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THE
RECTOR OF AUBURN.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

ALL THAT I CAN SAY FOR MYSELF IS A DESIRE OF DOING GOOD, WHICH IF IT WERE AS FERVENT IN RICHER HEARTS, THE CHURCH, WHICH NOW WE SEE COMELY, WOULD THEN BE GLORIOUS. THIS HONEST AMBITION HATH CARRIED ME TO NEGLECT THE FEAR OF SEEMING PRODIGAL OF MY LITTLE; AND WHILE I SEE OTHERS' TALENTS RUSTING IN THE EARTH, HATH DRAWN ME TO TRAFFIC WITH MINE IN PUBLIC.

BISHOP HALL.

VOL. II.

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L. AND G. SEELEY, THAMES DITTON, SURREY.

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THE PROPOSAL.

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THE PROPOSAL.

THE spot whither Dr. Truman and his family repaired, was one of those fashionable watering-places, whose advantages rather consisted in its mineral waters and the salubrity of the air, than in anything which makes the ordinary recommendation of what are commonly styled sea-bathing places. But a mere fashionable place of resort was not the object of the Rector. He sought that change which would conduce to the improvement of his health, and, by giving rest and diversion to his mind, afford a relaxation from the arduous duties in which he was daily engaged. The labors incident to a zealous discharge of the duties of his holy office, rendered it absolutely necessary for Dr. Truman at times to retire from his cure, and seek repose in a scene where such

great bodily and mental exertion would cease to be required. But to a disposition like his, there accrued little pleasure in diverting his energies from a field so adapted to their display, and wherein they loved to expatiate, but he wisely yielded to necessity, conscious that the strongest mind at times, like the bow, demands to be unstrung, that it may afterwards bend itself to its destined task with greater effect.

Although absent from his parish, our hero did not allow himself to evitate those duties which a clergyman is bound to perform upon every occasion. He had now an opportunity of producing a work which he felt, were the subject treated in a style commensurate with its importance, would immortalize his name, and live when the author himself was no more. The occasion which thus presented itself he eagerly seized, and unless the taste of the learned part of the community become deteriorated, that performance will for ever stand out among our standard productions, as being one of the most sterling and original of its class.

The Vicar of the parish in which the Tru-

mans had taken up their temporary abode, happened to be the son of a particular friend of the Doctor's. He had been inducted into the living very soon after he was ordained priest, and, besides the emoluments of his cure, was possessed of a considerable independence. Notwithstanding, his whole soul was bent upon doing good, and on not letting slip any one of the multifarious opportunities which his parish afforded him to effect his purpose. The benefit within the competence of a clergyman holding a living at a fashionable watering-place, to confer on the community, is, comparatively speaking, extremely limited. People flock to the common scene of health and dissipation during the summer months, like birds of passage, and even such as are invalids are but too apt to postpone the one thing necessary to the frivolous diversions of the place, without, in all probability, becoming acquainted with the incumbent, or, in numberless instances, (we are sorry to write it) ever having seen him—they return to their respective homes, the obligations of religion unfulfilled, and her solemn service slighted.

Mr. Helps made it a custom to call upon every visitor who sojourned for any time within his parish, in order to remedy to a certain degree the evil to which we have alluded. And how happily did he succeed in his endeavours! As much distinguished by the elegance of his manners as the soundness of his morals, so far from his professional zeal being considered officious, he was the admiration of all who came in contact with him. From the humble to the most exalted was he an object of regard; to the poor he approved himself a benefactor and parent, and from his own pecuniary abundance and pious stores, he supplied them both with bodily and spiritual food, administering every thing in his power which he judged would not merely conduce to their earthly comforts, but advance those higher interests, which centered in futurity. By the rich was he held in the greatest respect, and his company much desired. Though very young, and a single man, he was looked up to as the promoter of their terrestrial happiness, and their pioneer through a rugged world to eternal glory. Even the old and aged of his parish-

ioners would come to him for his advice, and his younger followers and friends would hearken to his recommendations, well knowing that if they pursued the course which his sagacity suggested and indicated, the result would contribute to their happiness and redound to their honour.

At the house which Dr. Truman had taken for the month he intended to be absent, Mr. Helps was a constant visitor. Nor is this at all to be wondered at, when we consider that the mind of the one was almost a counterpart of that of the other, and the object which each had at heart precisely similar. But besides this very ostensible inducement to repeat his calls and protract his stay, there was another and we are fain to admit greater attraction in the house of Dr. Truman, which tempted the more frequent visits of the amiable young clergyman. We have observed that Mr. Helps was a single man, and it is not to be supposed, that endued with virtues of the highest order, and of a refined disposition, with a mind nicely attempered to the pure joys of domestic life, he could come into the family of

Dr. Truman without resting his affections upon one of its members. He had known every branch of it, but owing to circumstances, not so intimately as during their stay in his parish. The object upon whom he placed his affections was one whom we have described as being the most lovely, amiable, and accomplished of her sex—it was Julia Blaclock. His holy passion was reciprocated; admiration and esteem had insensibly assumed the character of ardent affection: just as the gentle breeze passing over the spark, small at first in its appearance, by degrees will accelerate it into a large and glorious light—so did their sympathy in taste and congeniality of temper, fan the warm friendship of two young and guileless hearts into the flames of love. Their intimacy, promoted by esteem and ratified by judgment, soon ripened into mutual affection.

There,—love, the soul's peculiar virtue, teeming with all that is sacred and divine, burst out in all its beauties—there the affections of the heart, stripped of every grossness, rose from their seat of purity to centre in the innocent enjoyment of each other's society.

Julia loved and was beloved, they were all in all to each other ; but the course of true love never did run smooth, and their chance of being united was far distant. She, as we have before related, preferred resting in her tranquil state of single blessedness, to subjecting herself to the cares and anxieties, which alloy and interrupt the joys of matrimony. The grateful yearning of Julia to become the nurse of her foster parents when they were old, forbade the banns, and interposed between her and happiness. She desired nothing beyond, she aimed at no more exquisite satisfaction. Instructed by gratitude, she conceived that she owed a debt to them which nothing but the devotion of her life, the consecration of her talents, and her future care and vigilance could repay. Now she was respectable, and in a high situation, and her heart knew that had it not been for her beloved protectors, she might (sad contrast!) have been a wanderer, like so many of her sisters, in want and destitution, or, far more agonizing possibility, have revelled on the wages of infamy. Not that the mind of Julia would have succumbed under any

temptation. It was too innately pure and virtuous, too like what poets dream of angelic natures. The circumstance of having no father or mother to protect her from the wiles of the world, and the snares laid by artful villains, (alas ! the name's too good,) was sufficient to excite her apprehension ; and but for the interposition of her protector must have augured ill for her future happiness. And from her condition in life, she might have been doomed to earn her bread by the sweat of her brow, like so many governesses in families of the present day, subject to the caprices of a cruel task-mistress. But no, the charity of our noble-minded hero averted that so probable contingency. Under his auspices the mind of Julia from its infancy was trained. Her innate virtues were cultivated and practically brought forward. Traits of intelligence and goodness arose one by one in her infantile intellect, and shone forth from their clayey tenement like the glory of night, starting star by star into the sky, irradiating and enlightening surrounding objects, by their deep softness and hallowing lustre.

During this memorable month, Mr. Helps became a constant visitor at Dr. Truman's, but unmoved by his intreaties, and we may almost say his prayers, Julia persisted in refusing his offers. She would hold out no hope, not even a promise of hope. She was fixed immutably. She indeed confessed she reciprocated his passion, and that her attachment was so based upon his estimable qualities, that, with the fond faith of woman, she could confidently accept him for a companion for life ; but she considered, and with reason, that it was too long to look forward to the day when she should have paid the debt of gratitude her heart acknowledged to Dr. Truman. Mr. Helps thought he would have been more resigned to her decision, if he could have elicited from Julia a promise, however distant, but Julia, though she well knew that the warmth of her affections could never be abated, possessed too much delicacy, and had too nice a sense of honour to postpone the ratification of her engagement to such an indefinite period. She considered, that "*hope deferred maketh the heart sick,*" and that it must ever

prove a most unsubstantial thing to feast upon, when its fulfilment was postponed beyond a certain limit. ~~She looked upon long~~ engagements as being most unwise. 'It is, as it were,' observed she one day to Mr. Helps, 'subjecting love to too trying an ordeal: not perhaps extinguishing his torch, but tarnishing the purity of the flame, and deadening its lustre by degrees: it is to wire-draw the affections of the soul, possibly beyond their powers of endurance. It seems unnatural, tantalizing, and can only lead to disappointment and eventual disgust. Her lover, on the contrary, maintained that such gentle and mutual contracts, with accord of friends, and consent of guardians, was good and salutary to the soul; that the very interval between the fond affiancement, and the solemnity, only rendered the engagement the more binding. That the holy passion glowed with greater ardour, the longer its natural gratification was withheld, its intense-ness being heightened by its own natural impulses.'

'Yes,' interposed Julia, 'till it terminate in madness. How many hath hope delayed,

rankled into despair, or driven to distraction. How many do we read of in the chronicles of past ages, who in the strange delirium of an unguarded hour, have aimed the suicidal blow, or rushed headlong to destruction, or perpetrated deeds at which human nature revolts, and which, with a faltering pen, have been registered for the warning of after generations! How many at this current hour, in the intolerable phrensy of their too fierce passions, finding themselves barred from enjoyment, view life and nature as a barren waste, and are gradually sinking in a madhouse, and whose premature death will have been accelerated by hope delayed, or the delirious anguish of hope blighted. Oh, no! I could never consent to run such extreme risk, of sacrificing your future happiness, and hazarding my own eternal felicity. If length of time be indispensable in so momentous a concern, let it precede a mutual engagement, but when once the parties are betrothed, short interim should intervene, lest the base machinations of man impede the consummation. My sentiments may be *cavaire* to the unthinking

part of community very possibly ; nevertheless, I am of opinion, that they who keep open an engagement beyond the ordinary limits, are exposing themselves, to say the very least of it, to ultimate disappointment and danger, and are acting with unfairness to their immediate relatives.'

It would be foreign to our present purpose, to record the scenes which took place between the lovers, and indeed it would only be to recapitulate.

Julia persisted in declining to enter into any engagement, and Mr. Helps, by intreaties and supplications, endeavoured to influence her to their mutual happiness. But to no purpose ; she remained apparently as firm and as cold as the rock on Torneo's steep. What could the disconsolate lover do under such peculiar circumstances. He possessed the affections of Julia ; no frown of triumph, or smile of scorn disheartened him ; neither wealthless lot, nor pitiless command, forbad the consummation of his happiness : but ah ! he could discern not the slightest prospect of an union,—his only consolation was to be beloved by such a girl ;

an honor to which few could aspire, and an object of ambition, which no man less worthy than himself could have hoped to realize.

During the whole of this delicate affair, Dr. Truman acted like a kind and prudent father, happy in the determination of Julia. So far from using any constraint upon a being whom he looked upon in the light of his own child, he left her to the free exercise of her own judgment. He contented himself with reminding her that it was advisable either at once to accept Mr. Helps, or to cut off all immediate intercourse; he disapproved of hope being held out during an interminable period, subject to the thousand contingencies of life, keeping the parties on the rack of expectation, and subjecting them to the worst tortures of suspense, after all, perhaps to encounter eventual blight and disappointment. But, as we have shown, these opinions were the same as those of Julia, she perfectly coincided in every thing which Dr. Truman recommended. Many might have been glad at the opportunity of surrendering such a charge as the one which the Doctor had taken under his care. But

no, he was as anxious as Julia herself for her to remain in that single state of blessedness: which appeared to afford her so much tranquil satisfaction. The separation would have been as poignant to him, as that of his own daughter, for he looked upon Julia with that degree of interest and inward glow of satisfaction natural to the good and noble heart of her benefactor. The high esteem in which Dr. Truman held Mr. Helps, both on account of being the son of one of his dearest friends and for his own virtues, might have furnished a strong inducement to many to overrule the determination of Julia, and compel her to her own happiness. But Dr. Truman was a man of refined sentiment, and would never, even in trifling circumstances, act otherwise than in conformity with the dictates of a most scrupulous conscience. Perhaps there never existed an individual who had a nicer sense of honour than our hero. He would suffer the greatest inconvenience rather than by an imagination impair the beauty of that, which he considered the greatest jewel under heaven, viz. a character established in the respect of the wise and

good. He would subject himself to the utmost self-denial, even in a matter of comparatively trifling importance, sooner than let a breath sully the ermine purity of his reputation. He held his honor as his dearest earthly possession, and sooner would he that his soul winged its flight, than that the bright star of purity, which shone so nobly upon the open brow, should be dimmed by any improper act, however hidden from the world, or however inconsiderable in the eyes of many it might appear. He felt with all the vividness of a parent that he had a duty to perform, and guided by sympathy and love he acted, as upon all occasions, with prudence. Upon mature consideration, bearing in mind the disposition of Julia, and her inflexible resolution not to bestow her hand where she had garnered up her heart, he deemed it advisable that further intercourse between the lovers should be broken off, and no opportunity afforded to augment an attachment, already too great for the peace of either party. The disconsolate lover was thenceforth, with whatever reluctance on their parts, denied to the family. It may appear

to the reader, a cruel state of things to arrive at, but every one of proper feeling and judgment must allow that under the circumstances there was no choice.

At length the time arrived when the month of absence which Dr. Truman had allowed himself, expired; and soon the distressing tidings were communicated to Mr. Helps, that he could obtain but one more interview with the beloved being upon whom all his affections on this side heaven were fixed. A shock of this kind, even to a mind which looked above terrestrial objects for its happiness, and regarded all such as of secondary import, could not but affect him, and that to a degree more easily imagined than described. But he was resigned; and even grateful to think that Providence had given him sufficient nerve to endure the pangs of disappointment; only, in the interview with Julia which followed, he could not resist eliciting a promise that if ever a change should take place in her sentiments, he might be the favoured, as he was already the honoured, possessor of her affections. To this she readily assented, though

she held out not the shadow of a hope, that such an alteration in her views lay in the chance of the future. The parting came—the last breath had quivered on the lips of Julia—the farewell! that never-dying sound, was stamped upon the heart of the almost distracted lover, and he sighed with the immortal bard

‘ My soul nor deigns nor dares complain,
Though grief and passion there rebel :
I only know we loved in vain,
I only feel—Farewell !—Farewell !

The family, on their return to the Rectory, were received by many of the parishioners with the greatest demonstrations of pleasure and delight. The Doctor having benefitted considerably by change of air and occupation, had laid in, to use a common but expressive metaphor, a fresh stock of health, with which to resume his arduous duties. Many had been waiting in anxious expectation for his return, particularly the poor, who were wont to look up to him for spiritual comfort and assistance. He was in their eyes an earthly father who supplied their wants, and administered to their necessities. It was in his assurance that

they really acknowledged the value of his services, and could duly appreciate the benefit which they derived from the exercise of his virtues. Like the shepherd of a mighty flock, he would take under his parental care the weakest of his pasture, and restore the wanderer to the fold, and bring within its pale those who had never before known the value of his heavenly guidance. To the fond embrace of a disconsolate mother he would restore the repentant Magdalen and renew the long-lost affection which, by nature, existed between those who were so closely connected. To the board of industry and hard-earned contentment he would bring back the tattered beggar, after years passed in sloth and its natural consequence—hunger and almost starvation. And to one and all, would he use his utmost endeavours to administer those sources of resignation, so essential to the very existence of poor human nature in this passing scene of probation. By these means it was no wonder that the return of the Doctor should be hailed as a cause of rejoicing to his parishioners, though he had only been absent for so short a period.

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THE PRISONER.

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THE PRISONER.

FROM the many stratagems which the libertine Harry Seymour brought into play, in order to pour his insidious discourse into the ear of Julia, Dr. Truman, on their return to the rectory found it necessary to advise her to cease attending the few parties which she was in the habit of making happy by her presence. Since that young gentleman appeared bent upon the destruction of his victim, the Doctor was determined to anticipate his villanies, and thus frustrate any chance of success which fortune might otherwise throw in his way. The life of this Rouè, so far from improving, presented every day fresh deeds of selfishness, to add to the heaped-up measure of those crimes, which more or less affected all those

with whom, unfortunately for them, he was connected, or who came within the sphere of his atrocities. Again did he make furtive advances towards Julia, to be repelled by the determined hand of our hero. Day after day would he invent and put into practice, some strange project or other, which might procure him an interview with her whom he called his beloved ; but all his machinations, however well designed, were defeated by the Doctor, and his elaborate proceedings, just as they were ripe for delivery, were sure to miscarry and prove abortive. Indeed, so providentially did the countermines of the worthy Rector answer their purpose, overruling all the contrivances of the libertine, and counterplotting his secret workings in so strange and unexpected a manner, that it almost seemed as if heaven itself interposed to preserve inviolate the chastity of Julia, from the rude violation of one of the greatest villains that ever disgraced humanity.

But about this period an event happened, which brought to an abrupt close the persecutions, and we may say insults, which Julia had

latterly been compelled to endure. We believe we gave the reader to understand in an early chapter, that Harry Seymour was wont to haunt the gambling-houses—of course with the object of indulging in that destructive vice, which is at once the child of avarice and the parent of prodigality. No passion can lead to such extremities, nor involve a man in such a complicated train of crimes and vices as the baneful rage for gambling. There is no propensity which ruins whole families so completely. It produces and nourishes all imaginable disgraceful sensations. It is the most fertile nursery of covetousness, envy, rage, malice, dissimulation, falsehood, and foolish reliance on blind fortune. It frequently leads to fraud, quarrels, murder, forgery, meanness and despair; and robs us in the most unpardonable manner of the greatest and most irrevocable treasure—**TIME**. Those that are rich act weakly in venturing their money in uncertain speculations; and those that have not much to risk play with timidity, not being able long to hold out unless the fortune of the game turn, they are obliged to quit

the field at the first heavy blow ; or if they stake every thing to force the blind goddess to smile upon them at last, madly hazard being reduced to instant beggary. By sure steps, whether slow or rapidly, the habit of gaming inevitably leads to destruction. And so it proved to Harry. On suspicion that a certain party had cleared the table by unfair play, Harry at once charged him with the offence, an arraignment that could only be wiped out with blood. A challenge was the inevitable consequence—and these two desperate gamers, about to violate the laws of man and the ordinance of heaven, stood opposed to one another in mortal enmity. Thus in the sad catenation of iniquity, one crime is only the stepping-stone to another—and murder was to form the climax of Henry Seymour's wretched career. A man whom he had ever accounted one of his dearest friends, fell mortally wounded by his hand. He stood charged with the deed. Like a common malefactor was he dragged to jail, to taste in common with the outcasts of society, of the horrors of a deadly dungeon. Can too much be said against the

propensity for gaming? Here was a man possessed of an ample fortune, engaging address, and whose every rational desire might with such facility have been gratified, as to render his life almost enviable, led from the path of virtue by his own base lusts and depraved appetite, until he came to sacrifice his existence at the altar, which a false and spurious idea of honour had set up. And how many instances do we daily witness of noble-minded and ingenuous youth, descending iniquity's graduated scale, till at last he perishes, seeking a refuge from ignominy in the covert of an untimely grave, dug for him by his own devices. Oh! horror! that men not even in the actual want of money should so yield to the lust of plunder, as to victimize their own immediate friends, and as is too often the case, be the sacrilegious instrument to break into the tabernacle of their existence. That with souls stained with blood-guiltiness they should be untimely sent to that bourne, whence they would never return to give account of their tremendous risk; that with depraved heart and boiling brain they should rush into the

presence of Omnipotence and dare his vengeance. Oh, horror! we repeat—and we can hardly refrain from tears, as we dwell upon the idea we have conjured up. Are the ravages of the gaunt skeleton so slow among the human race, that they must needs with infuriated hand immolate each other at his crimson shrine? Excited by an insane spirit, and the weakest casuistry, must they cry vengeance, in lieu of submitting in the spirit of that faith, in which their infant brows were not long since baptized, to the trivial offences of their fellow-creatures?

The news of the unhappy affair, which was soon bruited abroad, affected the mind of Julia in a painful manner. It agitated her most sensibly; for though she was far from entertaining any affection for Mr. Seymour, she could not but be dreadfully excited, on reflecting, that the friend of her youth, and a man who professed so deep a passion for her, had to answer at the bar of outraged justice for so foul a crime as that of murder. The circumstance of being relieved from future annoyances at the hands of Harry Seymour, afforded her

but a poor consolation ; gladly would she have again rendered herself obnoxious to what she had been compelled to endure, could she thereby have procured to Harry his liberty : but no, before an earthly judgment-seat he was doomed to appear, to await that sentence, which would consign him to the awful fiat of a higher tribunal. The trial was to come on in about a month, when Harry might expect to be condemned for the perpetration of a deed, which justly would draw down the vengeance of the law. “Whosoever sheddeth man’s blood,” saith Scripture, “by man shall his blood be shed.”

During the period of the incarceration of Harry Seymour, Dr. Truman, who was chaplain to the jail, had many opportunities of seeing and holding communication with him. The prisoner confessed divers crimes of which he had been guilty, the relation of which made the venerable pastor’s flesh shudder. There were few violations of the law, of which Harry had not been guilty. Many an inexperienced and tender maiden had he abducted from her home, that nestling-place of the affections ;

sundering those dear and kindred ties which make the one drop in the cup of life which has come down to us from Eden. Many a parent, through his abhorred agency, had been left disconsolate; all household charities, those *Penates* of the domestic hearth, shivered to atoms. Many a confiding damsel had he enticed from beneath the roof of innocence and honor, introducing the canker into the delicate rose, not yet fully developed to a flower, but which locks its beauties and its odours in the expanding bud. What robbery can exceed this in turpitude and baseness? it is irreparable. By no sacrifice, however costly, can the ruined maiden be restored to her pristine chastity: no effort, however earnest, can in effect replace the lost one in that station in society, from which she was rudely ejected, or basely seduced. Nature may revive the long dormant affections of the parent, and enforce frank pardon for lapses wherein, it may well be believed, the penitent hath been more sinned against than sinning; but not even repentance can repair the breach in modesty made by the remorseless libertine, or re-gift the frail one

with that inestimable jewel with which the Almighty has adorned the female sex. Whether it be a point of deficiency in our legislature, that no punishment be awarded to the crime of seduction, we dare not say, but this we can confidently affirm, that if man be coward enough to take advantage of his impunity in this respect, or can derive encouragement from the comparative weakness and yielding nature of the lovely being, whom mere humanity should instruct him to protect, he ought to be ranked lower than the untutored slave, whose passions are solely unrestrained from defect of knowledge ; nay, in our mind he is infinitely more guilty and deserving of punishment, than the midnight plunderer, or the blood-thirsty assassin.

He who hath this crime to answer for, hath robbed woman of the distinctive attribute of her sex, that title by which alone she holds her virtue, and deprived of which, she can only take rank with the lower animals. But man, heartless, self-worshipping, hypocritical man ! passes free and unscathed among his fellows, no stain is on his scutcheon, no blot on his

name; he is allowed to retain what he fancies so precious to his polluted soul, *his honor*, that false and factitious idea, hanging on some accidental opinion annexed, by what are called men of the world, to the principle of *honesty*. The crime to which we have alluded, was far from being the only one for which he would have to answer at the last day. He had an aunt, under whose care Harry had been placed, when a child,—an aunt who had loved him with all that tender affection, which woman is wont to lavish on the helpless object of her anxieties. For a length of time, blinded by natural love, she had winked at his offences, or pardoned what she was fond to believe the mere exuberance of youthful spirits;—errors, which without her interference, the hand of time and experience would rectify. What a delusion! she who had watched with solicitous regard over the unconscious babe in years of innocence, when he lay helpless and unmoved, *like death without its terrors*. She who had marked the speaking countenance of boyhood, and predicted for him, through the vista of hope, a career of happiness, years of honor

and gladness; she who, in the fond credulity of woman's heart, that *will* confide, and *will* believe in the worthiness of its idol, had beheld in his growing form, the image of his departed sire, and had trusted that that sire's virtue were wound into his nature; even she had in the end been driven by his heedless and cruel conduct, to follow, broken-hearted, the cold remains of her brother to the grave. Her, he had sent in her grey hairs with sorrow to that covert *where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.*

Oh, why should the creatures of a day be so given to distress one another, and entail disgrace and grief upon relatives, for whom a common fate, mutual sorrows, and the tender associations of infancy, should teach them sympathy? Why from the bleak wind of this merciless, ungrateful world, is there often no shelter, save in the shadow of the tomb? But we forbear, nor will expostulate with Omnipotence. An hour will assuredly come when this and all other difficulties will be cleared up, and the full sunshine of heaven break forth in all its truth, and all its splendour; but till his

“*kingdom come,*” it is not given to our limited faculties to fathom the depths of eternal wisdom. These remarks are suggested by the untimely fate of the aunt of Harry Seymour. Happy was it for her that she had closed her weary pilgrimage, ere Harry stood charged with murder. The Almighty alone knows the time and seasons when to take us from this troubled world, and always has a benign purpose, however unapparent to us, for removing his creatures to his own abode. The heart of Mrs. Seymour was literally broken, she had expired in most excruciating sufferings of mind at the ingratitude of Harry. Ingratitude! the very lees of sin, and the evidence of that hard, selfish, and proud nature, which receives all benefaction as a right, and on which no kindness can make an impression. The grief of this unhappy lady affected her constitution. Exhausted nature gradually drooped under the pressure, though with becoming resignation she endeavoured to bear up against the unremitting attacks which were made upon her too sensitive heart, by the man to whom alone she was entitled to look for protection in her old age.

The repeated communications which Dr. Truman held with the prisoner, appeared at first to have a salutary effect. He became truly penitent, and confessed his sins before God. He had prayed in the silent hour with his whole heart and soul, but the disgraceful end which he foreboded was more than he could bear. Conscience, the living monitor, with her rods of scorpions, and whips of steel, lacerated him to the inmost soul; at times all was quiet and calm, and then like a furious fire bursting from its smouldering embers, she would rage, inflaming the whole man with enfuried and maddened spleen. The end was at hand. One of these fits brought the prisoner, ere the prime of life had dawned, or the lust of the eye had sunk, to that last long home, whereon clouds and darkness hang.

It was towards night when the physician was called by the keeper to the cell of the wretched prisoner. He was regularly convulsed. The feelings within were making perceptible ravages on the body. The workings of a guilty conscience, and the gnawings of the worm that dieth not, were distilled upon his brow. Ah!

hearken to that deep-drawn groan, issuing from the heaving breast; note the haggardness which sits scowling in every feature; and mark the remorse and bitterness lodged in the furrows of an emaciated and indented countenance; on that bed lays one whose mind—haunted by the horror of a deeply-seared conscience, and startled ever and anon by the sudden recollection of deeds basely meditated, or foully and cruelly committed, was well nigh distraught. Ah! there, writhing in agony, lay the almost exanimate sinner, convulsed and confounded at the thoughts of deeds long since perpetrated, yet vivid in his memory as if they were of yesterday, and HE on the very verge of eternity: Ah! there was “*no peace,*” for all was “*like the troubled sea when it cannot rest, whose waters cast up mire and dirt.*”

‘Go back!’ exclaimed he, as the physician entered the cell, ‘Retire! the cure lies beyond your ken,—leave me, I say, to my solitude,—my pangs are here (placing his hand on his brow) no anodyne in thy dispensary can now avail. Nought but some potion brewed in the infernal Lethe can medicine me to that

sweet peace I owned when I was a child—would I were a child again!—Would I had never grown a man.—But 'twill be soon over, the last must come at last, and there's an end. Ah! death, thou chilly thing, thou'rt cold, and damp, and moist. Go back and spend your cures upon others more worthy, and if my last moments are to be witnessed, the chaplain is a fitter person than thou art; bid him come, that is, if he be firm—if he dare venture upon these burning torments.'

The physician retired, and soon after returned with Dr. Truman, when they found the prisoner in a worse state than before. 'Oh! thou good man, witness the end of the unrighteous, the death of the greatest of sinners,' said the prisoner. It is at hand, (here he threw himself upon the floor with all the wildness and violence of a maniac.) Oh! how have I debased my nature! In what sins have I not been a partaker! Murder, parricide, heinousness, blackness! Nay, glare not on me with those eyes of compassion—I deserve no pity, none; nor will I accept of aught but unqualified abhorrence. I am a coward, but

the word is too mild and seemly ; a murderer, an adulterer. Behold their death-bed ! The forms of those whom I have sacrificed to my vile ends stand yonder beckoning, fixing their ghastly frowns upon me, and now they drag me down to my dreary destiny. Oh ! mercy, Great Father, pardon ! No, not pardon ! I will receive no mercy, my crimes deserve it all.'

Here the prisoner raised himself a little, and directing his regards towards the Doctor, inquired in a more subdued voice, if his friend lived ? The Doctor shook his head and turned to the physician, to urge him to use every means to prolong, if possible, his time ; if even so few his remaining sands, let not one be lost, said he ; how can this man enter into eternity with this harassed soul ? They accordingly attempted to bleed him, but to no purpose, the blood scarcely came. The physician thereupon cast a mournful look at Dr. Truman, and assured him that all must soon be at an end. Speedy death was inevitable. A deep and hollow groan from the prisoner, which followed this announcement, gave a fearful

emphasis to its purport. Again he grew wild, and like a maniac, 'I will not die,' he shrieked, 'but death, alas! is too strong for me; what is it thou my mother, on whose lap I sat when young and innocent; and from whose eyes, deep fountains of love, I drank in the natural blessedness of the morn of life, from whose bosom I inspired and from whose very nutriment I drew my first existence? My mother! canst thou have the heart to join this rude and inexorable band, and with thy gentle motions beckon me onwards. Oh! that look, I cannot endure it, the scorpion's sting's more mild, and the tiger's fang's less crushing. Spare me this, oh! God, annihilate this wreathing worm, rid the world of a villain, or let this be the expiation, if so thou deignst to will.'

'Where lies your pain?' demanded the chaplain, in sympathising accents.

''Tis here and there,' made answer the wretched man, (placing his hand alternately on his head and heart.) Oh! now indeed they tear me. Sir, there is a furnace rages in this heart. Oh! down revengeful

flames, down to your native hell; there abide awhile—there shall you rack me.’

The physician here interposed, he had brought him a soothing draught, and pressed him to take it.

‘No,’ exclaimed he, ‘it is not in the power of all your medicine to save me, (and then he dashed the cup upon the ground.) There is no opiate for a guilty conscience, nor can brandy intoxicate on one’s dying bed. Death hath too strong a clutch on me for such antidotes. Oh! gracious heaven, give me rest awhile, but for a short space, that I may disclose my hitherto undivulged crimes.’

‘Calm yourself,’ said the chaplain, in a soothing tone, ‘there is one in heaven who can give you rest, and will yet, rely upon it; repentance and contrition may soften vengeance.’

‘Peace! be still—only hear me,’ replied the prisoner, ‘and then if thou darest whisper hope—hold out a chance of peace. Had I lived unshackled till this hour, these hands would have been evermeiled in the blood of innocence. True! they have already been stained.

In an enraged hour, as you know, I deprived one of my oldest friends of his existence. I have sent the grey hairs of many in sorrow to the grave, and blasted the otherwise unsullied reputation of the pure and spotless. But these, though awful in their consequences, are but trifles to what I contemplated, had I been spared this prison-house. Oh! I cannot tell you, it is too horrid, too villainous! And now my spirit tears me. Oh! those last and bitter moments, the pains of hell, which they anticipate are surely weak to their gnawing vengeance.'

Dr. Truman, as if he had been struck by some unseen power, fell upon his knees and raised his clasped hands in fervor to heaven, 'Great God, Almighty Father,' cried he, 'spare this man in this fearful hour, have mercy on him.'

'That prayer is useless,' interrupted the prisoner, 'there is no mercy in heaven for a guilty wretch like me. But oh! listen if ye can endure the recital, to my last dying confession; and then, oh have pity on me, for save me you cannot. Hearken!' and the unhappy wretch sunk his voice to a whisper—'I

meditated, had I breathed the air in freedom—how can I tell you—words clog my utterance, and my heart almost bursts with remorse, shame, and agony—I had resolved—let not the *fiends* catch the sound—oh! there will be merriment in hell anon—my heart was bent upon the murder of Julia!’

Both the chaplain and physician were struck aghast, and started from the prisoner with horror.

‘Nay,’ continued he, ‘do not stare at me; I deliver the naked truth. I have something more to add—often have I watched for the innocent maiden to tear from her her brightest jewel, as I have done by many more—but heaven’s will be done! thank God! she never passed the spot where I lurked; she lives—and in respect to her I am no murderer. It is the only deed of villainy I ever failed in. Oh! ’twas jealousy that racked my brain, and made me mad through love; forgive me, sir;—but no, I dare not ask it. Nay, weep not for me, I am too base a coward, and don’t deserve those tears! May Julia live, if the hopes of a poisoned man be blasted not.’

‘Poisoned!’ repeated the physician.

‘Yes;’ said the prisoner, ‘I have taken poison—(as he held up the bottle which had contained the deadly draught) I am a suicide!! my long career of crime I have wound up with vengeance on myself. And now I die the worst of deaths. I have confessed all, and that, if in this sad hour I dare call it so, is a comfort. But oh! I die! I die!’

The physician left the cell to procure a stomach-pump, but it was too late. The prisoner threw himself back upon the ground, imploring heaven to have mercy on his guilty soul—and was no more!

Thus have we witnessed the inevitable lot of the determined and resolute gambler and libertine; a death-bed of remorse and anguish. Led on from folly to crime, precipitated into the vortex of sin, this young man, whilst yet the beating of his heart was strong, and his step haughty upon the earth, rushed headlong into the embrace of death and became the victim of the grave. Never did man experience greater agonies and torments than those, beneath which Harry Seymour writhed in his

last hours. But crime hath a reflex justice of its own, and carries ruin and destruction in its train. The wicked may evade retribution until death, although it is seldom or ever that they do. Either by private calamity or public censure, a commensurate punishment is pretty sure to await them, and if they will persevere in their iniquitous course, it commonly finds its natural consequence in ruin. Oh! what a contrast do the life and death-bed of the pious Christian present. We may discover about his hearth misery and wretchedness—the canker worm may pass over his brow, but it cannot gnaw; care may flit about his forehead but it cannot consume; sin in its most besetting aspect may lay its bait, but it cannot springe its quarry—the net of destruction may be thrown in his path, but it cannot ensnare; the meshes of vice may be cast in his way, but he will trample upon the meshes of vice, and cut to shreds the nets of destruction. Truly, the Christian finds peace in his religion, the most exquisite peace—that of a quiet and smooth conscience! nay, more, from the same source he is endowed with enterprize and for-

itude. View him closely amid a wicked world, sitting tranquilly under his own fig-tree, not unmoved indeed, but unscathed by trouble and distress; just mark how he makes head against the difficulties of life, see how he is supported while the wicked sink. His thoughts flow, not "*like a troubled sea, whose waters cast up mire and dirt,*" but like a summer streamlet which glides smoothly and unruffled. His mind, like the placid bosom of some inland lake, is so composed, that no tempest can long disturb it; the violence of no storm hinder its return to serenity. It is not like the waves of the mighty ocean, subject to every wind that blows, or to every gale that rises, but it rests securely calm in its power of endurance, and can buoy itself up, be the trial ever so difficult, the burden ever so hard. If the clouds of despair and anguish threaten to overshadow him, he can see through the clouds "*the sun shining in his might,*" and hear the voice of consolation and comfort proclaiming the glad tidings, and bringing peace to his troubled soul. If worldly loss come upon him, he finds the loss suddenly turned into gain;

if the storm of adversity darken his prospects and embitter many a solitary hour, he finds a wind dispersing the storm, and that storm succeeded by a sweet and lovely calm. If his friends frown sorely upon him and abandon him, or point with the finger of scorn at his godliness, he remembers that he has a greater and more constant friend, one who "*will never leave him nor forsake him.*" And should grim death in his native horrors enter his domestic circle, and lay his chill hand upon the brow of one of those little ones whom he loves, dragging without warning his dearest possession to the cold tomb, or to the bed of consuming sickness, he meets the trial with the smile of faith, he bears the blow, and murmurs, though perhaps faintly, "*The Lord giveth, and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord.*"

And view the Christian upon the bed of death. What see you there? One pouring out his soul in remorse, in anguish, or in tears? do you discover a convulsed body like a trampled worm writhing in agony? Do you recognize a spirit departing, caught by demons

bearing it to torture? Nay! you perceive there a Christian, you observe a spirit departing with hovering angels around, waiting to bear it to paradise; you may distinguish one, who like the martyrs of old, has fought his way through glittering blades to heaven's portal; your regards are upon one who has fought valiantly under Christ's banner, and is just at the threshold—across which confessors shall enter into glory. Aye! you recognise there a Christian, not stretching out his hand to blasted hopes, or to a hold without a foundation, but to a rock, which rock is Christ; you shudder not there at the deep-drawn groan from the heaving, agonized bosom, but you hear a voice murmuring like Stephen, the leader of the martyred band, "*Lord Jesus receive my spirit.*" There all is quiet, calm, within, no torment of a troubled conscience, no sudden rush of recollection reviving guilty days, or mis-spent nights, but all like an unruffled sea, flows calmly and serenely. And would you still gaze upon that form after the spirit has returned to him who gave it, would you still contemplate the lifeless clay, you will

not see the visage marked with agony, or convulsed by a guilty conscience; you will not view upon the cold brow, furrows ploughed by sin, but you would discern the glimmering of that star, and the impress of that cross which were stamped upon him when he was made a Christian. You will fix your eye indeed on a lifeless trunk, but one that having sent its spirit to the bosom of its Redeemer, is waiting till the trump of the archangel shall cause a shaking among the dry bones, and life to enter, and glory again be visible!

Oh! reader, meditate on the contrast, between the latter end of the wicked, and that of the righteous—of piety rewarded, and sin punished—the contrast of the abode for the wicked, and the rest for the righteous. Imagine the spirit of the one benighted with agony and torments; that of the other illumined with smiles, and waited upon by cherubs watching for souls to bear to paradise. Ponder on the contrast between vengeance, and wrath, and tribulation; and quiet, and peace, and happiness. Oh! will not even the slightest consideration cause a shaking among our dry

bones, and a resurrection to newness of life? and will not an energy burst forth within us, and a feeling of delight—an effusion of gratitude rush spontaneously from the heart, which overflows with joy and peace to think that we are not reduced to that extremity wherein the mind, ignorant of its own self, meditates, and would insure its own destruction. No state can be more utterly wretched, none more gnawing than the condition of such a one. Iron bars curtain his bed-chamber, and the cold stone is as his couch. Images of distraction hover around. His thoughts are of anguish and utter despair. Too bad to live, and unprepared to die.

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IT had long been the custom of Dr. Truman to walk every day into the country, partly for the sake of exercise, and partly with the view of retiring into the sanctuary of his own thoughts, and feasting on those reflections, so consonant with the natural sentiments of a learned and pious mind. Dr. Truman could not exactly say with the philosopher, that *'he was never less alone than when alone,'* for he was fond of mixing with his fellow-men, and took delight in hearkening to, and revolving the opinions of others, as well as in delivering his own. Intercourse with rational society afforded him a very high gratification: he found it conduce to the exercise and improvement of his faculties, and to that inward

complacency on which, in a great measure, the health of the human mind depends. He would often be found conversing with men, who were his inferiors, as well with respect to education, as original talent, upon the commonest topics of the day ; for he loved to unbend his powerful mind, and took as much delight in eliciting their ideas, as in imparting his own, and thereby instructing and correcting what he considered erroneous, prejudiced, or destructive. He might have affirmed with Solomon, “ *I learned diligently, and do communicate wisdom liberally ; I do not hide her riches.*” Nevertheless, as we have said, the treasures of his own mind were unto him an unfailing source of satisfaction, and he seized every suitable occasion to indulge in ‘ *Heavenly pensive contemplation.*’ In surveying the works of nature, he would derive therefrom many a touching lesson, which he well knew how to apply to his soul’s good. He would meditate on the characters of men, whose mere human part had long since mouldered away in the decomposition of the sepulchre, and who had left their history for a moral to all time, and

would scan the disposition of his contemporaries. While he acknowledged their virtues with an eye to his own benefit, he possessed too deep an insight into human nature, not to descry those specks, which will cross the surface even of the brightest luminary. He would, where circumstances recommended the experiment, endeavour to remove them, and in every case would regard them as warnings, not to let similar imperfections dim the lustre of his own glorious career. He could muse with admiration and wonder, on the different improvements at which the world had to rejoice, even in his own recollection, more especially the country in which his lot was cast, one distinguished above all others for the advancement of arts and manufactures. He was competent to recognize the kind hand of providence holding out assistance, and co-operating with his creatures in works, solely calculated for the melioration of their condition. By natural association of idea, he would reflect that to every condition of society, through which nations are destined to pass, capabilities of moral and intellectual improvement are

attached. Those scientific improvements which only serve to minister, however amply, to the physical enjoyments of most men, afforded to Dr. Truman the means of those higher gratifications, which spring from the exercise of taste and the imagination. He would study the relation of the arts and manufactures, and in his walks would philosophize upon the causes to which their having reached their present eminence should be ascribed. He would descend to the depths of that sacred well, whence scientific truth had its source. He would mount up to the principles, and retrace, step by step, the progress of the arts. In chemical analysis, he would recur to the laws of that molecular attraction which binds together the elements of the substances with which he had to do. With the mechanic he was led to examine the process of the arts in connexion with the general laws of matter. He would instruct the miner or land-surveyor with respect to the physical structure of the globe, and the thoughts of agriculture would naturally suggest the principles of vegetable physiology, and the occult relations of plants.

Thus the mind of Dr. Truman was an instructive and communicative companion in those hours of retirement and relaxation, when disengaged from his more arduous and indispensable duties. How great a blessing is a mind thus stored with facts on which to ruminate, that can expatiate in its wanderings through all space and time, whilst its very change of occupation contributes to the strengthening and restoration of the physical powers; so intimately is the health of the body and that of the mind connected, and so certainly do they act on each other. Indeed it was to this circumstance that the Doctor attributed the general good health which he enjoyed. He judged the *mens sana in corpore sano*, to consist in a conscience void of offence, faculties developed; but varying their object; and regular bodily exercise. Whatever happened to him, whether of weal or woe, he knew invariably to refer to its proper source, and casting an eye of faith through the dim glass of time, was satisfied that it was sent by God to answer some beneficent purpose.

It chanced a few mornings after one of the

Sundays on which the Athanasian Creed, as appointed, had been read, that the Doctor whilst taking his usual ramble, half abstracted, his reflections having subsided insensibly into reverie, (no uncommon case) was accosted and aroused by the voice of a parishioner, yclept Mr. Hall.

‘I have been occupied,’ said Mr. Hall, (after certain observations upon the weather, and other such common-place preliminaries had been interchanged) ‘in revolving over in my mind the possible explanation which can be given of several passages of the creed which you read on Sunday last, and the more I consider, the more am I bewildered and astonished at its doctrine, nor can I but demur to its damnatory clauses, to which none, I am sure, except a bigot, can subscribe. *Par example*, who would not be startled at its opening sentence. ‘*Whosoever will be saved; before all things it is necessary that he hold the Catholic faith. Which faith, except every one do keep whole and undefiled, without doubt he shall perish everlastingly.*’ And it goes on asserting, that ‘*the Catholic faith is this, that*

we worship one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity. If my mind repudiates this dogma, I am doomed, according to the denouncement of the church, to '*perish everlastingly.*'

'Hold!' interposed the Doctor, 'as the Scripture assures us, you must know, Sir, that the belief in the Trinity is the sum of all orthodox divinity, and that the Scriptures condemn those who hold heresies and false doctrines. St. Peter says in the first verse of the second chapter of this second epistle, "*But there were false prophets also among the people, even as there shall be false teachers among you, who privily shall bring in damnable heresies, even denying the Lord that bought them, and bring upon themselves swift destruction,*" and we are told that "*he that believeth shall be saved, and he that believeth not shall be damned.*" So that you perceive that the church, in condemning persons who do not believe, only acts in accordance with scripture, to which she is bound to defer. Hence, if I demonstrate the doctrine of the Trinity to be scriptural, you will cease to discover aught of uncharitableness in those clauses, which you

consider damnatory. The grand feature of the creed is 'that we worship *one God in Trinity, and Trinity in Unity,*' what follows is only adduced in illustration, *and therefore requires our assent no more than a sermon does, which is made to prove or illustrate a text.*'

'That,' interrupted Mr. Hall, 'is a great relief to my mind, I only require an explanation of the doctrine of the Trinity, and I shall be satisfied.'

'I am truly happy at the opportunity,' answered the Doctor, 'and believe me, I will endeavour to make the best and right use of it. Now, Mr. Hall, you and I are comparatively strangers, you having been resident only a short time in the neighbourhood. Allow me to ask you, if you believe the Bible conscientiously, and if that book be the guide of your faith?'

'I do believe the Bible, I regard it as the sole index to futurity. By it alone am I directed how to work out my salvation;' replied Mr. Hall, 'nevertheless I cannot conceive the mystery of the Trinity, nor

can I find even the word Trinity in the Bible.'

'Great is the www.libtool.com.cn mystery of godliness,' returned the Doctor, 'and I must confess that there is a mystery in the Trinity which baffles finite apprehension, but it behoves man not to wander too far within the secret counsels of God; let us not however disbelieve that which we do not understand, being above our capacity; let us rather fall down upon our knees and pray to be made wise unto salvation, and God doubtless will enlighten us so far as in his infinite wisdom he deems desirable. With this conviction, and in reliance on his goodness, let us rest contented.'

'It were our wisest course beyond a doubt,' observed Mr. Hall.

'And,' continued the Doctor, 'with respect to the creed, upon which we are communing, I am inclined to believe, indeed I may say, I am certain, that it has been received as a treasure of inestimable price, both by the Greek and Latin churches for almost a thousand years. And, for my own part, I find no greater difficulty in *worshipping* three Gods in

one, and one in three, from a consciousness that they are so, than in believing that the soul and body, though two distinct things, form one identical being.'

'That is certainly a pertinent remark,' interrupted Mr. Hall.

'But let me proceed,' continued the Doctor, upon such firm though cautious foundations as are but fitting in so important a topic. Though, as you have observed, there be no mention of the word Trinity in the scriptures, still is the doctrine therein laid down, explicitly. In the very first chapter of Genesis, it is written "in the beginning GOD created the world," in the original, you will find a *plural* noun joined with a *singular* verb. The plural noun of course implying more persons than *one*, and the singular verb shews a unity of action, as of *one Being*. This plural noun must refer to two at least; hence God and the Word, *who* "was in the beginning with GOD." are these two. And we read that the Spirit brooded over the waters, here then are the Three Persons. The true sense of the Hebrew plural name *Aleim*, or as it is more commonly

pronounced *Elohim*, is not expressed by the Greek $\Theta\epsilon\omicron\varsigma$, or by the English GOD, any more than the word Jehovah is adequately rendered by Κυριος , or Lord. The Hebrew word *Elohim*, in its plural signification, implies persons engaged by an oath, i. e. confederators. Had the singular sufficed, had it fully defined, according to the peculiar interpretation of Hebrew proper names, the designation whereby the Creator chose to make himself known as the God of both Nature and Grace, of course the plural noun had not been used. But it did not suffice, and obviously for no other cause but that it was not comprehensive enough; whilst the plural, the word *Elohim*, is employed to express the Supreme Being, above two thousand times in the scripture. This fact is not only remarkable, it is decisive. It must have been intentional. It can only bear one explication. There could have been no mistake or accident in the choice of this plural appellation, by which the essential characteristic of the Great First Cause is notified, and conveyed to the mind. He himself inscribed it on the tables of stone, and pro-

nounced it to the people. Is it in possibility that the Creator should designate himself by a plural name when he might have employed a singular, unless he designed from the first verse of the Old Testament to intimate that plurality in the Divine essence, which subsisted before all worlds, and of which we are certified in the New Testament? He who believes not this can only be compared to the fool in Psalm xiv. 1. who said in his heart there is no Elohim. In Deut. iv. 35, we read "Know that Jehovah he is Elohim, there is none else beside him." The announcement in Deuteronomy vi. 4. "*Hear, O Israel! Jehovah, our Aleim* (i. e. OUR SWORN ONES, OUR CONFEDERATORS,) *is Jehovah alone,*" was wont to be inscribed by the Jews on their phylacteries. "*The three that bear record in heaven,*" (i. e. OUR SWORN ONES, OUR CONFEDERATORS,) says the Evangelist, "are *One.*" It should be observed that the last letter of the Hebrew word *One* in Deut. vi. 4. ("Aleim is *One,*") is particularly large.

‘The Jews indeed lost sight of the veritable

import of the name Aleim, and confounded it with Jehovah; and where is the wonder, when they overlooked and came to forget the main design and nature of their religion? So with respect to the modern Jews, they have no idea of the purpose of God in having appointed sacrifices. But as long as Hebrew is Hebrew, all who are taught by the Holy Ghost will plainly see that the Jews by their own language were, or should have been initiated into the fundamental doctrines of the Trinity.

‘At the epocha of the creation God said, “let US make man in OUR image after OUR likeness”—we read also, “Behold the man is become as ONE OF US,” i. e. one in the divine nature, according to the devil’s fallacious promise, “Ye shall be as gods,” and their own expectation. The Pagan nations clearly recognized in the Scriptures the doctrine of the Trinity. This universal opinion is a strong argument for its truth. Indeed it is impossible for a creed like this, with so much of the divine breathing in its essence, the very mainstay and prop of the Christian religion, to be the result of human invention. But let us see

what we can gather from the New Testament. Our Saviour directed his disciples to “*Go and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost.*” Here are three persons, neither of which can mean an attribute or a quality. And in these three persons there must be equality, as it is not likely that God would be joined to two creatures in so solemn a rite. You observe that the Son and the Holy Ghost are closely and co-ordinately joined with the Father, in the act of admitting converts to the religion about to be established. The primitive Christians were dipped three times, and each time asked, “*Dost thou believe in God the Father Almighty? in Jesus Christ the Lord? in the Holy Ghost?*” Thus the converts were not baptized in *their names*, but in the name of the Father, of the Son, and the Holy Ghost, which is *one name*. And they were put *three* times under the water to represent the Trinity, yet is it *one baptism*. Athanasius asks, “*If the Holy Ghost be not of the substance of the Father and the Son, why did Christ join them together in the symbol of*

sanctification? They could never have been supposed to coalesce, unless they had the same attributes and powers.

‘ Again the last verse in the last chapter of the 2nd Corinthians, “ *The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, and the love of God, and the fellowship of the Holy Ghost be with you.*” Now we can only have these blessings, *grace, love, and fellowship* from persons, not from qualities.’

‘ Excuse my interrupting you, Doctor,’ said Mr. Hall, ‘ but I cannot conceive how a Spirit can comprehend a person. Can you shew to me that the Holy Spirit partakes, like unto God and the Son, of personal qualifications, if you do this it will tend so far to remove from my mind a deal of difficulty.’

‘ Ah! my friend,’ exclaimed the Doctor, ‘ it is impossible to comprehend the nature of the Trinity unless you apprehend thoroughly the personality of the Holy Spirit. But this stumbling-stone in your path I hope to take away. First then, we are exhorted in the New Testament not to “ *grieve the Spirit of God,*” for “ *HE maketh intercession for*

us.” Now these are *personal* actions, for it is impossible to grieve a quality, and as impossible for a mere quality to make intercession for us. Again Christ says, “*the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost, whom the Father will send in my name, he shall teach you all things, he shall testify of me.*” Does not this passage imply a person *sent*, and it cannot mean God the Father, as God himself is never *sent*. Nor can it mean Christ, as Christ could not send himself. Again he says, “*If I go not away, the Comforter will not come; but if I depart I will send him unto you.*” Again, we have mention of sin against the Holy Ghost, and how, I ask, can man sin against a quality? He can only transgress against one of personal attributes. In our baptism we are baptized in the name of the *Father, of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*. Unless the Holy Ghost be a person, why is he joined with the Father and the Son? “*The Father is God, the Son is God, and the Holy Ghost is God.*” Thus we may conclude that there is a distinct personality vested in the Holy Ghost, from the Father and the Son,

and that these three are *one* God. In fact, unless we believe this, there are many passages in Scripture which would be quite unintelligible, and inconsistent with reason. And, as I before observed, because we cannot comprehend the fact of three being in one, and one in three, we are not to disbelieve it, we have divine authority for it, and it is sufficient, and if we were to endeavour to unravel the mystery of godliness, we shall find ourselves at the conclusion, just where we were when we attempted our useless undertaking, or which is far more likely, involved inextricably in its mazes.'

'I am of your opinion there,' replied Mr. Hall, 'and I must thank you for the information which you have afforded me in this difficult point; but I should wish further to ask if the *operations* of the Spirit be not taken for the Spirit himself.'

'Sometimes,' answered the Doctor, 'but this is not repugnant to our argument, since, unless the Holy Spirit was a person, many passages in Scripture would be absurd. And the *operations* of the Spirit came from himself.'

It is he who sanctifies us; thus you perceive in our salvation the three distinct persons have three distinct offices—by the office of the Son we are *redeemed*—by the office of the Holy Ghost we are *sanctified*—and by the office of God we are accepted and *glorified*. The Holy Ghost inclines our affections to the will of God, and renews all the decayed parts and faculties of the soul. He also governs all our actions, and teaches us how to pray, and “*maketh intercession for us.*” These are what are termed *the ordinary* operations of the Holy Spirit, and which Christians in these our days enjoy; and the effusions of the Spirit, which enabled the disciples to work miracles are called the *extraordinary* operations; these have long ceased, because the Christian religion being more firmly established, their influence became no longer necessary.’

‘I can now with confidence affirm,’ rejoined Mr. Hall, ‘that I easily comprehend from the texts cited, the personality of the Holy Spirit. Before you drew my attention to those passages, their import was never impressed upon

my mind. So far then, I have attained what I consider, a grand stepping-stone towards the doctrine of the Trinity; but with respect to the main mystery, I believe I had better, as you recommend, waive it, making up my mind to believe that, which I confess, passes my understanding. Should I wish for any further elucidation of this or any other important subject, I hope to have the good fortune of meeting you again on some future day, in this beautiful walk.'

'At any time, or in any place, command my services, and they are your's,' replied the Doctor with dignified obedience.

'Many thanks, Sir, for your kind consideration,' was the equally polite response.

Here the two gentlemen separated, Mr. Hall pondering in his heart the knowledge he had unexpectedly acquired, and the Rector premeditating what good he could next accomplish.

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HAPPINESS.

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HAPPINESS.

WHAT sight, gentle reader, save that of a pious congregation pouring out praises and prayers to the great Father Almighty, can convey more grateful emotions to the mind than the members of a family assembled around the homely and hallowed hearth, intercommunicating their ideas and delivering their several opinions. To give a zest to the conversation they will affectionately agree to disagree on minor points, conscious that upon all the more material, the sentiments of one coincide with those of every other individual. It is at that time, the time when the ideas flow purely from the kind, generous, and frank heart, that real comfort, perhaps, only to be truly experienced by our countrymen and women, is

enjoyed. The mind in those moments will feast upon the intellectual sources of happiness, and drink in with almost enthusiastic zest, the joys of relative intercourse. Who but the member of a united family can feel and estimate the comfort to which we allude? Who but the father or mother of a well-ordered family can appreciate the soul-stirring satisfaction, which Doctor and Mrs. Truman, with their whole heart and mind experienced in witnessing the discussions *a l'amiable* of their family party. There sat the venerable Rector, his amiable wife by his side, anxiously listening to the different topics of their children's conversation, teaching their young ideas "*how to shoot*" by occasional observations, and the interjection of exciting remarks, bearing upon the question at issue. There, on the one side were the Misses Truman conversing upon works of interest and utility, while on the other, sat the charming Julia in all her native beauty, like a precious stone of ray serene, or rather some choice floweret unconsciously surpassing, if possible, the loveliness with which she was surrounded; or like a

conspicuous star in the distant firmament, contributing its beautiful light to a galaxy of beauty, but by no means eclipsing their radiance. And there too, the more infantile little one, ambitious to walk, but only able to crawl, and in its voluble inarticulateness, stammering out the faint mimicry of father, with the innate will to love, without the power to express its feelings. Oh! we require the brush of a Raphael or the pen of a Shakespear to depic-ture to the life this truly interesting *ruelle*. But whatever our inability, we desire not to shrink from this subject, or to leave it until rich imaginations invest the theme with kindred colouring. We will do our best, though we only draw the outline, and leave our feeble suggestions for those to complete in idea, whose minds, either by experience or quickness of apprehension, can appreciate the pure delights of an English hearth. We wish to draw the bachelor, or him whose character is most abhorrent to our minds, we mean the misanthrope, from his uncharitable plan of leading a life of seclusion and selfishness, un-blessed by the tender care of the fond wife or

the affectionate endearments of happy and dutiful children. Unless a man, in a condition and circumstances to enjoy them, be connected to this world by these endearing ties, home is indeed a wilderness; the melancholy hours of the hermit must lingeringly pass, and the *convenances* and intercourse of society be a mere mockery of rational and heartfelt communion. In the waveless calm of the life of such a man, self is the pole to which every object turns—his heart is barren and cold as rock, his loveless wisdom mailed in self-adoring pride, to cater to which is his only occupation and his only solace.

‘Peace-enamoured !

’Tis his unmoved to sever and to meet.’

While to the man blessed with an affectionate family, the generous feelings of the soul and the heart-stirring impulses of nature expand and manifest themselves. He becomes of consequence in the sight of those in whose society he moves, and in fact to all the world. What would, let us ask, have been our hero had he not acted up to our

way of thinking? To be sure he could not have been otherwise than zealous in the discharge of the onerous duties appertaining to his holy profession, but the kind-hearted and feeling manner in which he was wont to fulfil them would never have existed. His mode of procedure must have wanted something of that graceful sympathy which a man insensibly and unconsciously acquires, under the tender and light hand (not controul) of an affectionate wife. With insinuating tact peculiar to her sex, she moulds the rough uncompromising disposition of her husband, into one bearing a certain similitude to her own, fostering the innate virtue which, without her skilful tending, must degenerate into rudeness, or worse, a callous indifference.

It has been affirmed, and that by men of no ordinary sagacity and knowledge of the world, that it is by women that this nation is governed; though we cannot exactly agree in opinion with the authors of this idea, still it is certain that the decencies of life, the little proprieties and elegancies of society are in a great measure under the entire controul and

influence of the sex. Endued with mildness and affability, she tames the ruggedness of man, and renders his naturally harsh disposition subservient to her own, thus securing a companion, whether in her children or her husband, of kindred tastes and habits, formed and fashioned after her own mild nature. It cannot be denied that the females guide and direct the actions of men in ordinary affairs to an amazing, and almost incredible degree. And so doubtless is it designed by God to be. To man he has given a noble intellect, and however his helpmate may surpass him in all that constitutes the grace, the poetry of humanity, he is commonly far superior in the attributes of mind. Still all the nobleness is too often alloyed by an unthinking harshness, which requires to be mellowed down and polished before it can sympathize with and reciprocate that blessed purity and amiableness, characteristic of the females of this country, and essential to all social happiness, built on a solid basis.

The family group to which we have alluded, even to one of small observation, must have

afforded pleasure, if it were only to look upon the countenance of each beaming with conscious unsophisticated happiness, springing from a pure internal source. Indeed each inhabitant of the Rectory partook largely of that indescribable and almost sacred feeling of security and comfort, which could only be exceeded by that of our first parents, ere they compromised their native innocence "with loss of Eden." Though we do not affirm that their "wild bliss of nature" was uninterrupted, or without alloy; since perfect happiness is as little to be looked for in this sublunary sphere as perfect purity, wisdom, or intelligence; it is the privilege of angels, and not competent to any finite being, but the wholesome bitter only enabled them the more to value the sweets, while in the same cup was mingled the palatable contrast between the one and the other. At the time to which we now draw the reader's attention, there was nothing to ruffle their enjoyment; they were feasting upon the intellectual banquet provided by their social intercourse with each other, and frankly revealing in their flow of soul the thoughts

which came uppermost—the spontaneous opinions of their inmost hearts. In that deep recess all was calm and serene, like a tranquil sea, whose waters glide gently to the shore, casting forth their sparkling foam in unrestrained liberty. The smiling wavelets just excited by the strength of the stream which supports their lightness, and so are they carried round to return on the eddy whence they first began.

The subject of conversation, which at the period we speak of, interested this enviable group, was far from inapposite, it being nothing less germane to the point than the nature and characteristics of happiness. One contended that it was to be found in one object, and one in another, while all agreed that correctly speaking, it was not purely to be ascertained any where.

Miss Truman said, ‘that it consisted in a freedom from the cares and anxieties of a bustling and busy life. In being removed far away from the temptations of an attractive world, or the fashionable exactions which are considered the very life and soul of an exclusive and dissipated clique.’

Julia contended, 'that the cares of the world were absolutely necessary to our happiness, since by their intervention we are enabled to discern and appreciate the blessing. 'Were it not,' said she, 'for the chequered spots which are studded about our path, life would present a dreary monotonous surface, while the satiated eye, eager for contrast, would grow dim with gazing upon the same interminable void. I must allow that taken at the best this world is a world of probation, and consequently happiness is very imperfect; but knowing the cause thereof let us rest contented, and through faith attain an earnest of the felicity hereafter, which is as pure as the author of it, and as secure as it is eternal.'

The second Miss Truman considered happiness to rest in contentment—'a contented mind,' observed she, 'is a perpetual feast. In the fruition of such a boon, one can smile upon the inevitable cares of a terrene existence, looking forward with certain hope to one of a firmer nature, not subject to the moral blights, incident to a pilgrimage on earth.'

A third was inclined to think, 'that it consisted in enjoying an inward consciousness of having done that which is right, so far at least as our depraved imaginations will allow us, and for the rest clinging to that hope, which "*springs eternal from the human breast,*" an anchor rooted on foundations which cannot be ejected in the most violent and inauspicious storms. That,' said she, 'is an unlimited happiness which animates the soul, while it strengthens and refreshes the body, as it goes panting onwards to its destined haven. It is that hope which Cowley calls

'The first fruits of happiness!
The gentle dawning of a bright success;
The good preparative, without which our joy,
Does work too strong, and, whilst it cures, destroys!'

Upon hearing these lines, Julia, roused by poetry, which she so passionately loved, from the reverie into which she had unconsciously fallen, while musing upon her happy state of existence, or perhaps contrasting it with that of others, and worked into a pitch of enthusiasm, ejaculated, 'Ah! those lines! they call

to my mind the language of the immortal bard Thomson, who, after telling us that he is not the happy man who is blessed with a plenteous fortune, whose table flows with hospitable cheer,—whose full cellars give their generous wines, and whose fields pour a golden tide into his swelling stores, adds—

‘Ev’n not all these in one rich lot combin’d,
 Can make the happy man, without the mind;
 Where judgment sits clear-sighted, and surveys
 The chain of reason with unerring gaze;
 Where fancy lives, and to the brightening eyes,
 His fairer scenes, and bolder figures rise;
 Where social love exerts her soft command,
 And plays the passions with a tender hand,
 Whence every virtue flows, in rival strife,
 And all the moral harmony of life.’

‘Those are beautiful lines,’ exclaimed Miss Truman, as the fair rhapsodist came to a pause, ‘but I think Pope has two very concise and much to the purpose—

‘Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
 Virtue alone is happiness below.’

‘Pope was wrong, my dear,’ said the Doctor, ‘for Revelation teaches us that no man can be happy with ‘*Virtue alone.*’

‘Nay;’ replied Julia.

‘The soul’s calm sunshine, and the heartfelt joy,
Is virtue’s prize.’

‘But, Papa,’ she continued, for she always called Dr. Truman by that endearing epithet, ‘I should like to hear the definition you give of the term happiness. You have been profiting by our wisdom all this while, it is but fair that you favor us by philosophically explaining wherein you consider it consists.’

‘I have, indeed,’ replied the Doctor, ‘for some time been paying attention to your several opinions, and partly concur and partly differ with one and all of you. I consider that there is no such a thing, strictly speaking, as perfect happiness in this world. There was ample joy whilst man was in a state of innocency, hearkening to the ærial notes which charmed the silent love-delighted bowers of Paradise. That happy state consisted in, as Milton says,

‘Nature’s whole wealth, yea more,
A heaven on earth.’

‘Every thing around was with a studied

order adapted by an Almighty contriver to the utmost desire of man. There was not a wish but Adam and Eve had it all together—there was not a desire but what fully and graciously received its proper gratification. No care or trouble sat upon the brow; no pain or evil passion moved the heaving breast; no disease or griping torture interrupted their joy; but all, like an unruffled sea, flowed calmly and serenely.

‘Two of far nobler shape, erect and tall,
Godlike erect, with native honour clad
In naked majesty, seem’d lords of all:
And worthy seem’d; for in their looks divine
The image of their glorious Maker shone.’

‘In this blissful condition our early parents lived—lived in that state of felicity which now we are unable to define, and can only dimly conceive. But in this enviable position man could not continue. He wilfully refused to heed the only command of his all-bounteous Maker. All his pure delight—all his *absolute rule* over his inheritance of Eden, availed him nothing; he yielded to a sad and deadly temptation, and thus forfeited all his native joy

and entailed misery and death on all his heirs for ever. Ah!

‘Sin-bred, how have ye troubled all mankind,
With shows instead, mere shows of seeming pure,
And banish’d from man’s life his happiest life,
Simplicity and spotless innocence!’

‘Yes, Adam,’ continued the Doctor, ‘impaired our first nature severely; by his hands it received a blight which marred its beauty and spoiled its loveliness. Ever since his fearful lapse, man can only feast upon an adulterate happiness.’

‘But speaking morally,’ interposed Julia, ‘wherein do you consider that happiness, impaired though it be, to consist.’

‘A modern philosopher,’¹ returned the Doctor, ‘has wisely observed that *any condition may be denominated happy, in which the amount or aggregate of pleasure exceeds that of pain; and the degree of happiness depends upon the quantity of excess.*’

‘Then am I happy; oh! truly, exquisitely happy,’ ejaculated Julia.

‘But let us’ proceeded the Doctor, ‘first

¹ Paley.

see what happiness does not consist in.— Although unto me, and I am sure to you all, the gratification of the senses affords a certain pleasure, still I do not imagine that our happiness consists therein.’

‘What are we to understand by your phrase, the gratification of the senses, Papa?’ inquired Julia.’

‘The act of supplying our bodies with the necessaries of this life, in whatever way enjoyed, and the delight flowing from music, drawing, poetry, and the like.’

The young ladies at this last *ipse dixit* raised their heads simultaneously, as if the Doctor were speaking treason, and libelling the excellence of those acquirements which they had ever considered to conduce so much to their happiness.

‘Are you serious, Papa?’ demanded Miss Truman, ‘in affirming that happiness is not to be ascertained from these delightful sources.’

‘Quite so,’ replied the Doctor, ‘because they are of so brief a duration that they cannot contain in themselves a sufficient quantum of permanent pleasureable emotion to constitute

happiness. We can conceive of perfect happiness unassociated with any adventitious circumstance, such as hearing music or reading poetry, else happiness, comparatively speaking, would be limited to a very few indeed. Take the case of one suddenly plunged in misery, and let him in his sea of sorrow catch at the gratification of his senses for relief, and then see how little all their vain appliances tend to alleviate his grief or restore his lost happiness; it is simply because their balm and inspiration are of so evanescent a character.'

'But,' observed Julia, 'that which affords a pleasure to certain dispositions, would prove only an object of disgust to others, so that I conceive different men must require the gratification of their appropriate tastes and predilections, to assure their happiness.'

'Not happiness, but pleasures,' replied the Doctor, 'you can derive pleasure almost in the interval of a moment, but happiness can only be so called when it assumes a lasting character.'

'I think I see the distinction,' answered Julia.

‘ Still I perfectly agree with you,’ continued the Doctor, ‘ that in this life, happiness cannot subsist free from occasional anxiety and trouble, because most men are so constituted, that unless they have some variety wherewith to chequer their lives, imaginary sorrows will usurp the place of real, and thus will follow *the whole train of hypochondriacal affections*: so that unless men contrive an employment which must necessarily yield care, the mind of a nature active, finding its faculties unexercised, becomes miserable and dejected. I think I may anticipate your all agreeing with me in opinion, that happiness does not consist in living in a high station in society. Daily experience convinces us that riches, power, and honours, are generally sought after by very indirect means, and more is expected from their fruition, than they can possibly afford. Nor does happiness consist in greatness, even when of that right sort which is acquired by one’s own industry and talents, else would it be limited to a small part of the community. Nay, our happiness would mainly depend on our success in ascending the suc-

cessive rounds of ambition's slippery ladder. The higher we got, the more supreme our felicity, regardless of the antique classic truth, 'The nearer the heavens, the nearer the lightning.' Yes, my dear children, let it teach us the blessedness of contentment, to reflect that even royalty, willing to yield to that delight which the possession of wealth, and splendour, and lofty state naturally inspires, ere stale custom intervene, 'desire fail,' and satiety palls the banquet, must tremble to perceive the naked sword pendant over their heads by a single horse-hair.'

'But have you not just observed,' asked the youngest Miss Truman, 'that the interposition of care is necessary to the excitement and perfection of sublunary happiness, and if it is to be thus measured, why not, I submit, for the sake of argument only, the greater the care, the more perfect the happiness, and if this be granted, we must presume, royalty, after all, luxuriate in *'that gay to-morrow of the mind;'* as Barry Cornwall words it, 'which never comes.'

'That, my dear,' replied the Doctor, 'by

no means follows. There is a peg loose in your hypothesis; the cares of life, when many and severe, partake of the nature of sorrows and miseries, the experience of which is of course incompatible with tasting even the diluted felicity of this vain world; and this is one reason why happiness seldom hangs out her favours in the palaces of princes, (to say nothing of how difficult it is without the powerful aid of divine grace, to be at the same time great and good;) their cares are too extensive, which militate against that diversity of occupation and thought, which both Julia and myself maintain to be the grand ingredient of happiness.'

'I understand you perfectly, papa,' replied Miss Truman.

'Then let me proceed to tell you,' continued the Doctor, 'wherein I consider happiness does consist. And first, I think you will allow that it is to be found *in the indulgence of the social affections*; and secondly, *in the exercise of our faculties either of body or mind*. By the first, I mean the actual enjoyment of wife, children, and friends; the having those around

one witnessing their sinless gratifications, beholding them partake freely in the small pleasures of domestic life, giving scope to those unsophisticated blessings proper to a family, which piety and refinement have enshrined in a serene air, above the worldly cares, vain strifes, and vulgar contagion which deform and disturb the moral hemisphere. This is a happiness which none but an affectionate and loving soul can rightly feel, which providence hath destined only for the single-hearted and simple-minded, who walk with God in the world, who can sympathize without cloying, with the emotions of those dear to them, and reciprocate their attachment, and who almost, in the deep-seated consciousness of peace, might forget or reckon not of the loss of Eden. Yes, domestic felicity is one of the blessings which the Saviour achieved for us when he came into the world.

‘ To conquer sin and death, the two grand foes,
By humiliation and strong sufferance,’

and brought life and immortality to light. It was then that the affections of the soul, degraded in paradise, revived out of their mouldering embers, and burst forth with somewhat

of their original purity. The love-delighted hours which Adam and Eve enjoyed in their state of innocence, were spent in the society of each other, and from that circumstance they derived their roseate hue. The

‘ Fair couple link’d in happy nuptial league,’

partook freely of the endearing companionship of each other. Each blest with no other wish but what was centered in the soft endearment of unreserved affection, was all in all to the other, and though earth-born, their communion was little inferior to that of angelic spirits. If then the mediator recovered for us what Adam forfeited, we are almost authorised to infer that the proper enjoyment of the social affections is vouchsafed to man now, though perhaps impaired from that pristine form, granted unalloyed to our first parents in their cozy solitary homestead in paradise.

‘ Contemplate the parents of a virtuous progeny, blessed with health and competence, and you will perceive the social joys connected with an obedient offspring, loving and cherishing their parents, looking up to them with fond

and implicit reverence for that training which their inexperienced years demand. See the natural blessedness of the infantile state, the little ones and the more youthful rejoicing in the protection of their rightful guardians ; see the parents cherishing their feeble innocents, and watching with anxious eye the mind of each, as it begins to expand, to enlarge, and to show good fruit. How will they hang over the closed bud, gradually developing its sweetness in the soft sunshine of a happy home. Note how they muse upon—*first the blade, then the ear, and after that the full corn in the ear.* Oh, where lives the human being who deserves that holy name of parent, who has not felt this soul-stirring joy pervading the whole man, and filling with pure rapture the mind, as it feasts upon these invaluable treasures, and lets itself loose to a love, which has come down to us unadulterated from paradise, as the oil of Arama will keep itself clear and unmixed with the base puddle into which it may chance to fall. The soul stripped of its natural defilements, becomes in a manner pure ; all that is gross and vile is purged and disap-

pears, and a happiness near allied to perfection, is the glorious consequence.

‘ And what shall we say of those joys subsisting between a fond husband and a loving wife, whose hearts are the mirror of their reciprocal devotedness ?

‘ Hail wedded love, mysterious law, true source
Of human offspring, sole propriety
In Paradise of all things common else.
By thee adulterous lust was driven from men
Among the bestial herds to range ; by thee
Founded in reason, loyal, just, and pure,
Relations dear, and all the charities
Of father, son, and brother, first were known.
Far be it, that I should write thee sin or blame,
Or think thee unbefitting holiest place.
Perpetual fountain of domestic sweets,
Whose bed is undefil'd and chaste pronounc'd,
Present, or past, as saints and patriarchs used,
Here love his golden shafts employs, here lights
His constant lamp, and waves his purple wings,
Reigns here and revels ; not in the bought smile
Of harlots, loveless, joyless, unendear'd,
Casual fruition ; nor in court-amours,
Mix'd dance, or wanton mask, or midnight ball,
Or serenade, which the starv'd lover sings
To his proud fair, best quitted with disdain.’

‘ The soul of Milton, however in his own lot

unfortunate in matrimony, might well apprehend its joys, or he never could have penned these beautiful lines. Joys, I tell them not, because my dear wife sits by my side, but otherwise—I cannot, they are too mighty! If happiness visits earth, she comes in social form, and through very gratitude stirs us to virtue. If aught on earth can approximate humanity to the blessed state of angelic natures, it is the delicate presence of the beloved consort smiling in ease of heart. Ah! that smile, which an elegant writer¹ has pronounced vocal to God's Holy Spirit, descends holily on the heart, tranquillizes the troubled pool, and calms the raging waters. I know indeed of nothing which so alters a man as attaching himself to the roadstead of virtue and honour by those moorings of the heart, implied in the acquisition of a good and virtuous wife; the base passions previously only controlled by a proud conscience, now insensibly ebb away. Virtue and heartfelt peace, before in their dim twilight, now burst forth like the sun from his pavilion of gathered waters, gradually dispers-

¹ Rose.

ing the rimy frost, and the hazy fog of the inmost soul. All the innate virtues, before unblest, rise out of the dawn, and contribute to the sum of happiness, scarce felt at first, ere matrimony shall have brought its train of comforts. Here the loving spouse at the time when man most needs her sympathising aid, evinces her anxious care and inbred purity, by administering with tender hand those thousand nameless and delicate attentions, scarce felt in every individual instance, but not the less appreciated in the gross, and replete with comforts which yield so much of heavenly calm and holy love. By her companioned, man is blessed by a second self, and is 'heart-bare to the being who there finds her bettered likeness.' His will is her's and her's his. Holy endearing compact! whereby the cords of matrimony are strengthened and become indissoluble! Mutual affection! which, like some ancient cement, the longer it is exposed the harder it becomes, till time renders it infrangible!

'And after loving and being beloved by wife and children, those who are near and dear to us, contribute in no light measure to our sum

of enjoyment, for they, by being next in our affections, fill up to the brim the cup of social happiness; dear is the helpless creature we protect against the world;—'

The worthy man paused, overpowered by his feelings. The allusion here made by the truly pathetic sympathy of the kind, feeling Doctor, moved the tender heart of Julia; the silent tear rolled down her beautiful cheek; she called to mind her happy state, and felt her whole soul flow again with gratitude to her beneficent guardian. The pure vestal heat shone reflected on her lovely countenance, and the touching smile played in the midst of tears, she could not repress, upon her ruby lips. These were no tears of bitter anguish; no bursting springs of tormenting conscience; no evidence of sorrowful contrition was visible, but tears of heartfelt gratitude and inward joy. There the lovely Julia sat with a countenance, on which were pourtrayed the inward emotions of her soul, glowing with that interesting tint, which nature's hand can only paint. What sight could be more fraught with delicious associations; the other works of

Deity are but dull and unaffecting in the comparison.

The Doctor observed the emotion into which he had thrown Julia; for a time all was still, not a breath was heard. He who had been the occasion of the general ferment was himself too overcome immediately to proceed, and scarcely dared one look up to the other. Only he, whose breast knows to swell with social love can sympathize with the situation in which our amiable circle were all so suddenly thrown.

After a time, the Doctor, without appearing to notice, or venturing any remark on what had passed, thus continued.

‘ I have observed,’ said he, ‘ that happiness consisted, in the second place, *in the exercise of our faculties, either of body or mind*, and who knows not the delight of bodily exertion, when directed towards some engaging and virtuous end :—when consecrated to the benefit of our fellow-mortals? And if this be the case with the discipline of the body, what source of delight must the exercises of the mind present to an individual, who is engaged in some exciting occupation with an important

end in view: even the lowest and most un-
 instructed of God's creatures must derive un-
 speakable joy from that mental companion,
 with which he hath endowed them, which ren-
 ders them the arbiters of the brute creation,
 and little lower than the angels. Yes; the
 mind contains within itself a perennial spring
 of delight. A man's thoughts, which are as
 it were the airy children of the mind, are en-
 tirely his own, and might never have existed,
 have never been bodied forth in shape, form,
 and substance, had they not occurred to his
 individual apprehension. The creating power
 of the imagination can '*make the meat it feeds
 on.*' It will wander along the earth and ad-
 mire the beauties of the universe with a fresh-
 ness which nothing can restrain. From the
 vicissitudes of time it can transfer its gaze to
 heavenly objects, feasting on conceptions, which
 are neither the immediate result of external
 impression, nor of recollection.

'The poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling,

Will glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven.

He can view in his imaginative flights, stand-
 ing in calm stability and immutable duration,

the abode of the great Jehovah ; and is carried forward from this world of care, and folly, and of crime, to hold commune with a Being infinitely good and great. In short, the mind can exult at large, unconfined to space, and unbounded by any limit. Immaterial and universal, it will expatiate wherever its own strength can bear it, “*bodying forth the forms of things unknown.*”

The being absorbed in some active pursuit, for instance, the gaining the eternal state of bliss hereafter, is a circumstance very requisite to happiness. Herein indeed consists the grand secret ; although any employment, provided it be rational and innocent, which occupies the mind, must essentially contribute to our happiness.

‘ The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death ;
He *walks with Nature* and her paths are peace.’

As Young says. Indeed I would go farther, and taking the converse of the proposition, will be bold to affirm, that a freedom from

misery is incompatible with inactivity. A state of active hope, i. e. where in order to ascertain our object, it is incumbent upon us to exert ourselves, is a source of perpetual delight to the mind, which were it damped and extinguished, immediately lapses into wretchedness.

‘There is another thing not to be omitted, which greatly promotes our happiness, and upon which indeed it is dependant, and that is, health. I mean that condition of body which implies a present exemption from pain, and all kinds of diseases and afflictions. In fact a body of healthy constitution and a sound mind have nothing to fear, they should be able to bear up against every difficulty, to present an embankment against the influx of almost any calamity. It amounts to nothing short of cowardice to relax one’s endeavours and succumb to circumstances, possessing these strong preventives, to any thing that happens. And yet how many individuals do we hear of every day, whose minds are thrown out of their natural course by the slightest intervention of misfortune, or occurrences out of the ordinary

course of things. Yet do not mistake me, I would not have you infer from what I have said, that the mind of man is to assume a hardness and callousness which no event can affect, but to endeavour after that true and firm consistency which takes fortune's buffets and rewards with equal thanks.

————— 'Blessed are those
 Whose blood and judgment are so well commingled,
 That they are not a pipe for fortune's finger
 To sound what stop she please.

' There is only one more thing I can at present call to mind, which yields an indescribable gratification almost amounting to happiness, and that is, the giving others our assistance in the time of need, either pecuniarily or by any other means; and the satisfaction is in an amazing degree enhanced, if we find that those who have been the objects of our bounty are grateful for the services rendered them. This supplies an eternal source of delight for the mind to ruminate, and feast upon. In a case of this kind we can go any lengths to serve our fellow-creatures. Situated as I am, I have it

in my power, merely by fulfilling the ordinary duties of my profession, to gratify my mind considerably. Whether I succeed to the utmost of my wishes in using the talents committed to my keeping for the benefit of others, as well as myself I cannot say, but whenever a consciousness pointing to that conclusion bursts upon the feelings, no words can describe what joy and satisfaction the thought induces; while it lasts, the emotion owns all the fulness of happiness, and though of a temporary nature, it is not the less exciting and heart-cheering.'

Here again the Doctor touched upon a tender string; at these observations Julia became excited, a blush rose upon her cheek, she half appeared as if she wished to speak, but partly owing to mental emotion, and partly to physical sensation, could not. The Rector paused, perhaps unconsciously. All again was still, and so hushed was the quiet, that the little child who had been disporting upon the floor, raised his gentle eyes as if to seek the cause, and learn what had happened. All indeed was mute, but thought, and so sacred

seemed the occasion, that it dared scarcely whisper.

At length the Doctor resumed, 'But after all, where is substantial bliss to be found? we may in vain search for it on this side of the grave.

'All, all on earth is *shadow*, all beyond
Is *substance*, the reverse is folly's *creed*;
How solid all, where change shall be no more.'

are the lines of a Christian bard.

'True happiness, (as another poet says,) is not the growth
of earth,
The toil is fruitless if you seek it here,
'Tis an exotic of celestial birth,
And never blooms but in celestial air.

Sweet plant of paradise! thy seeds are sown,
In here and there a mind of heavenly mould,
It rises slow, and blooms, but ne'er was known
To ripen here—the climate is too cold.'

'Yes, we may indeed talk philosophically of earthly happiness, but after all, it can only be found, by encountering time and chance with an eye of faith, by casting our anchors into the waters of futurity, and so acquiring an *active*

hope and *trust* of living hereafter in that state of bliss, which the Son of God has gone to prepare in heaven for all his faithful followers.

‘ Where momentary ages are no more,
Where time, and pain, and chance, and death expire.’

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THE SEPARATION.

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THE SEPARATION.

GENTLE reader! do you happen to know by experience, the real meaning of the word separation. You have never, peradventure, been separated from those whom you love. There are many things which cause a separation. Even in your younger days, you must remember with almost pleasing melancholy, the time when your parents, by a kind and gentle hand, led you from the homely hearth to the roof of him whose lot it was to expand the youthful mind. You may remember, though perhaps faintly, those moments of heart-bursting sorrow, when you kissed, for the last time for many months, a period to you an age, with all the affection and innocence characteristic of your tender years, the pressing lips of the

authors of your being, the natural guardians of your days. You must have felt then in your young heart, however you might have for the time suppressed your emotion, the loss of those whom you loved, or in other words, THE SEPARATION. But those days are past, almost erased from the tablet of the memory. What then? Have no other separations been undergone by you? You now who glance over these pages, Are you a female? Are you married? And if so, can you not remember (indeed will it ever be forgotten by you?) the time when you parted with your dear parents to commit yourself entirely to the guardianship and protection of one, who you could only hope would exercise his marital authority with a gentle hand. You could not be sure of having administered to you the same kind tendance, the same indulgence and forbearance to which, from the very hour when you first drew breath, you had been accustomed. Can you not then readily call to mind the heaving bosom excited by those anxious moments, the throbbing heart, the starting tear? Can you not recollect the scene when the time for your depar-

ture was announced, the parent's blessing, the sister's cry, the brother's look, and above all, *the silence*, the chilling silence which reigned throughout. Why was this? THE SEPARATION was at hand. The house in which you now stood, endeared to you by so many sweet and bitter *souvenirs*, wherein all the tender affections of the heart had been exercised, the house in which parental and brotherly love had first dawned upon your young heart, in which the elixir of life had been quaffed, and where your sportive play, mingled with that of your sisters and brothers, made this sterile world a perpetual holiday, the domicile so long regarded as your own dear home, that nestling-place of the affections, was hence forward to be no home to you. For why? the hour of separation had arrived. But you have never gone through this trying scene, your sex or circumstances have precluded it? What then again? Have you never witnessed in your family circle, or amongst those whom you hold the dearest upon earth, the descent of the hand of death? Have you not seen the rosy tint of health

chased away by the livid touch of the destroyer? Have you not beheld the breath sink, the eye which sparkled in sympathy with your young joys, and which wept to witness your lightest grief, grow dim and close? The tongue, which erst shaped out such bright hopes for your future lot, and whilst you lay still, and unconscious of the vigil, hath prayed and poured forth blessings over your untroubled sleep, mute, stirless? The lips! oh, so often pressed by you in tender affection, livid and chill? The ears, which had drunk in, in joyous fondness, the sound of love from those around, stopped! and the heart which beat so fervently, within whose deep recesses you were cherished, oh how warmly! cold? that bosom where you were nurtured, throbbless? the limbs stiff? the body dead? Oh! it was the SEPARATION, but not eternal; only for awhile; it was another state of existence to which all of us must pass; it was a separation of the body and soul, till the trump of the archangel should arouse the corrupted mass from its dusty sepulchre, and cause new life, and a new state of being to exist for ever!

There are few families, we believe, in whose circle death's cold tread has not approached—indeed in some he may have been a frequent visitor, singling its members out one after the other, till hardly a last victim be left to shed a tear for the rest, ere he follow in the same inevitable wake. But these repeated strokes are for some good purpose; it is no harsh decree—his is no unkind hand that aimed the fatal blow—'twas God's: at his appointed time, he calls man to his death-chamber, to become food for the gnawing worm. Oh! it is a trial, a severe trial upon nature, to lose those on whom we delight; on whom the soul loves to expatiate—to see them gradually, or, perhaps, suddenly, sink into an untimely grave—to observe the pure glow tint of health succeeded by the moist dew of death—to behold the livid, dull, and heavy corpse dissolve fast into corruption. The well-fortified Christian cannot bear witness to such a sight as this without a tear. What then? It is the holy and contrite effusion of the soul. The feelings are softened, subdued by the spectacle of mouldering mortality. Like the pliant ash,

or young, but sturdy oak, they will only bend to the storm, they will not be utterly cast down. And these are holy tears: the Saviour of men, when he foresaw the overthrow of the city of Jerusalem, "wept." And on hearing that his friend Lazarus had been dead four days, although he knew that he could raise him from his bed of dust and restore him to vitality, he did not attempt to restrain the exhibition of his natural tenderness, but in all the feeling of a compassionate sympathy, "Jesus wept."

Still a separation, caused by death, is a severe trial, even to the firmest Christian. Just at the moment of the most poignant grief the mind can with difficulty bring itself to believe that the parting is only temporary; so soon as it can do this, the feelings become calm and resigned to the awful stroke. By an admirable principle of nature the mind will soon reconcile itself to what cannot be avoided, and all the sooner when faith whispers, that it was for some good purpose unknown to the creature, that the fatal arrow was directed.

But the separation in Dr. Truman's family was owing to none of those causes. We have

already informed the reader that he was the parent of a numerous progeny, comprising sons as well as daughters. The separation, then, to which we have referred, was of one of these sons, who, through his father's interest, had lately received a valuable appointment abroad, which, awaiting his arrival, would separate him from the family circle for several years. This to the young heart was a sore trial, but it was one in which, more or less, every individual member of the household participated.

At length, the morning arrived which was to witness the melancholy parting—all hearts were full to bursting—every eye was dimmed. There stood on one side the venerable sire, with a knit brow, controlling the overflowings of his benign heart. Near him was the mother, unable by any means to conceal the poignancy of her grief,—and all around were grouped the sisters and brothers of the youth, mingling their common sorrows. Who remembers such a solemn scene as this? which of my readers has not witnessed a parting of such a nature? is it not a trying ordeal? In the case we record, the open and frank heart of him about

to quit his home, and his country, prompted him to encourage by every means those whom he was about to leave behind, and tended in some measure to disperse the chilling gloom. It is, however, the mother who feels most acutely upon such occasions, when the off-set of her womb is thus transplanted, 'ere the bud had expanded, or the tree ripened into maturity—'ere yet the tender instructions given upon the lap had had time to produce their wished-for result. It is at that age when a man, unformed in character and inexperienced in the world, stands most in need of the superintendence of a parent, or the providence of a kind friend, that he is often thrust forth to make his way in life, and achieve his fortune.

But young as this person was, the virtues he inherited from his parents had already dawned—good qualifications had already discovered themselves in every trait and feature of his disposition, affording a true consolation, and almost an answer to the pious prayers of his dearest relatives! Happy are those parents who have children kind, affectionate, and obedient! happy, who perceive, 'ere they die,

the full and plentiful harvest of all the seed thickly sown in the hearts of those who have been the objects of their anxious and tenderest care! and thrice happy they, who when they have to consign the hoary hairs of their parents to the grave, are comforted in the reflection of having been dutiful and affectionate children—of having administered to their revered guardians those endearing cordials which old age, in all its withered beauty, naturally demands; and who can witness the earth close over them in “*sure and certain hope*” of meeting them in the eternal and blessed abodes of heaven.

By such pious sentiments were all the children of Dr. Truman actuated at all times, and it was that confidence, that inward trust, which bore them up under every trial of their constancy, and supported them under every pressure of calamity.

The parting which was about to take place was hard to bear, but they trusted that the blessing of God rested upon it—they felt that his Almighty protection would be with the way-farer, however distant, and that he would be unto him a father and mother, a sister and

brother. It was only with this faith that they could consent to THE SEPARATION—yes, this conviction, as we have observed, was a barrier against the evils which threatened from without, and enabled them to endure with firmness those which rebelled within.

But the long suspense was over, the vehicle was at the door to bear the young adventurer to his destined port, from whence he was to take ship to his new abode in another hemisphere. The anguish of his relatives had now arrived at its height. It had hitherto been silent, but now the sobs and cries of those around, bursting from the overflowings of the heart, became sadly audible. The mother's blessing could only be expressed by the convulsive pressure of her beloved child to her bosom; her tongue refused to tell the feelings of her inmost soul, and the last fond farewell was signified by tears, drawn from the deep fountain of her heart. His sisters, more or less, were deeply affected, and even the youngest child of the family, instinctively threw his little arms around, leaving its own innocent kiss upon his brother's cheek, taught

by sympathy, that nothing less than a separation impended, which might perhaps disunite them for ever on this side of the grave.

We can contemplate no longer this interesting scene, it is too affecting for the human mind to dwell upon. But how shall we treat of the separation which cometh unto all! The separation of the soul from the body: the time when the spirit, no longer content to be confined to the clayey tenement, takes its flight from the brittle fabric, and rises to its God. If to the good man the separation be trying, the passage to the grave dreary; what must it be to the reprobate;—to him who has passed his pilgrimage on earth in active and passive sin, in omission of those sacred duties which he owes to his Maker, his neighbour, and his own soul, and in the commission of all the iniquities, which an imagination prone to evil could suggest;—indeed “*if the righteous scarcely be saved, where shall the ungodly and sinner appear?*” Well for him were it that this separation were for ever; the body may moulder some thousands of years within the hollow tomb, but the all-conscious soul antici-

pates or forebodes its sentence, and at the last trump shall return to the recombined elements of the body; and thus united, shall stand in the presence of an adjudging God, to give an account of the deeds done in the flesh, after which no other separation shall take place, but whither it is doomed it shall rest for EVER.

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THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

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THE ELEVENTH HOUR.

FEW things present a greater contrast, or are more opposed as to their influence on the feelings of the parish priest, than the death-bed of the pious Christian, and that of the reprobate. At all times the departure of a soul from this scene of its probation, is more or less trying to the sufferer, and that trial is not so much proportioned to the pain which the body has to endure, as to the ease or discomfiture of the mind. With the generality of men on this solemn occasion, all the energies of the mind are sufficiently alive to enable it to contemplate the passage to the grave, to which the body is fast hastening, there to resolve to its original particles. In its native soil, out of which it was originally moulded, it discom-

poses by a loathsome and humiliating process ; but the soul is immaterial, and, by the forbearance of God, immortal, and if well directed, ascends and fixes its might and its whole strength upon imperishable abodes, which will never pass away, or by familiarity lose a jot of the happiness which they afford.

The scene we are now about to describe, is one which, we are well aware, can present no novel feature to the conscientious pastor, who, in the faithful discharge of his sacred duties, and acting from the dictates of a devoted heart, takes every opportunity to benefit his brethren, and administer those holy comforts and requisites, of which all men at the point of death stand so much in need.

Dr. Truman was wont to consider himself most blessed in the effect which his visits commonly wrought in the sick chamber. People who in the glow of health would despise his ministry, and neglect the means which he took to entice them to salvation, at the eve of the soul's departure, would send for him, imagining that from the blaze of Christian

faith, he could miraculously shed those effulgent rays, whereby the sinner might discern the very abode, and ascertain the raptures of a future state. But how miserably did they deceive themselves: for instead of operating so miraculously, the very sight of the good Rector harrowed up their feelings. The number of opportunities which in their ignorant scorn they had let pass, of attending the courts of the Lord, and profiting by his ministrations, recurred to them, and by natural association, long-forgotten but unexpiated and unrepented sins, would flash in agony and distraction upon their brain—the selfish deeds done in the pride and lust of life. But even in this sad hour did he partially restore peace to the bosom, arraigned and self-condemned, and in apprehension of the terrors of the Lord. The gospel of Jesus Christ presented an antidote to the worst disorder, and as he proclaimed it in all its fulness, he infused into the soul of the expiring criminal, that calm halcyon of bliss, which rendered him indifferent to the fetters which sin forges for her worshippers, and which erewhile bound the natural man to

the sordid concernments of life. He knew when and how to touch the heart, and to enforce contrition; an admirable talent, which Dr. Truman, by the seasonable application of the divine word, would turn to the best account; to the downfall of the reign of Satan, and the accomplishment of the kingdom of God. Consolation and remorse were at his disposal. To the oppressed he would whisper forgiveness of injuries, to the oppressor he would preach restitution and repentance. To one and the other, he would lift the curtain which shrouds eternity from the eye of time, and disclose to the startled senses of the dying, the lazar house of eternity,—a spectacle to appal Dives at the banquet, and console Lazarus at his gate; profound enough for the philosopher in his pride, yet intelligible to the beggar in his humility, and which, like the stroke of the angel in the night of Egypt's visitation, is felt at once by Pharaoh on the throne, and by the captive in his dungeon. On this theme he would dwell, till the mind would recoil from this low theatre of mutability and decay, and fix itself upon that solid foun-

vation which time never can wither, nor death in his greatest havoc destroy.

The melancholy occurrence which suggested the foregoing remarks, we will, by the reader's patience, proceed to record.

Dr. Truman, about the hour of midnight, was suddenly called to the bed-side of an individual, respecting whom our pages have before furnished some particulars. We speak of Mr. Soames, the once hard-hearted infidel; but now how changed his every characteristic! He lay indeed at the point of death; the eleventh hour had arrived, but Mr. Soames was prepared; he had been a sinner, but those sins which formerly had gnawed at the very root of his soul, he had truly repented of,—they had been washed thoroughly away in the blood of him whom before he had derided,—and atoned for by his Redeemer's merits. Still the conscience, always watchful and sensitive, would frequently sting him into the bitterest penitence. Even to the good man, the examination and reminiscence of past acts are trying tasks, more particularly when, on the bed of death, the grim tyrant obtrudes in the back-ground,

eager for his victim. At the time when the soul is caught hovering in the last moments of its separation, there is nothing will enable it to bear up against its apprehensions, and meet its fate with equanimity, except the soothing consideration of the reconciliation which has taken place between the Almighty and the sinner, effected by the redemption of Jesus Christ. 'To name merits there,' as Hooker says, 'is to lay their souls upon the rack; the memory of their own deeds is loathsome to them; they forsake all things wherein they have put any trust or confidence; no staff to lean upon, no ease, no rest, no comfort there, but only in Jesus Christ.'

But even to the individual, who, by having mortified his appetites in the flesh, can look forward, through faith, to an eternal inheritance of bliss in the life to come, who, pre-armed against the apprehension of death, '*Contra mortis timorem et contra metum religionis*,'¹ even to him death is not unappalling—the cold dampness of the brow—the livid paleness—the relaxed nerves—the slackened fibres—the

¹ Cicero De Fin.

stiffened limbs—the fixed, glazed, staring eye—the pinched nostril—the unspeculative and vacant look—the breathless bosom—the stagnant blood. Oh! all these, concentrated in one cold corpse, is a touching lesson to the proudest heart, and unless it be cased in adamant, must melt when nature is letting down the springs of life.

When the Rector entered the sick-bed-chamber, all the horrors of the grave were gathering round Mr. Soames, but as we have already intimated, he was dying a Christian; the rainbow for his emblem, the cloud of his penitence and tears, illuminated by the rays of faith. Who can describe the scene? the dying man was sitting up in bed, his hands clasped with energy, imploring mercy in the tremulous moan of death; there by his bedside knelt the Rector, as in mockery of monumental stone, and pointing to heaven, from whence mercy was to be expected; standing at the foot of the bed, was the sick man's wife, with posture fixed, and face averted and covered with her handkerchief, all inadequate to restrain the gushing tears; near her stood the

physician, surrounded by the old man's relatives; whilst, supporting the well nigh exanimate form of the dying penitent, was the favourite daughter, anxiously hearkening to the last faint words of her sire, whilst the outstretched form of her body evinced the excess of her emotion. At times she would turn her attention to the inquiries made by those surrounding the physician, and was plunged in deep grief by his answers. At a little distance was an old lawyer, mending his pen with the greatest *sang froid*, ready to commit to parchment, the last bequests of the dying man. On the foot of the bed sat a wicked son, the companion of the late Harry Seymour, who with callous indifference, seemed to be impatient for the father's decease, unmoved by the scene before him, untouched by the reflection of an expiring parent. One would have thought that a heart of stone must have been melted, and have had engraven on it such a lesson as time would never efface, or even death obliterate. But we must leave this young man to settle as he can, his account with his own heart; turn we to the almost breathless father, and

to the venerable pastor, directing the sinking eye to the abode of bliss.

‘ It is needless for me, I am glad to find,’ remarked the Rector, mournfully lifting up his voice, ‘ to remind you now of your only hope, of your redemption by Jesus Christ, and that he came into the world to save sinners. I have had long proof of your being a Christian, an opinion which has been strengthened by the regular and pious life, which you have lately been leading ; yet after all, our most praiseworthy works are as filthy rags, and our endeavour toward perfection in the sight of God as nothing. I can only desire of you then to place no confidence in your own doings, but hope and trust in the atoning merits of your Saviour, and to the very last rely firmly upon him who hath said, “ *he that cometh unto me, I will in no wise cast out.*” And when speaking from the very bottom of your heart, you have assured me of this hope, we will pray that the sacrament, which I am about to administer, may have its due and rightful effect upon your soul, reminding you of the benefits which you obtain by it, and that as the bread and

wine strengthens the body even for a short duration, so may the soul, by the advantages received from the Eucharist, be strengthened unto life everlasting.

‘The confessions of a man now on the verge of the grave, must be short,’ said Mr. Soames, and his speech was momentarily interrupted with the hard sobs of mortal strife. ‘I can only exclaim in contrite bitterness, that I am a sinner, the greatest of sinners, but if there be redemption in heaven, of which I have received sufficient evidence, I trust I shall, through the mercy of my Saviour—’ Here the strong inward emotion of the penitent disabled him from proceeding, the words expressive of his heart faltered on his tongue, he had not the power of articulating them, tears flowed down the old man’s visage, all voices for a time were mute, nothing was heard, save the convulsive sobs of the dying, mingled with those of his sorrowing wife; the Doctor remained in the same angelic position on the hallowed knee, pointing to heaven, from whence cometh to penitent sinners, hope and life for ever.

Mr. Soames at length proceeded. ' I trust I shall, through the mercy of my Saviour, whom I once denied, receive pardon and forgiveness ; the works of man, even at best, I know, are but polished sins in the eyes of him whose principal attributes are perfection and love. I am a mass of iniquity, but God has been gracious to me, for though he has afflicted my body with the most excruciating pain, still has he left the immortal part with its faculties entire, and with sufficient strength to enable me to do my part towards repentance. How thankful ought I to be for this dispensation of mercy ; for what heeds it, if the flesh, during the process of decay which precedes dissolution, be tortured, if the scattered particles of the natural body rise a spiritual body, and formed after the Redeemer's own glorious body. Though I am suffering the greatest pain, my mind is fixed upon him who died for such as me, which produces the greatest comfort I can enjoy, and supports me firmly to the tomb. But I feel my time is short, let us pray, before I receive the holy sacrament, and oh, great God, spare me for this good work.'

The Rector then offered up a prayer to the Father Almighty, who was about to receive the soul, in which the penitent heartily joined, and then received the sacrament, feeling inwardly a benefit like unto that which is produced upon a faint and declining body, and then sank through exertion and fatigue, almost lifeless upon his pillow.

The physician, after a few seconds, administered a draught to animate and afford him strength to communicate his wishes to the old lawyer, who had been on tenter hooks during the solemn sacrament, fearing lest death would interpose to deprive him of his fee, which, being somewhat considerable, would have proved a disappointment; the interval was propitious, and with the quickness of his craft, he failed not to seize the opportunity. What Mr. Soames had taken considerably revived his sinking frame, and he signified, like one with a mind robust, his last dying wishes, which with professional celerity were taken down by the man of law, and attested by those who were unconcerned as to the property left.

When Mr. Soames had accomplished this,

the physician clearly perceived that no drug in his dispensary could avail to protract much longer, the term of his existence. DEATH was upon the penitent! He therefore summoned the Rector from the adjoining room, into which he had retired whilst the earthly concerns of from the dying man were being arranged, and committed his patient to his holy care. Doctor Truman, although he had been absent but a short while, perceived a striking alteration in the countenance of Mr. Soames, still his eye as soon as it rested upon the venerable pastor, lit up for a time, and appeared to beam with fresh hope and courage.

The rector taking the sick man by the hand, affectionately inquired how he felt, and if his mind was at length thoroughly composed.

‘I am at ease now, God be praised,’ responded Mr. Soames, ‘I have nothing of an earthly nature that weighs upon my mind to clog my passage to eternity—no care remains upon this side of the grave; the worldly treasures which I have amassed I have divided to the best of my ability, not forgetting to leave a small legacy to yourself, a trifling acknow-

ledgment of the eternal service which you have rendered me.'

The rector was on the point of making answer, but Mr. Soames immediately proceeded.

'Nay, nay,' he said in accents that grew feebler as he spoke, 'I am the person still indebted, and must for ever remain so, and therefore consider what I have bequeathed you but a small token of my sense of your services, and if you be willing to do me greater, there is one'——Here the eyes of the visibly declining sufferer were suffused in tears, his voice again faltered, but, as for an instant, just before its exit, a spark will brighten up ere it darken for ever, the dying man revived. 'There is one,' said he, 'my dear wife, who soon will have need of some kind hand to uphold, some sweet voice to cheer, some feeling heart to sympathize with and soothe, she will require another protector.'

'God will be that protector,' immediately answered the rector, 'he has said by the mouth of his holy prophet, "*Leave thy fatherless children, I will preserve them alive, and let thy widows trust in me.*"'

‘ Ah ! indeed,’ rejoined the expiring penitent, half inaudibly, ‘ God provides at a time when we least expect it and little deserve it ; into his hand I confide those whom I am about to leave behind ; may he defend them from the vanities of the world, and in his own good time receive them into his eternal mansions.’

‘ Oh ! father, you must not die !’ cried his daughter, almost frantic with grief at the sight of her departing parent. ‘ You must not die, or if so be, let me follow close, and be buried too in the same tomb.’

Immediately after pronouncing these words the affectionate girl went off into violent hysterics, from which it required all the management and assistance of those around to relieve her. As she became more composed the dying man pronounced amidst audible moans, his last benison upon his family, and besought God of his infinite love to take under his benign protection, those objects, upon which his blessing might for ever rest.

The ELEVENTH HOUR was now past, the twelfth was about to strike ; the venerable pastor clearly perceived this, and kneeling of-

ferred up the commendatory prayer, appointed for those at the point of departure, at the conclusion of which the poor old man grew faint,—now he cried—

‘God be merciful; Lord Jesus, receive my spirit: oh! mercy! oh! this is easy: this is not death; it is life, oh! God, vouchsafe the continuance of thy mercy—mercy—mercy—Lord Jesus receive my spirit.’

At this moment the darkening film of death passed over the countenance—the eyes grew dim—they fixed—they closed, and all was cold, and mute, and still. Mr. Soames was no more!

Thus died a sincere Christian, a man, who had been among the greatest of sinners, but who, doubtless, obtained at last, a seat in those eternal mansions, which the Redeemer of the world has gone to prepare for all who believe in him.

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DOMESTIC LIFE.

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DOMESTIC LIFE.

THERE are few things which afford greater comfort than the quiet security of home, when filled with a virtuous and smiling family. A man surrounded by affection purchased only by love, and the endearments of those who are closely connected with him by the strongest ties of nature, experiences for the time a feeling the nearest approximating to happiness which this world admits of, and which bids him forget the earthly cares to which he is obnoxious, and the arduous labours which, in accordance with the lot of mortality, he necessarily has to undergo. She, whom a benign God formed as his last and best gift, relieves his cares by participating them—strews along the path of thorns the roses of happiness, and

from her very heart emits those rays of hope, which so strongly reflect upon the fortunes of her husband, that his cares become dispersed or considerably lightened by being divided. And while she administers, with a delicate hand, the soothing cordial of sympathising love—the strong antidote of woe, winning him back from care and sorrow to fire-side happiness, she can endure without a murmur the solitary anguish, which too often secretly preys upon her spirits. However acutely the canker-worm may gnaw, she can buoy herself amidst all discouragements, conscious that she is administering comforts to a declining head, and solace to a harassed bosom. Oh! it is astonishing, when we reflect, what a woman will undergo for her husband; a guardian angel presiding o'er his fortunes at a time when perhaps mental or bodily pain forbid his acknowledging, even with a placid smile, the strongly-marked affection of his wife;—yes, she shines within his chamber, when all without is night, and will bear the knitted brow, and the cold or averted look without a sigh; her conduct will evince such perfectly unselfish love, which one

would think might convert the harsh look into the grateful smile, and melt the cold heart of stone into thankfulness to the Father of mercies for so benign a boon. What has man to apprehend, possessed of such "*a helpmeet for him*" on the one side, and on the other a rising family, whose sole object is, when nature becomes exhausted, to step in and minister to the necessary wants of their aged parents? Ob! the fasting swallow flying with her mouthful to her gaping young—or the wild bear tearing the carcass for her hungry cubs—or the majestic swan diving in the liquid stream to find the meat to support her crying cygnet—these are instincts of nature, beautiful and strong. But oh! to contemplate the grateful youth administering to the authors of his being in their old age, and remedying by endless little inventions, the deficiencies to which that climacteric is subject; and before man arrives so near his far home, what greater blessing can earth furnish than those chains, which bind together so firmly husband and wife on this side of the grave. To see the bud gradually expanding its beauties to the

light, or the corn ripening beneath a burning sun; what gratification do these yield, even to nature's closest votary, compared to the inexpressible delight of having virtuous sons and daughters moulded after our own imagination, growing up to man's and woman's estate in fond obedience to their parents, and happy in the social enjoyments of each other. "*Happy*" indeed, "*is the man that hath his quiver full of them.*"

It has been said, and in our opinion the sentiment betrays the greatest ingratitude, that the troubles of life weigh so heavily in the balance against its pleasures, that God, so far from intending happiness, has inflicted the greatest miseries on his creatures. That man is born to suffer in consequence of the sin of our fore-father we all experience, but that our afflictions are more than we can endure, considering that they are relieved by the greatest enjoyment, we are far from admitting. We know that half the miseries which men have to endure in this world, are either fanciful or of their own making—not God's; but every pleasure, every enjoyment, and every

comfort proceeds from his merciful hand. What then shall we say? doubtless God sends us trouble, but for why? not as intending misery for his creatures, but only to tempt them, or rather *try* them in the hour of adversity. This life we are told is one of probation, consequently we are in a course of trial, we are constantly being proved, and the severer the ordeal it may be the will of inscrutable providence to subject us to, the greater our happiness, if "*the trial of our faith be found unto praise and honor and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ.*" "*Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth.*" And if our limited intelligence did but rightly apprehend for what purpose we are brought into this state of existence, we should accept the infliction of heaven as an earnest of immortality, nay almost welcome our privations in the assurance of the favour of our God. And be it for ever remembered, that whenever God does tempt or try men, he always leaves a way by which they may escape, and never suffers them to be tempted above what they are able to bear. Circumfused in faith they may tread the rough paths of this life in safety, and

come out of the fire in which they have been cast, like the gold from the furnace, free from the dross and bastard metal with which it was contaminated. Of one thing we are perfectly clear, there would be no inquietude in this world but for the operation of sin. It is almost useless to enumerate the blessings with which God has endowed the human race, his ways, his love, his providence; the more they are examined, the more will they be found characterized by the greatest mercy towards his creatures. In the creation we discover no instance of useless grandeur, but find every thing contributing to the general good, and adapted to the exigencies of man. The sun, the moon, the stars are all placed in the heavens for the benefit of man. The seasons are made regularly to return, all nature's course is revolving solely for the enjoyment of the human inhabitants of the earth. And even were we pressed down with the greatest load of misery, more than half of which it has been observed is of our own making, we have little cause to repine when relieved by the affectionate sharer of our woes, and the partner

of all our troubles. The cares which a family produce are not burdensome, but conduce considerably to our happiness. What would life be unless chequered by those interesting events which break its uniformity. We have no other name than coward to designate him by, who would shrink from the changes of this life, whether of weal or woe, and in despondency impiously cry out against the Deity, that his chastisements are more than he can bear. But if well looked into, the inflictions of God are indeed few. The man with a moderate competence and a domestic circle should tower above them all. But what if there be no moderate competence? or what if death invade the domestic circle, leading its members to the silent tomb, till hardly one be left to shed a tear for the rest?

‘ When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weepings heard where only joy has been.’

If the first should happen, we need scarcely observe, that we hardly ever heard of an instance in which poverty was not either occasioned through extravagance or idleness. God

has given to every man some means, some kind of a talent by which he may go and make other ten talents. But we may be told that the case we have instanced is far from being the most fearful shape that Proteus misery can put on. There is indeed no bottom to the cares of man — other sorrows time brings silently yet visibly forward in its even lapse. We may find ourselves deserted in this vast wilderness of souls, and all the nearest and dearest connections of our blood may subsist only in memory. We may have none to meet our enemy in the gate. We may frown over the utter barrenness of the bright and sanguine prospects which in days gone by seemed to unfold themselves to our ambition; or the fulfilment of our fondest prayers may light upon our house, when we are in sickness and do not regard it; when we are senseless and do not know it; when we are childless and solitary, *and cannot tell it*. We may brood over the naked sublimity of our bosom's solitude, with reminiscences like to those of the stern Roman, as he sat alone amidst the dismantled towers and crumbling palaces of Carthage; we may be blessed to-day with

our soul's content unto repletion, and to-morrow the current of our veins may be dammed up as we hearken to the *Mene, Mene, Tekel, Upharsin*, of our destiny. We cannot turn from the writing on the wall, even at the banquet. Then through what artifice, through what fascination, by what sophistry, by what allure-ment shall we bribe the tongue of memory, and wipe away from the tablets of the mind the remembrance of former happiness? Shall we resort to the precepts of Epicurus? They may silence but cannot console. Shall we heed the dictates of Zeno? They may instruct us to conceal our affliction, but how will they assuage it? Philosophy may infuse stubbornness, but what shall offer resignation?—RELIGION. We have sufficient evidence in Scripture to assure us that though our friends and relations die in the flesh, yet does the soul live, and that both shall again be united in the day of the Lord. We know, yea! and have felt that death for the time is able to mar our happiness, but the sincere Christian will not allow his constancy to break upon any trying occasion, although like the young oak, it may bend

to the storm. He knows that it is not death, for the victory over death and the grave is gained, but merely a temporal separation; merely a change which the body must undergo before it can enter the passage into eternity. Those he loved and still loves, are not dead, but gone before; and thus does he assure himself that the domestic circle is not in reality broken up—we are not to be everlastingly left alone at our desolate fire-side; it is only for a season. We are but separated till the trump of God shall again congregate its members, and thus will they be led into a second Paradise, not of a terrestrial, but of a heavenly nature; where no chill blast can come sweeping over our garden to blight its fruits, and buds, and blossoms.

In this persuasion the grim tyrant loses all his terrors. Trust us, from Dan to Beersheba there is no wilderness, there is no barren spot. Let our readers satisfy themselves that while a man be suffered to exist, Providence directly intimates, and beyond a doubt, he has some duty to discharge, which it were criminal to decline. But to return.

Oh! it is a fine spectacle to see a domesticated family enjoying thoroughly all the blessings with which their life is crowned—to see them almost spontaneously as they grow up, walking in virtue's paths, and delighting in that home-felt joy—the social intercourse of each other. But we do not affirm that a man is to be so wrapped up in his family, as to exclude himself from all other callings, Oh! no, the pure pleasures of the domestic circle are to relieve him from his ordinary pursuit; they are far from being intended to engross his whole attention and time, they are merely subordinate—a respite from the more laborious works of the day, a refuge to him after having laboured for their benefit and welfare, and moreover his solace in his declining years. It is there more particularly that he requires the auxiliary hand of his consort and his children to administer those endearing tenderesses, which he in that stage demands. The nature of the woman would appear to be designed by God, if we may judge from the delicate and soothing administrations in which she delights, to afford to man a prop in his

old age, upon which he may lean with confidence and hope before he yields up his spirit to the God who gave it ;—‘ And earth recedes and heaven itself appears.’ Yes ! the delicate hand of the female is so adapted to comfort and to cheer in the sick chamber, that man would seem almost to be inhibited by the customs of society from attending upon his fellows. Indeed were fashion for a time to introduce the novelty, necessity would soon compel him to retire, the patient not being able to endure his roughness, and he would have to make way for the softer and gentler tendance of the female.

We know not, and little do we reckon, what the man of *ton* or the *rouè* would say to these observations, or one unacquainted with the enjoyments of a domestic life, but the time must arrive, should they be spared, when the want of these blessings will be most woefully felt. The pleasures which the *rouè* fancies he enjoys will scarcely allow him to consider soberly and impartially in what real pleasure consists, did it, that passing thought would soon burst out into the open flame of social

affection, and the man thus warned would speedily renounce his dangerous course, and seek a comfort by the happy hearth amidst those true blessings which it involves and implies. It is this sober thought, this mature consideration that brings us unconsciously within the pale of the happiness which this world affords, and when the outward man decays, raises up for us those blessings which strengthens the inner man. In short, a domestic life purifies the passions of the young man, and gives them a virtuous direction, kindles his latent susceptibilities—developes his natural affections,—enlarges his ideas—ushers out of the dawn of reason the full and perfect out-pourings of his very soul—fits him for every society, and marshals forth into action the latent characteristics of the heart,—thus displaying a glorious creature, obedient to one of the very first commands of the Almighty. And when declined into the vale of years, the having led a domestic life permits him to look back upon by-gone days with pleasure and delight; he can revive, without alloy from the stings of conscience, those scenes of his past life, that breathe a peculiar

enchantment in their reminiscence. Thus is he supplied with those endless comforts, all indeed that earth can give, at the time when he needs them the most; and thus doth he taste an earnest, through love, strong as death, and faith that anchors on immortality, of meeting those in heaven, in whose close embrace and endearing companionship he delighted when on earth.

It was one day that Dr. Truman was musing upon such thoughts, and summoning up to his contemplation the blessings with which he was surrounded, that after a double knock Mr. Clark was announced; this was the same gentleman who, it will be recollected, travelled with him, and with whom, during the journey, there occurred the conversation upon CHURCH DISCIPLINE and DOCTRINES, detailed in a former chapter. The Doctor received him with all the warmth natural to him, and the welcome due to an old and tried friend; after a few preliminary observations on either side were passed, the following happy incident ensued, very much to the credit of the party concerned.

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WHILE Dr. Truman was engaged with Mr. Clark in the slight chat which custom requires to be antecedent of the more grave matters which succeed, he could not help observing the knit brow of his visitor, evidently wrinkled by care and thought. For some time the humane man conjectured that an event had occurred of a serious and distressing nature; he feared that some family loss or domestic affliction had fallen upon Mr. Clark, to occasion the inward poignant grief evidenced upon the outward man.

Some length of time elapsed before the Rector's delicacy would allow him to inquire respecting the cause of the great grief which appeared to hang over Mr. Clark, who still

seemed backward to communicate the object of his visit. Time at last, as it does with all things, unfolded the mystery.

‘I have been turning over in my mind,’ broke out Mr. Clark in a serious tone of voice, ‘the subjects we discussed together when we had the pleasure of travelling in company, and although I cannot exactly at present state to you the result of my ruminations, still I am free to confess that it has produced an extraordinary effect upon my mind, which must evidence itself, ere long, in the face of the world ; but before I signify my final determination, there remain a few things to submit to you, which have prejudiced my mind against your Church. If I obtain a satisfactory elucidation of these, the consequence, as regards my future conduct, will not be long in manifesting itself.’

‘The question last on the tapis concerned the discipline and doctrines of your church ; time then forbade my extracting from you an explanation of certain of the *minutiæ* and appendages which belong to the Establishment. If you are prepared as ably and eloquently as

on a former occasion, to prove to me, in the first place, why the surplice, which is commonly called a 'rag of Popery,' is retained; and wherefore you deem it so essential to your worship to have organs, both of which appurtenances are, as you are doubtless aware, discountenanced by the Dissenters in general, you will do me, it may be, an eternal service.'

The mind of the apprehensive Rector felt considerably relieved by the above disclosure, and for the disastrous tidings he foreboded, was substituted the pleasing task of weeding from the visitor's mind, that absurd prejudice, so carefully harboured by those who differ from our Church.

'I assure you,' made answer the Rector, 'that what you have just delivered, has had a most happy effect upon my feelings. You look surprised, and would ask me how so? Strange doubts took possession of my mind upon your appearance. I misconceived the cause of your evident discomposure. So being prepared to receive some evil tidings of what had befallen, judge, sir, of my delight, on nothing being communicated which I can for

an instant consider distressing. I am informed of the working of my ministry, at a time when I should have considered its operation out of the question, and its best endeavours unavailing. But mark you ! how God brings about his ways, observe the means which he takes to direct us from that path which he considers wrong, and the opportunity he vouchsafes to us of becoming sincere followers of his ordinances, his discipline, as well as believers in his doctrines. I feel no astonishment, and so express none, at the happy result of our last discussion, and that simply because I have long been convinced, that whoever, without prejudice, will examine for himself the doctrinal and other points belonging to our Establishment, must shortly become its advocate, and for ever after adhere to it. Indeed I am bold to affirm that this must be the result, if the examination of the truth be accompanied and preceded by fervent prayer to Almighty God for his blessing to rest upon the resolve, and for his assistance to accompany the investigation.

‘ But without further preamble, let us at

once canvass the points which you cannot at present reconcile to your mind, and see if we cannot make you—not almost, but quite a CHURCHMAN.’

‘ With respect,’ continued the Doctor, after a pause, ‘ to the habit worn by the ministers of our church, I must turn your attention to that part of the Act of Parliament made in the second year of Edward VI. in which it is ordered ‘ *That all and singular ministers in any Cathedral, or Parish Church, &c. shall, after the feast of Pentecost next coming, be bounden to say the Mattins, Evening Song, &c. and the administration of the Sacraments, and all the Common Prayer, in such order and form as is mentioned in the said Book, (viz. First Book of Edward VI.) and not other, or otherwise.*’ And if we refer to this book, we shall find two Rubrics relating to them, both of which I will read you.

‘ *In the saying or singing of Mattins, or Evening Song, Baptizing and Burying, the minister in parish Churches and Chapels annexed to the same, shall use a surplice. And in all Cathedral churches and colleges,*

Archdeacons, Deans, Provosts, Masters, Prebendaries, and Fellows, being Graduates, may use in the choir, besides their surplices, such hoods as pertain to their several degrees which they have holden in any university within this realm; but in all other places, every minister shall be at liberty to use any surplice or no. It is also seemly that Graduates, when they do preach, should use such hoods as pertaineth to their several degrees.

‘And whenever the Bishop shall celebrate the Holy Communion in the church, or execute any other public ministration, he shall have upon him, besides his Rochette, a Surplice, or Alb, and a Cope or Vestment, and also his pastoral staff in his hand, or else borne or holden by his chaplain.’

The other rubric runs thus.

‘Upon the day, and at the time appointed for the ministration of the Holy Communion, the Priest that shall execute the holy ministry, shall put upon him the vesture appointed for that ministration, that is to say, a white Alb plain, with a Vestment or Cope. And where there be many Priests or Deacons, there so

many shall be ready to help the Priest in the ministrations, as shall be requisite. And shall have upon them, likewise, the vestures appointed for the ministry, that is to say, Albes with Tunicles.'

'This, Sir, is whereby we are guided, and although you have a subsequent act which *tolerates* a non-observance of this, still do we, as his Majesty's subjects, deem it absolutely incumbent upon us to keep as close as we can to the *meaning* of that which the former is intended to convey.

'As to the particular habit to which you have made objections, I can give no better account of it than that given by Durand, who derives it from the Latin word *Superpelliceum*, because anciently this garment was put *super tumias pellicas de pellibus mortuorum animalium factas*, upon leathern coats made of the hides of dead beasts, symbolically to represent that the offence of our first parents, which brought us under the necessity of wearing garments of skin, was now laid and covered by the grace of Christ, and that therefore we are clothed with the emblem of innocence.

(Durand Rational, l. 3, c. 1. numb. 10, 11, 12.) Wheatley observes, ' If it be thought necessary for princes and magistrates to wear distinct habits, in the execution of their public offices, to preserve an awful respect to their royalty and justice ; there is the same reason for a different habit when God's ambassadors publicly officiate. And accordingly we find that under the law, the Jewish priests were by God's own appointment to wear decent sacred vestments at all times, (Exod. xxviii. and xxix.) but at the time of public service they were to have, besides those ordinary garments, a white linen *Ephod*. (Exod. xxviii. 4. 1 Sam. ii. 18.) From the Jews it is probable the Egyptians learned this custom, to wear no other garments but only of white linen, looking on that to be the fittest, as being the purest covering for those that attended on divine service. (Apul. in Apol. Part I. p. 64. Paris, 1635. Vid. Hieron. in Ezek. xlv. 17. Tom. iv. p. 476. D.) And Philostratus tell us, that the Brahmins, or Indian priests, wore the same sort of garment for the same reasons, (Philostr. Vit. Apol. Izan. 1, 3. c. 15, p. 106,

Liepsic 1709.) From so divine an original, and spreading a practice, the ancient Christians brought them into use for the greater decency and solemnity of divine service. St. Jerome at one and the same time proves its ancient use, and reproveth the needless scruples of such as oppose it. ‘What offence,’ saith he, ‘can it be to God, for a Bishop, or Priest, &c. to proceed to the Communion in a white garment. (Adv. Pelag. I. 1. c. 9. Tom. ii, p. 565,) F. G. The antiquity of it in the Eastern church appears from Gregory Nazianzen, who adviseth the priests to purity, because ‘a little spot is soon seen in a white garment.’ (Orat. 31. tom. I. p. 504. A.) And it is very probable that it was used in the Western Church in the time of St. Cyprian; for Pontius, in his account of that Father’s martyrdom, says, that ‘there was a bench by chance covered with a *white linen cloth*, so that at his passion he seemed to have some of the ensigns of episcopal honour.’ (Pont. Diac. in Vita S. Cyprian. p. 9. præfix. Operibus Cyprian.) From whence we may gather, that a white garment was used by the clergy in those times.’

‘I know not,’ concluded the Doctor, ‘how to give you a better account,—what say you?’

‘I can now see how absolutely necessary it is to make research, and give due examination to things which appear obnoxious before we suffer ourselves to object to them,’ answered Mr. Clark.

‘The surplice,’ continued the Doctor, ‘has very ignorantly been called by our enemies, ‘*a rag of popery*,’ but be it known that the wearing the surplice existed long before the seeds of popery were even sown. We grant you that idolatrous priests have arrayed themselves in the surplices we use, but that fact does not invalidate the propriety of continuing the vesture, else, upon the same principle, we should be authorized to reject the Bible itself, because every sect, however wild they may be in their interpretation of it, have taken it, (we may say from *us*, for it is the church who has preserved from the Jews a faithful interpretation of the Sacred Scriptures,) as upon what they profess their creed to be founded.

‘Let it also never be forgotten,’ continued the Rector, ‘that the surplice or white gar-

ments are countenanced by God himself, and Daniel, in figurative language, represents God as wearing them. Our Saviour also endued himself in vestments, and we read that the angels themselves were habited in white, therefore I am satisfied that there cannot be any thing objectionable in the use of the surplice; if on the contrary it be not almost absolutely necessary, for the sake of preserving that *decency* in the church which we are most desirous ever to witness.'

'I have no wish,' proceeded the Doctor, 'to remind you of the fact, that a certain denomination who have dissented from the establishment still retain the surplice, and also that many dissenting ministers are clad in our habiliments during their celebration of divine service. I say I don't remind you of this circumstance, as an argument wherefore we should persist in wearing that vestment; although as a general rule, the things which are not discountenanced by those opposed to our practice and opinions, it can hardly be very erroneous to adopt. Thus although the Jews are opposed to us, we are ever ready to receive

any documents from them, which like the enforced prophecies of Balaam, might be turned to good account—to the support of Christianity—and indeed they are very valuable. The testimony of an adversary is, I repeat it, always most valuable, because unsuspected. But let it not be gathered by this remark, that the church considers dissenters as their adversaries. No, my dear Sir, the dissenters are opposed to us, not we to them; and I am certain that few gratifications to a churchman can equal that of proving to the dissenters how shallow are the grounds upon which they consider themselves authorized to withdraw themselves from our worship. I think, Mr. Clarke, that you have had sufficient evidence of the charitable feeling, with which I am uniformly actuated towards those who may not be of the same religious creed as myself. The disposition with which God has gifted me would never allow me to treat individuals who do not conform to my sentiments, otherwise than with kindness and affability. And if ever I have acted contrary to this principle, it has been unwittingly, and may God forgive me.'

‘The extreme popularity,’ replied Mr. Clarke, ‘which Dr. Truman has gained, and the great esteem and respect which he has earned for himself from persons of all denominations, are quite sufficient to evidence the truth of what you have just stated; indeed, had it been otherwise, you and I would, in all probability, at the present moment find ourselves differently engaged; but the truly kind and considerate manner in which you met my objections on a former occasion, I may say, invited me to this interview. I will only add, that I shall feel myself indebted to your candid elucidations to the end of my days.’

‘To your own unprejudiced good sense be all the credit, under God,’ immediately made answer the Doctor, ‘but before we separate, I would wish to advert to the other objections which you have started to our service, namely, the use of organs. It is likely from your strictures thereon, that you will be surprised, when I inform you of their antiquity. To do so, it will be sufficient for me to call your attention to the fact, that musical instruments were used in the very earliest ages. If you refer to

Exod xv. 20, you will find that the Psalm in which Moses and Miriam joined, after the Exodus of the Israelites, was sung to a timbrel. And we are told in 2 Sam. vi. 5. that "*David and all the house of Israel played before the Lord on all manner of instruments made of fir wood, even on harps, and on psalteries, and on timbrels, and on cornets, and on cymbals.*" Also in 1 Chron. xv. 16, we read that "*David spake to the chief of the Levites, to appoint their brethren to be the singers with instruments of musick, psalteries, harps, and cymbals, scunding, by lifting up the voice with joy.*" Also in 2 Chron. v. 12, we have "*The Levites which were the singers, all of them of Asaph, of Heman, of Jeduthun, with their sons and their brethren, being arrayed in white linen, having cymbals and psalteries and harps, stood at the east end of the altar, and with them an hundred and twenty priests sounding with trumpets.*" Again in 2 Chron. xxix. 25, we read, "*And he set the Levites in the house of the Lord with cymbals, with psalteries, and with harps, according to the commandment of David, and*

of Gad the king's seer, and Nathan the prophet: for so was the commandment of the Lord by his prophets." Thus you perceive that musical instruments were constantly used at the public service after the temple was built at Jerusalem. And, as Wheatly observes, most of David's Psalms were committed to masters of music to be set to various tunes, as we discover by the titles of them; and in the hundred and fiftieth psalm especially, the prophet calls upon the people to prepare their different kinds of instruments, wherewith to praise the Lord. And we know from Ecclesiastical History that this has been the constant practice of the Church in most ages, as well since, as before the coming of Christ.'

'When organs were invented, no doubt they were forthwith introduced into those churches whose congregations could afford to buy them. It is not known exactly how soon they were brought into general use during divine service, but it is recorded that about the year 776, Constantius Copronymus, Emperor of Constantinople, sent a present of an *organ* to King Pepin of France, (cited in Gregory's

Posthumous Works, p. 49.) But independent of the antiquity of these particular instruments, some kind of music would seem indispensable in praising God by singing of Psalms, an opinion in which all Dissenters, who admit of instrumental music in their chapels, must assuredly concur: why then object to the organ, whose very tone is so solemn, and at the same time so majestically grand, and which is so peculiarly calculated to suggest religious emotions, and directs, I may say, both the heart and the soul to the Creator. Far be it from me to assert that the organ should be the great cause of attraction to the house of God, still I cannot shut my eyes to the fact, that its use does in an extraordinary degree promote the cause of religion, and hundreds have been induced to attend divine worship in the first instance, for the sake of the music; and how many, who came to gratify an almost sensual predilection, have been moved by those thrilling tones, to desire the knowledge of that God, to the praise and glory of whom they are sounded. We have heard wonderful instances of the impression

produced by the very first burst of that sublime instrument. Tears have been made to roll down many a face, under the excitement of the deep majestic bass. Others have been so acted upon, as instantly to have fallen down upon their knees to the Deity, in adoration.

‘Oh! sir,’ continued the Rector, ‘have you never felt in our great Cathedrals, the peal of the organ as it rolled upon the ear, thrill the very soul, summoning up all the holy passions, moving the dormant man to piety, stirring your lethargy, and warming with a pure glow the previously cold and torpid temperament? Who, that has stood on the hallowed marble, or within the venerable shrines, and beneath the ancient domes of our Cathedrals, has not perceived, as it were, the long sounding aisles tremble as the swelling organ pealed out those thundering notes of what—of eloquence! oh! no. The word is too weak to express the ecstatic movement? Who has not literally shook when the tone stirred up the very inward man, whispering to the soul, and impelling it through very sympathy to devotion. Oh God! thou hast

indeed taken means to call thy creatures to serve and praise thy holy name !’

Mr. Clarke was apparently amazed when he perceived the Doctor gradually warm into eloquence, and after a considerable pause made answer—

‘ Had I, Doctor, your imagination, did I own your research and erudition, I should labour no longer under my present difficulty ; but much superficial learning hath made me mad. I must have been mad,’ reiterated the visitor aloud, ‘ to have’—

‘ Hold,’ interrupted the Doctor, ‘ these things demand our calm, our sober thought, it is not on the spur of the moment that the whole blaze of Christian light bursts upon the creature, our eyes would ill stand the glare ; the Apostle first fed the Corinthians with “ milk,” and then afterwards gave them stronger food. And as the sun, gradually rising on the horizon, displays by slow degrees to the admiring eye the gorgeous works of creation, so the economy of the Gospel is so arranged, that its beauties and effects may gradually fall upon its followers, awakening them out of the dead

sleep of the soul, till at last by reflection, their “light so shines before men, that they see their good works, and glorify their Father which is in heaven.” But, if I remember rightly, we have before canvassed the question of miraculous conversion, which ceased when the extraordinary operations of the Spirit were withdrawn from the Apostles, on the church of Christ being firmly established.’

‘What you offered on the occasion you refer to,’ said Mr. Clarke, ‘has not lost its effect, I assure you; however at the time I might have appeared to doubt the validity of your arguments or disrespect your averments. I cannot,’ proceeded Mr. Clarke, after a pause, ‘impress upon you sufficiently, the gratitude I have ever since entertained for the benefit which I received at your hands.’

‘I assure you, my dear Sir,’ exclaimed the Rector, ‘that not the slightest is due to me, if I have been the humble means of effecting any advantageous change in your opinion, or if you now see things appertaining to religion in a clearer light than previously you had been in the habit of, God’s name be praised—unto

him, Sir, is your gratitude due—to him be all honor for his providences when we learn to look for them, and those various means which at his own appointed time he vouchsafes, in order to enable us, through faith, to work out our own salvation.’

The visitor here took his leave, signifying to the Rector the gratitude which he felt for the trouble he had taken with one, who had spontaneously abducted himself from the ministrations of the church, and who, in consequence, had not the slightest demand on that considerate charity which had been so unexpectedly extended to him.

It may not be altogether irrelevant to state, that Mr. Clarke became thenceforth a constant attendant at the courts of the Lord, nor had he only embraced the doctrines and discipline of the church in outward observance, but inwardly become her sincere and staunch convert and champion.

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BESIDES the numerous families who were located within the orbit of Dr. Truman, and with whom he was on terms of the closest intercourse, there were several mansions in the neighbouring parishes, whose doors were hospitably thrown open to our high-minded hero. One in particular, situate a few miles from the Rectory, offered every inducement to Dr. Truman to visit, whenever those duties which called him into the vicinity would allow of it. This was the house of a merchant, who had not long since retired into the country, from the scenes of a busy and indefatigable life, having amassed a large fortune in a concern which, associated with a name of respectability and honour, he had consigned to his

eldest son. With the blessing of abundance to procure for him comforts wherewith to soothe his declining days, and alleviate the sharp incommodities which beset old age,—possessed of houses and lands, and equipages, and capacised for all the gratifications which this life, in its plenitude of profusion, could furnish,—with a family comprising dutiful and intelligent sons, and amiable and affectionate daughters,—all these advantages to meet the small hostilities of private life, and smooth its downward pilgrimage, availed Mr. Tremain nothing. He appeared a considerable sufferer, although he never complained of any acute bodily pain afflicting him. The family had called in one physician after another, but obviously to no purpose; the malady lay too hidden for any drug in the dispensary of the mediciner to get at. In an easy chair would he recline for hours, evidently suffering from some disease, which, gnawing at the very root of his soul, seemed more deeply seated than was right; and which bid defiance to

“ Poppy Mandragora, and all the drowsy syrups of the world.”

Day after day passed, and year followed

year in harmonious cycle, and each revolving Christmas found Mr. Tremain still gradually growing worse. Varying the scene, and frequent change of residence were in vain resorted to. Every means which affection could suggest were taken by his family, with the hope of restoring their father to convalescence, who, however, was at length rapidly drawing nigh to his last bourne. The most eminent men who were consulted concurred in opinion that a rapid decline was hastening the invalid to the tomb. What then remained but to submit with resignation to the will of a disposer whose wisdom it behoves us not to dispute?

From the uniform misery which had long brooded over the house of Tremain, the decease of the proprietor would have offered a happy release. The medical men who had been in constant attendance, came at last to the conclusion, that they could administer to nature no longer. They therefore, not very discreetly, signified their intention to allow her to spin out her course without further interference. The family perhaps, were never more surprised in their lives than at such an instance

of professional disinterestedness. On the melancholy tidings being shortly after reported to Dr. Truman, he was as much affected, as if the dying man had been his own relative. He, however, forthwith set about obtaining the consent of the clergyman, under whose cure the invalid at the time sojourned, to make him, what he termed, a professional visit. With this design, accordingly, he proceeded to the house of Mr. Tremain. The portentous gloom, bordering on despair, in which the Rector found the family wrapt, indicated the awful state of the unhappy man, which hardly allowed the worthy divine any hope of his visit being crowned with success. The family evinced the greatest satisfaction when the Doctor apprised them what were his intentions in calling. A ray of hope shot athwart the despondency of the little circle, and perhaps never did our hero so soon succeed in conveying consolation to a dejected heart as upon this occasion.

From many slight indications that could scarcely escape their observation, the family suspected that their sire owned certain *reservations* which he was unwilling to divulge, and

that these, even more than mere physical debility, lay at the root of the disorder. It was only an imagination, for nothing had presented itself in the conduct of their father to warrant them in such a conclusion. The Rector had long entertained a similar idea, and inwardly resolved to arrive at the source of Mr. Tremain's distemper, in order that the effect might be alleviated. On Dr. Truman's being ushered into the room where the invalid was sitting, that wretched individual hardly appeared conscious of his entrance, his eyes were fixed gloomily upon the ground. Not lost in the vacuum of repose, but fixed in a way, which rather betokened the restless abstraction of a brain fraught with fearful subjects of rumination. After some seconds, perceiving his visitor, he arose and welcomed him in the most cordial manner, appearing truly delighted at being so agreeably disturbed. A very evident alteration for the worse had taken place since the last time the Doctor had set eyes on him. He was considerably fallen away. A pallid hue was spread over the whole countenance. The hand was

cold, the eye sunk, and the flesh wrinkled, tokens that the hand of death was upon him. The spirits, however, of the invalid, perhaps excited by the visit of the Doctor, were considerably raised. For some time the chief topics of discourse turned as usual in such cases on the tidings of the day. When presently the Doctor, mindful that he had to dress a soul for a funeral, and that the work pressed, motioned the two daughters, who had previously joined in the conversation, to retire. The good physician now proceeded by a sort of inductive process, to sound Mr. Tremain with a view of ascertaining the weak point which affected the whole man.

‘It is a wretched thing,’ he began, ‘for man to be so reduced as to be unable to rightly enjoy in his last moments the benefits which he hath received at the hands of a gracious Providence.’

‘Nobody can tell,’ returned Mr. Tremain, ‘the sufferings I am constantly enduring. I am harassed with thoughts which like a gnawing worm seems to be preying upon my very intestines. It is a feeling which no

words can describe, and which I cannot account for; I only know that the little strength I have remaining will soon be spent in the internal struggle.'

'To what cause,' affectionately inquired the Rector, drawing his chair nearer to the invalid, 'do you attribute this melancholy languor?'

'I can only attribute it to an accident I met with when young,' made answer Mr. Tremain, 'and which although at the time I conceived to be of no moment, I am now inclined to look upon as the origin of my debility.'

A hectic flush spread over the countenance of the invalid as he pronounced these words. The Doctor noticed the tell-tale suffusion. He made no remark, however, and although persuaded that his question was evaded, he thought it would not aid him in his object to press it any further.

'I am well convinced,' presently he resumed, 'from observation, of the change which has taken place since I last had the pleasure of seeing you, that your sufferings have been indeed great.'

'Beyond what you would imagine, Sir,' responded Mr. Tremain.

‘But how thankful,’ proceeded the Rector, ‘ought we to be, when distressed either in mind (here the invalid involuntarily started) or body, when we reflect that affliction is a messenger of heaven to draw us off from this vain portion of our life to reflections upon our prospects in that state of being where the goods of this world cannot serve us. God’s chastisements, my friend, are mercies in disguise.’

The hectic flush which we just noted, was succeeded by a livid paleness, resembling that which is observable upon the face of one whose vital functions have been suddenly arrested. Mr. Tremain, as in the former instance, would have gladly avoided giving an answer, and after a pause, sought to turn the conversation, but the Doctor, not so easily diverted from his aim, presently subjoined, ‘Is it not worthy our deep consideration, that these arrests of sickness are in many degrees eligible to every man, and unto many purposes? They are opportunities vouchsafed, in order to be turned to account. They proceed from a gracious God, and doubtless, whatever

our querulous weakness might suggest, proffer a good, compared with which, the evils of any indisposition are light indeed. As in the case of David, who found in the end that it was good for him to have been afflicted, for the opportunity presented itself of his learning the statutes of God.'

Mr. Tremain made no reply to this observation, but seemed to be casting about how to insinuate another thread in the conversation which might lead it from a topic which obviously discomposed him ; the Rector, perceiving his purpose, not the less persisted in directing his attention to the object he had at heart, confident, if he could only fix him to the point, of a happy issue.

'The dispensation of providence,' he resumed, 'by which means his creatures are brought to a knowledge of his attributes, are apt to be doubted in our afflictions, and sometimes flatly denied, particularly when our sufferings have arrived at that height, that the mind, naturally degraded, refuses to discern whence the affliction is sent. An unstable temper, hovering between hope and fear, at

this time becomes especially unsettled, and consequently miserable, unless it be leavened and taught resignation by that substantial ballast—RELIGION. Indeed I know of no better test to try the sincerity of a man's faith, and prove his reliance upon the mercies of God; than the measure of his endurance, when he is labouring under some severe affliction. If he be firm, however the feelings, like the young oak, may bend to the blast, they are not to be utterly depressed and cast down; they will scorn to murmur or repine, and in the depth of despondency, will not refuse consolation from the only true source. If a man be so constituted as to undergo this, he will come out like sterling gold, all the purer from the chastening fire, without relying in vain confidence upon being infallibly perfect, he may hope, through the instrumentality of divine grace, that he is on the road which leadeth unto life.'

The only answer to these observations given by Mr. Tremain, was an exhibition of strong emotions, which they appeared to excite, throughout his whole person. Upon his countenance, paleness and floridness alternately

contended for mastery, and all along might be discerned a dissatisfied expression, no slight indications of what was passing in the inward man. The Doctor, however, was determined to push his inquiries as far as he could with propriety, being bent upon finding out, if possible, the seat of the disorder, which he more than ever felt persuaded must lie in the mind ; with this intent he thus continued,—‘ Every one must allow, that it requires uncommon fortitude on the part of an individual in the excess of his suffering, to discern the hand of a gracious providence, when, humanly speaking, he is the creature of his wrath, more especially while he beholds others pass comparatively unstricken ; but we are instructed that “ whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth,” and that consideration should of itself be sufficient to pour the balm of Gilead into the bosom of the true Christian, when visited by any description of trial, whether in respect to health of mind or body, or touching his circumstances in this world.—Yea, my dear Sir, or in a hypochondrial point of view, bearing upon the relations of eternity. It appears to me astonishing, with

the impress of Revelation as the key and elucidation of every page of human history, how the minds of some men can ill bear up against even ordinary pressures ; seeming like a leaky vessel upon the waves, which threatens at every swell and commotion, to find the bottom ; thus by their faint-heartedness injuring the very soul from whose source, hope, and all that is opposed to despondency, should spring up eternal. Others again there are, who meet the difficulties of this life, with an assumed courage, at variance with the suggestions of their nature, and wholly inconsistent with every rational idea of bravery ; whether this arises from their physical conformation, or a callous indifference of mind, it would be hard to determine. A third class of people there are, who more praiseworthy and inspired with nobler sentiments, attribute every thing, whether happy or distressing, that happens to them, not to fortuitous circumstances, but to the dispensation of an all-wise providence ; so that knowing and bearing in mind by whom the trial is sent, they are enabled to bear it without a murmur, and through faith to give utterance to an earnest

supplication, that if it accord with God's purposes it may be removed, or otherwise, that a fresh supply of divine aid be vouchsafed. And I am inclined to hope, that this class of persons is very large, and that its numbers are daily increasing. A confiding trust in God's goodness under every circumstance must necessarily constitute the happiness of the creature, and promote the glory of the Creator. And it is useful to notice the means which God takes to induce his creatures to embrace the benefits of his gospel. Often by domestic affliction are men humbled, and induced or impelled to trace the cause of the visitation to his chastening hand—often by illness or accident are they brought to the bed of contrition, and thus afforded a good opportunity to learn the statutes of the Almighty. Often are men in their pride and haughtiness, suddenly reduced from affluence to poverty, and sometimes raised from the lowest depths of penury to the possession of great wealth. The ways of the Almighty are marvellous, and divers are the modes whereby he converts sinners. He never leaves us without having recourse to sufficient

means (if we please) to induce us to turn to him ; it is his wish that his creatures should be saved, for www.libtool.com.cn he willeth not the death of a sinner." How far these means are resisted by the stubbornness of men, depends upon themselves, but we trust that there are few who have not after their probation and suffering, come out from the merciful infliction better men and better Christians. And we ought to make it a rule ever to regard it as an indubitable fact, that chastisements are sent by a beneficent God, not altogether for the sake of punishing offences committed, although in one mode or other they entail their consequent train of evils ; but either to try us, as was Abraham, or to excite and move us to turn unto him, so that we may be converted and live. The effect which is produced by a domestic calamity, I think generally corresponds with what was intended, for how often see we men, heedless and full of sin, till either the partner of their life, or the children upon whom they doated, be torn from them untimely. The affliction in this case is so great, as to cause a thorough reformation in the habits and inward constitu-

tion of most men, leaving upon them that marked impression which neither vicissitude can efface, or time can obliterate.

The Doctor had now pushed his point to the fullest allowable extent, and fortunately this last remark compassed his eagerly wished-for object. Hitherto and throughout his preceding observations, his companion evinced no correspondent emotion or sympathy. Now, however, that the holy man touched upon domestic misfortune, a silent tear rolled down the wrinkled furrows of the invalid, which was quickly followed by hysteric sobs, which affected him to that degree that the Rector at one time became alarmed for his situation.

‘ Sir,’ said he at length, after he became somewhat composed, ‘ you are the only true physician whom I have consulted since my debility ; the diagnosis of my disease lies far beyond them. Not in the body is the prime cause of this suffering to be sought for ; it is seated (laying his hand hastily upon his forehead) in the MIND. You are the first person to whom I have ever acknowledged, and an hour ago I should have deemed my making

such a confession impossible ; that MENTAL AFFLICTION is the sole cause of the state unto which my body is reduced—my existence hanging as it were, upon a thread. My mind, shattered like a vessel in the storm, scarcely holds together a single fragment of hope; my heart has been broken, my feelings blasted, my brain maddened. But wherefore, dear sir, should I sear your ear with such wild discourse ; only one hour ago I would have scorned to pour forth my grief—a grief which for years I have harboured in my own bosom, and endured without a murmur, until nature, exhausted by my woes, plainly told me that—
I MUST DIE.'

' May I not venture,' affectionately interposed the Doctor, ' to ask the nature of this sad affliction ? From the prudent confidence which you have already put in me, I am sure you will not, cannot refuse to proceed with your communication.'

' Were I to do so,' answered Mr. Tremain, ' I should only divulge my folly, and prove to you my extreme weakness.'

' I can have no other motive,' continued the

Doctor, in the most soothing tones, ‘for pressing you upon this point, than to turn my knowledge of the cause to your advantage, by removing the effect.’

‘The effect can never be removed,’ cried the old man with no little emphasis. ‘My spirit is too deeply depressed, ever, even temporarily to rally; it is too heavily pinioned down by reflections, whose pressure can never be relaxed; were that possible, and did it occur, the excitement would be so great as to infer an aberration of the intellect.’

‘I cannot allow myself to suppose,’ gently made answer the Rector, ‘that the state of your mind touches so sad a crisis,—indeed why should it? Religion in your case, cannot have lost its efficacy.’

‘Alas!’ sighed the old man from the very depths of his heart, ‘it never had any.’

‘Gracious heaven!’ ejaculated Dr. Truman, ‘are you indeed reduced so low as to entertain any doubt of your heritage as man? Have you no insight into your own nature, which involves a foresight of immortality? Do you disclaim’

‘ I am not what you imagine,’ interrupted Mr. Tremain, ‘ Oh! very far from it. I have long studied cause and effect, and if through a heated imagination I have deduced causes from strange and unnatural sources, it is the result of too deep philosophical research. Not that in my wildest flight I ever could bring myself to allow the self-existent principle of the creation, or that it hath been formed from all eternity. No, sir, I believe absolutely in the existence of a triune Jehovah! in the interposition of God in human affairs, in the redemption by Jesus Christ, and in the distribution of future rewards and punishments. When I examine my mind, I find that I am perfectly sound in the orthodox faith, if the opinions of the apostolic and ancient fathers of the church are to be relied upon. But with all this, there remains a depression on my spirits, which baffles every exertion which I make to contend against it, and whereby my mind is not only lacerated, but my outward frame worn and torn to that degree, that death must speedily and inevitably ensue. Never was the fact, of the health of the body depending upon

that of the mind, so clearly and so visibly exemplified as in the living object now before you. What, sir, almost frantically, proceeded the wretched invalid, 'What is the pain of the body compared to that of the mind, Oh! let the rough hand of the inquisitors, or the furies of Hades with hot burning instruments tear my flesh, piece by piece, till they come to the very bone;—let tyrants, such as that ancient emperor had at his back, arise from their sepulchres, and with avenging cruelty, set me in their pitchy shirts, to lighten the way of the passing traveller;—or let the rack be brought with unheard of appliances for torture. The spiked barrel and instrument for physical agony, are faint emblems of those terrible stinging pains which memory and reflection conjure up to crucify the mind.'

'It is your giving way to such thoughts,' interrupted the Doctor, 'that is the cause of the sad distraction I grieve to witness; never did I suspect you of holding opinions, which were dangerous to your soul, although I tell you plainly that I did entertain an idea, that the mind was the seat of the disorder. I am

now satisfied. I know the cause, God has blessed me with vast perception, perhaps above my fellows, and I can often pierce causes, which whole lives might be vainly spent in trying to ascertain. By my observations concerning the providences of God, I gained what sometimes seems even unto myself an intuitive cognizance of things. It is not enthusiasm that mars your brain, nor is it too deep a research into metaphysical hallucinations that have so unhinged your mind, and jarred it from its centre. It is not domestic affliction, as I well know, that has discomposed your feelings; it is not exactly bodily pain that is the primary cause of this visitation; no, it is none of these, but it is the impotency of your faith, which is of the head, and not the heart. You have not grown in the grace of God, nor have you known how to apply the religion which, theoretically you possess, to the occasions as they arise. Your heart and senses do not take their tone from the influence of your creed, it has been of no effect. Whatever you might hope, and wish, and endeavour, you have found insensibly counteracted by a strong and perverse nature;

your learning hit the truth, but the hidden springs of feeling were not loosened. Your sensibility, however great, had no touch of effluence from above. Your great knowledge forbad doubt, and your determination of arriving at the truth of every fact, only upon conviction, taking nothing for granted but that which, upon the strongest moral testimony, would conquer incredulity; this habit of mind never would allow you to refuse credence to the concurring truths of revelation, but as I have already observed, unless all these be laid to the heart, even the most transient troubles of the world, and the trifling accidents of this passing scene, must more or less affect the mind, and occasionally weaken it to that degree, that it is unable to resist the smallest evil, and thus by repeated shocks, madness will supervene, which terminates very often in death. Repeated attacks upon the strongest fortified tower, must end in its overthrow, unless redoubts be continually raised, and commensurate energies be exerted for its defence and preservation.

‘ The cares, and troubles, and afflictions of

this world, require stabilities to meet them. The misery to which Adam was doomed, was more than he could endure; God knew this, and therefore in his mercy provided that, which would enable him to suffer the sentence, and bear up against its execution. And so it is with his descendants; the sensitive mind cannot of itself, from its very nature,—it is incompetent; it is not strong enough,—sustain the burden, however lightly it may fall, unless it be supported and assisted by that, which God designed for the relief of his creatures. Alas! I fear that some men look upon religion as a dry system of theology. They arrive at, and may be conversant with it, but there they stop short, they seek no further, they view their faith as an inapplicable science, which they have made a study of, and mastered to be sure, but want the power to apply its precepts, and they put it to no use. They arrive at the height of divinity, but it is only a moral inoperative skeleton divinity, a galvanized corpse, it lacks speculation, it is a divinity which never strikes or touches the heart, or moves or actuates the senses. They look upon it as upon all other

sciences, considering that when they have by their investigation, worked out, as it were, the arguments of their creed, and proved their solidity, they have deduced all that the gospel can afford. It is not that they refuse to go deep enough mentally into the hallowed contents of the book of life, but their knowledge is partial, being confined to the intellect, and not embracing an understanding heart; and thus their partial knowledge, as Bacon observes, inclines them to atheism. Divest yourself of the idea of the extinction of animate objects, and suppose the world to have existed from all eternity, and perdition hovers at once over the soul. But believe the world to have been formed, and ascertain the attributes of him who created it, and perceive in these attributes a benign deity who has given us every thing, not only to secure rest hereafter, but mitigation to sorrow in this world of mingled good and evil; you are led to embrace the doctrines of life, and no failure can possibly intervene. It is, I repeat, their defect in not knowing how to apply the knowledge they have obtained, that is the cause of half the misery which men suffer.

Few men in a Christian land, deny the power of the Saviour's intercession with the Father in their behalf, otherwise they must be prepared to overturn the whole scheme of redeeming love; but then few take advantage of that intercession; "they will not come unto me," says Christ, "that they may have life;" consequently their own nature continually inclined to evil, drinks too freely of the anodyne of the world, and the unavoidable lot is death. The labours of the body would be unbearable, without the hope or the certainty of something to be gained, much less can the miseries to which the mind is exposed be encountered, without being forearmed with that consolation which it can only derive from a right application of the gospel, which so bountifully bestows its blessings upon all who are woe-begone and heavy laden. I know that it is a delicate thing to call into question, to express doubt as to the soundness of a man's creed with respect to the Deity, and still more so to intimate to him a full conviction that he practically denies his existence. This would be to draw down upon yourself his immediate anger, for the

generality of these characters feel the disgrace of entertaining such an opinion: but, Sir, we cannot refrain from speaking out, when occasion requires it; from letting men who evince by their conduct, their ignorance of the dispensations of providence, know that they are little removed from the atheist. Here is the danger of reducing religion to a system, as if all things happened, as in certain sciences, by necessary deduction; only let this be taken for granted, and the whole world, heretofore regulated by eternal and immutable laws, (as witness the revolving day and night, and the seasons returning in due course,) becomes as it originally was, a rude chaos, "without form, and void," its inhabitants in a very short time extinct, and all simply because providence had withdrawn his superintending care. Things cannot go on by second causes without an over-seeing Deity being implied. They must be guided and arranged by some superior power. And if men would not only acknowledge this sway which the Almighty has over the whole world, but be influenced by that consideration, in the place of despondency, hope would again

descend upon the earth, and men would gaze with a steady eye into the very realms of bliss.

Oh, if men would but understand that not a sparrow falleth, but God is omniscient of it; doubt would be soon merged in faith, envy and malice give place to charity, and hope would steep her wings in the bliss of paradise. Indeed such is the constitution of our religion, that this hope keeps alive the senses, frees the mind from every foreboding, and impresses it with that perfect complacency which discovers itself in the outer, as well as in the inner man; whilst stripped of hope, and left to the infidel despair, the mind is destroyed by one constant gnawing meditation, and the body dependent thereon, sinks gradually into a state of misery and restlessness, and thence into an untimely and horrible grave.'

At the conclusion of this sentence the Doctor paused, in order to ascertain the effect which his words had produced upon the unhappy invalid; for some time both remained still; the Doctor fearing that he might have gone too far, was about to apologize for what he had delivered, which only Christian anxiety and

kind feeling prompted, when Mr. Tremain suddenly turned round in his chair, and fixed his eyes sternly upon his reverend companion, but unable any longer to resist the natural impulses of the soul, gave way to his emotions, which for some time like strong athletes, had been contending for mastery in his feeble frame.

It was long before the aged man in his agitation of mind and body, could succeed in giving voice to that which, years ago, he would gladly have poured into the ear of a sympathizing listener. The mere narration of a tale of woe, even to an indifferent listener, affords at all times a relief to the afflicted mind, but to make a confidant of one whose heart we know to be open to the crying wants of his fellow-mortals, conveys not only a sense of consolation for the time, but leaves a lasting and soothing impression on the mind of the sufferer, and in the result alleviates his distress, and enables him to brave with more stern endurance 'the stings and arrows of outrageous fortune.' Had Dr. Truman happened to enter long before into the same topic of discourse with Mr. Tremain, which he now so happily discussed, many an

anxious imagination, and many a desponding thought might have crossed through the mind of that unhappy individual, but would have left no sting behind them ; but God is never-failing in his providences ; he knows best the time and the seasons when to administer his holy aidance, and he only can discern at what stage of the disease the mind is fitted to receive that peace, and imbibe that knowledge, which passeth all understanding.

When the excitement caused by the Rector's probing observation had a little subsided, Mr. Tremain, with tears still rolling down his cheeks, thus addressed our venerable hero.

‘The many physicians whom the wishes of my family have prevailed on me to consult, have one and all failed in producing any salutary effect on my constitution. They invariably prescribed to no purpose ; the disease they promised to eradicate baffled all their ingenuity—indeed their medicaments commonly induced a still more pitiable condition than ere I used them. My complaint in truth lies out of their track ; and having no idea of the cause or nature of my malady, they were of course

unable to effect a cure. I am fully conscious that my sufferings, although they would seem to arise from ailments of body, have their origin wholly and solely in the mind. MENTAL AFFLICTION, my dear Sir, I candidly confess to you, is the real cause of this debility, the seeds whereof were sown at the death of my poor wife; and I have suffered them to spring up without (as you just now pointedly observed) without applying the only antidote which could eradicate them. Had I sought that consolation I firmly believe RELIGION would have yielded, never should I have sunk thus under my misfortune: but like the philosophers of old, I endeavoured callously to confront my woe, and smother my sorrow, but the grief was too much for me; and my proud thoughts, however they seemed even to myself for awhile to deaden and obscure my cause of woe, did but as it were, veil it from my immediate perception. Alas! Sir, philosophy is nothing but a passing cloud, that will float across the light of day, involving the spectator without even for a single instant affecting the scorching power of the luminary. Philosophy is a vain thing,

it disposes us to hide our anguish, but contains no balsam to assuage it. It infuses stubbornness, Sir, www.libtool.com.cn but cannot proffer resignation. Despite my fine shows of philosophy, I am now falling a prey to the present generation of worms to feast and revel upon. Though the melancholy event I referred to took place twelve years ago, I feel the loss I then sustained quite as acutely, as if yesterday she had been torn from this distracted bosom. You, Doctor,' continued the old gentleman, as his eyes glistened with tears, 'know not the loss, the irreparable loss of that invaluable jewel, which God must have given as the utmost and strongest pledge of his love to his creatures. You have not experienced, and must vainly essay to sympathize with, the void that is occasioned by such a death. You can only imagine, but alas! what is imagination to reality. What is the sound of the dullest toll for the departed, or the death-cry ushering its shrill accents through the brain, to that shadow where all before was substance—to that empty seat once filled by self, bone of my bone, flesh of my flesh. Oh! Sir, misery is but a faint

name for such hopeless, helpless anguish. Had I never loved, never poured out all the affections of the soul upon that being which should, as an humble sacrifice, have been offered to God, I should not have suffered this. But in idolizing the creature, I forgot the Deity; blessings upon blessings I poured upon her head, but prayers I never uttered; and now I feel, now I suffer, and God only grant that this punishment may commute that which I deserve hereafter. It is now in my old age that I require most those real comforts which an affectionate wife alone can administer. She should now give the cordial—she should adjust the pillow—she should ease the declining head, and support these feeble limbs; but no, these trembling hands must do all these things, and this drooping body rest contented with what it alone must needs supply. There are indeed my daughters, but ah! what hand, however willing, affectionate, or kind, can equal hers whom death has taken from me. Each day, yea, each hour inflicts another stroke, and bends me to my native soil. Sir, I am a dying man; the animal functions have long given

warning that their course is run. The last sand in the glass is about to fall, and then'—

'Nay,' interrupted the Doctor, 'you shall not so despond, there is no need or occasion; happy am I, in being the humble instrument in the hands of God, of restoring, I trust, that peace of mind, which you evidently have lost. It would indeed be more than I dare promise to prolong your life, with the Almighty are the issues of life and death, but to his ministers has he doubtless given the power, through the gospel, to cheer the broken-hearted, and to supply that confidence which depressed minds have lost.

'My penetration never was so at fault as to consider you deficient in those doctrines which the Christian should observe, but I must candidly inform you, without meaning offence, that I always supposed you to be a systemarian, if I may be allowed to use the expression; I have apprehended that you look upon religion as a matter of course, arriving at the cause, and clearly perceiving how that cause produces its effects. The metaphysical part being thoroughly understood by you, but the other part, the spiritual—that which is, as it were, by

means of prayer and through faith, an inspiration or insight from the Holy Ghost—the other part, whose definition I must needs confess passes the power of words, being entirely wanting.

‘ Now with respect to the particular calamity which it hath been the will of God that you should undergo, I am quite aware that no woe can equal it, and yet why should we despond, as men without hope? The afflictions of this present world are not worthy to be compared with the glory which shall be revealed in heaven. They are images incommensurable. All that bears relation to this life are of a momentary nature, felt for a while, and then vanish into air. I know from my own experience, that when trouble ariseth, were I to let that trouble get the upper hand, I must ere long become the victim of despair. But my dear Sir, in such a case I immediately look to the author by whom all things are governed, whether they be things in earth or things in heaven;—I at once know and feel convinced, that it is sent to tempt or rather to *try* me; and thus do I have recourse to the only

weapon, which is *prayer, prayer, fervent prayer*, to resist that which cannot be avoided in this world. You must be aware, Sir, that in my situation the strongest mind would bend, yea, and actually break, unless supported by some divine influence. It is no false doctrine, it is no enthusiasm to believe, that God does order and direct the affairs of this world, else men being so inclined and bent upon sin would almost instantly sink by their own homicide. And once granting that God does, by the means and motives of secondary causes, direct the events of men's actions, we ought to look up to him for that strength and consolation which he vouchsafes to his petitioning creatures. And if we do this sincerely, he will soon convince us that he grants by whatever ordinary means, yet extraordinary, the power to bear up against the losses and afflictions of the world; if we do not know, it is nevertheless truth, that the mind of man in its barren state, however rough it may seem to have grown by callousness, however barbarous by example, cannot endure of itself the woes entailed by the apostate Adam.

‘ It is quite needless for me to handle at any length the nature of your disease ; you know it and feel it, consequently my only object shall be to see if I cannot point out a remedy ; which I trust under the blessing of God I shall be able to do. The mind is oppressed. In a few words, religion is its cure, but that is speaking in general terms ; the greatest caution must be used lest the other extreme do not prove as injurious to your soul’s health, as that which it must be our endeavour to alleviate. It is now the mere application of a principle (of which you are already *mentally* possessed) to the heart, which I am certain will effectuate wonders ; not, mark you, that the heart will not resist such applications, oh ! no, the heart is deceitful above all things, it is callous, hard, naturally hard, spiritually speaking ; but it is of that substance whose ore, however stubborn, can be melted. It is the appropriate recipient of the gospel, but only by earnest prayer to the throne of grace will you imbibe that blessed conviction. By way of analogy I would compare your case to that of the medical man who prepares a most

excellent prescription. He is aware of what it is composed, for he himself mixed it; he further is acquainted with the properties of each ingredient, and the effect it necessarily will produce upon the patient, but this knowledge can have no physical influence at all upon him individually, although the draught may be peculiarly adapted to cure ailments to which he is constitutionally subject: the mere theoretic conviction of this circumstance, cannot, I say, affect him, but let him take it inwardly, and it will produce the desired salutary effect. So, Sir, with you; you know as well as most men the ingredients, (if in this comparison I may be allowed to use the term,) of the Christian religion, but you have never taken them inwardly, consequently they are to you as a dead letter, and can never produce any benefit at all. But just apply the medicine, the only restorative to the disease, and a cure is wrought, not suddenly and miraculously, but the blessing of the Holy Spirit being on the endeavour, by a slow and ordinary process. A ray of light passes over the dark mind, and as the sun ushers in the morn, first the dawn,

then the twilight, and at last, as he ascends on the horizon to the meridian, the full and perfect day, so the moral darkness of the mind is enlightened, and under the influence of the gospel, shakes itself free from its pressure, and gradually emerges into effulgence, endueing the whole creature with a new and glorious life.

From David we may learn that the afflictions of the righteous are many, "*but the Lord delivereth him out of them all.*" He also says, "*They that sow in tears shall reap in joy.*" And that "*the Lord will be a refuge for the oppressed, a refuge in times of trouble.*" And our Saviour's invitation to all those "*who labour and are heavy laden,*" that is, to all those who are oppressed either in mind, body, or estate, must, to one who indeed feels the power of the Saviour, to cheer and to cure, be a source, if the right application be made of the promise, of unutterable joy. The Lord has promised to strengthen us upon the bed of languishing. And "*even to your old age,*" says he, by his prophet Isaiah, "*I am he, and even to hoary hairs will I carry you : I*

have made, and I will bear : even I will carry and will deliver you." Oh no, my friend,' continued the Doctor, and tears almost burst from his eyes as he spoke, ' we can never allow such despondency as this, if our dearest earthly objects be taken from us, we may confidently hope to be partakers in the blessings which they, we trust, are enjoying, if our heart fail us, we should wait on the Lord and be of good courage, and he will strengthen us. Never was man afflicted more than Job, and yet he cried out, "*Happy is the man whom God correcteth ; therefore despise not the chastening of the Almighty. For he maketh sore, and bindeth up ; he woundeth, and his hands make whole.*" With such promises as these, what have we to fear ? surely not temporal woes, but rather those which come after.'

' I am perfectly convinced,' said Mr. Tremain, on the Rector pausing for a few seconds, ' that I shall derive consolation by a right application of the gospel ; the few texts which you have repeated, have indeed restored considerable peace to my mind, but I fear it is too late in the day to bring back the lost health

of the body, nevertheless, I shall eagerly grasp your kind recommendation, and apply my remaining time to that particular study; if I derive the consolation which I so needfully require, then God's name be praised, but if on the other hand, my mind is too great a wreck to feast upon any thing like hope, then God's will be done. Had I made this resolution, and determined on this step years ago, you would not have had before you an object so truly deserving of pity, but alas! on earthly treasures I had set my heart, and if this world's good be in those fleeting baubles, then have I obtained that I sought. Alas, we require something less frail, fleeting, and false than these; they cannot purchase ease to the mind, when the canker worm has fixed its hold, or the caterpillar of destruction has laid its eggs.

'If, my dear sir,' continued the old man, 'a promise of attending faithfully to your injunctions will afford any gratification to your benign mind, then I most solemnly make it, and may God spare me if it be only for you to witness the salutary influence of his gospel upon your heretofore unhappy convert.'

‘ I can require nothing more,’ replied the Doctor, as he rose from his seat, ‘ my hopes in this regard will be fully realized, and my prayers abundantly answered, if I find that I have been God’s instrument in restoring peace to your afflicted bosom.’

The Rector then took Mr. Tremain by the hand, and after having repeated in the most affectionate manner, his earnest wish for his temporal and eternal happiness, and given his assurance that he would take an early day to see him again, withdrew to report to the old gentleman’s anxious relatives the good work he had succeeded in accomplishing, and then retired, overwhelmed with blessings, to other duties which demanded both his presence and attention.

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WE have before had occasion to make some mention of the different members which composed Dr. Truman's family. His three eldest daughters were, about this period of our tale, strange to say, on the eve of marriage, their father had given his consent for them to place themselves under the protection of men, well approved for their amiable dispositions, and being possessed of every blessing, humanly speaking, which this world could afford. The gentlemen who had solicited the hands of these truly amiable girls were no strangers to the Doctor, he had known them from infancy, they being the sons of three of his most intimate College friends, and who had proved themselves worthy of that title in after life. At

all times, marriage, to a female, brings with it something of woe. It is a difficult thing for a girl brought up under the paternal roof, to throw off the protection which from her earliest recollection it yielded, and henceforth to confide implicitly to that of another, and oftentimes a comparative stranger. But nature does her work—she relaxes none of those affections which exist between parent and daughter, she exchanges them not for the love of him who is destined to be her husband, however close and sacred the ties which bind her to another. The female child is destined by providence to be the perpetual solace and happiness of her parents. Her filial attentions remain to the end of her life unimpaired, and though her hand and heart be given to her husband, he looks upon the cares she bestows upon her parents, as only the assured pledges of her fidelity to him, . . . the unerring tokens of a good disposition. Admirable economy of nature! whereby filial affection and a wife's devotedness can flow distinct together, enhancing one another without intermingling. At that important epoch of her life, new

emotions arise, a new love kindles and bursts forth, which she centres in the bosom of him, whom she considers most deserving of it. She now assumes a fresh character, a holy fire burns within her, which is continually fanned by the consciousness that those instinctive feelings which she cherishes are indicative of God's pleasure, and thus does she devote her whole soul to the principle which God laid down in the days of creation. The man, too, becomes a new creature, his old habits which were rendered dear to him by the associates of his by-gone pleasures, now come to have that smack of bitter which gradually grows more and more nauseous, till at last, nothing will do for him but the casting off of those frivolities of which his whole life was previously made up. And even he, who has no living companions to amuse him, who possesses within himself all the ingredients to make, as he fancies, life comfortable,—Alas! what is he? amid the pile of books with which he may have surrounded himself; amid the machinery which may have engaged his inmost thoughts—amid the avocations and the duties of his own

home, his own freehold hearth ; alas ! we say, what are they without that bright ornament, wanting which his home is but a foreign land, and his hearth a wilderness? What is he without that companion whom God in his richest mercy gave to man, as his last and best of gifts. Slowly passes the melancholy day, without those endearing offspring, those tokens, those pledges, those binding objects of mutual affection, HIS CHILDREN? He is a mere wanderer in life's dreary pilgrimage, a comparatively unknown object, and when he dies, the void is scarcely felt, there are no descendants to bear the honours he may have acquired, no wife to close the dying eye, or to commit to God at that trying hour the soul, about to leave its fleshly sepulchre.

We have already perhaps descanted too much at length in favour of that state so productive of real blessings, but for our own part we cannot enjoy them without taking this opportunity to express these our sentiments, and we are almost confident that we only speak those of every one of our married readers. At all events we are verily persuaded

that the institution was ordained by God himself, and he who would prostitute our daughters by aiding any plan by which that sacred obligation may be laid aside, and in its place set up a human compact, without the blessing of the priest, is only fit to dwell in a land where savages are its inhabitants, and heathenism their highest ambition.

The Doctor congratulated himself that as yet, amid the innovations of the day, there was left to the church of God that sacred celebration of marriage, which can only be pleasing in the eyes of the Almighty; sooner would he have bound down his daughters for ever to the state of singleness in which they hitherto so happily lived, than give them up to any form of modern invention, which might tend to overthrow the discipline of the church, or otherwise leave untied that knot, which God alone joins between man and wife, when placed before his hallowed altar.

Dr. Truman was no bigot in the church to which he was so bright an ornament. He was willing to correct, but not by means of forcible innovation, to destroy. He would alter for

the better, according to his judgment, contrivances which were human, but would never infringe upon divine ordinances. On this determination he invariably acted. Here he took his stand, and never perhaps did any man, at that time when he stood forth publicly to defend the cause of his church against those who were her enemies, acquire by his upright line of conduct, more staunch and zealous friends. His labours were not confined to that particular parish over which he was set, but when time permitted, his mind and talents, whether by his pen or his voice, were exerted, to negative false opinions which had partially gained credit among the unthinking, and influenced their conduct. He would measure swords with those who impiously resolved by repeated attacks to demolish that sacred institution from which every member of society, whatever creed he holds, or whatever discipline he supports, borrows a prayer and derives a blessing.

The reader must excuse us, if he supposes that we have at all wandered from the matter in hand, but what has been said arises almost

naturally out of the subject with which we are engaged, and when he calls to mind the times in which we write, sure we are that no further apology need be made.

The day fixed upon for these young ladies to give their hands where they had bestowed their hearts, was not far off. A few hours only intervened, and their parents were to be deprived for ever of those endearing attentions to which they had been accustomed. But there would be left one, as before mentioned, who had resolved to supply the place of those daughters transplanted to another home, who had engaged to devote her days in administering those necessary little kindnesses and endearments of which their kind benefactors would some day stand so much in need. Need we say, it was Julia, who, though she mourned to her very soul at having to lose at one stroke those who were her dearest companions, and who had been more than ordinary sisters to her, still rejoiced that the time had arrived when she would be enabled to repay—oh! no, not that, never repay, she thought to herself, but make her foster parents sensible

how deeply she felt her obligation—how grateful was her heart. But any further proof they needed not. She had already manifested herself, and they were thoroughly acquainted with the inmost feelings of the noble-natured girl; the fire which burnt within her could never be hid from the penetrating eyes of those with whom she was connected, they were perfectly sensible that a desire to serve them, a desire not to be conquered or undermined, was the only cause why she turned a deaf ear to the many tender solicitations which had been made for her hand. And although, even unto the present era of our story, these were continually repeated, Julia persisted in preserving that sacred promise entered into when was first kindled in her young bosom, that spark of reverential love which had since broke out into a holy flame, lighting up the countenance of natural beauties, and radiating those lineaments into that glow of affection which betokens an amiable and virtuous heart. Whether the resolution was wise on the part of Julia, we will not pretend to decide, but if gratitude be a virtue, then

indeed she deserves our praise, for she was resolved that that sentiment with which she burned, should manifest its active character, and evidence the love she bore to those whom from the time her lips could first lisp the endearing sound, she had called her parents.

When the eventful morning arrived, on which the young ladies were to quit the home of their earthly nativity, the hearth of the authors of their being, a melancholy cast, such as almost always happens on these occasions, spread over the sunshine which was wont to beam upon the countenance of each individual of this amiable family. Why, at so auspicious a time should clouds pass over the heaven of their happiness: only the hearts of those who have gone through the solemnly interesting scene can answer. Words can ill express the almost portentous feeling that predominates; they cannot tell of that melancholy joy, nor describe that strange pleasure on whose surface sits a chilling sensation, a deep tremulous soul-stirring awe. They cannot pourtray the heart at the moment when it anticipates future joys, but even so almost dreads the change,

when it is too full, even for tears ; when it throbs with the earnest of lengthened-out delight, but the breath is caught in the reflection, that this is a world of vicissitude and trial. There is the consciousness besides, that the pleasures admit of no sin, being an holy impulse propelled by God's command, and over all perhaps, will intrude the thought of offspring, a deep foretaste of the blessings which domestic life so prominently holds out. The parents are always anxious to see their offspring well settled, under the guardianship of some kind hand, not that they distrust their own, oh, no, but they know that they cannot always afford that protection which females so urgently require from the opposite sex. The children look forward to matrimony, not possibly from any dissatisfaction with home, not because they require any change of those joys which their own paternal hearth afforded, or from a desire to place their fortunes and happiness at the mercy of man, but from nature ; she like a tender mistress directs their thoughts and passions, which Revelation, with its silvery and zephyr-like tones control and suppress, as

“ they grow with their growth, and strengthen with their strength.” It is useless to attempt the description of that apparent woe which always reigns in the breasts of those who are about to be united in the bonds of wedlock. The parents, though eager for the event, yet dread the loss; it is indeed a trial of a nature so severe for the time, that death only could bring greater trouble to the excited mind, had he stamped upon the bride that pale mark which inevitably secures his victim. When the mother gives up her daughter, she in her distress is almost inclined to imagine, that all the affections which bound them so closely are about to be broken, or at least, that her child will transfer them from her venerable head, to those of her own offspring. She dwells upon the idea of the past, and reckons now that she has HAD so many children, and that those only who are actually under her maternal roof are to be counted as members of her existing family; not that there is the slightest diminution of affection on her part, but in her imagination she conceives that it is so, because of the shock which the impending loss has pro-

duced upon the mind, a shock indeed which naturally prepares it for that greater loss, should she be spared to meet the awful event. But it is only imaginary, though she talks of her absent children as those who *were*, still that feeling, that strong feeling which exists between mother and child, is never wholly repressed, if it even be hushed by the passing scenes in which those who remain behind take part, it bursts out with maternal fondness when she calls to remembrance past days, and when circumstances force the truth upon the mind, that those objects still remain, which in their infancy demanded her utmost attention, and drew down from heaven, in answer to her prayers, the blessings of the Almighty. The silent tear may pour down the venerable cheek, the deep drawn sigh may escape from the heaving bosom, but nevertheless we may be satisfied that God never meant to excite any other than that holy feeling when he joined man and woman together in the garden of Paradise. If there be ostensible woe in the separation, it hath its redeeming thought; it is far from real, it is scarcely momentary, for

even in the very depths of the affliction, if so we may call it, is latent that eternal joy which burns like the great luminary of day, shedding its influence and rays to chase away the mist and darkness of mortality, like a passing cloud.

Dr. Truman had resolved to have the wedding as private as possible, consequently only a few friends nearly connected with the family were invited to witness the ceremony, which was to be performed by the eldest curate. As they drew nigh to the altar a sacred silence prevailed, and never was greater religious awe observed by any party than by these three couple about to invoke the blessing of God on their future lives. On the right of each lady stood her destined partner, ready to devote himself to the happiness of his consort. Such is the usual disposition, because as some pretend the rib, out of which the woman was formed, was taken from the left side of Adam, but perhaps more properly because the man being the head of the wife, takes the most honourable place. And yet, *par parenthese*, we may observe that woman after all is the more

refined creature, which may be owing to her 'nobler birth;' how sweetly she hovers over the 'shrine and shade of our beautiful world! What a paradise she makes of that world of hallowed associations—Home! Yes,

' Hers was the nobler birth,
For she from *man* was made—man but of earth
The son of dust.'

To return—at a little remove stood the Rector ready to give his daughters away to those individuals, in the sincerity of whose attachment he entertained the greatest confidence. He doubted not but that they would love them, comfort them, honour and keep them so long as they both should live. There was besides the charming Julia, with two other bride's maids, herself surpassing all in loveliness, even eclipsing the beauty of the brides, whose fame nevertheless had extended far beyond the parish of their nativity and residence.

The curate commenced with the usual exordium—the general exhortation which is appointed to be read, to turn the mind to the solemnity of the ceremony, and to remind us

that the action about to be solemnized, although not a sacrament as in the Romish church, is, notwithstanding, of a divine origin. Then came the charge ; and as no kind of impediment could possibly exist, such as *a preceding marriage or contract, or any controversy or suit depending on the same, or consanguinity or affinity, or want of the consent of their parents or guardians*, the priest asked the *mutual consent* of the parties, even as we find that Rebekah's friends asked her consent before they sent her away to Isaac. And in the firmest kind of marriage among the Romans, which they called *coemption*, the parties themselves mutually asked this of each other. This being therefore, so momentous a custom, is for that reason taken into the Christian offices ; only among Christians the question is proposed by the priests, that so the declaration may be the more solemn, as being made in the immediate presence of God, and to his deputed minister.¹ When the questions are put to the party, the duty of each is clearly signified, and by that simple answer, '*I will,*' is

¹ Wheatly.

contained an implicit pledge to obey as far as we are able, the injunctions contained therein. After this little sentence, which sometimes requires all the nerve of the female to pronounce, was uttered in an audible manner, the celebration of the marriages immediately took place. The Doctor in answer to the Curate's question, stepped forward to give his daughters away. 'The foundation of which practice seems to be a care of the female sex, who are always supposed to be under the tuition of a father or guardian, whose consent is necessary to make their acts valid. And therefore, before the minister proceeds to the marriage, he asks, *Who gives the woman to be married to the man?* which shews too, by the way, that the woman does not seek a husband, but is given to one by her parents or friends, whose commands in this affair she seems rather to follow than her own inclinations. For which cause among the nuptial rites of the old Romans, the bride was to be taken by a kind of violence from her mother's knees; and when she came to her husband's house, she was not to go in willingly, but was to be carried in by

force. But besides this, there is a farther meaning intended by the church: for it is to be observed, that the woman is to be given, not to the *man*, but to the *minister*; for the rubric orders, that the *minister shall receive her at her father's or friend's hands*, which signifies to be sure, that the father resigns her up to God, and that it is God, who by his priest, now gives her in marriage, and who provides a wife for the man, as he did at first for Adam.¹ The priest after having received the brides from their father, and delivered them to their respective husbands, caused them, after the joining of their right hands to give *their troth* to each other, and then took the rings from the book, which had been there placed, intimating that they were to receive them from God, and signifying *a token and pledge of the vow and covenant* made betwixt the man and the wife. Each party having received the ring from the priest, placed it upon *the fourth finger of the woman's left hand*. The common belief of the origin of this practice supposes that there is a particular

¹ Wheatly.

vein in that finger which terminates at the heart, but undoubtedly the real reason is, because that finger is the least liable to receive injury. Each husband still holding the ring, gives his wife his assurance, that the ring is a visible pledge that he now takes her to be his wedded wife, and that he worships (honours) with his body, and invests her with the right of sharing his goods. When this was concluded, they knelt down to desire a blessing upon the covenant that had been made, which being concluded, the priest joined the *right hands* of the married persons, and declared in the words of our blessed Lord, that they were joined together by God, and that therefore no human power could separate them. The curate having pronounced to the people that the parties before him were legally married by the authority of *the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost*, consummated the whole with a blessing. He then returned to the Lord's table and concluded the service; after which, when the proper registry had taken place, the company returned home. They all experienced considerably better spirits

than when they left the Rectory, where they were received by Mrs. Truman, who had been employing the interval which she had, entirely to herself, in earnest prayer, that God's blessing might rest upon her daughters' heads, and that future happiness, temporal and eternal, might be the portion of each.

After the elegant collation which followed the ceremony, had been mostly discussed, our wedding parties set out, each upon different routes, to enjoy what is commonly called the honey-moon, so named, because it is *supposed* that the weeks which that period embraces, engross more of the *sweets* of matrimony than any subsequent portion of time. But this we have no hesitation in directly contradicting. They are unworthy to partake of the delights of wedlock who would limit them to any fraction of that happy state of existence; who would place any bound to their continuance, save that which death itself sets up, since nought but death can separate those whom God hath joined together. For our own part, we are persuaded that the joys of matrimony, so far from being comprised within this period, are

then but in their dawn, which length of time alone matures into the full and perfect day; nor do we believe that the sun of that day sets, till the darkness of the grave broods over the one or the other.

We are firmly of opinion, that nature has kindly bestowed on man, and on his helpmate, an ample dower of happiness. For woman, she can love her God, and yet will pray—

‘ To be forgiven for the sin
Of loving aught on earth with such a love,’

as overflows the same heart for that being, whom, next to her God ‘ she looks up to.’ And this is the very essence of woman’s love. In the interval of the honey-moon, she unconsciously commences the abandonment of herself; her former pursuits, tastes, and habits, for his; whilst his thoughts and opinions during the same critical period, receive from her’s, new impressions. Meantime each has to con- over, to teach and to be taught, lessons which require all the study and allowance of human nature; each has to observe minutely the temper, the habits, yea, the modes of thinking of

his or her partner, that they may hereafter so comport themselves, www.libbooksonline.com of a cheerful mutual denial or acquiescence in all particulars; for it is only by a mode of conduct, founded on assimilation of thought and reciprocal forbearance, that a married pair can look for happiness for the future, but which, if they so determine, they may, under God, confidently anticipate. We are of course aware, that there are exceptions owing to some undefinable causes, of dislike, aversion, and disgust in the matrimonial state. Indeed, the fact is one of every-day observation, that very amiable people, endowed apparently with every requisite for delight in each other's society, do at times appear to be unhappily matched, they are resigned, not content—there is some unaccountable jar and dissonance in their social being, like certain musical instruments, which most betray the imperfection of their construction, when the chords are perfectly in tune; there are also others who are so evidently ill sorted, that all the world wonders how they ever came together; but these are the exceptions, and we are well assured that our

readers will agree with us in opinion, that earth would be "a vale of tears" indeed, despite all its gorgeous colouring; the world would be sad, and this green fairy land worse than a wilderness, if very many blessedly happy marriages were not daily occurring in it. We wish however, that the study to which we referred above, (we mean the practice of forbearance, and the mortification of selfishness in all its Proteus shapes,) was more strictly followed. Then would those clouds and minor differences never rise up to darken the prospect, but time, as in the pristine days of our first parents, flow calmly and serenely.

The great reduction thus made in the family of Dr. Truman, could not be felt otherwise than as a severe blow by those members who remained behind. Julia was the only female companion, to whom the almost daughterless mother might turn to receive that consolation and sympathy of which she stood so much in need. To her also under the superintendance of the parents, devolved the care and management of the younger branches of the family. This proved unto her, not

merely the means of active employment, but a source of real enjoyment. To bring those little ones up in the same paths, to imbue them with the same virtues, and ground them in the same principles which had proved her stay and contributed to her peace, seemed to her the greatest pleasure she could experience. So far from considering it a task, she would have esteemed herself much worse off to have been left entirely without the occupation, and the endearments of those, whom she valued as her sisters and brothers.

The three marriages which had taken place in our hero's family, naturally roused the smothered feelings of Mr. Helps, whom our readers will recollect to have paid his addresses to Julia, but to no purpose, she strictly adhered to her first determination, and assured him as before, in the strongest terms, that until that debt of gratitude was paid, she would never give her consent even to an engagement. 'And,' continued she, smiling faintly through tears, 'now in the time of their comparatively childless state, when the demand upon my watchful care is considerably increased, and

great attention absolutely requisite, to quit their hospitable sojourn, that hath been a shelter to me from childhood—No, indeed will I not!’ Alas! hope beamed not at all for her, but still the principle of Julia withstood the attack which nature made upon her fortitude; well conceiving that it was better to follow nature’s God than nature’s self. Mr. Helps, like one who endeavoured to subdue his feelings, raised to the greatest possible excitement, seized her hand, a languid colour reddened his cheek, he sighed indeed, but otherwise silently submitted. With an attempt to a look of more composure, the rejected, albeit beloved suitor, presently afterwards withdrew from the presence of Julia.

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RESIGNATION.

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RESIGNATION.

AS may well be supposed, the remaining members of Dr. Truman's family received a severe stroke from the event which had just taken place, nevertheless it was a consolation to the parents, to see their children with the prospect of every happiness before them. The mother, as was natural, was the severest sufferer, because she missed not only the affections and attentions of her children, but that close companionship which invariably exists between mother and daughter. To be sure Julia, to a great degree, much as she felt the loss of those whom she called her sisters, supplied their place, and did every thing in her power to reconcile the mother to the separation; still the actual presence of those

whom she had been accustomed to see around her table, was wanting, which more or less at times affected her. One scarcely forebodes how ill, when put to the trial, the mind can bear to have torn from it those living objects upon which, in all the holy passion of love, it hath long delighted to expatiate. But the consciousness that they are not gone for ever, is a solace, or if haply they be, from this sublunary abode, then the good work which we endeavour to perform, in confident trust of the Redeemer's merits, keeps alive our activities, holding out the assurance of meeting them again in the Spirit, together to inhabit the mansions of bliss, of which we are persuaded, that those who had been dear to us while on earth, have only gone before to take possession.

The active employment in which the Rector was engaged, and whereon his thoughts were occupied the whole of the day, spared him many an hour of melancholy, perhaps not altogether unpleasing, which must otherwise have brooded over his soul. His indispensable duties, however, demanded the entire of his attention. But when his diurnal work was over,

and its absorbing excitement had passed away, it left him to the bitter consciousness of the great loss which he had sustained. Still, as one mourning for the death of a relative, will suddenly admit joy when the soothing recollection bursts upon him, of the happiness of that state, whither the beloved one hath repaired, so did the Rector, whenever his deprivation threatened that calm repose which constitutes the health of the mind, endeavour to parry the blow, by whispering to himself,—that although his daughters were removed from his immediate protection, still was the same kind hand extended over them, which from their earliest dawn had proved their guide and succour. Indeed this conviction, and the evident happiness which so far as in this world is attainable, the pious parents witnessed in the lot of their children, gradually brought perfect resignation to their bosoms.

There is a redeeming quality latent in all our troubles, which when we come to compare them with those of others, will almost instantaneously have a salutary effect upon the mind. Dr. Truman looked around upon his

fellows, and saw cause to thank God for his mercies. After such comparison he failed to recognize any deterioration the most trifling in his earthly lot,—nothing could have chanced to affect that enviable tone of cheerfulness with which he had heretofore been blessed. The objects of pity and commiseration, in whose way his profession frequently threw him, were alone calculated to nerve the heart to endurance. However depressed at times by passing scenes, they rendered him proof in his own person against the ordinary occurrences, the small calamities of life. There were those living, and with whom he had daily intercourse, who, but for his kind hand, would have been literally overwhelmed by the severest infliction of poverty,—would have been bowed down to the extremity of misery. Others he beheld who had sacrificed their little patrimony upon some undertaking or other, which proving unpropitious, had marred all their future prospects of life. A third class were condemned to mourn over the cold remains of their kindred, by whose aid alone, humanly speaking, they could have looked for ordinary support.

And all, more or less, were obnoxious to those worldly cares and temptations which fix furrows upon the brow, and disturb that tranquil ease which can only be verily enjoyed by those who, with an understanding heart, discern in God, the author of all things, and who act up to their belief, feeling that from his merciful hand come the issues of life and death, and that at his bidding are the various aspects of light and shade, by which the former is chequered, and the latter darkened. To all suffering under their several woes, the Doctor would bring that consolation which passes understanding, and which alone deserves the name of PEACE. He knew how to alleviate by his ministrations, the sorrows of those whom God, in order to bring about some good end, had deemed fit to visit.

Such cases as these we allude to, often, yes, very often, came under our hero's particular notice, for, as we have said, the majority of his parishioners looked up to him as their best friend, and whether they frequented the church or not, would assuredly in all time of their tribulation repair to the Rectory, to

pour out in their pastor's ears their cause of wretchedness, being convinced from experience or information, that they would experience that inward consolation, which he by means of the gospel, could so liberally insinuate. The chamber of death was no new scene to him, he could close the dying eye of the Christian with meet and holy comeliness, he could knock at the heart of the sinner, and after having gained there an entrance, knew to apply that antidote which was the only means to produce that godly sorrow, . . . that faith which worketh by love, whereby alone admission into the kingdom of heaven can be ascertained.

Continual scenes of woe were pressing hard upon the Rector's spirits, and the close attention which he found himself obliged to give to their demands occupied the whole of his time. It was about this period of our tale that one individual whose case involved somewhat of interest became the object of his ministrations. One day towards dusk he was summoned to the lodgings on the second floor of an obscure house, in one of the back streets of an adjacent town, to baptise a child who to all outward

appearance was at the point of death. He was received with mournful courtesy by the mother, who had not yet arrived at the middle age of womanhood. Her mind was obviously depressed by the loss which she was about to sustain, and which was only one link in that series of troubles to which she had been uniformly subjected since her marriage. This woman from her exceeding beauty, her native gentility of deportment, and pleasing unaffected manners, excited the most favourable interest in the mind of the Doctor. Her husband too, notwithstanding the circumstances of poverty with which he was encompassed, evidenced in his conduct that superior education which he had received, and which must have been far above his present condition in life. The lodgings were barely furnished with common necessaries, every thing bespoke wretchedness. Their vestments indeed were simple and neat, but the materials of which they were composed betokened the small sum required for their purchase. About the room were scattered papers bearing characters of different languages, from which the worthy Rector inferred their

author to be engaged in some literary employment. From the little conversation he obtained before a dying infant was introduced, he ascertained that Mr. Bennet had graduated at one of our Universities, but nothing more could he elicit, owing to the reserve in which this individual and his partner appeared anxious to enwrap themselves. The child was the only one remaining out of four which had successively demanded the ministrations of the pastor. It was very difficult at first to determine whether it belonged to the dead or the living. It was a melancholy scene. On the one side the disconsolate mother bewailed in tears her last dying child; there watched the father with a knit brow, wild death coldly played upon the front of his remaining hope, without his having the power to rescue his victim. But the Doctor was convinced that this was not the only source of that melancholy which brooded over those who were about to have the venerable name of parent torn from them by the rude hand of the destroyer. He argued from the deep sunken eye, the haggard look, and the emaciated form of Mr. Bennet,

that a yet deeper wound had been inflicted upon his constitution; but to every inquiry, however gently urged, only evasive answers could be elicited. The more he saw of this interesting couple, the more he felt persuaded that they were the wreck of some adverse fortune, which amongst other instances of ruin, must have reduced them from that station in society in which formerly they had moved.

Mrs. Bennet appeared to the Doctor's eyes without any exception the most beautiful and interesting of women that he had ever had the good fortune to encounter. To this gift of nature were superadded those truly elegant manners and accomplishments which are the certain characteristics of the well-bred Englishwoman. In her anguish and through her tears, beauty shone forth, even more radiant than in smiles, and that outward mein of comeliness which must have attracted the admiration of the dullest beholder, did not require further evidence to impress upon one, quick and vivid like our hero, that essential feminine character of which he was so ardent an admirer. When he looked around him and

perceived the deplorable scenery by which these interesting people were surrounded, the lack of those necessary pieces of furniture which is almost indispensable to the idea of home, and the trial which they had to encounter, he was grieved to his very heart. Gladly would he have placed the contents of his pocket, or a larger sum to meet their crying exigencies, but how dare he do it? Their outward appearance might not correspond with the actual state of their circumstances. Were this indeed the case, the offence which such a proffer must cause would be galling indeed. How, he pondered within himself, could he ascertain the real state of their circumstances? Those amongst whom they lived, he thought might inform him of the condition of these people who had so deeply interested him. He determined immediately upon leaving the house, to institute every inquiry, in order that he might be amongst the first to relieve those who to all appearance, stood so much in need of pecuniary aid. He felt however that his office at once constrained him, and apologized for his enforcing that spiritual comfort commonly so

welcome to us, when visited by the trying hand of sorrow. This he abundantly administered, which was readily and gladly received; and with all the gratitude of him who has just been saved from the devouring elements, or from some overhanging destruction by the outstretched arm of the compassionate. Upon the Rector's rising to depart, they politely thanked him for the services which he had rendered them, assuring him that they had only one wish, which indeed from the kindness which he had shewn to them, they trusted that they might be allowed to entertain, it was their earnest desire again to receive the comfort which his heart-cheering ministrations conveyed, and which brought them that holy peace, so calculated to still the troubled waters of the soul, and induce a sweet and lasting calm. The Doctor declared that twenty-four hours should not elapse, before they again saw him, and presently, depressed in mind by the scene which he had witnessed, he left the house.

His next object was to ascertain from the neighbours, and of those tradesmen to whom

his new acquaintances might be known, the nature of their embarrassments, and their situation in life; but his enquiries were all to no purpose, nobody seemed to be acquainted with their concerns, and not many had even heard of them; they had resided in the town but a very few weeks, and were seldom or ever seen to stir out. The Doctor persevered in his research, still without any result; the more anxiety he evinced to learn the particulars, the connexions and character of these people, the more certainly was he disappointed. At last he returned home in the hope, that the case would explain itself more satisfactorily upon his next visit. At the appointed time, the Rector proceeded to the lodgings of the Bennets. He was greeted with their hopes that the infant's life had revived, but still their melancholy remained unsubdued,

The Rector, after some introductory talk would have gladly inquired the cause, but with that delicate tact inseparable from a heart and mind like his, he apprehended that any direct manifestation of curiosity would prove disagreeable, he therefore, with whatever diffi-

culty, constrained himself to silence. The next day his wife and Julia were sent upon the same errand. Although they entered into close conversation with Mrs. Bennet, neither could get any explanation, but the silent tear, as it rolled down her beautiful cheek. For several days the mystery was unravelled. No one could tell whence they came. None knew their circumstances, or by what means they obtained subsistence. By strange coincidence however, as the Doctor passed a certain book-stall in the environs, a very old and scarce edition of the Greek Testament attracted his notice. Upon examining the volume, he found in the margins, some able elucidations and notes, which could hardly have emanated from an ordinary hand. Upon further scrutiny, he perceived upon the cover the name of Bennet inscribed. Now thought he, every thing will be brought to light; he at once demanded of the surly old bookseller, from whom he had made the purchase? This person either could not, or more likely did not think fit to gratify his curiosity. The only information he would deign to afford, was, that he had several books

of a theological description, which he had purchased of an individual at different times during the preceding week. The Doctor looked eagerly, but leisurely over the contents of each. There was one in particular which excited, not only his surprise, but we may say, almost his tears—it was a BIBLE. He could distinguish on its cover, although great care had been taken to erase the valuable document, certain words which actually melted his heart, even at the time when he had reason to feel the utmost indignation at the bookseller, for having deemed such a book as little better than waste paper. The words which affected the Doctor, were calculated indeed, one would think, to touch the heart of the proudest Felix. They were these, ‘*To my dear son John, from his affectionate Mother, Catherine Bennet.*’ Who could hold up, without a feeling of indescribable emotion, at reading this affecting sentence. Our gentle-hearted hero owned the working within, even to his inmost core. He moved from the bookseller, and averting his head, was compelled for a moment to hide his excitement in his handkerchief.

Having regained his self-possession, he ordered the bookseller to collect the volumes which he had purchased during the last few days of the person who had sold him that Bible. They amounted to about twelve, and were directed to be sent to the Rectory, the price charged without abatement was a shilling per volume. From considering the profits that these gentlemen are determined upon having, we can conceive how small the sum which he must have paid for their possession. The Bible alone was worth more than what had been charged for the whole twelve. This discovery was not to be passed over without that advantage being taken of it, which it presented to the charitable Doctor, who now had sad evidence of the extreme poverty, to which they, who were about to become the objects of his compassion were reduced. With a determination to turn to account the unexpected information which he had gained, he made his way early the next morning to the miserable abode of the Bennets. The hopes which had been entertained of the life of the poor infant being preserved, had passed away.

Scarcely a sign of life remained ; the mother was disconsolate, and like Rachel, refused to be comforted. The father appeared in a still more wretched state of mind, than the Doctor had hitherto seen him.

‘ What can I do for you in this sad hour,’ enquired the Rector, ‘ only say what you require, and nothing within the capacity of friendship shall be wanting to enable you to meet this blow. One consolation you can reckon upon,’ continued he, as the hectic flush rose in his face, from his strong anxiety in their behalf, ‘ which is, that that infant will escape the trials of this world’s woe, the cares, the dangers, the scoffs, if so it shall please God to take it at his own appointed time into his blessed abode. The infant, my dear sir, is ensured that bliss, purchased by its Redeemer’s merits. Who then ought to give way to inconsolable grief, and wish, against God’s will, to detain on this bad earth the object of his affections? He alone knows the times and the seasons when it is meet and right for us to depart from this earthly tabernacle into the glorious state of an eternal hereafter.

“Thy will be done,” ought to be our first aspiration to heaven, knowing that our will cannot avail any thing when the determinate counsel of the Almighty is fixed, and his irresistible word has gone forth.’

The Doctor here paused ; a momentary flash of hope passed over the countenance of the parents, who had been listening with the greatest attention, and then like a cloud which suddenly eclipses the great luminary of day, obscuring from the eye the brilliancy in which it is set, the remembrances of past and present woes came over their countenances, which the Doctor, by his soothing accents, had the moment before rendered calm. He again essayed sorrow’s antidote, plying them with that medicine which woe can never resist ; he repeated the application, and soon had the heartfelt satisfaction to find that he was gaining considerable advantage over their minds. The word of God was taking effect. They became passive, and after a contention between inward emotions, resignation seemed nestling in their bosoms. Presently all was quiet. It was at this moment that the Rector discovered that

the child was no more. The mother continued to hush and nurse it with the same fondness, ignorant of what had happened. She watched it for some time in death; strong hope forbade her receiving the truth, but at length the coldness in which it was now wrapped, induced her to examine the actual state of her child. Beneath her watchful gaze and eager look, its jaw fell, its eye completely closed. Hope instantaneously vanished. The sight of death was too much for the afflicted parent. At first she uttered a faint scream, but nature soon became exhausted, and she fainted. The Rector had been too long accustomed to such scenes, to lose his presence of mind. With as much composure as though he did not sympathize with their grief, he was capable of rendering every assistance. He learned that cold water was the only restorative which the house afforded. That he directly applied, and it presently produced its desired effect. The Doctor remained some time with them after the event had taken place, and at his departure, had the gratification of leaving them both resigned to the loss which they had sustained.

On his arrival at the Rectory, he packed up the books which he had purchased, and enclosed with them a sum of money, which he deemed sufficient to supply them with common necessaries, and the expences of the funeral. This parcel he directed to be left at their lodgings, with particular instructions to his servant not to disclose from whom it came. This injunction was faithfully obeyed, and only themselves can imagine the surprise which it occasioned, or conceive the miserable condition from which it relieved them.

It was not until after the funeral, that the venerable Rector went to see if any good had arisen from his secret beneficence. There certainly appeared a relief from the gloomy shade which before most constantly spread over their countenances. At times Mrs. Bennet would talk freely with the Doctor, and then again the remembrance of her present situation, the sudden consciousness of the loss which she had sustained, would force themselves upon her mind, and she became troubled and affected. Not a word was dropped by either party concerning the parcel. Mr. and Mrs. Bennet

were little aware from whose considerate hand the gift proceeded. It is not improbable they surmised that the bookseller, compassionating his forlorn and emaciated appearance when he offered the volumes for sale, and apprehending it could only be done to procure a morsel, to stay the cravings of their hunger, had, in this delicate manner, evinced his sense of their affliction. 'Still I cannot but marvel,' mused Mr. Bennet to himself, 'how this man has become so moved as to return with my books, the coin which I had given him, like Joseph restoring the money into the sacks of the Israelites, on their departure out of Egypt.'

The whole to him remained a mystery. This was not the first time that he had experienced the kindness of the Almighty, in making provision for him at a time when he least expected it. Even in the depth of his grief he felt consoled to think that God would never either leave him or forsake him; he might indeed try him by afflictions and losses, but he was confident that the fire by which he was tried, would only purify him from the dross with which his whole constitu-

tion was alloyed, and better fit him for that state of happiness, which, through Christ, he looked for hereafter.

The Doctor at last, but with all due delicacy, prosecuted his inquiries as to his circumstances, and in respect to the employment which at present engaged his attention. Still the most cautious reserve was maintained, and the reverend interrogator could elicit no information of any import. The Doctor at length assured them, that he would assist them in every possible way, if they would only make him their confidant. It was not for the sake of satisfying vain curiosity, said he, that he required to be instructed in their affairs, but to gratify his yearning to serve individuals, who, he saw, needed his good offices, and for whom he felt so deep an interest.

After having been pressed upon the point for some time, and in the most affectionate manner, Mr. Bennet made answer, ' that he could never allow himself to disclose the nature and extent of that misery with which they were surrounded ; for their reverend and kind friend would never give credit to the possi-

bility of such visitations of wretchedness as they would have to pour into his ears, and consequently must either consider them impostors, or at least as acting with the view of exciting his pity, or may be, of extorting his charity.

‘ I have seen too much of the world,’ replied the Rector, calmly, ‘ and of the scenes of wretchedness it often discloses, to allow that danger, or even the idea of it to have a moment’s weight with me. Be your story what it may, I feel that nothing can induce me to entertain a thought contrary to the veracity of your relation.

Mr. Bennet resumed, ‘ Like unto yourself, Sir, I received the most finished education which our land could furnish; I became a Fellow at —— College, Oxford, and entered the church. (the Doctor started) At that period of my life, my prospects before bright, and holding out the promise of the greatest success, gradually darkened. I married,—my fellowship of course was lost, my former friends either were removed from me, or gradually forsook me, on what account I could never ascertain. A valuable Rectory to which I

had long looked up, was actually wrenched from my hands by the treachery of one in whom I confided ; nothing was left but a small country curacy, my family at this time began to increase.' Here the poor man was unable to proceed ; the recollection of those who had been, and who now were not, was too much for his mind, which had received so many and repeated attacks, ' but,' after some pause, he continued, ' it was God's will ; yet wherefore Sir, should I weary you with a tale so fraught with woe. One may throw the pall of temporary oblivion over past misfortunes, but how after what has happened, can we cease to apprehend the future. We are yet, Sir, in poverty, and in its last and most appalling form, without an earthly friend, with a pile of bills before us and no funds, with clamorous and threatening creditors ; and but two days back, our last pence were expended for the purpose of buying bread, the sole food on which we have survived the distresses of the last three months. But, Sir, believe me, it is not idleness, nor imprudence, which has brought down these calamities upon us ; they arise from

an uniform series of misfortunes, the utter failure of every scheme which we had fixed upon for our maintenance. Every effort we made in hopes of arresting the impulse of our downward career, only tended to accelerate our ruin. Fortune seemed to frown with her bitterest look upon us, and in the declivities of life, take our course out of our own direction. Pride, that cursed pride, forbad our feeling that it was providence that shaped our ends, and always prevented me making an appeal to my countrymen, for we have no friends which might move their charity. My wife works her fingers to the very bone to meet our crying wants, but what, alas, does the heedless purchaser give for her valuable productions? Scarcely sufficient, Sir, for one day's meal. My employment, forsooth, is to supply lively and entertaining articles to but a third-rate periodical, (judge of their liveness.) Alas! Sir, before even the matter for their contents have been thought of, the articles have been mortgaged, till the proprietor says, he cannot encourage such work any longer. This journal, too, is upon the eve of changing hands,

consequently, I have every reason to apprehend that my services will be dispensed with. What then I am to do I know not.'

At this point of Mr. Bennet's melancholy relation, a loud knock at the door interrupted him; without further warning or notice of any kind, two rude fellows burst into the room, and demanded the person of John Bennet. Holding in their hands a *writ*, they appeared to exult that at last they had lit upon the object of their search.

'Not one minute can we spare you,' roughly exclaimed one of them, 'our time is too valuable to be detained here: our orders are imperative, you have only to obey.'

The sudden shock which the circumstance, and the insolent conduct of the men had upon all present was so great, as hardly to admit of description. Mr. Bennet seemed stunned by the blow, and was only roused to recollection, by the necessity which became momentarily pressing, of parting from his wife. This was too much for him; his firmness wholly gave way. The poor woman on her knees implored the officers to have mercy; she

prayed, and she entreated; she besought, she used every means to melt the hearts of these men, but to no purpose; their violence became greater, their menaces terrific. The Doctor shortly interposed; he enquired what was the sum for which Mr. Bennet was arrested, and by whom the cruel deed had been put into execution. The arrest was at the suit of a Mr. Mitchell, for the sum of £50, The Doctor offered to advance the money, and the expences of the proceeding, but for some strange cause, they assured that it was not in their power to accept it; they had only their duty to perform.

‘The *duty*,’ interrupted the Rector, ‘to separate man and wife! Cruel and obdurate men!’

‘We have no time,’ again they cried, ‘for vain vociferations.’

The distracted woman threw her arms around the neck of her husband, and frantically exclaimed, ‘Now, Sirs, we are ready, if you take him, you shall have me too; the same prison, the same bars, the same cold bed shall hold us both.’

Again they attempted to use violence to separate those who were so closely locked in each other's arms.

‘ No! my friends,’ said the Rector sternly, if you are base enough to treat a woman thus, I will never stand by and suffer it to be done with impunity. The men appeared unmoved. ‘ Quit your holds,’ he thundered out at the full pitch of his stentorian voice, ‘ If time will not permit you to witness this scene, which would melt the heart of the most savage heathen; if you will tear asunder with rude hand the most sacred tie, then, Sirs, do your duty, but mark you, punishment of no ordinary infliction must inevitably await you.’

The men, as if suddenly struck, released their prisoner; they were actually stupified for the time.

‘ Is it your intention,’ asked one of them, after some pause, ‘ to impede the execution of our warrant? Do you mean to offer resistance?’

‘ Far from it,’ returned the Rector. ‘ If your duty, as you say, constrains you to this deed of violence, you need not use force, un-

less the occasion calls for it. This poor man has signified to you his readiness to follow, he has only requested one moment's forbearance, whilst he implores heaven's blessing and protection upon his wife; yes, on that object of pity, that delicate and fainting form which your hard hands, even now outraged, and against which your harder hearts would have done violence.'

'Sir,' made answer one of the men, 'our duty *must* be done; if you can point out any milder way in which it can be performed, then do so,' evidently moved at last by the Rector's interposition, and the scene which had at length touched upon the chords of their sympathy.

'This unhappy man,' observed the Doctor in return, 'if you speak truth, must even accompany you. All I require is, that you do not tear him away at a moment's notice. Will you seat yourself for a while in the adjoining room; only do so, and I will undertake in a few minutes to deliver into your hands, your prisoner.'

The men felt ashamed of their previous

harsh conduct, and muttering a dubious kind of apology, fell back to the far end of the apartment, unwilling to retire further, imagining with the low cunning of their craft, that Mr. Bennet meditated an escape, The Doctor was completely overcome at the parting which followed. It is too melancholy to relate, suffice it to say, that the poor woman fainted in her husband's arms. Mr. Bennet committed his wife into the hands of the Doctor, and having imprinted a kiss, to her unconscious, upon her pale forehead, and implored for her heaven's protection, withdrew with a firm step in the custody of the officials.

Dr. Truman shortly afterwards called the landlady of the house, with whom the Bennets lodged, and consigned the unhappy young woman to her care. Slipping a guinea into her hand, he begged her to do her best towards the restoration of the fair insensible, and afterwards to take every care of her in her power, engaging, if she heeded his injunctions, to remunerate her to her very heart's content. This bribe was all-powerful, and the woman of the house gave the Doctor to understand that

nothing should be wanting that was in her power, towards the assistance and consolation of her unhappy charge.

In the evening, Mrs. Truman went to see her, and was sorry to learn that she had been insensible, with intervals which had been almost filled up by violent hysterics, ever since her husband had been taken from her. On her return to the Rectory, Mrs. Truman sent her own medical man to the house, together with the nurse who had been in the habit of attending upon her own family, so that she was charitably persuaded that the instructions which she had given would be obeyed, and that nothing should be wanting of which the forlorn sufferer in that wretched hour, stood so much in need.

The next morning the Doctor stood bail for the prisoner, who at once was ordered to be released; but how changed was he even in that brief space of time! A visible and affecting alteration had taken place in his constitution; his whole frame was altered; a discomfiting weakness had seized him, which appeared to have palsied his limbs. Even

upon first setting eyes upon him, the conviction that death was busy at his heart, involuntarily rushed into the mind of the Doctor. He feared the result, nay more, he almost trembled for the melancholy end which threatened poor Bennet. His wife, by the kind attentions of those around, had considerably improved, and was able to welcome the return of her husband; but the sight of his deathly countenance was too much for her. Like the Doctor, she at once observed the change, and felt convinced that another and more fatal separation impended over her. This foreboding threw her back into her late hysteric state, and the unhappy woman for some days afterwards remained without the slightest hope of a recovery. Bennet himself was fast sinking into the grave. Day succeeded day, but each found him weaker than the last. The hoarded woes of the past, the pressing miseries of the present, and the gloomy prospects of the future, combined to destroy him, and proved too much for his shattered frame to bear. He drooped and desponded; the dejection of the mind was not to be overcome; and

poor Bennet, only five days after the sudden intrusion, which separated him from his only earthly comfort, and consigned him to the disgraceful cell of a wretched prison house,—was no more. He had gone “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.”

His wife was reduced to that state of weakness, that during these unhappy proceedings, she was perfectly ignorant of what was passing. It was not until after her husband had been quietly and decently buried, that she came to her senses. She anxiously sought from those about her, whether the sufferings which her beloved must be enduring, were not too much for his fortitude, forgetful that his freedom had been procured for him on the following day. When some days after, the Doctor hoped that her mind was sufficiently prepared to receive the awful truth, he cautiously disclosed it, and contrived it in answer to that heart-rending enquiry which she continually was making. ‘He is happy, I trust,’ said the Rector. A ray of hope passed suddenly through the mind of the afflicted woman, her eye resumed its

former brightness, and her whole features beamed out with the news which she had just had announced to her.

‘Happy! happy! what, happy! away from me! happy in a miserable prison-house! Oh, sir, I cannot think this.’

‘My dear madam,’ rejoined the Doctor, in the most sympathising accents, ‘your husband, I trust, is happy; but be firm; the cares of this world are but for a moment, and those are most to be envied who are taken from them to rest in the bosom of their Maker. Your husband, I trust, is happy.’

‘Would that he were indeed in heaven,’ cried the poor woman, ‘gladly would I take his share of mortal woe upon this aching brow of mine. Oh, yes, come; all come; the pangs of poverty; come anguish; come all the trials of this world; I would endure them for him; his sacred head shall not suffer, if a woman’s cries, a woman’s tears, a woman’s prayers be not in vain—it shall not. Oh! sir, why do you shew kindness to poor wretches like ourselves? God has marked us out for ill-fortune to try her skill on, suffer her to wreck

her malice to the utmost, let us die here, we can endure it,——but, sir,——we *once* were happy.’——

Here the afflicted woman was totally overcome by her feelings, a violent fit of hysterics followed, which it required some time to assuage. Tears, however, at length afforded some relief. The Doctor again assayed to fortify and subdue her mind to receive the awful truth. He intimated to her, that there was sufficient hope held out to this world from a better, to buoy up the most calamitous condition in life, and to render it eventually comparatively happy. She seemed resignedly to acquiesce, and taking the opportunity, he at last said, ‘Your husband, my dear woman, is no more, it has pleased God to take him from his sufferings. RESIGNATION to his will alone can enable you to meet this like a Christian. *The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away; blessed be the name of the Lord.*’

‘Dead,’ ejaculated Mrs. Bennet, ‘have they killed my husband? have they murdered him, Oh, I cannot endure it all, now then, my heart must break.’

‘ Be calm, I pray thee, madam,’ interrupted the Doctor, ‘ suffer not your feelings to lead you thus away.’

But comfort from the Rector’s voice was now of no avail, the cure was far beyond his spiritual appliances. The physician being summoned, found her in a most dangerous state, insomuch that he announced it as his opinion that the end must either be madness, or death. He prescribed the most powerful medicines, caused her head to be immediately shaved, and gave particular directions for her to be kept as quiet as possible. For days she remained in that condition, wherein it is difficult for the most experienced to decide, whether life or death is ultimately to prevail. They evidently were contending for a supremacy. Hardly any nutriment passed her lips until about the fifth day, when she appeared to revive a little, but no sooner did her senses return, and the thought of her husband cross her mind, than the last blow appeared heavier than the preceding. For several weeks she continued in this distressing state, and evinced not the slightest knowledge

of what was passing, nor was any hope entertained of her recovery. The Doctor determining that no expense should be spared to save her life, were it possible, called in another physician to consult with his own. Whether a different treatment was adopted, and one more adapted to the patient's constitution, or whether time affected the change, we know not; but however it pleased God that she should live. She daily made approaches to convalescence, and by the kind ministrations of the venerable Rector, who was unremitting in his attentions, gradually became *resigned* to her afflictions. From him she acquired the conviction that we must all submit to God's will, whether he chooses to visit us with prosperity or adversity, and that whatever he wills, be it joy or sorrow, is, however imperceptible to our limited faculties, meant for a blessing.

‘ Sir,’ said she one day, ‘ I can now bear my woe, I feel that God has enabled me to bear it, I seem to have sufficient courage again to brave the trials of the world; but yet, kind sir, remember that I am childless, I *once* was

a mother, a few years have stripped me of those which would even now have been a prop to my misery. I *once* had a husband, but now I am a——widow, left alone'.—

‘ My dear Madam,’ interrupted the Rector, ‘ *thou art not alone, God is with thee.* “ Let thy widows trust in me,” said he; and believe me, never was a firm trust placed in vain upon the mercy of God, he is more than husband, or children, and can do for us more than we are able to ask or think.’

‘ That, Sir,’ answered Mrs. Bennet, ‘ am I well aware of; had it not been for his mercy, I could never have endured this trial, but I humbly trust I may have come out of the furnace thoroughly purified; one of us must one day have left the other, and thank God that I am the one deserted. I can better bear the separation. Oh, Sir, my husband at best was but misery’s wreck. The constant assaults of cruel fortune could never harden his mind, or guard it against the attacks of future infelicity; but every blow which fell upon him, rendered him less able to bear the following, and gradually hastened him to his grave. I trust, Sir, he is happy, and if so, why should I repine ?

Mrs. Bennet every day improved, both in the body and mind, and after some months was in a comparative state of convalescence. Through the instrumentality of a friend of the Doctor, she procured a small annuity, by which means, together with a school, the superintendence of which she undertook, she was enabled to pay off the whole of her husband's debts, and to become a living monument of one of our noble hero's works, and an evidence of the love which the Almighty manifests to those who submit to his visitations with
RESIGNATION.

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THE EFFECT OF THE GOSPEL.

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THE EFFECT OF THE GOSPEL.

IT is truly wonderful, thought Dr. Truman, as after several visits he, one morning, approached the residence of the old gentleman, (Mr. Tremain,) who a short time back had given himself up to so great despondency—it is wonderful when we consider the certain effect which the Gospel obtains upon the impulses of men. Even in infancy its effects fall touchingly upon the heart,—yea although free from *actual* sin, when ‘the inward and spiritual grace’ is imparted from the hands of the Deity, and the heavenly seed infuses itself into the soul, and springs up with the Christian’s growth, and strengthens with his strength. Thus fortified with this preventive grace, and the co-operative assistance of the Almighty,

he becomes an inheritor of the kingdom of heaven; the way is opened by which he MAY be saved. www.libtool.com.cn And through the instruction of the pious parent, he becomes enabled to encounter the hardships which dog the passages which he is destined to tread; and to prepare himself for another and a better world. Oh! who can forget those hallowed moments, when the parent instilled into the tender ear the inspired love from above; dropping, like the dew into the expanding bud,—those lessons of holiness, imparted, not by force, or harshness, but by the tender influence of a Mother, and in the fond and cherished hope that her instructions, like the living spark, would burst forth into action and ardour, and eventually realise that sacred wish which she fondly trusted to be registered in heaven. Who, thought the Rector, could forget that sacred time, when the soul bursting forth to fix its hold and obtain a purchase upon some object, was turned by a kind and gentle voice to God. What a scene of interest unto the memory is presented by those early days, when the heart first opened to receive the seeds of piety; when it knew no

sin, and only burned to obey and evidence its love, its respect, its duty towards those unto whom by nature's ties it felt bound so closely. The young earth in the days of creation could not have received the glorious light of heaven, by which her beauties uprose from the void and darkness with which they were environed, with greater manifestations of joy, than often will the child those religious lessons, which first turned its eyes from its naturally evil nature to that state which its Saviour wrought out amid the sufferings and tortures of the cross. It is no imagination, it is no false representation to tell of the effects of the Gospel upon the conduct of children. How often, continued the Rector, still in pleasing meditation, had he seen in the Infant School which had been formed by his own hand, its little members, so youthful in years, exhibiting outwardly and touchingly the effect which religious instruction had upon their minds; could any thing be more moving, more likely to soften the proudest heart than to see these *infants*—yes *infants*, on their little knees with hands uplifted, with piety impressed, with the

mark of Christianity beaming on the front, pouring out their praises and prayers to the great Jehovah! Only those who have them under their care, or have witnessed the interesting scene, can adequately feel and appreciate the loveliness of our religion, which while it deals out bold and awful condemnations against the more hardened delinquent, passes over the heart of the younger Christian, like the breath of the soft south, leaving those seeds of piety which one day will grow up and bring forth to the delighted eye that full and perfect fruit, alone pleasing to the Almighty. The sun shining in the firmament, emitting his powerful rays, and chasing away the hoar frost or the morning dew; the moon shedding her silvery beams, lighting the late traveller as he journeys onwards to his destined haven; the countless stars in the deep black sky, bodying forth their brilliancy over the works of creation, and shedding thereon the beauty and deep softness of heaven itself, are faint emblems indeed of the Gospel, as in beautiful mild strains it strikes upon the ear, and makes its way to the heart, dispersing the callous

film, and shewing its effects, not according to the beauty and grandeur that belong to human admiration, but in that inward purity and regeneration, which we are told the angels themselves rejoice to gaze upon. Oh! what is there that the Gospel cannot achieve? The works of superstition and idolatry crumble into dust, when with fervour and well-directed zeal the announcement from on high strikes upon their brittle sides, like the trumpet of the journeying Israelites upon the wall of Jericho. But the Gospel not only hurls to the ground all that is meretricious and unhallowed, but it builds up in their places all that is sacred and of eternal worth. Our churches,—temples wherein the poor man can join with the rich in offering up the welcome sacrifice of a contrite heart; our Infirmaries and Asylums, receiving into them all those who stand in need of the nourishing and healing hand of the compassionate; these, great God! are Christianity's works—these the results of the effective means of the Gospel dispensation. Throughout the whole range of Christendom, order and uniformity are marked in the actions

of the people. Every thing is characterized with the blessed effects of the Gospel. Indeed what should we be, unredeemed by the glad tidings of salvation? The blood of beasts would be shed, and the dry carcass offered to Deity as a sacrifice for sin. We should break into the tabernacle of life, and murder,—that dark and harsh name,—would become familiarized in the mouths of a lost, degraded, and blood-thirsty race. Anarchy and rebellion would brood over the nations, and cover us with that inundation of wretchedness, the horror of which idea can only be compared with that of the deluge, when God no longer held the winds in his fist, but bid them urge the seething tumultuous billows over an abandoned world. Oh! thanks be to God, glory and praise to his blessed name, for accepting the sacrifice of his Son for guilty man, and for sending down his Gospel, which brings with it “*life and immortality to light,*” and which even in this state of being, diffuses a new life throughout the whole frame. What inheritor of the kingdom of heaven has not felt this heavenly glow passing through him—has not

experienced the working effect of the Gospel in his heart? It is divinity that stirs within him. Alas! his own natural powers and strength, however he may try, even as wise and good pagans of yore, to exalt himself above himself, are of too earthy and degrading a nature to move the soul to purity; that naturally is defiled; but since the mission of salvation, by the blessed effects of the Gospel, it is washed and cleansed. And the love that glows within a human being, what is that? naturally a base and filthy lust, but only let the Spirit pass over it, and very soon it becometh chaste, and pure, and hallowed. Instead of, as now, bringing forth sin, it yields all that is holy and affectionate. And the heaving breast and the contrite tears excited by some holy impulse, or some celestial theme, what are they? Oh! they are indicative of God's Spirit, they are the overflowings of a kind and virtuous heart, they shew that the original hardened nature is subdued, and that more tender influences have arisen. Indeed the Gospel's effects are wonderful. In all ages and stations man is startled by its announce-

ment, as it whispers in pleasing accents the glorious works which it every where achieves, and the prospect of glory which, through no illusive vista, it holds out to its faithful followers.

While such thoughts as these were occupying, and being duly arranged in the mind of the Rector, we say arranged, for no man better knew how to discriminate between reverie and contemplation, he found himself already at the gate which led to the domicile of Mr. Tremain, he was ushered into the study of the once despondent invalid, by an old domestic; but how changed did he find the patient! Instead of the solemn melancholy which latterly had brooded over his mind, there might be recognized an evident, though internal cheerfulness, which diffusing itself throughout his manner, at once bespoke the effect which the Doctor's attendance had had upon him. As soon as he beheld his visitor he rose from his chair, and welcomed him in that hearty simple manner, so truly significant of the English heart, and so opposed to that frivolous excess of ceremony which marks the character of some of our con-

tinental neighbours. Mr. Tremain entered at once on some of the leading topics of the day, which compelled, from their nature, that degree of interest, which is proper to the bosom of those who wish for the welfare of their country. All reserve and restraint, unto which formerly he had been so habituated, was now thrown off; his whole manner was changed, his habits, his temper, in fact if we may be permitted the use of a common expression, he was another man; not that, gentle reader, we would insinuate that the change produced the slightest laxity of manner or morals. He was not transferred from the hypochondriacal patient, into the outrageous libertine; nor did he throw off altogether that religion whose misapprehended hues not long before hung like a cloud upon his brow; oh no, he did none of these; but from a dejected victim to which his false lights had gradually reduced him, he became exalted into the sincere and consistent Christian. He had learnt from the Doctor's kind ministrations, which for a length of time were regular and continued, to apply to his soul the gospel tenets, and to embrace humbly,

but eagerly, those offers of mercy which they tender to every child of despair; often prevailing on him to grapple with the enemy, and take fast hold of that anchor which secures for him, after the blasts of a troublesome world shall be hushed, and the agitations of life shall cease, the kingdom of heaven. As the disorder of the mind became thoroughly alleviated, his body, as if out of very sympathy, recovered its pristine vigour, and that in a wonderful manner, rescued, as it were, from that immediate grave into which it was descending. Nature resumed her course, the functions of life, the animal spirits, yea, every thing connected with his health appeared to bloom afresh. And as we often see first the green bud, and then the leaf peeping *again* from the bare stalk in some mild winter, evidencing at once the health of the plant, and the congenial air which tends to cherish its existence, so did the mind of Mr. Tremain, in the green winter of his age, develope those manifest tokens of weal which can be only thoroughly enforced and ripened by the genial rays of the gospel, which, when they descend upon the heart,

emit that ineffable light which shines throughout the whole tabernacle of dust, and consecrates it to the glory and love of the Deity.

In this evident and unequivocal change which had taken place in our patient, we are very far from mistaking or seeking that the reader should ascribe it to any *extraordinary* operation of the godhead, although we do with the greatest confidence aver, that the *ordinary* means of the gospel, brought about the happy change, which progressively took place under the auspices of the Rector. We are aware and grieved to tell the awful truth, that many do impiously take unto themselves the credit of having effected works which solely are in the power of God to achieve ; that many do assume to themselves an *extraordinary* faculty, even going so far as to lure the fanatic and enthusiast into a belief that they are enabled to impart the efficacy of faith—that men by an hallucination of the brain, or by the more pitiable infliction of insanity, should consider themselves inspired, we are at no loss to conceive possible. But that any individual, evidencing in his outward conduct, and the

occupation in life which he holds, that he is otherwise sane, assuring his brethren that by a particular act of Providence, he has received an extraordinary infusion of the Spirit, or by whatever other term he may choose to couch the miracle, we, with scripture on our side, but without harbouring the slightest feeling, save that of pity, have no hesitation to stamp him in our minds as an impostor. We are persuaded, glorious as the gospel is in its influence, that it never now-a-days, effects that sudden conversion so little to be trusted; that glimpse so unwarrantable, or that infallible state from which the enthusiast has asserted he can never fall. We believe, on the contrary, that its best workings are progressively wrought upon the creature, which gradually subdue his fallen nature, discover to his startled perception his bosom sin, and regenerate his life and conduct. It is this movement of the understanding which justifies him through faith in the eyes of his Maker. We believe that the seed is first sown, which requires time to bring the fruit to perfection, and which might be analogously compared to

a tree; first the blade, if we may so call it, then the tender sapling, then the tree and the blossom, and after that the full fruit upon the tree. We can never admit that any instant change, productive of lasting good, can be a mode by which, in these latter times, the gospel works. Our minds reject such fanatic marvels, and that despite the zeal and assurance with which many of our brethren would anxiously have us to believe in them. Scripture fully discloses to us that the effect of the gospel is progressive and gradual, and that the heart of man is so hard—rendered so by the nature which we have inherited from Adam, that it does verily resist the influence of the word. Were it not so, how comes it that whole congregations are not converted by the preaching of the gospel? We are constrained to confess that upon the hearts of *some* men, few we confidently hope, the gospel has little or no lasting effect; how comes it then, we ask, that its influence is irresistible, as some pretend and are desirous of having it believed? We could never have been exhorted by the Apostle to receive the Holy Spirit into our

hearts, had we not the power to resist him. Nor would St. Paul have first fed the Corinthians with milk, had they been sufficiently strong to have partaken of the more substantial aliment; which circumstance furnishes a clear proof to us at least, that the effects of the gospel are of a gradual and progressive nature. So at all events did they shew themselves upon the mind of Mr. Tremain, who was supplied with that spiritual food which eventually wrought the change to which we have elsewhere alluded.

It is no uncommon circumstance for the mind of man to feel heavy and depressed, lowered as it were in its own conceit, when it first perceives the state of degradation to which it is reduced by nature, and the latent sins which, from its wicked tendency, it readily conceives, till opportunity favoring, they burst out into actual commissions. At this time despondency will inevitably lay hold of the awakened sinner, unless religion step in and avert the destruction. The mere consciousness of sin, which sooner or later forces itself into the mind of every man, torments beyond

description, and beats down every placid emotion which would vainly endeavour to oppose and to allay the internal conflict. The man who lives without God in the world, whose thoughts are unhallowed by the slightest touch of religion, has that continual gnawing at his soul, incompatible with serenity, and which must derange the whole mental economy, so burdened with the severest of all pressures. Indeed, such a mode of existence not seldom terminates in the awful condition in which the Rector found Mr. Tremain; and why is this? simply because sufferers will not have recourse to the only true remedy "which giveth life to them that have it." Under the influence of the soul's dejection they will not drink at that font, whose waters alone can refresh and purify; in short, they disregard the truths of the gospel, and refuse to embrace them. They are unwilling to apply to their souls the healing antidotes which those good tidings afford, and thus does the remembrance of their sins become grievous, and the burden of them intolerable. Such cases as these had often chanced to fall under the Doctor's notice, but hitherto not one where

circumstances permitted, without his having suggested and applied that consolation, which those who can be prevailed upon to resort to, and stick fast by the gospel, for a certainty secure.

Mr. Tremain in particular, long continued a living monument of the gospel's effects, and of the benign manifestations of our venerable hero. The whole family were inducted into a new state of being, and peace was infused through the bosom of every individual, whilst before, to that degree of wretchedness were they brought from witnessing their father's sufferings, that his departure would have been as much a release to them as to himself. But God determined otherwise; by his all-wise and unerring counsel, mercy was shown at a time when least expected. By the gospel's means, a thorough reformation was effected, and one, which no other hand or power could accomplish but his, who has assured us that if we ask we shall receive, and if we firmly rely upon the merits of the Redeemer, whether we be tried by a lingering ordeal of woe, or taken from the world with but little warning, we shall be sharers of the joys which are reserved in heaven for the children of God.

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THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

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THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

THE Reader who has perused the first volume of this work, cannot have forgotten the state of suspense in which the Doctor had left the family of the name of Hopkins. Their son, be it remembered, had been wounded by a Frenchman in a duel. When we referred to the circumstance, the extent of the injury was not known. Mr. Hopkins hastened to the continent, and found the youth severely, but not mortally wounded, only what the professed duellist would call 'winged,' having received the ball of his antagonist in his left leg. As the good-meaning sire entered the chamber where his son was lying, having been accustomed to the comforts of an English home, he

felt completely astounded at the scene which presented itself. The wounded man was reclining upon a bed in one corner of the room, which indifferently appeared to serve the uses of a dormitory and a sitting room. A huge curtain flung down from the ceiling its voluminous fold, which, when it was considered requisite, enclosed the bed from view. The only covering which the floor could boast of, consisted of a little sand ; and the furniture, if such it could be called, was of the most ordinary and poverty-stricken kind. A rough-spoken uncouth damsel introduced Mr. Hopkins to the apartment, which was already occupied and nearly filled, since it was a small room, with persons of that cast and appearance, commonly yclept the shabby genteel. These were smoking, and swearing, and laughing, as if excited by some cause of merriment. When the father passed into the apartment. The eyes of the son immediately lit upon the old man, and he almost involuntarily lifted himself up in bed to receive him. A mutual embrace followed, neither could withhold their tears. ' Only tell me, my son,'

demanded the Father, in broken accents, 'are you mortally wounded.'

'Otherwise, indeed, my Father! I have but a slight graze, which the surgeon here assures me will soon be healed.'

'Did you but know,' continued the old man, 'of the sorrow which you have caused your parents, your poor mother, who only just returned from abroad when I left home, had immediately to be conveyed to bed, where I fear she has been confined ever since, and,'—here the tears of the afflicted parent again poured down his venerable cheeks, and his utterance was completely choked, which the Frenchmen observing, made a few rough comments and jeers, when one of them, apparently a little more accessible to the 'milk of human kindness' than the rest, exclaimed,

'Oh! mon dieu! allons, allons mes compagnons.' Upon which they retired, leaving the Father and the Son alone.

Presently the surgeon came and dressed the wound, and to the joy of both, announced that in a day or two, the patient might be removed. Not to dwell upon the matter, we will only

add, at the specified time they found themselves on the road home, when peace for a while was partially restored.

One would have thought that a reasonable mind would have been satisfied with this incident, and received it as a lesson to be more wise for the future; but not so with John Hopkins. Even experience, the fool's wisdom, was of no use to him. The seeds of dissipation had been too thickly sown, and the harvest was not yet in. France had corrupted him, nothing would induce him to settle quietly with his family; a mother's tears, a sister's prayers, a father's threats were of no avail—ruin was his doom. In vain did Mr. Hopkins try to persuade him to follow the business, from which he had amassed so large a fortune; every endeavour to arrest the progress of ruin, was to no purpose. The glass trade appeared to him not sufficiently *respectable*. His education disqualified him for so mechanical a pursuit, and as a climax—He positively refused every offer which was held out to him by his indulgent father. He would be nothing! but he became something, and in a very short time

. the disgrace and the destroyer of his family.

Having lived in France, and being an idle man, a man upon town, with, as it was supposed, a large fortune, at least in expectancy, distinguished moreover by what he considered a notable and proud mark—a scar, which indicated his nice *honour*, he soon found himself in a *set* which were after his own heart. Extravagance, gambling, rioting, and drunkenness, were the pursuits of this *rouè*, besides indulging in other bad passions, the satiating of which was his object. Home to him had lost its charms, he looked upon it as the dullest of all places. In vain did his sisters try to amuse him, in vain his mother intreat of him to make himself content, and lavish tokens of affection on him. He would not be persuaded to his good. Like most fond mothers, Mrs. Hopkins was blind to his follies; she it was who continually supplied his empty purse; she it was who paid his gambling debts, which he easily persuaded her were *bonâ fide* debts of honour; she it was who quieted the father's discontent, and appeased

wrath, even when it inferred the correction and consequent amendment of her eldest-born. Yes, she it was, who by these means only accelerated the catastrophe of their ruin. Alas! how many over-fond mothers do we see blinded by love, unable to descry their children's faults, apparent to the rest of the world, till they make themselves fearfully responsible for the sins and crimes of the deadliest die.

There gathered about John Hopkins, as carrion flocks over the dead, the lowest and most determined set of gamblers, who were bent upon fleecing their victim. From the smallest stakes he rose to larger and larger,—but no matter. Whatever the amount, they all went the same way, into the hands of those who were resolved to make a harvest at his expense. There were times when the dreadful thought would cross his mind with the pang of a nightmare, that he was being made the dupe of foul-play. But immediately he shook off the suspicion as he would a viper. So admirably did they comport themselves and adjust their proceedings. So wise did they play their cards, with that *sang froid* and off-

hand sort of manner, proper to sharpers, that his suspicions were no sooner excited than they were removed. They would allow him to pocket a small stake, with the view of encouraging him, and enticing him to play on, but they invariably took care shortly to win it back with interest. Night after night went on, and each opportunity brought with it fresh losses to this unhappy young man. It was impossible for it to last long—it could not. But he was completely in their power. Already he owed them large sums of money. Willingly did they cash his I. O. U's, and to any amount—they knew their man. Ah! little did his mother surmise the extent of his debts at this time. The interest of her fortune was already involved to satisfy his daily demands; what then was next to be done? she could not resist—the principal was placed at his mercy. The allowance which Mr. Hopkins gave to his daughters, was also greedily seized upon by this inveterate gambler; yea, it was literally wrenched from their hands, so cunningly did he plead poverty as his excuse; but more, he would actually mortgage the little

income which served for the ornaments of their apparel;—those elegances of dress which the sex so delight in, and which it is cruel to deprive them of. But love of kindred, ‘the compunctious visitings of conscience,’ are unknown to the fated gambler. Let all who enter upon that dreadful career, reckon ‘in the end, to own a heart harder than the nether millstone.

The pitiable, the almost disgraceful appearance which his sisters cut, had no influence on John Hopkins. Indeed, so hardened had he become, that we verily believe at this time, he would have taken a part of their food to satisfy his prodigality. To what a state of mind was he reduced! When he came to reflect, in the very few solitary moments which he possessed, the thought of what he was, and what he might have been, was sufficient to damp the few sparks of hope that at intervals, though but seldom, would rise in his bosom; a worm might have crushed him; conscience sat upon him heavily, his spirit became literally broken; a constant application of brandy alone kept him alive; draught after draught was

eagerly quaffed, as the only cordial to nerve him for the gambling-table.

Oh! thou fatal spirit of gaming, what fiend is more terrible than thee? What art thou like? Surer than the spark which is applied to dry and combustible matter, is thy hellish work! Like Fame, thou acquir'st new strength by progression!

' Monstrum, horrendum, ingens : cui quot sunt corpore plumæ,
Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.'

Oh! thou art more deadly! The viper's sting, under which sits cool poison, is mild to thy virulence, thy father is the Devil, but thou art ten times more wicked! How many female hearts hast thou caused to bleed! how many mothers have sunk into their graves untimely! how many prison floors have held the bones of thy wretched victims. It is thou who art the origin of the foulest crimes which Satan in his most malignant mood can tempt men to commit. Suicide! theft, murder, forgery, heart-breakings, in their ten thousand modifications, are all thy children! Wildered by thy bad suggestions, thy malesuadæ wiles,

men are rendered accessible to imaginings of unknown horror—thou causest more deaths than any fell disease, and yet thou art permitted to exist ! O rare laws,—equitable laws !

After young Mr. Hopkins had sacrificed the whole of his mother's fortune, the selfish devil within aimed at the great savings which the industry and skill of his father had scraped together from a lucrative business. His wife was continually asking for money ; his daughters, urged on by their brother, multiplied their applications to an enormous extent. What could the poor old gentleman do ? he had not nerve strong enough to resist their intreaties, he preferred living peaceably and quietly during the remainder of his life, to standing out against their solicitations, a course which he apprehended would occasion some kind of schism in his family. Bill after bill came in, which for his honour's sake he instantly paid, but the gambling debts were kept entirely in the back ground. Nobody, not even their owner, knew the whole extent of them. Day after day brought fresh losses ; day after day additional causes of

grief to his distracted mind. Ruin had long with a ghastly eye looked him in the face, but he was unable to encounter her terrible and hideous glare. He shrunk from the truth, for 'twas of aspicks' tongues;' but alas! it was all in vain, the crisis of his worthless existence had arrived. The rascal crew of sharpers had utterly fleeced him. He now premeditated every crime; in the morning, he would resolve, upon waking, at once to put an end to his existence; at evening, when his spirits by drugs and brandy were stimulated, forgery was the idea he loved to dwell upon. A terrible end awaited him. And what awful catastrophe does not make a meet close to the gamester's career? Is not sudden death or ruin, and certain degradation, the inevitable consequence! Once begin to satisfy the idolatrous worship of the gaming table—the auri sacra fames, and—alas! that hideous idol which presides will never cease till she degrade humanity to a level with the foulest aspect of hell. No man ever escaped in one shape or another, the consequences; no man ever will. Like a train of gunpowder, when

a spark is applied to the minutest particle at one end of it, the whole is sure to ignite, so let the spark of gambling once affect the volition, and all the unholy passions are in immediate conflagration; social affection becomes degraded to selfish ends, love turns into revenge and cruelty, the pleasures of home grow insipid, the soul feels itself polluted, the reason totters, the mind seeks refuge in distraction, and, as a climax, death in all its horrors too often supervenes.

The various devices which this young man's associates resorted to, in order to swindle him out of his property, we cannot, were we even inclined, here dilate upon. Their plots were too base and villanous for us patiently to record, or for the reader to endure the relation. When the gang of swindlers found that he had lost all he had to cast away, they repaired to his father's residence, and demanded payment of him; and to that degree did they threaten the old man, that for his own safety he was at last compelled to cash them. Oh, monstrous, most of these promissory notes were forged: others were for double the amount

which they ought to have been. These things of course, reduced the family considerably. They were necessitated to remove themselves from the house in which they had theretofore resided, to one considerably smaller. Their late mansion soon after was offered for sale, together with the costly furniture. They only fetched half their value. The family now were obliged actually to fix upon some plan to meet the necessary expences of housekeeping. Their credit was lost, their happiness of course with it. Unaccustomed poverty, with her usual accompaniments, wretchedness and despair, stared them in the face; all these things, however, had no kind of effect upon the cause of their misfortunes; he was too hardened to give hope of a change, too fallen in the scale of humanity ever to rise; his honour, which at one time he had boasted of so largely, was now lower than the dust; he had no principle left; and as for his feelings, that true and honourable feeling which ought to have evidenced itself in contrition and compassion for his kindred, alas, it rested not in his bosom. His crimes had reduced his body as well as his

mind; he was now but a wreck of what he was, a walking skeleton, emaciated to a degree, his eyes were sunk and reddened. The infirmities of old age seemed overtaking *the youth*. He heeded not, he was tired of his existence; gladly would he have cut that thread by which his life was now held together, but he dared not; startled at the deed, his resolution failed him, the horrors of the next world instantly burst upon him, when he entertained the idea; even the spirits which he drank down, could not madden his resolution to the requisite point. Finding himself utterly incapable to accomplish his deadly purpose, like other men so reduced, he vowed revenge upon his plunderers. We know not whether it would have been better had he fulfilled the first suggestion of his evil nature, than to have made the fiendish motive of revenge his scape-goat. He appeared determined,—he swore that he would sacrifice one and all of them. But what was it this young man did, before he brought his act to second his resolves? How can we tell the horrid TRUTH! one's blood almost curdles in the narration, but we nerve

ourselves, in order to show in what horrors gambling will eventuate. If the recital, (please God,) avert a single ruin, we are more than recompensed for the task we recoil from. His Father resolved to pay no more bills, or to hold himself further liable for any payment, but the youth was not of age by one month, the father could not resist, in vain did his parents implore, in vain did they point out to him the misery to which they were reduced through his villany. but to no purpose; he would when he left the house, laugh at their woe, yea, he would with a fiendish smile, cry out to himself, poor creatures, in the most contemptuous tones imaginable.

But what did he do before he stamped himself murderer? He swindled his own father out of the last shilling he possessed, and stole from his sisters the little earnings, which they by parsimonious industry had obtained. A forged check was presented by the son himself at the bankers, and forthwith cashed. Perceiving the son, they entertained not the slightest suspicion; nor was the deed discovered until the father went to the bankers himself, to draw out to discharge his rent. Judge of his

amazement, when he was informed that the last shilling had been paid into the hands of his son a few weeks previously. The poor old man would have dropped instantly on the floor, had not some of the clerks, perceiving his consternation, run round and caught him. For some time he was insensible : no sooner did he come to himself, than another fit succeeded ; a doctor who had been sent for, bled him copiously, and after a short time he again revived a little, sufficiently so to return to his abode—home no more. But how could he disclose to his wife what had happened ? she herself was at the point of death. Her heart had long been breaking. The wretched father was likewise considerably reduced in health, but still for his daughters' sake, he bore up against the shock as well as could have been expected. The bankers having by some unwitting expression of Mr. Hopkins, ascertained all the circumstances, behaved with the greatest liberality. They would however have persuaded the swindled parent to allow them to prosecute his son, as being the remedy most likely to save him from utter destruction.

‘What,’ said the poor man, with tears bursting from his eyes, and perspiration at every pore, (Reader, allow us to remark, *such words have been spoken,*) ‘prosecute my son, my only son! oh, no, never, he may beggar me, but I will never appear against him in a court of justice. He would have inherited my wealth, but now must inherit my misery and wretchedness, and if they only afflict him with a tenth part of the severity with which they visit me, he will have his reward.’

The bankers said every thing in their power to prevail upon Mr. Hopkins to change his determination, but it had no effect, he persisted in being left the sufferer. During these sad reverses and misfortunes, it is not to be supposed that our venerable hero was absent in his attentions upon the family, his visits now were of daily occurrence. By his means, and influence over some of his friends, Mr. Hopkins was enabled to open a little shop, which could ill meet their expences; however it afforded them the necessaries of life.

It was in such vocations that Dr. Truman’s nature blazed out; his soul loved as it were to

expatiate itself in benevolence, and he approved himself the greatest friend which Mr. Hopkins and his family in this time of their tribulation were possessed of. Many of their former friends dropped their acquaintance in their adversity. Not so Dr. Truman, he assiduously administered every thing which might contribute to the comfort of these wretched people, in that hour of their trial; it was indeed a sad hour: the once wealthy tradesman, who had retired with an ample fortune, amidst the luxuries of an English home; the once happy mother, rejoicing in the prospects of her only son; the sisters looking forward to the protection of an endeared brother. How were they now plunged from that state of calm and quietude! how changed the scene! Wealth, with the wings almost of a morning, had vanished; luxuries had fled; the mother's hope, erst so vivid, had been darkened like the sun by some terrible storm. But she could anticipate no ray of happiness to pierce the clouds of shame and agony. The sisters' protection was turned into anticipated orphanage. There they would be left on the highway of the world, exposed to

its wiles and seductions, and the whole family were cast upon a rock, like some mighty wreck, at the mercy of the wild waves, to play upon and dash to fragments.

Mr. Hopkins divulged the whole affair of the forgery of his son to Dr. Truman ; having first obtained his promise that it should go no further. The doctor coincided in opinion with the bankers, that the occasion presented the very best opportunity to stay the course of the impetuous youth ; but no, the old man would not listen to their counsel ; he preferred dying in his reduced state, overwhelmed by misery as he was, to being instrumental in sending his son out of the country. The shocking circumstance we have related, was kept from the knowledge of Mrs. Hopkins, wherefore we hardly know ; had it been told her, she would either have wholly disbelieved it, or have considered that some deeper trickery than that of her child had been at work. She all along felt, as undoubtedly was the case, that he had suffered himself to be led into the snare of the fowler ; and were he to return to her as the penitent prodigal, how gladly would

she have forgiven all that had passed. She would have devoted her days, yes, every moment of her existence, to promote his happiness, if he would only return to his home, and lead a quiet and reputable life. But alas! like the wildest animal of the forest, he had no home—his nights turned into days, and his days into nights, he went prowling about like an outcast and an exile.

It was now sometime since this young man had visited his family. As soon as he found that not one of them had any thing more to spare towards his excesses, he left them with as little concern as if he had no connection with their name and fortunes. His father and mother scarcely knew whether he was dead or alive. Happy had it been for them had he been dead, or had he never been born.

Mrs. Hopkins continued in a very weak state of health, from which, owing to their dreadfully depressed circumstances, there appeared no chance of alleviation. And how cutting was the reflection, that her own declining state, and all these accumulated woes, were brought on by one of her own children,

about whom for many weeks she knew little or nothing.

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Matters for some time seemed to remain in this deplorable state, until the progress of events wound up the affairs of the family, and brought them to a crisis. The reader of the foregoing pages need not be told that Dr. Truman was chaplain of the jail. One day after passing through several strong portals and dreary passages, he was ushered into the same cell in which he had attended Harry Seymour. It was the ward wherein those who stood charged with blood-guiltiness were usually confined. A small lamp placed on a natural shelf of the earthy wall, cast a flickering light over the sad receptacle, and faintly illumined the table before which the prisoner was seated, with his forehead supported by his two hands, and weeping bitterly. The wretched captive raised his head as the door reclosed on its hinges, when judge of the Rector's surprise to behold the features of John Hopkins !

‘What,’ he exclaimed suddenly, thrown off his guard, ‘what can have brought *you* here.’

Then recovering from his momentary surprise, he added, 'Oh! I see—forgery.'

'Forgery!' echoed the keeper, who had taken his station near the portal, 'forgery! that youth, Sir, stands charged with murder—murder, do I say—of murders, Sir—two, three, or four of his friends has he sent ere their time to their last reckoning.' Having thus spoken he withdrew, shutting after him the door of the cell, with a force which resounded along the gloomy passages like thunder. The Rector and the prisoner were left alone.

For a length of time Dr. Truman was unable to say a word; he felt literally unmanned. The thought of the youth's mother came across him, the poverty to which the family was already reduced, the sure death-blow which the intelligence of their son's deeds would prove to Mr. and Mrs. Hopkins. He trembled, he put his handkerchief to his eyes, and casting himself upon a stool, wept like a child. Never before had he met with so young a prisoner charged with murder. But it is impossible! hope whispered to him—there is some mistake; or at least passion, or the effects

of liquor must have directed his hand. He rose from the stool and fronted the prisoner,—who, however, whether willingly or otherwise, seemed determined not to heed his presence. By this time the Doctor had partially recovered himself out of the great excitement into which he had been so suddenly thrown. He spoke to the criminal—but he made no answer.

‘John Hopkins,’ resumed the Doctor, after a pause, gently laying his hand upon his shoulder, ‘I am here to offer you comfort, I am come to minister peace to your troubled conscience.’

The young man suddenly again raised his head and disclosed to the startled gaze of the Rector, his emaciated features. Oh! they were horrible to behold! his eyes deeply sunk in their sockets, and blood-shot to a degree, seemed to glare with inward emotions; his hair stood erect; he looked, if we may be allowed a classical allusion, like one of Chaucer’s grim ghosts, whom we are told inhabit the confines of Hades.

He sighed, and then with a kind of half yell, like the inarticulate expression of a maniac, once more dropped his head.

‘Come, come,’ said the Rector in a firm but soothing tone of voice, ‘tell me what has happened, that I find you within this prison; what makes your conscience sting you to this degree—you have a soul that may be saved alive—there is balm in Gilead for despair. Christ died for you, Sir. Your sins I fear are as scarlet. . . . Arouse ye, Sir—Repent, there may be yet peace. . . . Repent—and I tell you, as unto a dying man, Your sins may become white as snow!’ The manner in which these awful words were enunciated reanimated the prisoner, he fixed his ghastly eyes upon the reverend speaker, and though his countenance was wretched to excess, still a light, however faint, spread momentarily over it. The Doctor drew towards him a chair, and seated himself by the prisoner’s side, when suddenly the wretched man exclaimed, ‘How can the eyes of a murderer meet those of innocence. Sir, the crime of murder is on my soul and has brought me here, but I deserve the future, and am prepared to meet—’

‘Not eternity, young man,’ interrupted the Doctor with earnestness.

‘Hell! Sir, hell!’ rejoined the prisoner, as his countenance scowled almost with fury, ‘to offer peace to one of hell’s children is vain; if you would do me service, leave me to my solitude, leave me to these pangs, to these furies which lash my troubled soul! Leave me, Sir, to — die. But I cannot die, would that I could die, that my soul might flee at once to her destiny. Doctor, Doctor, leave me.’

‘Be calm, my friend, God may be merciful even at the eleventh hour to those who hear his voice.’

‘His voice I have heard,’ replied the prisoner, ‘once it whispered kind and gentle admonitions; but now it threatens terrors inexpressible.’

‘Sir, fear not,’ rejoined the Doctor, ‘if any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father; Jesus Christ, the righteous, and he is the propitiation for our sins.’

‘What! will He, He, He, a name my polluted lips dare not let pass,—will he propitiate the sins of a murderer, whose sins are of the deepest die? May be a parricide? Kind Sir, my—mo—ther! my mother! does she yet—does she yet live?’

As may be supposed, at this touching question, tears involuntarily started to the eyes of the Doctor, it was utterly impossible for him to restrain them. After a little pause, the Rector took his hand, and with a look that must have moved the most obdurate heart, made answer—

‘Thy mother, Sir, is alive, and if her prayers be heard by heaven, we have yet hope.’

‘Of what?’ demanded the prisoner.

‘Of mercy there,’ continued the Rector, ‘whose object is to show mercy to such as thou art.’

It would only be to harrow up the feelings of the reader, to describe any more of the touching scene which took place between the prisoner and the chaplain, They remained together above an hour, when to the inexpressible happiness of Dr. Truman, he found that he had partly gained his object. The youth was now inclining to penitence. The Doctor read a chapter from the Bible, that which contained the parable of the prodigal son, to which he attentively listened, after which he joined most fervently in prayer.

During the time the Rector was with him

he divulged to that reverend gentleman his crimes. Oh! gracious heaven! what a catalogue of sin! There was scarcely a crime in which he had not been a partaker. He confessed, as a climax of his iniquities, that with his own hand he had rid the world of three villains. The Doctor's blood curdled at his narration. At the prisoner's solicitation he promised to apprise his family of his situation, and engaged to return early the following morning. The change which, during the short time the Doctor was with him, had been wrought upon the mind and conduct of the prisoner was remarkable. He had before been wild and frantic in his discourse and behaviour. Now he appeared comparatively at peace; he evinced the tokens of unfeigned contrition; he desired a Bible and Prayer-book, which having been procured, he promised to employ himself in reading several passages, which Dr. Truman marked for him. He expressed himself resigned to the death which he was about to suffer. His trial would come on in less than a week, when the last curtain would fall over his course of wicked-

ness, and his awful end hold out to mankind even in this world, a terrible instance of THE EFFECTS OF SIN.

The Doctor, as he left the jail, could not help feeling the task which was allotted him, to be a most painful one. He could see cause to apprehend the most fearful consequences from abruptly making known to the parents the situation of their only son. But he had given his promise, there was no time for hesitation, it was not for him now to recede—he almost trembled. He learnt the full particulars of the deeds which the prisoner had committed, and with a slow step proceeded from the jail to the humble abode of the parents of the murderer. The shop was closed! That the death of Mr. Hopkins had evened was naturally the first idea which struck the Rector; however, he knocked, and was immediately admitted by the youngest daughter, who had seen him approaching the house; without the interchange of a single word, for both their hearts were too full, the Doctor was led into a small back room. Oh! the scene, which there presented itself!—will it ever be erased from the

memory of our venerable hero? it can never be. Mr. Hopkins, with his two daughters, were seated before a small fire, almost decayed to embers, with their eyes fixed upon the few remaining sparks, as they one after the other retired from their gaze. Upon their seeing the good man they burst into tears, unable to welcome him by any other tokens of affection. But these were most significant. For some time they remained in the same posture, dissolved in grief, and otherwise silent. The melancholy tableaux was broken by Mr. Hopkins, who looked round to find a chair for their reverend visitor; but there was not a seat, save those which they had just occupied. That very morning had seen almost their last pieces of furniture carried off to the pawnbroker's to procure for them a meal. Mr. Hopkins himself, was dressed in plain clothes, made of the coarsest materials, and the habiliments of the young ladies were of a like mean and ordinary description. When the Rector first entered, he had not noticed a bed in a corner of the room, on which, however, his eyes presently fixed in mournful observation. It did not

own the ornament or comfort of curtains, and he immediately recognized the object that was upon it. The reader need scarce be told that it was Mrs. Hopkins. The poor lady was not yet deceased. Her hand, cold like marble, was outstretched to receive the Doctor; her face was pale,—oh! it was deadly pale; she looked as if her winding sheet was wrapped around her; but she appeared not melancholy, at least not so melancholy as might be expected. Like a spark which will blaze out at the instant which precedes dissolution, the departing spirit appeared to have revived ere its final exit from this state of being. She discoursed freely, with the Rector, though in broken gasps. She said she felt happy that now she knew the worst. The Doctor heaved an involuntary sigh. She said that her greatest pain consisted hitherto in the nervousness of apprehension, but that now she was relieved. She partly confessed that by a long series of weak, misplaced, and SELFISH indulgences to her son, she had contributed in no slight degree to his ruin, and hoped that the sin would be forgiven her.

‘ Have you yet seen —— my ——boy.— Have you —— to-day, Doctor,’ asked the expiring woman. www.libtool.com.cn

How could the Rector answer, and yet again how could he lose the opportunity of breaking the awful news.

‘ Oh! tell me, Doctor, quickly,’ continued Mrs. Hopkins, ‘ have you seen John to-day? how does he endure the rough irons?’

This was a relief—the Doctor perceived that they knew all.

‘ Yes, my dear madam, I have conversed with your son, and not an hour gone by.’

Here the features and horrible countenance of the prisoner recurred to the mind of the Doctor, he averted his face to conceal his grief.

‘ No, not so, gentle Sir,’ said Mrs. Hopkins, ‘ if a woman can endure this woe, if a mother can bear a murderer—a murderer of men—a parricide——why should you tremble under it?’

When she had, in faint tones, delivered these words, the Doctor turned his head, and stooped to offer some comfort to the distracted parent,

to convey to her the delightful assurance that her son, though a murderer, was penitent. But he started with horror—the eyes he meant to have looked into with consolation became closed, and her jaw partially fallen. Dr. Truman seized her by the hand; it was cold—so cold, that death, he thought, must be upon it; he watched the pallid hue which overspread her countenance, without loosening his hold of the deadly hand; for several minutes he remained in this situation. The chamber of death was hushed—none ventured to stir to ascertain the event. Presently our reverend hero fancied that he felt the hand move in his grasp—and upon observing further, he found she had only swooned; the excitement had been too much for her. After her recovery, Dr. Truman, considering her weak state, deemed it best to say no more upon the subject, he beckoned her husband into the adjoining room, and reported to him the actual state of his son, assuring him that he was penitent. The old man appeared to be greatly relieved. The Rector having given his promise to return on the morrow after he had seen the prisoner,

was led to the door by Miss Hopkins, into whose hand he silently slipped a sovereign.

The remainder of that day, and the night that followed, were spent but restlessly by the Doctor. He could not relieve his mind of the idea of so young a man led on from crime to crime, hovering on the verge of eternity. He could not forget the situation of his parents so reduced, and the ill state of health of his mother in particular, these all arose to his thoughts to disturb his peace of mind; he grieved in his heart, and suffered severely from what he had gone through, and the apprehension of what further he had to witness and endure. He related the whole of the mournful circumstances to his wife and Julia. They united their sympathizing griefs to his, and fixed upon a plan which they hoped would tend to comfort these unhappy people.

Very early the next morning, the Rector, according to promise, repeated his visit to the prisoner; he found him broken down and low spirited, but much calmer than when he conversed with him the preceding day. He seemed resigned, and spoke calmly of the un-

happy death which awaited him. He told the Doctor, that during the night he had read over several times, all the passages which he had marked, and had derived considerable comfort from their perusal. He added that he had often been upon his knees. He said that it was impossible for him to sleep quietly, for if even, worn out by fearful meditation, sleep for a short time did overtake him, his dreams were terrible—awful—intolerable; he preferred to keep awake if possible, however preyed upon by a guilty conscience, and the tearings of remorse. The Rector remained with the penitent prisoner for above an hour, and then departed, to report to his parents the very favourable change which had taken place in their son; for he really had derived considerable benefit from the administrations of the venerable man.

When the Rector entered the miserable tenement of Mr. Hopkins, he found that some kind hand had already been there.

He was no sooner ushered into the room, where, as on the day before, these living objects of misery were collected, than he observed that

the death-couch of Mrs. Hopkins had been draped with curtains. Several pieces of furniture were added, which contributed to throw an habitable air, and a degree of comfort over the apartment, which strikingly contrasted with its appearance on the preceding day. The Doctor made no inquiries, and it was not until some time afterwards, that by mere accident he discovered, that the fair Julia and her maid had sat up during the whole of the night, to fashion and finish the making of the curtains which, to the Rector's surprise, inclosed the poor woman, and it was the same good charitable girl who had redeemed the pieces of furniture which he saw in the room. Mrs. Hopkins appeared to be more composed; the Rector talked much about her son, and dwelt with considerable force on the favourable state of mind in which he appeared. The intelligence evidently caused her no small gratification. She even promised herself, she said, in a day or two, if she proved well enough, the melancholy consolation of visiting her son. The Doctor would have persuaded her against so rash an act, but to

no end ; she was determined. Her husband did all that was in his power to banish the idea of such an undertaking from her mind. No, she invariably made answer, this is one of the only wishes I have in this life, I have set my heart upon it, and feel that I should leave the world in comparative happiness, were I permitted my dying aspiration.

The Rector half apprehended the result. It might indeed, thought he, produce a further beneficial effect upon the prisoner ; such a thing was just possible, it might induce thorough repentance ; but what, on the other hand, if it had a contrary influence ? what, if such an interview should be the means of undoing all that had been wrought upon his mind ? He felt persuaded that the youth was in a critical state, and human resolutions at the best are inconstant. He doubted, moreover, the effect which the terrible excitement would have upon the mother. But he saw no help for it. He mentioned Mrs. Hopkins's intention to visit the prisoner, who appeared delighted at this evidence of his mother's undiminished affection for him.

The day of the trial was fast approaching, the Rector repaired to the house, not without entertaining hopes that Mr. Hopkins had by this time persuaded his wife against her intentions,—he was disappointed. The wretched but fond parent was already dressed for the purpose, nothing would dissuade her. The parting with her children and husband was terrible, she kissed them over and over again, and gave them her repeated blessings. She left them, as if conscious that she should see them no more.

When the Doctor arrived with Mrs. Hopkins at the jail, he made his way to the cell, to give the son notice of the Mother's arrival: the prisoner appeared even more calm than he had yet shown himself, he expressed himself warmly for the Rector's kindness, and declared that he was quite prepared to receive his mother.

The chaplain immediately returned to Mrs. Hopkins, and much to his regret, though hardly to his surprise, learned that she was bent upon the interview, for the sake of which she had come to the jail. The keeper led the

way, and she followed, supported with difficulty by the Reverend Doctor. The door of the cell having been unbolted, they made their appearance suddenly before the prisoner; he was dressed in the jail clothing, and as we have before observed, was considerably altered for the worse, both in form and features. So much indeed was he changed, that his mother doubted for a few seconds whether it was he; the son likewise could hardly recognize his mother: for a moment all was still: it was a moment of intense interest—of suspense. Suddenly, and at the same instant, they recognized each other.

Mrs. Hopkins screamed aloud, ‘ My son, my dear boy!’ ‘ My mother, my kind forgiving mother!’ burst from the pale lips of the prisoner. At the word they were locked in each other’s arms. The Doctor turned away from the scene, and perceived the keeper removing some tears which had escaped from his eyes; indeed, who could have resisted; the strongest heart must have bent, the proudest spirit must have yielded. For a length of time, mother and son remained in the same position; the

sobs of the prisoner echoed along the dreary passages of the prison house; the mother was covered with his tears of penitence and affection; the keeper rousing himself from his unwonted touch of sympathy, stood apart. The Doctor's face was covered with his handkerchief. Mrs. Hopkins appeared to have fainted; her son was supporting her as well as his weakness would permit, but oh, horror, what was he clasping in his arms?—the cold corpse of his mother!

The surgeon of the jail was immediately called, who attempted to bleed her, but finding it in vain, he announced that she was no longer of this world. Happily for the son's peace of mind, he was quite ignorant of what had happened; he believed that his mother had only fainted, and the Doctor did not consider it adviseable to undeceive him.

The state of the prisoner daily improved, under the prayer and instructions of our kind hero. He spent two hours every day with him, and how rejoiced was he to witness the gradual progress of his work. The youth was not only resigned to the awful death, which he

knew he must suffer, but he would hardly have accepted his pardon, even had that consummation been possible. He repeatedly declared that in this world he deserved much greater punishment than the gallows could inflict; and that he had no right to the quiet state of mind with which he was blessed through the gospel's means.

The morning of the trial arrived; the whole town, as is generally the case, was in confusion; some were looking forward with trembling excitement to the decision of the jury with respect to their friends, others with a determination which appeared to mock the pity and supplication of the more humane, were ready to prosecute those who had injured them, with the utmost rigour of the law. Wives were weeping for the situation of their husbands; children already were deploring the loss of their fathers. Parents were mourning over the profligacy of an abandoned child—all was anxiety—all was in a lamentable state of suspense. Every hour that struck, brought with it fresh trepidation. The time however arrived, the gates of the court were thrown

open to the pressing crowd, the javelin men were repeatedly called upon to do their duty, the rush was tremendous. Quiet at last was obtained, the proceedings were opened, one after another of the prisoners was called to the bar, some were sentenced to undergo different punishments, others, amid the sports of their accomplices, were pronounced 'not guilty,' and all hitherto appeared too hardened for the situation in which they stood.

It was about three o'clock in the afternoon, when the trial of John Hopkins commenced, when the usual notice for the introduction of the prisoner was given. As may be supposed, an unusual sensation passed through the court, this being the business which excited the greatest interest. Gamblers, and those of similar order, and of the lowest grade, had arrived to witness the proceedings, and a deep and impressive lesson must they have given them, if indeed such people, so reduced in intellect and heart, are to be moved.

When the prisoner was brought to the bar, all eyes were moved towards him; the jail clothes had been removed, and he was dressed

in a suit of black ; by his side was placed a chair and a glass of water, in case he should be fatigued from the length of the trial, (indeed we may say trials,) for had he by some unforeseen flaw escaped the first indictment, there were three more in reserve. After the charge was laid, the judge demanded of the prisoner whether he was guilty or not, he attempted to pronounce the word—guilty ! but so faintly did it escape his lips, that the court took it for a reserved silence, at the particular direction of his counsel. The trial proceeded, the evidence was too strong for even a chance of escape from the crime with which he was charged. It was clearly proved, that in cold blood he had murdered one whom he had been accustomed to call his friend. The jury had no occasion to retire to consult concerning the evidence, it was quite clear. They at once brought in a verdict of—GUILTY.

The judge demanded of the prisoner if he had aught to say, why sentence of death should not be passed ? The prisoner with a firm voice immediately answered.

‘ I have no defence to make, my Lord ; the

decision of the court is just ; I am guilty and deserve to die.'

Saying these words the prisoner dropped his head, and concealed his face in his handkerchief ; till now every little emotion was visible, he stood the whole of the time, and now and then sipped the water which refreshed his parched lips. He took not the slightest notice of the people in the court, but gave his whole attention to the proceedings, at times he appeared perfectly satisfied with the evidence of the different witnesses, at other times he seemed as if he dissented. There was no very great hardness in his appearance ; when allusion to the dreadful act was made, tears were visible in his eyes, he was anxious and quite sensible of the situation in which he stood.

After the judge had placed the black cap upon his head, he commenced to pass sentence.

'Prisoner at the bar,' said he, 'young as you are in years, but old in vice, you stand there guilty of murder, I have no right to say of murders, because I have heard no evidence to convict you of aught, save the crime upon which you have been pronounced guilty, and

have so pleaded. Your time is now short in this world, therefore the greater necessity is there for you to employ the few remaining hours before you appear at that bar before which we must all stand. I doubt not but heaven will find you guilty, but I humbly trust that heaven may have mercy. In the whole course of my profession, I never yet met with one so young as you are, convicted of a similar crime. You were influenced by no heat of passion, no momentary impulse or strong emotion, but you spilt the blood of your fellow, when your mind was capable of reasoning, and time had been allowed to forgive him who had injured you. The only excuse I can find for you is, that your mind and heart must have gradually become so degraded by a series of crimes and debauch, as to have lost all those first impressions engrafted on them by your parents; your mind must have been debased, your heart of stone.

‘ At eight o’clock to-morrow morning I order that you be hanged, and that your body afterwards be given up to the hospital of this town

for dissection, and may the Lord have mercy upon your guilty soul.'

When the judge had finished this touching sentence, the prisoner made a slight bow with his head, and was led by the officer to his cell, after which the remainder of the trials were brought forward.

The chaplain remained with this prisoner nearly the whole of the night. Though very much fatigued from the excitement of the previous day, he did not feel the least inclined for sleep. The night was passed chiefly in prayer, reading his bible, and in conversation with the Doctor. Towards four o'clock the next morning, entirely worn out by what he had undergone, he threw himself down upon the crib with which the cell was provided, and remained fast asleep, until the keeper entered the next morning with his allowance; he ate, and afterwards appeared much refreshed by the little he had taken. His first inquiries were after the Doctor; hasten him hither, said he, to the keeper, 'for he is my only comfort, he has done all for me, more than I could have expected or deserved. Had it not been for

that kind man, I must have been destroyed by a guilty conscience, but now I have hope and trust in God, who may through the merits of his Son, be merciful, as he was towards the thief on the cross, even at the eleventh hour. My kind Sir, if you wish to do me service, a wretch like me, one already dead, one condemned by earth and heaven, (for I know you can feel, though your office may have nerved you with apparent callousness,) I say, kind Sir, if you wish to do me service, then send for that kind man, bid him not forsake me, I have still a soul, though polluted, I have still a heart, though degraded, but yet can feel gratitude, and my prayer, my last prayer shall breathe for him.'

At this moment Dr. Truman entered the cell to perform the last services to the prisoner—it was now about seven o'clock, and but one hour remained before the execution. It is awful enough to think of eternity, when man is led there by the hand of nature, but oh! what must it be when hurried away from this mortal drama by the force of the laws of one's country? When on the bed of death, when the

last breath is almost drawn, we can then rejoice through hope, we can then cry out, thy will be done, O Lord; but not so when condemned to die by an earthly tribunal. Oh, the mark of murder—the stain of blood remains sometimes for ever!

This solitary and affecting hour was not passed in vain, the prisoner gladly received the ministrations of the kind Doctor, and appeared quite resigned to the death he was about to suffer. Who has ever been in a town when an execution was to take place, and not observed the awful melancholy which passed over its inhabitants. Who has not observed the suspense in which they looked forward with anxious thrill to that dreadful moment, when the jail's bell was giving warning with its doleful toll, that the time was fast approaching for the culprit to be led forth and to suffer, by human laws founded on divine—death. A kind of sombre melancholy always pervades, an involuntary *ennui*, remains throughout the whole of the day, and inflicts its working even upon the most supine. So was it on this occasion.

It wanted now about ten minutes to the awful moment when the prisoner was led forth to the prepared scaffold on the outside of the jail. The crowd was immense, but as is generally the case, four times as many females as men pressed forward, anxious to gain a sight of the prisoner. Two officers led the way, after which followed the unfortunate man with the chaplain; several officers belonging to the jail were in the rear, with the sheriff and other influential men of the town. The prisoner walked with a firm step to the place appointed for him by the executioner; the chaplain offered up a prayer in which he appeared to join fervently. The greatest silence was preserved amongst the dense mass before the prison; nothing could be heard but a few stifled sobs from the more affected part of the spectators. It was an awful moment!

The prisoner asked permission to address the people, five minutes was allowed him, when he stepped forward and spoke thus.

‘My fellow mortals, doomed to die, but not in this disgraceful manner, hear a few words from one, who very shortly will be no more;

and if I have one more prayer on earth, that I would wish to be answered, I would pray heaven to throw in my speech enough to induce you to give heed to my words. If an example have any influence upon your lives then take it from me. See here the EFFECTS OF SIN—see here the end of a GAMBLER'S life—see here a MURDERER. Guilty I pronounce myself before heaven and earth; I am guilty; I have been led on from crime to crime, from sin to sin, till I have purchased my own death. If there be any gamesters here present, if there be any one who is following the wretched path of sin in any shape, let him take warning, let him observe from me, how *very soon sin can overtake him*. If there be any PARENTS here, if there be any bearing that tender word of mother, look you to your children, one offence without correction leads to twenty more, and those to death. Take warning! And if there be any here whom I have offended, or done aught against, may they this moment pardon me, as I trust heaven will also do. Farewell! Farewell!

The prisoner then turned round, and shook

hands with a few of those who surrounded him, and when he came to the chaplain, he said, ' May God for ever bless you, and reward your kind services ministered upon a wretch like me.'

' May heaven have mercy on you,' replied the chaplain.

Here the prisoner was so much overcome, that he was obliged to be led to the awful spot, The cap was drawn over his face, and the rope adjusted. Then the drop fell, and the murderer was launched into eternity with scarcely a struggle.

The end of his family was most dreadful to narrate. The mother, as we before have narrated, died in the cell of the prisoner; the father, with the eldest daughter, were, shortly after the trial, sent as lunatics, to the asylum in the neighbourhood; and the two younger children became chargeable to the parish.

Thus have we seen to what evil and ruin one profligate child, unheeded and unconverted, can bring a family. And we verily believe that misguided affection is the cause of the destruction, temporal and eternal, of more than

half of those young men whom sin hath entangled at the present day. Wisely indeed has Solomon said, *that he that spareth his rod, hateth his son, but he that loveth him chasteneth him betimes.*

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THE CONCLUSION.

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THE CONCLUSION.

It is painful to bring pleasure to an end; especially when that pleasure has afforded us the delight of bringing the mind into action. And yet all things must arrive at the same conclusion—the end. Whether we look upon the works of art, or those of nature, we must observe how necessarily subject they are to dissolution. The world, we are told, by words which cannot err, must one day be brought to a close, and *finis*, that mortal motto, must be written upon the scroll when the earth shall be wrapped together, and the angel shall proclaim, that time shall be no longer. But there are many things which may come to an end before that awful and terrible day. The hand that guides our pen may be cold, the tongue by which we express our sentiments may be

still; yea, future generations may moulder into their kindred earth, and wait for centuries till the trumpet blast shall echo through the vault, and the angel call to newness of life the long buried slumberers. This *may* be. We presume not to tell with all the exactness of arithmetical calculation, the times and the seasons when these mighty things shall come to pass. The enthusiast is continually, like a false astrologer, fixing the time for the consummation of all things. In days of yore we heard that this year, or the next, or the one following, was to witness the end of the world: and yet the world, like God's own church, against which "the gates of hell shall not prevail," still exists, braving the tempest, and smiling on the storm.

The idea of the end of any thing, brings with it something of awe and chill. What would have been the feelings of some proud-hearted Roman, after having left his amphitheatre, to be suddenly told that his city, the glory of ages, and the envy of empires, was shortly to be no more? What would the high-minded Theban have thought, yea, have felt, had he

been told that the hundred gates which inclose his city, were to be laid even with the dust? Or the dweller of Jerusalem, a city rendered so holy by the works of the Lord, that shortly it would become, with its sacred temple, an heap of stones? Or the inhabitants of Babylon, of Palmyra, of Nineveh, of the celebrated Troy or Carthage, had they been told that a few ruined walls and broken cisterns would be the only marks by which travellers could trace their former grandeur? The very idea of the end of their boasted cities in ruins would have been sufficient to have brought low the pride of their hearts. Oh! who could have thought that any thing but a burning world could have destroyed the imperial city of Rome? What traveller has passed the sad monuments of decayed greatness, their proud trophies mouldering into dust, without dropping the silent tear over the scene of desolation, and murmuring within his cast-down soul, 'So sets the sun of earthly majesty to rise no more for ever.' Oh! we require the scene of a Marius sitting amid the ruins of Carthage, to picture to us the sad dis-

solution of departed greatness, or a Bonaparte resting upon a rock, on his solitary island, looking around upon the world which he would have conquered, but now its slave, to make us feel the thrill of departed greatness, and the end of majesty. But what are these ends to that final end, the end of all things! what are they to death! they are but as the fluttering of the feeblest songster to the expanded wings of the eagle as he soars upwards to the sun. Death, whether with warning or without, whether with the first cold touch or the instant dominion, must come to all. We require no proof of this; we witness day after day, man going to his long home, we see our churchyards crowded with our brethren, we lose from our domestic circle those whom nature's ties hath bound so closely; every thing around us reminds us that our end in this wild earth must come at last. The day gradually falling into the night, the leaves falling from the trees, the clouds passing over our heads, the melancholy toll, yea all, impart that touching lesson which fixes itself upon the mind, and continually

reminds it that our end must come. We can hardly agree with the poet when he uttered that striking passage, www.libtool.com.cn

‘All men think all men mortal but themselves.’

The idea may be fine, but we cannot believe that God is so unmindful of his creatures even while in depravity, as not some time or other to give the warning voice. We know that man is heedless and full of forgetfulness, unmindful, too often, of his preparation for eternity; but doubtless God strikes a note of warning upon the human heart, before death hurls his dart. The extinction of a fellow mortal is a sufficient warning; and what is the corpse of a relative,—of the dead body of a wife, or child, or father or mother? What were Adam’s thoughts when he beheld his son Abel lifeless upon the ground; was his mind as much afflicted at the loss, as impressed with the conviction that he too, shortly would be like the son? He must have, on that day, when he beheld his own son a victim to his disobedience, thought of sin and trembled: he must for ever after have trod the earth in the

solemn remembrance of that day's deed, and have looked forward continually to his own approaching death.

We cannot imagine men unmindful of their end altogether. The greater part of their days may be passed in remissness, but let even a temporary ailing visit them and the opportunity of serious thought arrives: and what if the visitation be of a more urgent nature? Who can say, when upon the bed of languishing, that no thought of the grave has been conceived, or no idea of eternity entertained? And if man were never so reduced, there are prognostics which force themselves upon his mind, though they may not be immediately followed, which tend to awaken the soul, and represent to her that her release must come. We do not mean to say, that as a general rule, all men are warned by a sort of talismanic influence; but we do assert in confidence, that the still small voice, does, during some time of man's life, remind him, that he, like all other men, is mortal, and that he must return to the ground; for out of it was he taken. And what is the voice but the Holy Spirit of God

pouring into the reluctant ear of man his mortal destiny? His voice will be heard. Whether man's degraded nature disregards the summons, remains with the creature to answer; but its influence may be in different tones and in divers manners upon the hearts of all of us, and if at one time it whisper that our present engagements are evil and destructive, it warns at another that our bodies, pressed down by sin and misery, are fast hastening to the tomb. It tells us, in short, that we **MUST DIE**. With this impression, the slightest change in our constitution makes us look "with fear and trembling" to our latter end: we feel that this must come; yes, we **ALL** feel it, whether it be the man in sin or the man of God, he feels that he **MUST DIE**. No man ever yet in his wildest flight of imagination affirmed that his body was immortal, ill constituted minds have doubted in their degradation the immortality of the soul, but never the mortality of the body. They have seen; they have felt that death is certain. They have viewed sometimes in the most poignant grief, the cold shell after the soul hath left for better regions. They

have seen the empty seat, once occupied by their dearest possessors, and witnessed the earth close over the mortal tabernacle of the flesh, and it gradually yielding up itself to corruption; yea, in their own flesh they have felt the cold touch of the tyrant laying his hand upon them as he passes to more immediate objects—the slightest accident—the reverse of fortune—the little ailing—the passing scene; yea, all and every thing which floats upon the mind, leaves that sediment upon the surface which continually warns it of its latter end—the conclusion—the finis—DEATH. But it is a grand consideration that the sting of this tyrant has been drawn, and the victory of the grave gained through the mercy of the Redeemer, “O death where is thy sting, O grave where is thy victory?” These are the words which bring with them solace to the mourner when mingling his tears with the dust. The occasion upon which they are generally read may tend to reduce the mind from its usual buoyancy; but despair is far from being the consequence: on the contrary, the mind of the Christian glows with this and

the accompanying sentences, and the soul takes to her the peace which seemed lost for ever; and that at a time when she refuses to be comforted by any other means, because her friend, perhaps her only friend—*is not*.

When Adam transgressed, an eternal death was to be the result, a death which brought with it eternal misery : the Saviour interposed, and the eternal death was changed, if we may be allowed so to speak, to the temporary separation of the body and soul. And what now is the affliction which commonly goes by the name of death,—mere inanimation for a while, till the trumpet blast shall proclaim the time of the complete victory over the grave. The separation now is temporary, it is not for ever. We need scarcely tell what it is, we desire not to bring up all the horrors of the grave; we wish not to lead the reader to the tomb's mouth, or bid him raise the coffin-lid to see what now is death; it is enough to know that there is that in the living body which never dies—the SOUL, the body is only that which protects her awhile in this life: it may crumble away, corruption may get the supremacy, dis-

solution may let fall the strong ligaments which unite the flesh, the spirit then may take her flight through the open chinks, and then what remains?—a corpse—a shell without a kernel—a body without a soul—DEATH! Thus it lies inanimate, motionless, the creatures of the grave play upon it in exulting liberty, the winds drive the particles as they become disunited, but, gentle reader, fear not this, HE who “holds the winds in his fists,” gathers up the scattered fragments, forms, with the like power as at creation, the body above the soul in that glorious shape, which neither death, nor life, nor sin, nor woe can ever harm. What then, we ask, becomes of death’s power over the grave? The earth pressed down over the once mortal, cannot now contain its victim, for God speaks, and the dead hear his voice and “come forth, they that have done good unto the resurrection of life, and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation.”

Reader! we may have digressed from our subject, in having said so much, but if death be not THE CONCLUSION of all things in this life, we know not what is. We have few more

words to say to you ; we trust for a short hearing : it may perchance bring comfort to the soul when she needs it the most; not now, for at present, we trust she is at peace. We only have to bid you remember that when the tyrant becomes a visitor at your domestic circle, he appears as a conquered foe, no longer able to keep his victim, but only to produce that change which gives the sincere Christian eternal life. The hearty believer feels this : he is subject to the tyrant without fear and trembling : the consciousness that he is about to leave a frivolous world, teeming with chances and changes, for one that is eternal and heavenly, enables him to resign himself in placid acquiescence to the hands which introduces him to the grave. And if, gentle reader, your living earthly hopes be torn from you, instead of you from them, REMEMBER THE RESURRECTION, the time when death's sting shall be drawn, and the grave's victory completely obtained. With this truth you will be able to stand over the remains of your fondest love, we say not without a tear—impossible,—but with meet and holy firmness, and rejoice not as a man without

hope, but as one in humble reliance, trusting in the saving merits and soul-comforting declaration of our Saviour, "I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me, shall never die,"—that is, never suffer eternal death:—then you will feel that the separation is not for ever, and know right well "that the corruption shall put on incorruption, that the mortal shall put on immortality, and that death shall be swallowed up in victory."

You will look forward with joy,—it may be through tears,—to the time when "the dead shall be raised incorruptible," and the spiritual body upon eagle pinions, scorning the low grovellings of earth, rise to its God, and enjoy the redemption purchased by Jesus Christ. Thus is it, at the time of the resurrection, that the victory is actually gained, because then the grave cannot any longer hold the slumbering myriads that are contained in it. We know,—we have felt for the time, that it is woeful to the heart to lose those whom we love; but what is our misery in comparison with the hope,

that the then unconscious mass shall throw off all that is earthly and sordid,—we say what is this dejection of the heart, before this hope? it is even as the chaff before the wind, which is driven to unknown regions. It is even like water which is spilt upon the ground, which cannot be gathered up. It is this hope which animates the dying spirits of the Christian, and rekindles the mouldering embers, till they burst forth into the pure and holy flame. Alas, gentle reader, it is this trust in the Redeemer's promise which enables us to walk with a firm tread, and a heart of joy rising out of woe, to the grave of our friends, looking forward to that time when the complete victory over the grave shall be gained. To that time, the time of the resurrection, when the graves shall be opened, when the captives shall be set free, when each of us in a spiritual form shall emerge from the low prison-house, in all the joy and beauty of loveliness, with the hand of Deity visibly upon the new body, without the impairment of sin, with no longer a brittle case about the soul, liable to sin and misery, but a glorious body, a spiritual body, fash-

ioned after the Redeemer's own glorious body. It will be thus when it will shake off the trappings of the dust, when it will rid itself from the winding sheet, and burst from the shroud, it will be then when it can cry out, " O death where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? " I have trod wild earth's range, I have drank of misery's cup to the very dregs, I have brought my soul low even to the dust, my brow has been crowded with care, my body has been consumed by disease, my days have been darkened by sin, I have felt death's cold touch, I have witnessed my friends around my pillow in silent agony, I have gone through the separation of body and soul, I have breathed my last breath, I have gone through the ceremony appointed for the dead, I have been confined in the bowels of the earth, I have seen corruption, my bones have bleached uncovered by the dust, my dust has been scattered by the winds, but now, through the mercy of my God, my bones are collected, my flesh is formed anew into shape and symmetry, I am become a living creature, death now hath no more dominion over me. So

shall we be able to cry out at the resurrection, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory?" but let it never be forgotten, that "they that have done good shall go unto the resurrection of life; and they that have done evil, unto the resurrection of damnation." Alas, at the uniting of the body and soul, either rewards are bestowed, or punishments are inflicted. But the Christian fears not the separation or the future; for he looks forward to the one as to the necessary change, which leads to the enjoyment of the other.

In a word, then, kind reader, 'Death is certain, and judgment sure:' we cannot avoid either of them. To the believer, death is no horror, the judgment no fear. No horror, because the eternal death is conquered, in which victory, he will be a partaker; and no fear, because through the love of his Saviour he is prepared for the judgment, and his weakness through the same love, is perfected in strength. If then you would be at peace in this world, if you would be calm in death, and if you would be happy in the next world, think of and prepare for ETERNITY; and through

the mercy of the Saviour, you will obtain the prize.

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In the foregoing pages we have observed, that it is painful to bring pleasure to any end, which pleasure is felt in proportion to the pleasing interest of the work. This we have experienced in bringing this small undertaking to THE CONCLUSION. In writing it, it has given us a relief and a rest, from the more arduous duties in which the mind is at present engaged, and it has given us that opportunity of bringing forward those qualities and virtues, which we not only pray for in ourselves, but would happily have extended to every Christian minister. If the reader of the past pages have experienced only half the pleasure, which the author has had in writing them, his wishes will be in a great degree gratified. And if any knowledge has been gained, or any good effected, then will those wishes not only be realised, but his object obtained and his prayers fully answered

But before we write that chilling word FINIS, we must not dismiss our *dramatis per-*

sonæ, without some little account of the situation in which we leave them.

It may be customary to lead the hero of a tale to some melancholy or eventful end, but we shall part with our's still fresh and vigorous, daily increasing in activity towards his noble cause, daily evincing his love which he bore to his heavenly master, and daily bringing lost sheep to the standard of Christianity. We leave Dr. Truman as an example for his brethren in the church to follow; we leave him in this world of woe, for God in his own appointed time to take to his heavenly mansions: we leave him like a city set upon a hill, which cannot be hid, and as a beacon to direct those who have been shipwrecked upon the rocks and quicksands of this mortal pilgrimage. How long he may continue at the post to which he is now bound, we cannot tell; but, from the maxims and resolves of those who have it in their power to reward his labours, and who profess to act upon the principle of bringing forward those who have devoted their all, to the profession which they have embraced, we should trust not long; if so be, he will

have this consolation that rewards await him in the world to come, which fade not away, and which are as eternal as the heavens.

We part with our heroine Julia, after having obtained her soul's wish ; the being left to pay that debt to her foster parents on which, from the very commencement of feeling gratitude in her bosom, she resolved. How long she will resist the advances and the intreaties of her devoted lover, we know not, but we have seen sufficient of her, to rest assured, that no earthly inducement will change her resolution, till she has kept that promise which she so sacredly made in her own mind. And it will depend entirely upon circumstances, whether you, gentle reader, will hear any further account of our venerable hero, Dr. Truman, or our beautiful heroine, Julia ; call the facts real, fictitious, or what you please, they are natural.

THE END.

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