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## DISCOURSES

IN MEMORY OF

# ROBERT WATERSTON.

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With Additional Notices.

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# DISCOURSES

IN MEMORY OF

## ROBERT WATERSTON.

BY THE

REV. E<sup>x</sup> S. GANNETT, D.D.,

AT THE ARLINGTON-STREET CHURCH, BOSTON, SEPT. 5, 1869;

AND BY THE

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## DEATH, IN ITS PURPOSE AND EFFECT.

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By REV. E. S. GANNETT, D.D.

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## DEATH, IN ITS PURPOSE AND EFFECT.

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2 COR. v. 4: “*That mortality might be swallowed up of life.*”

**T**HREE are three explanations of death, which may be called, respectively, the penal, the scientific, and the Christian. The first represents death as a penalty incurred by sin; the second ascribes it to natural laws; the third makes it the necessary passage to an endless life. The first was the Jewish, or, more strictly, the Rabbinical view, according to which man brought on himself the doom of mortality by transgression;—Adam, in the first instance, by his voluntary disobedience; his posterity, by following his example and yielding to the evil propensity which they inherited from him. Paul seems to have embraced this belief at the feet of Gamaliel, and to have interwoven it with the Christian faith. His argument in the Epistle to the Romans, in which he shows that more is gained through Christ than is lost by descent from Adam, is constructed upon this theory respecting the entrance of death into the world. The countenance it receives from him does not diminish his authority as an expounder of the gospel, but, rather, lifts into higher importance the inspiration that enabled him to describe in such forcible and fervid language the advantage which the believer obtains in the final conflict. We find little trace of this solution of the universal experience in the discourses of our Lord. He did

not regard physical death as a punishment. In consequence, partly, of the influence which the Epistles of Paul have had in forming the religious opinions of Christendom,—an influence greater than has been allowed to the Evangelists who recorded Christ's own words,—the belief that death is an infliction of penalty has prevailed in the Church for many ages. It came over to New England with the Fathers, and is still held by multitudes among their descendants.

The scientific explanation sees in the extinction of bodily life only a fulfilment of laws which must take effect with man, as with the inferior animals. He is subject to disease and decay, which may be modified by care or medical skill, but cannot be averted. Death belongs to the economy of nature, which is sovereign in all its departments of action. Science does not look behind the law for its purpose, nor beyond to its ultimate result, but is content with its obvious character and immediate effect, and therefore gives a solution which may be accepted by those who know as little of science as of religion. They who are not instructed in any religious belief regard death as they regard hunger or fatigue, darkness or storm, as belonging to the original constitution of things, to be endured because *it must* be endured. Their ignorance, or their curiosity, is satisfied with the affirmation,—it must be.

The Christian faith recognizes law, but always as a means to some beneficent end. It also perceives a connection between the sinfulness and the mortality of the human race. But its answer to the question, Why does man die? is drawn from a range of thought with which science is not familiar, and through which the popular theology too often wanders blind-fold. Man dies, that he may live for ever. This is the simple, yet sublime truth. “Mortality is swallowed up of life.” Paul caught sight of the fact and rejoiced in it; though he may not have seen that it accounts for death, as well as shows us what

death is. Man was made mortal, that he might become immortal. He could not live always on earth, for the earth would not contain the generations if they did not give place to one another. He could not live for ever in the body, for the body is composed of perishable elements. He must go away from the body and the earth ; and this is death,—leaving the earth and putting off the body. Is it any thing more ? The senses discover nothing more ; the investigations of science reveal nothing more. Jesus used the word which covered the whole truth, when he said, “ It is expedient for you that I go away ; for if I go not away, the Comforter will not come to you.” Going away,—that is death. But observe what an assurance of life is conveyed by such a description. To go is to move, and motion supposes continuance of being. “ *I* go away,”—the same being moves on to another life. Death is an exchange of lives. Christianity not only gives this assurance, but also announces that the other life is endless. We live here but a few years ; we cannot stay here long. But hereafter,—does any one know a limit involved in that term ? Has it a limit ? “ Here ” belongs to time ; “ hereafter ” stretches beyond the boundaries of time,—who shall say how far ? Call up your doubts, summon your reasonings, propound your difficulties, unbeliever ! Will they indicate a point at which the hereafter must stop ? Use the word, and, by the very indefiniteness which is the heart of its meaning, you proclaim a duration to which you can assign no boundary. Mortality is “ swallowed up of life.”

Yet more is taught in this grand expression. Mortality is meant to be a preparation for life. Man begins existence here that he may pursue his existence in some other state of being. He is put here to die ; that is, as we have seen, to live again. But a wise and good Creator could not have intended that succession should be the only tie between the two states of being.

One must hold an influence over the other : the earlier over the later, directly ; the later over the earlier, through the expectation by means of which the future associates itself with the present. Man as the heir of immortality sees in his earthly life a period of education in which he must be diligent, that he may be ready for removal to another sphere of existence. To one who believes in a future life, reason suggests the propriety of preparation. The gospel of Christ speaks with emphasis. We were placed on earth to make this preparation. We die, that we may live hereafter ; but we begin life here, that we may learn how to live hereafter. We are ready to die, when we are ready to live. The more sincere our consciousness of life now, the more intense will be our consciousness in the other world. They who are “dead in trespasses and sins” here will realize a deeper death when the realities of a disembodied experience overwhelm them ; while they who are trained to the largest possible use of existence here will have fitted themselves to use still larger opportunities when the body is laid aside, and “mortality is swallowed up of life.”

“Swallowed up,”—how thoroughly Pauline is that word ! There is no more mortality : life has absorbed it. The apostle loved to use strong words that had great meanings in them ; and so he says that mortality is “swallowed up,” lost, gone. Such was his interpretation of the gospel that had brought an immortal life to light ; such was his understanding of that wonderful declaration of Jesus, “Whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die.” If death be only an entrance into fulness of life, the associations which men have had with it are so false, that we may drop the term out of our ordinary speech. The child, and by virtue of his filial relation, the heir of God does not die : he only lives. The death-bed to him is the portal of immortality. Not Bethel, where the patriarch slept, was so truly “the gate of heaven ;” not Olivet, whence

the Saviour ascended, was more truly the threshold of the skies.

Can we define the fulness of life into which the Christian will enter hereafter? Can we describe heaven? Many persons claim the ability, and many more are eager to hear what they say. So long as they confine themselves to the few great truths involved in the idea of immortality for a being constituted and conditioned as man is, they may carry along with them our convictions or our sympathies: but when they descend to circumstantial narrative, on a subject which more than any other needs the light of a distinct revelation, are they not in danger of adducing the unsatisfactory testimonies of a fond heart or a sensuous imagination? On no other subject should we be more cautious than in speaking of those who have gone from us to the unseen world; since the only information on which we can rely must be either an undeniable inference from our present consciousness or positive instruction from Heaven. Reason soon touches the limit of its discoveries, and the divine voice of Christianity maintains a silence too remarkable to be disregarded by an humble inquirer. Three facts, however, stand forth in such prominence, that we are justified in taking them as elements in our conception of the heavenly state.

In the first place, it is a disembodied existence upon which man enters through the gateway of death; or rather, an existence in which he will no longer be compelled to wear the garment of flesh which he now carries about. Precisely what the apostle meant by "a spiritual body" we cannot know till we have disrobed ourselves of the flesh. That the spirit may always need some organism exterior to itself, yet closely allied, by which it may hold communication with the beings and objects around it, is by no means improbable. But it will not be the corporeal vestment with which we are now enwrapped.

That we commit to the grave, and dissolution soon claims its own. It is not difficult to foresee some of the changes in our experience, which must follow on a release from the mortal body. Let me point out two, certainly not the least important.

The body, through its wants and infirmities, is a continual hindrance to the exercises in which the spiritual nature delights. Even in health it requires much attention ; it must be provided with food, and must have seasons of rest ; one-third of our time is consumed in obeying its demands. Few of us, however, enjoy constant health. Acute illness or chronic disease, pain or lassitude, or some other form of discomfort, interrupts the action of the mind, changes the course of the thoughts, disturbs the moral sensibility, depresses the energy of devotion, and either drags the good man down from the height of excellence which he had reached, or imposes on him a severe effort to maintain that position. Can you not imagine the joy a soul must feel in exemption from sympathy with a feeble or suffering body ? If convalescence on earth be delightful, what must freedom from all “the ills that flesh is heir to ” be in heaven ! Or if, on the other hand, through the force of a vigorous constitution, or the prudence we observe in the management of our lives, they are prolonged till the pressure of many years rests upon the frame, how manifest becomes the advantage that must accrue from exchanging this weight of years for perpetual youth ! There is one sight even more touching than the spectacle of a venerable and tranquil old age : it is the countenance on which death has gently laid its hand, to restore an expression of strength in repose where the progress of time had traced lines of weakness, if not of suffering. It is the law of advanced life, seldom relaxed, that it must part with freedom of motion and force of thought ; how often is it attended with both physical and mental decrepitude. Blessed release ! when the mind casts

off its dependence on an organ that only impedes its exercises. “A disembodied existence,”—many are the hints that start out of the obscurity of that phrase, to inspire gratitude and hope.

For a mind no longer hampered by bodily necessities, and entering on its future career with the acquisitions of its earthly experience, must not the progress which it will make constitute a second fact in the blessedness of heaven? Man was made to collect, arrange, and retain various knowledge. For a time, the body aids us in this work; afterwards, it embarrasses our efforts. The senses grow dull, and the faculties sluggish; while new fields of observation are but fresh occasions of disappointment. Set free from a companionship that has become burthensome, with what eagerness and what success will the immortal intelligence investigate the secrets of the universe! The discoveries of modern science foreshadow what may then be learned. We stand amazed, and even appalled, before the revelations that are daily rectifying conclusions hastily formed, or are opening paths of inquiry unknown to past generations. Yet these discoveries are mere fragments of the infinite truth. Newton and Humboldt but began to decipher the hieroglyphics of nature. What a study remains to be prosecuted hereafter! If by “nature” we mean all that the Divine will has produced, the spiritual as well as material creation on which God has impressed his own eternal thought, what a boundless opportunity of gratification lies before the inquisitive faculties of the soul! Our mental, and even our moral, philosophy is but a groping in darkness after that which no one has yet firmly seized. With invigorated powers and quickened affections, the soul will hereafter hold under examination the problems which now elude its grasp; and, strengthened by exercise, must grow with the growth of its own knowledge. “Now we see through a glass darkly, but then face to

face ; now I know in part,”— and in small part only, — “ but then I shall know even as also I am known.” What a promise is this, to enkindle hope and to inform us concerning the future state ! Inexhaustible knowledge for the unwearied mind, — this is one definition of heaven.

The height and end of knowledge is God. The spiritual nature of man craves spiritual acquisition. Increase of spiritual force and enjoyment is the third fact which the light of Christianity discloses, as it rests upon the future state. The religious exercises which were here the believer’s choice will there be pursued with a satisfaction but faintly or briefly felt amidst the circumstances of our earthly life. To enter into close communion with the Father of spirits, beholding his glory and enjoying his favor ; to dwell with Christ in the “ mansions ” which he has gone before to prepare, — I do not ask for a more exact description, which would only narrow my conception of that blissful home. To associate on terms of intimate friendship with holy and happy beings, with prophets, apostles, saints, angels ; to be conscious of pure desires, and serene tempers, and generous purposes, and lofty aspirations ; to realize an immortality of relative perfection in the approach to an absolute perfection that will beckon us onward for ever, — this is heaven. Attempt not with material images to represent such felicity : they afford but a poor symbolism, if it be not rather a painful caricature. Offer me not ideas that have the aspect and the flavor of this world, rather than of a better. They repel, instead of instructing me. Yet tell me not, in rebuke of the faith I cherish, that the future life is quite hidden from my view. Concealed behind a veil impenetrable by mortal sense it may be, still foreknown by such intimations of its character as a Christian experience contains. We are not ignorant concerning those who have left us, as if we had no spiritual discernment, or as if we had not seen

their manner of life here. Their faith, and love, and strength, and peace, and joy were the seeds which have ripened into celestial fruit. So has “mortality been swallowed up of life.”

And now, from such a study as we are able to make of the invisible world,—invisible only to those who lack spiritual sight,—we may learn the nature of preparation for that world. It consists in a life that may expand into the fulness of exercise and enjoyment hereafter. Again, we recall the words of Jesus, “He that liveth and believeth in me shall never die;” or, to borrow the concurrent words of the apostle, he that “liveth by the faith of the Son of God” shall feel no loss nor decrease of being. They whose faith penetrates and sustains their life are ready to die. Having partaken of heaven on this side of the grave, they will find a heaven, and the same heaven, on the other side. Men of sincere and practical goodness, who have held habitual communion with the Author of their being and grown into sympathy with the Redeemer of their souls, men of an humble piety and a steadfast uprightness and a tender philanthropy, who have shed around them a wholesome influence, and who leave a sweet perfume of righteousness in the places where they dwelt, in whom belief has become character, and character become religion,—they are the heirs of the future blessedness. Having “finished their course” and “fought a good fight,” they obtain the “victory in which death is swallowed up,” the victory that is life and immortality.

To have the examples of such men before our eyes is one of the privileges for which we can never be too heartily thankful; for they are, to those who will observe them, interpreters of the present, and prophets of the future; and who that hath eyes to see can help observing them, as they pass before us in their meek elevation, their spotless integrity, their holy faith, their peaceful enjoyment, sons of God, followers of Christ, and “partakers of the glory that shall be revealed”? We talk much,

think and write much, about the wealth of a country: good men and women are the true wealth of a land. We found our institutions of learning, and encourage education for the people: the highest learning, yet the education which is open to all, is found where the gospel of Christ has taught and moulded the believer, in whatever outward condition. We press the question, Who shall be saved? and differ about the answer; when it stands before us in the character of every true Christian. We ask, How shall "mortality be swallowed up of life"? as some of old asked, "How shall the dead be raised?" as if no reply could be given; while for the best reply we could have, we need only watch the conversion of mortality into life here by those whose hearts are set on things unseen and eternal.

The venerated friend who has just gone from us was one of these expounders of Holy Writ. For more than fifty years a member of this society, and, with one exception, at the time of his death the oldest member of this church, he is entitled to the grateful remembrance of his fellow-worshippers. He has left a memorial of himself, which we shall carefully preserve, in the impression he made on our judgments and hearts. Never ambitious of notoriety or distinction, he was widely known, and as widely esteemed. Exposed to the vicissitudes which attend mercantile life, and tried by alternations of prosperity and adversity, he kept a name as free from suspicion as from stain, and taught this community to appreciate honesty as a just claim to honor. In his private relations faithful and generous, he won the confidence of the rich and the gratitude of the poor. In social intercourse frank, cordial, sincere, he bound his friends to him by warm admiration and respectful love. An old man, almost all of whose contemporaries had disappeared, he had a freshness of heart which drew the young

around him. With a mind that could not be idle, when years ago he relinquished the cares of business, his books and his pen gave him employment which he loved. From his native land he brought the elements of a character that was ripened amidst the influences of our more versatile civilization ;—among these elements, not the least conspicuous, a tenacity of purpose which laid a firm grasp alike on opinions and on circumstances. An American through the breadth of his sympathies and the clearness of his political convictions, he never lost his attachment to Scotland, or his delight in the recollections of his youth. His faith was the strength of his character and the joy of his soul. If any one might be described by the single word “religious,” he merited such a description ; for he was a thoroughly religious man. Religion was his daily bread ; it gave him moral force and spiritual health. He was a believer ; not in a superficial or sectarian sense, but in the grand import of that word, when it means one who, with his whole heart, believes in God and in Christ his Son, and in the Divine will as at once law and grace. His distinctively religious experience began at an early age, and to the last the circumstances which marked its commencement were as vivid in his memory as if they had occurred but yesterday. The doctrines which he then embraced he retained through life. He was a Unitarian in his affirmation of the sole deity of the Father, but he clung to the divine mission and superhuman nature of Christ with the strongest assurance. The Bible was very dear to him, and familiar alike to his heart and to his lips. The church was a place which he loved, and which, till bodily infirmities kept him at home, he never ceased to frequent. In his latter years he felt little interest in dogmatic discussion ; and while his attachment to his own belief underwent no change, his desire to see all Christians united upon essential points led him to entertain the hope that this union had been already

secured. In my visits to him, long before his last illness, he would turn the conversation very soon on his favorite theme, and again and again repeat, to ears which should perhaps have been less incredulous, "Religion is the same in all." With him it was love to God and love to man, according to the definition and the example of Christ; and he fondly believed, — perhaps he was right, — that, however disguised in appearance, it was in substance the same everywhere.

I spoke of his last illness; but only by a most liberal construction could this term be used in adverting to the close of his life. No disease hurried him to the grave; no suffering exhausted the vital forces. He lived through the full measure of his days, and died because the last sand had run out. For months before he went to his chamber he had felt the slow progress of infirmity assailing the physical system, without impairing the mental action. It caused no disturbance, neither regret nor anxiety. "On the border," he would say, "just on the border," as calmly as he would have spoken of arrangements for a journey. Indeed, preparation he had none to make. It had been made through seventy-five years of active or quiet discipline. He was neither impatient nor reluctant. He continually celebrated the Divine goodness; and God, who had been so good to him from his childhood through all the scenes of worldly or domestic experience, comforting him in his bereavements, as well as filling his heart with gladness in brighter days, was good to him, and to us, in the final event. A death-bed so painless and tranquil for weeks I never before saw. Less disposed to pursue conversation as it became an effort, and then more and more silent, yet with a sweet smile and a cordial word of greeting for those who entered the room, he lost a little strength each day, till there was no more to lose, and he ceased to breathe. This was the manner of his death; and if we could have seen what followed the last feeble breath,

who may doubt that we should have seen “ mortality swallowed up of life ” ? The love of God was the theme on which he delighted to muse and to converse here ; the love of God was the inheritance that awaited him above.

A good man and a ripe Christian has passed into heaven. Our earth no longer holds his presence, but his influence remains with us. We shall no more behold his venerable figure, scarcely bent with age, in this house, nor again join the circle of friends who have carried their birthday congratulations, for themselves rather than for him, to his home. Much shall we miss him from that home, which he made so pleasant and so profitable a place to visit. One of the few links which bind us to a generation that has disappeared is broken. One who was a pillar in this church when I took up its ministry, and whose friendship never failed me through forty-four years of close acquaintance, I can seek no more for counsel by which I might be guided, or aid which I might bear to others. But complaint would be ungrateful disregard of the favor granted us by the Almighty Providence in multiplying his years upon the earth, for our good as well as his ; and sorrow takes upon its lips the ascription of praise, when it thinks of the life which has “ swallowed up ” all that was mortal. He whom we held in equal honor and love has taught us how to live, and shown us the meaning of death. What remains for us, but so to copy his life on earth that death may be to us what it was to him, — an entrance into the experience of an endless life ?

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## THE GOOD MAN'S LEGACY.

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By REV. JOHN H. HEYWOOD.

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## THE GOOD MAN'S LEGACY.

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PROVERBS xiii. 22: "*A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children.*"

**Y**ES: a precious, a priceless inheritance.

He leaves a stainless reputation, an honored name, a name that men love to pronounce, around which sweetest associations cluster, and which becomes a new symbol and synonyme of virtue.

He leaves the memory of his goodness to fill the hearts and homes that knew him with fragrance as of the flowers of paradise.

Nor is that the whole of his bequest. His goodness itself he leaves,—most precious heritage, and of all things connected with him or attained by him, the most real, positive, and enduring,—not visible, indeed, to the outer eye, not tangible to material sense, but nevertheless possessing a reality that belongs not to gold or silver, to houses or lands. Into it has entered what was noblest, truest, most real in his own being,—his earnestness of purpose, his faithfulness of endeavor, his loyalty to right, his heroic self-denial, his thoughtful kindliness, his moral integrity tried and confirmed in life's countless conflicts. Formed of these substantial and vital elements, it is a living reality, a spiritual force, that takes its place among the measureless and deathless powers of the world.

This he leaves,—an inheritance indeed to his children and his children's children. No formal document, no will elaborately drawn and carefully authenticated, is essential for its transmission. Other property may require for its rightful descent the decisive voice of human law,—through which speaks the wisdom of the ages,—and the seal of some earthly Probate Court; but this descends by divine right, and is approved in heaven. Like other possessions and treasures, it remains on earth when its possessor passes away; but, paradoxically, by power peculiar to itself, though it remains behind him, yet it goes with him. It is his both to take and to leave; and the more he leaves, the more he takes; and the more he takes, the more he leaves. Nor is any studied enumeration, any minute specification, needed to secure its rightful distribution. It distributes itself by a law, free alike from the disturbing influences of blind partiality and the unreasoning demands of blood-relationship, and goes, as worldly property sometimes does not, in largest measure where most needed, and where most cordially and gratefully received: and though a direct inheritance to children's children, with special power of blessing to those who are bound by nature's mystic ties as well as by spiritual resemblance, yet it is an inheritance to humanity; for the inheritance left by the good man is left for all the children of God,—truly a divine inheritance, a bequest not of perishable treasures, but of a power of life and of love, that makes not single hearts only, but the great heart of the world purer, stronger, richer, happier. “The memorial of virtue,” saith the wisdom of Solomon in words of exceeding beauty, “is immortal, because it is known with God and with men. When it is present, men take example at it; and when it is gone, they desire it. It weareth a crown and triumpheth for ever, having gotten the victory, striving for undefiled rewards.”

My mind has been led to meditation upon this topic—the

good man's legacy—by the death of a venerable man, a beloved and revered friend, whose friendship has been for thirty-three years one of the great blessings of my life. I refer to Mr. Robert Waterston, of Boston, for many years senior member of the firm of Waterston, Pray, & Co.; a firm well known by some of our older Louisville merchants, and known by them, as by all acquainted with it, to be second to none in intelligence and integrity, in all the attributes that make and mark honorable mercantile character.

Mr. Waterston was a native of Scotland, born in Edinburgh, Feb. 12, 1778. He first came to America in 1803, and spent two years. After a brief visit to Scotland, he returned in 1806, to make our country his home. And it was his home, fondly loved,—no one born on our soil loving it more fervently,—for sixty-three years, to Aug. 30, 1869, when in his ninety-second year his earthly life ended, and he passed on to the higher sphere.

There was nothing, that I am, aware of, to distinguish his mercantile career from that of other upright, true-hearted, large-minded merchants. It was a signally successful career, though darkened at times by great perplexities, and having its critical seasons of intense anxiety, when heavy and unexpected losses swept suddenly away the results of years of toil; but through all the alternations of prosperity and adversity he was ever the well-poised, conscientious man, faithful alike in blight and bloom to the commands of duty.

Thoroughly trained in mercantile affairs, having been placed in a store when twelve years of age, and bringing to his vocation a vigorous, comprehensive mind, and pursuing it with unfaltering energy, he was the accomplished merchant; accomplished, though utterly destitute of that marvellous financing power, sometimes beheld and sometimes admired, by which men come out of failures rich, leaving their creditors poor, transmuting,

by wonderful alchemy, adversity into dross for others, into gold for themselves. That strange and intricate alchemy he never knew, and never could have learned. He knew only the simple moral chemistry, which, following always the formula of the Master, his truly golden rule, saves one's adversity from harming others, and his prosperity from harming himself.

Mr. Waterston diligently pursued his mercantile course till about twelve years ago, when he retired, his faculties all in full power; transferring the business to younger men who had grown up under his eye, leaving the larger part of his capital with them, and seeking for its use only the regular legal interest. And these latter years he has passed in the quiet of his winning home,—a home in the very heart of the busy city, only a stone's throw from the Revere House, yet as peaceful as if in the still country,—surrounded with books that he loved, dispensing charities constantly, generously, unostentatiously; welcoming friends with genial, hearty hospitality; communing with God, and waiting serenely for the hour when the door should open for him to pass into the spiritual world. Beautiful old age, fitting consummation and crown of a true life, companioned as it should be—

“With honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,”

how completely did it realize, as was said on the funeral day by one who fondly loved the good man, the picture drawn by Dr. Johnson!—

“ But grant the virtues of a temperate prime,  
Bless with an age exempt from scorn or crime;  
An age that melts with unperceived decay,  
And glides in modest innocence away;  
Whose peaceful day benevolence endears,  
Whose night congratulating conscience cheers,  
The general favorite as the general friend:  
Such age there is, and who shall wish its end ?”

Such age, God be thanked, ends only as ends the shining of the morning-star ;— light giving way to more glorious light. “The path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.”

To the venerable man, the pilgrim of fourscore and ten, as he sat in the cheerful parlor, which loving piety made a true oratory, visions were occasionally granted, very beautiful and very illustrative of his gladdening, triumphant, religious faith. One of them, narrated to me two years ago by his son, to whose congenial heart his heart opened its holy of holies, seems to me a perfect spiritual poem. Deeply meditating as was his wont, being in the spirit on the Lord’s day,—the spirit making indeed every day a Lord’s day to him,—our venerable friend, as he raised his eyes, saw flowers floating about in the air as in an ocean. After moving, hither and thither, gracefully around for a while, circling and re-circling, they came together, as in divine harmony, and formed the most exquisite bouquet, which, when formed, rose to heaven ; and in those united flowers, ascending skyward, the heavenly-minded man saw symbols of his fondly loved friends going in blissful companionship of soul to the heavenly home.

Is there any thing in Burns sweeter than this? sweet as his “Mary in heaven,” his “lingering star of lessening ray,” and without its sadness. Is it not the fine essence of truest poetry, the heart’s discernment of the divine correspondence that binds by inseverable ties earth and heaven, the very efflorescence of Christian faith in God and immortality, the realization of the picture presented by Cowper in lines of fadeless beauty ?—

“ When one that holds communion with the skies  
Has filled his urn where these pure waters rise,  
And once more mingles with us meaner things,  
'Tis e'en as if an angel shook his wings ;

Immortal fragrance fills the circuit wide,  
That tells us whence his treasures are supplied."

To those of us who knew the spiritually minded man and loved him,—and to know was to love,—it was not strange or surprising that such visions of supernal loveliness should come to him. It seemed natural and fitting that they should come. The windows of his soul were all open to the true and beautiful. He loved nature intensely, was always receptive of her influences, having the keenly seeing eye and the reverently listening ear. One day, when I was visiting him, a year ago, he rose suddenly, caught me by the arm, and, leading me to the door, bade me look up. On the opposite side of the street stood a horse-chestnut tree, the largest and most symmetrical of the kind, and from topmost bough to lowest branch the green pyramid was decked with bloom. It was a spectacle of rare beauty. To him that tree seemed like the burning bush, all aflame with God; and as I looked upon him, with his eye beaming with light and joy, he seemed no unworthy representative of the prophet standing on holy ground.

Two years ago our revered friend had a new and beautiful edition published of that incomparable manual of spiritual religion, Scougal's "Life of God in the Soul of Man," which for nearly eighty years, we are told, had been his constant and most cherished companion and guide. His life-long love for that delightful little volume, as crystalline in style as it is heavenly in spirit, indicates the place which religion had in his heart, and the influence which it exerted over his life. Blessed with devout parents,—a father of strong convictions, who, though early called away, left an abiding impression upon the mind of his young child, a saintly mother, and a grandfather who made real Burns's ideal in his "Cotter's Saturday Night,"—religion was always interesting to him as a subject for deep and earnest thought; but when he reached the age of seventeen, the intel-

lectual interest was transfigured into fervent heart-piety. Then the great problems of life, duty, destiny, forced themselves upon him : then the yearning became intense, almost agonizing, to know the secret of man's true relation to God and of the peace and power of genuine communion with him. Then he was wont to go to Arthur's Seat, and amid its solitary crags read the sacred volume, and seek converse with the Father. Nor did he go in vain, for rest came to his soul and strength for life's duties.

It was aptly and beautifully said of our beloved friend, in an appreciative notice that appeared through the public press, the day following his removal from earth, that, though thoroughly American, the flavor of his native heather was always about him. This was pre-eminently true of him in his relation to religion. He had the love of religious discussion characteristic of the genuine Scotsman. Not that he loved controversy, least of all partisan conflicts for sectarian triumph, for his broad, catholic spirit beheld with joy and gratitude the moral image of Jesus whenever and wherever presented, under whatsoever creed or form, in whatsoever communion ; but the theme was to him, of all themes, the most ceaselessly interesting, and his thoughts upon it were clear and positive, and he desired that others should share in the peace and joy which he found therein.

To no Scotch Calvinist was the doctrine of the divine sovereignty dearer than to him, but to his eye that sovereignty was transfigured into the resistless sway of all-embracing love. The stanchest Covenanter believed not more firmly than he in the divine decrees ; but to him they were the decrees of infinite holiness, guided by infinite wisdom and inspired by infinite goodness,—in a word, the decrees of the Father bent on the final happiness of all his children.

His theology was clear, and though clear, not shallow, but,

like the waters of Lake Huron, deep as clear. That theology was not vague, but on the contrary very definite: God, the Father of all and always, whose holy spirit is for ever seeking to enter and bless the hearts of his children; Jesus, the redeemer and mediator,—redeemer not from divine vengeance, but from sin, negligence, and their sad sufferings; mediator, not the appeaser of divine wrath, but the appointed medium through whom Heaven's choicest blessings came, and are ever to come, to man; man, a brother; prayer, a duty and a privilege; life, a sacred stewardship, to be illumined by faith, hallowed by obedience, made fragrant by beneficence; and immortality, the real life, graciously ordained by the Lord of life, and revealed in its nearness and strong, attractive power by his dear Son.

This was his theology, attained through the workings of an active, vigorous mind, and through the prayers and fidelities of a loving, consecrated heart, and a soul always open to God. It was a definite system of liberal Christian theology, which began to shape itself to the earnest mind of the young man ere he left Scotland, but which received its full development in America's genial air. To no one of the great congregation that from week to week gathered in the Federal-street Church was the vivid presentation of the cheering faith by Dr. Channing, and his able and devoted colleague and successor, more grateful and helpful than to our revered friend, and by no one was its power to minister to fervent piety and Christian living more vividly illustrated. The daily beauty of his life was no less a constant attestation of vital spiritual power than it was a ceaseless benediction.

Brighter and brighter grew that life, until in the Father's own time, the door of the heavenly mansion opened, and the good man passed in, leaving an inestimable inheritance to his children's children.

At the last service an interesting incident was mentioned by the Rev. Mr. Heywood.

About a year since, he said, on a visit to this city, I called upon the beloved friend who has now, in the ripeness of age, been taken from us. While we conversed together, Father Taylor, the well-known preacher to the seamen, came in. It was most impressive to witness the cordiality of that greeting. Father Taylor, himself like an Apostle, with glowing ardor seized our venerated friend by the hand, exclaiming: "I am as glad to see you as I should be to see Saint Paul!" "Ah!" replied Mr. Waterston, "we must go to Heaven if we would see Saint Paul." "Wherever," replied Father Taylor, with an emphasis I can never forget, "wherever the truly good man is, THERE IS HEAVEN!"

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As another indication of the feeling extended towards him, we venture to quote the words of the Rev. Dr. Hedge, who, after expressions of sympathy and the high personal regard which he, in common with others, cherished for Mr. Waterston, writes: "To know whom was to find new proof of the dignity and worth of human nature."

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He who, with wide liberality and sympathetic appreciation, had honored the devout of every name, was himself in return even so honored. The place where he stood seemed holy and became as the gate of Heaven.

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## TRIBUTE.

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By REV. T. B. FOX.

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## ROBERT WATERSTON.

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The following tribute, written by the Rev. T. B. Fox, appeared in the Boston Transcript of August 31st.

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SOME characters are so simple in their integrity, and exhibit such daily symmetry in their excellence, that their harmonious beauty and goodness prevent the use of more than a few sincerely eulogistic words to describe them, even when they have become a memory it is a delight to linger upon and speak of. Such was the character of this venerable citizen who died yesterday, at his residence in this city, in his ninety-second year, ending a life of elevated usefulness with the serene evening of a ripe and trustful old age. Born in Scotland, he was hearty and wholesome in his temperament, and always retained something of the best flavor of his native heather. Coming to this country as a young man, he identified himself with its progress and its free institutions, and was thoroughly American in his philanthropic and humane patriotism. There are many to remember him as the head, for a long time, of a leading importing and commission house, under the style of Waterston, Pray, & Co., and many to bear testimony to the warmth of his heart, the purity and uprightness of his affections and principles, and his thoughtful and earnest benevolence, which gave a certain consecration to his activity and energy as a merchant. His religious faith was clear and decided; and he was far from being wanting in literary and

æsthetic taste and culture. With him the man of business was not the whole man ; and elsewhere than in his counting-room his strong and winning traits made manifest his Christian worth. In his retirement, lightly touched by infirmities, he has not been idle ; but, mellowed and quiet, the close of his career was in unison with its season of quick enterprise and resolute diligence and energy. Kindly towards all, he was surrounded by troops of friends ; and in the home relations the familiarity of his genial intercourse never diminished the reverence due to his sterling virtues. Now that he has calmly fallen asleep, after working so long and so well at his allotted duties here, the reminiscences and the praises of him that come from the lips of all who knew him tell how good a man the community has parted with, and how unblemished was the example he has left for honor and imitation.

BRIEF MEMOIR  
OF  
ROBERT WATERSTON.

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BY ONE WHO KNEW HIM MANY YEARS.

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## ROBERT WATERSTON.

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THE subject of this notice was born in Edinburgh, Scotland, on the 12th of February, 1778, and he was therefore nearly ninety-two years of age at his decease on the 30th of August, 1869. Before he was two years old, he was placed with an aged and pious relative, his maternal grandfather, who resided in North Berwick, a small seaport town on the Frith of Forth, about twenty miles from Edinburgh, under whose lowly roof he lived for some years. His earliest recollection was of this place. He always looked back with peculiar pleasure and gratitude to this period of his life; and for this reason some of the circumstances which attended it will be more particularly referred to. The religious lessons which were here instilled into his youthful mind by his revered relative \* were never effaced from his memory. "Morning and evening," he records, "might the voice of praise in the simple melody of Old Hundred, St. David's, St. Paul's, Dundee, or Martyrs, be heard to rise from his dwelling, followed by the reading of a portion of Scripture,

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\* His name was Robert Cassie. In an autobiographic sketch, written more than twenty years ago, at the request of his son, Mr. Waterston says: "My grandfather was a truly religious and pious man; and although a professed disciple of the Calvinistic school, his piety was free from austerity. No ambition troubled his mind; he had no anxious cares beyond the daily supply of his wants, and these he was enabled to provide for, in a humble way, by the manufacture of linen. His treasures were in heaven, and the treasures of earth he did not covet."

and the humble and devout prayer of adoration, confession, and thanksgiving. Never was this duty neglected.” This venerated man was ever afterwards associated in his thoughts with the picture of the godly patriarch in “The Cotter’s Saturday Night:”—

The cheerfu’ supper done, wi’ serious face,  
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide ;  
The sire turns o’er, wi’ patriarchal grace,  
    The big Ha'-Bible, ance his father’s pride :  
His bonnet rev’rently is laid aside,  
    His lyart haftets wearin’ thin an’ bare ;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
    He wales a portion with judicious care ;  
And, “let us worship God !” he says, with solemn air.

The simple tastes and frugal habits, united with the kindly virtues, of those around him, were not without their influence in moulding his character and developing a sympathy with persons in humble life ; and

“ The short and simple annals of the poor ”  
always had a charm for his benevolent heart.

The natural scenery by which the cottage in which he lived was surrounded also made a lasting impression upon him. The German Ocean, with its restless waters, lay stretched out before him ; the “ Bass Rock,” “ Craigleith,” the “ Law,” the braes, the sands of the seashore, and, at a short distance, the ruins of the castle of “ Tantallon,”—one of the strongholds of the Douglass family,—were to the last the fondest objects of his recollection ; and the walls of the room in which he usually sat during his declining years were covered with pictures representing many of these objects of his early love.\*

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\* On a business tour to England and Scotland many years afterwards, in 1825, he visited North Berwick where some of his relatives still live; and, in a letter to his wife, written from this place, he says: “From Edinburgh we came on to this place, rendered dear to me from having passed here the first period of my youthful days. Memory recalls with what delight I used to trip it on foot from Edinburgh, and with what joyous feelings I would enter the dwelling to meet the embrace of my grandfather. But he is

And here it should not be forgotten, that his native city was equally dear to his affections; and interesting memorials of “Auld Reekie” always hung round the rooms of his dwelling.

At about the age of eight years he returned to the maternal home in Edinburgh. His father, whose name he bore, had died four years before. He was now sent to school to Mr. James Purves,\* a worthy and intelligent man,—the author of “An Humble Attempt to investigate and defend the Scripture-doctrine concerning the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit,” &c.,—whose instruction he continued to receive for some years. When he was twelve years old he was placed in the shop of his step-father, Mr. Robert Ruthven, a wholesale and retail dry-goods merchant in Edinburgh. Here he remained until, on coming of age, he was admitted a partner in the business, under the style of “Ruthven & Waterston.” Their establishment was in the Old Town, on the corner of High Street and St. Mary’s Wynd, just where the famous “Netherbow Port,” the eastern entrance to the city, stood. The shop, three years since, was still standing. While a partner here, Mr. Waterston had an opportunity to visit London and the manufacturing towns of England to make purchases for the firm.

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not here now; this place which once knew him knows him no more: he is gathered to his fathers, and we must soon follow. Such is the wise decree of Heaven, and the dictate of Infinite Goodness. Yesterday I was occupied in rambling about the braes; and if I did not *pick the gowans*, I trod upon them.”

\* Mr. Purves performed the duties of a minister as well as those of a schoolmaster,—preaching on Sundays in his own house to a small body of worshippers who had discarded the popular doctrines of that day as they were held both in the Established Church and in the churches of the Dissenters. Among these worshippers were the parents of Mr. Waterston, who, on returning to his Edinburgh home, always accompanied his mother and his step-father thither. As the number of worshippers increased, a hall was procured for their public services. This small body of Christians, including probably other societies in other parts of Scotland who held similar views, had, as early as 1771, published their opinions to the world, in a small pamphlet, entitled “A Short Abstract of the Principles and Designs of the United Societies in Scotland,” &c.

Having early imbibed a love of republican institutions,\* Mr. Waterston resolved, at the age of twenty-five, “to breathe the free air of the States,”—without, however, having formed any definite plans as to his future course. Accordingly, in 1803, he set sail for America, making the passage in fifty-one days from Greenock, and landing on the 25th of September at Boston, which he made his headquarters. “He is a sober, well-inclined, and active young man,” are the words of a letter of introduction which he brought from an Edinburgh merchant to his correspondent in Boston; “and his friends here wish him into *good* company, in the best and original meaning of that word.” He never desired any other. Some merchandise which he brought with him he sold; but, making a few losses in bad debts, which he determined to repair before returning home, he was detained in the country beyond his allotted time. In the meanwhile, on the 5th of April, 1805, he formed a contingent copartnership with Mr. Isaac C. Pray, of South Berwick, in Maine, where he had some business transactions, and in the following autumn returned to Edinburgh. He soon announced to his connections there his intention of settling in the United States; and, closing up his business affairs, in May, 1806, he bade adieu

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\* The period of Mr. Waterston’s “apprenticeship”—from 1790 to 1800—was marked by as great political commotions as the world has ever witnessed. The French Revolution, the death of Louis XVI. and his queen, the counter revolution, so soon followed by the appearance of Napoleon upon the stage,—all these startling events so rapidly following upon and succeeded by others, carried alternately hope and fear to the friends of liberty everywhere, and dismay to the old monarchies of Europe. The government of Great Britain was alarmed, and many of the reformers who were contending for greater representation in parliament, and were criticising freely the acts of the administration, were arrested and tried for sedition; and a large number of them, though probably innocent of any actual crime, were convicted, and transported to Botany Bay. Some of these trials took place in Edinburgh, in 1793 and 1794, and excited great interest among all classes. Mr. Waterston, still a youth, sympathized deeply with the accused. He was present at one of the trials, and the scenes he witnessed much impressed him, and produced a strong feeling in his mind against the government. Later events did not tend to dissipate that feeling; and this must be regarded as one of the moving causes which brought him to this country.

to his native country, and re-embarked for America.\* He soon availed himself of the privilege, as he esteemed it, of becoming a citizen of the United States, and for over sixty years showed himself a loyal supporter of our free institutions.† He used pleasantly to say to persons whom he sometimes met, who were croaking about the country and the government: "You are not half so good a friend to your country as I am. I became a citizen here from choice: you are a citizen from necessity."

The village of South Berwick offering too limited a field for the enterprise of the firm, a branch of their business was, after a few years, established in Kennebunk, a flourishing village, then a part of the township of "Old Wells." To this place Mr. Waterston removed; and here, in 1810, he married Miss Lord, a daughter of Mr. Tobias Lord, a well-known merchant of Kennebunk. Mrs. Waterston, a most affectionate and devoted wife and mother, died in 1862.

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\* He sailed from Greenock, and, after a tedious passage of forty-seven days, arrived at New York. The total eclipse of the sun took place while he was in New York. This was on the 16th of June. "It was a beautiful summer's day," he writes, "the sky clear and perfectly tranquil; and from the balcony of Mr. Maxwell's house [the father of Mr. Hugh Maxwell], which was elevated sufficiently high to afford a view of the North River, I watched its progress from the first. It was truly a sublime scene, and a degree of awe came over the mind when at mid-day it became totally dark. The busy streets were hushed,—every one looking upward,—a perfect silence reigned, and for a few minutes it was night at noon-day, with the stars shining brilliantly. The cocks in the neighborhood began to crow, and the few birds in sight seemed to fly in consternation for shelter. The air became cool, and a fresh breeze sprang up, causing the sail-boats in the river to careen. Gradually the light began to dawn, and, slowly as the darkness came on, slowly the light returned, until the sun resumed its mid-day splendor.

† The next visit which Mr. Waterston paid to his native country was in the year 1816, returning the following spring. His step-father, Robert Ruthven, his former partner in business, having died, his mother and his two sisters, the Misses Ruthven, returned with him to make their home here. His mother, Mrs. Helen Ruthven, was a woman of fine mental powers, and of superior culture, and in every way was a most lovely character. She was a fine type of the Scotch lady of that period. Her death, in 1833, at the age of eighty, was lamented by a large circle of friends.

Three several times since has Mr. Waterston visited Scotland; namely, in 1824, 1852; and in 1856 when he was in his seventy-ninth year.

In 1814, Messrs. Waterston & Pray established themselves in Boston ; and the firm, under that name, and under the style of Waterston, Pray, & Co., and subsequently under that of Waterston, Deane, & Co., were for many years well known throughout the country, first as importers of dry goods, and afterwards as commission merchants for the sale of domestic goods. The senior partners were early engaged in fostering the growth of American manufactures, investing their capital largely in these enterprises. Mr. Pray was one of the ablest and most influential advocates of the " American System," as the true policy of government. Joseph T. Buckingham, for many years the editor of the " Boston Courier," in his " Personal Memoirs," says of Mr. Pray: " He had studied the nature and the results of the protective policy, and could demolish, in a brief conversation, the strongest argument of any opponent of his doctrine." Mr. Waterston was an equally zealous advocate of this policy, and continued to be to the last. Mr. Pray died in 1846 ; Mr. Waterston continued in business till 1857, when, in his eightieth year, he retired from active life.

Mr. Waterston had a true nobility of nature. As a man of business he was the soul of honor, and he had many of the best qualities which illustrated and adorned the character of a Boston merchant of the old school. He was of a cheerful disposition, always looking on the bright side in the darkest hour. Energy and perseverance were qualities which he possessed in an eminent degree. There were times, during his long business career, when serious reverses came, and when the stoutest heart might well be discouraged ; but his faith and trust never deserted him, and diligence and fidelity had their full reward. These trials served only to purify and strengthen him.

Religious books and religious conversation, in his social and retired hours, united to a somewhat extensive private corre-

spondence with persons of congenial minds, were his chief solace. One of his favorite books was "The Life of God in the Soul of Man," written by his countryman, Henry Scougal, nearly two hundred years ago. Such was his desire to place copies of this little manual within the easy reach of all, that he last year caused a new edition of it to be printed, many copies of which he distributed among his friends. He was always liberal, according to his means, in dispensing material aid to those in want, and in giving a helping hand to every needy cause which his judgment approved.

Among the pleasant recollections of his later years were his frequent conversations on religious subjects with his pastor, Dr. Channing, between whom and himself he felt that there was a singularly happy agreement in some opinions not usually held by persons of the denomination of Christians to which they belonged. He had united with the religious society of which Dr. Channing was the pastor, and with which he was associated to the last, some years before the present able and devoted minister of that church had become connected with it as the colleague of that distinguished divine.

Though born under the influence of regal institutions, Mr. Waterston was thoroughly democratic in his views of life. He took pride, if pride it may be called, in an ancestry, whose chief claim to regard was that it represented a humble and a godly people. The fashion of this world, its pomp and its glory, he regarded not. Social distinctions and family pretensions, based upon the factitious and the fleeting, or indeed upon any thing but true worth, were to him as vanities ; and he would often repeat the lines of his favorite " Robbie Burns," —

" The rank is but the guinea's stamp,  
The man's the gowd for a' that."

His tastes were simple and pure, and therefore inexpensive. Habits thus formed while young were continued from

principle through life. He early learned the secret of independence which is acquired by keeping the artificial wants few. He knew that persons are really rich or poor, not in view of what they have, but of what they want. Some with large means are always needy, while others with slender incomes have enough and to spare. He was not indifferent to the comforts and even the elegancies with which modern civilization invests so much of our social life; but all his expenditures, especially where they related to himself, were regulated by a wise economy, and with a regard to the higher uses to which wealth should ever be applied. His fondness for Art in many of its forms, and his love of good books, he did not hesitate to gratify, as they ministered to the best good of himself and others.

He regarded the accumulation of great wealth in families as an evil, and felt that large possessions were the poorest legacy which a parent can leave to his children. He believed that young men should be educated to earn their own subsistence, and that all, except the infirm and the otherwise incompetent, should have that necessity laid upon them. That part of the prayer of Agur, "Give me neither poverty nor riches," he thought embodied the true philosophy of life.

In his last testamentary provisions he demonstrated his belief that true "charity," which, the proverb says, "*begins at home*," is best discovered in enlarging the sphere of beneficence beyond the narrow circle of one's own family and kindred.\*

There are some passages in Mr. Waterston's early life, particularly relating to the formation of his religious opinions, which are most interesting and instructive; but this notice is

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\* Although leaving the bulk of his estate to his immediate descendants, he did not forget others who were bound to him by ties of kindred or friendship. A large number of charitable societies in his adopted city were also made recipients of his bounty.

too brief to embrace such details. With none of their theology, he had all the living faith of the old Covenanters in the Scripture record, of which few were more constant readers. He was, during his long life, an earnest advocate of peace, believing that the spirit of the Gospel was opposed to all war; but, like most of those at the North who held similar views, when the late Rebellion broke out he pleaded for the most strenuous measures to sustain the government, looking upon our large armies as the *posse comitatus* of the sheriff called out to put down a great riot.

Mr. Waterston's genial and social nature found its fittest expression within the family circle. He had no canker at the heart, no corroding cares; but every thing within, and therefore every thing around him, was sunshine and peace. He was happy in his temperament, happy in the circumstances of his business and his family, happy in the green old age which succeeded to his active life; and at last, the *euthanasia* which kind Providence sometimes vouchsafes closed the scene.\*

“Of no distemper, of no blast he died,  
But fell like autumn fruit that mellowed long,  
Even wondered at because he dropt no sooner.  
Fate seemed to wind him for fourscore years;  
Yet freshly ran he on ten winters more:  
Till like a clock worn out with eating time,  
The wheels of weary life at last stood still.”

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\* Four children survive him; one son,—the Rev. Robert C. Waterston, who married Anna Quincy, of Boston,—and three daughters, the eldest of whom, Helen, married Mr. Charles Deane, of Cambridge, Mass.; the second, Lucy, Mr. George Greig, of Beachville, Canada; and the third, Marion, Mr. George C. Lord, of Newton, Mass.

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EXTRACTS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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## EXTRACTS FROM AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

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*“By it he being dead yet speaketh.”*

HEB. xi. 4.

This personal narrative was commenced in the month of November, 1846, nearly a quarter of a century ago, and is addressed to his son. It was intended only for the immediate family, but there are passages which may now interest that wider circle of friends who honored and loved him, as so many rejoiced to do, while he was here.

The sketch thus commences:—

**Y**OU have so frequently expressed a wish that I would furnish you with a few reminiscences of my early life and history, and the last time you spoke of it you expressed so strong a desire, that I can no longer resist complying with it.

I was deprived of my father at the early age of four years. He departed this life at Edinburgh, March 27, 1782. My mother held his memory dear, and often told me of what I had lost in such a parent. That he was a man of more than ordinary piety and a devoted Christian, was the universal testimony of all who knew him. He also had the merit of thinking for himself, and acting up to his convictions.

Very young (I think I have heard my mother say that when about a year and a half old) I was carried to my grandfather's in North Berwick, a small seaport town, backed by an excellent farming district, some twenty-two miles to the eastward of

Edinburgh. Here I was placed under the charge of my grandmother. My earliest remembrance, therefore, is of that village,—of the affectionate care of my grandmother, and of being the darling of my grandfather. No child could love a parent more than I did him. He was truly a pious and religious man, and though of the strictest sect of the Calvinistic order, his piety was free from austerity. He was of a cheerful and happy disposition, the religion of the heart neutralizing the errors, as we considered them, of the head.

Morning and evening might the voice of praise in the simple melody of the Old Hundred, St. David's, St. Paul's, Dundee, or Martyrs, be heard to rise from his dwelling, followed by the humble and devout prayer of adoration, confession, and thanksgiving. Never was this duty neglected. The "Cotter's Saturday Night" I can realize as a true picture of his family devotion.

"His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,  
His lyart haffets wearin thin an' bare;  
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,  
He wales a portion with judicious care;  
And, '*Let us worship God!*' he says, with solemn air."

Yes: I can indeed realize this as a truthful picture of my grandfather's morning and evening devotions.

One other circumstance I must mention. I was early taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer, and enjoined every night before going to bed to say my prayer, and to say it from the heart, otherwise it was not prayer. I well recollect one evening my grandmother said to me, "Now, Robbie, mind your prayer and pray from the heart." I repeated my prayer as usual, but before rising from my knees I reflected, "Have I prayed from the heart?" I thought not. I repeated my prayer again, but was still dissatisfied. I rose from my knees, however, and

went to bed, but after lying down I could not rest easy. The question came up in my mind, "What is meant by praying from the heart?" I again repeated the prayer, but with no better success, and I could not compose myself to sleep. At last I said, "Lord, teach me to pray from the heart." I have ever considered this as my first prayer.

I was early sent to the district, or parish, school,—an institution which does honor to Scotland, somewhat upon the principle of our free schools in Boston. From thence is derived the superior intelligence of the lower classes in Scotland, as compared with England; all having the advantage of gaining a good common education, such as is acquired in our public schools, the Latin language included. I must have been very young when sent to school, for I remember learning the alphabet which was pasted on a board,—a neat pine-board, with a little handle to it, having all the letters, large and small, printed upon it. I trudged to school with this little board under my arm. At what age I left my grandfather's I do not know, but I think I must have been seven or eight years of age; for the utmost of my acquirements at that time was reading and writing and a little advanced arithmetic. I also had commenced the rudiments of the Latin. Never shall I forget the happy days which I enjoyed under my grandfather's roof. His house looked towards the sea, from which it was but a short distance; divided only by a pasture enclosed by a stone wall, and the *braes*, so called, being a common on which the cows, belonging to the inhabitants, had free range,—then a fine, hard, smooth sand beach, which was the playground of the boys. Often have I scampered over the beach, driving my hoop and joining in other boyish exercises and amusements. In the fine summer evenings, I was at times tempted to remain longer at play than my grandfather's early hours of retiring permitted, twilight continuing in the longest days till near ten o'clock. At

the hour of nine, every evening, the town-piper paraded from one end of the town to the other in the main street, playing now the plaintive, and then the merry, tunes of Scotland, on the Highland bagpipe. This was the signal for my return to the house,—often with reluctance did I then leave my companions and our out-of-door sports.

The sea, to me, has always been a noble spectacle, ever changing and full of interest. Here it opens to the German ocean, and in storms, particularly from the north-east, it presents an awfully grand scene. Often have I beheld it with wonder and awe. In fine weather it is here, as it is everywhere, sublime and beautiful. Young as I was I could not but be deeply impressed. Pleasurable emotions which I could not define frequently filled my mind. I loved to wander upon the beach, to scramble over the rocks, and there I would sit me down looking towards the sea, watching the progress of the passing vessels and fishing-boats.

The shores of Fife, with its villages, at the distance of about sixteen miles, could in clear weather be easily descried. A small island called "Craigleith," about three miles from the shore, on which a few sheep fed, was directly opposite my grandfather's home, which to me was an interesting object. Vessels were constantly passing and repassing on the shore-side of this island, which is about three-quarters of a mile long. The harbor was also in sight, which accommodated the sloops employed in transporting grain to various ports on the coast. Sometimes a ship arrived from the Baltic with timber, anchoring on the outside of the harbor and floating her timber ashore. A number of boats were continually in motion; so that, although the town was small and with but little business, still it was active and lively compared to a mere farming district. The air was pure, healthy, and invigorating, and in the summer season a few visitors were accustomed to frequent the place for bathing and recreation.

Thus having presented you with a little picture of the town in which I was brought up in my earliest years, I must now carry you with me to Edinburgh, to which city I returned when I was about eight years of age. Here I was sent to school; and, under the instruction of James Purves, continued my studies.

I have related that my father and a few others had separated from those who held the popular creed, and met by themselves, for worship on the Sabbath, in a private room. This meeting was held for several years in the house of Mr. Purves, by whom the services were conducted. Here I constantly attended with my mother. Owing to the numbers of the society augmenting, Mr. Purves's house was found too small for their accommodation, and they rented a hall in a more central part of the city,—this I think was in 1791,—Mr. Purves continuing to discharge the duty of pastor. He was a man of more than ordinary powers of mind, and a keen searcher after truth. He had not, as I have understood, the benefit of a collegiate education, but by dint of application he had acquired a knowledge of both the Hebrew and Greek languages, considered in those days almost indispensable to a minister. I know that he was very much attached to the Hebrew, and expressed a great desire that I should learn it, and he would be my instructor. He published a Hebrew grammar to facilitate the study of it. He was the author of several books and pamphlets. Among his published works the "Humble Attempt" is one of the best. I once asked Dr. Channing if he had seen it. "Yes," he replied, "I have a copy, and think very highly of it;" and he was exceedingly interested to learn what I knew of him, and expressed great satisfaction that I had been under his ministry. He told me also that the late Timothy Pickering had a copy of the book which he greatly prized.

This little company of worshippers, so strong were their

convictions of truth and duty, published their principles to the world in a small pamphlet printed in 1771. They preface this declaration of their principles thus : —

“ To prevent mistakes concerning our principles and designs, and to rectify what mistakes any may have conceived of us, we have in the following pages given a short abstract of our principles in a few propositions.

“ Some perhaps may have expected that we should have testified formally and explicitly against the particular evils and defections of the present times; but these evils and defections being so various and numerous, it would rather require a large volume than a small pamphlet to contain such a work. We therefore intend at present only to exhibit to the world the principles upon which we intend to act, whereby all such as truly love the glory of God and the advancement of Christ’s kingdom, the vindication of his mediatory prerogatives, and the reformation of the prevailing evils of the present times, may have no cause to stand at a distance from us; and also whereby those who oppose the mediatory system, so clearly revealed in the word of God, may be still the more inexcusable.

“ Intending, in agreeableness to the following propositions, as they are proved from the word of God, to prosecute the principles there laid down, as the Lord shall assist and direct, in maintaining a testimony for all the doctrines and ordinances revealed in his word, against all the doctrines and practices of men that are inconsistent with that only rule of faith and practice; namely, the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament.”

With regard to the Westminster Confession of Faith, and also the Geneva and the Scotch, they say that they are willing to follow them as far as they appear to contain the truth.

They consider them as having been excellent instruments in promoting the work of reformation, but that the path of the just is as the shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day.

The word of God is the pillar and ground of the truth. Therein is revealed all the articles of faith to be believed, and duties to be practised. Again they say, “There is no unerring rule but the word of God; therefore the Scripture is the best interpreter of itself.” “All synods and councils,” they add, “since the apostles’ times, whether general or particular, may err, and many have erred;—therefore their doctrines ought to be tried by the unerring rule of the word.” They go on to show what to them appears the errors of these confessions respecting the being and perfections of God, and of his moral government. The doctrine of election and reprobation, as therein held, they repudiate as inconsistent with the universal love of God, and that salvation and redemption of man offered to all in the gospel of Christ.

The following is the declaration of their faith in the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit:—

“1st, There is one God the Father, of whom are all things; who is therefore the fountain of all being, perfection, and blessedness.

“2d, God the Father, himself incomprehensible and invisible, is manifested and revealed by his only begotten Son.

“3d, There is one Lord by whom are all things: therefore all manifestations of the divine perfections are by him.

“4th, There is one spirit proceeding from the Father and the Son.

“*Thus*,” they say, “we believe in the Father and the Son and the Holy Spirit. We accept the Lord Jesus Christ for our Saviour, in all his offices as revealed to us in the Scriptures.

“We acquiesce in the method of salvation by Jesus Christ, according to the revelation of his word.

“We reject every thing in doctrine and in practice that is inconsistent with what the Scriptures do teach.”

Such was the faith which they maintain is “pure, scriptural, and elevating, when received and embraced in the love thereof.”

I have said that I attended the social meetings of this society and derived much benefit from them. I had thus an opportunity of listening to the conversation of my elders, and of mingling in their devotional exercises. Indeed, the company of my elders I preferred. From them I could always learn something.

Still, though I felt interested in religion and its doctrines, it was, comparatively, as a mental exercise. The religion of the heart and life had not yet taken deep hold of my affections. Theology was my favorite study, and books of controversy interested me more than devotional. I studied the Bible to know the truth, rather than to feel its influences upon my heart. Not that I was wholly insensible, but something more was wanting to which I had not yet attained. This, I am persuaded, did not arise from any defect in the influences under which I was placed. Nay, these rather tended to prepare the way, and might have been the very means, by the blessing of God, of developing my spiritual faculties.

Here I am about to relate what I have ever considered the brightest spot of my earthly existence; but how shall I express it? how shall I lay open, even to you, that of which the remembrance has ever been sacredly cherished in the secret recesses of my soul? I think I must have been about seventeen years of age when my mind became most deeply interested in religion as a personal concern. I felt my own sinfulness and insufficiency in a new light; I became deeply alarmed; my soul was sad and much dismayed. Nothing external moved

me to this ; no excitement from without. All was calm. But I could find no rest. I contemplated what was required of me, and how greatly I had been deficient. My outward conduct had always been correct. It was the inward state of my mind that distressed me. I prayed, but still I could find no satisfying relief. My feelings I strictly kept to myself. I thought that they were of too solemn and sacred a nature to speak about. I even wondered if anybody had ever felt as I did, with the doubts and fears that then held possession of my mind. I could think of nothing else than what I must do to be saved. I felt that something was wanting,— a *state of mind* to which I had not yet reached. The world I looked upon with different eyes from what I formerly did. I saw it lying in wickedness and carelessness ; all appeared to me cold and dead. Even those whom I believed to be religious, I thought could have no such feelings as mine, otherwise they would express them, and not live so much like the world's people. This state of mind continued for some time. At last I obtained relief ; a light broke forth ; joy and peace succeeded, beyond expression delightful, which to be known must be felt.

When the mind first becomes deeply impressed with the supreme importance of religion, there is something so overpowering in its inward workings that the truth of that passage in the Ancient Record is brought forcibly home to its experience, “the heart knoweth its own bitterness, and a stranger doth not intermeddle with its joys.” Such views may seem visionary to those who have not passed through similar emotions. I have always felt a peculiar delicacy in speaking of my own spiritual experience. It is as if I were opening the door and leading you into a sanctuary which ought to be consecrated to God and to my soul. Still I know not that this feeling is the right one. The Psalmist appears to be of a contrary opinion when he says, “Come, and hear, all ye that fear God, and I will declare what he hath done for my soul.”

I know from happy experience that the Lord indeed is gracious ; that the paths in which he would have us to walk impart, while walking in them, even here, a joy and peace which nothing else can bestow. All my experience has strengthened the conviction in my inmost soul that there is no peace to be found for the immortal mind, no true happiness but in religion ; and that the only true way in which its enjoyments can be fully possessed is to give the mind wholly and without reserve to its attainment as the permanent object and end of life ; holding every thing else in subordination to this one thing. Thus this new and divine life, hid with Christ in God, nourished in the soul, will be continually springing up into eternal life, causing every Christian grace and virtue to flourish to the utter extinction of every seed and root of bitterness.

The state of mind which I have described continued with varied alternations of sunshine and clouds. These clouds warned me that I had much to combat with, that the victory was not yet wholly won. Still the happiness and peace which I enjoyed predominated. To none, however, did I make known my feelings. Not even to my nearest religious friends did I open my state of mind. I thought that they would not be likely to appreciate my feelings ; that they might consider it enthusiasm, and discourage me ; but I felt it to be a reality, more real than any thing I had hitherto experienced. My delight was to be alone, to pray, to meditate, retired from all human observation. I would have shrunk to have been discovered. Such was the state of my feelings. Between God and my own soul was the door of my young heart opened. Often in the mornings of summer would I walk to Arthur's Seat, climb the hill, and high up among the craggy rocks, would I select a place most likely to conceal me from the observation of any who might be rambling that way, and there

would I pour out my heart in fervent prayer, or read portions of my pocket Bible, or from some favorite devotional book which I had brought with me. Delightful were those seasons. There was something inspiring in the scene before me,— the open sky above, and the extensive prospect which spread before my view. “These are thy works, Parent of good.” Dear to me is the remembrance of that hill on that account. With it will ever be associated my youthful aspirations to Him “who fills all earth, all air, all sea,” but who is felt most of all in the inmost recesses of the soul.

During the time of my apprenticeship, as I may call it, while I was contented and happy in the sphere in which I was placed, it was a most eventful period in the world’s history. The memorable revolution in France took place ; Louis XVI. was driven from his throne, tried and condemned to the guillotine ; his queen, shortly after, suffered in like manner. A republican form of government was established, and its administration carried on under the name of the National Convention. The continental powers took alarm ; and, even prior to the death of Louis, war was declared against France by Austria and Prussia. Thus was France assailed from without, while intestine troubles raged within, divisions took place in the convention, a faction headed by Robespierre gained the ascendancy, and the reign of terror commenced. Death to all who opposed them was their motto, and with but little form of trial the best portion of those engaged in the Revolution were condemned to the guillotine ; blood flowed in streams from the scaffold, until a counter revolution brought these bloody-minded men to the same guillotine. A more peaceful season succeeded, induced, in part, by attending to their defence against foreign enemies ; but fresh troubles every now and then broke out, and kept the French people in a constant state of feverish

excitement. Their only bond of union was in repelling the allied powers and carrying their victories into the enemies' country. About this time, Bonaparte arose, that great military chieftain, who, from becoming general of the army, became chief consul, and finally Emperor of the French. England had, in the mean time, united with the continental powers and declared war.

The history of these times is familiar to you. During these momentous events, the minds of the people in England and Scotland were kept in a constant state of agitation. The Revolution in France, arising from the long tyranny under which they had suffered, was hailed with joy by many throughout the united kingdom, fondly hoping it would establish the principles of law and liberty on the ruins of despotism and oppression ; and the attention of many were turned to reform the abuses of power under their own government. Meetings were held, and petitions drawn up and forwarded to Parliament, praying that those abuses which they pointed out might be reformed, that annual Parliaments might be established, and a more equal and extensive representation of the people in the House of Commons. These meetings became so extensive and general throughout the country, that the ruling powers took the alarm, and, with the example of France before them, determined to crush out every attempt of the kind. The time, they contended, was no fitting season for agitating reform ; and they accused the agitators as republicans at heart and enemies of the constitution. Meetings of the people were prohibited, and when any attempt was made, were dispersed by the civil authorities, and frequently in a very *uncivil* manner. Many of those actively engaged in promoting meetings for reform were tried for sedition, and but few of those tried escaped from being found, or rather pronounced, guilty, rendering the accusation of packed juries not without foundation ; and a number of highly re-

spectable men, with the purest motives, were condemned and transported to Botany Bay, for exercising their rights in a peaceable manner. A number of these trials took place in Edinburgh ; and I have the most vivid recollection of them, having my sympathies called forth strongly in their favor, deeming it a stretch of injustice and tyranny. Among the number, whose names are familiar to me, were Muir, Palmer, Skirving, Margarot, and Gerrald, men of unblemished characters and of most respectable standing in society. These trials took place in 1792-93. Margarot and Gerrald were delegates sent by the London Society to attend the convention in Edinburgh, where they were arrested and tried. I was exceedingly desirous of attending the trial of Gerrald. A great crowd was at the door of the Parliament House where the trial took place. I pressed my way through, but the door-keeper was incorrigible ; he said the court was perfectly crammed, and that none could have admittance. I remained, however, expecting that some one connected with the court might be admitted, and that then I might press in. I was right in my conjecture. One did come to whom the door-keeper gave admittance ; and no sooner was the door opened, than I dodged under the door-keeper's arms and made my way in. It was perfectly crammed, but I remained and listened to his plea with great interest. But it was well known that no plea of his could have any efficacy,—there was a determination to condemn. The trial of Muir I have in print, but the only notice of these trials which I have seen in this country is in a pamphlet called the “Stranger in Lowell,”\* under the head of the “Scottish Reformers,” article 17th, in 1845, in which, for the first time, I learned that the Reformers of that day, condemned and punished as felons *then*, are still held in grateful remembrance by

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\* By John G. Whittier. Afterwards reprinted as “Literary Recreations.”

their countrymen. After stating that none of the Edinburgh reformers, as the writer understood from his informant, lived to return to their native land, but perished one after another under the severe discipline of colonial servitude, he says, "Years have passed, and the generation which knew the persecuted reformers has given place to another; and now, half a century after, William Skirving, as he rose to receive his sentence, declared to his judges, "*You may condemn us as felons, but your sentence shall yet be reversed by the people.*" The names of these men are now once more familiar to British lips. The sentence has been reversed, and the prophecy of Skirving has become history. On the twenty-first of the eighth month, 1853, the corner-stone of a monument to the memory of the Scottish martyrs, for which subscriptions had been received from such men as Lord Holland, the dukes of Bedford and Norfolk, and the earls of Essex and Leicester, was laid with imposing ceremonies, in the beautiful burial-place of Calton Hill, Edinburgh, by the veteran reformer and tribune of the people, Joseph Hume, M.P. After delivering an appropriate address, the aged radical closed the impressive scene by reading the soul-inspiring prayer of Joseph Gerrald.

"At the banquet which afterwards took place, and which was presided over by John Dunlop, Esq., addresses were made by the president, and Dr. Ritchie, well known to American abolitionists for their zeal in the cause of the slave, and by William Skirving, of Kirkaldy, son of the martyr. The complete Suffrage Society of Edinburgh, to the number of five hundred, walked in procession to Calton Hill, and in the open air proclaimed unmolested the very principles for which the martyrs of the present century had suffered." The account of this tribute to the memory of departed worth cannot fail to awaken in generous hearts emotions of gratitude towards Him who has thus signally vindicated his truth, showing that the triumph of the oppressor is but for a season, and that even in this

world a lie cannot live for ever. Well and truly did George Fox say in his last days, “The Truth is above all.”

For the time being, the strong arm of the law thus exercised put a stop to all united action of the people to obtain reform ; and afterwards, when the excesses into which the revolution of France had plunged that then unhappy and distracted country were witnessed, a quiet acquiescence, or rather submission, to the ills they knew, were submitted to, rather than run the danger of incurring those which they knew not of, and the attention of the people was drawn off to the struggle that was going on in the continent.

On Bonaparte's assuming the imperial sway, all hope of good from the revolution of France was given up, and the reduction of his gigantic power became the desire of the great body of the people. This state of things continued until I left the country to visit America, where a government more in accordance with my principles had been successfully established. But prior to relating the circumstances which led to this movement, I must state what my principles and feelings were during these agitating times. Although I was too young to take an active part with the reformers, “the friends of the people,” as they styled themselves, still I was old enough to feel an interest in their cause ; and had I been older, it is not unlikely that, being of an ardent temperament, I might have been one of those actively engaged ; as it was, my youthful arguments were always on the reform side of the question. I never knew the time when I did not feel a detestation of war, and every form of despotic power. My friends and associates were all on the reform side : I read their tracts and publications ; hence I early imbibed a love of free institutions. Slavery, also, was a subject which engaged much popular attention. Petitions to Parliament were drawn up for the emancipation of slaves in

the West Indies, and against the slave-trade ; and I remember that when quite young I put my name to one of the petitions, and of being not a little proud of it, as having done, as I thought, what I could. I even relinquished the use of sugar, because produced by the labor of slaves.

In the year 1803 — the year in which I left Scotland — the country was in a very agitated state. Bonaparte was then in the zenith of his power, and threatened invasion. He had assembled a large body of troops near Boulogne, and was making great preparations, fitting out vessels of war, flotillas, &c., to transport them across the channel ; and by taking advantage of a dark night and fair wind, it was thought he would make the attempt. The government became alarmed, while arming the country *en masse* was talked of, and all capable of bearing arms expected to be called upon. To remain neutral, when the country was threatened with invasion, was looked upon with suspicion. This, with my views of war, was by no means an agreeable position ; for I could not have, under the circumstances of the case, been induced to shoulder the musket. My feelings towards the administration, who had so tyrannically persecuted the reformers, had no doubt some share in this determination. Volunteers came forward in great numbers. A regiment was formed called the Edinburgh Gentlemen Volunteers, who equipped themselves at their own expense. Others who could not afford to do this were furnished by the government with arms and uniforms. Over four thousand volunteers, all citizens of Edinburgh, were at one time reviewed on Leith Links, — a large common near Leith, about a mile from the city. They marched up Leith walk, and paraded through some of the principal streets in the city, headed by several companies of volunteer cavalry. I was one of the many thousands of lookers-on, and a most imposing spectacle it was, with the respective bands of music, and

colors flying. So popular was this arming, that even ministers of the Established Church took up arms as an example to their flocks. One of the ministers of the Canongate Church passed our store every morning equipped with sash and with gun and bayonet, on his way to drill; while on Sunday he was to be seen in the pulpit with gown and band, a right reverend professed minister of the gospel! So general was the turnout of the respectable inhabitants, that those who stood aloof and took no part were considered, or at least strongly suspected of being, enemies to the government.

This state of things, and of public sentiment, did not accord with my feelings. I longed for peaceful times and a less war-like spirit. All this parade and preparation, however, died away. Bonaparte abandoned his design: his attention was called elsewhere with more hope of success. Although the state of the country was not the moving cause of my visit to America, still this, united with other considerations, had an influence upon my mind in determining me.

One other circumstance I well remember. By an ancient municipal regulation of the city, it was required even of natives of the city, prior to their enjoying the right of carrying on business freely, to become burgesses, otherwise they were subject to a tax at the discretion of the Lord Dean of Guild, and others with him, whose duty it is to attend to this department; and the law requires that each burgess, on his admission, shall take an oath, not only of fealty to the government, but to the religion, as established by the land. By thus becoming a burgess there are other than business privileges enjoyed, and for which the sum of forty pounds is required. I received a summons to appear before the Lord Dean of Guild, at his court held in one of the chambers of the Parliament House, to comply with this law. I obeyed the summons and appeared in

court, when my name was called by his lordship who sat with two others on the Bench. He very politely addressed me, saying that, as I had for some time done business in the city, he presumed that I was willing to comply with the requisitions of the law and become a burgess. I replied, that I had no objections to pay the required sum, but that I had conscientious scruples respecting the oath, which I understood was required, and that this to me was an insuperable objection. After this reply, he turned to one of his associates, and having had some conversation with him, he said that the court respected those scruples, and he believed there was a way whereby those who had them might still enjoy the privilege. I said that I desired to enjoy the privileges of a burgess, if they could be obtained by paying the money without taking the oath. He then said I might retire for the present, and here the matter rested. Several merchants in the city who were burgesses, to whose knowledge this circumstance had come, laughed at my scruples, declaring that it was merely an ancient form. But it appeared to me in a more serious light, and I felt indignant that such a law should exist, debarring native-born citizens from the enjoyment of rights which I believed they ought to be entitled to in every city without tax or question.

Not long after this the purpose was formed of coming to America. It was understood that my tarry would be short, and that after satisfying my desire of seeing the country and visiting the principal cities, I would return and content myself at home.

I embarked on board the brig "Belisarius," at Greenock, on the fifth day of August, 1803. On the 25th of September I arrived in Boston, after a long passage of fifty-one days.

But here, perhaps, it will be interesting for you to learn something of my voyage. There were only two other passengers in the cabin besides myself,—one a young adventurer full of life and vivacity. There were a number of steerage passengers, and among them several families.

We set sail early in the morning with pleasant weather, and a fair, moderate breeze. The scenery in going down the Clyde was very interesting. After passing Bute and the Cumbrey Isles, we passed the Hills of Arran, whose high cliffs and lofty peaks are exceedingly grand and imposing. Towards evening we came between Rathlin Island and the North of Ireland,—the town of Ballycastle in sight. A lovely autumnal evening it was: the sky serene and beautiful; vessels in every direction were gently gliding over a smooth sea, all sails set. It was a lovely scene. I began to think that a sailor's life was a pleasant one; and the commencement of our voyage being so auspicious, I anticipated that it would be pleasant to the end. It was not until a late hour that I retired to my berth, my mind filled with the exciting scenes of the day, but still more with the friends I had left, and the change which in so short a time had taken place in my situation and prospects. I felt for the first time as if I was alone in the world, and every thing uncertain before me. Full of such reflections, after committing myself to His care, who is ever present, I resigned myself to sleep. This I was not, however, long permitted to enjoy, for I was suddenly aroused by a noise on deck. I listened and heard the rain pouring overhead. Shortly after, the wind began to whistle and the vessel to heave. All hands were called; then followed the noise of ropes thrashing on deck, the yo-he-vo-ing of the sailors sounding mournfully aloft, dying away in the gale. The sea continued to rise; and in the midst of this noise a crack was heard above the whole, followed by a crash. Then followed an increased bustle and yo-he-vo-ing. Shortly some one

came down to the cabin to put the dead-lights in the cabin windows. I asked what the matter was, and was informed that the foretop-mast was carried away in a squall ; but that there was no danger, we had got nearly beyond the narrows, and the captain thought we should weather it. The steerage passengers, from whom we were only separated by a thin partition, were in an uproar, calling out as if they expected all was over with us. Every thing, not secured, was in motion, rattling from one side to the other with every heave of the vessel, and now and then a fearful crash of crockery. My situation was any thing but enviable, with sickness to crown the whole, and cooped up in the darkness in what was called a state-room, and a very unhappy state I found it to be. Anxiously did I watch for the morning light, which I thought would never come. So soon as it began to dawn, I tumbled out of my berth and staggered to the companion-way. Holding on as I went, I made my way to the deck ; but oh what an altered scene presented itself ! The sea was raging. Instead of seeing vessels in all directions gliding gently along, one vessel only was in sight, and that tossing, like ourselves, upon the stormy billows with the loss of a mast. Instead of the cheerful and hopeful faces of the steerage passengers, in groups upon the deck, a few woe-begone countenances were to be seen, peering out of the steerage gangway. The scene was by no means inviting, and I soon went below. Thus it continued rough and squally weather, every thing looking dull and dismal, and I all the while hardly able to stir from my berth. This lasted about seven days. I was so distressed that I cared not to live. Oh, how bitterly did I repent having left home and all its endearments ! But it was in vain. No wish of mine could transport me back to Edinburgh. My fitful dreams were of home, of the friends I had left, and of my favorite walks. But on waking from this stupor,— for sleep it could not be called,—

the reality was brought home to me. Tossed on this wild ocean, mind and body became equally restless. However, from this I gradually recovered ; and after being a fortnight at sea I was as well as ever. I could now exercise myself by laying hold of the ropes, with the sailors climbing the shrouds. I never enjoyed my health better, and, upon the whole, not only became reconciled to the sea, but even enjoyed the alternations of weather which we constantly experienced. An interest was also felt in every living thing that we saw swimming on the waves or flying in the air,— now skimming round as if in perfect enjoyment ; now dashing into the sea after their prey ; now floating upon the bosom of the water, dancing upon the billows, and again dipping their heads into the sea, and with fresh food in their bills looking up as if in gratitude to heaven. We were becalmed on the Banks of Newfoundland for three days ; the weather clear and delightful. All this time the sea was perfectly smooth, with a gentle swell. Here we enjoyed a most interesting scene. Far as the eye could reach, the sea and air were full of life ; gulls, ducks, sea-birds in great variety, flying, swimming, sporting all around. An Audubon would have been in raptures. Several flying-fish lighted upon the deck ; grampuses were present in large numbers ; numerous whales were sporting in the deep, every now and then rising from the water, spouting and blowing, sending up the spray to a great height. The birds appeared to follow their track, and when they spouted would dash through the spray, no doubt finding something palatable. In fact, it appeared as if the birds of the air and the fishes of the sea had, with one consent, agreed to have a grand jubilee ! Many a time may the Atlantic be crossed, and the Banks of Newfoundland be sailed over, before such another scene shall be witnessed !

Part of the time, during this calm, I would retire to the foretop with a book, and alternately read and enjoy the scenery from that lofty station.

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