is a point I feel. It does look suspicious, I grant; but still there may have been other reasons besides that of necessity, why he brought that stranger. That stranger may be some rich relation, from whom he has large expectations; and wishing to conciliate his good opinion, from motives of policy he might have introduced him.”

“If so, why did he not behave to him in his usual courteous manner? Did you not mark the distant yet awed respect with which he treated him?”

“I was too much confused by the news of his sudden departure, to notice either the stranger or the manner in which he was treated. There is, I grant, an air of mystery around the affair, which I cannot fathom; but this is no valid cause of suspicion, as many of the most brilliant passages in the history, of adventurous life have emerged out of scenes equally inexplicable and confounding.”

“It is not my wish, my dear Charlotte, as you well know, to disturb your happiness; nor do I feel inclined to injure the reputation of Mr. Murry: but I cannot see you advancing towards the precipice of danger, without feeling anxious to recover you. That you should think and talk as you now do, is perfectly natural, because your passions have gained an ascendancy over your judgment, and you look at recent occurrences through an inverted medium, which deceives you. But it has just struck me, that there is one circumstance stated in the letter, which will clear up the mystery in which you suppose the affair is involved.”

“Indeed! what is that?”

“The writer states not only his arrest, but that he had not sufficient money to discharge the arrears that were due at his lodgings; and adds, that these facts are now the topic of general conversation. If this be false, the whole may be false; but if true, I think the point is decided. Shall I go and make a few calls, when most likely, if it be as stated, I shall hear something?”

“Yes, do. If he has deceived me, he must be —— but I cannot utter any reproachful terms — It cannot be.”

Miss. Hutchinson stepped out, and after gaining the information which she expected to receive, she returned, and found Mrs. and Miss. ——, with whom they had formed a slight acquaintance during their visit at Teignmouth, sitting with Miss. Lester. As they knew of the intimacy which subsisted between her and Mr. Murry, they had called to congratulate her on the danger which she had escaped, and gave her a detailed history of his life. She listened with apparent indifference, yet said she was much obliged by the kind interest they took in her welfare.

After they withdrew, she took the notes, and letters she had received from him, and after tearing them to atoms, pronounced him unworthy her

notice. Having done this she turned to her friend Miss. Hutchinson and said,

“I shall now leave Teignmouth with less regret than I anticipated; but time alone will be able to disengage my mind, from the illusive associations and impressions which I have been cherishing with such romantic ardor. I have read of the treachery of man, as well as of his honor, but now I feel it, and it is a strange feeling. I long thought that the dark shades of his picture, were the fictitious colorings of the faithless painter; but now, I perceive that the beauteous lights are the false touches of his pencil. He is called the lord of the creation, but is he not the great Apollyon of our bliss? I shall suffer for my credulity, but I will not die a martyr to the treachery which has deceived me.”

“I am happy to hear you, my dear Miss. Lester, express such noble sentiments; and I doubt not but you will very soon regain that mental composure which you enjoyed before this affair took place. I have been thinking that as you would not like to mix with our friends who converse on scarcely any other subjects, that the sooner we leave Teignmouth, the more agreeable to your feelings.”

“Leave! yes, tomorrow if possible; but, as that cannot be the case, let us fix on a very early day.”

She immediately wrote off to her parents, to say, that they might expect to see her in the beginning of the next week; and having made arrangements, they took leave of their friends; and departed for home on the following Monday morning.

There is no reading which has such a pernicious effect on the female mind as the works of fiction; because they generally give false views of the human character, and imperceptibly induce her to anticipate some strange incidents in the history of her life, as necessary to complete and embellish it. Hence from the notions she is taught to imbibe, she is precluded from paying attention to the commonplace maxims of prudence and circumspection, on which her honor and her happiness depend; and not unfrequently has bitterly to deplore the existence of those circumstances, which, when they first rose before her imagination she hailed as the precursors of her bliss. To this species of composition, which is certainly very bewitching in its attractions, we may attribute much of the evil and the misery which prevail in society: and though I will not go so far as to say

that it invariably leads its impassioned admirers to ruin, yet it invariably vitiates the moral taste, and predisposes the mind to yield to those impressions and solicitations which the base destroyers of female felicity generally employ to accomplish their unhallowed purposes. And though I feel no disposition to prescribe all works of imagination, yet too much care cannot be exercised in making the selection for the gratification and improvement of the young; as to their influence, in consequence of the deep and powerful interest which they generally excite, they are often more indebted for their sentiments, their principles and their tendencies, than to the instructions which they derive from the facts of history, or the grave maxims of didactic wisdom.

Miss. Hutchinson consented to remain with her friend a few weeks after her return home; as she was anxious by her personal attentions to counteract the effect which recent circumstances had very obviously produced, and supposing that the public amusements of the city would prove a very powerful auxiliary, she enticed her to the theater and the concert, where amidst the fascinating scenes which strike the eye, and the sounds of harmony which fall on the ear, she imagined that the treachery of Teignmouth would be forgotten. But she was disappointed. The wound was too deep to be healed by these fantastic expedients. The silly actors performed their silly parts; and the soul-reviving music sent forth its sweetest notes, which excited the transient emotion of pleasure, and the sympathetic smile without restoring the vivacity of her spirits, or preventing the bloom of health fading from her countenance.

“I feel,” said Miss. Lester, when solicited by her friend to accompany her to a public ball, “that I have been looking at the world through a false medium, and allowing myself to be beguiled by imaginary scenes of bliss. I was led to form a high estimate of man, but he has deceived me; and I was led to suppose that real happiness was to be found amidst the gaities of life, but I now find that this is a delusion. Time, I have no doubt, will bring back that mental peace, which I have allowed another to disturb; but I must seek for it in the calm retreat of sober thought and useful employments, rather than on the parade of fashionable life. To my late reading, which, by its magic charm stole away my senses, and shut up my mental sight, I attribute all my woes; and as I have now discerned the illusion which it

threw over my imagination, I will betake myself to a purer source of instruction and amusement.”

“I am happy, my dear Charlotte, that you are come to such a decision. You know my opinion of the character and of the tendency of works of fiction. Some few may be read with advantage, but by far the greatest number are most fatal in their influence. If they do not actually corrupt the mind, they impose on it. They strew the path of life with flowers that never grew; they scent its air with a fragrance that has never been emitted; they combine events and incidents in a regular train of history which never came to pass; delineate characters which have no prototype in the social system; and hold up before us a scene of bliss, which they sketch from fancy, and thus, by misleading the judgment, they lead us to anticipate a mode of existence, which, when we have made the experiment, we find cannot be realized.”

“This, my dear Maria, you have told me before; but I did not credit it. I thought you had received a melancholy tinge, and consequently threw too dark a coloring on the picture of real life. But now I feel, that your statement is correct. I will descend from the aerial regions of fancy, and live in real life. But to do this I must cherish suspicion in my own breast, a passion I once abhorred as mean and despicable. Man is fallen in my estimation; yes, and he never will rise till I see him clothed with honor. I will retire from the gay world; and seek for happiness where it may be found.”

“Perhaps I ought to apologize for having enticed you into the gay scenes of life; but as I thought you had a taste for them, I concluded that they would afford you, at least, a temporary enjoyment. I am not myself much attached to them. I do not know that I have any objections on the score of principle, though I have occasionally met with some very strong arguments against them; but I think them too frivolous and contemptible to deserve our notice.”

“There is a subject on which I began to bestow a little attention before this illusive scene came over me, which I know you will admit to be important, and I should like to have your opinion of it. The subject to which I now refer is religion. Having met with a review of Cowper’s Poems, I felt anxious to peruse them; and this will not surprise you when I tell you that

for originality of thought, strength of argument, and pungency of satire, they are represented as equal to any of modern times. But his translations of the poems of Madame Guion, made the deepest impression on my imagination; and I longed to possess that fine glow of fervid devotion which pervades her writings. Have you ever read him?"

"I have read his Task, and some of his smaller pieces; but I have no distinct recollection of the translations to which you refer. You have, my dear Charlotte, asked me for my opinion on the subject of religion; but I candidly confess that, though at times I have thought of it with great seriousness, yet I am not at present qualified to give you the information which you may desire. I have a young friend who is very pious; and with whom I am in the habits of the closest intimacy; but as yet it has never been discussed by us, and very rarely alluded to. Perhaps on my return we may break through that profound reserve which we have mutually maintained on this important subject; and if so, I shall feel a pleasure in communicating to you the result."

The Modern Martyr. No. 7.

Miss Hutchinson. Part I.

How much was done in hours so few?
Hopes wither'd, hearts divided,
Joys, griefs, loves, fears, and feelings too,
Stern death at once decided.

With thee 'tis over! There are some,
Who, in mute consternation,
Fearfully shrinks from hours to come
Of heartfelt desolation. — Barron

Domestic bereavements — The happiness of a bereaved family, dependent on the character of Executors — Henry at School — The base conduct of the Uncle.

MISS. HUTCHINSON was an intelligent and an accomplished young lady, but the disastrous events of her life had cast a gloom upon her mind, which repressed a temper naturally volatile and sportive. When about ten years of age, she lost her father, to whom she was much attached, and though at the time she knew not the extent of her loss, yet she often adverted to it in the most pathetic strains, in her epistolary correspondence with her juvenile friends. But her mother and her brother were still living, with whom she resided, till she was placed under the care of Miss. ———, to finish her education. Here she met Hiss Lester, and the intimacy which commenced at school, was ripened into the most mature friendship, and proved a reciprocal advantage.

The connections which we form in advanced life, are generally formed with more deliberation and caution than our early unions, but they are very rarely cemented with such strong affection; and consequently are more liable to be broken asunder, by some of the numerous accidents to which they are incessantly exposed. But when two young persons of the same age, of the same complexion of character, in the same rank of life, and with the same prospects opening before them, residing under the same roof, and engaged in the same pursuits, are suffered to grow up together, their

affections often become so interwoven, that no skill or artifice can ever disentangle them; and though they may not when apart, feel that ardent glow of attachment which their mutual presence enkindles in their breasts, yet it is cherished as a latent passion, that increases in its strength as the years of their life roll on. To these early connections and friendships we are often indebted, for the sweetest solace in the days of adversity, and find, under the shadow of their protection, a calm retreat, when the desolations of a mysterious providence, lay waste the inheritance of our domestic happiness. They are, as the angel of the Lord, pointing us to the well spring of consolation in the wilderness of woe; or as the mystic pillar of fire, guiding us through the labyrinth of perplexity and difficulty, which intersect the pathway of our goings; and like the ivy which preserves its vigor and its verdure, after vitality is become extinct in the tree, around whose trunk and branches it has entwined itself, they survive the decay of youth, and the luxuriance of prosperity, to support us in the decline of life, or befriend us in the season of affliction.

After Miss. H., had finished her education, she returned home to reside with her widowed mother and her brother who was several years younger than herself. Here she passed through the most pleasant part of her history; free from care, and from sorrow — a stranger to the temptations and the vices of the world — improving her taste, and enriching her mind by a course of intellectual studies, which were conducted under the superintendence of her intelligent parent. But in the garden of her bliss, there was a sepulchre, and there she saw entombed, by a premature dispensation of the Almighty, all her earthly felicity — Her mother, who had survived the convulsive anguish, occasioned by the decease of Mr. Hutchinson, and who devoted the whole energy of her superior mind, to the improvement and happiness of her children, retired to rest one evening in her usual state of health, but early in the morning the family was disturbed by her groans. On entering the room, they saw her in the agonies of death; and before the medical gentleman arrived she breathed her last. This calamity came upon her with such an overpowering force, that it broke down her spirits, and left her paralyzed with mental agony. She sunk into a morbid melancholy, from which, not even the cries, nor the importunities of her brother could rouse her; and though on the day of the funeral she consented to put on the emblems of mourning, it was evident that her intense grief had either benumbed, or impaired her mental faculties. In this

state she continued, till she was enabled to give vent to her feelings, by a flood of tears, but this relief, which restored her to herself, made her still more sensible of the irreparable loss she and her brother had sustained.

“What shall we now do, sister,” said little Henry, when she pressed him, for the first time to her bosom after she had recovered from the shock of death, “now our mother is dead?”

“Ah! what my brother: I will be a mother to you!”

“Then I won’t cry much: shall we still live here?”

“Perhaps we may, my dear, but that depends on your uncle.”

“I am glad of that, because I am sure uncle will let us live here.”

On no point is the happiness and prosperity of a bereaved family, more dependent than on the selection of wise and faithful men, who become legally vested with the guardianship of their persons and the control of their affairs. If men of wisdom and of sterling integrity be chosen for this purpose — men, who unite in their character the kindness of a genuine friendship, with its constancy and disinterestedness — who will attend to the more important duties of their station, without overlooking or neglecting the more minute and trivial — and who feel a profound regard for their own honor, the affliction which is brought on the surviving members of a family by the decease of a parent, is considerably alleviated, as they have, in the person of such a trustee or executor, a friend who not only administers the soothing consolations of a tender sympathy, but watches over their interest with a parental fidelity and care. But if men of an opposite character be nominated to this important trust; men of an indolent and a selfish disposition — who are naturally irascible, and petulant; who accept the appointment from the mere love of power, or for the trifling legacy which usually accompanies it; — and who feel no more respect for the unimpeachable integrity of their moral reputation, than they do for the comfort and well being of the miserable victims who are placed under their jurisdiction, the death of a parent is usually followed by a series of afflictive calamities, which wring the heart of the sufferers with the most torturous anxieties, and not unfrequently reduce them, if not to absolute, to comparative poverty — leaving them no redress of which they have a capacity to avail themselves. Hence arises the necessity on the part of

parents, when they are making a final disposition of their property, to fix on persons whom they entrust with its management, after their decease, who are known to possess the necessary qualifications for doing it, in conformity with the letter and spirit of their will, as the happiness and prosperity of their children is so deeply involved in it.

The nearest relatives of the testator are usually selected for this office — a brother, or an elder, or a favorite son; and though I would not condemn every of such selection, yet, as a general maxim of prudence, it will be found more conducive to the peace and comfort of a large family, to appoint some friends, who have no personal interest in the estate. The reason of this must be obvious to every person, who has had much practical experience in the affairs of human life. A near relative, being vested with legal authority over the property, if not over the persons of his relations, even when he is acting on the most honorable principles, and when governed by the most conscientious motives does not, in general, deem it necessary to give all that information, which they would like to receive, and which they think themselves entitled to receive; and they often hesitate to ask for an explanation, lest they should be suspected of impeaching his honor and integrity. They are silent, except amongst themselves, and though all cause of uneasiness or dissatisfaction might be removed by a simple and frank statement, yet this being withheld more often from inconsideration than design, their dissatisfaction increases, till they begin to impeach honor which has never betrayed its trust, and throw out dark insinuations against their real, if not their best friend.

But why not ask for information on points in which their mutual interest is involved? and thus have the cloud of mystery dispersed as soon as it appears; and so they would, if it were not for that barrier which the ties of consanguinity throw in their way, and which appears to them so formidable that they cannot venture to pass it, till, by repeated irritations produced by the workings of their own surmises and passions, they are prepared by some sudden storm or rush to break through it, to allege unfounded charges, and utter unmerited reproaches. The consequences which result from such a line of conduct, often entail misery, and sometimes disgrace, on both parties; as the attack of passion is often repulsed by passion, and that satisfactory information, which would have been given to respectful solicitation, is refused to noisy clamor and infuriated anger, — and no alternative awaits

the dissatisfied, but an appeal to the law, which is found to transform an imaginary source of family wretchedness, into a real one.

But it too often happens that a near relative, when appointed as a trustee or an executor under the will of a testator, will pass the boundary line of strict and impartial justice, and make the interests of others subservient to his own. Being vested with power, he employs it, not as the guardian angel of an ever watchful and disinterested vigilance, but as the waster and destroyer, who, with fair speeches and oft repeated promises, contrives either to lay suspicion asleep, or to counteract its maneuvers, till he has, by spoliation, plunder, or misuse, enriched himself by impoverishing others. Thus, like the author of all sin, having gained admission into the Eden of domestic confidence, under the disguise of a fictitious character, he employs his knowledge of good and of evil, to accomplish his own base purposes, — turning it into the local habitation of misery and woe, and compelling the children of an affluent and indulgent parent, to go forth into the world to gain a scanty subsistence by the sweat of their brow. If we ever feel indignant against vice, and are tempted to trespass against the law of a cautious moderation of speech, it is when we see it practicing its nefarious tricks, and committing its cruel deeds on the persons and on the property of those whom it is sworn to protect and befriend; but our acquaintance with the affairs of human life has taught us, that no oath, however sacred, can bind the demon of injustice — who having renounced allegiance to heaven, sets at nought the solemn obligations of earth, and feels an unhallowed indifference, when looking round on the miseries which he has occasioned.

During the lifetime of Mrs. Hutchinson, the temporal affairs of the family were conducted under her own prudent superintendence, as she was an executrix, and the property which her husband had bequeathed to his children was gradually augmented; but at her decease, the entire management devolved on the uncle, who was the only near relative they possessed. He was a man of acknowledged integrity, though not a man of wealth, and professed a friendship and an attachment for the orphans, which everyone supposed to be genuine and disinterested. As they wished still to reside in the house of their birth, and which was endeared to them by a thousand sacred recollections of scenes of happiness and of sorrow, he did not object; and though he very prudently watched over their expenditure, and attended to those domestic arrangements which their youth and

inexperience rendered them unable to regulate, yet he supplied Miss. Hutchinson with an ample allowance of money to meet the current expenses of the family. His interference, though minute, was not felt to be unpleasant, as he paid deference to her opinion, and on all occasions respected and consulted the delicacy of her feelings.

Little Henry, who had received the rudiments of a classical education under the instruction of the amiable curate of the parish, was still suffered to remain under his instruction, — going and returning with the regularity of former times, while, during the intervals of scholastic hours, he enjoyed the society of his sister at home. Thus two years of their life passed by, without any changes; the deep impressions produced on their minds by the awful visitations of death, had become fainter; and they began to indulge the hope, that they might enjoy some portion of happiness, even though both father and mother had forsaken them. At the expiration of this period, the uncle proposed sending Henry to a distant boarding-school, which for some time Miss. Hutchinson resisted; but, judging from the arguments which were advanced in recommendation of the measure, that it might be advantageous to her brother, she reluctantly consented. She was now left alone; and she felt the solitude of her condition. When Henry was with her, she had a companion in her evening walks, or when remaining at home; and as he was an intelligent and affectionate boy, he contributed, by his inquisitive and facetious disposition, to keep up the vivacity of her spirit, and prevent her from dwelling on the sad and painful events of her history. But when he left her, she sunk into a state of deep mental depression, retired from

“The world shut out,”

as one who, having lost the object of her supreme regard, disdains to notice inferior beauties. The uncle perceiving this, advised her to break up her establishment, and come and reside with him; which, after long hesitation, she did. Having no suspicion of his honor, and feeling herself estranged from all the gay scenes and gay pursuits of life, she submitted herself almost entirely to his control; and at first thought she felt more happy under his roof, than when she had to superintend the affairs of her own household; but she soon began to repent of the steps she had taken, and would have returned to the habitation of her father’s house, but her wily uncle had

effectually prevented this by letting it to a gentleman for a term of years. She occupied her own separate apartments, and was attended by her faithful servant, who had nursed her in the days of her infancy, and was supplied with as much money as she required; but she was now obliged to ask, sometimes more than once, before she could obtain it, and often had the mortification to hear from her aunt some allusion, and references to the extravagant habits, in which young persons, nowadays, indulge themselves.

The first vacation her brother Henry was allowed to spend with her; but when the second came, the danger and inconvenience of traveling in the winter season, which her uncle assigned why he should spend it at school. She ventured to remonstrate, which offended him; and a breach having now been made between them, her situation became more and more uncomfortable. Possessing an energy of spirit, which when once avowed, rose to the level of her difficulties, she resolved that he should not spend the vacation alone; and ordering a chaise she drove off to see him, leaving her servant to occupy her apartments during her absence. This instance of heroic decision, which awakened her passions and feelings, and made her feel greater than herself, alarmed her uncle, and induced him, on her return, to apologize, and express his regret that he had been the innocent occasion of wounding her. He now became very obsequious, and endeavored, by multiplying his attentions to allay that suspicion which he was conscious he had excited in her breast; but she felt too indignant to accept them, with her usual urbanity of manners, and though she did not tell him that she doubted his honor and integrity; she made him think that she did.

At length, seeing more freehold property advertised for sale, which her father had purchased some years before his death, she demanded an explanation of the reason, and was informed, that as every thing was to be disposed of to make provision for an equitable division of the property between her and her brother, he judged it expedient to avail himself of the present opportunity to sell it, as land fetched such a good price. This reason would have satisfied her at a former period, but it did not satisfy her now, and therefore being apprehensive that her uncle was acting an unjust part, she went and consulted an attorney who made the will, and who was an old friend of her father's. A scene of iniquity now opened upon her, which if she had not been previously roused, might have proved fatal.

Her uncle had sold out all the funded property, and called in several large mortgages with which he decamped to America — the land of freedom, and the resort of crime — leaving only the wreck of a large fortune for the unprotected orphans, who if it had not been for this timely interference would have been left penniless, — dependent on the charity of others, or the resources of their own industry.

The Modern Martyr. No. 8.

Miss. Hutchinson. Part II.

Some lead a life, unblameable and just,
Their own dear virtue, their unshaken trust,
They never sin. — Cowper

The Departure of her Brother to India — Her Introduction to Miss. Winkworth — an Important Discussion on the universal guilt and depravity of human nature.

Note: In reply to the enquiries of some of his readers, the Author begs permission to state, that in this tale, which is founded on facts that have fallen under his own observation, he intends to discuss, in a popular form, the more essential doctrines of the gospel; and to exhibit, the religious Spirit and Manners of the Age, as cherished and displayed by the intolerant devotee of superstition, and the enlightened and pious Christian.

HAVING SAVED, through the prompt interference of her friends, about two-thirds of her own and her brother's property, she was enabled to maintain her rank in society: and her late residence having become vacant by the decease of the gentleman who had occupied it, she once more had the happiness of calling it her home. Here she lived through several succeeding years, anticipating with great pleasure the period, when her brother would be her constant companion; but when he had finished his education, instead of betaking himself to some profession, he determined on seeing the world. Neither the advice of his friends, nor the tears of his sister, could induce him to change his purpose, and he embarked for India when not quite seventeen.

The following letter, which she addressed to her friend Miss. Lester, describes the state of her mind on this occasion.

"MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

"Since I wrote to you my last letter, I have been plunged into the lowest abyss of mental sorrow; and begin to think, that I shall never see another happy day on earth. You know my affection for my dear brother, and how fondly I have looked for his return from school, and his residence with me; but, alas! all my pleasing anticipations have vanished away, as by enchantment, and I am again bereaved. He came and stayed with me a few months; but having formed an intimacy with a gentleman, whose residence is in India, he is gone with him. When my father died, I reposed my aching head on the bosom of my mother; when she was taken from me, I had a companion in my brother, but now am left alone. If he had died, and had been buried in the same vault with my honored parents, I should have had the satisfaction of knowing that he had escaped the perils of life; but in a distant country, and amongst inhuman strangers, he may suffer, and agonize, and die, without the soothing sympathy of pure affection, and be buried where no sister's tears can consecrate the ground. He set sail on the second of last month, when the death warrant of my happiness was delivered to me; and since then, I have not had a moment's ease. When the wind stirs, I am thinking of a shipwreck; but it is during the usual hours of sleep, that I suffer the most poignant anguish. Then my imagination is active. The visions of my fancy affright me. I long for death. I long to take shelter from the miseries of the world, in the calm and peaceful tomb. But I am forced to live. I have a few friends who are kind and attentive, and who endeavor to cheer my spirits; but they cannot abate my sorrow, which, like an overflowing fountain, never ceases to send forth its bitter streams. He has promised to write me; but I do not expect ever to receive a letter from him. I fear he will die on the passage; and be cast into the sea, as a piece of useless lumber. His uncle, his cruel and treacherous uncle, is the cause of all these my calamities; as he forced him to a school where his morals became corrupted, and then he soon despised a sister's love. Oh, my brother, my brother, would thou had been a mourner at my funeral obsequies, and then I should not have survived to mourn thy departure, which is worse than death! My health has suffered, and I believe will suffer, and this is the only source of consolation which I now have, as I indulge the hope that ere long, I shall bid adieu to a world which once appeared lovely and beautiful, but now is become desolate and loathsome — the abode of misery. Your unhappy

"Maria."

It is the season of affliction — when our earthly comforts are withering and dying around us, and the lot of our inheritance is becoming as a dreary waste, that the exceeding great and precious promises of the Scriptures, unfold their meaning, and impart their animating consolations. Under their supporting influence, the oppressed and bereaved sufferer, is enabled to bend in devout submission to the desolating storm, and often finds the streams of mercy flowing in peaceful murmurs through the wilderness of woe. But Miss. Hutchinson, during the protracted period of her sufferings, looked only to secondary causes, not knowing that “He, who first set the world in motion, governs every creature in it — that we do not take our place, upon that stage in space, or that period of time, which we choose, but where and when He pleases:” that it is He who ordereth the bounds of our habitation, and fixed: our lot in life: and hence she made not the Lord her refuge, nor did she call upon him in the day of trouble. She read her Bible occasionally, because she had been accustomed to do it from early life, but it excited less interest than the fictitious tale; and attended the services of the parish church, which she regarded more in the light of a duty than a privilege; and though she often expressed a wish to die, yet she never conceived that any moral preparation was necessary to fit a human being for this great and decisive event. She felt a reverence, but no love, for religion. And though at times, her passions were strongly agitated, when thinking of the eternal world, yet as she perceived not her moral danger, she soon became composed, without having recourse “to the blood of sprinkling, that speaketh better things than that of Abel.”

But when it pleased Divine Providence to introduce her to the society and friendship of the pious and accomplished Miss. Winkworth, whose family had recently settled near her own residence, the mist of ignorance which had so long enveloped her mind began to clear off; and from her occasional remarks, she was led to apprehend that there was a something in religion, of which she had no knowledge. This awakened her anxieties — induced her to read the Scriptures more frequently — to listen with close attention to the discourses which were delivered from the pulpit, and to add fasting and alms-deeds to her secret devotions, but these efforts failed to produce the moral effect which she anticipated; till at length, she resolved to avail herself of the first favorable opportunity to disclose the state of her

mind to her friend. When walking together a few weeks after her return from Teignmouth, admiring the romantic scenery of the country around them, and watching the sportive lambs that were playing about in the neighboring fields, Miss. Winkworth repeated the following appropriate lines:—

"Here's a beautiful earth, and a wonderful sky,
And to see them God gives us a heart and an eye;
Nor leaves us untouched by the pleasures they yield,
Like the fowl of the heaven, or the beasts of the field.

The soul tho' encumbered with sense and with sin,
Can range through her own mystic chambers within;
Then soar like the eagle, to regions of light,
And dart wound'rous thoughts to the stars of the night.

Yea more, it is gifted with vision so keen
As to know the unknown, and to see the unseen:
To glance at eternity's numberless days,
Till dazzled, confounded, and lost in the maze.

Nor this will suffice it; O wonderful germ
Of infinite blessing vouchsafed to a worm!
It quickens, it rises with boundless desires,
And heaven is the lowest to which it aspires.

Such, such is the soul, tho' bewildered and dark,
A vital, ethereal, unquenchable spark;
Thus onward, and upward by nature it tends:
Then wherefore descends it? Ah! whither descends?" _"

"Yes, my dear Eliza, but this beautiful earth produces thorns and thistles, and this wonderful sky is often obscured by the dark and portentous cloud: and the fine impressions which they produce, are soon obliterated by the cares and sorrows of life. What can be the cause of the disorder which prevails through every part of the visible creation, — which disturbs its harmony, and defaces its beauty,—and which at times we may trace in our own mystic chambers within?"

"This is a question, my dear Maria, which has perplexed the human mind in every age of the world, and still perplexes the most profound thinkers, but it hath pleased our wise and beneficent Creator to give us a satisfactory solution of it in the hallowed page of inspiration. There we read

“Of Man’s first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world, and all our woe
With loss of Eden;”—————

“But, my dear Miss. Winkworth, how could the disobedience of our first parents produce any effect on the material part of the creation?”

“It is not in my power to explain the mode in which it operated to produce the effect; but we are taught, by the inspired writers, that sin, which is infinitely displeasing to a Holy God, has excited his displeasure against man, which he expresses through the medium of those disorders in the material system which are so obvious, and which could not have occurred under his government without some equitable cause.”

“And is sin the cause of those moral disorders, which we may sometimes discern in our own minds?”

“Yes; for where there is no sin there can be no misery. The angels of light, and the spirits of the just who are redeemed from amongst men are happy because faultless; and if we were without sin, we should be without sorrow.”

“But was not our Saviour without sin? and yet what a life of unparalleled suffering did he live on earth!”

“Yes, my dear; but he came to expiate the guilt of sin by the sacrifice of himself; and therefore it became necessary that he should feel its dreadful consequences. Hence we read, ‘It became him, for whom are all things, and by whom are all things, in bringing many sons unto glory, to make the captain of their salvation perfect through sufferings.’”

“But, if we were free from sin, should we not feel the miseries which are brought upon us by others?”

“Most certainly.”

“Then a person may he sinless and yet unhappy?”

“If it were possible for an individual to live on earth in a state of sinless perfection, he would necessarily have to endure a portion of the evils which sin has introduced into the world, but he would enjoy such a high degree of mental felicity, arising from intimate fellowship with God, that he would not be unhappy; but we read”there is not a just man on earth that liveth and sinneth not.”

“But I am not conscious of ever having failed in my duty to God or to man; and though I have suffered more than most, yet my sufferings have sprung from the vices or the follies of others, not from my own.”

“You may not have failed, my dear Maria, in your duty to man, but the scriptures tell us, that ‘If we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us.’”

“But is it possible to sin against God and not know it?”

“Yes. The verse which I have just quoted proves the possibility of it; attributing our ignorance of the fact to our having deceived ourselves.”

“Is not this surprising that we should sin, and yet not be conscious of it?”

“It may appear surprising to those who have no accurate knowledge of the character of the human heart, which the scriptures represent to be deceitful above all things and desperately wicked.”

“That is a just description of the character of some, but I presume my friend does not regard it as a just description of all.”

“I admit that all are not deceitful in the professions of friendship, which they make towards each other; but such is the facility with which we can all practice deception on ourselves in reference to God, that we may live in a state of mental alienation from Him, and hostility against Him, and yet imagine that we are rendering to Him almost a perfect obedience. We have a most striking illustration and confirmation of this remark, in the New Testament, which I have no doubt you have often read. ‘And when he was gone forth into the way, there came one running, and kneeled to him, and asked him, Good Master, what shall I do that I may inherit eternal life. And Jesus said unto him, Why callest thou me good? there is none good but one, that is, God. That: knowest the commandments. Do not commit adultery,

Do not kill, Do not steal, Do not bear false witness, Defraud not, Honor thy father and mother.’ Our Lord here enumerates the leading duties which are enjoined on man, as a member of social society; to which this young man answered and: said, ‘Master, all these have I observed from my youth. Then Jesus beholding him loved him, and said unto him, one thing thou lackest: go thy way, sell whatsoever thou hast, and give to the poor, and thou shalt have treasure in heaven: and come take up thy cross and follow me. And he was sad at that saying, and went away grieved; for he had great possessions.’ Thus he gave a decisive proof that he would rather retain his possession: than yield obedience to the supreme authority of the Redeemer, though his eternal happiness depended on it.”

“But you must confess, my dear Maria, that this was rather a severe test, and therefore we ought not to be surprised, that he should! have been unwilling to submit to it.”

“But if he had loved God with all his heart, and had felt a supreme regard to the authority of Jesus Christ, he would not have shrunk from the test, by which these holy principles were to be made manifest. In his manners towards others, he was. courteous, — in his dispositions, he was amiable, — and such was the charm that was thrown over his. person, that Jesus beholding him loved him, but in his heart the spirit of rebellion against the authority of God reigned, in unsubdued force, and he knew it not, because he had deceived himself.”

“And do you think that we are prone to self-deception?”

“I do. The openly profane have such palpable evidences of the impurity of their hearts, that they cannot easily deceive themselves; but the more amiable and lovely, who scorn an act of meanness, and who cherish a high sense of honor and integrity, — against whom no criminal accusation can be alleged, and who move about as the living personifications of virtue, often imagine that they have attained such a high degree of moral excellence, that they must be viewed with complacency by the Supreme Being, even though their virtuous actions are not regulated by his laws, nor performed out of respect to his authority.”

“But if we are virtuous, is not that all that our Maker requires of us?”

“You perceive, my dear Maria, in the case which I have adduced, that something more than the most exemplary virtue was required by Jesus Christ who said to this interesting young man, after he had avowed the perfection of his obedience to the commandments which had been enumerated,” **one thing thou lackest.**”

“I have lately,” remarked Miss. Hutchinson, “turned my attention, with a greater degree of seriousness to the duties of religion, but I confess that the more I think, the more I am bewildered. I read the Scripture, and am delighted with some of its historical passages, and some of its poetic beauties, but I cannot decipher the meaning of the greater part of the New Testament; but there is no one point that perplexes me more, than the expressions which the Apostles use, when speaking of the **Design** of our Saviour’s death. They say, he died for sinners — for the ungodly — for enemies — for the unjust — and that we have redemption through his blood, and that by grace we are saved through faith. These passages, and many others of a similar kind, I have transcribed and committed to memory, but I cannot affix any meaning to them which affords me entire satisfaction. Did he die for sinners only? if so, the virtuous part of mankind will go to heaven without being indebted to him.”

“He certainly died for sinners only; and it is equally certain, that no one can go to heaven but through faith in the efficacy of his death.”

“Am I then to understand, that the virtuous part of mankind need a Saviour, as much as the more depraved and impure?”

“Yes.”

“Such an idea, I grant, has struck me when reading the New Testament, but I cannot admit it to be correct.”

“You may.”

“Never.”

“I have no doubt, my dear Miss. Hutchinson, but you will.”

“Impossible! What, my dear friend! Can I suppose that you need a Saviour, as much as an abandoned transgressor, who is a living disgrace to his own species? a mural monster of impurity and deception, fashioned into

the likeness of a man, a mere miscreant, whose death no one would deplore, except they expressed their regret that he had not been removed earlier.”

“If, my dear, you do not suppose that I need a Saviour as much as the man whom you have described in such strong language, I can assure you, that I do. I am a sinner against God, though I have not to reproach myself with any crimes against the laws of society; and the Scriptures tell me, that he who offends only in **one point**, involves himself in guilt as certainly, as though he had violated every precept of the divine law. Hence my hope of forgiveness and eternal life, is placed on the death and intercession of Jesus Christ; on whose death and intercession the chief of sinners are invited to depend.”

“Then if you need a Saviour, I must; but I do not feel it. Why is this?”

“Because you have never felt yourself to be a sinner.”

“And I must confess, that my mind revolts at the charge.”

“But why, if just?”

“But is it just?”

“Have I not quoted a passage from the sacred volume, which declares ‘if we say that we have no sin, we deceive ourselves, and the truth is not in us?’ And does not the Apostle state in his Epistle to the Romans, ‘that all have sinned, and come short of the glory of God?’”

“If, my dear Miss. Winkworth, the statement which you have now given be correct, it is evident that I have been deceiving myself, as I never conceived that I had offended my Maker by doing any thing to incur his displeasure. But the deception has been involuntary; and so subtle, that I have never been able to detect it. And even now, though I confess that the language of the Scripture is against me, yet I feel unwilling to yield to it. My perplexity increases upon me. What plan of inquiry shall I pursue, as it will be impossible for me to regain my composure, while involved in this labyrinth of mental difficulty?”

“I would recommend you to read the Scriptures with still closer attention, to ascertain their testimony on the points which we have been discussing; but do not suppose that you will be able, by the unaided efforts of your own mind, to acquire those correct views of truth which will

impress the heart while they enlighten the understanding. For if the disciples who had sat under the public ministry of our Lord when he was on earth, needed the **Spirit of Truth** to guide them into all truth; how much more do we require his assistance who have never enjoyed their advantages.”

The sun, whose progress they had been watching while engaged in this interesting and important discussion, was now just sinking beneath the horizon, gilding the heavens with his brightest beams, and displaying a glory which appeared more resplendent than when shining in the greatness of his strength. “What a fine object!” said Miss. Hutchinson, repeating the following lines:—

Say, did ye mark the sun today,
How, bursting through his shadowy cloud,
He chas'd the twilight gloom away,
And gilded all his sable shroud.
And then, methought, he lingering stood.
To gaze upon the world awhile;
And ere he sunk beneath the flood,
To bless it with a parting smile.

The Modern Martyr. No. 9

Miss. Hutchinson. Part III.

 Illume this showy soul of mine,
 That still in darkness lies;
O, let the light in darkness shine,
 And bid the day-star rise. — Miss. J. Taylor

THE TRUTHS OF REVELATION are stated with great precision in the Scriptures, and in a language the most appropriate and simple; and yet when a candid inquirer begins to investigate the sacred volume, he very rarely makes that progress in the acquisition of knowledge which he has anticipated. He can understand its historical narratives — can feel the charm of its poetic beauties, and comprehend the meaning of perceptive injunctions; but over its leading and essential doctrines there rests such a palpable obscurity, that he cannot discern either their beauty, or their connection, nor perceive how they can produce any moral effect on his heart. Hence the anxiety which is awakened in his breast, instead of being gratified by a perusal of the Scriptures, is often increased; the difficulties in which he feels himself involved, instead of being removed, seem to multiply; and instead of being able, as in other intellectual pursuits, to harmonize and comprehend the separate parts of the entire scheme of truth, they appear more unconnected and incomprehensible. And hence arises the necessity of that supernatural illumination of the mind, without which the most sincere, the most diligent, and the most laborious exertions of the intellectual faculties will fail in their efforts to acquire that knowledge of the Gospel, which will purify and console the mind — infusing into it that new life, with all its attendant senses, and feelings, and enjoyments, which constitute the essential point of difference between the natural and the spiritual man.

The recent conversation which Miss. Hutchinson had held with her intelligent and estimable friend, had given an additional stimulus to that spirit of inquiry which had been previously excited, and she resolved to imitate the ancient Bereans, who searched the Scriptures daily, to ascertain what support they gave to the oral testimony of the Apostles. She soon

found that the statement of the universal depravity and guilt of human nature, was in accordance with the current language of the New Testament; and that no other way of deliverance from the penal consequences of transgression was pointed out, but through faith in the mission and death of Jesus Christ. Thus far she proceeded without meeting with any obstruction in her efforts to get at the truth; but when she attempted to trace how it was that a belief in the death of Christ operated on the human mind, to relieve it from the penal consequences of its own transgressions, she became entangled in a labyrinth of perplexity, from which she could perceive no chance of escaping. The following passage, which contains the essence of the Gospel, she read, but could not understand it, ‘Who was delivered for our offenses, and was raised again for our justification. Therefore being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ: by whom also we have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.’ She did not doubt but these verses contained an intelligible meaning, but she felt unable to discover it.

“How is this?” she involuntarily exclaimed. “If the Scriptures are given to make us wise to salvation, how is it that I cannot understand them? I search them with a sincere desire to comprehend the most sublime doctrines, and practice the most mortifying duties, and yet the more I search, the more I am confounded! What can be the cause of it?”

The Scriptures are certainly written for the express purpose of making us wise unto salvation, and it is our duty to search them, but if we suppose that it is within our own power to discern their spiritual meaning without the assistance of the Divine Spirit, under whose inspiration they were originally edited, we are deceiving ourselves. It is well when the spirit of inquiry is awakened in the breast of man, as he will ultimately gain that correct and satisfactory information which he is seeking after, if he persevere in a docile and humble disposition of mind; — “but not till he find in the progress of his inquiries, that there is a barrier between him and the spiritual discernment of his Bible, which he cannot scale, — nor till he find that he must cast down his lofty imaginations, and put the pride of all his powers and all his pretensions away from him — not till he find, that divested of those fancies which deluded his heart into a feeling of its own sufficiency, he must become like a little child, or one of those babes to whom God

reveals the things which he hides from the wise and the prudent, — not till he find, that the attitude of self-dependence must be broken down, and he be brought to acknowledge that the light he is aspiring after, is not created by himself, but must be made to shine upon him at the pleasure of another, — not till he prays that light and truth may beam on his darkened understanding, from the source of all knowledge and illumination.”

The perplexity in which Miss. Hutchinson was now involved, might have led to the entire abandonment of all religious inquiries had it not been for her friend whose judicious counsel at this critical period, was as the day-star of hope arising on her heart. To her she made an unreserved communication of all she felt, and all she desired to know; saying with an earnestness of manner, that was expressive of her sincerity, and her deep anxiety — “I would, my dear Eliza, submit to any sacrifice, if I could obtain that correct knowledge of the Scriptures which I have been seeking after.”

“Allow me,” said Miss. Winkworth, “to quote one verse from the sacred page, which I think no less appropriate than beautiful. ‘Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord: his going forth is prepared as the morning; and he shall come unto us as the rain, as the latter and former rain upon the earth.’ The scene which is sketched on the imagination of the Prophet, is that of an humble inquirer after truth, discouraged by the palpable darkness that surrounds him; and whom he encourages to advance in his inquiries, under the express assurance, that he shall ultimately succeed — representing the dawning of truth on his mind under the figure of the opening morning, which scatters the darkness, the mists, and the fogs, that intercept a clear vision: while the influence from above, expressed by the imagery of the early and latter rain, calls forth its germinating qualities, and makes it yield the fruit of righteousness and peace.”

“Then may I hope to succeed,” said Miss. Hutchinson, “if I still pursue my inquiries?”

“Yes; if you depend on the teaching of that infallible Spirit, under whose inspiration the Scriptures were written, and whose province it is, to enlighten our darkened understanding; — who when he comes in the power of a supernatural manifestation, guides us into all truth. Hence saith the Apostle, ‘What man knoweth the things of a man, save the spirit of man

which is in him? even so the things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God.”

“I have always believed that the Scriptures were written by Divine inspiration; and on reflection I have supposed, that they are sufficiently intelligible to well-educated minds, without rendering it necessary for us to have recourse to a supernatural Teacher.”

“Education,” Miss. Winkworth replied, “makes an astonishing difference in minds, which by nature are on a level in their capacities; but it will not illumine that moral darkness which has fallen upon the whole of the human race — enabling us to perceive what the Apostle denominates the things of the Spirit of God, by the mere efforts of our own power of discernment.”

“Is then the supernatural teaching of the Divine Spirit as necessary to instruct an educated, as an uneducated mind?”

“Yes. The Apostle says, ‘The things of God knoweth no man, but the Spirit of God, by whom they are revealed unto us, when they are correctly discerned.’ And of the truth of this remark your own experience supplies you with an illustration. You have read the Scriptures with close attention, and with a serious desire to understand them, and though you have gained much information on some points of revealed truth, you remain ignorant of the most essential. This you have admitted.”

“Yes, but is not mine a singular case; and may I not by persevering efforts overcome every difficulty, and discern the meaning of those parts of the Scripture which now appear dark and mysterious, with as much clearness and force of impression as you do?”

“You may, I grant,” Miss. Winkworth replied, “by dint of application gain more information than you now possess, and be able to discover moral beauties in those passages which appear at present devoid of meaning; but you, will never take those vivid and subduing perceptions of the essential truths of the gospel which will fill you with joy and peace in believing.”

“But,” said Miss. Hutchinson, “if the Spirit of God become our teacher, will he make known to us any fresh truths, or will he merely make those truths more obviously apparent which he has already revealed in the Scriptures?”

“His office,” to quote the language of a very eloquent writer, “is not to make known to us any truths which are not contained in the Bible, but to make clear to our understandings the truths which are contained in it. He opens our understandings to understand the Scriptures. The word of God is the instrument by which the Spirit worketh. He does not tell us any thing that is out of the record, but all that is within it he sends home with clearness and effect upon the mind. He does not make us wise above that which is written, but he makes us wise up to that which is written. When a telescope is directed to some distant landscape, it enables us to see what we could not otherwise have seen; but it does not enable us to see any thing which has not a real existence in the prospect before us. It does not present to the eye any delusive imagery — neither is that a fanciful and fictitious scene which it throws open to our contemplation. The natural eye saw nothing but blue land stretching along the distant horizon. By the aid of the glass, there bursts upon it a charming variety of fields, and woods, and spires, and villages. Yet who would say that the glass adds one feature to this assemblage? It discovers nothing to us which is not there; nor out of that portion of the ‘book’ of nature which we are employed in contemplating, does it bring into view a single character which is not really and previously inscribed upon it. And so of the Spirit. He does not add a single truth or a single character to the book of revelation. He enables the spiritual man to see what the natural man cannot see: but the spectacle which he lays open is uniform and immutable. It is the word of God which is ever the same; — and he whom the Spirit of God has enabled to look to the Bible with a clear and affecting discernment, sees no phantom passing before him; but amidst all the visionary extravagance with which he is charged, can, for every one article of his faith, and every one duty of his practice, make his triumphant appeal, to the law and to the testimony.”

“But in the act of teaching us to understand the meaning of the Scriptures, does the Divine Spirit impart the necessary information by a direct communication to our mind?”

“Perhaps,” said Miss. Winkworth, “I cannot give a more correct reply to this question than by taking an illustration from analogy. A man who is born blind, if placed in the center of the most attractive scenery that nature ever exhibited, can see no objects. There are the objects, there is also the medium of vision, and if it should please the Almighty to open his eyes, he

will at first discern them indistinctly, afterwards more clearly, and when more accustomed to the exercise of his newly acquired faculty of sight he will be able to trace their forms, to distinguish their colors, and' to make a correct calculation of their relative distances. He will, when his eyes are open see no objects which did not exist when he was blind; and when he does see them, it will be through the medium of his own eye, though for the capacity of vision he is indebted to a supernatural cause. So in reference to the Spirit of God. He gives to us the power of a spiritual discernment, but that power is exerted through the medium of our own judgment. We read the Bible and we understand it; but while reading, and while understanding what we read, we may be altogether unconscious of the presence of a supernatural power guiding our perceptions and influencing our decisions."

"How then may we know that the divine Spirit is become our teacher, if we are unconscious of being under his influence, when he is in the act of imparting the power of a clear and accurate discernment?"

"How? by the result of his operation. The natural man, that is, the man who has never been spiritually enlightened 'receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned;' but suppose, as is always the case, when the divine Spirit becomes his teacher, he does discover their meaning and their importance, and does feel their penetrating influence on his heart, Would he not be conscious of it? And would not this internal consciousness be a resistless argument to convince him of the truth of the fact, that it is not by the unaided efforts of his own mind, but by the concurring assistance of the Spirit of the Lord, that he is now enabled to discern the meaning of the Scriptures, which he could not previously understand?"

"Is this supernatural illumination of the mind, a sudden, or is it a gradual operation?"

"In some it is a sudden transition from a state or moral darkness to marvelous light; in others it is as the dawning of the morning light, which shineth clearer and brighter; but though there may be this circumstantial difference in the order and degree of its manifestation, it invariably throws open to our view a clear discovery of our guilt, of our depravity, of the peril of our condition in consequence of our transgression; and enables us to perceive how it is that God can be just while he 'is the justifier of him that

believeth in Jesus.’ Hence saith our Lord, when speaking of the Spirit of truth, when he is come he will guide you into all truth. ‘He shall glorify me; for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you.’”

“I thank you, my dear friend, for the information which you have given me; but there is one question I have yet to propose, How is the assistance of this divine Teacher to be obtained; and what reason has anyone to expect that he will condescend to impart his spiritual guidance, when we are endeavoring to ascertain the meaning of the sacred Scriptures?”

“To this question,” my dear Maria, “our Lord gives a satisfactory reply. When teaching his disciples how to pray, he says, ‘I say unto you ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you: for every one that asketh, receiveth, and he that seeketh, findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. If a son shall ask bread of any of you that is a father, will he give him a stone? or if he ask a fish will he for a fish give him a serpent? or if he shall ask an egg, will he offer him a scorpion? If ye then, being evil, know how to give good gifts unto your children; how much more shall your heavenly Father give the Holy Spirit to them that ask him.’”

The Modern Martyr. No. 10.

Miss. Hutchinson. Part IV.

Come then, thou crucified, my Sabbath thoughts
O sanctify; reveal thy bleeding form
To me, miserable. O impart
Thy mercy, while I seek at early dawn
Thy presence. Lo, I come, all penitent,
Bowing to earth oppressed. — Lawson's Orient Harping

THE DAY AFTER Miss. Hutchinson had held this conversation with her estimable friend was the Sabbath. She arose rather earlier than usual, and began to prepare for the solemnities of public worship. Her mind was more tranquil than it had been for several days; yet she was not happy. A wound was inflicted on her heart, by an invisible hand, and she knew not how to heal it. The complacency she had felt in the excellence of her character and the purity of her principles, was succeeded by some slight emotions of dissatisfaction, and she began to think, that, like the young man whom Jesus loved, she lacked that one thing, which adds a sterling worth to all human attainments. She once more opened the sacred volume, but recollecting the observations of the preceding evening, she knelt down, and for the first time besought the Divine Spirit to illumine her mental darkness, and to impart to her that power of discernment which would enable her to understand what she read. The prayer was offered up with great seriousness, and with much earnestness, and she was astonished when she reflected on the intensity of her feeling, and the fluency of her utterance; and though she could discover no traces of a divine influence enlightening her mind, yet she was not discouraged, as she had been previously taught to believe that, like the morning light, a supernatural illumination is so imperceptible in its dawns, that it cannot be perceived except by the effects which follow.

Under these impressions she went to the parish church, which was situated about a quarter of a mile from her own dwelling. The thick, dense mist that had been lingering for some hours over the face of nature, had cleared off; and the animating sun was scattering his beams over hill and dale — presenting an inimitable scene of splendor and loveliness. When

walking beside the gently flowing river that meandered towards the hallowed edifice, the plaintive language of the captives of Babylon recurred to her recollection, awakening her gratitude to Him who had cast her lot in a more pleasant heritage.

“By the rivers of Babylon, there we sat down, yea, we wept, when we remembered Zion. We hanged our harps upon the willows in the midst thereof.”

No sound was to be heard but that of the church-going bell, calling the people of the village and the distant hamlets to the worship of their Maker, who were passing in greater numbers than she had ever held to present the morning sacrifice of prayer and of praise. She passed through the crowd that stood in groups in the church-yard, where their forefathers were resting in undisturbed quietude, and seated herself in her pew, where she remained for several moments, unconscious of any presence but that of the only living and true God. At length the curate entered the desk, and commenced the service which roused her from her solemn musings. The prayers and the lessons which he read, were all familiar to her; but they appeared invested with an unusual degree of sacredness. When confessing her sins, and when imploring forgiveness, her heart responded to the language of her lips — the tear and the sigh alternately indicating that her soul was deeply affected. Till that morning, much of the language employed in the public ritual of the church, was as incomprehensible as the language of the New Testament, but the light of a lucid explanation, being imperceptibly thrown over it, she discerned its meaning, because she felt its power, awakening sensations, which were as novel as they were delightful, — leaving her no less astonished at her former insensibility, than surprised by the impressions which she had received.

During the interval between the reading of the prayers and the delivery of the sermon, she was too deeply absorbed in meditation to notice the entrance of the clergyman into the pulpit, and it was not till she heard his voice, that she knew a stranger was going to preach. This circumstance at first she regretted, as it diverted her attention from that train of thought which she had been pursuing; but the fervor and seriousness of his manner, when in prayer, the adaptation of several petitions which uttered to the state of her mind, the energy and pathos of his elocution, soon subdued the

feeling, and she was borne along in the current of holy excitement without being conscious of the supernatural influence by which she was impelled. After having implored the divine blessing to rest on the sermon which he was about to deliver, he looked round on his audience with a smile of almost superhuman benignity, and then announced the following text.

“Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.” — Heb. 7:25.

The first sentence, delivered in a tone and with an emphasis which corresponded with its overwhelming importance, produced an effect on the whole audience which we very rarely witness.

“What must I do to be saved?” is, my brethren, the most important question which we can propose; and in comparison with which, every other dwindles into insignificance. To treat this question with contempt, or to allow it to engross only a subordinate degree of attention, is an act of criminal folly which admits of no extenuation or excuse, unless you can prove that man has never sinned, or that the whole duration of his existence is restricted to this short and uncertain life. And has man never sinned? Then why is he plunged in misery? And shall we cease to exist when our pulse ceases to beat? and perish when we die, along with the beasts of the valley? Then why has the hope of immortality been given to man? To this important question the Scriptures give us a satisfactory answer, ‘Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’

“God is invisible, dwelling in light which no man can approach unto, — whom no man hath seen, nor can see; yet if we draw nigh unto him, he will draw nigh unto us, ‘But without faith it is impossible to please him; for he that cometh to God must believe that he is, and that he is a rewarder of them that diligently seek him.’ When engaged in the holy exercise of prayer, we may solicit every good and perfect gift which he can bestow; but our most fervent importunity ought to relate to those which we deem essential to our present and final happiness. And what are they? Health? — Health is certainly an invaluable blessing; but I have known many happy, when pining away in sickness and disease. Wealth? — Wealth is certainly an enviable possession; but I have known many happy, who have lived and died in a state of poverty. Honor? The honors of this world, are the verdant

laurels of civic dignity and renown; but I have known many happy, whose brows they have never adorned. Health, and wealth, and honor, the great prizes for which, as citizens of earth, we contend, possess a relative degree of value; but there are blessings within our reach of more importance. What? The pardon of our sins, — the renovation and purification of our nature, — our restoration to the enjoyment of the divine favor, and the hope of eternal life.

"And if you examine the text, which accords with the uniform language of the New Testament, you will perceive that you are to come unto God through the mediation of Jesus Christ, 'For through him we both have access by one Spirit unto the Father.' This medium of access presupposes the absolute and entire renunciation of every other. Indeed, on what can you rely for these inestimable blessings, if you do not rely on the death and intercession of the Saviour? Can you rely on the rectitude of your conduct? Impossible! because you have sinned, and incurred his displeasure; and though you may not have equaled others in the degree of your criminality, yet, as the Apostle says, he that offends in one point, incurs guilt, as certainly, as though he had violated every precept. Indeed, if your perceptions of your own moral character and moral danger are just, you will embrace the mediation of Jesus Christ, as the only safe, because the only scriptural, medium of your access to God; and instead of feeling any disposition to rely on your partial or comparative goodness, you will adopt the language of the Apostle, and with some portion of that intense feeling which glowed in his breast, 'Yea, doubtless, and I count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Christ Jesus my Lord; for whom I have suffered the loss of all things, and do count them but dung, that I may win Christ, and be found in him, not having mine own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.'

"I know that many will acknowledge their guilt who never deplore it, — that many will say, 'God be merciful to us sinners,' who never weep over a remembrance of their sins, — and that many will confess that they hope to be saved by Christ, who have no clear, no piercing perceptions of the scheme of human redemption. In their estimation, religion is a mere form of words and ceremonies, which may be learnt by human art, and practiced by human skill, rather than the illumination and moral renovation of the mind

by the power of the Holy Spirit; — a theory of intellectual speculation, rather than a mighty principle of moral operation; — a thing of custom, of convenience, or of necessity, rather than a source of pure and animated bliss — that which is essential to the well-being of the social community, rather than that which is essential to the salvation of the soul. Hence as we may very naturally expect, the great mass of professing Christians in this country, and in all countries, have the form of godliness, while they deny the power thereof; they bear the name of Christ, while destitute of his pure and holy Spirit; and while they profess attachment to the doctrines of Christianity, are neither purified by their influence, nor animated by their discoveries.

"But it is not so with you, who have felt the enlightening and renewing influence of the truth. Your perceptions of the evil of sin will produce deep and pungent sorrow; and having discovered the moral danger to which you are exposed, you will institute the inquiry with deep and solemn anxiety, What must I do to be saved? You will then feel that there is a power in your belief of the truth of the gospel which you cannot resist, and which you will have no disposition to resist; — a power to agonize, as well as to console; a power to depress, as well as to elevate; a power to awaken terror, as well as to inspire hope.

"And what can afford you relief, when the mind is thus surcharged with its overwhelming solitudes? I have known some who have been recommended, when under the first convictions and impressions of the gospel, to try the effect of a change of scene and of society — and to have recourse to the light reading of this buoyant age. Absurd recommendation! Will a soft and salubrious air, — a calm retreat, or murmuring brook, — a cascade or a fountain, minister to a **mind** diseased? Will the opening morn or the evening shade, — the song of earliest or of latest bird, — the landscape or the mountain torrent, — the serenity of the sky or the tempests of the ocean, operate as a charm in the removal of guilt from the conscience — diffusing peace and joy over the troubled spirit? The sights and sounds have a charm, but only over the mind which is at ease. Disturb its passions and its feelings, and ere they can be reduced to stillness, some power must be brought to act on them which bears a relation to the cause of their disquietude. Hence, saith the Apostle, 'Therefore, being justified by faith, we have peace with God through our Lord Jesus Christ; by whom also we

have access by faith into this grace wherein we stand, and rejoice in hope of the glory of God.’

“I will not detain you by any process of metaphysical reasoning on the connection between our belief, and our mental peace, but take you at once to the testimony of the Scripture. Are we not told that ‘By grace we are saved through faith; and that not of ourselves, it is the gift of God.’ And when the jailer of Phillippi proposed this question to the apostles, ‘Sirs, what must I do to be saved?’ what reply did they make? Did they tell him to go and reform his life, and to multiply the number of his deeds of charity, that he might, by these expedients, conciliate the favor of Almighty God? No; ‘They said, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved.’ ‘Wherefore he is able also to save them to the uttermost that come unto God by him, seeing he ever liveth to make intercession for them.’”

On returning home after the conclusion of the service, she overtook her friend, Miss. Winkworth, to whom she said, with some degree of surprise, “Have you been to church this morning?”

“Yes, my dear; I heard that the Rev. Mr. —— was going to preach; and as I am attached to his ministry, I availed myself of the gratification of hearing him.”

“He is,” Miss. Hutchinson replied, “a most eloquent preacher; but I was more struck with the sentiments which he uttered, than with the manner in which they were delivered. I shall never forget this Sabbath. The truths which I have just heard have made an indelible impression on my heart. A new scene has burst open upon my mental vision — grand and lovely, such as fancy could not sketch. The hidden mystery is explained. I now feel that I need a Saviour, through whom I may have access to the Father.”

“I observed,” said Miss. Winkworth, “that you felt deeply interested in the subject, which has been stated with so much simplicity and accuracy.”

“I have listened to other, discourses, — I have admired them, but I never felt the influence of the truth as I have this morning. To what cause must I ascribe it?”

“To that question, my dear Maria, I will reply by quoting the language of the Apostle James: — ‘Every good gift and every perfect gift is from above, and cometh down from the Father of lights, with whom is no variableness,

neither shadow of turning. Of his own will begat he us with the word of truth, that we should be a kind of first fruit of his creatures.' I congratulate you on the events of this holy day. When we meet again we will converse more fully on the subject. Adieu; peace be with thy spirit."

The Modern Martyr. No. 11.

What makes the difference? grace alone. — Barton

THE FIRST IMPRESSIONS which religious truth makes on the renewed mind, are usually deep and powerful: — it awakens its dormant energies, excites a new class of feelings, — gives birth to a new order of reflections, and anticipations; induces sympathies and anxieties which relate to spiritual interests, and distant worlds, and effects such a transformation of character, that the change must strike the public eye. But while there is a uniformity of result, there is a diversity in the means which are employed by the Divine Spirit to produce it, and a variation in the mode of their operation. The correctness of these remarks will be exemplified in the following correspondence.

MY DEAR CHARLOTTE,

"I feel condemned when I look at the date of your last letter, that it should have remained so long unanswered; but I hope you have too much confidence in the permanency of my friendship, to suppose that my silence proceeds from any decrease of attachment. I have often intended to write, and have made several efforts to carry my resolution into effect; but such has been the perplexed and agitated state of my mind for some few months past, that I have not felt sufficiently composed to do it. When you asked me, at our last interview, for my opinion on the subject of religion, I then informed you, as you may probably recollect, that I was not qualified to give you the information which you wanted; but having, since then, turned my attention to it, I will now redeem my promise, by communicating to you the result. Like most others, I affixed no definite meaning to the term; yet thought that I was very religious. I read my Bible — went to church — offered up my morning and evening prayers to the Almighty; and practiced

the social virtues of life. I had no conception that any thing more was necessary to fit me for the kingdom of heaven, than a continual discharge of these relative duties; and should, most likely, have remained in this state of ignorance had it not been for the conversation of my estimable friend, Miss. Winkworth. By her appeals to the Scriptures, I was soon convinced that the whole of the human race have sinned against God, and are consequently under a sentence of condemnation — that the Saviour died to expiate the guilt of sin — that we must have repentance toward God, and faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, before we can obtain forgiveness or peace of conscience: and that we must be renewed by a supernatural power, before we can understand the spiritual design of the Christian revelation, or feel its purifying and animating influence on our heart. But though I was convinced on these points, by the testimony of the Scriptures, yet my conviction produced no other effect than to agitate my passions, till I heard the Rev. Mr. ———, deliver a most excellent discourse in our church, when the Gospel came not in word only, but also in power, and in the Holy Ghost, and in much assurance.

"The impressions produced by this sermon, were such as I cannot accurately describe; but I will state to you the moral effects which flowed from them. I felt myself a sinner, I felt that I needed a Saviour — light broke in upon my mind, by which I was enabled to perceive how by suffering, the just, for the unjust, we are brought into a state of reconciliation with God, through faith in the death of Jesus Christ; and from

“The hour I first believed,”

I have enjoyed that peace which passeth all understanding. I feel that I have passed from a state of spiritual death — when I saw not the glory of the divine character, beaming through the mediation of the Redeemer, and when I felt not the powers of the world to come — into a newness of life, — have the wondrous scene of redemption thrown open to my newly awakened senses, and can rejoice in hope of the glory of God. What a change! What power could have effected it, but that which commanded the light to shine out of darkness!

"You may probably imagine, my dear friend, that I am now affected by the popular mania of the day — and that I am become quite an enthusiast —

that I am no longer the intelligible and social Miss. Hutchinson, I was, when we were rambling in the suburbs of Teignmouth, or intermingling in the gay circles of B——, and that in future, I shall wrap up myself in the sombrous gloom of a devotee, who having taken the veil for life, has bid adieu to all the pleasures of the world. If this be the opinion which you have formed, you will, of course, regret that I ever began an enquiry which has issued in such a fatal result.

That my religious convictions and impressions will produce an essential change in my general habits, is what may be reasonably expected; but I do not suppose that they will make me less social, or less disposed to partake of those intellectual and recreative enjoyments, from which I have drawn no inconsiderable portion of mental felicity. I can still sketch, still play, still read Messrs. Akenside, Goldsmith, Beattie, Scott, etc.; still amuse myself with Mrs. Barbauld, or the Misses Edgeworth and Hamilton; can still wander amidst the solitudes of nature, and still enjoy the sweetness of human friendship; but I have at the same time, purer and more refined sources of happiness within my reach. My mind is now at rest on the great question which relates to my eternal destiny. I can, in the exercise of faith, see the Invisible, — hold fellowship with him in the holy exercise of prayer and meditation, and anticipate the period, with the strongest emotion of delight, when the Saviour, whom unseen I love, will present me faultless before the presence of his Father's glory with exceeding joy. And as I am deeply anxious that you, my dear friend, should participate in these spiritual enjoyments, which the God of all grace has been pleased to impart to me, permit me to urge on your attention the importance of praying to him, that he would "give unto you," to quote the language of the Apostle, "the spirit of wisdom and revelation in the knowledge of him." "The eyes of your understanding being enlightened, that you may know what is the hope of his calling, and what the riches of the glory of his inheritance in the saints."

"It is impossible for me to say how happy I should feel if you could favor me with a visit; but if you cannot conveniently leave home, I hope you will not imitate my long silence, but gratify me with an early reply.
Yours,

MARIA."

Miss. Lester received this letter when her mind was under a strong religious excitement, occasioned by the following accidental circumstance. When in conversation with a young friend, a carriage stopped at the door, and two ladies having alighted, entered her father's shop. The elegant neatness of their dress first drew her attention, nor was she less pleased with the courtesy of their manners.

"Have you, Sir," said the senior lady, "a copy of Miss. More's *Practical Piety*?"

"Yes, Madam, I have all her works. She is a most excellent writer."

"Which, Sir, do you esteem the best work she has written?"

"It is difficult, Madam, to decide; as they are all so excellent." Her *Strictures on Female Education* displays great judgment; her *Christian Morals*, deep solicitude for the growth of private virtue; her *Caelebs*, an accurate knowledge of human nature; but I think her *Practical Piety* is the most judicious and the most useful production of her pen. It teaches us what religion is, and how to become religious; it points as to the source of true felicity."

"Are her works much read?"

"Very extensively, Madam; and much admired, especially in the more genteel circles. Perhaps there is no writer of modern times to whom we are so greatly indebted as to Miss. More, who, like Goldsmith's village preacher,

'Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way.'

This eulogy, which her father pronounced on Miss. More's *Practical Piety*, awakened her curiosity; and having procured a copy, she read it with deep interest. The following paragraph, in the first chapter of the book, led her to perceive that personal religion is something more than the observance of external forms and ceremonies — something more than the cultivation of the social virtues.

"The sacred writings frequently point out the analogy between natural and spiritual things. The same spirit which, in the creation of the world moved upon the face of the waters, operates on the human character to

produce a new heart and a new life. By this operation the affections and the faculties of the man receive a new impulse — his dark understanding is illumined, his rebellious will is subdued, his irregular desires are rectified, his judgment is informed, his imagination is chastised, his inclinations are sanctified, his hopes and fears are directed to their true and adequate end. Heaven becomes the object of his hopes, an eternal separation from God the object of his fears. His love of the world is transmitted into the love of God. The lower faculties are pressed into the new service. The senses have a higher direction. The whole internal frame and constitution receive a noble bent; the intents and purposes of the mind a sublimer aim; his aspirations a loftier flight; his vacillating desires find a fixed object; his vagrant purposes a settled home; his disappointed heart a refuge: That heart, no longer the worshipper of the world, is struggling to become its conqueror. Our blessed Redeemer, in overcoming the world, bequeathed us his command to overcome it also; but, as he did not give the command without the example, so he did not give the example without the offer of a power to obey the command.”

This passage convinced her that Christianity was a practical principle; that the seat of its operation is the heart; and that its design is not only to correct the moral disorders of human nature, but to restore man to his original purity and blessedness. Under the influence of these impressions she read the whole treatise with as much avidity as she perused in former times the works of fiction, but with more seriousness and with more advantage; and though she felt no deep depression or elevated bliss, yet she resolve to seek for that mental peace and satisfaction in personal religion, which she had sought in the world, but never found. She felt conscious that a new bias had been given to her inclinations and her taste; but she could not say whether it had been given by the secret operations of the Divine Spirit upon her heart, or whether it was the natural and necessary consequence of her own reflections and convictions.

From the circle in which she had moved she had imbibed strong prejudices against the professors of evangelical religion, who had been uniformly represented to her imagination as a set of ignorant enthusiasts and deluded fanatics, with whom no persons of intelligence or taste could associate; and, as she had now embraced the sentiments which they held, she very naturally concluded that she should be identified with them, and

have to pass through an ordeal of sarcastic invective, if not of reproach and of insult, which might subdue her fortitude, if it did not induce her to renounce her belief. Hence, she determined on observing the most profound secrecy, till she had ascertained, by actual experiment, how far her principles would enable her to resist the fascinating temptations by which she was surrounded, and withstand the odium which she knew would be cast upon her. It was at this critical juncture that she heard from her friend, Miss. Hutchinson, whose letter awakened the most rapturous feelings of joy; and to which she made the following reply.

"MY DEAR MARIA,

"It is not in my power to describe the effect which yours, of the 17th, produced on my heart. If I had been wandering in some lonely wood, solitary and alone, lost and bewildered, and you had sprung up before me, I could not have been more astonished or delighted. We have both been pursuing the same enquiry; and though the means which we have adopted are somewhat dissimilar, yet the result is precisely the same. The conversation of your esteemed friend, and the eloquent discourse which you heard at church, appear to have produced that moral effect on your mind, which the reading of Miss. More's *Practical Piety* has produced on mine. And is it true that we, who were only a few months since the giddy votaries of fashion — devoting our time to the frivolous amusements of the world, and living without any vivid impressions of the awful realities of eternity, are now penetrated, subdued, and captivated, by the unveiled beauties of the Redeemer, who is the brightness of his Father's glory, and the express image of his person? What a change! What consternation will it produce when the rumor of it is confirmed by our own testimony! What ridicule! what contempt! what pity will it excite! What gratitude ought it to awaken in our breasts to him who has made us to differ from our former selves, and from the gay throng around us! What a new scene has opened upon us! How fascinating its charms! How pure its joys!

'The fair tree of life, full of verdure and bloom,
Casts over our path its far-spreading shoots;
And even the hand of a child may presume

‘As the child of his bounty I come to be fed;
My soul has been tarnished and weary, before;
But now to green pastures my footsteps are led,
I shall faint and be hungry, and thirsty no more.’

"But, my dear friend, the perspective of my vision is tinged with some deep hues of sorrow. I see the rising tempest. I shall have to encounter difficulties which you will not have to endure; but He, who has divided the waters for the deliverance of his people, will, I trust, give me strength equal to my day. You have a friend to whom you can tell each rising sigh, and whose experience qualifies her to act as a guide in the season of perplexity and doubt; but I am alone. I have no one in the whole circle of my acquaintance with whom I can enjoy communion of spirit; and such is the dread I feel, from the abhorrence of my parents to evangelical religion, that I already suffer a martyrdom of anguish. Shall I outride the storm, or shall I perish in its desolating waves? Shall I withstand the fascinations of the world, or shall I be overcome? Shall I press boldly on, if I cross the Rubicon of a public profession, or shall I be driven back to my former course? These, these are questions that awaken an intensity of feeling, which no other questions can excite; and though futurity alone can give the decisive answer, yet my spirit would fain know what that answer will be.' To pay you a visit, my dear Maria, and to participate in the pleasure of an introduction to the acquaintance of your invaluable friend, would be almost the consummation of my earthly wishes; but, at present, our domestic arrangements will not permit me to leave home; yet I will endeavor to spend a few weeks with you at no very distant period of time. Yours,

CHARLOTTE."

The Modern Martyr. No. 12.

But there are those, with whom the test,
Of truth is not the gospel creed;
To whom thy life will be a jest,
Thy path — a parable indeed. — Barton

MR. AND MRS. LESTER thought that they perceived some change in the disposition and in the habits of Miss. Lester, but they were so completely absorbed in their worldly pursuits that they could not pay much attention to it; till one morning, Mrs. Lester came bustling into the shop, and said, “I have found out the cause of Charlotte’s altered manners. She is touched with the spirit of Calvinism. Here is the book that has poisoned her mind, (presenting Miss. More’s *Practical Piety*,) I found it on her toilette, I shall feel myself excessively degraded, if, after all the pains we have taken with her, and the expense we have been at in giving her a first-rate education, if she turn out a follower of this sect, that is every where spoken against.”

Mr. Lester.— “Don’t put yourself in a flurry, Mrs. Lester, she has too much good sense to be taken with the flimsy reasoning of that mopish book. No, no, Mrs. Lester, her taste is too refined to relish the insipid crudities of Calvinism.”

Mrs. Lester.— “Don’t tell me about her good sense, and her fine taste; I think she is touched. Why I have seen her several times lately reading her Bible; and when I happened to go into her room this morning, rather abruptly, she was in the act of rising, and I do think she had been to prayers. All this you know, Mr. Lester, is a new thing in our family; and I appeal to you, if it does not argue something very strange. You may pass what judgment on it you please, but I say these are the symptoms of enthusiasm. And if we suffer this fatal heresy to grow upon her, away goes our peace, and along with it all our respectability. I am sure that I shall never hold up

my head again in society, if I am to be taunted with this evangelical religion as it is called. What will our worthy Doctor say, when he hears of it?"

"Don't be so agitated, Mrs. Lester."

"Agitated! why it is enough to agitate the stones in the street. Why, you know, Mr. Lester, what pains we have taken to keep her out of the way of evil; and what expenses we have been at, to prepare her to make a figure in the world; and how delighted we have both been with the attentions which the Rev. Mr. ——, has paid her; but it, which I hope heaven will forbid, she should become corrupted by this *Practical Piety* book, all our prospects will vanish; for can we expect that any respectable person will ever condescend to notice her?"

"Well, well, I will talk to her, and if I should find that she is at all entangled by the sophistry of Miss. More's reasoning, I will extricate her from her entanglements, and set every thing right."

"Talk to her! yes I hope you will; and point out to her all the dreadful consequences that will result from her imbibing fanatical notions. Indeed, I hope you will persuade her to lay aside all thoughts of becoming religious at her early age, because you know, Mr. Lester, that when she takes up a subject, she can't leave it till she thoroughly understands it."

When the business of the day was closed, Mr. Lester, contrary to his usual practice, spent the evening at home; and as he was accustomed to advance directly to the point of attack, except when interest required a circuitous route, he abruptly opened the subject of discussion.

"So I understand, Miss. Charlotte, you have been reading Mis More's *Practical Piety!*"

"Yes, father."

"You have! and what induced you to read that book?"

"The very high eulogy which you pronounced on it to two interesting ladies, who came a few weeks since to purchase it; you said, if you remember, when asked to give your opinion, 'that it was a judicious and useful publication. That it teaches us what religion is, and how to become religious.'"

The old gentleman felt somewhat disconcerted by this reply; but after a long pause, he said: “Yes, I believe I expressed that opinion to the ladies, because they are evangelical in their sentiments; but you know that we always held such sentiments in abhorrence.”

“Yes, my dear,” said Mrs. Lester, “you know we always have, because no genteel people embrace them; they do very well, I have no doubt, for the lower orders, but they would be particularly unbecoming in us.”

Miss. Lester.— “I have read Miss. More’s *Practical Piety*, with close attention, and I have returned to the perusal of it with a degree of interest which no other devotional book ever excited; and I must confess that I think the eulogy which you pronounced on it to be a just one. It certainly does define the nature of true religion with great accuracy, and teaches its how to become religious.”

Mr. Lester.— “I think her opinions very erroneous, and very pernicious in their tendency.”

Mrs. Lester.— “Particularly so, my dear Charlotte, and I hope you will be persuaded to throw them aside. Why should you, at your early age, have your mind engaged by such a gloomy subject? Why not enjoy the world?”

Miss. Lester.— “I have, as you well know, tried the world. I have visited its theaters — its concerts — and its watering places. I have associated with its most impassioned admirers. I have sacrificed at every shrine of vanity which it has constructed for its devotees. I have dwelt amidst its real and imaginary scenes of felicity; but it has always disappointed me. I have pursued its rising phantoms of bliss, but they have vanished away, when I have been about to grasp them. I was anxiously enquiring where happiness could be found, when I heard my father say, that Miss. More’s *Practical Piety* points as to the source of true felicity. The remark fell like an angel’s voice on my ear. My curiosity was awakened. I read the book, and the result has been a confirmation of the correctness of his remark. You say, that religion is a gloomy subject; but not when we discern its nature and its practical design. It then becomes clear as the light, and refreshing in its influence, as the dew drops of evening on the exhausted plants of nature — the source of spiritual animation and strength, and is the well spring of mental felicity.”

Mrs. Lester.— “Why your conversation alarms me. You talk wildly. I cannot understand you. How affecting, Mr. Lester, that she should have heard your foolish remark! What is to be done?”

Mr. Lester.— “You know, my dear Charlotte, that I have never denied you any thing which I have thought would be for your comfort.”

Miss. Lester.— “Never, my father.”

Mr. Lester.— “The same disposition now compels me to say, that I shall not permit you to read that book any more; nor yet any other of a similar character.”

Miss. Lester.— “Not permit me to read an author, who like Goldsmith’s village preacher,” Allures to brighter worlds, and leads the way.” Would this be kind? would it be reasonable? would it be just? would it be conducive to my happiness?”

Mr. Lester.— “The purity of my motive will justify the apparent severity of the prohibition. If I see you taking a wrong course, it is my duty to restrain you, though by so doing, I may encroach a little on your freedom.”

Miss. Lester.— “It is not my wish to offer any improper resistance to parental authority; but I certainly think, that on religious questions, I must be convinced that I am imbibing unscriptural sentiments, before I can be expected to submit to the dictation or control of any human being.”

Mr. Lester.— “And is disobedience to parental authority to be the first fruits of your Evangelical sentiments? if so, will not my objection against them, on account of their pernicious tendency, be confirmed?”

Miss. Lester.— “The rights of parents, like those of children, being limited, ought not to go beyond the prescribed bounds; and if injunctions should be issued which are not sanctioned by our supreme Legislator, I conceive, that disobedience is no crime. Permit me to ask you one question. Ought I to be compelled to embrace Evangelical sentiments if I think them directly opposed to the tenor of the Scriptures?”

Mr. Lester.— “Compelled to embrace them! Certainly not.”

Miss. Lester.— “But suppose I should be convinced, by the most conclusive evidence, that they are in perfect accordance with the Scriptures, ought I to be compelled to renounce them?”

Mr. Lester.— “But they are not in accordance with the Scriptures!”

Miss. Lester.— “But suppose I should be convinced that they are in accordance with the Scriptures; ought I, in that case, to be compelled to renounce them?”

Mr. Lester.— “You ought to hold no religious opinions which your parent’s disapprove of.”

Miss. Lester.— “But — suppose, in my enquiries after truth, I should be led to adopt an opinion which you deem heretical, how am I to renounce it? can I renounce an opinion with as much ease as I can abstain from doing an action which you wish me to avoid?”

Mr. Lester.— “But if you imbibe religious opinions which we disapprove of, you may be led to the adoption of habits, and manners which will offend us; and thus one evil will generate many others.”

Miss. Lester.— “I presume you do not suppose that I shall adopt any anti-virtuous habits or manners.”

Mr. Lester.— “Oh! no, we do not suppose that you are in any danger of doing that; you will, unless checked, run to the opposite extreme. You will become not too virtuous, but too religious in your habits and manners. You will become an enthusiast — a fanatic — a Calvinist. You will run into all the wild vagaries and absurdities of the Modern Saints, who make themselves appear as ridiculous in the estimation of the wise, as they are contemptible in the estimation of the respectable.”

Mrs. Lester, who had listened to this conversation with great impatience, and whose waspish disposition was provoked by the cool intrepidity with which Miss. Lester met the specious, yet fallacious arguments of her father, said in the true naivete of her character, “I suppose Miss. Charlotte, you already begin to think that it is very sinful to visit theaters, and masquerades, and concerts? Have you composed a tract against them? if so, perhaps you will let your father publish it, who will doubtless give you all the profits, in aid of the Evangelical fund.”

This latter sarcasm wounded, but it did not irritate. It drew tears from her eye, but they were such as the Redeemer shed when weeping over the obduracy and impenitence of man. She meekly replied, “I assure you, my dear mother, that I have been too deeply absorbed since I read Miss. More’s

Practical Piety, by the paramount claims of another world, to bestow much attention on the recreative amusements or pleasures of this; but I think it is likely that I shall never again frequent such scenes of popular amusement.”

Mrs. Lester.— “When will your tract come out?”

Mr. Lester.— “A truce to sarcasm.”

Miss. Lester rose, gave her hand to her father, and wished him a good night. She then offered it to her mother, (who refused it,) and wished her a good night; and very properly left the room.

Mrs. Lester.— “You are too mild with her.”

Mr. Lester.— “And you too severe.”

Mrs. Lester.— “I say the heresy must be nipped in the bud, or it will grow up a deadly night-shade; and frosts you know must be severe or they will never kill!”

Mr. Lester.— “Yes, but the errors of the human judgment generally take the deeper root by a severe opposition. We must reclaim her, but it must be done by persuasion, not by force. She has a high spirit, which may yield to kindness, but not to constraint.”

Mrs. Lester.— “I was severe, I know; but was it not provoking to hear her reply to all your powerful arguments with so much shrewdness? Well, well, I will go and make an apology; perhaps that will pacify her.”

Mr. Lester.— “If you make an apology you will neutralize the force of your influence. You had better let it pass, and take no notice. Yes, she did reply with great shrewdness. It won’t do for us to encounter her with any other weapons than persuasion.”

On entering her room she took up a little manual of devotion, which contained the following reflections on the subjoined passage of holy writ.

“And every one that hath forsaken houses, or brethren, or sisters, or father, or mother, or wife, or children, or lands, for my name’s sake, shall receive an hundred-fold, and shall inherit everlasting life.”

“Let me not mistake this declaration. It cannot be that the religion of truth and love should require me, in one sense of the word, to ‘forsake’ any human being; and far less those who, by birth or connection, are bound to

me by the most intimate ties. I must forget neither my obligations nor my duties to any creature of God, least of all to those who are ‘bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.’ In their worst estate I must pity and love them. I must follow them with my prayers; and strive, by new endearments, to win them to God and holiness. United to them by God himself, I must tremble to break a single link of the holy band needlessly or wantonly. The religion which inculcates severity to myself inculcates also tenderness to them. And let me be especially jealous, lest, when constrained to differ from them, I mistake ill temper for zeal, and seem to be acting for God when I am indulging myself. At the same time, there are cases in which the Gospel calls for domestic sacrifices. ‘A man’s foes,’ may even now he sometimes find in the bosom of ‘his own household.’ Those linked to a sincere Christian by the bonds of nature may, as in the case of our Lord, consider him as ‘beside himself.’ In this case, let the sacrifice cost what it will, it is essential, in a certain sense, ‘to forsake’ those who forsake Christ. We cannot adopt their principles, we cannot imitate their habits: and we may be called to seek our happiness in pursuits and recreations the most opposite to theirs — to breathe for them in secret the prayer they will not allow us to offer amidst the intimacies of daily affection. Is the sacrifice great of thus estranging ourselves from them? How great is the reward? It is said of those thus renouncing ‘all for Christ,’ ‘They shall receive a hundred fold, (i.e. in this world,) and shall inherit everlasting life.’ We shall, through the Divine compassion, gain even here fonder and more faithful friends — friends for both worlds — friends who love us better for the sake of our common master than they could have loved us for our own: — and in the world to come we shall be admitted to uninterrupted communion with God and with his Son, and to rejoice in fellowship with the innumerable company of happy Spirits who surround the throne.” “Behold, I stand at the door and knock; if any man hear my voice and open the door, I will come in to him, and will sup with him, and he with me.”

Ah! who would rashly quit the nest,
Where oft the heart has sunk to rest;
And, through the gloomy skies of night,
Attempt the lone and needless flight!

Who would not lave to sit and sing,
In peace beneath the parent wing;
If that soft win indeed be spread
Securely o'er the nestling's head?

Yet when the voice which rules the skies
Calls to my heart and bids it "Rise,"
And that soft wing my flight should stay,
I quit the nest, and break away.

Domestic bonds — these, these are dear,
As ought that soothes the spirit here;
Yet, Lord, from all the heart shall flee,
Which chains the struggling soul from Thee.

She sat for some time musing on the delicacy of her situation, which involved a contest between her natural affections and her Christian principles; when she rose, and falling on her knees, prayed first for her parents, that their hostility against her religious opinions might cease; and that they might feel the renewing influence of that pure and undefiled religion, whose external forms and ceremonies they observed; and then concluded by offering up the following appropriate petition.

"But if it should please thee, O righteous Father, for wise yet mysterious reasons, to suffer me to be exposed to cruel mockings, or still severer persecutions, give me strength, and patience, and meekness, to endure them. If reviled for my attachment to the Saviour, if defamed for my adherence to his cause, if opposed in my religious profession, may I be enabled to display the meekness of wisdom, blended with the firmness as an unwavering constancy; While in the world, keep me from the evil of it. Suffer me not to be enticed by its allurements, nor intimidated by its threatening, to swerve from the narrow path that leads to eternal life. Favor me with thy presence. Cheer me by the light of thy countenance. Sanctify me by thy truth. Guide me by thy counsel. May I be faithful unto death; and after death may I be permitted to join the assembled multitudes which surround thy throne, and serve thee day and night."

The Modern Martyr. No. 13.

Enthusiast, fanatic, and fool,
Many who read thy life will style thee;
And others, more sedate and cool,
 Will pity, who dare not revile thee. — Barton

IT SOON WAS WHISPERED about that the accomplished and polite Miss. Lester, had receded from fashionable life; that she had taken the veil of Methodism, and was become quite a fanatic, and that her more intimate friends had thought proper, after remonstrating with her, on the strangeness of her conduct, to discontinue their calls. The feverish excitement which was produced through the whole circle of the giddy, and the gay, with which she had been accustomed to associate, was so great, that they were prodigiously affected; viewing it as a calamity, in which their respectability and honor were involved. But no one felt quite so much on this truly melancholy occasion, as Miss. Fripp, and her particular friend, her dear bosom companion, the amiable Miss. Grig; two ladies, who having outlived their long-faded attractions, could easily pass from one local habitation to another, unmolested by any of the wooing spirits of the age. It was not known, till after her grand apostasy, that they felt any deep interest in her welfare, as she had never visited them, had never been seen in their company, except at a masquerade or a ball; had never been heard to quote their names, unless to indulge in a little satirical mirth, which of course rendered their pungent sorrow the more genuine, and their exquisitely tender sympathy for dear Mrs. Lester, and dear Mr. Lester, and the rest of the dears, the more disinterested. They seemed to grow young again, — to recover their departed energy, and vivacity, and spirit-stirring sensibility, under the operation of their intense anxiety — they were to be seen abroad from dewy morning, to evening shade — demure, and sad — now pitying the poor deluded creature, anon exclaiming against the progress of

fanaticism, which was forcing itself amongst the more genteel circles of society; sometimes wondering why the Almighty could suffer such a fatal heresy to spring up in the earth; and at other times half disposed to think that the bishops and the clergy were to blame, for not stepping forward to put a stop to it.

Miss. Fripp. "Indeed I am so prodigiously affected by the fanaticism of Miss. Lester, that I am quite wretched. What an affliction to dear Mrs. Lester! But I suppose she can't be right in her mind."

Miss. Grigg. "She was always flirty. Fond of appearing singular, some think her clever, but I never did. She was excessively vain."

Miss. Fripp. "I always thought so. Do you think she has been noticed so much lately as she used to be?"

Miss. Grigg. "Oh no. She was not invited to Mrs. C———'s ball, and I heard that Mr. P———, who paid her great attentions, merely bowed to her, at the last concert at the assembly rooms."

Miss. Fripp. "This explains the mystery. As she can't rise to distinction amongst us, she is going to try her fortune amongst the mopish enthusiasts. Well, I don't know why we should be so prodigiously affected by it."

Miss. Grigg. "Dear no, I think it is a very fortunate circumstance. Indeed Miss. Fripp, I think we lessen our respectability, by admitting these tradesmen, and their low-minded children, to associate with us. Our parties should be more select; and then they would be more genteel."

Miss. Fripp. "I think so, I have long thought so. I have often deplored their introduction amongst us. I have heard a great deal about this fanatical religion, since Miss. Lester has become a convert to it; do you understand what it is?"

Miss. Grigg. "Some people call it Calvinism — some Methodism — some enthusiasm; I don't understand it, but it is something very dreadful, something very horrible indeed. It makes people hate each other. It sets a parent against a child, and a child against a parent. It always breaks up the peace of a family as soon as it enters; it makes people backbiters, and induces them to create discord and mischief wherever they go."

Miss. Fripp. "Then I suppose it was against this religion, that our worthy Doctor preached such an excellent sermon a few Sundays ago!"

Miss. Grig. "Was it not a most excellent sermon?"

Miss. Fripp. "He alluded to the writings of a certain female, who had distinguished herself as the advocate of this fanatical religion; pray do you know who he referred to?"

Miss. Grig. "I did not at the time; but the next morning, I went amongst my friends, and found that it was a Mrs. More, an impostor woman, who once lived at Tutbury in Staffordshire. This woman pretended to live without eating or drinking, and she wrote a great many books, but at length she was detected taking food, and then she confessed the whole."

Miss. Fripp. "Was she the founder of this sect?"

Miss. Grig. "I suppose so, but that is a point I have not yet ascertained."

Miss. Fripp. "I now recollect, when at Mrs. N——'s, I heard Miss. N. say, that a book written by Hannah More, had made Miss. Lester change her religion, I suppose it is the same!"

Miss. Grig. "I have no doubt but it is. If you remember, our worthy Doctor said, that her writings have a very pernicious tendency, and that we should avoid reading them, as we should avoid touching the body of a man who had died of the plague?"¹

Some weeks elapsed after the Doctor's return from Cheltenham before he was sufficiently disengaged to attend to the promise which he had given to Mr. Lester. At length he called.

"Well Mr. Lester, has my strayed lamb returned to the fold?"

"No, Doctor, she is still straying in the wilderness of fanaticism."

"Indeed! Mr. Lester. I fear Mr. Lester you have not exercised your authority. Children should be compelled to keep to the Church."

"She has not left the Church, Doctor; though she now goes to hear the Rev. Mr. S. preach, because he is, as you know, Evangelical."

"And do you suffer her, Mr. Lester?"

"I cannot prevent it, Doctor, unless I use force."

“Lock her up, Mr. Lester; lock her up.”

“But, Doctor, if I were to do this, what would people say?”

“Let them say what they please, Mr. Lester, you ought to do your duty. Now suppose it should please the Almighty to allow one of your children to be visited by a mental derangement, would you suffer that child, Mr. Lester, to go at large?”

“Certainly not.”

“Now I maintain, Mr. Lester, that our modern fanatics are laboring under a species of mental derangement; and though like other maniacs, they are sane on many points, yet as soon as you bring them into contact with religion, they go off, and talk of visions, and illuminations, and impressions, which no one can understand, unless he happen to be affected by the fatal malady. I appeal to you then, Mr. Lester, if it be not our duty, to restrain them from following these aberrations of the mind, when the Almighty puts it into our power?”

“But, Doctor, can coercive measures root out the seeds of error from the human mind?”

“I think, Mr. Lester, that it is by connivance in the first instance that these seeds when sown take root; and bring forth their fruit, after their kind. And I think if you take my advice, and restrain your daughter from going, where an influence is employed to call forth their germinating qualities, that like weeds that are left without sun, or rain, they will soon die away. Of course she will offer no resistance to your parental authority, Mr. Lester.”

“On no point, Doctor, but this one. She says that all interference with her religious opinions, except by argument, is a species of persecution, which is contrary to the spirit of Christianity, and which, if employed, she should feel it her duty to resist.”

“What opinions does she hold? you were to have sent them to me.”

“I have done it, Doctor.”

“Indeed, Mr. Lester!”

“Yes, Doctor, I sent you a copy of them, before you went to Cheltenham; and I have been expecting you to call every week since your return.”

“I suppose then I mislaid them: however, Mr. Lester, I will look for them, when I go home, and in the course of a few days, I will step in and see what can be done. I think you said it was Miss. More’s *Practical Piety*, that infused these new notions into her head?”

“Yes, Doctor, I will send you a copy, that you may examine it.”

“Yes, Mr. Lester; do — do. Good morning, Mr. Lester.”

An event now transpired which proclaimed a truce to all the domestic animosities that had been stirred up against Miss. Lester; and which awakened the anxieties and the tenderest sympathies of the whole family. This was the sudden return of Miss. Sarah Lester, from school, who was brought home dangerously ill. Miss. Sarah was several years younger than Miss. Lester; and though a finer figure than her sister, yet she was not considered quite so handsome. She surpassed her in the strength of her intellect, and the versatility of her genius, yet she did not equal her, in the sweetness of her natural disposition, nor the urbanity of her manners. From the earliest period of childhood, she discovered a high, unbending, resoluteness of mind, which no system of discipline could subdue, — a native hauteur, which raised her above the level of her rank in society, and which made her look with supercilious contempt, on what she termed the lower orders, and conceiving that she was destined to move in some higher circle, she was always aspiring to an intimacy with the more elevated and distinguished. This propensity, which was always receiving some mortifying checks, while she resided at home, had an ample scope for its indulgence when she was placed under the care of the Misses W——— whose school was considered the most respectable, and the most fashionable of any in the county. Here she associated with the children of opulence, and of rank, — conformed herself to their habits, imbibed their notions, and imagined that by some strange concatenation of circumstances, she should in future life, gain that distinction in society, to which her birth gave her no title.

That young persons should aspire to the honor of an intimacy with their superiors is a point which we concede; but they should never feel above the station in life which providence has assigned to them, as this will imperceptibly induce a spirit which will subject them, to the pity of the wise, and the contempt of the proud; and by making them dissatisfied, will

embitter their domestic comforts, and render them no less uninteresting to their equals, than ridiculous — the objects of satire, both amongst those whose society they covet, and those whose society they wish to avoid. In whatever rank of life their lot is cast, they necessarily move in contact with an higher, and a lower order, and while there are some beneath them with whom they may associate without any sacrifice of their dignity, there are some above them, whose friendship they may solicit, without either exciting envy or disgust; and though it is not my wish to record an opinion which may have the slightest degree of an improper influence, yet I give it as the result of my observation, that there is, in general, less danger to be apprehended from an aspiring, than a groveling tendency of mind, especially when it is under the control of a correct moral taste, as a person cannot hope to ascend, in the grade of virtuous society without cultivating corresponding excellencies, while to descend requires no effort of improvement.

Miss. Sarah Lester who had been under the tuition of the Misses W ———— for seven years, was now finishing her education, and expected at the pleasures of a boarding school, to act her part in the fascinating drama of life. Her ardent spirit, often transported her to distant periods of time, and associated her with ideal personages, and fictitious scenes, with whom she corresponded, and on which she gazed with all the impassioned interest and delight of a young competitor in the circus of distinction. It is true that when she recollected that her father was a tradesman, and that her mother would sometimes wait upon a customer, a momentary shock was given to her vanity, and she was brought down from her towering flights of expectancy; but then she recollected also that he was a man of wealth, and might be raised to some honorable point of civic dignity — might become an Alderman — might become a Mayor — might become a High Sheriff — might be knighted — and retire to spend the evening of his life in some noble mansion once occupied by departed greatness; and then, she felt the mighty swellings of hope, anticipating as real, what existed only in the mystic chambers of her perturbed imagination. While thus amusing herself with the visions of her own creative fancy, living and moving, when not actually engaged in the monotonous duties of the school, in an ideal world of felicity, she was arrested in her aerial career by a severe affliction, which from its first attack, was considered by her medical attendant, to be a fatal one.

The Misses W——— resided in the immediate neighborhood of many very genteel and fashionable families, who were accustomed to invite some of the young ladies to their concerts and their card parties; and as Miss. Sarah Lester was one of the eldest, and one of the most accomplished, she was generally included in the select number. The evening when they met at Mrs. ——, though in the dampness of November, was unusually clear — the moon shone with peculiar brightness, here and there a star was seen twinkling in the sky, the air was soft and mild, and nature appeared to be resting, after the toils of her summer-bearing months, on her bed of slumber, in undisturbed quietude. It was such an evening as a poet chooses for his lonely rambles; and coming at a season of the year, when we are generally driven from recreative pleasures to the social circle, it was the more bewitching. The card tables were deserted by their devotees, who, from sympathy, or from a nobler passion, felt the attractive force of the beauteous scene, and it was proposed to take a promenade on the grassy lawn, — they sallied forth, — stood awhile in groups gazing above and around them — catching the rural sounds of barking dogs — of screeching owls — of bleating sheep, and of lowing cattle, till under the spell of the enchantment, Mr. C——— taking the hand of Miss. Sarah led off the dance, in which some of the rest of the party immediately joined. If when this laborious amusement had terminated she had returned to the drawing-room, with the more sober matrons and the grave gentlemen of the party, she might have sustained no injury; but yielding to the solicitations of the gayer and the more romantic, she took a long walk, crossing hill and dale, amusing herself and her companions, by disturbing the rustic cottagers who had long forgotten the cares of the day in the slumbers of the night. They wandered about till a late hour; and ere they reached the hospitable mansion, she complained of feeling cold, and chilly; but after taking a little refreshment the sensation went off, and she resumed her wonted cheerfulness. The next day, she felt languid — with a tightness over her chest, coughed occasionally — but towards the evening the symptoms of a cold became more apparent, and she retired to rest at an early hour. During the first part of the night she slept very soundly, but about one in the morning she awoke in great pain, — very restless — and having rang the bell Miss. W———. got up, and when she had examined her pulse, she immediately sent for the medical gentleman who attended the family. He was with her before six, and prescribed some medicine which he said, he

had no doubt would give her some relief. She took it and fell into a doze, but in about two hours, she became delirious, and talked in a wild incoherent strain. Sometimes speaking to her mother, as though present, on the incidents of her early life, and sometimes reproaching her sister for having entailed everlasting stigma on the reputation of the family, by the adoption of her fanatical opinions — and at other times, alluding to the scenes and engagements of the preceding evening. A physician was called in — her medicine was changed — but her fever raged with such violence that her life was considered in the most imminent danger. A messenger was dispatched to Mrs. Lester, with the following note.

MY DEAR MADAM,

"I am sorry to inform you, that dear Miss. Sarah has taken a violent cold, and is very ill. She is now under the care of our family surgeon, and the justly celebrated Dr. ——, who are unremitting in their attentions to her. You may be assured, dear madam, that every thing that can be done to restore her health shall be done, but we have thought it proper to give you the information, because we know not what the Almighty may do. You will present our united compliments and sympathies to Mr. and Miss Lester, and believe us to be, Dear Madam. Yours, etc.

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1. Strange as this conversation may appear to his more intelligent Readers, the writer assures them that it is the substance of what passed between two fashionable gossips, on an occasion similar to that which he has described; and which was reported to him by a lady who happened to form one of the party in which it took place.↩

On The Loss Of Temper, Compared With Other Losses.

I AM ACQUAINTED with a scholar, passionately fond of books, and for the most part, immersed in his own element, profound study, who often lectures his domestics on the virtue of punctuality. If his meals are, by any unforeseen circumstances, protracted a little beyond the customary hour, he murmurs, and regrets the loss of time; and those around him, have equal cause to regret the loss of his temper. The one he can calculate by his watch, but he seems to have neither means nor inclinations to form any right estimate of the other.

A very honest and industrious tradesman, a neighbor of mine, is remarkable for his care and vigilance in all the minute engagements of business. He never loses any part of his property, but he also loses his temper at the same time. The carelessness of a servant, in breaking or spoiling an article worth sixpence, is repeated twenty times in one day. He is all eye, and all ear, to what is passing around him, but keeps no watch and ward over his own spirit.

I will mention a third case, of a gentleman of affluence and independence, who sets a high value on that character or credit, which he has gained in the arduous career of patriotism. His political opponents well know his extreme sensibility, and to this weak part they direct all their envenomed weapons. He kindles at the shadow of a wrong, and instantly repels the most distant imputation which implicates his motives. The fear of losing one grain of credit, robs him at once of all self-command.

Calamities, as the proverb runs, seldom come single; but if when one comes, we voluntarily call another to keep it company, we have little ground to complain. Though certain untoward accidents and interruptions, fritter away some part of our time, why should they also fret and irritate our

temper? If other men despoil us of our property, or credit, why should they deprive us of our peace? Why should we choose at once to incur a double loss?

Perhaps the reader may be ready to ask, whether the sad infirmity here noticed and deplored, belongs exclusively to the masculine part of our species. Truth compels me to say, that the ladies must come in for their full share of blame. A popular bard asserts:

In men, we various ruling passions find,
In women, two almost divide the kind;
These only fixed, they first or last obey,
The love of pleasure, or the love of sway.

Miss. Bland will undoubtedly rank with the former class. She is positively one of the warmest votaries of amusement I ever knew. Of all losses, she must dreads and most deplores the loss of pleasure. If dark and tempestuous weather supersedes a preconcerted summer-day's excursion, her mind like the elements is full of turbulence, her face like the sky is covered with clouds, through which no gleam of cheerfulness breaks. If some winter's evening party is formed, and any disaster befalls to detain her from the gay assembly, she sinks in anguish, or pines in melancholy, or chafes in peevish resentment. To be sure, the loss of one pleasure is to be regretted, whatever austere moralists may affirm or insinuate to the contrary. But then there are other losses, which ought not to pass wholly unregarded. If the delicate creature, on one of the dark days of disappointment, could be induced attentively to inspect her glass, she would see none of the charms and graces which were wont to play over the countenance. Oh! mournful and mysterious change, the eye averted sickens at the sight! How then would she start with horror, could she behold the true picture of her mind, for the time despoiled of its suavity, and deformed with harsh repulsive passions.

Mrs. Clack is wholly intent upon sway. Agreeable at some seasons, particularly when everyone bows assent, and yields implicit submission, her chief foible is an excess of volubility. She proves the truth of the saying, "That a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool which never grows blunt by use." But Mrs. Clack never employs this keen weapon merely for sport. She cannot bear the idea of losing one particle of power. Touch her sceptre, and

you instantly touch her temper to the quick. One of her morning mandates disobeyed, or disregarded, or called in question, often destroys her equanimity for the whole day. If silence were the effect, it might be tolerated, and perhaps prove rather welcome to the family, by way of contrast; but resentment always swells the stream of Mrs. Clack's loquacity to a torrent, that bears down opposition, and marks its course with mischief. She cannot part with an atom of power, without an entire loss of peace.

Now in all the five cases above given, it were easy to show how much happiness is sacrificed for want of keeping the temper under a little control. Every one must grant, that time, money, reputation, pleasure, and power, have all their value, and therefore it is a fair inference, that they ought not to be thrown away, or laid open to thieves and detractors, with absolute indifference. But I contend, that all these previous articles have but a relative value, which admits of being measured, weighed, summed up, and accurately ascertained; so that a sagacious politician at court, expert in estimating and settling such matters, for aught I know, might be able to ticket them off with their respective prices. Is it not then egregious folly, for any man or woman, on account of them, to part with that tranquil serenity, that sweet sunshine of the soul, the worth of which is confessedly beyond all estimation? Here argument is needless, for the thing is self-evident. Acquaintances and friends, through either carelessness or design, may pilfer from us some scanty items of time, cash, credit, pleasure, power, and influence, whether we will or not: but our equanimity, as is sufficiently demonstrated in experience, can only be taken away by our own consent. We must give the plunderer the key, or he has no means of reaching, much less of rifling the cabinet of the inner man. The reader will do well to listen to the poet's advice —

Aequam memento rebus in arduis

Take care and preserve an even mind in difficult affairs. And the counsel of the ancient Hebrew sage ought to carry far more weight than the precept of the Roman bard — “Keep thy heart with all diligence, for out of it are the issues of life.”

Gaming.

GAMING is one of those departments of guilt which combine a certain exercise of the intellect with the indulgence of the baser passions. A devotee to the turf and the dice must be a man self-possessed, cool, collected, and capable of making complicated calculations. The tempter does not generally assault him by very sudden and perceptible attacks. In this respect, the sensualist — strange as it may sound — has an advantage over the victims of avarice, and the professors of play. If men die by their own suicidal hands, as bacchanalians, and as having given way to such animal lusts as war against the soul, their guilt is far more evident to themselves than is the case with the man who soberly retires to rest, with a head calm, though busy with the arithmetic and the computations of the succeeding day, and even when he foresees the ruin of his inexperienced dupes, who will come and flutter about his nets. He is wicked by rule and compass — by a kind of mathematical precision. His guilt is of the most malignant type — but its malignity is interior. We therefore cannot wonder at hearing of gamblers who journey on to eternity itself without any very lasting remorse; though wives have died of broken hearts, and children have not been recognized by their fathers. It is the inevitable course of events, as the sparks fly upward. Death indeed — and the approach of death, as of a specter troubling the imagination of bad men — may be attended with what have been called the compunctious visitings of nature; these things have sometimes darkly clouded the last days even of a gamester, and made him anticipate the terrors of an invisible state. But up to this dreary extremity of life he may have traveled with comparative quietness and freedom from alarm; and this is his very misery and ruin. Spiritual diseases are often as flattering as certain of those which affect only our physical frame. There is little pain. The fever itself — a mortal symptom — induces, as sometimes happens under the influence of opium, pleasurable and almost delicious feelings. But; death — death — not to be ultimately shunned — not much

longer to be contemplated at an indefinite distance — comes at last; and the veil of the eternal world hides the rest.

Death Of A Gambler.

THE DOCTOR REPEATED his opinions very plainly, and urged the necessity of admitting the visits of a pious and intelligent clergyman, whose counsels might assist him in the great work of preparing to meet his God. All these endeavors were ineffectual. He heard him with more patience than he would have listened to another person speaking the same things, but he resolutely refused compliance; he spoke of the ministers of religion with a hostile feeling, and continued to repeat his old assertion — that he had lived, and would die without them.

The physician finding all his efforts for this purpose ineffectual, and that his life was drawing hastily to a conclusion, explained to him the state to which he conceived him to be reduced, and the reason upon which his opinion was founded.

“I beg and entreat of you to consider yourself as standing on the very brink of eternity; you must speedily enter on it; diligently prepare for it.”

“It is useless to talk of it,” he rejoined, hastily; “I have despised and rejected religion all my life; I am averse to it now — I cannot repent.”

“I know of no other balm,” said the doctor, “that can now yield you comfort or support — there, and there alone, you may derive strong consolation. It often occurs to me in the exercise of my profession, to attend the dying beds of those who are sinking into the grave under accumulated loads of misery; yet I have seen these deriving such consolation from the influence of religion, that they have triumphed over all their burden of afflictions — they have scarcely been sensible of their sufferings, so great has been the peace and happiness they have experienced in the expectation of exchanging this mortal life for a glorious immortality.”

“I cannot bear,” he exclaimed, “to hear of such things; they might have been mine, but they are not. The people you speak of have served God in

their health and strength, when I despised and rejected him — they went to the home in the diligent search and expectation of which they had patiently lived all their days. I have never entertained God in all my thoughts — I have endeavored to banish him thence; I cannot meet him as my friend — I have all along been his enemy: I dare not meet him as my foe — and yet I must do it. — Oh! how shall I contend with One so much mightier than I? — I cannot submit to One whom I have so long and so heartily opposed. If you can keep my poor, tottering frame together for a few months, something might be done; I might change my purposes.”

“Alas!” replied the physician, “these are vain suggestions; a very few days must finish your earthly course: let me prevail upon you to employ them more profitably than in seeking to avoid what is inevitable. Mercy is yet to be found if you seek it with all your heart; God is nigh unto those who call upon him faithfully; and though your time is very short, yet enough remains to obtain pardon and peace if you seek it earnestly: but do not defer it — you cannot live through another week.”

“Then,” he retorted, in an agony, “before the End of another week I shall be — (and he paused) — yet why do I hesitate to speak the truth plainly, when the fact will soon prove itself? — before the end of another week I shall be in hell! — I shall be? — I am there now — for what is hell but the truth seen too late? I now see and feel the truth I have so long despised and trampled on, and that is hell — it is begun already, and will continue for ever — it is the worm that never dies, the fire that never can be quenched.”

“My friend,” rejoined the doctor, “the conclusions you draw, as respects yourself, are hasty in the extreme; whilst there is life there is hope and mercy with God, that he may be feared: he may yet be found; only seek him whilst space and opportunity are yet afforded you.”

“I cannot seek him,” he replied, “I neither love nor desire him; I have lived in hostility to him all my days, and if he is willing to be reconciled to me I am not ready; I cannot change my feelings and propensities so quickly. Lengthen my days — give me space to conquer my aversion to him, his people, and his ways; these are all alike disagreeable to me, and I cannot change sides and go over in an instant. — O keep me alive for a few months, Or we shall meet as enemies! — Even now I feel his strong hand

upon — O that he would destroy me! — His fear terrifies me — and his mighty arm inflicts punishment greater than I can bear!”

His mental agitation became extreme, and dreadfully shook his enfeebled frame. He continued to reject, with awful energy and perseverance, every solicitation to admit the visits of a clergyman, or to receive religious instruction and consolation.

“I tell you, I do not repent. I cannot repent. Nay more, I have no sorrow for my sins; restore me my health, and I shall pursue the same practices. I am only terrified at the consequences: I am not penitent for my misdeeds.”

“And feeling the awful consequences of sin,” interposed the other, “will lead you to seek deliverance from the cause as well as the effect. Consider how the promise is added to the invitation — Ask, and ye shall receive.”

“True,” said he, “another proof, if an additional one was yet wanting, to demonstrate that I have no concern in it. I have never asked God for any thing; what he gave me, he gave me unasked, and I have employed all to oppose his will. He will hear my prayers, and reject them with abhorrence. My parents were kind, tender, and forgiving, but I wearied them out; and what can I expect from God? Must not similar conduct procure a similar reward?”

“No,” resumed the physician, “God is far more kind and patient than any earthly parent; more ready to hear than we are to pray; and wont to give more than we either desire or deserve.”

“Ah,” he returned, “that fixes another sting to rankle in my guilty conscience. He gave me abundance — advantages superior to most — more than I then desired, and, I now feel, more than I deserved. How have I employed all his benefits? To the injury of others; and now, he turns the mischief upon my own head. A gamester’s hand is against every man; and now he makes me feel his wrath, not as an individual sinner, but as a transgressor against him and the whole family of his creatures, whose wrong I have ever sought, when I supposed it might be for my private advantage. Why should I expect mercy who have never shown it? I have trampled upon mercy; and now slighted, abused, rejected mercy, calls incessantly for vengeance.”

After a short pause, which no one attempted to interrupt, as the horror which his last expressions, uttered with terrible energy and evident distress, had silenced every one, he turned to the doctor, and began, “Why do you thus plead with me? I tell you, I have been the enemy of the human race; and would have plundered you or the best friend I have upon earth. Why do you not join to torment me? Ah! you already have a powerful avenger; your God has declared himself on your side. He has taken up your cause, and pours down his fury upon me. If this is only the anticipation, what will be the reality? O misery without end, and suffering interminable.”

The physician having interrupted him, to remind him ‘that length of time was not necessary for repentance, and that the blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin,’ he replied,

“I have trodden that blood under foot; if it is found upon me, it must be as a curse, not a blessing. I have had the benefit of it offered me, but I have rejected it with unceasing hardness and impenitence. Oh, the golden opportunity that has been refused, and is now lost for ever! Is not that hell enough of itself? What need be added to it? Then to bear the wrath of God for ever! — a fire burning, but not consuming; to be the sport and companions of devils — to dwell with everlasting burnings!”

The debility which had gradually increased upon him for several preceding months, and by which he had been brought to a state bordering upon dissolution, seemed overcome by the impulse which the agitation of his mind communicated to his body. He experienced a temporary increase of strength, a morbid revival, under which he displayed an energy and activity of thought equal to what he had exerted at any former period of his life. The effect of this was only to exhaust the little corporeal power that remained, and accelerate his death.

In the delirium which prevailed during the last few hours, of his temporal existence, the same awful expectations of futurity harassed his disturbed mind, and he alluded with fearful dismay to many circumstances, besides those before referred to, but particularly to the widow and orphans. During one of these, he suddenly raised himself upon his bed, and, uttering a piercing shriek, he fell backward and expired.

On Candor.

A FRANK, INGENUOUS, AMIABLE, AND BENEVOLENT DISPOSITION, is the germ out of which many estimable and important virtues grow. Among the rest, candor is one, which is every where commended, though not quite so prevalent in the world as might be expected. Numbers have candor and charity often on their tongues; while prejudice and intolerance are rife in their spirit and conduct. Their estimate of actions, motives, and characters, is the result of passion and precipitance, rather than of calm, deliberate, enlightened judgment. They never calculate the force of wind and tide; they make no fair allowance for unfavorable and peculiar circumstances. “Man,” saith Lord Chesterfield, “viewed in different positions, may be compared to silks viewed in different lights, the colors of which assume a different appearance.” Prejudice looks through a crevice, and of course catches only a partial view, and bigotry, with a jaundiced eye, sees the object discolored, by the taint which has injured the organ of vision. We shall notice the exercise, and benign influence of candor, in three spheres, viz. — religion, civil government, and private life.

Candor should guide and govern our minds, in judging the actions and principles of men, with reference to religion. Those who profess Christianity in our free country, are divided and subdivided into many denominations and sects; and each collective body has its own creed, forms of worship, and rules of discipline. Now, because all have an undoubted right to judge for themselves, and follow the dictates of conscience, shall we affirm that all doctrines are equally safe, and all kinds and varieties of public worship, are equally reasonable, edifying and profitable? This would be a counterfeit candor, and ought rather to be called a cold and careless indifference to the truth. Christianity has certainly its fundamental principles, and he who has discernment enough to see, and honesty enough to acknowledge them, cannot say, because he cannot think, there is any true

religion where they are wanting. Candor itself does not require us to mix things incongruous, to merge essential distinctions, and confound truth and error.

In sacred, as in scientific matters, there are landmarks and limits, which must neither be leveled nor involved in studied obscurity. The Ptolemaic and Copernican systems of astronomy cannot both be true; the man that adores our Lord Jesus Christ, and the man who denounces such worship as idolatry, cannot both embrace a sound, safe, and scriptural theology. A candid Christian will, however, distinguish between primary and essential principles, and points of minor consequence: and while he contends earnestly, yet fairly, for the former, he inculcates and displays a mild forbearance in regard to the latter. He feels the need of guarding the tendency which passion has, to bias and pervert the judgment, and to alienate the heart. He finds more to commend, and less to blame, in many religious people, upon a closer acquaintance with them, than he could have anticipated from books and vague rumors. "Prejudice," said Dr. Price, "may be compared to a misty morning in October. A man goes forth to an eminence, and he sees on the summit of a neighboring bill a figure of gigantic stature, for such the imperfect medium through which he is seen would make him appear; he goes forward a few steps, and the figure advances towards him; his size lessens as they approach; they draw still nearer, and the extraordinary appearance is gradually, but sensibly diminishing; at last they meet, and perhaps the man that I had taken for a monster, proves to be my own brother." Happy would it be for the Christian world, if the following admirable maxim, used by one of the ancient fathers, were universally adapted and acted upon with uniform consistency. In necessary things, unity; in non-essentials, liberty; in all things, charity.

Candor should guide and influence our minds, in judging the actions and principles of men employed in the sphere of civil Government. Those who enact or administer the laws of the land, or direct the councils of state, have a much more arduous task to perform than lookers-on generally imagine. Amidst all the complexity and difficulty of their work, justice certainly requires that their measures should be calmly canvassed, and fairly represented. But political faction and violence throw away the scales of justice, and the rules of equity and moderation. They see nothing but a system of tyranny, supported by a dense and continually accumulating mass

of corruption. On the other hand, there are not a few of the advocates and admirers of the dominant party, who go just as far to the other extreme. These complacent politicians can find nothing wrong, nothing redundant or deficient in the machine of state, nothing irregular and oppressive in its working and movements. Does candor then call us to give full credit to every fine flattering statement which issues from the Cabinet Council? To take apologies, declarations, and promises, without asking or expecting any comment, evidence or pledge? The smooth-tongued placeman will say Aye, and the factious patriot No; but the candid man will say, I like to compare words and deeds, and carefully discriminate, though in so doing I may offend those who are wholesale dealers in panegyric or invective.

Candor should guide and govern our minds, in judging the actions and motives of men engaged in the ordinary affairs of private life. In this sphere, the virtue we are now recommending is in daily and hourly demand, and of high and incalculable value. But here also we must beware of counterfeits. A smooth and specious deportment, a countenance clothed with perpetual smiles, and an address distinguished by gentleness and insinuation, may be assumed for selfish ends. A truly candid man is neither carried away by gloomy ungenerous suspicion, nor by weak yielding credulity; and the materials and whole constitution of his mind must be entirely changed before he could become a knave or a dupe.

But the exercise and benign influence of candor in private life, deserve to be more particularly noticed.

A man of an upright, open, ingenuous, and amiable spirit, will not suffer himself to be imposed upon by loose and idle reports, raised by malice or meddling impertinence, and wafted by every wind of accident. Before he forms an unfavorable opinion of any one, he takes care to get authentic information; and when facts are duly sifted, and separated from dark surmises, his decision is according to evidence. He finds and readily acknowledges some good qualities in those, whose general conduct he is obliged to condemn. In construing actions of a doubtful kind, he either suspends his judgment, or leans to the favorable side. Knowing the force and danger of party attachments, and personal resentments, he guards against their insidious influence; and in any matter which affects the interest or character of another, feels anxious that his mind may be determined by the simple facts of the case.

The spirit of candor is mild, conciliatory, and pleasant. It interposes to prevent many revengeful blows, and when too late to effect this purpose, heals the wound which has been given. It breaks the bone of contention, and extinguishes the sparks of animosity ere they burst into a flame. Were candor entirely withdrawn, the social intercourse of life would be soon overflowed with hatred, rancor, and acrimony. Envy and malignity are ever busy to open new sluices, and circulate, in a thousand secret unobserved channels, the waters of bitterness and strife. To the mitigating and salutary influence of a candid spirit, we chiefly owe the satisfaction and enjoyment which the mutual good offices of friendship and society impart. Let us then cherish and cultivate a temper on which so much of the peace and harmony, order and happiness of private life depends. Candor is an eminent branch of that charity which suffereth long and is kind; vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil.

On The Causes Which Increase The Prejudices Of Worldly Men Against Religion.

IT IS IMPOSSIBLE for anyone who truly loves, embraces, honors, and defends Christianity, to remain indifferent while he beholds her covered with reproach and contempt. He sees, with deep regret, the operation of those causes, which excite and inflame the enmity of the carnal mind. He sighs, and sheds many a tear in secret, when he finds religion wounded in the house of her friends.

The latent aversion of the depraved heart to every thing spiritually good, will easily account for much of that opposition which worldly men manifest to vital godliness; but it deserves enquiry, whether their antipathies are not augmented by the conduct of Christians themselves. The poison every where exists, and often lies in a dormant state; but the virulence of its action, the rage with which it spreads and operates, may, in general, be traced to certain excitements.

1. Coldness and Gloomy Reserve

We have reason to believe that many Christian professors increase the prejudice of worldly men, by a coldness and gloomy reserve in their manners. Though religion is the only source of solid comfort and lasting joy, we must confess, that not a few individuals, avowedly and perhaps sincerely attached to it, give little proof of its happy influence upon themselves. Their fears predominate, their comforts are outweighed by their troubles, they are oftener walking in the chilling shade than in the cheering sunshine, and their sighs are more commonly heard than their songs.

Persons of this character may be serious and conscientious, may even at times feel an earnestness and deep interest in the sacred engagements of closet-devotion, but their social intercourse is flat and insipid.

Whether they are ill-informed with reference to the grand doctrines and gracious provisions of the Gospel, and as yet detained in partial thralldom; or whether constitutional temperament gives a tinge of melancholy to the mind; or whatever other cause be assigned, religion in their deportment has a meager and uninviting aspect. Their language is uncouth, harsh, repulsive, full of censures and complaints; their life is a dull routine of tame and tiresome formalities.

Is it surprising, that persons of this description should raise in the minds of worldly men an unfavorable idea of religion? The system is charged with the faults of those who espouse it. Hence the hasty conclusion is drawn, that Christian principles darken the lustre, and damp the vivacity of youth; that they infuse a leaven, which sours both the mind and the manners which yield to their influence. Such reasoning is, indeed, unfair, for examples of cheerful and attractive piety are always to be found; but prejudice is not very anxious to discriminate.

Let those who sincerely wish to promote the cause of God in an evil world, beware of furnishing its enemies with a plausible plea, by exhibiting in their conduct and conversation any gloom, moroseness, or austerity, which has a direct tendency to alienate and disgust. Let them be firm and steadfast, yet uniformly kind and courteous; spreading the charm of a winning affability and benevolence over all the social circle in which it is their lot to move. By ease, freedom, cheerfulness, and suavity, under the control of a vigilant discretion, they will be able to adorn and recommend the doctrine of God their Saviour, and silence the clamor of many of its enemies.

2. Inconsistencies in Business Affairs

Many professing Christians increase the prejudices of worldly men by the inconsistencies they betray in their commercial dealings. One is hard and rigid in the bargains he makes, in the conditions he prescribes, yet lax and remiss in fulfilling the engagements into which he has entered; another is

mean and mercenary in trifles, though upright and honorable in matters of prime importance. Hence is seen a spirit of speculation and eager competition, which breaks down every mound of prudence and moderation; there a gross want of diligence, order, and punctuality, which brings embarrassment and ruin. “These are your religious people,” cries the scoffer, with an air of exaltation and triumph.

It cannot, and must not be disguised, that numbers have assumed a Christian profession for selfish and sinister purposes. To this concession should be subjoined the fair and legitimate inference it warrants, namely, that if religious principle did not generally raise and improve the tone of morals, such instances of hypocrisy would be unknown; there would, in fact, be neither grounds to sustain, nor motives to produce them. But the culpable manner in which even some sincere Christians carry on trade, may greatly dishonor and injure the religion they profess. It ought, therefore, to be every good man’s prayer and aim, to manage his business with such clear rectitude, exact punctuality, and uniform consistency, as shall shut out occasion from those who are eagerly seeking occasion to cast scandal and reproach on the cause of God.

Frequent omissions will have an effect nearly as bad as direct and palpable violations of moral duty; and the want of consideration be readily confounded with the want of principle. “What do ye more than others?” is a taunt thrown at the servants of God, whenever any negligence on their part opens a tempting avenue for it.

3. Injudicious Zeal

Many professing Christians increase the prejudices of worldly people by their injudicious zeal in supporting or defending those noble institutions, which at once do honor to our own country, and bless the world at large. They are seen stepping, out of their own sober and proper course, to attempt a career, for which they are neither qualified by talents nor influence. Their measures are rash and ill-judged; their movements wild, irregular, impetuous and offensive. Whether opposed or encouraged, they are sure to run into extravagancies and absurdities. A Christian of enlarged mind and candid spirit will make every fair allowance in such cases. Their motives,

says be, are good, but I regret the absence of a sound judgment, In due degree of experience, or a cautious adherence to the rules of prudence. Right principles and benevolent dispositions are too valuable to be thrown away or despised, because they are unhappily blended with some portion of alloy. On the contrary, the men of the world are not disposed to make any allowances. They assault the vulnerable points of such warm-hearted but weak advocates of a good cause, with the keenest promptitude and the highest exultation. Having culled a few instances of a kind suited to their purpose, they hold up these fanatics as specimens and fair average samples of the religious world.

Now as the disposition of multitudes to misrepresent and degrade the Christian character is so clearly evident, how watchful and circumspect ought they to be, who profess themselves the zealous followers of our Lord Jesus Christ! How amiable and engaging in their manners, how fair and equitable in their dealings, how cautious and considerate in their benevolent exertions! It is not enough that their motives be right; they must shun the very appearance of evil. The end does not, according to an old exploded maxim, justify the means. A good object, pursued in a bad temper, or in a violent and indiscreet manner, cannot really advance the interests of religion. It should therefore be the constant study, the ardent and unwearied endeavor, of pious men, to hold forth the word of truth in their conduct, and to exhibit to the eyes of all, those fruits of righteousness, which are by Jesus Christ to the glory and praise of God.

Suicide.

IT WAS ON ONE OF THOSE GLOOMY DAYS, so frequent at the latter end of the year, in this variable climate, that I was sitting alone in my apartment, indulging in thoughts almost as sombre as the weather, and letting one melancholy fancy succeed another. I reflected on the weakness of human reason. “How difficult,” I said to myself, “is the discovery of truth! How plausible is error! Religion is divided into innumerable sects; and Philosophy, while pretending to be wiser and superior to the slavery of superstition, is bewildered by a multitude of theories. There is no cause so good, that it has not been vilified; no argument so bad, that it has not been defended; and even crimes have been exalted into virtues by the sophistry of genius. It is this uncertainty necessarily attending the decisions of unassisted reason — this difficulty of reaching truth through a near and obvious path, that tempts men to hazard the most startling theories. Intuitive conviction is deemed the prejudice of education; and to think differently from the mass of mankind, a mark of superior intellect! Into what excesses will not the uncurbed imagination rush under such circumstances? What absurdity is there that it will not justify? Who, for instance, does not feel that the animating principle within him cannot be extinguished? that consciousness, though suspended, cannot be destroyed? that we are formed for an eternal existence, and yet the blind pride of erring reason has urged men to stifle this powerful and innate conviction, and deny the immortality of the soul! And, no less strange, even suicide has had its defenders!”

At this instant the door suddenly opened, and my friend Clifford entered the room. Observing the serious air that overspread my countenance, he paused for a moment, and said: “You have heard, I see, the melancholy news.”

“What mean you?” I asked, surprised at this question.

“The death of poor Nugent,” he replied; “and alas! by his own hand!”

I was for some moments deprived of utterance. The awfulness of the circumstance, and its singular coincidence with the thoughts I had just been indulging, gave it the momentary appearance of a dream. "And what," said I, after I had somewhat recovered myself, "was the cause of this fearful deed?"

"The world and he," he replied, "had long been enemies. It spurned him: he disdained to fawn upon his persecutor, and nobly rushed into the arms of death."

"Nobly!" said I, "Clifford. You surely mean not what you say."

"Indeed I do," he replied. "Who, as Shakespeare says, would sweat and groan under an oppressed life, when the remedy is at all times in his power? Why should a man be compelled to live, when all that makes life desirable has fled forever?"

"I'll answer your question by another. How does he know that it has fled for ever. when he has not the patience to wait the trial?"

"Why should he wait an uncertain issue? His suffering is positive; the remedy obvious. Why drag on an existence of misery, that may last, perhaps, for years, in the precarious hope of a prosperous change, when this misery may be ended in a moment?"

"May be ended! 'Ay, there's the rub,' as Shakespeare also says; for who can assure us that the end of life is the end of sorrow?"

"No matter. Our very nature teaches us to shun pain and seek happiness, however vain the pursuit; we act but in obedience to the laws of our being, in quitting life when it has no longer any charms for us. Suicide is therefore justifiable. It is the privilege of a great mind, that when it can no longer stoop to the indignities by which it is oppressed, it may bid defiance to its tyrant; and thus suicide becomes an act of heroism."

"'Tis an act of cowardice."

"Prove it."

"No man ever took away his own life, that did not deem death the lesser evil; for of two ills we instinctively choose that which we imagine to be the lesser. The act was therefore cowardly; for courage consists in preferring that course which appears the most pregnant with danger."

“Granted. But see the dilemma in which you have involved yourself. If, on account of our natural tendency to prefer what you term the lesser evil, it be cowardly to die, by the same rule, it must be cowardly to live.”

“I have not,” I replied, “contended that to live is an act of heroism. You, on the contrary, would invest suicide with that quality. A man may prefer battling with the ills of life, to putting an end to his own existence, and be influenced in this decision by motives just as praiseworthy as courage; a mere animal quality, after all, and, chiefly depending, perhaps, on the vigor of the nerves. But supposing that to live be cowardly, it by no means follows that to die is brave.”

“I will neither admit nor deny your conclusion; because it is not material to the argument; but I will confine myself to my assertion that it is justifiable.”

“Then it is justifiable to violate the first commandment of the Deity.”

“You have no right to cite scripture on the subject.”

“You deny it, perhaps?”

“I shall make no profession of my creed either way; but, if I admitted it, the argument would be ended at once: that is provided your interpretation of the sixth commandment be correct, which I much doubt. ‘Thou shalt do no murder,’ may only include the killing of others.”

“Well, I will waive the authority of scripture, because I am convinced, that, on this subject at least, plain common sense will be sufficient to prove the fallacy of your position.”

“Be not too sure. Some of the wisest of men have held my opinion. You remember what Seneca says: ‘*Agamus Diis gratias, quod neno in vita teneri potest.*’”¹

“I think you mistake Seneca’s meaning. His gratitude that he cannot be made to live against his will, does not imply an approbation of self-destruction. He is grateful, because it is a remedy, though a desperate one, against the cruelty and tyranny of man.”

“What say you then to Pliny? ‘*Deus non sibi potest mortem consciscere si velit, quod homini dedit optimum in tantis vitae paenis.*’”²

“I shudder at the boldness of the thought. But I will admit that the ancient philosophers, by their writing and their practice, showed that they attached no idea of criminality to suicide; and will allow you all the vantage ground that this admission will give you.”

“It is the beauty of philosophy, that it frees us from the slavery of superstition. No longer the dupes of our fears, we can judge correctly because boldly.”

“If philosophy, which I apprehend it does, mean right reasoning, it certainly has the effect you ascribe to it; for right reasoning must efface superstition and error. But I perceive, from your very commencement, that you have been reading Hume on the subject. Do you mean to give me his arguments or your own?”

“I have been reading the Essay ascribed to Hume;³ and I also think his reasoning so conclusive, that I can have little to add to it. In fact, I have the book in my pocket. See, it is no very voluminous affair. It is brief, but forcible, and carries conviction in every line.”

“So you think. Let us see how it will stand the test of truth. He begins, I believe, by telling us what you have just asserted, and which, indeed, every one admits — that it is the province of philosophy to dissipate error and superstition; and having established this very self-evident proposition, he goes on to say, that superstition alone deters men from laying down their lives when they are tired of them; an obvious non sequitur, apparent to the simplest tyro in logic.”

“This is a mere exordium, having little to do with the main argument; but mark the method and candor which characterize the arrangement of his subject. ‘If suicide,’ he says, ‘be criminal, it must be a transgression of our duty either to God, our neighbor, or ourselves.’ Here is no blinking of the question; and if he remove these objections, you must allow, that no other argument of consequence can be adduced.”

“Perhaps not; but let us hear how he maintains his position.”

“First, then, as to our ‘duty to God.’ He tells us that the material world has, from the beginning, been governed by immutable laws; that the animal world is controlled by those faculties necessary for that course of life to which each of its creatures is destined; and that these principles mutually

assist or retard each other's operations: thus, man is impeded by rivers; and rivers, by the art of man, are made subservient to his will: yet all this occasions no general or perceptible disorder; but, from the mixture, union, and contrast, arises a surprising harmony and proportion. All events, he continues, are the action of the Deity; they all proceed from those powers with which he has endowed his creatures; for as, on the one hand the elements and other inanimate parts of the creation carry on their actions without regard to the particular interest and situation of men, so men are entrusted to their own judgment and discretion, in the various shocks of matter, and may employ every faculty with which they are criticized, in order to provide for their ease, happiness, or preservation.' Shall we assert that the Almighty has reserved to himself, in any peculiar manner, the disposal of the lives of men; and has not submitted that event, in common with others, to the general laws by which the universe is governed? 'Since, therefore, the lives of men are for ever dependent on the general laws of matter and motion, is a man's disposing of his life criminal, because, in every case, it is criminal to encroach upon those laws, or disturb their operation? But this seems absurd. All animals are entrusted to their own prudence and skill for their conduct in the world; and have full authority, as far as their power extends, to alter all the operations of nature. Without the exercise of this authority, they could not subsist a moment: every action, every motion of a man innovates on the order of some parts of matter, and diverts from their ordinary course the general laws of motion. Putting together, therefore, these conclusions, we find that human life depends upon the general laws of matter and motion, and that it is no encroachment on the office of providence to disturb or alter these general laws. Has not every one, of consequence, the free disposal of his own life? And may he not lawfully employ that power with which nature has endowed him? Is it because human life is of so great importance, that it is a presumption for human prudence to dispose of it? But the life of a man is of no greater consequence to the universe than that of an oyster.' This, I think, is clear."

"All shallows are clear, as Dr. Johnson says. But proceed, and let us hear the whole of his argument on this first branch of his subject; though, I believe, he gives us little more than a reiteration of the same ideas, so characteristic of his usual diffuseness."

“He has one or two more remarks on this head, that deserve attention. ‘A hair,’ he says, ‘a fly, an insect, is able to destroy this mighty being, whose life is of so much importance. Is it an absurdity to suppose that human prudence may lawfully dispose of what depends on such insignificant causes? It would be no crime in me to divert, the Nile or Danube from its course, were I able to effect such purposes. Where then is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood from their natural channel?’ What do you reply to all this?”

“The falseness of his argument lies in his confounding the animate with the inanimate part of the creation, and making man of no more consequence than a tree or a stone. God has certainly fixed general laws for the government of animate and inanimate nature; it is true, that neither can so far encroach on the province of the other as materially to disturb this arrangement; but is there no difference between the moral principle by which man, a rational being, is governed, and the passive obedience paid to its laws by inert matter? The life of a man, he says, is of no more consequence than that of an oyster; and it is not difficult to perceive, that such an assertion could only be made by one who bounded the sphere of human action to our present existence, and denied the immortality of the soul. But is it not evident, that the holder of such a creed cannot attach criminality to any action? for if the soul be not immortal; if there be no state of existence after death; all our actions, good or evil, are matter of indifference. Now, though you have owned yourself a proselyte to his doctrine, as far as regards his vindication of suicide, yet surely you are not prepared to go to such lengths as these?”

“Certainly not,” replied Clifford.

“Because, if you were, there must be an end of the argument. — The very creed denies accountability, and it is our accountability only that proves the action to be criminal. — Well, then, to proceed. He argues that because man cannot disturb the order of providence, therefore, his attempt to do. so is not criminal; — that, as the irregularities of nature and of man are alike incapable of affecting the general laws by which the universe is governed, they are equally indifferent. But is it not ridiculous to suppose, that the created could thwart the purposes of the Creator? A child, by his disobedience, may inflict no actual injury on his parent; but does this lessen his offense, or change the nature of it? Does it not remain disobedience,

notwithstanding; and is it not, therefore, criminal? Mankind, by the collective aggregate of all their crimes, — by their cruelties, oppression, and bloodshed, — by fire and sword, — by war and desolation, cannot effectively disturb the operations of nature. The sun rises and sets; the tide ebbs and flows; the seasons follow in due course; the planets revolve around us in beautiful harmony, undisturbed by the petty passion of man. What then? Is it because the human Pygmy cannot possess himself of omnipotent power; because, confined by the laws of his being, his impious darings are impotent; is he therefore blameless for attempting what he would, but is not able to effect? Is his criminality thereby lessened?”

“You forget,” replied Clifford, “that when a man meditates the destruction of his own life, he has no such motive. He is influenced by no wish of braving Providence. He thinks only of his own suffering, and on the best means of escaping from it.”

“And you forget,” I rejoined, “that I am merely replying to the reasoning of Hume. He assumes it to be an objection to suicide, that a man subverts the order of creation, by anticipating the natural limit prescribed to his existence; and he answers this objection by showing that man cannot, by any action, disturb the ordinary course of things; and that, therefore, his taking away his life ceases to be criminal. I have endeavored, in the first place, to prove that he has overlooked the important distinction between mind and matter; and that, though man can, and may, alter some of the operations of nature, as changing the course of rivers, or removing obstructions, it is criminal to avail himself of this discretion, as regards the disposal of his own life. He says, ‘it is no crime in me to divert the Nile or Danube from its course: where, then, is the crime of turning a few ounces of blood from their natural channel?’ Now, in my estimation, there is an immense difference between the two objects, leaving all consideration of the immortality of the soul out of the question; and passing over the obvious distinction between a being possessed of life and intelligence and mere impassive matter; for it is quite certain, that though man may be able to alter the course of a great river like the Danube — he cannot annihilate it, he cannot prevent it from ebbing and flowing; and, if he could, its source, the ocean, would still defy his utmost power. Now, as regards the destruction of human life, the machine is thereby totally stopped; the blood is not ‘turned into another channel,’ but ceases to flow altogether. But, if we

suppose — and who can doubt it? — that the soul is immortal, how amazing is then the difference! — In the second place, I have aimed at proving, that because a man cannot subvert the arrangements of Providence, he is not, therefore, justified in attempting it; and this brings me to your objection, that suicide is not committed, with the view of defying Providence, — and that the wretched being is, at least, guiltless of this enormity. It would be strange, indeed, if he were not; for who ever heard of a man, who believed in the existence of a God, rushing into the arms of death, in the avowed defiance of his power? There have been men, I own, who, when about to die, have openly braved the Deity, — Spinoza, for instance — but they were Atheists, — ‘men who had said in their hearts, there is no God;’ and they could well defy what they did not believe to exist. But admitting that the Suicide has not these feelings to so fearful an extent, is there not, in the very thought of such a deed, an innate sense of its criminality? When reflecting on a self-murder, do we not feel within us a consciousness that it is sinful?”

“Our feelings,” returned my antagonist, “are bad logicians, and are seldom to be trusted.”

“I own,” I replied, “that in most cases they are so; and yet, in others, it is admirable how unerring are their dictates. I think this one of those instances. It is an intuition, that tells us, that, as the first law of our nature is to be anxious for the preservation of existence, the destruction of it by our own hand is, of all modes, the most abhorrent. We feel that there are circumstances which may reconcile us to death by other means, such as the love of honor, glory, or patriotism; a painful and lingering illness; the utter exhaustion produced by very old age, and the hope of a glorious immortality; all these would, perhaps, make death desirable, either as an infliction, or in the course of nature, but not by our own hand.”

“You are defining,” said Clifford, “the feelings of a man, who has not yet been tempted to commit the deed; of an unconcerned spectator — of one who contemplates it at a distance. But this is judging erroneously. If we are, ourselves, exempt from the evils that have driven others to the commission of rash actions, we do not view the motive that prompted them in the strong, and perhaps more correct, light we should do were the case our own. We pronounce a hasty, and often unjust, judgment, founded, in most instances, on popular prejudice, or received opinions, instead of carefully

weighing the peculiar and immediate facts; and our sympathy is always in exact proportion to the resemblance the case bears to our own circumstances.”

“And yet,” I replied, “it would be difficult to prove, that our judgment, thus influenced, would decide correctly. Now, I think, that the man, who is neutrally situated, is more likely to be in the right. The gist of the argument, however, I admit, lies in the state of the individual’s feelings at ’ the time. A man who puts an end to his own life, in despite of the convictions of his conscience, must act sinfully: it may not be in direct defiance of the Supreme; but it is a positive violation of a known injunction, and is therefore criminal.”

“I cannot deny that. But as you have admitted, that the guilt is in a great measure dependent on the party’s feelings at the time, it follows, that there may be some cases where the action ceases to be a crime.”

“I own it.”

“Indeed! Well, that is an admission that I did not expect.”

“I would render even-handed justice and decide fairly. There are cases where suicide is not criminal. What think you of insanity? Should we be justified in condemning a man, who destroyed himself when deprived of his reason?”

“That is self-evident. I was in hopes that your acknowledgment would have extended further.”

“I will own that I am undetermined in my judgment on some of the Roman heroes, — Cato, for instance, — because I must in charity remember, not merely the motive, but the light, in which suicide was held at the period. It was regarded as an act of heroism; and thus I am inclined to consider it as an error in judgment rather than a crime. But to us, who have been enlightened by Revelation, no such plea is available; and I cannot too strongly deprecate the citing of such examples as a justification, when it is clear that a parallel cannot exist. — Let us, however, return to Hume. Do you admit that I have refuted his first position?”

“I confess I have no rejoinder at present that strikes me as available.”

“There is little then left to dispose of; for if it cannot be denied that suicide is a breach of our duty to God, it is evident that it must also be a violation of what we owe to society and to ourselves. Let us, however, see how he defends his opinions on this ground. — ‘A man,’ he says, ‘who retires from life, does no harm to society: he only ceases to do good, which, if it is an injury, is an injury of the lowest kind.’ Now, it is quite certain, that ‘the retiring from life,’ as he terms it, by self-destruction, is not so negative an action as he would induce us to believe. It is not merely withdrawing from a given space, and leaving that space to be filled by another. Supposing a man to have no ties of kindred or connection, — that he stood alone, a mere isolated being in the world, this might be the case; but who is there among us that is in this predicament? Hermits are out of fashion; but even the ascetics of La Trappe, shut out as they are from society, have not this plea; for are not the conduct and example of each of consequence to his fellow-devotees, forming, as he does, a link in their fraternal chain? If this be the case as regards men who hold no commerce with the world, what are we to say for those who mingle in its scenes, — for husbands, — brothers, — fathers? — for those who have wives, children, dependents, whose well-being and happiness depend on them, whose existence is, in a measure, bound up with theirs? What an impudent sophistry! Are the wretchedness, privations, and anguish the suicide inflicts on these, no injury? — Is it no injury to leave a destitute, broken-hearted wife, and helpless children, to struggle with a pitiless world? — Is it no injury to abandon those he is by nature bound to protect, to poverty and sorrow; to the demoralization produced by penury; to the humiliations inflicted by thoughtless prosperity and overweening pride? I leave your feelings to decide.”

“They certainly decide against his reasoning.”

“Yet again,” he says, "but suppose that it is no longer in my power to promote the interest of society; — suppose that I am a burden to it — suppose that my life hinders some person from being much more useful to society: in such cases, my resignation of life must not only be innocent but laudable.

You see how many, and how gratuitous are his assumptions. To admit all this, We must imagine him to be possessed of foreknowledge. How knows he that he is a burden to society? How is he sure that his successor would be more useful? How knows he even that he would not be less so? But I am

tired of combating shadows. Your justification of suicide must be founded on stronger reasonings than he has produced."

"I own you have staggered what I deemed my best-grounded opinions. But there are one or two points on which a doubt still hangs. Let us read a little further, and you will find he alludes to the case of a malefactor who saves himself from a painful death by anticipating the executioner. Here is the passage:"

"A man is engaged in a conspiracy for the public interest; is seized upon suspicion; is threatened with the rack, and knows from his own weakness that the secret will be extorted from him: could such a one consult the public interest better than by putting a quick period to a miserable life? This was the case of the brave Strozzi, of Florence. Again, suppose a malefactor is condemned to a shameful death; can any reason be imagined, why he may not anticipate his punishment, and save himself the anguish of thinking on its dreadful approach? He invades the business of Providence no more than the magistrate did, who ordered his execution; and his voluntary death is equally advantageous to society by ridding it of a pernicious member.' These are certainly strong cases."

"Let us examine them. You see that here, too, he presupposes each of these individuals to possess a certain foreknowledge of the fate that actually awaits him. But this is impossible. He may know what may probably, but not what will inevitably happen. Many instances might be quoted, where circumstances have interposed to save the victim. But admitting this to be, what in the majority of instances it must prove — a hopeless chance, still I would ask, whether, seeing that death is but the door to another and eternal state of existence, it be wise to hazard the Divine displeasure by becoming one's own murderer, for the sake of saving even many pangs? His latter case of the vicious malefactor, instead of being a stronger argument, is a weaker one; for it is in exact proportion to the moral guilt already incurred, that the hesitation should be greater. He who has sinned much can less afford to sin more. — But in this instance, as, indeed, in all the others, the main spring of the argument is founded on a disbelief of the immortality of the soul. Present advantage and security from present evil, are all he aims at. He thinks nothing of the awful unknown world into which the unhappy being plunges himself. And this sort of reasoning is in exact keeping with that daring assertion of his, that 'all events are the actions of the Deity,' thus

leveling the distinctions between vice and virtue, and imputing our very crimes to the Author of our being. Believe me, my friend, the man who would divest suicide of its criminality, is no benefactor to his species; — — the dissemination of such opinions inflicts an injury on society; for remember, it is one of those deeds which cannot be recalled. We cannot recede; we cannot, after having discovered our error, repair it: — there is no retreating; — the deed is done, and the consequences must be abided by. The very mystery as to the nature of these consequences should make us tremble. We may speculate as long as we please as to the moral fitness of the action, but it is beyond the precincts of the grave alone that we shall know whether our judgment has been correct. And be assured, too, that placed as we are under the eye of a merciful Providence, there is no circumstance, however apparently hopeless, that his mercy has not provided for, without the necessity of our flying to this, at least doubtful, and certainly desperate, remedy. Sickness may be succeeded by health, or ended by death in a natural way; friends lost today may be supplied by new ones tomorrow; poverty may be succeeded by prosperity; the hope of pardon and the resolution of amendment should banish even the despair of the guilty; — in brief, there is no case, however desperate, that our merciful Creator has not provided with a remedy. — — Have I convinced you now?”

“You have, indeed,” replied Clifford, and he rose to depart.

“Farewell then,” I exclaimed, “till we meet again; and may our wretched friend, whose mournful fate has given rise to this discussion, experience that mercy for his rash deed, of which we all have need. May we be guarded from so awful a temptation, and cheerfully meet the vicissitudes of our existence by a firm reliance on the boundless goodness of our all-wise and beneficent Creator!”

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1. “Let us give thanks to the gods, that no one can compel us to live.”↵
 2. “The Deity cannot, if he would, put himself to death; that best of boons, which he has given to man amid the numberless ills of life.”↵
 3. “This Essay was published anonymously, attached to another on the Immortality of the Soul, and has been generally attributed to Hume.

Ritchie, in his Life of that writer, says, they have both been deemed spurious by his friends; but he admits that they bear a great resemblance to his style. This admission from so acute a writer as Ritchie, who has analyzed the compositions of Hume, with a minuteness of criticism almost unprecedented, must be allowed to go a great way towards establishing their authenticity; for the similarity to his other writings is not only evident in the construction of the sentences, but singularly so in that marked peculiarity of this writer, which Ritchie himself points out as his prominent defect, viz. "a tiresome repetition of arguments and opinions." Its denial by his friends might have rather proceeded from the nature of the subject than from a conviction that it was spurious. But it is of little consequence by whom it was written. It embraces most of the arguments employed by the defenders of suicide; and the name of the writer can neither add dignity to his cause, nor weight to his reasoning. ↩

The Sacrifice Of Moloch

IN JUDEA, that land of palms and vines, where Nature wore her richest dress, where the graceful lily, and the rose were the weeds of the fields, lived Zabad and Rebekah; they were vine-keepers, and over their cottage the purple grape clustered, half excluding the light from their latticed windows; a lovely lane, sheltered by the broad-leaved palm, led to it, and their vineyard covered one side of a sunny hill. Here they had spent years of union and, of mutual labor, where each contributed to the toil, and together shared the abundant blessing of their gushing harvest. Themselves, with one gay laughing child, formed the whole of their family — a boy of three years old, beautiful was his rosy cheek and his large dark eye, filled with soft fire, and the black hair, which in his merriment he shook over his forehead — and dearly was he loved by both his parents; they were themselves worshippers of Jehovah, and they trained their child to worship him too; and when he knelt to offer his simple morning and evening prayer, with his little hands folded and his eyes cast down, he appeared scarcely like a being tainted with the sin of this world.

It was at that period when the policy of Jeroboam interfered to draw the people of Israel from the worship at Jerusalem, fearing that they would return to their allegiance to the house of David, and when in consequence, he introduced the idle gods of the surrounding nations with all their folly, and impunity, and cruelty.

In the course of his traffic, Zabad had met with some of those who had most readily left the worship of Jehovah for that of the idols which the king had introduced; they never forgot to banter him upon his retaining the old religion; they laughed at the Sabbath he kept, while they worked or traded and made a profitable gain; they pointed out what they called the gloomy moroseness of his religion, while theirs was all merriment and sport, till, in an evil hour, he agreed to attend a midnight festival, which was held

beneath the soft full light of a summer moon, in honor of one of their impure deities; here all seemed enchantment to Zabad — the intoxicating draught, the midnight dance, the festive rites, conspired to bewilder and to drown his reason; and he attended the repetition on the second and on the third nights.

When the festival had ended he returned to his home; but how tasteless did it seem, and how changed was he: no longer that sweet serenity and complacency which was reflected from him in the faces of his wife and of his child; he felt and seemed dissatisfied and unhappy, and a settled gloom was upon him. Often did Rebekah endeavor to discover the reason; but he always cut short her inquiry by a reply which forbid her to prosecute it. His absence was not extraordinary in his business, and she little knew where it had been spent. When the Sabbath returned he was about to proceed to his labor, but he looked at his wife and his affection deterred him.

“Well,” said he, within himself, “whatever I may think, it will give her pain, and I have been already too unkind.” He sat down beneath the spreading Kikayon, he took his child upon his knee, and his wife seated herself beside him — light seemed poured into her heart as he conversed with her cheerfully as he used to do, and she turned aside her eyes to wipe from them the tears of joy and thanksgiving.

He could not but compare his feelings then with those at the most joyous time of his impious delirium, and he thought, this is happiness although that may be pleasure — this has no thorn, but that has. It could not, however, be expected, that those servants of Satan, who had once so far succeeded in decoying him, would relinquish their prey. Another opportunity soon occurred, and Zabad was again drawn in to be a partaker in the impious festivities; then, night after night was spent in the horrid debauchery; the man was debased to the brute, and he seemed another than himself. Rebekah, alone in her home, was informed of the wicked delusion of her husband, and she sat in silent grief, her whole thoughts divided between him and the little creature who she feared might be seduced to follow an example so terrible. A week passed away, and the Sabbath came — the first Sabbath she had ever spent without her husband, and prayers and weeping filled its melancholy hours; her child unhappy to see his mother so, although his little mind could understand no reason, continually climbed her knee, and hid her streaming eyes in his little bosom.

Riot, intoxication, and delirium were the degrees of their impious orgies, and Zabad had entered them to the full; he was determined not to be surpassed by any of the infatuated companions who had tempted him there, and in the height of his madness he danced before the grim image of the horrid idol, and he exclaimed — “I’ve one for Moloch.” The priests gashed and smeared with their blood, ran at the word to the cottage of Zabad; there sat Rebekah, lost in thought and in grief — her child shrieked, and she lift up her eyes at the moment to see him borne from the door by figures resembling demons rather than men; a dreadful imagination came over her — she sprang after him, but he was borne away by the monsters as fast as they could carry him; she flew to the plain — she saw his little arms stretched out towards her in vain — he was lost in the infuriated crowd, and she heard, but scarcely, the shriek of agony as he was thrown into the cave of fire, a sacrifice to the infernal god. She heard no more, and she saw no more — not the writhing of his body nor the bursting of the arteries — but she had seen enough; her reason tottered, and she returned to her cottage a maniac.

Zabad scarcely knew what had occurred; he sank to sleep in the midst of his intemperance, and when he awoke, a strange recollection and trembling came over him; he flew to his cottage, he saw his wife, and the whole dreadful history burst at once upon him. He flew to the plain — there was the dreadful furnace in which the child he loved had been consumed; in madness and despair, and in remorse which he could not bear, he plunged into its deepest and hottest recess.

The scoffing infidel upbraids the providence of God with cruelty in the extermination of nations who practice rites so dreadful; in this we see but a part of their barbarity; but who would not praise the merciful hand which would root out from the earth such atrocities. We know at this day but very little of that depth of cruelty and wickedness which drew down upon the nations of Canaan, and upon others after them, the just, and with respect to the world in general, the most merciful judgments of Jehovah.

Note — Do not all parents who fail to bring up children in the nurture and admonition of the Lord, sacrifice them to Moloch?

81’ ON THE LOVE OF SIN GULARITY.

SUCH is the value and importance of moral principle, that the man is to be commended who resolutely refuses to sacrifice it to any custom, however prevalent, or any consideration of expediency, however plausible. The Christian, too, who yields a full and unreserved submission to the authority of his Lord and Master, ought to be honored for his firmness and magnanimity in refusing to follow a multitude to do evil. But every virtue has its counterfeit, and every excellency is imitated by some hollow, worthless, painted semblance. Though most men glide down the stream of custom, there are certainly some who absurdly love singularity for its own sake. This passion, when subjected to a nice and exact analysis, will usually appear to be compounded of pride, conceit, and ill-nature. It must indeed be granted, that a native littleness and obliquity of mind, has, in some instances, considerable influence. He, who in matters of indifference, deviates from the course of opinion pursued by those among whom his lot is cast, may be only a weak or wrong-headed man. "The love of singularity," says Cogan, "proceeds from a restless mind, possessing some portion of genius, and tinged with a large portion of vanity. It prefers novelties to truths, and aims at being distinguished for its talents rather than its deserts. It is a copious source of error, as it despises nothing so much as obvious facts, and as the sophisms and paradoxes in which it most delights, may, in a few sentences, occasion more perplexities and embarrassments of the

mind, than it is in the power of volumes to remove." Genius is doubtless sometimes found allied with this peculiarity of character; and the author, whose words are above given, might have pointed to Rousseau in proof of the justice of his remark.

In most cases, where conscience is not concerned, we shall find pride to be at the root of singularity. "Eagles," said Sir Philip Sydney, "always fly alone." The proud man adopts this maxim, and conceives, that by separating himself from others he shall rise above them. "The vulgar herd," says he, "tread in beaten tracks; genius loves to find or make a new

route. Some are born to be imitators, but it is my destiny to be an original." We need not be surprised that self-importance should sometimes take this direction. He that mixes in a crowd is unmarked, but he that mounts a pedestal with a coat of motley colors on, is sure of attracting a thousand eyes; and when once he perceives that he is distinguished, it is a

short. an easy step in the process of his logic, to infer that it must be for some superiority. But with conceit, and all the flatulencies and illdigested humors which it breeds, there is often blended no small portion of moroseness and malignity. The proud and peevish man exacts a deference from others, which they feel themselves neither fairly bound nor disposed to may; he stings them, and gets stung to the quic in return; till filled with disgust, he retires, and outrages the rules and proprieties of decorum, as an expression of his contempt for society. Eccentric characters, as we have before intimated: often attract great attention; they are,

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But no class of persons ought more studiously to avoid every appearance of needless and repulsive singularity, than serious Christians. Allegiance to their Sovereign, submission to his laws, and habitual regard to their ultimate ends, the promotion of his glory and their own eternal happiness, forbid them to join in the corrupt practices and pleasures of the infatuated multitude. An express precept requires that they be not conformed to this world, but be transformed by the renewing of their minds, that they may stand perfect and complete in all the wil of God. But they should be concerned to preserve their principles, without unnecessarily irritating the passions, for increasing the prejudices of worldly men, by outraging any of the decencies or properties of established intercourse. They must not run with them into ex

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Hints Of Advice Addressed To Mr. Linger.

YOUR CASE, SIR, in the history recently given, (for I will use the freedom of a direct address, and not the cold, cautious, circuitous form, of a third person) is, it must be owned, a most affecting one. A spirit of negligence and procrastination in secular affairs, is by all keenly censured and condemned. Should the husbandman propose to sow his seed, but not ere the season for reaping arrive, or the sailor propose to learn to swim, but not before the ship strikes on a rock and begins to sink in the mighty waters, or the soldier promise to seek and provide his armor, only just when the enemy enters the gates, or scales the walls of the citadel, would not such extravagance be deemed akin to infatuation? But if in regard to temporal things, conduct so strange and egregiously absurd, might seem to verge on insanity, what shall we say of that procrastinating spirit which, to the mercies of a moment, leaves the vast concerns of an eternal state. As you, Mr. Linger, have opened your own case, and begged advice, I shall now offer, with all plainness and fidelity, a few hints and suggestions for your consideration.

And first, I would have you examine with impartiality, whether you are sufficiently aware of the heinousness and aggravation of your offense against God. You have, indeed, made a confession, which is something; but is there a penitent and contrite heart? A man may blush at his folly, and never mourn over his sin; may be affected by the loss he has sustained, and not by the guilt he has accumulated. Procrastination in the great concerns of religion, will, upon a strict scrutiny, be found to involve in it, unbelief and obduracy, the blackest ingratitude, and the boldest presumption. Such as have often heard the tender invitation, “seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near;” or the solemn warning, “today if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts;” and yet continue to put off

all thought of these momentous matters, to a future indefinite period, may be truly said to set at nought the authority of the King of kings, and to abuse and pervert the compassion of the Father of mercies. It appears from your own confession, that you, sir, have long opposed the testimonies of heaven, and the remonstrances of conscience. Let the criminal and odious nature of such conduct be duly considered and laid to heart. You speak more than once of your dilatory habit, as a dire and fatal spell, by which you are bound in thralldom. Now, though I wish not to lay any undue stress on a single phrase, yet if you speak of fate and destiny, and the resistless spells of enchantment, with the delusive idea of denying, or even diminishing your own moral responsibility, you are grossly deceiving yourself.

Let me entreat you also to set about considering, as if for the first time, the grand principles, doctrines, and sanctions of revealed religion. You have had from your very youth, it would seem, some acquaintance with the truths of Christianity, and have sat under a sound and searching ministry: but many persons highly privileged in point of means and opportunities take too much for granted, in reference to their actual attainments in knowledge. I therefore put the question to you, whether you have ever yet entered upon the perusal and search of the Holy Scriptures, with any thing like a serious, diligent, patient, and persevering solicitude? A few transient fits and flashes of ardor cannot have given you a deep knowledge of evangelical principles. I should judge from the tenor of your narrative, that you have been more moved by the terrors of Sinai, than by the touching scenes of Calvary. I know, Mr. Linger, that many of your kindred are led to procrastination and cold indifference, by the secret leaven of a Pharisaic spirit. The salvation of the soul is left to the last hour, because it is believed the last hour will well enough suffice to secure it. Pride and self-righteous presumption, however disguised, are, I am persuaded, at the bottom of all this.

It is a matter of prime importance, that you should not only see in a clear and distinct light the freeness and fulness of Spiritual blessings in Christ Jesus; but also the only appointed agency by which those blessings are brought down to us. "The kingdom of God," saith the Apostle, "is not meat and drink, ritual and ceremonial observances, but righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost." The agency of the Divine spirit stamps an impress of holiness and dignity on the soul. His voice stills the tempest of rebellious passions; his sovereign balm heals the wounds of the broken

heart. You profess your full belief of Christianity, and should therefore recollect, that no doctrine is more emphatically and frequently inculcated in the New Testament, than the necessity and importance of the Holy Spirit's influence. If your faith be real, it will be operative, and lead you daily and hourly to the throne of grace, to seek this precious and inestimable gift.

You ask, how the entanglements which enslave you may be broken? How the delusions which tantalize you may be scattered? These are enquiries deeply interesting. Science and philosophy can lend you no help in these matters. But an inspired writer has said, "Where the spirit of the Lord is, there is liberty." It is his sole prerogative to loosen the invisible chains with which we are bound, and give freedom, fervor, energy, and elevation to the soul. When the unction of his grace enlightens the eyes of the mind, a new world of wonders is opened to our view, and the empty phantoms and painted baubles of this world vanish and disappear. Here then is a satisfactory answer to your important enquiry. By truly believing the Divine promise, and earnestly praying for the Holy Spirit, that sacred and supernatural influence may assuredly be obtained, which is capable of raising the tone and temper of the mind, of harmonizing the movements of the will and the monitions of the conscience. As you have entreated faithful counsels to be given you, there is another hint which I shall take the liberty to suggest. From the narrative of your life, as it stands, I shrewdly suspect, though the circumstance is not mentioned by you, that some of your relations and old friends have been pretty constant visitors in your new rural abode. I have long known the Linger family, for the various branches of it reside in my neighborhood, and I well know, and therefore must plainly and positively assert, that a more insinuating and dangerous set of people do not exist. If they cannot engross your time in large portions, they will beg and steal it away by atoms. Now, believe me, they can injure you as much in your retreat as they did in your business. If you bid them welcome to your house, they will alienate your heart; if you receive them as guests, they will be your tempters and betrayers. It is therefore absolutely necessary, painful as the proposal may appear, that you should renounce all connection with them, and form an alliance with the Steadfasts. Henceforth, then, I would have you bear a new name, and what is of far higher importance, a new character. After so often lingering and looking back, like Lot's wife, it is indeed matter of surprise that you have not been smitten with some dread judgment, and made a monument of Divine displeasure. But the angel-form

of Mercy still beckons you, and cries, “Escape for thy life; stay not in all the plain; haste to the asylum, the appointed city of refuge, lest thou be consumed.”

On Anger.

ACCORDING TO THE DEFINITION of Mr. Locke, “anger is the uneasiness or discomposure of the mind, upon the receipt of any injury, with a present purpose of revenge.”

“This passion,” says Dr. Cogan, “inspires the language of menace; renders the aspect terrible; gives energy to the muscular system; and these unite to strike the offender with dread. When anger is accompanied with marks of contempt and disdain, a severer sentence is inscribed on the countenance than the utmost force of language could express.”

Ethical writers of great ability have differed widely in their treatment of this subject. The Stoics condemned anger altogether, and maintained that it ought not to be regulated, but entirely extinguished. Yet that singular sect, whose boasted apathy led them often to employ strange language, was not so absurd as to pretend that the mind could be kept in a perpetual calm. They made a distinction between emotion and passion, allowing the former, and yet wholly proscribing the latter. “The first emotion of mind,” says Marcus Antoninus, “which the appearance of an injury excites, is no more the passion of anger than the appearance itself is; but the following impetus is the passion, which not only entertains the apprehension that we have been injured, but owns it to be a right apprehension.”

The Stoics, however, were not the only persons who have avowed this opinion. A pious writer, in one of the early numbers of the *Christian Observer*, regarded anger as, in its own nature sinful, and blamed Dr. Guise for stating it to be “an innocent passion, and consequently allowable upon just occasions.”

But if the precept of St. Paul, “Be ye angry and sin not; let not the sun go down upon your wrath;” and the example of Christ, who, it is said looked round upon the captious Jews with anger, being grieved for the hardness of their hearts, be duly and impartially considered, I am persuaded no shadow

of doubt can remain on the point. The conduct of Him, whose soul was immaculate, and whose life was, confessedly, pure and unblemished, supplies, in this instance, an argument which bears down all opposition, and completely decides the question. In fact, the absence of resentment may, in certain cases, be evil in itself, and the cause of much moral evil in others. "Eli," says Mr. Scott, the commentator, "ought to have shown anger as well as grief, when informed of the vile conduct of his sons, and to have expressed it by severe coercive measures. Thus, parents and masters, as well as magistrates, may sin in not feeling and expressing just displeasure against those under their care. And anger is only sinful when it springs from selfishness and malevolence, when causeless, or above the cause, and when expressed by unhallowed words or actions."

But, while the Stoics and some others have gone too far in one direction, the great mass of mankind are chiefly in danger by falling into the opposite extreme. The irascible passions, when fed with fresh fuel, and fanned into a flame, usually spread desolation and ruin on every side. Where pride, wrath, animosity, strife, and revenge predominate, it seems almost as if the furies of hell were let loose. The sober dictates of reason, and the mild suggestions of benevolence, are drowned and lost in the storm which agitates and agitates the soul. It were easy, by an induction of melancholy facts, to demonstrate the mischief done by the excesses of this passion, but it is of more importance to point out the means by which they may be restrained and subjugated. While many, indeed, habitually indulge and vent their anger, they set at nought all the reproof and advice which is addressed to them, even in their coolest moments. The only plea they use is such as might induce us to believe they had studied no where but in the school of the fatalist. They allow they are hurried away by the impetuous torrent, but cannot help it; they act like madmen, but it is impossible to master an unhappy constitution. It is really wonderful that any man should thus acknowledge that he has totally lost the use of reason, and is become the mere creature of impulse, the slave of inordinate and irresistible passion. But the plea is as false as it is shameful. No constitutional tendencies can release us from the use of those means and motives, by which evil is to be prevented or subdued. "Let us," says Dr. Paley, "consider the indecency of extravagant anger; how it renders us while it lasts, the scorn and sport of all about us, of which it leaves us, when it ceases, sensible and ashamed; the inconveniencies and irretrievable misconduct into which our irascibility has

sometimes betrayed us; the friendships it has lost us; the distresses and embarrassments in which we have been involved by it; and the repentance, which on one account or other, it always costs us.”

It is not enough to chain this ferocious wild beast within — a taming process ought to be adopted; it is not sufficient to suppress the violence of this raging demon — an, effectual exercise should be employed, for the purpose of expelling the fiend. We know that reason acting upon the basis of religious principle, and faith drawing her resources from the fulness of Divine grace, can do wonders. The Christian, imbibing the spirit of the Gospel, is called to put away all bitterness, and wrath, and anger, and clamor, and evil speaking, with all malice; and to be kind, tender-hearted, gentle, and forgiving towards others. How often, under the influence of genuine religion, has the lion been changed into a lamb, and the vulture into a dove. That eminent physician, Herman Boerhaave, being asked by what art he could preserve such calmness and self-possession amidst manifold provocations, he replied, that he was naturally of a warm and irritable temper, but had brought it under subjection by daily watchfulness and prayer. Not a few examples might, without much difficulty be adduced, to show the efficacy of the same means. The precepts, examples, and promises, of the Gospel, duly and perseveringly applied, under the guidance and grace of the Holy Spirit, are capable of bringing every faculty, feeling, and thought, into sweet subjection and obedience to Christ. The natural tendencies of the constitution may still remain, and at times appear, but they are modified and controlled by principles of Higher origin and greater power. And when the passions yield to reason, and reason itself bows implicitly to the authority of heaven, the reign of grace commences in the human soul, which is carried on through righteousness unto eternal life, by Jesus Christ our Lord.

On Idleness.

ALTERNATE LABOR AND REST seems the state best fitted to promote both the virtue and happiness of mankind. Idleness, if not itself positively criminal, is the fruitful parent or fostering nurse of crimes. It is found to prevail most, either in uncivilized tribes, or in nations where wealth has accumulated into large masses. Savages are all averse to regular employments; and men of affluence, in countries highly refined, discover a strong tendency to the same habit. If idleness be judged of from its effects, it must be unequivocally condemned. The court of Areopagus, at Athens, had a power to punish the idle, and exerted a right to examine how every citizen spent his time; and at this day, in China, the precepts which enjoin industry are deemed imperatively binding upon all classes. It is surely desirable, that, among ourselves, habitual sloth should bear the deepest brand of infamy. Lazy people are a blot and a burden to society. It is because great numbers waste their time in ease and soft indulgence, that so many are tied down to the most oppressive and intolerable hardships. The idle man is constantly exposed to the worst temptations, and seldom possesses promptitude or spirit to resist them; he, therefore, becomes first a slave to his sensual passions, and next a contriver and an agent of fraud and villainy. Idleness is the hot-bed of those noxious and prolific vices, which have spread so much disgrace over our land. Those who follow no useful employment, or do this only at uncertain intervals, usually give themselves up to slander, drunkenness, lewdness, gaming, swindling, and theft. Prisons may be crowded, and their wretched tenants sent to the hulks, or suspended at the gallows, to make room for other culprits; but how little can the rough hand of justice effect towards abating crime, while the source whence they spring remains untouched? The miserable system of management in most of our parishes, offers, in fact, a sort of bounty upon idleness. The worthless fellow, who loiters away his time by day, and pilfers by night, often gets nearly as much from the overseers for the support of his family, as the

wages of the sober industrious laborer. While this strange and unnatural system continues in operation, the ordinary motives to good conduct in the lower orders are cut up by the root. And yet everybody stands aghast at the growing degeneracy of our artisans and peasants. But have we any real ground for wonder when certain causes produce customary effects, either in the natural or the moral world? I am far from intending to enter into any political speculations, but keeping at a due distance from topics which divide the opinions of statesmen, it is surely a point on which there can be no room for controversy, that idleness ought to be universally marked with the stigma of disgrace. Unless the educated and the virtuous part of the community do this, they swell the mass and quicken the movement of crime in the lower classes. The point appears to me of such deep and vital importance, that it ought never to be lost sight of, either in the distribution of parochial and charitable relief, or in any of the various ways in which the poor may be made to feel the value of character. The miseries which attend or follow idleness, would baffle the best powers of description. And on this head, we ought not to confine ourselves to the squalid and sickening scenes of extreme penury. The indolent sons and daughters of opulence, lounging in their mansions, or their carriages, claim almost as much commiseration as the tenants of cellars and garrets. Some philosopher has said, "a man had better be sick than slothful." Who can doubt the truth of this aphorism? Sloth is a malady which pervades both the mind and the body at once, and produces uneasy sensations for which we want a name. This is the crux medicorum, which none of our famed physicians can master.

If any one of these wretched patients should cast his eyes over this paper, I would recommend him to do for himself, what all the doctors cannot do for him.

Rise, man, and shake off that gloomy oppressive incubus, which indolence has fastened upon thee. Place in full view some worthy and useful object; then let means be instantly devised, and exertions cheerfully commenced, to prosecute it. Say not, you require impossibilities; you command me to fly without wings, to fight without weapons and strength. Make a few fair trials, and my proposal will be found first possible, and next reasonable; and, finally, wings and weapons, strength and resolution, will come in due time. Rise, then, at once, and call up every dormant faculty, and put every nerve and muscle in action, and gird thyself for the

great occasion. Remember, too, as this prescription is given without a fee, if it should prove efficacious I shall expect to hear some account of the cure, and the happy results which follow, that the case may be laid before the public for the good of others.

A Rich Poor Man.

Semper inops, quicumque cupit. — Claudian

The man who desires more, is always poor.

PARADOXES have generally more of glitter than of worth; I should not choose a regular dealer in these showy articles, for my intimate and constant companion. Yet, after all that might be said on this point, we must not be too nice and fastidious, and therefore I will frankly acknowledge that a paradoxical sentence sometimes catches my attention and carries my mind into a spacious field of reflection. Not long ago, a clergyman in the part of the country where I live, possessed of immense property, finished his earthly course; and as I was conversing with a lady on the event, while speaking of the deceased, she said with emphasis, "*he was a poor rich man.*"

This paradox, I know not how or why (as there is nothing original or extraordinary in it,) has since so often recurred to my thoughts, and, as it were, rung in my ears, that the response of an oracle could hardly have fixed a stronger impression. Mr. Churchman, the individual above referred to, had neither wife nor children, nor any near relations, yet his sole aim and object was to accumulate riches. He was the owner of many houses and estates in different parts of the country; but, till the necessities of the state in the recent war gave rise to the income tax, and thus revealed the secret, no one knew that he had such vast sums deposited in the Bank. For more than forty years he occupied the old parsonage, in a situation of great rural beauty, though the mansion itself was somewhat gloomy from the contiguity of many lofty and umbrageous trees. Some persons have much property to spend, but little to give; while others have little to spend, and much to give. Mr. Churchman could not be ranked with either of these classes, for nearly all his prodigious revenues were to hoard. Those who

only heard of his opulence might envy him; but to those who knew him he was really an object of pity. His life was not a progress from enjoyment to enjoyment, but from want to want. His estates were fertile, but his mind was bleak and barren: he held much money in the public funds, but had no private personal fund of felicity. He was an utter stranger, if not an avowed enemy, to the luxury of doing good. Never, never was he known to soothe the sorrows of penury, sickness, and age, or to cause the orphan's and the widow's heart to sing for joy. Rich as Mr. Churchman might be thought by the world at large, or by those who can only form an estimate by measuring and valuing land, or casting up capital and compound interest, and calculating the prices and probabilities of stocks, he was in reality very poor. He often complained bitterly of taxes; though to do him justice, he was always silent on the subject of tithes.

While Buonaparte was at the height of his prosperity, and threatening us with invasion, the Rector was visibly and mightily agitated; and, from the pulpit, most earnestly exhorted the simple rustics to enroll themselves as volunteers, and valiantly defend their king and country — “For,” said he, “if the French do come, they will rob us of all we possess, and not leave one alive to tell what they have done.”

At one period, agriculture was greatly depressed, and he thought the occupiers of land would be ruined first, and the landlords next; at another, the profuse expenditure of government, and the dark aspect of the political horizon, portended a national bankruptcy. “Poor England, thou art like to be soon overwhelmed! Oh what shall we do? How shall we bear the intolerable burdens laid upon us?”

In a word, this clerical curmudgeon was always beset with evils, and besieged by a host of fears. The lore and the logic he had gained at the university, now completely failed to furnish and fortify his mind. When, in discharging the duties of his sacred function, he sometimes warned men not to lay up treasures on earth, but in heaven — not to trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God — they could hardly keep their gravity: they were restless, and throwing themselves into various attitudes and motions, their countenances bespoke a mixture of wonder and contempt. The people thought, and they even said, that he should either blot those texts out of the Bible, or blush whenever he read them; that when he preached on covetousness, he pronounced the sentence of his own condemnation; that he

was a hypocrite, an idolater, a slave of Mammon. Now, if the man is poor who stints the demands of his body, and starves his soul; who forfeits and loses all esteem and respect, and neither enjoys the sweets of friendship nor the consolations of piety; who is blinded by golden dust, and bound in golden fetters; who eats the bread of care, and drinks the bitter water of jealousy and suspicion; who is the prey of present troubles and future terrors; then Mr. Churchman was emphatically poor. But to return to the paradox with which I set out: it seems justly applicable to many more than inveterate misers. "He is not the poor man," says Richard Baxter, "that hath but little — but he that would have more; nor is he the rich man that hath much — but he that is content with what he hath." If the opinion of this good old divine be correct, there are great numbers of rich poor men. We meet them rattling in their chariots, attended by liveried servants; or find them, all ardor and solicitude, in every crowded mart of business. When I visit the metropolis, and witness the splendid mansions and gardens which cover the environs, I can but think, here are probably many rich poor men; I go forward to the Exchange and the Bank, and find still more rich poor men: but when I proceed to the west end of the town — the vicinity of the court — these rich poor men are far the most numerous; being, as the poet says,

Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
In Vallambrosa.

I can scarcely look into a newspaper, but I glance upon something which makes my female friend's paradox recur to mind and ring in my ears afresh. What numbers, who were once foremost in the career of commerce, or the captivating course of gaiety and pleasure, have from time to time had their names inserted in the *Gazette*? The conclusion is inevitable, that those who bore the appendages and reputation of rich men, were all the while, in fact, exceedingly poor. No demonstration in Euclid can be clearer, than that those whose wants exceed their means and resources are in this condition. Nothing occurs more frequently in different ranks, but especially in high life, than examples illustrative and confirmatory of the position here laid down. "I saw many poor," observes a grave practical moralist, "whom I had supposed to live in affluence. Poverty, has in large cities, different appearances: it is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It

is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest; they support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for the morrow.”

But some reader may be ready to ask, What is the moral of the paradox, and of the whole piece of dull prosing attached to it? Why, it is, that we should guard against the imposition of names and epithets, appearances and forms — using our judgments rather than our ears and eyes, to form an estimate of men and their condition; that we should not account them rich, honorable, or happy, by the greatness of their possessions or their nominal revenues. My paradoxical maxim, whatever contempt be thrown upon it, may also, when rightly used, contribute something towards the cure of envy. Nor will anyone acquainted with the mischiefs done by this pest, make light of such a benefit.

Fools gaze and envy: envy darts a sting,
Which makes a Swain as wretched as a king.

If men could see beyond the surface, they would find little cause to pant with ardor and impatience for the place and the portion of those who are at a few degrees above them in rank and opulence. Towards the great (as courtesy calls them) Instead of envy, they would feel pity; and, in reference to their own condition, murmurs would be exchanged for grateful acknowledgments and strains of praise.

A Poor Rich Man.

AS A CONTRAST to the avaricious clergyman before described, I shall bring before the reader the character and condition of a plain husbandman, with whom I have been long acquainted. William Watson resides in a neat cottage, about twenty miles from the metropolis, and has worked on the same farm nearly thirty years. He has a cheerful and industrious wife, and they have brought up a family of five children, all now in service, without any parochial relief, except once during a severe visitation of illness. Watson and his partner have for years been highly esteemed in the neighborhood, on account of their sobriety, diligence, and honesty. Nor are they endowed with virtues which only gain them credit and respect from men — they are Christians, both in spirit and in conduct. They read the Scriptures, and offer up daily prayer in their peaceful abode; they honor the Sabbath, and regularly attend public worship. Their children, too, were carefully instructed and well managed in their early years; and, as a consequence of this training, have, since they left home, all maintained a good character.

William Watson is sensible and truly religious; and his natural disposition, which is lively and amiable, makes his company pleasant. It is delightful to see him in summer, at every leisure hour, cultivating and trimming his little fruitful garden; and in the winter evenings, seated snugly at his fire-side, reading good books to his wife. While his family were growing, he had, as he says, “sometimes to tug hard to make ends meet;” but since the children got off, he has been able to lay up a little money in the savings-bank, and, to use his own homely phrase, “while the weather is fair, prepare for a rainy day.”

Now as Solon considered Tellus a plain, honest industrious peasant of Greece, happier than Craesus the wealthy king of Lydia, so I should think the life and lot of William Watson preferable to the state of many who live

in splendid indigence or sickening luxury. But, oh! say the proud and fastidious, it is a sad thing to be poor.

“What, then, is poverty? what, but the absence of a few superfluous things, which please wanton fancy rather than answer need; without which nature is easily satisfied, and which, if we do not affect, we cannot want? What is it, but to wear coarse clothes, to feed on plain and simple fare, to work and take some pains, to sit or move in a lower place, to have no heaps of cash or hoards of grain, to keep no retinue, to have few friends, and not one flatterer?”

“More than we use is more than we need, and only a burden to the bearer.” This saying, from the lips of Attalus, his master, first led Seneca, as he confesses, to despise the superfluities of fortune, and begin a course of rigid temperance. But if a short maxim could produce such an effect, surely much more might be reasonably expected from the united force of wisdom and experience.

A lowly and obscure place has its advantages as well as its inconveniences. It exempts from many cares, troubles, distractions, dangers, distempers, snares, and temptations, to which the affluent are exposed. A friend of Mr. Cecil's, in a place of trust, was offered the loan of ten thousand pounds, and a share in the large business of his master, but he respectfully declined the offer. When Mr. Cecil tried to persuade him to accept it, he refused, saying,— “Sir, I have often heard you say, that it is no easy thing to get to heaven — no easy thing to master the world. I have every thing I wish; more would encumber me, increase my difficulties, and endanger me.”

It is not common for men to refuse ascending the ladder of promotion when set before them, and they can seldom believe that the bottom is more safe and pleasant. than the slippery steps and the stormy top. “As we truly say, that blushing is the livery of virtue, though it may sometimes proceed from guilt; so it holds true of poverty, that it is the attendant of virtue, though sometimes it may proceed from mismanagement or accident.”

Though the character I have taken the liberty to introduce to the reader is quite unknown beyond the narrow precincts of his own neighborhood, worth is not less valuable because it is partially hid. I will fearlessly affirm, that this plain unassuming rustic is a poor rich man. The first epithet will be

readily admitted; but how, some may inquire, is the propriety of the second to be made out? He is a poor man, in the view and estimate of those who look only on the exterior, and use language according to its loose and general meaning; but those who intimately know him will own him to be a rich man, in the best sense of the word. Yes; he is rich in faith, in knowledge, in peace, and content. It is not easy to take an inventory of his goods, and who can cast up the account of their full value?

God, says the apostle James, hath “chosen the poor of this world rich in faith, and heirs of the kingdom which he hath promised to them that love him.” Happy, then, is the pious cottager, with such a portion as Divine Grace has now imparted, and will hereafter assuredly bestow! He has no parchments signed and sealed, by which to urge a legal claim to houses and lands; but he has a fair and valid title to an inheritance which is incorruptible and undefiled, and that fadeth not away. He has no massy chests full of silver and gold; but he has a treasure in heaven which no enemy can reach — no accident or disaster can impair. Hope sheds a lustre on things actually possessed, and doubles the sweetness of every enjoyment; but the hope which Christianity inspires, in those who cordially believe its doctrines and diligently obey its precepts, is the most lively, the most pure, and by far the most permanent.

Our humble and devout rustic is rich in knowledge. I grant he is no proficient in the sciences and arts: he cannot measure the heavens and count the stars, or classify and describe the plants that grow, and the animals that live on our own little spot of earth; but he can mark, and admire, and magnify, the wisdom and power of the great Creator, in all his wondrous works. He has not ransacked the volumes of profane history, or pagan philosophy; but he has searched the sacred records of the Bible, and stored his memory with the facts and truths which are there disclosed. He has not pored over the Grecian and Italian models of art; but he has studied, with advantage and success, the best patterns and examples of virtue and holiness held unto his view in the church of God. He cannot follow the flights of the epic poet, or rival the exquisite skill of the practiced musician; but he is familiar with the sublime songs of Zion, and has learned, in a good degree, to tune and harmonize his dispositions, tempers, and passions, to accord with the Divine will.

The pompous learning of the schools is worthless lumber, compared to the heavenly wisdom which at once enlightens and purifies the soul: nor is the precious boon placed beyond the reach of the humblest, who sincerely desire it. "If thou criest after knowledge, and liftest up thy voice for understanding; if thou seekest her as silver, and searchest for her as for hid treasure; then shalt thou understand the fear of the Lord, and find the knowledge of God. For the Lord giveth wisdom; out of his mouth cometh knowledge and understanding."

Our rustic plowman is likewise rich in peace and contentment. He receives his simple and wholesome food with a relish, and his sleep is short and sweet. He knows not the satiety which luxury causes, nor the distressing languor which grows out of sloth, nor the disappointment and vexation which fierce rivalry produces. With the affectionate companion of his life, he enjoys the bounties of a kind Providence, and talks of the wonders of Redeeming love, till their hearts burn within them. It is true, he has to work for his livelihood, but as a good writer observes, "The primeval punishment, the sentence of labor, like the other inflictions of Him who in wrath remembers mercy, is transformed into a blessing. And if we closely consider the manual industry of the poor, we shall find that diligent occupation, if it be not criminally perverted from its end, is at once the instrument of virtue, and the secret of happiness. Man cannot be safely trusted with a life of leisure."

The pious plowman has learned in the school of Christ, what can be acquired in no other, the valuable lesson of contentment. He is satisfied with his lot, enjoys spiritual peace, and a good hope through grace, and daily sends up to heaven the grateful tribute of praise and thanksgiving. How many, who soar in pride and roll in the excesses of luxury, according to the decision of impartial reason, are far, very far below this poor rich man, William Watson.

Dew An Emblem Of Conversion.

It seems to the honor of religion, that so many things can, without the art of forcing resemblances, be accommodated to its illustration. It is an evident and remarkable fact, that there is a certain principle of correspondence to religion throughout the economy of the world. He that made all things for himself, appears to have willed that they should be a great system of EMBLEMS, reflecting or shadowing forth that system of principles in which we are to apprehend Him and our relations and obligations to Him; so that religion, standing up in grand parallel to an infinity of things, receives their testimony and homage, and speaks with a voice which is echoed by creation. —
Foster

THE JUSTNESS of these profound and splendid remarks is almost self-evident in the emblem of **dew**. The history of dew is a figurative history of **conversion**; and, in its leading features, so strikingly similar, that if dew had been created for no other purpose but to image forth the “new creation,” it could hardly be more characteristic.

The design of God in establishing and pointing out the resemblances between natural and spiritual things is obvious. He thus places us so, that, whether were in the house or the fields, we may have before us “lively oracles” of his great salvation: at home, in the Bible; abroad, in nature. For, as prophet unto prophet, and apostle unto apostle, so “day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night teacheth knowledge,” — there being no voice of nature which does not echo some voice of Revelation. *Ex. gr.*¹

The origin of dew is an emblem of human society in its natural state. The original elements of dew are as various in their character as the

diversified states in which water and moisture exist on earth. Now they exist in swamps and seas, in marshes and meadows, in stagnant pools and running streams, in fetid plants and fragrant flowers; but wherever water lies or lurks, whether in the chalice of a rose or in the recess of a tank, it must undergo the same change, and pass from fluid to vapor before it becomes dew. As water, it cannot, however pure or polluted, ascend into the atmosphere, nor refine itself into dew: it may undergo changes of taste, color, and smell, according to the channels it lies in and flows on; but into dew it will not turn, until it is exhaled in vapor by the sun.

Now the moral, like the natural world, has its putrid marshes and its pure streams — its calm lakes and stormy oceans; for although no class of men are naturally holy, some classes are comparatively pure, and others grossly vile. There are, in society, the decent and the indelicate, the humane and the cruel, the cool and the passionate, the upright and the dishonest. These distinctions between man and man are as visible as those of land and water on the globe, and as real as the difference between spring and ditch-water. But no natural amiableness of disposition, nor any acquired refinement of character, amounts to “true holiness...” The best, in common with the worst, “must be born again” before, they can enter into the kingdom of God: for as water, in its purest state, must be exhaled into vapor before it can be transmuted into dew, so both the moral and the immoral must be regenerated, before they can enter heaven. Education may purify the manners, but only faith can purify the heart: love of character may secure external decorum, but only the love of Christ can secure internal holiness. Thus far the resemblance holds good.

Again: the agency by which dew is produced from all the varieties of water, is an emblem of that spiritual agency by which the varieties of human character are transformed into the divine image. Now, the sun is the grand agent in the natural world, by which portions of all waters are changed into vapor. His heat, Operating on their surface, produces exhalations wherever it touches; drawing vapor from the wide expanse of the ocean and from the weedy pool, from the brackish river and from the sweet brook. And the sun is the only luminary of heaven that exhales the waters. The moon regulates their tides, and the stars irradiate their surface; but the united rays of both are insufficient to evaporate ingredients for a single dewdrop. It is the sun which draws from the earth, into the

atmosphere, the elements of this beautiful fluid: in like manner, it is “the Sun of Righteousness” alone that draws sinners from the fearful pit of the curse, and from the miry clay of corruption. The attractive influence of his cross is to us, what the heat of the sun is to the moisture of the earth — the only drawing power. Other doctrines may, like the moon, produce regular tides of formal worship, and like the stars, brighten the surface of the character; but they shine too cold to regenerate the heart or purify the conscience. Thus, **Arianism**, although it shone in the brightness of learning and ethics during the last century, had no spiritual attraction: it drew small numbers from the Church to the meeting; but none from the world to God — as the God of salvation. **Socinianism** also has, of late, shone in the heat of proselyting zeal; but the only effect is, that some of the young, who formerly cared nothing about religion, are become flippant speculators, and many of the speculators masked Deists. It is notorious that the system has made the young “heady and high-minded,” and the old reckless. Many of both are, indeed, intelligent and upright: but these were so before they embraced the system; and would be what they are under any moral system, while their local and relative circumstances continue the same. And what have the classically elegant lectures on morals, which sound from so many pulpits, done for the young or the old? Except maintaining a routine of formal worship, and raising an ignorant clamor against evangelical truth, they have left parishes and districts as they found them — locked up in the icebergs of apathy and self-delusion. And such must ever be the effects of legal preaching, because it is not God’s appointment for winning souls. He no more intends to save sinners by the law, than to evaporate the waters by the moon or the stars. The law, like these luminaries, is a light to our feet in “the new and living way;” but only the Sun of Righteousness, shining in the Gospel, can draw us into that way. “The dew of his youth” can only be formed by his own influence. Thus far, also, the parallel is just.

Again: the secret process by which the exhaled vapors are-turned into dew, is an emblem of that divine operation by which the Holy Spirit makes sinners “new creatures in Christ Jesus.” The precise agent in nature, by which vapor is condensed into dew, is not known. Whether it is by cold or by electricity, or both, is still as much a mystery as when God asked Job from the whirlwind, “Who hath begotten the drops of dew?” In like manner, although we know that the Holy Spirit is the agent who changes the heart, by making the Gospel power unto salvation, we are ignorant of the nature

of his operations. Whether they are partly physical, or wholly moral, is unknown. "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit." But we do know what is better — that his sacred influences are inseparably connected with the conscientious use of the means of grace, and forthcoming in answer to serious prayer. This we know: that as water exposed to the sun will be evaporated in part, and water excluded from the sun will never become dew, so we may expect divine influence in the use of divinely-appointed means, and can look for none if they are neglected.

Again: the similarity of dew-drops in pureness and beauty, although formed from all the varieties of vapor, is a fine emblem of that uniform spirit which characterizes the diversified classes of mankind, who are brought to believe on Christ for salvation. There is what may be called a family likeness, prevailing throughout the dew-drops of the morning. They differ in size; but they are all transparent, tender and pure. This is the more remarkable, seeing their original elements were so different: part of the vapor was drawn from the briny deep, and part from the putrid fens; portions of it from the slimy pool, and portions from the steaming surfs. Now, that the exhalations from springs and rivulets, from the herbs of the field and the flowers of the garden, should return to the earth in sweet dews, is not surprising: but that the gross and tainted vapors should return sweet and pure, is wonderful! And yet all this is realized under the Gospel. The sinner drawn from the very dregs of society, and the sinner drawn from a respectable family — the convert from sensuality, and the convert from intellectual pride — the wanderer returning from vice, and the wanderer renouncing vanity — become alike in their leading views, principles, and feelings: they build their hopes on the same foundation, ascribe their escape to the same grace, and aim at the same kind and degree of holiness. "Whosoever" hath the hope of eternal life "in Christ," "purifieth himself," even as Christ is pure. Converts differ, indeed, in the degrees of their knowledge, gifts, and graces — as the dew-drops in their size; but, like them, they are all partakers of a new nature, and each, compared with what he was before conversion, "a new creature in Christ Jesus."

Again: the refreshing and fertilizing influence of the dew is a fine emblem of the salutary influence of converts in their respective families and

spheres. The dew cools the sultry air, revives the parched herbage of the earth, and bathes the whole landscape in renovated beauty: and, in like manner, holy families are harmonious — holy churches tranquil. Even an individual convert is not without a portion of sweet influence in his circle: the change in his character and spirit suggests to others the necessity and possibility of being changed too; and thus “they that dwell under his shadow revive as the corn, and grow as the vine.” His example distills, as dew upon the tender herb — quickening the formal to the power of godliness, and awakening the careless to consideration. Thus the pious are the salt of the earth. The absence of dew would not be more fatal to the natural world, than the want of converts to the moral world. Were they withdrawn, or were their succession to cease, even the general morality of society would wither and sink far below its present standard and strength.

Again: the dew is regularly drawn up again by the sun, when it has refreshed the earth; and is thus a fine emblem of the first resurrection, when all the saints shall ascend to meet the Sun of Righteousness in the air. No scene of nature is more lovely than a summer landscape at sunrise, when every field, grove, and hedge, is spangled with morning dew. The drops seem to sparkle with conscious delight at the approach of the sun — climbing, as he ascends, to the top of every leaf, as if impatient to meet him in the air.

Every admirer of nature has noticed this scene, and watched the dewy vapor rising like incense from the golden censer of summer. Who has not gazed with rapture on the glowing myriads of dewdrops, when each of them is a miniature of the sun which gilds them? And, when the Sun of Righteousness shall arise on the morning of the resurrection, the heirs of glory will be as numerous and beautiful as the dew from the womb of the morning: all in the beauty of holiness; for they “shall be like him, when they see him as he is.”

1. Exempla Gratia, or E.G. — Ed↵

Heaven.

“In my Father’s house are many mansions: if it were not so, I would have told you. I go to prepare a place for you.” — John 14:2.

IT WAS UPON a beautiful evening in June, that three friends, whom I shall now only distinguish by the initials A. B. and C. met in the garden of C. for an hour of friendship. From the arbor where they sat there was a lovely home-view, beautifully diversified by wood and meadow and water; the golden buttercup thickly studded the pasture — the cattle were lying down in the long shadows — the mellow blackbird song at intervals — the woods showed alternately deep shade and lights highly relieved — and the river meandered in tranquility and transparency. Such a scene, at such a season, is the very personification of poetry, and C. happened to quote these lines by Bowdler, upon the death of his sister:—

And often at the close of even,
I can breathe a silent prayer,
And lift my streaming eyes to heaven,
And see her spirit there.

“That,” said A. “is doubtless beautiful poetry, but poetry loses for me all its power when it is not combined with truth. The heaven of the Hebrews was beautiful, and that of the Greeks still more so; but science has chased those imaginations from sober minds, and they ought not now to have a place in poetry.”

“I must regret,” replied B. “that you, my friend, continue to reject that hope, which is not only exhilarating but true; that mind must be dark where heaven is not; and I would have you to possess the peace which that hope inspires, and which gives to enjoyment an increased brilliance drawn from permanence; the hope of immortality is beyond all price! I must also regret,

that by speaking of heaven as a place, theologians have given too much cause for philosophers to object; but the best divines describe heaven as a state, and not as a place, — place has to do with matter, but pure spirit in a state without form or space.”

During this conversation, C., who had regarded his infidel friend with a look of pity and sorrow, and felt but little satisfied with the reply offered, then addressed them both:—

"With you, my friend, who unhappily are not satisfied upon those points from which I draw my greatest consolation, I hope much of what I am about to say will have weight; but with you, who look as well as myself for another and a brighter country, all I am about to say may not be thought unworthy of consideration.

"For heaven, indeed, I hope; and that too in its usually accepted sense of an abode of glorified spirits and glorified bodies,—not the refinement of a state only, which I cannot comprehend, but actually a place; there wherever it may be, are the bodies of Enoch and of Elijah, and of my glorified Redeemer; and, if I am called as an exercise of faith to believe it, I do so, although I cannot tell in what part of the universe it may be situated. But Imagination may conceive situations appropriate, and neither Reason nor Science contradict her.

"Who knows whether that glorious sun, in whose unshadowed atmosphere there can be no night, may not be the world of felicity? its surface would contain all the inhabitants of this earth, or of those who may ever have lived in any of the planets which revolve around it.

"But there is another thought; — Few remember the vast unoccupied space between these planets and their glorious center, to say nothing of that almost infinitely more vast, between that sun and another. If we reduce this to such figures as we can comprehend, let us suppose this earth to be a globe of about a foot in diameter — then the space to the sun will be two miles: multiply this proportion back to its proper magnitude — then what room for myriads of mighty angels, and perfected Spirits of the just! — for scenes of glory which we cannot imagine, and for mansions of splendor beyond the power of earthly thought to conceive! — We do not see all this, but by a divine law to us it may be invisible; it was not till this law was

suspended, that the prophet's servant saw the heavenly army, with its horses and chariots of fire.

"How small is the spot we occupy! how little do we know! how presumptuous in us to suppose we can cast an eye over the universe and discover all it contains! Philosophy has not yet penetrated a mile beneath the surface of this little world, nor men a mile above the tops of its mountains — themselves indeed but grains on that which is but an atom in the universe of God.

"If from analogy we argue, as we well may, that while this little earth is peopled, it is not probable larger spheres would be uninhabited, with how much greater force does the argument from analogy apply to that vast unimaginable unoccupied space!

"I can imagine a free spirit ranging from world to world, lighting upon these sailing planets, like sea-birds upon the ship on the ocean, diving into the atmosphere and re-ascending, admiring the wonderful works of God, ever varied in every orb — full of love and full of praise, finding continual cause for fresh adoration and new wonder."

To B. these observations gave ideas he had not before conceived, and ideas which he confessed more elevated and sublime than that abstract sentiment he had previously entertained; and with A. it was the beginning of a mistrust in human wisdom, which ended in his being a sincere and happy convert to the glories of revelation.

Dupes.

That the country, and only the country, displays the inexhaustible varieties of nature, and supplies the philosophical mind with matter for admiration and enquiry, never was denied; but my curiosity is very little attracted by the color of a flower, the nature of an insect, or the structure of a nest; I am generally employed on human manners, and therefore fill up my leisure with remarks on those who live within the circle of my notice. — Johnson.

I HAD THROWN MYSELF back in my chair, folded my arms, and gazed on the cornice of my study, as I generally do when in want of a subject, when the vacuity of which I was conscious was filled by an incident. A sound which I traced to the corner cupboard, proved to me that it was occupied by one of those quadrupedal depredators which were the ordinary attendants of the poet's chamber, till the liberality of the age lowered it from its attic elevation, and rendered his falls less dangerous, and, of course, his flights more sublime. Bent on mischief, I ordered the trap to be baited, and two minutes had not elapsed before the domestic police officer conveyed the enquiry of Macbeth to my ear —

“The deed is done, did you not bear the noise?”

Involuntarily the response was given —

“I did;” and hurrying immediately to the scene of capture, I beheld the victim. Prithee, gentle reader, don't knit your brows, nor give utterance to the ominous interrogation, “Well what of that?” Withhold the quotation so familiar to your classical mind,¹

Parturiunt montes; nascetur ridiculus mus;

and remembering that AEsop gives his fable before the moral, allow me to state the fact, and then to lucubrate *con amore*. As I looked on the little creature, belonging to a species which, but for its fecundity, might excite very different emotions to those commonly entertained, and one of which was seen by Schieber to fall into convulsions through fear, whilst holden in the hand; a race of bipeds passed rapidly before my eyes, whose hatchment, to be descriptive, should include a captured mouse.

Be it observed, however, that as there are many degrees of intermediate solidity between “a Westphalia ham and a whip syllabub,” so there are many degrees between the “muscipular” captivity from which extrication is possible, and that which issues fatally. Nor will it, I hope, appear less obvious on the perusal of this paper, that resemblances may be found in human life, to the varieties in apprehension, pain and loss, sustained by that part of the irrational creation, which many bards, from Homer to Burns, have assisted to immortalize.

The organ of acquisitiveness, we are told by all members of the phrenological school, is very generally developed; it is indeed, by no means, a *lusus naturae*;² and where it does not appear on the skull, the feeling of which it is the sign *manual*, may, perhaps, be discovered in the heart. It need not excite our surprise, therefore, that while a few should allow its judicious exercise, a multitude, heedless of every thing but its gratification, should suffer injury from its indulgence. The angler’s baits for the finny tribes, are not so varied in form and hue as those are which attract the eyes of men, and induce their pursuits, regardless of sacrifice. Among these is that ideal thing called fashion. To be ostensibly under its influence, the thoughtless of either sex will submit to wear its livery, to the inconvenience, and distortion, and torture of their frames, to the prostration of their minds, and even to prove irrefragably, that it is in fact, “the voluntary slavery which leads them to think, act, and dress, according to the caprice of coxcombs, and the judgment of fools.” And what is money but a guided bait, which in many cases conceals a hook; or which, like the instrument first referred to, exposes the pursuer to what is quite as fatal?

A prominent feature in the records of the present age will be its love of speculation. It may be doubted, indeed, whether the large demand made on credence, will not induce posterity to, disbelieve the full reality. That men, by prodigious efforts, and unprecedented sacrifices, should accumulate

thousands, only to hazard them with a flimsy change of their security, and a flimsier of their productiveness, will seem so perfectly Utopian, as to deserve mention with the pedant of Hierocles, who in a storm tied himself to an anchor, expecting safety from adherence, in the event of a wreck. Our surprise at the issue may well be inferior to that we experience when witnesses of the rise of these chimeras. To predict the broken fortunes, the shattered credit, the pungent regrets, the details of which so frequently meet the eye or the ear, required assuredly no prophetic sagacity. But what are these, though deeply affecting, to the statements which might be given? Could the whole result be viewed, the rivulet on which we gaze would expand into a mighty river of sorrow.

The desire of accumulation, however awakened, requires to be limited. To be lawful, it must certainly be confined within a narrow compass; and beyond this it is a serious evil. The element that affords a genial warmth, requires but a little relaxation of restraint to be an agent fearfully destructive. Whenever the pursuit of gain is not controlled by sound principle, it merits strong reprehension; but there are some cases in which it appears indescribably detestable. The possession of property, for example, may be an object of legitimate solicitude in the prospect of conjugal life; but to make this the exclusive object of regard, is to discover the most odious avarice, since it violates, with ruthless energy, the most sacred engagements. and despises sentiments and feelings that are elevated and delightful. Still the dupes of this infatuation are numerous. Who has not beheld them? I have; and at the sight my heart has sickened. I have seen one whose personal beauty was, to all capable of appreciating her worth, her least attraction, allied to a sickly, wrinkled, and morose being, because he was wealthy. Sometimes I have witnessed, in this situation, the victim of compulsion; and the hottest indignation of my soul has been kindled against the gross, the monstrous, the fiendish violence which has perpetrated such an outrage. I should think the evening star about as appropriate to illumine a jailer's lantern as a woman of this order to such circumstances; and I would not incur the responsibility of those who enforced it for all the gold they have, multiplied by all there is — except theirs. But, unhappily there are instances of this kind, in which choice, not necessity, prevails. Snow can make a dunghill look pretty, and riches can exert an analogous influence. Pity must then give place to other emotions. The woman who, “for interest sake,” can submit to be “paired, not matched,” to forego the endearments of

domestic felicity, to be bound indissolubly to one who abroad is as pleasant as a pampered cur let into the drawing room on his best behavior, and at home reminds you of a great apple dangling and whizzing for hours at the fire, is a specimen of the lovelier sex for which I have no sympathy. What then shall say of "the fortune hunters," engaged unceasingly in the chase of gold and pearls? Of all the abject, they are the most degraded. Their folly rarely goes long unpunished. Till they grasp their object, vexation and disappointment are their companions, and when it is gained, it proves often still more distressing. They borrow Shylock's knife to plunge it to the haft in their own happiness. Fascinated by the splendors of "the god of their idolatry," they overlook his iron fetters. Unmindful of the fact, that even what is good may have some accompaniments which render its pursuit madness, the sad reality alone disperses their forgetfulness. It is worth remembrance that many obey the mandate —

Look like the innocent flower,
But be the serpent under it."

I will not tell all I have seen of a few of the fair, who, because they brought their husbands wealth, claim an indefensible right to rule. If I had not so resolved, the consequences might be serious; I pledge myself to adhere to truth, and the law unfortunately says, the greater the truth the greater the libel.

What an assemblage of dupes might be formed from the lovers of cards and dice. Impelled by a thirst as intense as that of the eastern traveler, the gamester pursues his imaginary but dazzling prize, as eagerly as the former seeks the waters which seem immediately before him; but, the one often perishes in the mirage; and the other, not unfrequently, dies a beggar — or a suicide.

Honor has its baits, and its victims also. Many chase it in the form of literary reputation, but few reach the goal. An effort is made at the expense of months of toil, anxiety, and restlessness, and the result, perhaps is only the critic's sneer, who, "breaks the butterfly on a wheel," and the world's neglect, for which the caresses of partial friends is a pitiful compensation. That many aspire to a distinction for which they are wholly unfitted is evident; but it is no less so that others have been crushed by violence, or

paralyzed by caprice, who “deserved a better fate.” An eminent individual, whose sphere of action is not a hundred miles from the Elgin marbles in Great Russel-street, Bloomsbury, asked at an inn, on his first continental tour, for “*des crapauds*,” instead of “*des grenouilles*,” and, by this accident, obtained the unlucky cognomen of “the toad eater.” Not a few in past times were considered fairly entitled to this appellation, and the brood is not extinct. No language is too humble for them to adopt, no attitude is too degrading for them to assume, no sacrifice of personal dignity, or even of friendship and affection, is too great for them to make, provided that they can bask in the smiles of the great. When one of them happens to cross our path, he is instinctively associated in our minds with him, who, as Gibbon says, “was the slave of the slave of the Commander of the Faithful.” Others rise higher in the scale of intellectual beings, but attracted by the same objects, they endure similar inconveniences.

Cowper has described, with admirable ability, the ennui of

... the noble drudge in state affairs,
Escaped from office and its constant cares.

The scenes, for whose retirement he pined, soon loose their charm:

He feels, while grasping at his faded joys,
A secret thirst of his renounced employes;
He chides the tardiness of every post,
Pants to be told of battles won or lost;
Blames his own indolence, observes, though late,
'Tis criminal to leave a sinking state,
Flies to the levee, and received, with grace,
Kneels, kisses hands, and shines again in place.

Honor urges men to the utmost verge of folly when it makes them duellists. Indeed, it has been correctly denominated “the modern Moloch.” Its infernal requirements can be met only by a state of feelings scarcely one grade below a paroxysm of insanity. In issuing them, it assumes a character perfectly fiendish — it laughs at the bursting asunder of the tenderest, dearest bonds — it gluts its remorseless appetite with tears, and throes, and blood; and with power more fatal than that of fabled sorcery it transforms

its votaries into hideous demons. Abhorred then be its witcheries, broken be its spells, and scattered with the ashes of the foulest superstitions, be its altars!

The gayest phantom with which the human mind is familiar is that of Pleasure,

The reeling goddess with a zoneless waist.

She is the tutelary genius of the theater, the ballroom, the gaming table, and the race course; and in her train are found the most degraded, vicious, and abandoned of both sexes. The service she demands and receives, on ten thousand promises of high delight, is the most humiliating and torturing thralldom. Her cup though sparkling, is, like Circe's, filled with poison. To sip at it is destruction of tranquility. The fever of the passions which it produces is exhausting. Distressing lassitude invariably succeeds the tempest of the soul. On the authority of actual experience it is stated, that "pleasure, when it is a man's chief purpose, disappoints itself; and the constant application to it palls the faculty of enjoying it, though it leaves our sense of inability for that we wish, with a disrelish of everything else. Thus the intermediate seasons of the man of pleasure, are more heavy than one would impose on the vilest criminal." "Facts are stubborn things." Facts supporting such testimonies are numerous, and consequently, to regard, for a moment, exaggerated descriptions of enjoyment in scenes of folly and dissipation, is as absurd, as to listen to the assurance that health is a convertible term for wretchedness; and that of all mortals the inmates of a Lazaretto are the most happy. There are times when the conviction that we have been the subjects of successful imposture flashes through the mind with the rapidity and brightness of lightning. With these the creditors of a brilliant orator must have been well acquainted. An assurance of speedy settlement was an opiate to their suspicions, and these frequently slumbered long enough for him largely to increase his accumulated obligations. As soon as he awoke, amused by the golden dream which "the wand of the enchanter" had produced, they needed no aid in replying to the interrogation, "who's the dupe?" And I have often called up the probable figure of a nobleman in circumstances which he has not forgotten. He had frequently wished to walk with a certain lady of fashion, and on "a lucky day" he had this privilege. They had not proceeded far before they were

stopped by the splendor of a jeweler's window. The lady was delighted by the appearance of a personal ornament, and the gentleman hoped for the felicity of presenting it to her. On entering the shop, she was suddenly enamored of a necklace, and he had no sooner placed it on her neck to increase her admiration of its beauty, than she wished him "good morning," and withdrew, leaving him, as soon as he could recover from the shock of it, to hand his draft to the jeweler for seven hundred guineas. If, however, there are some dupes from perverse adherence to erroneous principles, and others from occasional and universal somnolency, there are not a few who become so from an excess of kind and amiable feeling. Draw a bill on their good nature, and they do not think of the amount till they have given you their acceptance. Thoroughly indisposed to a solitary act of unkindness, it is long before they can be taught that any are not so benevolent as themselves, and, even then a smiling face and hurried words will easily efface the impression. Of this race of open-hearted, generous, but indiscreet spirits, the poet Goldsmith is a memorable example. In the midst of his studies, he engaged as security in a considerable sum of money for a fellow student, who, either for want of means or of principle, failed to pay the debt, and compelled him to seek escape from the horrors of imprisonment by a precipitate flight from Edinburgh; and at the close of life, his liberal and imprudent benefactions to poor authors and poor Irishmen, in fact needy adventurers from all countries, contributed greatly to the embarrassment of his affairs. To multiply instances of this kind would be easy; in every direction we may find sufferers from a disposition which, though it excites our deep regret, disarms censure of its bitterness and severity.

The mariner, as he pursues his course, has need of the beacon light, which streaming over the darkness of the abyss, warns him of the quicksands and rocks below, and is at once a guide and a guard. The voyage of human life, beset as it is by perils, renders similar aid to that enjoyed by the mariner not merely desirable, but necessary. The moralists of former times employed their powers for this purpose, and though ours are feebler, the results of their exercise may not be worthless. The evils exhibited in this essay have been common in every age, and my object will be answered if it lead in some cases to their avoidance. That appearances are delusive — that fashion is "an ideal influenza whose authority is, in general, derived from things known to be idle, insignificant, and absurd" — that the prudence and persevering energy of the man of business indescribably transcend the

fancied shrewdness of the speculator — that it is base to make marriage a mere matter of money — that happiness is not attendant in conjugal alliances induced by the love of gain — that worldly honor is often degrading and destructive to the dearest interests of its pursuer — that pain and pleasure are, as Addison remarks, “such constant yoke-fellows, that they either make their visits together, or are never far asunder” — and that kind feelings may be indiscreet and excessive, appear to me to be axioms which none can slight without injury, or observe without advantage; and which, consequently, can neither be too fully illustrated, nor too strongly recommended.

Under this impression I have written, with what effect the editor of the *Spirit and Manners of the Age* will judge, should he deem my lucubrations of no value, he has full permission to consign them to merited oblivion — should the contrary be his conclusions, they will appeal for themselves to his intelligent readers.

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1. “The mountains are in labor and a little mouse will be born.” [— Ed]↩
 2. “A freak of nature.” — Ed↩

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Originally published 1828 by William Staveland, Philadelphia.

Cover image: “Entrance to the pier, Bournemouth, England, 1890’s”. Postcard.

Image on imprint page is *Still Life With Bible* by Vincent Van Gogh.

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228 – v6.2021-04-12

ISBN: 9798715778260 (paperback)

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