BIOGRAPHIES

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THE GREAT AND GOOD.

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BY

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PREFACE.

THE individuals whose lineaments of character are sketched in this volume, comprise a period of thirteen centuries, and exhibit almost every variety of station, from the wilderness to the throne. They differ in age and sex, in intellect and attainment, in clime, profession and tenet, yet in one respect they are alike. Statesmen or divines, poets or philosophers, in poverty or in wealth, one possession was common to all. The favourite of genius and the child of obscurity, derived from the same source, that "knowledge which maketh wise unto salvation." Divided as widely as the eagle soaring among the stars, from the lowliest mother-bird upon its grassy nest, to one single, simple hope they came at last.

If we admit, for a moment, that religious hope to have been a delusion, it were still a pity to pass through life without its solace. Still more mournful to tremble at the gate of death, without its sanction.

May we all, who shall from these pages cultivate an acquaintance with the great and good, know the sustaining power of that "faith which worketh by love," and find a smile on the face of the dark-winged angel, when with cold hand he leadeth us to our Father's House.

L. H. S.

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EXAMPLES OF LIFE AND DEATH.

Monica.

330 Monica, a native of Tagaste, in Numidia, was born about the year 330. She early manifested ardent affections and an amiable disposition. She had also strong religious tendencies, which were cherished more by the instructions of a pious and infirm domestic in her father's family, than by the influence or example of her parents. She married a man by the name of Patricius, from an obscure station in society, a pagan, of an ambitious, impetuous temper, but warm-hearted and full of generosity.

Their only child, Augustine, who was born November 13th, 354, they regarded with the fondest parental affection. In infancy, he displayed strong sensibilities, and a brilliant intellect. The mother endeavoured to instil into his unfolding mind, the elements of Christianity, and during a severe illness in childhood, he expressed deep convictions of sin, and desires of pardon through a Redeemer. But after his recovery, these impressions vanished, and were soon entirely effaced through association with frivolous and evil companions, in a large public school where he was placed, at Madaura, a town of considerable note in the neighbourhood of Tagaste. Here the teachers, being heathens,

did not seek to govern him by the fear of God, or the dictates of conscience. Sometimes appealing to a false sense of honour, and then embittering his spirit with taunts and reproaches, they subjected him to the demoralizing influences of pagan literature, and saw him without compunction, plunging into excesses, and forging the chains of sinful habit. The vigilant eye of his mother was not near, to watch over him, and with the recklessness of a wayward youth, he cast away the remembrance of her precepts.

At the age of sixteen he came to pass a year at home, in recess from study. She was not slow to perceive, amid his intellectual attainments, the moral ruin that had ensued. He had made great proficiency in the Latin classics, and in rhetoric, and the pride of the father exulting in the genius of his son, often induced him to smile at his unbridled passions and excesses, as the natural gaiety of youth, or of dawning and daring manhood. But the pious mother remonstrated and wept, and poured out her sorrows to Him who heareth prayer.

Filial affection once so vivid in the bosom of Augustine, had now become dimmed and perverted by indulgence in sin. With that contempt of female sway which often springs up in the mistaken, and ill-disciplined youth, he even gloried in disobeying her precepts. He boasted of his liberty, while he was the slave of wickedness, and daily bearing its scourge. Long afterwards, he confesses with compunction: "The voice of my mother, or rather the voice of God in her, I despised, thinking it to be only the voice of a woman."

Patricius, anxious that the talents of his son should enjoy every advantage of cultivation, determined to send him to the institutions at Carthage, as a road to

future eminence. The expenses of this arrangement could not be borne, without entrenching on his own comforts. But paternal love and ambition moved him to sustain the privation cheerfully.

Amid the crowded population of Carthage, Augustine was surrounded by new temptations, and plunged still lower in vicious excesses. Though not entirely negligent of his studies, the theatre, and the public games were his favourite resort. He had been there scarcely a year, when the madness of his course was checked by the death of his father. The sorrow of this bereavement, made for a time, keen inroad on his sensibilities.

The widowed Monica had been allowed the consolation of seeing her husband during his last illness, turn to the Saviour, with penitence, and trust. Her faithful entreaties to him, and intercessions for him, were blessed with this reward. Yielding back to God, the being for whose conversion she had laboured both day and night, she now clung to her son, as the only remaining object of earthly solicitude. Denying herself, for the sake of his education, all save the necessaries of life, she continued him in his situation at Carthage, for three years longer, at her own expense. By the filial gratitude that should have rewarded such efforts, she was not cheered, but continually obliged to mourn over his profligacy. In her loneliness and prostration of spirit, she was induced to apply for counsel to an eminently pious divine. She besought him to use his influence to reclaim her erring son. Believing that any direct appeal would be frustrated by the pride of science, and flattery of the world, to which Augustine was inured, he advised her to continue steadfast in prayer, and to wait the will of God. Still, the mother, with floods of tears, in the most earnest manner supplicated his aid. "Go thy way," exclaimed he, "it

is not possible that the child of such tears and prayers should perish."

At the age of 21, Augustine accompanied his mother to their native village, Tagaste, and undertook to obtain a subsistence by opening a grammar-school. There, a friend to whom he had been strongly attached from infancy, and whose intellectual pursuits were congenial to his own, was suddenly smitten with fever, and died. He felt and deplored his loss, with the most poignant grief. Monica, always watchful for some emotions of divine grace in his heart, fervently hoped that this anguish might lead him to the only true source of consolation. But her hope was vain. Reminded of his beloved friend, by the solitude of every place whither they had been wont to resort, he abruptly quitted Tagaste, and returned to Carthage. Thither Monica followed him, to taste the bitterness of seeing him drown his grief in the depths of worldliness and dissipation. Still, amid the agony of disappointment, she never forsook him, never despaired of him. "For nine years," he says, "while I was rolling in the slime of sin, often attempting to rise, yet sinking still deeper, did she persist in incessant prayer."

At length, becoming dissatisfied with Carthage, he determined to go to Rome. Thinking that it would be impossible to obtain the consent of his mother, and unwilling to withstand her remonstrances, he resolved to depart without her knowledge. But with that premonition which ardent love sometimes supplies, she became aware of his movements even in their deepest secresy, and continually hovered about him. When just on the point of embarkation, she suddenly stood beside him, inquiring with deep emotion, what were his intentions. Wrapping himself in falsehood, he assured

her that an intimate friend was about to take a long voyage, and that he had promised only to accompany him without the harbour. Affectionately embracing her, and urging her to be composed, he said, "in the evening, your son will again fold you to his bosom." A fearful misgiving oppressed her, as he departed. Yet, heretofore, he had never deceived her. In all his wanderings and sins, he had spoken to her the words of truth. Was it possible that he could now deceive her, and desert his highest earthly trust? She could not bring her mind to so terrible a conclusion. Yet oppressed with unspeakable disquietude, she spent the night in pouring out her soul to God.

Morning came, but no son. Day after day, slowly sped, yet no tidings. The mother's heart sank within her. Her anguish was unutterable. Still it gradually yielded to the submission of a Christian, and shutting her sorrow in the recesses of her heart, it nourished a deeper devotion, a more sleepless entreaty for the recreant, and the sinner. Not knowing upon what sea, or in what clime he was a wanderer, his conversion was the constant burden of her supplications.

Meanwhile, the ingrate pursued his voyage to Italy, with what visitings of compunction, we know not. After the residence of a year in Rome, he received an appointment to the professorship of rhetoric at Milan. While there, he was led to listen to the preaching of Ambrose, a man of glowing eloquence, and ardent piety. At first, he sought him for his literary celebrity alone, but being won by his simplicity of manners, and paternal kindness, began seriously to meditate upon the truths and requisitions of the Gospel.

One day, while absorbed in the contemplation of these themes, he heard a voice that thrilled through the deepest recesses of his heart. The next moment,

he was in the arms of his mother. Then followed mutual expressions of love, tender reproaches, humble entreaties of pardon, and tears of rapturous joy.

Monica, after long and persevering search, had been enabled to trace out his residence, and moved by the love that never dies, followed him by sea and land, braving every danger. To her solicitude respecting his spiritual state, he replied in a few words, through whose humility she thought she discerned the dawning of the Sun of Righteousness. "Now do I believe, through Christ," she exclaimed, "that before I die, I shall be so blessed as to see you a firm believer." Then falling on her knees, with uplifted hands and streaming eyes, she besought the Almighty to finish the work which he had so mercifully begun.

Every Sabbath found the grateful Monica, attending with her son, on the ministry of Ambrose. The chains of sin, to which he had been so long inured, were gradually unclasped. The love of the world had lost its attractions, and regret for wasted time, and perverted powers, goaded him both night and day. While devoted to the study of the heathen philosophers, he had preferred the writings of Plato, for what had seemed to him, their near approach to the spirit of the Gospel. "Yet now," he exclaims, "in these books are no tears of contrition, no sacrifice of a troubled and broken heart, no earnest of the Holy Spirit, no cup of redemption. None hath ever heard from those pages, 'Come unto me, all ye that labour, and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

One day, being deeply distressed, he retired, with the sacred volume, into the recesses of a garden. His agitation increased, and prostrating himself beneath a fig-tree, he cried, in a voice broken with weeping, "How long, Lord? Wilt thou be angry for ever?"

Then it seemed, as if a voice from heaven answered, "Read! Read! Take *the Book* and read!" With breathless haste he resorted to his Bible, opening at that passage of St. Paul, "Not in rioting and drunkenness, not in chambering and wantonness, not in strife and envying; but put ye on the Lord Jesus Christ, and make no provision for the flesh, to fulfil the lusts thereof."

A new light seemed to dawn upon his soul, and its tumults subsided. A resolution to choose God for his portion and keep his commandments for the remainder of life, took possession of his whole being. A serenity before unknown, diffused itself over his spirit, and imparted to his features, tranquility and joy. The transported gratitude of Monica at this change in the sole object of her earthly love, may be imagined, but not described. Again and again, did she bid him relate to her the narrative of the scene in the garden. And ever, at each repetition, did she press him more closely to her bosom, and pour out thanksgivings to the merciful hearer of prayer. Unspeakable was her hallowed delight, when after a due period for preparation, she saw him on Easter-even, approach with deep solemnity the baptismal font, and take upon himself the vows of a disciple of Jesus. Soon after this sacred transaction, she was gratified to learn that he had decided to leave Italy for their native land, and devote himself to the service of his Master in his own little village of Tagaste. He frankly explained his views to his pupils, and giving them earnest Christian admonitions, took an affectionate leave. The mother of Augustine fully appreciated and praised God for the self-denying motives that had prompted this choice. With her, every earthly wish was now consummated, and like Simeon, embracing in his aged arms the infant Saviour, she seemed ready to depart in peace.

Leaving Rome, they sailed down the Tiber to Ostia, where a few days were to be spent in preparations for their voyage to Africa. Their intercourse now combined the utmost tenderness of natural affection, with that sublimation of Christian sympathy which seems to give a foretaste of the happiness of heaven.

Once as they were seated at an open casement where the Tiber mingled it waters with the sea, while they gazed into a fair garden, and inhaled its delicious fragrance, soft twilight stole over the rich Italian sky, and from the glorious beauty of created things, they were led to contemplate the rapture of an entrance into that country, where there is neither cloud or sin.

"We entertained ourselves with these thoughts," said Augustine, "until all that is alluring in this world seemed contemptible in our eyes." Then my mother spake:

"Son! I have no longer any delight in this life. There is nothing more on earth that I desire. Neither know I, why I abide so long in it. Your conversion was the sole object for which I wished to live. This prayer our God has granted. He has added also the greater favour, of beholding you entirely his servant, by the contempt which you show for all the pomps and vanities of this world. And now, what do I here?"

A friend reminded her of the dread she used to testify, lest dying at a distance from home, her body should be buried among strangers, and spoke of the sepulchre she had prepared ere she left Tagaste, that her bones might repose by the side of her husband and kindred in their native earth. Regarding him thoughtfully for a moment, she turned to her son, and said with sweet and serious dignity, "Place this body where thou wilt. Nothing is far from God. He will

know where to find me at the resurrection. Is not the prayer of my soul answered, what do I here?"

This would seem as a premonition of an approaching change, though at the time of its occurrence, she was in perfect health; *nunc dimittis* was soon followed by the dark-winged Angel, who gathereth back the breath. A sudden and brief fever removed her to the presence of her Lord. Resting her head on the bosom of her darling son and clasped in his arms, she expired at the age of 58, in the summer of 388.

The bereaved mourner closed the eyes of his devoted mother, and sorrowed over her grave. And as in solitude of soul he pursued his course over the same sea, where he had once fled from her side, in his waywardness, and worldly ambition, the waves and billows seemed to murmur of her, and restore the memory of his filial disobedience. He strove to solace himself with the thought that she who had from his birth been as a tutelary spirit, might still exercise over him a seraphic guardianship. A short stay of the vessel at Carthage, brought back with fearful prominence the scene of his deception, and her almost frenzied lamentations for his departure. The lips that would again have sealed his forgiveness, were now silent in the grave. His remorse and sorrow were agonising; still with the simplicity of the primitive Christians, he feared lest even the indulgence of this natural grief might savour too much of selfishness.

"All the day long, was I afflicted," says he, "to the very soul. My heart was full of trouble. Then, I earnestly besought God, to cure me of this grief. And if any Christian feel that I have done amiss in thus bitterly lamenting the mother who so many years wept for me that I might live unto God, let him not re-

proach me, but rather in his charity pray, that my sins may be forgiven me."

On his arrival at Tagaste, the change in his character and pursuits was noticed by all. He devoted there, three years of retirement, to the study of sacred themes, and the performance of self-denying duties. Afterwards, he was called to a sphere of wide and successful labours, as the Bishop of Hippo. The prayers of Monica were answered not only in his conversion, but in the zeal and fidelity of his services. In addition to his active toils, he was a voluminous writer. He composed more than two hundred treatises on theological subjects, and his works form a series of eleven folio volumes.

One of his favourite themes is to urge sinners to reconciliation with the Majesty of Heaven. "Thou mayest seek after honours," he argues, "and not obtain them. Thou mayest labour for riches, and remain poor. Thou mayest dote on pleasures, yet have many sorrows. But our God, of his supreme goodness saith, Who ever sought me, and found me not? Who ever desired me, yet failed to obtain me? I am with him that seeketh me; and he that loveth me, is sure of my love. Behold! the way to Him is neither long nor difficult."

The closing scene in the life of Augustine was at Hippo, amid the horrors of a seige by the Vandals, under Genseric. The honours which he attained, were borne with humility, and with a mind penetrated by a sense of early and long-continued sin. "Never," said he, "until the hour of his death, should a Christian cease to repent." He caused penitential passages of Scripture to be inscribed on the walls of his apartment, that his eyes might rest upon them, as he drew near the final conflict. For the last ten days of life, he desired to be left without interruption, that he might

hold communion with the Judge, to whose bar he was hastening. He died at the age of 76, in the year 430, having been a labourer in the work of the ministry for more than forty years.

If any anxious and pious mother, agonized by the wanderings of a beloved child, should be ready to sink in despair, let her remember the perils, and the rescue of the son of Monica, and while she girds herself anew for effort and for reliance on the High Rock of our salvation, listen in her heart to the words of the venerable man of God at Carthage. "It is not possible for the child of such prayers and tears, to perish."

BEDE.

672 BEDE, or Beda, was born at Wearmouth, near Durham, in Northumberland, England, in the year 672. He was endowed with a high, and active intellect, and placed at the age of seven, under the tuition of learned men, pursuing his studies with great diligence and application for a period of twelve years. At the age of nineteen, he received deacons' orders, and removed to Jarrow, near the mouth of the river Tyne, where he continued to prosecute his studies and to teach them to others. Love of learning, and of piety, were the distinguishing features of his character, and what he best loved, he most diligently laboured to impart to the young. His whole life was devoted to the acquisition of knowledge, and its communication. At the age of 30, he was ordained priest, and with singular modesty declined the acceptance of any preferment in the Church, but constantly set an example of humility, purity of morals, and liberality of sentiment.

To aid the progress of his scholars, he composed many elementary treatises on arithmetic, grammar and rhetoric, astronomy, natural philosophy, and other sciences. Though the whole range of the science and literature of his times, was so familiar to him, that he was pronounced the light of the Saxon heptarchy, yet he desired no higher distinction than that of a faithful and laborious instructor.

The most learned of his cotemporaries assert that his knowledge of the pagan authors, and of the Greek and Latin languages, as well as of natural Philosophy and mathematics, was unsurpassed in his times, that Europe had scarcely ever produced a better scholar, and that his devotional writings were held in such high repute, as to be appointed to be read in the churches, even during his life. Beside the branches already mentioned, he devoted much attention to metaphysics, cosmography, chronology, and history, with the whole circle of the liberal arts. He was practically skilled in music, and from a treatise of his own on that subject, we learn that social and domestic singing to the harp, were among the habitudes of our Saxon ancestors, at that early period. Notwithstanding his application to severer sciences, the teachers of music came from a distance to hear him, and urge that he would open schools for its instruction in different parts of the country.

Though an industrious teacher of the young, Bede was also a laborious and voluminous writer. Collections of his works were published, in eight folio volumes, in different countries of Europe, during the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The most extensive of his literary labours is a history of Christianity, from its first introduction into Britain. It is written in Latin, and comes down to the year 731, four years previous to his death. To gather materials for this history, he perseveringly sought out the various records and archives preserved in monasteries, consulted the chronicles of the monarchs, and maintained a correspondence throughout the several kingdoms of the heptarchy. A Saxon translation of this work, which is imputed to king Alfred, was printed at Cambrige, (England,) about two centuries since.

The honours which he obtained as an author, did

not lure him from solitude and simplicity of life, or impair his fidelity as an instructor. In the words of one of his biographers, he "possessed the rare associations of learning with modesty, of devotion with liberality, and of high reputation in the church, with voluntary and honourable poverty."

His last work was "A Translation of the Gospel of St. John, into the Saxon Language."

This was only completed on the day, indeed, at the very hour of his death, which took place, May 26th, 735, at the age of 63. His disease was an asthma, and he endured the suffering and sleepless nights appointed him, with great fortitude and patience, singing praises to God, whenever he could command his voice; and even expiring in an act of devotion. He did not dissemble that the prospect of dissolution was solemn, beyond all power of description, but expressed perfect confidence in the divine Mercy, coupled with humble gratitude, that on a review of his conduct, he was enabled to say that he had so lived, as not to be ashamed to die.

Amid the pains of sickness, he prosecuted with assiduity, not only his translation from the Sacred Scriptures, but also a selection for the use of his pupils, from the writings of Isidore, Bishop of Seville, whose works he considered valuable, though somewhat mixed with extraneous matter, and feared that the young mind might not, without assistance, separate the true ore from the dross. "I would not wish," he said, with affectionate earnestness, "my boys to be employed after my death, in reading what is unprofitable."

At length, increased difficulty of respiration announced the later symptoms of mortal disease. Still he would not consent to discontinue his daily instructions to his pupils, conversing with them as a father about

to be summoned from his children. "It is a fearful thing," said he, "to fall into the hands of the living God:" and intent to awaken them from the sleep of the soul, would repeat with solemn intonation, some old Saxon verses:

"Ere the pilgrim soul go forth
On its journey, far and lone,
Who is he, that yet on earth
All his needful work hath done?

Who foreweighs the joy or scathe
That his parted ghost shall know,
When the awful touch of death
Seals his doom, for weal or woe?"

In repeating one of the forms of his devotion, the petition, "leave us not orphans," tenderly affected him, and he burst into tears. Remembering, without doubt, how the God of the fatherless had been his protector from his youth, he continued for some time weeping, and pouring out his soul in voiceless prayer, while all around were dissolved in tears.

Often he said, with thankfulness, "God scourgeth every son that he receiveth." In the view of his approaching departure, he quoted the words of Ambrose, "I have not so lived, that I should be unwilling to live longer among you; but neither do I fear to die, for we have a merciful God."

On the last day but one of his life, he continued to teach and dictate to his pupils, with his usual cheerfulness, occasionally quickening them with the injunction, "Learn your best to-day: for I know not how long I may last, or how soon my Maker will call me away." Then they perceived that he felt his end approaching. That night he lay down, but slept not, and passed its restless watches in prayer and thanksgiving.

At dawn, he called his scholars and bade them lose no time in writing the task he had begun with them. Thus they were employed until nine, when all left him for their other duties, except one, who said, "There is still, my dear Master, one chapter wanting, to complete the translation, but I must not ask you to dictate any more, on account of your weakness."

"Nay," answered the dying saint, "it is easy to me. Take your pen and write quickly. There is no time to lose."

This he did, and the work was nearly done, when at three in the afternoon, Bede directed the few valuables which he possessed to be brought to him, that he might distribute parting gifts among his friends. While thus employed, he begged his pupils to remember him in their prayers, which they readily promised.

"It is now time," said he, "that I should return to Him who created me. I have lived long, and my Merciful Judge hath well provided for me, the kind of life that I have led. I feel the hour of my pardon at hand. I desire to be released, and to be with Christ."

He passed the fleeting hours, in peace and holy joy, and as evening drew on, a pupil reminded him, that there remained only one sentence of the Gospel of St. John, untranslated.

"Write quickly, then," said the teacher, giving him the closing words.

"It is finished, dear master," said the youth, laying down his pen.

"Thou hast well said, *It is finished.* Support now my head, between thy hands, and let me, while I sit, look toward the holy place where I was wont to pray, that though I can no longer kneel, I may still call upon my Father."

Shortly after, he sank from his seat to the floor;

uttering his last hymn of praise, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost." With these last words, his meek soul gently breathed itself away.

Thus died a man who devoted his great learning to the instruction of others, and laid all earthly honours at the foot of the cross. His memory is reverently cherished in his native realm. The rude, and massive oaken chair on which he was accustomed to sit, is still shown at Jarrow. His grave at Durham is marked by a plain stone, with an epitaph as unostentatious as his life.

"Here rest the bones of Venerable Bede."

JOHN GOWER.

1320 JOHN GOWER was descended from a distinguished family, and born in Yorkshire, England, in the year 1320. His mind was of the precocious order, and his love of study conspicuous. He maintained a high reputation for scholarship, while at Oxford, and after leaving the University took up his residence in London, and commenced the study of the Law, the profession for which he had been designated by his parents.

Here, as well as at Oxford, he secured some intervals of leisure, for the researches of literature, and the charms of poetry; for the Muse had revealed herself to his young heart, and bowed it to her sway. Still, with a self-denial not always inherent in the love of song, he indulged its melody only as a pastime, never permitting it to infringe on those severer studies in which he felt it his duty to be thorough and faithful. So, though his genius as a poet was acknowledged, and he had many temptations to extend the fame whose foundations were already so well laid, both the nightly lamp and the early morning found him bending over the heavy tomes of jurisprudence, with unabated energy. His untiring diligence was recompensed by such high reputation as a lawyer, that on the accession of Richard Second to the throne, he was selected

by that prince as his first counsellor, promoted to the office of Chancellor in Commons, and afterwards invested with the dignity of Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. The influence given him by so commanding a position, he exerted for the good of mankind. Not only by his personal example, but in bold, energetic, uncompromising strains of poetry, he rebuked the vices of a time-serving clergy, a corrupt judiciary, and an abandoned court. The epithet of the "*Moral Gower,*" was early given him, on account of the grave and serious character of his writings. It implied no slight degree of merit, or vigorous principle, to continue unstained and unswerving in a dark, licentious age. Poetry manifested in him, what should ever be her true nature, an affinity with purity and piety.

He continued in the active duties of his honourable station until the affliction of blindness fell upon him, and he retired to the shades of contemplative life. His last sweet poem was entitled "The Commendation of Peace," and feelingly expresses a serene consciousness of the approach of death, which took place in 1402, when he had completed his eighty-second year.

His last will and testament proves that his benevolence did not cease with life, as it contains several charitable bequests, and a liberal benefaction to the Church in Southwark, where in his later years he was accustomed to worship God.

His works were published by Caxton about eighty years after his decease. They are elevated in sentiment, and Dr. Johnson has pronounced him the first of our poets who may be truly said to have written English. He was older than Chaucer, whom he loved as a friend, and strove like him to emancipate the muse of the British isles from the thraldom of French

diction, which the fashion of the times, and the sway of the Norman dynasty had imposed. The two poet friends partook in some measure of the same imagination and elegance, though the natural taste of Gower was more grave, subdued, and didactic.

One of the latest of his poems owed its existence to the prompting of the unfortunate Richard II. Sailing on the Thames one sunny day, ere the sun of his prosperity was overclouded, he espied the poet, and calling him into the royal barge, gaily bade him, in the quaint phraseology of the times, to "*booke some new thing.*" Perchance, ere the "new thing was booked," the pomp and pageantry of poor Richard had vanished, and "no man cried God save him."

The life of this venerable poet was extended throughout portions of the reign of four sovereigns; Edward the Second and Third, Richard Second, and Henry Fourth. The period when the doom of Homer and Milton came upon him, is thus touchingly recorded in a few simple lines.

"Henry the Fourth's first year, I lost my sight,
Ordain'd to suffer life devoid of light;
All things to time must yield, and Nature draws,
What force attempts in vain, beneath her laws.
What can I more? For tho' my will supplies,
My ebbing strength the needful power denies,
While that remain'd, I wrote, now, old and weak,
What wisdom prompts, let younger scholars speak."

So remote was the period at which Gower lived, and so scanty its chronicles, that it is impossible to present the minuter proofs and delineations of Christian character: Yet it is clearly deduced from the faithful, consistent stewardship of the talents, dignities, and wealth, with which he was so liberally endowed.

Enough is known to embalm his memory; and it was with no common interest that I paid a visit to his tomb, in the fine old Church of St. Saviour, which at the time of his munificence to it, bore the name of St. Mary Overy. His monument, at the time of its erection, must have been considered one of great magnificence. It is surmounted by a canopy, embellished with corbels of angels' heads, and other devices, resting on three Gothic arches, supported by angular buttresses, terminating in pinnacles. Beneath, on an altar-tomb, the bard reposes, his head reclining on three large volumes, his hair falling in curls over his shoulders, and his temples encircled with a wreath of roses. The inscription is:

"Here lieth John Gower, a celebrated English poet, and benefactor to this sacred edifice, in the times of Edward Third, and Richard Second."

On a plain tablet is an epitaph in Latin verse, which has been thus rendered:

"His shield henceforth, is useless grown,
To pay death's tribute slain,
His soul with joyous freedom flown,
Where spotless spirits reign."

Underneath the arches and against the wall, are painted three female forms, whose scrolls and superscriptions in black letter, are effaced by time. An antique work contains the following description of this monument:

"John Gower lieth right sumptuously buried, with a garlande on his heade, in token that in his life-time he did freshly flourish in literature and science. On

the wall where his bones have their resting-place, there be painted three maidens, having crownes on their heades, holding devices in their handes, whereupon is thus written.

CHARITIE.

"Thou, of our God, the only Son,
Save him who rests beneath this stone."

MERCIE.

"Oh Jesus kinde! thy mercie show
Unto his soul who lies below."

PITIE.

"For pitie's sake, dear Saviour keepe
His soul, who underneath doth sleepe."

This ancient and remarkable tomb has been recently repaired and renewed by a descendant of the poet. It was difficult to linger beside it without paying some tribute to his memory.

Father of English verse, it is not meet
That thou, unhonour'd of the Muse shouldst lie,
The brinded lion couching at thy feet,
And fix'd on vacant space, thy marble eye.

On thine own tomes thy head is pillow'd fair,
A sculptured garland round thy temples wreath'd,
Yet dearer still would be one simple air
From the warm heart of fond affection breath'd.

The lyre that thou didst wake, should do its part
To soothe thy list'ning shade with filial strein,
As still the sea-shell in its grateful heart
Prolongs the murmur of the parent main.

Armorial bearings round thy tomb are strewn,
And arch and buttress prop its lofty height,
And graven foliage frets the time-worn stone,
And guardian angels stay their hovering flight.

Yet if thou hadst that music in thy heart,
That still, small voice, which God's own children know,
And by such prompting aid did act thy part,
And soar triumphant from this world of woe,

How will all pageants that we offer here
Fade like the dust upon the eagle's wing
When heavenward soaring at the noontide sphere,
He hails the glories of Creation's king.

THOMAS A KEMPIS.

1380 THIS devout man, so distinguished by the depth and power of his religious writings, was born at Kempis, a small town in the diocese of Cologne, Germany, in the year 1380. He was early impressed with the love of a Saviour, and the vanity of those pleasures that awaken the passionate pursuit of men. At the age of nineteen he entered on a life of retirement, and became eminent for his application to study, the force of his eloquence, and fervour of his charity.

In person, he was of the middle stature, with a keen and piercing eye. After his ordination as priest, he was faithful in clerical labours, but shrank from promotion, and avoided conspicuous stations, preferring the quiet humility of a contemplative life. Submission to every form of established discipline, and untiring diligence, were features of his character. In those early days, before the invention of printing, when written works were exceedingly scarce and expensive, deep students were forced to great labours in transcribing necessary treatises. In this occupation, as well as in the work of composition, Thomas à Kempis exhibited an indefatigable industry. Besides a great mass of copied manuscripts, his original writings are published in three large folio volumes. He

retained to a great age, not only his intellectual faculties unimpaired, but the use of his eyesight in perfection, without the aid of spectacles. He died in peace and hope, in his ninety-third year, on the 8th of August, 1471.

His life of seclusion, admitted of few events, but by his writings he will connect himself with remote posterity. Among these, the most remarkable is "*The Imitation of Christ,*" which was composed at the age of sixty.

It passed through nearly forty editions in the original Latin, and more than sixty translations have been made of it into different modern languages. While pure religion retains a place in the soul of man, it will continue to be studied and admired. The celebrated Dr. Chalmers in speaking of this work of Thomas à Kempis, says: "We know of no reading that is more powerfully calculated to shut us up unto the faith, none more fitted to deepen and to strengthen the basis of a sinner's humility, and so reconcile him to the doctrine of salvation in all its parts, *by grace alone,* none that by exhibiting the height and perfection of Christian attainments can better serve the end of prostrating the inquirer into the veriest depths of self-abasement, by the humbling comparison of what *he is,* with what he *ought to be.* The severities of Christian practice which it urges on the reader, are in no way allied to the penances and self-infliction of a monastic ritual, but are the essentials of spiritual discipline in all ages, and must be undergone by every man who is transformed by the Holy Ghost, from one of the children of this world to one of the children of light. The utter renunciation of *self,* the surrender of vanity, the patient endurance of evil and wrong, the crucifixion of natural and worldly desires, the absorption of all our

interests and passions in the enjoyment of God, and the subordination of all we *do*, and all we *feel*, to His glory, these form the leading virtues of our pilgrimage, and in the very proportion of their variety, and their painfulness, are they the more effectual tests of our regeneration. One of the main uses of this book is, that while it enforces these spiritual graces in all their extent, it lays open the spiritual enjoyment that springs from them, revealing the hidden charm which lies in godliness, and demonstrating the sure though secret alliance which obtains between the peace of heaven in the soul, and patience under all the adversities of the path that leads to it. It exposes at once the sufferings and delights which attach to a life of sacredness, and its wholesome tendency is to reconcile the aspirant after eternal life to the whole burden of that cross on earth which he must learn to bear with submission and cheerfulness, until he shall exchange it in heaven for a crown of glory."

With a few promiscuous extracts from "*The Imitation of Christ*," we will close our brief notice of its distinguished Author:

"Nothing but a renovated nature can enter into heaven; for that alone cometh out of heaven."

"Too often we do lose *humility*, in contentions for *faith*, and forfeit *hope*, by forgetting *charity*."

"An immortal soul held in subjection by the things of this world, is like the royal Nebuchadnezzar eating grass with brutes."

"Better is the humble peasant who serveth God, than the proud philosopher who can describe the course of the planets, but is destitute of the knowledge of *himself*."

"The Church is but too frequently seen trading

with the world, like the ancient Jews selling beasts in the temple."

"All men are frail; but thou shouldest reckon *none so frail as thyself.*"

"It is more beneficial to live in subjection than in authority, and to *obey* is safer than to *command.*"

'How can thy *patience* be crowned in *heaven*, if thou hast no adversity to struggle with on *earth.*"

"Wherever thou art, turn every thing to an occasion of improvement; if thou beholdest good examples let them kindle a desire of imitation; if thou seest aught wrong, beware of doing it thyself."

"Thou must not place confidence in frail and mortal man, however endeared by reciprocal affection, or offices of kindness. Neither shouldest thou be grieved when from some change in their temper, they become unfriendly and injurious; for men are inconsistent as the wind, and he who is for thee to-day, may to-morrow be against thee. But place thou thy confidence in God, and where thy fear is, let thy love be."

"To maintain peace with the churlish and perverse, the irregular and impatient, and those that most contradict and oppose our opinions and desires, is a heroic and glorious attainment."

"Cherish *His* love, who though the heavens and earth should be dissolved, will not forsake, or suffer thee to perish."

"Endeavour to be always patient with the faults and imperfections of others. Hast thou not many faults and imperfections of thine own, that require a reciprocation and forbearance? And if thou art not able to *make thyself* that which thou wishest to be, how canst thou expect to *mould another* into conformity with thine own will?"

"It is evidence of true wisdom not to be precipitate in our actions, nor inflexible in our opinions; and it is a part of the same wisdom not to give hasty credit to every word that is spoken, nor immediately to communicate to others what we have heard, or what we believe."

"Presume not upon the success of thine own endeavours, but place all thy hope in God. Do all that is in thy power with an upright intention, and God will bless with his favour the integrity of thy will. Trust not in thy own wisdom, nor in the wisdom and skill of any human being; but trust in His grace who raiseth the humble, and humbleth the presuming."

"The end of this present life will speedily come; consider, therefore, in what degree of preparation thou standest, for that which will succeed. To-day, man is, and to-morrow he is not seen; and when once removed from the *sight* of others, how soon passeth he from their *remembrance*."

"Who among the saints hath accomplished his pilgrimage in this world, without adversity and distress? Our blessed Lord passed not one hour of his most holy life, without tasting the cup of bitterness. Of himself, he saith, 'It behoved him to suffer, and to rise from the dead, and so to enter into his glory.' Why seekest thou any other path to glory than that in which, bearing thy cross, thou dost follow the Captain of thy salvation? The life of Christ was an unbroken chain of sufferings; Why desirest thou a perpetuity of repose and joy? To suffer, is thy portion; to suffer patiently and willingly, is the great testimony of love and allegiance to thy Lord."

"Oh! if man would less anxiously seek after transitory joys, less busy himself with the trifling affairs of

a perishing world, if he would but divorce his spirit from its vain solicitudes, and devote it to the contemplation of God, and the truths of his salvation, if he would but place all his confidence in the Divine mercy, in what profound tranquility and peace might he possess his soul."

WILLIAM DE LA POLE.

1400 WILLIAM DE LA POLE, passed the greater part of his life, in troublous times. The ideas of justice were ill defined in that dark and turbulent era. His early years comprised the reigns of Henry IV and V; and the wars of the Roses, under Henry VI, kept in action his energies both as a statesman, and military chieftain.

At the death of his eldest brother, Michael, who fell at the battle of Agincourt, in 1415, he succeeded to the patrimonial estates, and the title of Duke of Suffolk. He married the beautiful Alice, the youthful widow of Lord Montacute, and grand-daughter of the poet Chaucer. Honours thickened around him, and he withdrew himself from no path of ambition because it was beset with perils.

He overruled the plans of the powerful Duke of Gloucester, with regard to the royal marriage, and was active in placing on the throne of England, a princess of his own selection, the unshrinking and high-spirited Margaret of Anjou. After this union, promotion in various forms rapidly distinguished him. To the dignity of Prime Minister, other munificent gifts were added; and as the horrors of civil war unfolded themselves, his dauntless adherence to the house of Lancaster won the favour of the unfortunate Henry,

and his courageous consort. But the flood of royal bounty produced its usual effect, the envy of those whom he surpassed, or outshone. A still deeper hostility reigned among the partizans of the rival house of York. Through their influence, he was impeached, and arraigned before Parliament.

The king had neither power to save him from this trial, nor reason to rely on the justice of its decisions. Therefore, he sent the persecuted nobleman to the tower, as the best place of refuge and safety.

The following year, Suffolk demanded a trial, and both Henry, and the Queen appeared with their favourite and friend. This gave great offence to the Commons, and they clamoured for his condemnation. The unhappy monarch, compelled to bow to the storm, signed an order for his banishment for a period of five years. He immediately left his family, and native land, and embarked for France, where his friend, the Duke of Somerset, was regent. But his implacable foes, deeming this a temporary measure, determined to foreclose his return. Near the Kentish coast, the vessel that bore him was intercepted by a large ship, named "Nicholas of the Tower." He was sternly commanded to go on board. What followed, is best told in the simple, and forcible language of a historian of the times:

"In the sight of all his men, he was driven out of that great ship, into a boat. Therein, was an axe, and a block, and one of the meanest of the crew bade him lay down his head, and he should be fairly dealt with, and die by the sword. Then, taking a rusty sword, he with some half a dozen strokes, smote off his head. And he took away his gown of russett, and his doublet of velvet, and laid the body on the sands of Dover.

There his men do sit beside him, and pray. And the sheriff of Kent doth watch the body, until the will of the judges, and of the king shall be fully known."

Thus fell William de la Pole, Duke of Suffolk, about the year 1450, a victim to the house of York, and his own ambition. Whether he was in advance of the imperfect ethics of the day, or more scrupulous than his contemporaries in the choice of his measures, or not, it is difficult to determine, but we have an illustration of his paternal feelings in a letter to his son, which gives proof that he was a wise adviser, and an eloquent writer. When about to go into exile from his land, without even the privilege of bidding farewell to his family, and perhaps, impressed with premonitory fears, that those who so barbarously drove him forth, would never permit his return, he poured out, in this, the last letter he was ever to write, the touching and treasured wisdom of a parent, and a patriot.

My only and well beloved Son:

I beseech our Lord in heaven, the Maker of all worlds, to bless you. Ever may he send you grace to love and to dread him, to the which, as far as a father may charge his child, I both charge and pray you to set all your spirits, and wits to do, and to know his holy laws and commandments, by the which ye shall, through his great mercy, pass all the great tempests, and troubles of this wretched world.

Also, I charge you, meetingly to do nothing for love, or dread of any earthly creature, that shall displease him. And whenever any frailty maketh you to fall, beseech his mercy soon to call you unto him, by repentance, and with contrition of heart, never more, in will to offend him.

Next to this, and above all earthly things be a true liege man in heart, and deed, unto the king our sovereign lord, to whom both you and I are so much bound: charging you, as a father can, and may, rather to die, than be the contrary, or to know any thing that were against the welfare and prosperity of his royal person: but as far as your body and life may stretch, live ye for, or die to defend him.

In the same wise, I charge you, my dear son, always as ye be bound by the commandment of God, to love, and reverence your lady mother, and that ye obey alway her word, and do receive her counsels and advices in all your works, the which, doubt not, shall be the best, and truest to you. And if any other body would steer you to the contrary, to flee in any wise the counsel of thy mother, ye shall find them to be naught and evil.

Furthermore, as far as father may, or can, I charge you to flee the company and counsel of proud men, of covetous men, and of flattering men, but especially, and mightily to withstand them. Neither draw with, nor meddle with them; but with all your might and power, draw to your company, good and virtuous men, such as be of wise conversation, and truth. For by them, ye shall neither be deceived, nor have need to repent yourself.

Moreover, never follow your own mind wilfully, but ask advice and counsel of such as I have written of above: for thus, with the mercy of God shall ye do right well, and live in great heart's ease, and rest.

Last of all, as heartily and lovingly as ever father blessed child on earth, I give you our Lord's blessing, and mine. May He, of his infinite mercy, increase in you all virtue, and godliness of living, and grant that your blood may by his grace, from kindred to kindred,

multiply on earth to his service, in such wise as that after departing from this wretched world, ye and they may glorify him eternally among his angels in heaven.

Your true and loving father,

SUFFOLK.

Written with mine own hand,
On the day of my departure
from this land,
May, 1450.

QUEEN CATHARINE PARR.

1509 CATHARINE PARR was born in the year 1509, and by the care of her father, Sir Thomas Parr, received the advantages of an excellent education. She was distinguished by proficiency in all the branches of learning, which the fashion of those times accorded to her sex. With every attainment she mingled a serious piety, and a desire to be faithful in every duty to God and to man.

Her birth was in the year of the accession of Henry VIII to the throne, and little could those imagine who watched her cradle slumbers, or rejoiced in the beauty and accomplishments of her blooming youth, that she would indeed be

> "One of the six who dar'd to spread their couch
> In the strong lion's den."

At a very early age she married John Neville, Lord Latimer, and after some years of widowhood, the capricious monarch, captivated by her graces of person and mind, persuaded her to become his consort, in the summer of 1543.

The vanities of a court, had for her no attractions, but she trusted that her elevated position would enable her to do good on an extensive scale. She zealously sought opportunities to relieve suffering, sustain the

oppressed, and soften the asperities of the irritable king. Her attachment to the doctrines of the Reformation, and earnestness to promote their establishment, repeatedly endangered her safety. Articles of impeachment were drawn up against her by Gardiner, and her hollow-hearted husband induced to sign a warrant for her commitment to the Tower. Intelligence of this, being secretly conveyed to her, she was so affected by this treachery, and the perilous condition of female royalty, as to be made seriously ill. Henry visited her, and seemed moved by sympathy; but especially her kind attentions to him, during a fit of sickness that soon after ensued, re-animated his dormant affection. In his convalescence, when he directed conversation to theological points, she expressed herself with so much prudence, caution, and delicacy, as to soothe his suspicious, irritable temper, and draw from him the strongest assurances of confidence, and love.

But the machinations of her religious opponents did not slumber. The time specified for her apprehension had arrived. The warrant still bore the signature of the king, and was, therefore, in full force. She was walking in the garden, with a few ladies who enjoyed her intimacy. They also had been designated, unknown to themselves, to share her prison. The king, having recovered, joined them in their walk. The conversation became sprightly and entertaining, and he, ever an admirer of female talent and attraction, surrendered himself to these influences.

Suddenly a guard of forty armed men headed by the Lord High Chancellor, appeared at the gates. Henry confronted him with great sternness, and bade him depart. Seeing him still convulsed with anger, Catharine said in a gentle, yet earnest tone, "If his fault

be not too heinous, I pray your Majesty to pardon him for my sake."

Abashed at her goodness, and embarrassed by the peculiarity of his situation, the king stood in silence. Still she repeated her sweet plea, "*for my sake, for my sake.*"

"Kate! My Queen! You know not what you say. Yonder man, hath in view, your imprisonment, nay, perhaps your death."

But with the spirit of Him in whose footsteps she had long striven to walk, she continued to solicit the forgiveness of her enemy. The king was so struck by this lesson of benevolence and piety, that his mind naturally inconstant and wavering, never lost the impression, or would admit any further accusation against her, on the ground of religious belief.

A consciousness of her perilous situation, added fervour to her prayers, and firmness to her reliance upon Divine protection. She earnestly studied the Scriptures, had a sermon preached every day in her chamber, and conversed much with her chaplain on the doctrines of the Reformation. Having procured an able translation into English, of the Paraphrase of the New Testament by Erasmus, she defrayed the whole expense of the work from her own purse, that it might be for the instruction of the common people. Notwithstanding the many interruptions and avocations inseparable from her rank as queen, she produced many writings of a religious nature, some of which were published before her death, and others afterwards. They prove how much time and thought she devoted to the culture of piety in her own soul, and how earnestly she laboured for its dissemination among her people.

She ever exerted herself to promote the progress of

useful knowledge. So much was she respected as a patroness of learning, and such was her supposed influence over the king, that at the passing of an Act which declared all the colleges in the realm subject to his disposal, the Heads and Dignitaries of the University of Cambridge, alarmed at the statute, addressed a letter to her, entreating her intercession, that their privileges might not be abridged.

In her reply, after signifying that his Majesty had accepted her advocacy, she adds,

"I doubt not your daily invocation will be offered up to Him, who alone disposeth of every creature, for the preservation and prosperity of your royal benefactor." After a tribute of respect to the flourishing state of that ancient University, she expresses a devout hope, that it may not "so hunger after the exquisite knowledge of profane learning," as to neglect the simplicity of the true faith." She concludes with this noble testimony:

"For I am taught by St. Paul to say, I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ; to the sincere setting forth of which, I trust you will so conform your various gifts and studies, that Cambridge may be accounted an University, not only of moral and natural, but of Divine philosophy."

Catharine made every earthly care and pleasure subservient to her duty to her husband. This was an arduous office. The infirmities of declining years, and of ill health, were continually his portion, during their marriage. These added fierceness to his naturally intractable temper, so that his principal favourites were sometimes afraid to approach him. Yet her patient and amiable nature, disarmed his savageness, the charms of her conversation cheered his intervals of ease, while the tenderness of her nursing cares rendered

her essential to his comfort in seasons of pain. Her faithful attendance on him was terminated by his death in 1547, somewhat more than three and a half years after she had made trial of the "thorns that lie within the hollow circle of a crown."

The traveller in Westmoreland, England, is often shown in the neighbourhood of Kendal, the ruins of a lone castle, which tradition points out as the birth-place of Catharine Parr. It is impossible to explore that desolated domain where disjointed stones mingle with tangled foliage, and not retrace with fresh vividness the history of that much-enduring woman.

Here, did thy childhood share the joyous sports
That well it loves? Or didst thou meekly con
Thy horn-book lesson, 'mid yon dreary halls
With their dark wainscot of old British oak?
Or 'mid the faded arras deftly trace
Strange tales of tourney, or of regal pomp,
That touch'd perchance the incipient energy
Of young ambition, to become a queen?
How dar'dst thou build, where other birds had fallen
So fatally?
Stole not the rural scenes
Of earlier years, up to thy palace-home.
The winding ken, the quiet, grassy lanes,
The cottage-girl watching her father's sheep,
The peaceful peasant singing at his toil,
And came there then, no secret pang to chase
The fresh blood from thy cheek?
If in his sleep
The despot murmur'd, sullenly and stern,
Didst thou not tremble, lest he dreaming call'd
For axe, and scaffold, and would wildly wake
To blend thy doom, with that of Ann Boleyne,
And hapless Howard?
True, thy pious soul
Had confidence in God, and that upheld
In all calamities, and gave thee power
To 'scape the snare; yet 'tis a mournful fate

For woman's timid love to unfold itself
Within a tyrant's breast, trusting its peace
To the dire thunderbolt.

But however numerous may have been the dangers and perplexities of Queen Catharine Parr, during the life of her royal husband, she had not comprehended the full meaning of domestic tyranny, until her unwise marriage with Thomas Seymour, Lord High Admiral of England. The harshness of this ambitious, unprincipled man, and the pride and selfishness of some members of his family, embittered and perhaps shortened her days. She died at the birth of her first child, in the autumn of 1548, not having quite completed her thirty-ninth year.

An extract from one of her prayers, will give some idea of the depth of her humility in her approaches to the throne of Divine Mercy:

"Most benign Lord Jesus! Grant me thy grace always to work in me, and persevere with me unto the end. Let me have no desire to will, or not to will, but as Thou wilt; for Thou, Lord, knowest what is most profitable and expedient for me. Give me, therefore, *what* Thou wilt, *as much* as Thou wilt, and *when* Thou wilt. I pray Thee, grant me Thy grace, that I may never set my heart on the things of this world, but that all carnal and worldly affections may utterly die, and be mortified in me. For Thou, Lord, art the very true peace of my heart, and perfect rest of my soul, and without Thee, all things are grievous and unquiet.

"I beseech Thee be with me in every place, and at all times; yet if Thou withdraw thy comfort from me at any time, keep me, Oh Lord, from desperation, and make me patiently to bear Thy Will. If Thou will

that I be in light, be Thou blessed; if thou wilt that I lie in trouble, and without comfort, be Thou likewise blessed. Keep me, Lord, from sin, and then I shall dread neither death nor hell. Oh! what thanks shall I give unto thee, who hast suffered the grievous death of the cross, to deliver me from my sins, and to obtain everlasting life for me! Thou gavest us the most perfect example of patience, fulfilling and obeying the will of Thy Father, even unto death. Make me, wretched sinner, obediently to order myself after Thy will in all things, and patiently to bear the burden of this corrupt life. For though it be tedious, and as an heavy burden to my soul, yet, nevertheless, through Thy grace and example, it is made much more easy and comfortable. Thy holy life is our way to Thee, and by following that we walk to Thee our Head and Saviour.

Except Thou hadst gone before, and showed us the way to everlasting life, who would endeavour of himself to follow Thee, seeing we are yet so slow and dull, having the light of thy blessed example, and holy doctrine, to lead and direct us? Oh, Lord Jesus, make that possible by grace which is to me impossible by nature. Thou knowest well that I can suffer little, that I am soon cast down and overthrown by a little adversity, wherefore I beseech Thee, O Lord, to strengthen me with my spirit, that I may willingly suffer for Thy sake all manner of troubles and afflictions."

JANE QUEEN OF NAVARRE.

1528 The subject of this sketch, was the daughter of Henry II, King of Navarre, and Margaret of Orleans, the sister of Francis I, of France. She was born in the year 1528, and married while quite young, Anthony, the son of Charles of Bourbon, to whom she brought the principality of Bearne, as well as the kingdom of Navarre.

She was early educated by her parents in the Protestant faith, but in the civil wars of the times, her husband accepted a command in the Catholic army, with the Duke of Guise, and the Cardinal Montmorency. He received a mortal wound from an arrow in the shoulder, at the siege of Orleans, and his widowed queen, with her two children, narrowly escaped being brought before the Inquisition. She devoted herself to her maternal cares, and strove to instil into the unfolding minds committed to her trust, right principles, and the love of piety.

During the third civil war, she was led to feel it her duty to take an active part, and advanced with an armed force to Rochelle. An unfortunate battle ensued, and the Prince of Conde was slain. The Protestant League disheartened at the loss of its head, was on the verge of despair. But the fortitude and spirit of Jane of Navarre rose with the occasion. Gathering

the scattered remnants of the army, she appeared before a great concourse of nobles and soldiers, leading her young son by the hand. Self, and the weakness of her sex, were alike forgotten. She remembered only that she was a mother, a Christian, and the head of an endangered realm. Strength entered into the hearts of the most desponding, as with a beaming countenance, and a clear voice, she applauded the virtues and the constancy of the fallen hero, and called upon those around her to imitate his example, and maintain the true religion, and the liberties of their country.

"For the good cause," said she, "is not dead with the Prince of Conde. Neither should worthy men under losses, yield to despondency. God having so provided that he gave Conde a young companion while he lived, who may succeed him now he is no more. I present to you, Henry, my only son, who being the heir of Conde's name, is heir also of his virtues."

Having thus inspirited her nobles and people, she gave earnest counsel and admonition to the young prince, and occupied herself with raising reinforcements. He entered warmly into the wishes of his mother, and evinced that brave, generous spirit which afterwards distinguished him, when Henry the Fourth of France. When he attained the age of sixteen, he was declared head of the Protestants, and two years after, urgent proposals were sent from the French court, that a treaty of peace might be confirmed by a marriage between him, and their young princess, Margaret of Valois, sister of the reigning monarch, Charles Ninth.

Jane of Navarre viewed with reluctance so near a connection, with the Medicean house, the persecutors of the Huguenots. But an earnest desire to cement

peace, and stop the effusion of blood, overruled her objections. During the intervals of leisure that attended these negotiations, she employed herself in the instruction of her subjects, sending pastors into the neglected provinces of Cantabria, and translating into their dialect, catechisms, and prayers, and portions of the New Testament. While thus piously engaged, dispatches arrived from the French king urging their appearance in Paris, that the nuptials might be consummated.

In the spring of 1572, the queen left her hereditary dominions, for a journey to France with her two children, and retinue. A deep sadness, that she could not shake from her spirit, marked her departure. Those who were acquainted with her accustomed vigour and energy, deemed it almost premonitory. She indeed, went as "a bird to the snare of the fowler, not knowing that it was for her life."

The fearful fact is familiar to all readers of history, that the festivities of this marriage were darkened by plot and massacre; and that on the 24th of August, 1572, at the eve of St. Bartholomew's Day, thirty thousand Huguenots were slaughtered, without regard to age or sex. Jane of Navarre lived not to witness this horrible destruction, which her son narrowly escaped. Two months before, she had died, of an excruciating and mysterious illness, not without suspicions of poison. It was rumoured that an Italian had been employed to mingle a most subtle and fatal drug, with perfumes that she was in the habit of inhaling.

Believing, from her daily declining strength, that dissolution drew nigh, she prepared herself with Christian calmness, yet profound solemnity for the approaching event. Strongly did her affectionate spirit cling

to her children. Causing herself to be raised on her couch, and propped by pillows, she said to prince Henry, then in the bloom of nineteen:

"I enjoin you, above all things, faithfully to serve God in the religion wherein you have been educated. Suffer not your soul to be tempted by the empty pleasures and delights of this world. Invariably preserve the constitutions that have been given to the principalities of Berne, and the Lower Navarre. Purge your courts of all irreligious counsellors, vicious persons, and flatterers, the abusers of princes. Take a tender care of your sister Catharine, and let her be nurtured in the same school of piety, where you were yourself trained."

After passing through the ceremony of appointing him as her successor in his native realm, she earnestly entreated the King of France to be the protector of her orphan children, and permit them without opposition the free exercise of the Protestant religion. Then disengaging her mind from earthly concerns, she desired that she might have the aid of fit persons to administer consolation to her departing soul. The fever ran high, and her pains were agonizing. Yet she said meekly,

"I receive this, as from the hand of my most merciful Father. Neither have I in this extremity been afraid to die, or murmured against his chastisement. For I know that whatsoever God doth, shall in the end turn to mine everlasting good. As for this life, I am in a great measure weaned from it, by the afflictions that have followed me from my youth up. Especially that I am not able to live without offending my God, in whose presence I desire to be, with my whole heart."

Her spiritual attendant asked if he should pray, that

if consistent with the Divine Will she might longer be spared on earth. She replied,

"For myself, this sinful life is not dear. Yet have I a deep concern for the children that God hath given me. By my death they will be left alone, in their early years. But doubt I not, that if he now take me from them, He will himself be their Father and Protector, as He hath ever been to me, in my greatest needs. Therefore, I commit them wholly to His government and fatherly care. Death is not terrible to me. It is the way by which we pass to eternal rest."

Then with hands and eyes raised to heaven, she continued long in prayer, the steadiness of her faith imparting to her countenance a cheerful serenity. Her sufferings were severe, but they never extorted an impatient word, or scarcely a moan. Often, in fervent supplication, she was heard to utter,

"Oh, my God! in due time, deliver me from the body of this death, and from the miseries of this present life, that I may no more offend Thee. Grant me to attain that felicity which Thou hast promised in Thy Word to those who love Thee."

Seeing her ladies abandoning themselves to grief, she said with tenderness,

"I pray you not to weep for me. God by this sickness calleth me to the enjoyment of a better life. Now am I about to enter the desired haven, toward which this frail vessel hath been so long steering."

As the last changes of the spoiler began to be visible on her pale features, one who stood near her couch, whispered, "Are you willing to go?"

Audibly she replied, "Yes; more willing than to linger here in this world of vanity."

Thus, in the peace of a perfect trust, she resigned

her breath at Paris, June 9th, 1572, in the 44th year of her age.

"Queen Jane of Navarre, says Bishop Burnet, reformed not only her court, but her whole principality. To such a degree did she improve it, that under her sway, the golden age seemed to have returned, or rather Christianity again appeared in its primitive purity and lustre. Her dominions were so narrow that though she had the rank and power of a Queen, it was like sovereignty in miniature, of the smallest form, and the brightest colours."

LADY JANE GREY.

1536 LADY JANE GREY, who in some of the historic annals of England bears the title of queen, was the daughter of Henry, Marquis of Dorset, and a partaker of royal blood, through her mother, Frances Brandon, daughter of the Princess Mary, sister of Henry VIII, and queen dowager of France, at the time of her marriage with the Duke of Suffolk. The subject of this sketch, was therefore, the great granddaughter of King Henry VII and Elizabeth of York. She was born in 1536, and distinguished in infancy and childhood by surpassing beauty. To this attraction, she added many accomplishments; such as taste and proficiency in the use of the needle and pen, skill in music, both instrumental and vocal; perfect grace of manners, and elegance in conversation.

Attainments still more profound were hers, and to a critical knowledge of her own language, she added the French and Italian, Latin and Greek, Hebrew, Chaldee, and Arabic. Learned men of that age assert that she wrote in each with facility. These attainments, so far from inspiring self-conceit, were mingled with modesty, and embellished by the charm of a sweet and serene piety.

Domestic education was in those days marked by strictness of discipline; and it is remarkable that her

own should have been particularly characterized by sternness and severity. The effect of this, on a humble, amiable nature, was to heighten her devotedness to intellectual pursuits. Depressed by the coldness and bitter chidings of her parents, she turned as a refuge to the lessons and encouragements of her more kind-hearted tutor. Nor did her finely-balanced mind overlook the ultimate gain of even this harsh treatment, or omit to recount among "God's benefits, such sharp and severe parents, and so gentle a schoolmaster." Doubtless her early and fervent piety thus derived strength. The tender heart, checked in its first unfoldings, and chilled by rigour, where it sought repose, turned to Him who breaketh not the bruised reed, and found consolation. Daily devotion gave her spiritual vigour, and a visible blessing descended upon her mental efforts and enjoyments.

A little incident related in the history of the times, will illustrate her fondness for study. A gay party having gone out to hunt one delightful summer day in her father's park, she was found by her tutor, Sir Roger Ascham, seated alone, intently reading the works of Plato, in the original. On expressing his surprise at seeing her thus employed, she replied that she found more true pleasure in such pursuits than in all the splendour and excitement of fashionable amusement.

Her rank and participation in royal blood, required her occasional attendance at court. There her grace and accomplishments, united to her singular humility, attracted the admiration of the young Edward VI, who was himself an example of learning and piety.

At the age of sixteen, she was married to Lord Guilford Dudley, a son of the Duke of Northumberland. The pomp of their nuptials, which were cele-

brated during the bloom and verdure of the month of May, gave the last gleam of joy to the palace of the declining king. Consumption had fastened upon his vitals a deadly fang, and on the 6th of July following, at the age of sixteen, he ceased to breathe. The religion which had been his guide in health, revealed its sustaining power, under the debility of sickness, and at the approach of death. Knowing his sister Mary, the heir to the crown was an earnest devotee of the Romish faith, and dreading the conflicts and persecutions that might ensue to the realm, he meditated the appointment of Lady Jane Grey as his successor. This was strongly advocated, perhaps originally prompted by the solicitations of the ambitious Duke of Northumberland, and one of the last acts of the enfeebled monarch, was to authorize a deed of settlement, signed by himself, and all the Lords of the Council, declaring Lady Jane Grey the rightful heir of the throne.

Of this transaction, she who was the most immediately interested, was entirely ignorant. Her father, and the Duke of Northumberland, unexpectedly entering Durham House, where she resided, announced the death of Edward, and her own exaltation. Speechless with astonishment, the colour fled from lip and cheek, as they fell upon their knees, and paid homage to their queen. As soon as she could command the power of utterance, she besought them in the most pathetic terms to desist from their design.

"Shall I trespass on the undoubted rights of Mary and Elizabeth? Shall I, who would not steal a shilling, usurp a crown? Even had I the right, how could I consent to accept what was at first unjustly torn from Catherine of Arragon, and then steeped in the blood of Anna Boleyn and Catharine Howard? Shall my blood flow like theirs? Must I be made the third

victim from whom that fatal thing has been wrested, with the head that wore it? Oh! if you love me, let me remain in quietness and humility. I implore you not to force me to that exalted station, so sure to be followed by a fearful fall."

But her arguments and tearful urgency were alike disregarded. Northumberland, with a tide of strong words, assured her that all was done in accordance with law, and the will of the people. Her father, whose slightest look she had been accustomed from infancy to obey, laid his commands upon her. Her mother, always so stately and stern, bowed down to beseech her. Her husband, whom she tenderly loved, entreated her to yield to their united wishes. Vanquished by their solicitations, with a reluctant and heavy heart she suffered herself to be borne to the Tower, more like a victim than a queen. There she was proclaimed, and arrayed with the insignia of royalty. But the congratulations of the people were faintly expressed. The whole nation felt the illegality of infringing the rights of the daughters of Henry VIII.

On the tenth day after these events, the Princess Mary was proclaimed queen, in London. The Duke of Suffolk imparted the intelligence to his daughter with a faltering voice and disturbed countenance. But with perfect serenity she replied,

"These words are more pleasant to me, than those in which you bade me be a queen. In obeying them, I did violence to my nature, and deeply sinned. Gladly now will I make all the reparation in my power, for the injustice of which I have been guilty."

Yet the relinquishment of the sceptre was not deemed a sufficient expiation; and her heart was agonized at the calamities to her kindred, of which she

had been the unoffending cause. Her father and father-in-law were arrested, and the latter brought to the block. The whole family of the Duke of Northumberland were thrown into prison; and thither she herself, with her husband, were remanded, after having received sentence of death.

This young and beautiful creature, so full of gentleness and sensibility, now exhibited a serene and heroic fortitude. Conscious rectitude and piety that saw beyond the grave a brighter home, enabled her in this fearful adversity, to be the comforter of others. No gloom shaded her countenance, no murmur escaped her lips. Life, and its enjoyments, were dear, but the will of God was not only submitted to with resignation, but welcomed with benignity.

Her imprisonment was cheered by acts and offices of devotion. From one of her written prayers, which has been preserved, we extract the closing sentences:

"Gird me, I beseech Thee, with thine armour, that I may stand fast; having on the breast-plate of righteousness, and the shoes of the gospel of peace. Above all things, may I take the shield of faith, and the helmet of salvation, and the sword of the spirit, which is the Holy Word. Praying always, that I may refer myself wholly to thy will, abide in thy pleasure, and thus find comfort in all the troubles which it shall please thee to send me, seeing that such troubles are profitable for my soul, and being assuredly persuaded that all thou dost must be well."

This confidence in God, was recompensed by perfect peace. The last night of her life she wrote a farewell letter to her sister, and sent her a Greek Testament, as a memorial of parting affection.

"As to my death, good sister, rejoice with me, that I shall so soon be delivered from this corruptible life, and put on immortality. I pray God to send you his grace, that you may live in his fear, and die in the true Christian faith, from which I exhort you never to swerve, either for any hope of life or fear of death."

The following lines were found traced with a pin, on the walls of her cell:

"Think not, Oh mortal, vainly gay
That thou from human woes art free;
The bitter cup I drain to-day,
To-morrow may be drained by thee.
Harmless all malice, if our God be nigh,
Rootless all joys, if He his help deny;
Patient I pass these gloomy hours away,
And wait the morning of Eternal Day.

The 12th of February, 1554, was the time appointed for the execution of her husband and herself. With the early light of that fatal morning, he sent to request a farewell interview. But she felt that such a meeting would distress them both, and impair the fortitude requisite for the awful state that awaited them, by quickening a love of that life they were so soon to leave. Denying her own desires once more to see him whom she tenderly loved, she returned a dissuasive message.

"Such a meeting would add to our affliction. It would disturb the quiet with which we should arm our souls for the stroke of death. Defer it till a few moments have passed. Then we shall meet where unions are severed no more, if we carry nothing terrestrial with us, to hinder that eternal rejoicing."

When the beloved of her soul was led by to the

scaffold, she testified strong and involuntary emotion. But suppressing it, with surprising self-command, she gave him her farewell from the window, and like one whose treasures were now in heaven, prepared to follow him. In a brief space, his bleeding form, stretched upon a car, and his severed head, wrapped in a linen cloth, were borne by under the same window. She gazed on the fearful spectacle immovably, as one with whom the bitterness of death was past. Then without any tremulousness of hand, she inscribed in her table-book a few lines, which she presented to the Lieutenant of the Tower, as a token of grateful acknowledgement for the kindness he had extended to her during her imprisonment. This parting memento, consisted of a sentence in Greek, implying that "though his slain body might seem to condemn her before men, as the cause of its destruction, his most blessed soul would assert her innocence in the presence of God;" one in Latin, "That man had destroyed the body, but a merciful God preserved the soul;" and another in English; "That if her fault had deserved this punishment, her youth was still some palliation, and she committed her spirit to her Creator, and her cause to posterity."

Then, with a countenance serenely sweet, she obeyed the summons to the block, still reeking with her husband's blood. She was observed, as she moved gracefully onward, to have her eyes bent upon her prayer-book, and to give no heed to the Romish priests, who, surrounding her, argued and exhorted, for she had early and deeply imbibed the principles of the Protestant faith. Kneeling on the scaffold, she repeated in the most devout manner, and with touching intonations, the fifty-first Psalm: "Have mercy upon me, Oh God, have mercy upon me, according to thy loving

kindness; according to the multitude of thy tender mercies, blot out my transgressions." Her tuneful voice gathered strength as she proceeded, and the sad-eyed people listened as to an angel. When she ceased, the grim executioner knelt by her side, and besought her forgiveness, which she readily gave. She suffered her weeping woman to remove from her neck, whatever might impede the stroke of the axe, and laying her beautiful head, rich with its fair tresses, upon the block, clasped her hands meekly, and raised her eyes to heaven as her lips uttered for the last time on earth, "Lord, into thy hands, I commend my spirit."

"Lady Jane Grey, had," says the historian, Fuller, "the innocence of childhood, the beauty of youth, and the solidity of middle age, and all at the age of seventeen. She had the birth of a princess, the learning of a divine, and the life of a saint; yet, for the offences of her parents, suffered the death of a malefactor."

So early wise? Ah! beauty was to thee
No traitor friend, to steal the key
Of knowledge from the mind,
Making thee gorgeous to the eye,
Flaunting, and flushed with vanity,
But inly blind.

Hark! hark! the hunting bugle sounds,
Thy father's park is gay;
Graceful nobles cheer the hounds
Maiden hands the coursers sway,
Haste to the sport, away! away!
Youth, and mirth, and love are there,
Lingerest thou, fairest of the fair,
In thy lone chamber to explore
Ancient Plato's classic lore?

Old Roger Ascham's gaze
Is fixed on thee, with dim amaze;

And doth he marvel deep,
That, for philosophy divine
A lady could decline
The pleasure 'mid yon pageant-train to sweep,
The glory o'er some five-barr'd gate to leap?
And in the toil of reading Greek,
Which many a graver student flies
Find more entrancing rhetoric
Than fashion's lore supplies?

Ah, lone enthusiast! happier far for thee,
Hadst thou the musing intellectual joy
Thro' life indulged without alloy,
In sweetly studious sanctity,
Nor dared ambition's fearful shrift.
Nor laid the unwilling hand on Edward's fatal gift.

The Crown! The Crown! It sparkleth on thy brow.
Behold Northumberland with joy elate,
While even thy haughty sire doth bow
Honouring thy high estate;
She too, the austerely beautiful, whose eye
Chilled thy timid infancy
Until the heart's first buds folded their leaves to die,
Homage to her meek daughter pays:
Yet sooth to say, one fond embrace,
One kiss such as the peasant mother gives
When on its evening couch, her babe she lays,
Had dearer been to thee, than all their courtly phrase.

Alas! the gloomy Tower! thou bright-hair'd one,
There, where the captive's breath
Hath sighed itself in misery away,
Where iron nerves have withered one by one,
And sickening eyes, shut from the glorious sun,
Grop'd o'er their moulder'd walls, till idiocy
Made life like death,
There must thy prison be?

Not long, sweet soul! But lo! what savage band
'Neath thy grated window bear

A sever'd head, a lifeless hand,
A noble form surcharged with gore;
The magic of whose love, no more
Shall charm away thy care!
So young! So widowed! yet the bitter tear
Scarce gushes o'er the woe severe;
For holy faith doth rise
Pointing to cloudless skies,
Where He amid yon white-robed train,
Doth for thy coming wait, never to part again.

The scaffold frowns. Vindictive Queen
Hast thou such doom decreed?
Dwells Draco's soul beneath a woman's mien?
Must stainless youth, and peerless beauty bleed?
Away, away, I will not see the deed!
A rush of crimson dies the new-fallen snow
The wintry winds wail mournfully and low,
And pity dews their eyes, who from the scaffold go.
But she, the victim, is not there,
No! she hath found a crown that 'tis no sin to wear.
A crown, that from her brow
No vengeful hand shall tear.

PHILIP DE MORNAY.

1549 PHILIP DE MORNAY, Lord of Plessis Marly, a French nobleman, illustrious both for rank and valour, was born November 5th, 1549.

Descended from an ancient family, which had produced other distinguished characters, he was educated with the greatest care. Masters in various languages and sciences were provided for him, and his proficiency was what might have been expected from superior talents and rigid application.

With his earliest training, his mother instilled into him the purest principles of integrity and benevolence. She inspired him also with her own deep love of the Protestant Faith, from which he never swerved, in times of peril, or for the lures of ambition and gain.

Civil commotion, and his own high birth, drew him early into the army, but as soon as the change could be made with propriety, he quitted military for intellectual pursuits. His literary labours were varied by travels in foreign lands, where he added a knowledge of human nature to the wealth of silent study.

After visiting Geneva and Switzerland, he remained some time in Germany, applying himself to the study of Civil Law. He examined with attention the most interesting parts of Italy, and passed on to England, where he was received by Queen Elizabeth with great

courtesy and cordiality. The King of Navarre persuaded him to remain at his Court, and accept the office of Counsellor of State. Here he greatly distinguished himself by his talents and negotiations, but circumstances which brought into prominence his attachment to the Protestant religion, induced him, at the age of twenty-seven, to resign these distinctions, and resume the unostentatious pleasures of literature.

His writings were numerous, and highly appreciated. Among his works are those upon the "*Truth of the Christian Religion*," "*The Church*," and "*The Eucharist*." The latter became so much celebrated, as to occasion a controversial conference at Fontainbleau, between him and Cardinal du Perron, by which his reputation was so extended, that he was known by the title of the "Protestant Pope."

In consequence of his fidelity to his religious tenets, he was deprived by Louis XIII of the office of Governor of Saumur, and passed the remainder of life at his chateau of La Foret, near Poictou, where he died in 1623, at the age of seventy-four.

Retirement, study, and devotion, shed a congenial and tranquilizing influence over his last decline. When reminded by those around, of his service to the Church through his writings, and example, he exclaimed with an affecting humility,

"Alas! Say not it was I, but the grace of God. I ask for nought but mercy, *free mercy*."

He repeated often that his hope was founded on the boundless mercy of God, through Jesus Christ, who had been made unto him wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. To a friend who expressed gratitude at being permitted to listen to his testimony of peace and trust, he replied,

"I feel, yes, I *feel* what I speak."

As the morning of his last day dawned, he said, with solemn emphasis,

"*We know*, that if the earthly house of this our tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

"Are you assured," asked one, who bent over his couch, "are you assured of sharing in that eternal weight of glory?"

"Perfectly assured," was his answer. "Yea, perfectly assured, through the demonstration of the Holy Spirit; more powerful, more clear, more certain, than any demonstration of Euclid."

Then he secretly prayed. Some broken sentences like these, reached the listeners by his dying pillow.

"I fly, I fly to heaven; Let angels bear me to my Saviour's bosom."

His last articulations were,

"I know that my Redeemer liveth. With these eyes shall I behold him," repeating several times emphatically, "*ipse oculis*."

The character of Philip de Mornay becomes more illustrious when we contemplate the age and country in which he lived, and his own position in society. The temptations of rank and opulence never seduced him from the toils of literature, nor did the immoralities by which he was surrounded stain the simplicity of his virtue.

In times peculiarly venal, he adhered to a form of religion which was adverse both to his pecuniary interests, and his political promotion. For its sake he not only resigned honour and gain, but was in danger of persecution and death; for with his mother, he narrowly escaped being involved in the terrible massacre of the Huguenots, on St. Bartholomew's Day, at

Paris, during the reign of Charles IX. His firmness of principle, and unswerving integrity were respected even by his opponents, who saw them so beautifully combined with a pure and benevolent example.

He proved that, like the Apostle, he "counted not his life dear unto him, so that he might finish his course with joy;" and his truthful, self-sacrificing piety was crowned with peace of conscience, and a faith, that continued to brighten until it passed the threshold of a world unseen.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

1552 THE subject of this memoir, the descendant of a distinguished family, and the fourth son of Sir Walter Raleigh, was born at Hayes, in Devonshire, (England,) in 1552, during the sixth year of Edward Sixth. His mind was early advanced by the care of an excellent tutor, and a thorough academical training, so that when he became a commoner of Oriel College, Oxford, he was a great proficient in many studies, especially in those of philosophy and oratory. Here, the great Lord Bacon became acquainted with him, and from the indications of his genius, foretold his future eminence.

His family which was an ancient and honourable one, had become somewhat reduced in its fortunes. To restore and reinstate it, were the earliest stimulants of his industry. The profession of arms, opened at that time a direct road to distinction, and Queen Elizabeth having accommodated the Queen of Navarre with a loan of money, to aid her in the troubles that surrounded her, a band of high-spirited young gentlemen, under the command of Henry Champernon, volunteered to go to France, in support of the Protestant cause. Among those gallant cavaliers, and in the words of an historian of those days, "the most noble of them all," was Walter Raleigh, then at the age of

sixteen. He was in France, during that stormy period, when the Huguenots, under Conde, and Coligni, were resisting the tide of persecution, and when the young king Henry of Navarre, commenced his military career. He witnessed, and by the good providence of God, escaped the terrible massacre of St. Bartholomew's Day, in 1572. He remained in that country five years, until after the death of Charles IX, and returned to his native land, at the age of twenty-one.

Five years thus spent in the adventurous life of a soldier, though not disagreeable to a youth of his resolute and active spirit, made more delightful by contrast, the period of literary repose that succeeded. Returning to academic shades, he devoted himself for a time to his favourite studies. Among these, was poetry, for which he had naturally a predeliction, and which amid the many vicissitudes and trials of life, continued to give him solace. Here he systematised his hours so closely, as to allow but five out of the twenty four for sleep.

In his course of reading, every work connected with the newly discovered continent of America, maintained a distinguished place. The exploits of Columbus, and the conquests of Cortez and Pizarro, had fired his imaginative boyhood, and given themes to the romantic fancy of his college days. The "*climes of gold*," as they were delineated by the Spanish writers, floated before him, like a gorgeous dream, mingled with indignant hatred of Spanish tyranny. Thus, while a solitary recluse in the Middle Temple, those plans might have taken possession of his mind, which eventually made him the founder, if not the father of Virginian colonization.

Yet the luxury of intellectual pursuits, was not long to be his lot. In the struggle of the Netherlands, against the ambition and despotism of Philip II of Spain, who was bent on their subjugation, he took an

active part. He girded on his armour for this cause of liberty, in the expedition of Sir John Norris, who was appointed to go to the Netherlands and oppose John of Austria, who conducted the war, on the part of the Spanish king.

After the return of Raleigh, he was sent with a captain's commission to aid in suppressing a rebellion in Ireland, and was rewarded with the appointment of governor of Cork. The most pleasant fruit of his residence in this disturbed and unhappy island, was the acquaintance of the poet Spenser, whom he found a resident there, and the life-long friendship that was thus formed between them.

His success as a courtier, during the most brilliant period of the reign of Elizabeth, and the influence obtained over her mind, by the accomplishments of which he was master, and the flatteries to which she was ever accessible, were not without the usual accompaniments of jealousy and peril. These were especially revealed in the enmity of Essex, and the machinations of Cecil; the first terminated by the death of his rival, and the latter, leading through plot, and conspiracy, to his own. Yet, amid the illustrious group of statesmen, with whom he was brought into competition, honours thickened around him. He received the rank of knighthood, and was made member of parliament from his native county. The manor of Sherborne in Dorsetshire, was granted him, and he began to win distinction in the House of Commons by his eloquence, and the ability with which he advocated the rights of the people against the pressure of monopolies, and supported every plan to promote the welfare of the nation. The queen had given him marks of personal favour; and thrown with her own hand, a chain of gold around the neck of him, who had spread his rich velvet cloak for her footsteps, in

the gallantry of his fervid youth. She had expressed admiration of his wit and talents, causing one of his watchful cotemporaries to complain that she "took him for a kind of oracle;" yet with one of those caprices, not unprecedented in her history, had given him a brief taste of that durance in the Tower, which, under her successor, was to be so stern and unmitigated.

But amid all the changes of his eventful way, whether as soldier, scholar, courtier, statesman, or prisoner, one object was pursued with unabated ardour, the colonization of America. By the first marriage of his mother, the daughter of Sir Philip Champernon, with Otho Gilbert, he was half-brother of the knights, Sir John, Sir Humphrey, and Sir Adrian Gilbert. With the second of these distinguished men who was a congenial spirit in the matter of American discovery, he united in his first expedition to the new-found continent, when at the age of twenty seven.

This project was eminently unsuccessful; and followed after the lapse of a few years by another. Five ships were sent to the new continent, under the command of Sir Humphrey Gilbert. The largest one was fitted out by Sir Walter Raleigh at his own expense. and bore his own name. He was restrained from going in her, by the wishes of the Queen. A sad fate also overtook this expedition. Contagious disease raged among the crew of the Raleigh, and she returned to port. Sir Humphrey proceeded on his voyage, and took possession of Newfoundland; but lost one of his ships, and saw the largest remaining one wrecked on the coast of Maine. The despair and mutiny of his men forced him to abandon further exploration. When about to return to England, a succession of terrible storms overtook them. The dauntless navigator was last seen upon the deck of his slender bark, encourag-

ing his men. "My brave boys, we are as near to heaven by sea as by land," were the last words they remembered to have heard him speak. A night of tempest closed over them; and of the bark and its commander might be said, in the words of Job, "Ye shall seek me in the morning but I shall not be."

Raleigh mourned the loss of his noble brother, but bated no whit of courage or of hope for the cause in which he fell. Having formed the opinion that there must be an extensive region between the territory claimed by Spain, and the northern shores discovered by Cabot, he risked almost the whole of his fortune in a new transatlantic expedition. Of this, he gave the command to Amidas and Barlow, who were so fortunate as to land on the Carolinian coast, on the 2nd of July, 1584. Their glowing description of those sunny climes, redolent with the perfume of flowers, and the minstrelsy of birds of the brightest plumage, the trunks of whose majestic trees were wrapped in a dense drapery of vines, "dipping their rich clusters even in the sea," delighted beyond measure the munificent patron of this voyage of discovery. The queen also partook in his exultation, and was gratified to give this second Arcadian realm, the name of Virginia.

Raleigh conceived the desire to colonize, and impart to a land so beautiful by nature, the blessings of civilization. Accordingly, in 1585, he dispatched a fleet, with one hundred and eight colonists. To him belongs the honour of the *first* attempt to plant the Saxon vine in the soil of the red browed and roaming sons of the forest. But this pioneer colony seemed to possess neither in itself, or its governor, the adhesiveness and fortitude necessary to realize the plans of its projector. Some felt a scarcity of the food to which they had been accustomed; others fell beneath the shaft of the

savage; all were disappointed in their hopes of that gold which they had expected to find as plentiful as the stones of the field. Deficient both in the motive and endurance of those whom the May-Flower was, some thirty five years after, to land on the snow-clad Plymouth rock, they re-embarked, murmuring and discontented, for their native land. Scarcely had they taken their departure, ere a vessel came, freighted with supplies, from Raleigh. Three more also arrived, sent out by him, under Grenville, with a reinforcement of settlers. These too partook of the same disunion and frailty of purpose that characterised their predecessors. Governor White returned with the fleet to England to solicit additional supplies. He was detained there more than a year, during which interval two ships were sent out by Raleigh; but when White himself again sought his forsaken colony, no vestige of it remained. His own daughter, Eleanor, with her babe, Virginia, the first born of English parents in the Western world, and all who had reared the first rude habitation, and sowed near its threshold, the seed-corn of the emigrant, had vanished, leaving no trace behind. In vain, did Raleigh send five different times, hoping to learn something of the fate of his colony at Roanoke. Oblivion had closed over it. Like the striking of the Arab tent, it left neither echo nor footstep, for the ear of coming generations.

Raleigh surely possessed that element of a great mind, never to be discouraged by difficulties. Though the affairs of his own country, the belligerent designs of Philip of Spain, the destruction of the famous armada, and the attempt to replace the exiled king of Portugal on the throne of his ancestors, occupied his thoughts and encompassed him with dangers, he still found some time to muse upon the far World that

the Genoese had conquered so many obstacles to discover.

Yet several years elapsed, ere he was able to put in motion another expedition. This was for the enthusiastic enterprise of adding Guiana to the British crown, and he resolved to lead it in person. Visions of maritime prowess had mingled with his earliest imaginings, doubtless deepened by the sight and sound of the restless billows, on whose margin his boyhood was spent. His royal mistress smiled on this romantic scheme, but with her characteristic parsimony allowed him to sustain the greater part of the expenditure that it involved.

The opening spring of 1595, found him on the waters of the Oronoco, which he explored for 400 miles, after having taken possession of a city, built by the Spaniards, near its mouth. But obstacles interposed, which neither his wisdom could have foreseen, nor his energy overcome. These, combining with the intolerable heats of the climate, and the approach of the rainy seasons, rendered it imperative for him to return.

The following year, he repeated the experiment, still failing of success. Mingled with all this daring, by flood and field, he retained with singular versatility, his fondness for literature, and for the tasteful charms of domestic and social life. In such intervals as he could snatch amid a turbulent and hazardous career, we find him promulgating plans for the intercourse of learned men, patronising a club, where such spirits as Shakspeare, and Fletcher, and Ben Jonson congregated, adorning with his own hands the grounds and planting orange trees in the conservatories of his manor at Sherborne, exhibiting a princely hospitality, attending the queen on her splendid progresses, or at her gorgeous court, eclipsing his cotemporaries by the brilliance of his wit, and the magnificence of his costume.

Thus passed his life till 1603, the year of the death of Elizabeth. With her, the star of his earthly fortune set, never to rise again. The pedant James had been prejudiced against him, by the machinations of Cecil, ere his accession to the English throne.

This Robert Cecil, Secretary of State, and son of the late Lord Treasurer Burleigh, spared not to gratify his jealousy and malignity, by a secret correspondence with James, before the death of Elizabeth, in which he designates Raleigh as a man that would willingly "stab his hopes of succession." The turpitude of this duplicity was deepened by his living in terms of apparent friendship with Raleigh, and striving to blind the victim, whose destruction he sought.

It is possible that Raleigh accelerated his fate, by offering no adulation to a prince whose elements of character were the reverse of his own. To Elizabeth, he had not scrupled to pour forth, without measure, the flattery in which she delighted, but he withdrew from the crowd of sycophants who lauded her sluggish and imbecile successor, as a second Solomon.

In three months after the arrival of the first Stuart, he was arrested on charges the most frivolous and contradictory. He whose whole life had been a career of patriotism, strongly marked by services, and sacrifices, was arraigned for high treason. Cooke, Popham, and Cecil, conducted the trial, the two former, in terms of the grossest brutality, the latter with an affectation of regret which even his practised hypocrisy but awkwardly sustained. With a heart of honour, and a soul of eloquence, the accused knight defended himself, proving the fallacy of every assertion. "Never," said Ashton, "did any man speak so well in times past, nor will any ever in times to come.

But to convict without evidence, was as easy as to

arraign without cause. By such judges he would, of course, be condemned. He was thrown into the Tower, and his life made dependant on the mercy of the king. By a refinement of cruelty, he was kept for a month in constant expectation of death, but without its definite appointment, thus mingling suspense with agony. He was visited by the ministers of religion, and strove to detach his affections from this fleeting life, and fix them where is neither disappointment or sorrow.

One Sabbath morning, while composing himself for the exercises of that hallowed season, he was informed that a warrant for his execution on the following day, had been issued. After the services of devotion which gathered intenseness from the belief that they were to be his last on earth, he wrote in the evening that touching and eloquent letter to his wife, which can never be read without sympathy. Our limits restrict us to only a few of its sentences.

"To what friend to direct thee, I know not. All mine have left me in this sore time of trial, and I plainly perceived that my death was determined from the first day.

"Love God. Teach your son to love him while he is yet young, that the fear of God may grow up with him. Then will He be a father to him, and a husband to you. As for me, I am no more yours, nor you mine. Death hath cut us asunder.

"I cannot write much. God, he knoweth how hardly I steal this time, while others sleep. It is also, now high time that I should separate my thoughts from this world.

"Beg my dead body, which living, was denied thee. I can say no more. Time and death call me away. The everlasting, Infinite, and Omnipotent God, who is

goodness itself, the true life, and the true light, keep thee and thine, have mercy on me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors, and send us to meet in His glorious kingdom.

"My dear wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy. Pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms.

"Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now, alas, overthrown,

"Yours that was, but now not mine own,

"WALTER RALEIGH."

The agonised love of the husband and father, and the bitterness of sudden disruption from the land of the living, which overflow throughout the whole of this Christian epistle, were not, however, the precursors of immediate death, but of what, could his high spirit have foreseen it, might have been still more dreaded, the stern imprisonment of many mournful years. In the dreary recesses of the Tower, cut off from those active employments to which he had been ever inured, he bore the ignominious doom of crimes that he had neither committed nor imagined. This severe restraint from air and exercise, caused, after a lapse of time, an attack of paralysis, and a visitant of the Tower at this day, cannot see without indignation, the close and dark cell allotted him for a dormitory.

Yet this long period of adversity was not without its alleviations. His faithful and affectionate wife was allowed to pass a portion of her time in the abode of his captivity. She often brought thither her son Walter, whose education was thus conducted under the direction of the accomplished father; and within the gloomy walls of his incarceration, their fair infant, Carew, first saw the light.

He was also cheered by the conversation of the Earl of Northumberland, then a state prisoner, and by the society of a few friends who remembered him in his exile. Among these, Prince Henry, the heir apparent to the crown, was a frequent visitant. He admired the character, and talents of Raleigh, and was charmed by his wit and taste for poetry. His own noble nature enabled him to appreciate his virtues, his varied attainments, and the elegance of his manners, and to commiserate the injustice of his sentence, "Would any one but my father keep such a bird in a cage?" said he, with more of indignant feeling, than of filial reverence.

But the passive act of sequestration did not satisfy the narrow-souled and implacable monarch. He looked with an avaricious eye on the possessions of his victim, and wrested from him his beautiful estate of Sherborne, to bestow upon his minion, Carr. Remonstrance was vain, and as a last resort, Lady Raleigh appeared in his presence with her two sons, the elder, interesting from his noble bearing, and the younger, by his childish innocence, and kneeling, implored him with tears, to restore the inheritance of her children. He, unable to comprehend the pathos of such a scene, continued pertinaceously to repeat, "I maun hae the land, I maun hae it for Carr."

Raleigh, in his intercourse with Prince Henry, endeavoured not only to secure his regard, but to infuse into him such principles as would tend to the happiness of his future government. It is well known into what absurdities James was led by his opinion of his own prerogative and the divine right of kings. There is extant a letter of Raleigh to the heir apparent, in which this subject is delicately and forcibly treated. It bears date in 1611, the eighth year of his imprison-

ment, and we find room for a few passages as a specimen of its style:

"Your father is called the vicegerent of heaven. While he is good, he may be so. But shall man have authority from the Fountain of Good, to do evil? No. Let mean and degenerate spirits, who are deficient in benevolence, suppose your power impaired by a disability of doing injuries. If want of power to do ill, be incapacity in a prince, (with reverence be it spoken,) it is an incapacity he shows in common with the Deity. Let me not doubt but all plans which do not carry in them the mutual happiness of prince and people will appear as absurd to your clear understanding, as disagreeable to your noble nature."

"Exert yourself, O generous prince, in the cause of liberty, and assume an ambition worthy of you, to secure your fellow-creatures from slavery; from a condition as much below that of brutes, as to act without reason is less miserable than to act against it. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of free agents, and to your own royal house the divine right of being their benefactors. Believe me, there is no other right can flow from God."

"Consider the inexpressible advantages that will attend you, while you make the power of rendering men happy, the measure of your actions. While this is your impulse, how easily will that power be extended. The glance of your eye will give gladness, your every sentence have the force of beauty."

"Whatever sycophants may insinuate, you have lost your subjects, when you lose their affections. You are to preside over the minds, not the bodies of men: the soul is the essence of the man; you cannot have the true man against his inclinations."

The grave reasoning in this noble letter, against the divine right of kings, seems in our own times an unnecessary labour; but to the sovereign majesty then filling the throne, was probably counted a boldness bordering on treason. The fine thought in the closing sentence, that "the soul is the essence of the man," cannot but remind the reader of the frequently quoted lines of Dr. Watts:

> "I must be measured by my soul,
> The mind's the standard of the man."

In the literary labours, which from youth he had loved, Raleigh found solace for the heaviness of many of his prison hours. His great work, the "History of the World," owes its existence to this season of solitary thought and research. Its first volume, dedicated to his friend, Prince Henry, and comprising a period of 4000 years, which intervenes between the Creation, and the Macedonian war, appeared in 1614.

Whether the early death of this illustrious prince, who was a model of every virtue, depressed the mind of Raleigh, or whether his own variable health discouraged the prosecution of so laborious a design, we know not; but it was never completed. How solemn and eloquent are the closing sentences of this history:

"It is death alone that can suddenly make a man to know himself. He telleth the most proud and insolent, that they are but abjects. He humbleth them at the same instant, making them cry, complain and repent, yea, even to hate their forepassed pomp and happiness. He taketh the account of the rich, and proveth him to be but a beggar, having interest in nothing, save the gravel that filleth his mouth. He holdeth a glass before the eyes of the most beautiful, making them see and acknowledge their deformity

and rottenness. Oh! most eloquent, just and mighty death! He, whom none could advise, hast thou persuaded; what none hath dared, thou hast done; whom all the world hath flattered, hast thou despised and cast out of the world. Thou hast drawn together all the far-stretched greatness, all the pride, cruelty, and ambition of men, covering all with but those two narrow words, *Hic jacet.*"

This passage possibly suggested to the poet, Young, his impressive lines,

> "Earth's highest wisdom ends in *Here he lies,*
> And dust to dust, concludes her noblest song."

There was yet an episode in the tragedy to be exhibited by the remarkable man whom we contemplate. It was suggested to James, always needy and repacious, that his intimate knowledge of the South American climes might enable him to put valuable mines of gold in possession of the crown. A prejudice that had resisted all the lights of truth, was parried by the love of money. Buckingham, then the chief favourite, having his own love of gain stimulated, used his arts of persuasion to forward the design. Cecil and Carr, having paid the debt of nature, were not at hand to prevent the captive from once more breathing the pure air of heaven, and tasting the sweets of liberty. By a crisis which could scarcely have been anticipated, a strange and sudden transition, he was brought forth from the gloomy recesses of his prison-house, made admiral of the fleet destined to this expedition, and invested with the title of Governor of Guiana. He took with him his eldest son, a noble youth, of high promise and dauntless bravery.

But the cup of freedom and hope which he grasped

with the ardour of an impulsive and unsuspicious nature, was poisoned for his lip. He had never yet learned the humbling lesson that his frame was unequal to the promptings of his spirit. Slow years of imprisonment had undermined his vigour, and unfitted him for the contrast and hardship of a storm-tossed voyage. Long ere his approach to the South American coast, he was a sufferer from sickness, and on the arrival of the ships at Guiana, lay powerless in his bed. Great was his surprise, at finding the Spaniards in arms, ready to repel them as foes, and heart-rending his grief, at the fall of his noble son, who conducted the landing in person.

Every subsequent attempt on the part of Raleigh to reach the neighbourhood of the mine, proved abortive. He returned to England, a sad-hearted mourner, and was immediately remanded to prison. From literature and science, he had heretofore found solace in the gloom of his lonely cell. But the illusion was now stripped from life, and he only sought strength from that faith which teacheth man how to die.

The pretext which James needed for his destruction, was found in the aspect of his relations with Spain. He was bent on bringing about a marriage between the Infanta and Charles, his eldest surviving son. To this end, he afterwards allowed the departure of the Prince and Buckingham in disguise, to enact that costly and solemn farce of courtship, which was eventually frustrated by the former having fallen in love on his way to Madrid, with Henrietta Maria at Paris; as the negotiations of Warwick for the nuptials of Edward of York, and a Princess of France, had been nullified a century before, by the young king's surrendering his heart to a lady nearer home.

But it was deemed expedient to conciliate the

Spanish Court, and James did not scruple to do so, by announcing that he had Raleigh in his power, and inquiring their pleasure respecting him. His efforts in earlier years to humble the pride of Spain and advance the glory of England, were fresh in their remembrance, and his recent enterprise to Guiana was viewed with indignation. Philip, therefore, lost no time in demanding exemplary and immediate punishment. In less than a fortnight after the expression of these wishes had reached James, Sir Walter Raleigh was no more.

He was condemned on the old arraignment, which even in all its freshness was deemed too weak by his most crafty and malignant persecutors. But now, after fifteen years of oblivion had gathered over it, and when his appointment to the honours of Admiral and Governor would seem equally to cancel all previous accusations, it was drawn forth from mouldering darkness, and made to bear the weight of his scaffold.

To the victim, death was deprived of bitterness. The love of a Redeemer cheered his penitent soul, and in the serene hope of immortality he triumphed over the injustice of man. In the exercises of devotion he found comfort, and poetry, which he had loved from youth, sang to him, even on the last verge of life. His closing meditation on the vanity of the world, commencing, "Go, soul, the body's guest," shows in the boldness and melody of its numbers, a mind at ease. We select only one stanza.

"Tell fortune of her blindness,
Tell nature of decay,
Tell friendship of unkindness,
Tell justice of delay;
And if they aught reply,
Then give them all—the lie."

He requested a short respite that he might arrange his affairs for the benefit of his bereaved family. This was denied him. Therefore, with a steadfast faith, he looked above terrestrial things. On the night previous to his execution, he calmly took leave of his beloved wife and only son. He then drew up in a few words a justification of his conduct in points where it had been aspersed; and bending over the Holy Scriptures, seemed absorbed in their study. On one of its blank leaves, the following lines were found traced, his last on earth:

Even such is time, that takes on trust
Our life, our joys, our all we have,
And pays us but with age and dust;
Then in the dark and silent grave,
When we have wandered all our ways
Shuts up the story of our days.
But from this earth, this grave, this dust,
The Lord shall raise me up, I trust."

It was scarcely nine in the morning of October 29th, 1618, when he was summoned to execution. He saluted with the graceful courtesy that had ever distinguished him, those who were near, and ascended the scaffold firmly and with a pleasant countenance. The Christian heroism that marked his deportment affected every beholder. Though enfeebled by long sickness, he spoke with a clear voice and impressive eloquence. He asserted his innocence of the charges made against him, and closed his speech with the most touching penitence in the sight of God, and confidence in his mercy.

"I trust He will not only cast away all my sins from me, but receive me with everlasting life."

He poured out his whole soul in deep devotion, and rising from his knees, clasped his hands, and exclaimed,

"Now I go to God." After some conversation with the executioner, he requested the people to pray with, and for him, and again knelt in silent communion with his Maker. Then divesting himself of such garments as might impede the fatal stroke, he laid his head upon the block. His lips still moved inaudibly, breathing the last earthly thoughts into His ear, before whose face he was so soon to stand. Then he gave the signal, the axe twice descended, and all was over.

Thus was cut off, at the age of sixty-six, one of the greatest men of his times. Whether we regard him as a scholar, courtier, statesman, or naval commander, husband, father, or friend, philosopher, poet, captive, or Christian, we find traits both striking and admirable. Yet, his character, unless by some modern writers, seems scarcely to have received justice from historians. Hume is evidently prejudiced, probably from his partiality to the House of Stuart, and his desire to exculpate in some measure, the unprincipled conduct of James. He designates as a tissue of falsehoods the account of his voyage to Guiana, yet admits that he had never attentively perused what he condemns.

The jealousy of many of his cotemporaries, and the malignity of Cecil, magnified his faults, and concealed his virtues. The hostility of the reigning monarch, and the adversity of the last fifteen years of his life, throw a shadow over his fame for those who consider favouring fortune as the criterion of greatness.

Yet both his deeds and motives sustain a favourable comparison with other distinguished men of that period, who have shared more liberally in the praise of posterity. Less exquisitely intellectual, but more

impulsive than his illustrious cotemporary, Lord Bacon, he was also less infected with that artifice of courts, which blinds to truth, and makes expediency the pole-star of its course. If during any part of his career as a courtier, he might have been too little critical in balancing means with ends, it was according to the unscrupulous character of an age in which venality triumphed.

In the gayest and most tempted periods of his life, moral and religious precepts of great force and beauty, are incorporated with his writings. How decided, for instance, was his reprobation of the evils of war, though impelled by his position and chivalrous spirit, to test the nature of military enterprise.

"There is no profession," says he, "so unprosperous as that of war. Beside the envy and jealousy of men, the spoil, famine, and slaughter of the innocent, devastations and burnings, and a world of miseries laid on the labouring man; it is so hateful to God, that with good reason did Moulac, the Marshal of France confess, that were not the mercies of God infinite, and without restriction, it were in vain for those of his profession to hope for any portion of them, seeing that the cruelties by them permitted and committed, were also infinite."

In the darkness of the destinies of Sir Walter Raleigh, and in the loneliness of his prison-house, the true man was unveiled. The first half century of his life was brilliant with adventurous effort, and a soaring fame. Through its remaining years he walked in solitude and sorrow. It was then, that serious meditation allied him to higher natures, and repentant piety brought him nearer to his God. In the detaching of his mind from the vanity of earthly things, and the Christian heroism of his death, we see the

fruits of this discipline. And doubtless that philosophy which estimates the changes of time by their influence on eternity, must accord the preference, not to the period of restless ambition, and envied splendour, but to these fewer, sadder years, when he walked humbly and trustfully with his God.

BISHOP ANDREWS.

1555 LAUNCELOT ANDREWS, the descendant of a respectable and religious family, in Suffolk, (England,) was born at London, in 1555. A part of his education was conducted by Mr. Richard Mulcaster, a celebrated teacher of those times, and he early distinguished himself by unusual proficiency in the learned languages. He became a student at the University of Cambridge, where he received a scholarship, and gained great reputation for his eloquence as a lecturer in theology. He instituted also a series of animated explanations and enforcements of the Decalogue, to the undergraduates, which commanded their admiration, as well as that of the whole University.

Afterwards, he was induced to accompany Henry, Earl of Huntingdon, President of the Council of York, into the north, where his zeal and eloquence aided the cause of Protestantism. His talents having thus been brought to the knowledge of Walsingham, Secretary to Elizabeth, he was rapidly promoted, as Master of Pembroke Hall, Chaplain in Ordinary to the queen, Prebendary, and Dean of Westminster. Twice, also, during that reign, he received the offer of a bishopric, which he deemed it expedient to refuse.

After the accession of James I, who greatly admired

his pulpit eloquence, and respected his piety, the tide of promotion flowed on with a wonderful rapidity. He was appointed Lord Almoner, Privy Counsellor of England and Scotland, Dean of the Chapel Royal, Bishop of Chichester, Ely, and finally of Winchester.

This influx of honours did not impair his singular humility, or create in any measure, conformity to the spirit of the world.

About this period, the king sustained an unscrupulous attack from Cardinal Bellarmine, under the signature of Matthew Tortus, to which Bishop Andrews replied, with great force and research, in a treatise entitled "*Tortura Torti.*" Royal gratitude and favour were heaped upon him, yet no courtly wiles unhinged his dignity as an ecclesiastic, or his independence as a patriot; for he stood forth decidedly, and even severely, against the monarch, when he proposed some intrenchment on parliamentary authority, tending to an infraction of the Constitution.

He was distinguished both by great learning and great industry. He conscientiously considered time, talents, and possessions, as consecrated to his high and holy duties. His whole life passed under an abiding sense of this solemn stewardship. His hospitality was constant, and when his station required, elegant. There was in him no principle of ostentation, but a regard for justice, which caused him to consult fitness and propriety, in all things. He sought out and patronized humble merit, relieving the poor and sick with unwearied liberality. He rejoiced to release the prisoner from his cell, and to send clothing, food or medicine to the sufferer, preferring to do it so secretly that they might not discover whence the benefaction came. Applications from strangers in distress, he received with a perpetual welcome; and it was observed that he

never distributed alms for others, without augmenting them by his own private bounty.

Truth in word and deed was an elementary part of his character, and his integrity in the various and important offices committed to his charge, was incorruptible. Such prudence and diligence did he devote to his numerous occupations both in church and state, that it was said by cotemporaries that he never undertook any business, or inhabited any mansion, without leaving it in a better condition than when it came into his hands.

His affability won the hearts of those with whom he associated; and his gratitude to those who had shown him the slightest favours, was equalled only by his generosity. This sweet sentiment of grateful remembrance was peculiarly fervid towards those who had aided him, when young, in the acquisition of knowledge. To Mr. Mulcaster, the instructor of his boyhood, he continued through life to manifest the most respectful regard, and caused his portrait to be placed over the door of his study. A teacher of his earlier childhood having died, ere he was in a situation to give substantial proofs of his faithful recognition, he sought out his son, and bestowed on him a valuable rectory. He took peculiar pleasure in searching the Universities for young men of promise and piety, that he might reward and promote them, according to their merits.

He conducted a correspondence with some of the first scholars of Europe, being himself distinguished by great learning. He possessed a knowledge of fifteen languages, and in the conference at Hampton Court, his name stands first of those, to whom the new translation of the Scriptures was committed. The portion executed by him, was a share of the Pentateuch, and the books from Joshua to the First of Chronicles. In

the preface to the "Collation of the Old Interpreters," by Boisius, he is designated as the "miracle and oracle of our age in languages, a Mithridates in art, an Aristotle in his own person, embracing all accomplishments; so that while others have been content with one, he has in himself seemed to comprise the whole."

His literary labours, as well as those in the pulpit, were unwearied and abundant. Many sermons and treatises evince his learning and piety. His "*Private Devotions, and Manual for the Sick,*" have passed through more numerous editions, than any of his other published writings. They were originally composed in Greek, he having a peculiar fondness for that language, so that his thoughts naturally flowed forth in it, while its structure, and the compound epithets in which it abounds, seemed in his opinion to strengthen the ideas, and quicken with new life, the meditations that they clothed. This manuscript work, which was not translated until after his death, he often used in his closet devotions.

During his last illness, it was almost constantly in his hands. "It was found," says one of his biographers, "worn thin by his fingers, and wet with his tears."

Some have supposed, that amid the wide compass of its intercessions for all classes of mankind, there was peculiar tenderness of expression for the dwellers upon the great deep. If this is a fact, it is easily explained by his filial affections, his father having been a mariner. This was doubtless in his mind, in a bequest made in his last will, of several thousand pounds, the interest of which was to be divided, four times in a year, among widows, orphans, prisoners, and "aged poor men, especially sea-faring men."

A few extracts from this Manual of Devotions, will

illustrate the conciseness, humility, and eloquence of its petitions, as well as their occasional adaptation to the needs of those who "go down to the sea in ships and do business amid the great waters."

Accompany, O Lord, the voyage of those who sail,
And the journey of those who travel.
Be mindful of those in exile, at the mines and at the gallies,
Of those in affliction, necessity and distress,
Of all who need thy loving-kindness.
Be mindful of those who love us,
And of those who hate us,
And of those who charge us, unworthy as we are
To remember them in our prayers.
For thou, Lord, art the helper of the helpless,
The hope of the hopeless,
The pilot of the tempest-tossed,
The haven of those who sail,
The physician of the sick,
Oh! make thyself all things, to all men.

Let us pray for those who pity us and minister to our wants,
For the liberation of all who are in bonds,
For our absent friends and families,
For those who traverse the wide ocean,
For all who are bending under infirmity.

Deep calleth unto deep,
The depth of our wretchedness unto the depth of thy mercy.
Be merciful, and spare,
Impute not, arraign not, remember not.
Behold, if Thou be a Father, and we be children, as a father pitieth his children, so pity us, oh, Lord.
Behold, if Thou be Lord, and we be servants, our eyes wait upon Thee, until Thou have mercy upon us.
Although we were neither children nor servants, but only as dogs, we might yet be allowed to eat of the crumbs that fall from thy table.
I believe that Christ came to save that which was lost,
Thou, who came to save that which was lost,
Suffer not that to be lost, which Thou hast saved.

Restore health to the sick, and strength to the fallen,
Grant a serviceable journey and safe harbourage to those who travel
By land or water;
Grant to the afflicted, joy,
To the oppressed, relief,
To the captives, liberty.
Remember this, we beseech Thee, to grant
That our deaths may be truly Christian,
Acceptable to Thee, void of sin and shame,
And so far as Thou shalt think proper, void of pain.
Guide us, O Lord, in peace,
Gathering us together, under the feet of Thine elect,
When Thou wilt,
And *as* Thou wilt,
Only without shame and sin.

Give me, O Lord, a favourable journey this day;
And even if Thou go not with me,
Hinder not my progress.
Thou who didst conduct the servants of Abraham, by the guidance of an angel,
And the wise men of the east, by a star:
Who did save Peter, when he had begun to sink,
And Paul when he suffered shipwreck,
Be present with me, and order my way;
Take me whether I would go and bring me back again.

Grant, that like unto Thee, I may love
My friend in Thee,
My foe, for Thy sake.
O! give to me, the meanest of them all,
The meanest place beneath Thy feet,
Beneath the feet of Thine elect,
The meanest of them.

Bishop Andrews lived eminently a life of prayer. As it drew towards its close, all his thoughts were above. When he could no longer speak audibly, his lips moved in supplication, even while he seemed to slumber. Becoming too feeble for this effort, the lift-

ing up of his eyes, and their deep, unearthly glance, told the prayer of the heart.

He died at the age of 71, on the 27th of September, 1626, at Winchester House, and was buried in St. Saviour's Church, Southwark. His life had been singularly exempt from sickness and suffering, so that by temperance, and a methodical division of time, he was enabled to continue his labours, with little intermission to the last. In summing up his character, one of his biographers says: "Let us lay all these together, his zeal and piety, his charity, and compassion, his fidelity and integrity, his gratitude and thankfulness, his munificence and hospitality, his humanity, affability and modesty, and to these add his indefatigable study, the fruits of his labours in his sermons and writings, together with his profundity in all kinds of learning, his wit, memory, gravity, judgment and humility, and his detestation of all vices and sins, and consider whether the church of God in general, and this in particular, did not suffer an irreparable loss by his death."

New and deep interest was added to an exploration of the fine old church of St. Saviour from the recollection that our feet pressed the spot where his ashes reposed. It is imposing from its antiquity, earlier portions having been erected in 1106. In the process of some recent repairs, the workmen struck upon a plain leaden coffin, under an arch of brick-work, with only the letters L. A. upon its lid. In this casket, all that was mortal of Bishop Launcelot Andrews had peacefully slept for more than two centuries.

And thou, oh, prelate, in thy lowly bed,
Whose slight initials on yon coffin's face
Seem like thine accents, breathing from the dead,
The treasur'd wisdom of thy finish'd race,

Thou, whose high business with the human soul
Led on, o'er steeps where stormy passions rave,
Thro' darken'd depths where bitter waters roll,
To teach the erring, and the lost to save.

Whose tireless bounty sought the suffering poor,
Whose pitying care the helpless orphan fed,
Brought heavenly comfort to the sick man's door,
And toward the prisoner, turn'd with angel-tread,

Thou, who with chastening thoughts and pious fears
Tried thine own spirit on its pilgrim way,
Whose hallow'd prayers survive the lapse of years
Not with poor strains like these, thy zeal we pay.

Not with a song! Far higher praise is thine,
A silent tear-drop from the humbled eye,
A deep orison 'neath this sacred shrine,
Thy life to follow and thy death to die.

LORD BACON.

1561 FRANCIS BACON, to whom the epithet of great is so universally attached, was the son of Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord-keeper of the seals, in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and of Anne, the daughter of Sir Anthony Cooke, a lady illustrious both for classical attainments and domestic virtues. He was born in the year 1561, and so rapid were his advances in knowledge, that he was fit for the University at twelve, and entered Trinity College, Cambridge, at that tender age. There, he made such progress in the prescribed course of liberal arts and sciences before he was sixteen, as to discover many of those imperfections in the reigning systems of philosophy, which he afterwards so ably exposed.

Leaving his Alma Mater with the highest honours, he commenced his travels, regarding with a discriminating eye, the manners and habitudes of foreign lands. A treatise on the general state of Europe appeared from his pen, exhibiting an acquaintance with political events and their causes, and also the peculiar views of princes, and prime ministers, not to have been expected from a youth of eighteen. After his return, he pursued philosophical studies with energy, and devoted his time to the composition of learned works, still retaining the noble motto that he had adopted in boyhood, of "*taking all knowledge to be his province.*"

In his writings, such is the force of sentiment, and the richness of illustration, that passages taken almost at random, will be admired wherever the English language is read, or the treasures of wisdom valued:

"Learning," he says, "endueth men's minds with a true sense of the frailty of their persons, the casualty of their fortunes, and the dignity of their souls, so that it is impossible for them rationally to esteem any greatness of their own earthly state, as a true and worthy end of their being and ordainment."

"If a man meditate widely upon the universal frame of nature, this earth (the divineness of souls excepted) will not seem much other than an ant-hill, where some carry corn, and some their young, and some go empty, and all run to and fro for a little heap of dust."

"Three things should be kept in view in the pursuit of knowledge: that we place not our felicity therein, so far as to forget our own mortality; that we make use of it for our own repose, instead of for repining and anxiety; and that we presume not by the contemplation of nature, to invade the mysteries of God."

"If the invention of the ship was thought noble, which carrieth riches and commodities from place to place, and associateth remote regions in the participation of wealth, how much more are letters to be magnified, which, like ships, pass through the vast sea of time, making distant ages gainers by the wisdom of both the past and present."

"One reason why learned men have been sometimes pronounced unfitted for action is, that the times of

which they read are better than the times in which they live, and the characters they contemplate different from those they meet."

"Reading maketh a *full* man, conversation a *ready* man, writing an *exact* man. Therefore, if a man write little, he must needs have a great memory; if he confer little, he must needs have a great wit; and if he read little, he must needs have great cunning, to *seem* to know that which he knoweth not."

"A good man upon the earth, is as the sun, passing through all pollutions, and remaining pure."

"The retiring of the mind into itself, is the state most susceptible of divine impressions."

"Some men seem as if they sought in knowledge a couch whereon to rest a searching and restless spirit; or a terrace for a variable and wandering mind to walk up and down upon, with a fair prospect; or a tower of state for a proud heart to disport itself upon; or a fort for strife and contention; or a shop for profit and sale: not a rich storehouse for the glory of the Creator."

"The office of medicine is to tune the curious harp of man's body, and to restore its harmony. And it is an earnest of the divine favour, if, while we are journeying to the land of promise, these frail bodies wear not greatly out in this wilderness, by the way."

"Who can assure us, in investigating many subjects, though the particulars appear strongly on one side, that there are not others on the contrary side, that appear not? as if Samuel had rested upon the sons of Jesse,

as they were brought before him, and so failed of David who remained in the field."

"God demandeth the seventh of our time, and the tenth of our fortune; yet man in his Sabbathless pursuit of wealth, is fain to leave him neither tribute; so that it is to no purpose to have a face erected toward heaven, and a spirit perpetually grovelling on the earth."

"The new-found world of America was not greater addition to the ancient continent, than there remaineth at this day, a world of invention and science unknown, having respect to those that are known, with this *difference*, that the ancient regions of knowledge, compared with the new, will seem as barbarous as the new region of people were, in comparison with the old."

"Pride maketh the teacher not to know his own weakness, and sloth keepeth the disciple from knowing his own strength."

"In this changeable state, the Church of God has been sometimes fluctuant, like the ark of Noah, moveable, like the ark in the wilderness, or at rest, like the ark in the temple: in persecution, in removal, or at peace."

After all our wanderings through the labyrinth of science, religion is the haven and Sabbath of man's contemplations."

"I had rather believe all the fables in the Talmud and the Alcoran, than that this universal frame is without a mind. God never wrought a miracle to convert

an atheist, because his ordinary works confute atheism. A little philosophy may incline men to infidelity; but a further proceeding therein, bringeth them back to religion. For when the mind looks on second causes scattered, it sometimes rests among them; but when it beholds them confederated and linked together, it must needs fly to Providence and to Deity. The first principle of right reason, is religion. After all my studies and inquiries, I *dare not die* with any other thoughts than those of the Christian religion."

Delightful would it be, did our limits permit, to indulge in further extracts from the pages of this illustrious man, whose expansive genius and profound learning led him to perceive more clearly, and adore more humbly, the Almighty Maker and Arbiter. It is to be regretted that those high intellectual pursuits, in which he was qualified to excel all his contemporaries, could not have detained him their willing votary. Happy would it have been for him and for the world, whom his studies would have enriched, had no ambition of court favour, or advancement, drawn him into the disturbed arena of political life.

During the reign of the first James, his promotion, which under Elizabeth had been retarded by many causes, was so rapid as to create envy. His honours reached their climax in the appointment of privy councillor; and in the following year, (1617) that of lord-keeper of the seals. But, like many others, he found the cares of high office, avenues to pain, detraction, and disgrace. His state-papers, produced during a series of years, abound with luminous passages and striking aphorisms; yet it was evident that his mind was out of its proper channel and endangered by uncongenial associates. Had he, instead of these com-

positions, which, though often masterly, were but local and ephemeral, have prepared a history of his own realm, graphic and powerful, like his single biography of Henry VII, the world would have been more deeply his debtor.

After his impeachment and loss of office, he returned to a contemplative life, and continued the researches of philosophy until his death, on the 9th of April, 1626, at the age of sixty-five. In this brief sketch of Lord Bacon, it is not intended to present the changes of his eventful life, or to analyse his career as a statesman. Such themes would require broader space and a bolder pen. The object is rather to show that he was the possessor of piety which the temptations and intrigues of a corrupt court did not extinguish.

In early childhood, feeble health kept him very constantly in the society of his mother. The power of her tender and hallowed influences upon his mind, he was fond of acknowledging to the close of life. His last will, contains a direction to be buried by her side.

We have already seen that great learning, as well as the influence of infantine training, had the effect of bowing his soul in adoration of the Supreme.

Addison has thus spoken of him, as "a man, who for the greatness of his genius and compass of his knowledge, did honour to his age and country, and to human nature itself. He possessed at once, all those extraordinary talents that were divided among the great authors of antiquity; the sound, distinct learning of Aristotle, with all the beautiful, light graces and embellishments of Cicero. One does not know what most to admire in his writings, strength of reason, force of style, or brilliance of imagination. Among the works of this extraordinary man, is a prayer of his own composing, which for elevation of thought and

piety of expression, might seem rather the devotion of an angel, than a man."

With the prayer, on which this eulogium has been pronounced, by one so competent to judge, we close our remarks on the illustrious Bacon. As we follow its touching petitions, we can almost imagine that we see him in his retired place of devotion, divesting himself of all earthly distinctions, and prostrating his soul with the deepest humility, before the Father of spirits.

"Most Gracious Lord God, my merciful Father, my Creator and Redeemer, and my Comforter. Thou, oh Lord, searcheth the depths and secrets of all hearts. Thou acknowledgest the upright of heart. Thou judgest the hypocrite; Thou ponderest man's thoughts and doings as in a balance; Thou measurest his intentions as with a line; vanity and crooked ways cannot be hidden from Thee. Remember, oh Lord, how thy servant has walked before Thee; remember what I have sought, and what has been principal in my intentions. I have loved thine assemblies; I have mourned for the divisions of Thy Church; I have delighted in the brightness of Thy sanctuary. The vine which Thy right hand hath planted in this nation; I have ever prayed unto Thee, that it might have the first and the latter rain, and that she might stretch her branches to the sea and to the flood. The state and bread of the poor and oppressed have been precious in mine eyes. I have hated all cruelty and hardness of heart; I have, though a despised weed, laboured with good will for all men. If any have been enemies, I thought not of them; neither hath the sun set upon my displeasure; but I have been as a dove, free from all superfluity of maliciousness. Thousand have been my sins, and ten thousand my transgressions; but Thy

sanctifications have remained within me, and mine heart, through thy grace, hath been an unquenched coal on thine altar.

O Lord my strength! I have since my youth, met with Thee in all my ways; by Thy fatherly compassions; by Thy comfortable chastisements; by Thy visible providences. As Thy favours have increased upon me, so have Thy corrections. Thus Thou hast always been near me, O Lord, and ever as my worldly blessings were exalted; so secret darts from Thee have pierced me; that when I have ascended before men, I have descended in humiliation before Thee.

And now, when I thought most of peace and honour, Thine hand is heavy upon me, and hath humbled me according to thy former loving kindness; keeping me still in Thy school, not as an alien but a child. Just are Thy judgments upon me for my sins, which are more in number than the sands of the sea, but have no proportion to Thy mercies; for what are the sands of the sea? Earth, heavens, and all these, are nothing to Thy mercies! I confess before Thee, that I am debtor to Thee, for the precious talent of Thy gifts and graces, which I have neither put into a napkin, nor put out as I ought, to exchangers, where it might have made best profit; but misspent it in things for which I was least fit; so I may truly say, my soul hath been a stranger in the house of her pilgrimage. Be merciful unto me, O Lord, for my Saviour's sake; and receive me unto Thy bosom, or guide me in Thy way."

ANN ELIOT.

1604 It was a peculiar blessing of the Rev. John Eliot, styled in the early history of New England, the Apostle of the Indians, to have had during the self-denial and hardship of his lot, for so many years the solace of a most careful, loving, and pious wife, who found in her home duties, her highest happiness.

Ann Mountfort, born in England in 1604, was the cherished object of his young affections. They were affianced, ere he left his native land in 1631, at the age of 27, to bear the message of the Gospel to what was then called the western wilderness. It was deemed prudent by their relatives that the marriage should not take place, until he had gone over and decided on some permanent abode, and made such preparation for her arrival as circumstances might allow.

The blasts of November were bleak and searching, when after long tossing upon the deep, he landed with his small band of colonists upon the shores of Massachusetts. After officiating a short time in Boston, he decided on a settlement in Roxbury, and sent to hasten his betrothed to his home and to his heart. Under the care of friends who were to emigrate to that region, Ann Mountfort bade a life's farewell to the scenes of her infancy, and those who had nurtured it, and committed herself to a boisterous ocean. The comforts that modern science has invented for the traveller on the trackless deep, were then unknown. No noble

steamer, with its lofty deck and luxurious state-rooms appeared with the promise of speed and safety, and with power to make winds and waves subservient to its will.

Only a frail, rocking bark was there, which the billows seemed to mock. Wearisome days and nights, and many of them, were appointed to those who adventured their lives in such a craft. But the affianced bride shrank not. Often, amid storms "mounting up to the heavens, and going down to the depths," and long by the dreary prospect of sea and skies, and by the loathing heart-sickness which neither pen or tongue hath described, was the complexion of her love, and the fabric of her faith tested; and both triumphed.

At length the New World stretched as a thin cloud to their view. More tardy than ever, seemed the movements of the way-worn vessel. Hovering upon the coast, the autumnal brilliance of American forests and thickets, the crimson, the orange, and the umbered brown, blending, receding, and contrasting beneath the bright rays of an October sun, struck the daughter of the dimmer skies of England as a gorgeous dream of fairy-land.

The joy of the patriarch who going forth to "meditate at the eventide," saw the arching necks of the camels that bore to his mother's tent the daughter of Bethuel, surpassed not his, who after long watching, and vainly questioning the sullen billows, at length descried the white sail that heralded his lone heart's treasure. And the maiden remembered no more the sorrow of the sea, in the welcome of the lover, who was all the world to her.

John Eliot, and Ann Mountfort were married immediately after her arrival, and commenced their housekeeping in what was then called Roxborough, about a mile from Boston. Simple, almost to rude-

ness, were the best accommodations that the pastor had it in his power to offer. But the young wife was satisfied, for the home that her presence illumined, was a paradise to her husband.

Scarcely more than ten years had elapsed since the colonists at Plymouth first set foot upon the snow-clad rocks, tenanted only by wild beasts and savages. Though visible progress had been made during that period in the accession of household comforts, yet many of those luxuries which we are accustomed to count as necessaries, were unattainable. Carpets, sofas, the sheltering curtains, and the burnished grates of the mother land, with their never dying coal-fires, were unknown. Yet the unadorned apartment and homely board were beautiful to them, for love was there, a love whose entireness was perfected, and made permanent, by having its root in the love of a Saviour.

In the autumn of the following year, 1633, their first-born, a fair daughter, smiled upon them, waking a fountain of unimagined joy, and making their hearts more at home in the stranger land. The cradle of rude boards rocked on a still ruder floor. But the lullaby of the young mother gushed out with as rich melody as in any baronial hall, and doubly sweet in the wilderness seemed the hallowed half inspired words of Watts,

> "Hush, my dear! lie still and slumber!
> Holy angels guard thy bed."

In addition to this new treasure, the next twelve years gathered around Ann Eliot, five little sons. Her watchful tenderness for the physical and spiritual welfare of her entrusted flock never slumbered. Nothing was neglected that maternal zeal or diligence could devise or perform. She was careful to nourish them on plain and wholesome food, believing that the indulgence

of luxurious or inordinate appetites lay a foundation not only for bodily ills, but moral infirmity. Obedience, the key-stone of education in primitive times, was so early taught as to mingle with the first developments of character; and industrious employment, suited to difference of age, judiciously mingled with the sports of childhood. Their young minds clinging around her, their teacher, with a loving tenacity, as they put forth tendril and leaf like those of the lilac, fragrant ere they unfolded, gave accessions to her happiness, for which she daily praised God.

Sometimes the wintry winds swaying the branches of the naked trees, swept them against their lonely roof with a melancholy sound. The apostle might perhaps, be absent among his Indian flock at Natick, fifteen miles distant, for the elements stayed him not. Then nearer and nearer to herself she gathered her nurslings, "a nest of five brothers, with a sister in it," teaching and cheering them. In the hushes of her loved voice, or in the pauses of the storm, they listened for the father's footstep, and piled higher the fire of logs, with blazing brush-wood, that as the evening deepened, his own window might gleam out to him, as a blessed star.

Ever solicitous, like the mother, for their instruction in the things that accompany salvation, he studied to render the morning and evening family devotions, not a monotonous task to them, but a season of interested attention. Order and quietness were, of course, established among them, and then from the portion of Scripture that preceded the prayer, each child was permitted to select such passage or expression as most pleased or impressed its mind. No matter whether it were but a line, or even a single word. They were encouraged to make a remark upon it, to ask a ques-

tion about it, to speak of it throughout the day. It was their own "goodly pearl" that they had found by the still waters. It was their own little seed of knowledge, that they had chosen for themselves. In the heart of the parent was a prayer that God would suffer it to grow, and bring forth fruit unto eternal life. No matter how broken or infantine the phrase in which the young thought thus born of the Inspired Book, might clothe itself. No fear obstructed its utterance, for there was no critic to frown. There was the revered father bending his ear to listen, the earnest eye of the mother ready to beam approval. Under this regimen, it was wonderful how soon the youngest bud lifted up its tiny dew-drop.

Mrs. Eliot amid her devotedness to the care and nurture of her six children, found time for those many duties that devolved on a New England housekeeper of the olden time, when it was difficult, and almost impossible to command the constant aid of domestics. To provide fitting apparel and food for her family, and to make this care justly comport with a small income, a free hospitality, and a large charity, required both efficiency and wisdom. This she accomplished without hurry of spirit, fretfulness or misgiving. But she had in view more than this, so to perform her own part, as to leave the mind of her husband free for the cares of his sacred profession. This she also performed. Her understanding of the science of domestic comfort, and her prudence, the fruit of a correct judgment, so increased by daily experience, that she needed not to lay her burdens upon him, or to drain the strength with which he would fain serve at the altar. "The heart of her husband did safely trust in her," and his tender appreciation of her policy and its details, was her sweet reward.

It was graceful and generous in the good wife thus to guard as far as in her lay, his time and thoughts from interruptions. For in addition to his pastoral labours, in which he never spared himself, were his mission toils among the heathen. His poor red browed people counted him their father. He strove to uplift them from the habitudes of savage life. Groping amid their dark wigwams, he kneeled by the bed of skins, where the dying lay, and pointed the dim eye to the Star of Bethlehem. They wept in very love for him, and grasped his skirts as one who was to lead them to heaven. The meekness of his Master dwelt with him, and day after day he was a student of their uncouth articulations until he could talk with the half-clad Indian child, and see its eye brighten. Then he had no rest until the whole of the Book of God, that "light to lighten the Gentiles," was transferred into their language. It is a well-known fact, that the first volume which ever proceeded from the New England press, was the aboriginal Bible of the apostle Eliot. All its pages were written with a *single pen*, consecrated by prayer, to that peculiar work. Sacred pen! ought it not to have been preserved, like "Aaron's rod that budded, with the tables of the covenant?"

No wonder that Ann Eliot should have deemed it a service of piety to shield such a husband from the perplexity and lowering tendency of secular cares. Not only did she succeed in rendering a small salary equivalent to all the needs, proprieties, and charities of their position, but also managed to lay aside something for a future day when sickness or age should quell the energies of action. Singularly regardless was the apostolic man of all such worldly wisdom. The bread of to-morrow never occupied his thoughts. Perhaps, even that of the passing day might not have entered

there, save that it formed a petition of the prayer that Jesus taught his disciples. He said that the sons of Levi should not seek their heritage below, and that the "earth was no fit place on which to lay Aaron's holy mitre."

A historian of those times, in describing how little his peaceful mind occupied itself with the science of accumulation, says, "Once, when there stood several of his own kine before his door, his wife to try him, asked 'whose kine are these?' and she found he knew nothing about them."

Among the multitude of employments which a systematic diversion of time enabled him to discharge, without omission or confusion, was a practical knowledge of medicine, which made her the guardian of the health of her young family. The difficulty of commanding the attendance of well-educated physicians, by the sparse population of an infant colony, rendered it desirable, and almost indispensable, that a mother should be neither unskilled or fearful amid the foes that so thickly beset the first years of life. The success of Mrs. Eliot in the rearing and treatment of her own children, caused her experience to be coveted by others. In her cheerful gift of advice and aid, she perceived a field of usefulness opening around her, especially among the poor to whom with a large charity she dispensed safe and salutary medicines. But her philanthrophy was not to be thus limited to the children of penury. Friends and strangers sought her in their sicknesses, and she earnestly availed herself of the best medical works that she could obtain to increase her knowledge and her confidence in its application. To her well-balanced mind, and large benevolence, it seemed both proper and pleasant, that while the beloved companion of her life devoted his energies and prayers to the welfare of the soul, she should labour for

the health of the body. Often they found themselves side by side, at the couch of suffering, and a double blessing from those ready to perish came upon them.

To the pastor himself this sphere of benevolence, where his wife so willingly wrought, was a source of intense satisfaction, and he tenderly encouraged her both in the study and exercise of the healing art. He exulted in her success, as far as his heaven-wrapt spirit could exult in any thing of earth. Deeply delighted and grateful was he, when on one prominent occasion her skilful and ready service enabled him effectually to discharge the difficult Christian duty of rendering good for evil. Notwithstanding the meekness and self-denial of his course, he was not always exempt from the shafts of calumny. A man of a proud, and lawless temper, took offence at a sermon of his, and repaid his "simplicity and godly sincerity," with hatred and persecution. His passionate abuse extended to both tongue and pen. After a considerable period of time, he sustained a dangerous accident, and Mrs. Eliot, whose fortitude did not shrink from surgical cases, undertook the dressing of his wounds. Her services were gladly accepted, and eventually successful. After his recovery he called to render thanks in person. The forgiving pastor took him by the hand, and as it was meal-time, led him to his table. In the grace that preceded the repast, he gave thanks that the sick was restored. She who had so faithfully laboured for his healing, was in her seat at the table, to dispense her free hospitality, with the smile of welcome. No allusion was made to the past, but were there not writhings of remorse in the heart of the traducer? The warmth of those coals from the Christian altar, melted enmity into love: and the man who had been so openly injurious, ever afterwards took pains to

prove that he "to whom much is forgiven, loveth much."

It might naturally have been expected that a woman so high principled as Mrs. Eliot, so firm in duty, so fervent in holy trust, would be also exemplary in the endurance of affliction. Though she considered her lot as a favoured one, never having accounted toil or privation as evils, she had her share in that cup which He who drank it to the dregs, usually appoints his disciples to taste.

Her six carefully nurtured children, all attained a vigorous maturity, save the youngest but one. He was a fine boy of twelve, earnest both in books and sports, and pressing with joyful expectation on the verge of active life. Suddenly, at its threshold, he faltered and fell. "God touched him, and he slept."

Four other sons remained. Each, in succession, received the benefits of a collegiate education, and all cheered the hearts of their parents, by decidedly and seriously choosing the work of the ministry.

Samuel, who was two years older than his brother whom the tomb had so early claimed, was lovely both in person and in mind. He was a graduate of Harvard at nineteen, and eminent in his youthful bloom, both for learning and goodness. In love with knowledge, he lingered awhile as a fellow of the University, ere he should assume the crook of the sacred Shepherd, and lead souls beside living waters. The wing of the dark angel overshadowed him, as he mused among the pages of wisdom, and communed with the spirits of other times. His bright eye grew dim to earth. He went to read in the Book of Heaven.

The first-born son bore the name of the father and inherited his gentle temperament. He was refined by a love of classic lore, and the attainment of many

accomplishments. The warmth and force of his pulpit eloquence were proudly appreciated by the people at Newton, among whom he was settled; and his zealous piety moved him to give instruction to the roving natives, having mastered the aboriginal language. His parsonage was made pleasant by the young bride whom he had brought there, and mingling with the song of birds, was a new music, the voice of a babe, stirring the parents' heart to strange gladness. But a few months had passed over the head of his boy, the third John Eliot, ere the father lay in his coffin. In the strength and fulness of his prime, having scarcely numbered his 32nd year, he was removed from a loving flock and cherished home.

"He grew so fast," says the author of the *Magnalia Christi Americana*, "that he was soon ripe for heaven, and upon his death-bed uttered such penetrating things, as could proceed only from one on the borders and confines of eternal glory."

One of the latest of his precious counsels which is recorded was, to "his dear friends, to get an interest in the blessed Lord Jesus Christ."

Of this diminished family two sons remained, bearing the names of the children of Rachel, Joseph and Benjamin. The Destroying Angel stayed his hand, and the lenient influences of time, and the balm of God's Holy Spirit, healed the wounds that he had made.

Joseph Eliot had assumed the charge of a church, in Guilford, Connecticut. The difficulties of change of place, and the obstructions presented to travellers in those days, rendered his removal to a different state, a grave circumstance in his native home. Letters were welcomed as, now they might be, from a distant land, and a visit was an achievement; for there were dark forests, and rough roads, and scarcely fordable

streams to be surmounted. But the parents knew that he had an attached people, and a faithful wife and little ones, like the olive plants, around his table. They were already advanced, and somewhat wearied in the vale of years. Yet he was to go to rest before them. They saw him laid low, with their buried treasures, and bowed themselves mournfully, though unmurmuringly, over the dead.

The youngest, Benjamin, the mother's darling, and the one who perhaps most resembled herself in person and in heart, was still spared. So prominent were his attainments and graces, that he had been considered worthy by the people to be appointed colleague of his revered father. "No man despised his youth," for no follies of boyhood could be remembered to militate against or detract from his sacred dignity. It was sweet to the pastor, to depute portions of the Master's work to his son, and find them ever well and faithfully executed: sweet also to the mother, to think that the arm which entwined her neck in infant slumbers, was to be their stay in declining years, and to say "This same shall comfort us, in all our toil."

Yet the young watchman fell from the walls of Zion. The stricken and wayworn stood there alone. The mother who was leaning more and more upon her cherished prop, saw those loved eyes close in death. One only of her flock remained. A daughter the first-born, bearing her own name, and her saintly virtues, was the lone jewel in their rifled casket.

What said the bereaved father, he whose heart was so much in heaven? "Six children have I had, and I bless God for his free grace, that they are all either *with* Christ, or *in* Christ. My mind is at rest concerning them."

To some who inquired how he was able to bear with such equanimity, the loss of children so beloved, and so worthy of love, he meekly answered,

"It was my desire that they should have served God on earth. But if He chooseth rather that they should serve Him in Heaven, I have nothing to object. Let His will be done."

Touching was the deep humility of the man of God. The companion of his days was submissive also. Yet is the mourning of a mother, as well as is her love, comprehended only by Him who made the heart. She kept the smile on her brow, but the tear dropped inward upon her soul. Still she remembered with unspeakable gratitude, that the epitaph upon her fallen sons, might justly be, "*All these died in faith.*" She believed that he who lent, and had resumed his gifts, doeth all things well. Ever in her secret soul was a voice, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him."

The bereaved parents strove to console each other, and learned from their own afflictions a deeper and more perfect sympathy for all the children of sorrow.

And so years stole on with their silver hairs. Ann Eliot struggled not with time, for the vain semblance of those charms which he must bear away, but was content with the beauty that belongs to cheerful, venerated, benignant age; that better beauty which hath less in it of earth and more of the heaven to which it draws near.

Still she sate peacefully and lovingly by the side of her heavenly-hearted husband. More than fourscore years had passed over them. Their minds were unimpaired, and their charities in action. Life to them was pleasant, with hallowed memories and hopes that

never die. The scenes of by-gone days gleamed before them as through the soft, dreamy haze of an Indian summer, the woes divested of their sting, and the joys sublimated. They spoke to each other of all which they had borne, with the same humble gratitude. This love of their old age, seemed like that of angelic natures.

Yet, not useless were they, nor forgotten. No one was weary of them. The tender attentions of their daughter, herself a woman in the wane of years, but cheerful and vigorous, were unwearied and beautiful. It was supposed that she had overruled, in the prime of life, allurements to form a home for herself, that she might devote her life to her parents, and comfort them for the children they had lost. Doubtless such filial piety brought its own high reward.

Sometimes the venerable pastor ascended the pulpit, and in a voice enfeebled, though still sweet, besought his flock to love one another. Still to the arm-chair of his aged wife, where by the bright wood-fire and the clean hearth she sate, came those who suffered, and she gave medicine for the sick, and food to the hungry.

Thither also, came the poor forest children, no longer lords of the soil. Humbled in heart and sad, they found Christian welcome. They were told of a country where is no sorrow, or crying, and urged to make the King of that country their soul's friend. They loved him who had toiled to give them the Bible, and had baptized their children, and laid their dead in the grave, with prayer. They loved her who had smiled so kindly upon, and pitied their sick babes, as though they were her own. Their dark brows were furrowed with sorrow, as they marked the increasing infirmities of their white father and mother; for they said, "When

these go to the land of souls, who will remember the poor Indians?"

It was the great grief of Eliot, then approaching his eighty-fourth year, to see his heart's companion fading away from his aged arms. For more than half a century, she had clung to him, or hovered around him, like a ministering angel. In the words of the prophet, he might have said, "I remember thee, the kindness of thy youth, the love of thine espousals, when thou wentest after me in the wilderness, to a land not sown."

He would fain have hidden from himself her visible decline. Yet day after day, he saw the light from heaven's windows beam more strongly upon her brow, and felt that she was to reach home before him. He who had borne all other trials firmly, had not strength to take a full prospect of this. He could not willingly unclasp his hand from hers, and lay it in the cold grasp of the King of Terrors. His prayer was, that if it were possible, they might go together down through the dark valley of the shadow of death, and up to the great white throne, and Him who sitteth thereon.

But her hour had come; and in that, as well as in all the duties of life, she was enabled to glorify God. Serenely she resigned the burden of this failing flesh, and entered a world of spirits. The desolate mourning husband, it would seem, had never before fathomed the depth of grief. She who had not only been his helpmate, but his crown, whom he had so long prized and cherished, rejoicing in her good works, and in the honours she received, had gone and left him alone.

"God," says a contemporary writer, "made her a rich blessing, not only to her family, but to the neigh-

bourhood; and when at last she died, I heard and saw her aged husband, who very rarely wept, yet now with many tears over her coffin, before the good people, a vast confluence of whom were come to her funeral, say, "*Here lies my dear, faithful, pious, prudent, prayerful wife. I shall go to her; but she shall not return to me.*' And so he followed her to the grave, with lamentations beyond those with which Abraham deplored his aged Sarah."

Touching and eloquent eulogium! and justly deserved. Equally so are a few lines from the pen of the apostle himself, which though only intended as the simple record of a date and a fact, are embalmed with the tears of the heart.

"In this year, 1687, died mine ancient and most dearly beloved wife. I was sick unto death, but the Lord was pleased to delay me, and retain my service which is but poor and weak."

The sympathy of his flock was freely accorded to the smitten shepherd; for each one felt that the loss which bowed him down, was their own. This popular affection was signified in a beautiful and somewhat unique form, a vote to erect a ministerial tomb, and an unanimous and quaintly expressed resolution, that "Mrs. Eliot, for the great service she hath done this town, shall be honoured with a burial there."

Sincere tribute from honest hearts! More to be coveted than the plumed hearse, and all the splendid mockery of woe. So, to the keeping of that tomb, "wherein man was never yet laid," were entrusted the mortal remains of that saintly woman, whose consistent example of every duty appertaining to her sex and sphere, will be remembered throughout future generations. Scarcely had three more winters cast their

snows upon the earth, ere the companion of her days was laid by her side, of whom it might have been said, as of a blessed man of old, that eighty and six years he had served his Lord and Saviour, and that he did not forsake him at his last need.

SIR MATTHEW HALE.

1609 Sir Matthew Hale, the son of an eminent barrister, was born at Aldersley, in Gloucestershire, November 1st, 1609. He was left an orphan, at the tender age of five, but passing under the care of a clerical guardian, was faithfully and religiously trained.

After his entrance at Oxford, the levities of youth, stifled for a time his attention to study. Military tastes seemed to predominate in his mind, and he yielded to the seductions of evil company. But amid his wildest extravagancies there was a strife of conscience, and his early implanted religious principles, at length won the victory.

Having joined a party of gay associates, one of them, through excess of wine, fell apparently lifeless at their feet. Deeply affected by the circumstance, he retired to a solitary room, and, on his knees, fervently implored the restoration of his friend, and that he might himself be forgiven for having countenanced such a career. With his prayers, he mingled a promise to forsake all revels, and never to "drink a health again," while he lived. His companion recovered, and he religiously kept his vow. Nothing could tempt him to swerve from the firmness of his purpose. This entire change in his life was visible, and permanent.

So earnest was he to redeem lost time, that after his entrance at Lincoln's Inn, he studied sixteen hours out of the twenty-four, and not content with the severe research that his profession of the law required, extended his inquiry to almost every variety of human learning, and became well versed in mathematics, philosophy, history, and the theology of the age.

He was proverbial for grave and exemplary deportment, moderation of temper, alms-giving, and the exercise of devotion, omitting no duty, which it becomes a human being to observe, in testimony of his dependence upon the Supreme. A touching humility and self-distrust, springing from the memory of youthful faults, softened his virtues, and tempered the pride and the praise of superior attainments. It deepened his forbearance towards men, and his sense of that divine mercy, in which was his trust for strength to persevere.

He was called to the bar, sometime before the breaking out of the civil war, under Charles I, and obtained the highest reputation for integrity and honour. He refused to espouse the interests of any faction, and was ever ready to assist the humblest person. "*Truth, as in the sight of a God of truth,*" was his motto. His great knowledge of law, commanding talents, and fearless probity, caused him to be consulted in the most difficult and important cases that occurred during those times of discord. While he never refused to engage in the cause of the poor, he was employed in the defence of Earl Strafford, Archbishop Laud, and even of his unfortunate sovereign.

Under the Commonwealth, he did not refuse to accept the office of chief justice, for he felt that the laws and liberties of the people were as precious to them as ever, and that it was his duty to lend his in-

fluence to their right administration. Still the spirit and stern justice with which he maintained their rights, was not always agreeable to the Lord Protector, though he had strenuously urged him to that elevated station. On one occasion, when Sir Matthew Hale persisted in dismissing a jury illegally chosen, Cromwell told him in anger, that "he was not fit to be a judge." He replied, with perfect modesty and command of temper, "that is very true."

After the restoration he received the distinction of Chief Baron of the Exchequer, and in 1671, that of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench. He endeared himself to the nation as an impartial judge, diligent, and humane; and has descended to posterity, with the reputation of one of the most able and upright men who ever adorned the English bench.

He would never accept the slightest gift from those whose affairs were in litigation before him, or converse upon a cause which was likely to be submitted to him in his judicial character. One of the highest peers of the realm once paid him a visit, saying, that "having a suit at law to be tried before him, he came to acquaint him with its circumstances, that so he might the better understand it when it should be heard in court." But the judge, with a gravity approaching sternness, refused to listen to his statements.

"I never receive information of causes," said he, "save in open court, where both parties can alike be heard."

The duke, greatly displeased, complained to the king.

"Be content," replied Charles II. "I should have fared no better myself, had I gone to solicit him in any of my own causes."

He was a member of the Church of England, and though strongly attached to its doctrines, was never warped by partiality or prejudice in his decisions with regard to those who differed from him in the complexion of their faith. The equity and exactness with which he discharged his duties as a judge, were balanced and made beautiful by his example of temperance, charity, and humility, as a Christian. He set apart the tenth of all his income, for works of beneficence; and in an age when profuse entertainments were fashionable, neither gave nor attended them. Sometimes he took pleasure in cheering the children of poverty and misfortune with a social repast, literally fulfilling the command of the Saviour, "When thou makest a feast, call the poor, and the lame, the halt, and the blind."

He was as exemplary in family as in personal piety, performing the daily worship among his household with great solemnity. For the institution of the Sabbath, he had a heartfelt reverence, and for nearly forty years was never once absent from its public ministrations. Among the religious precepts which he repeatedly and solemnly impressed upon his large family of ten children, was the observance of God's holy day. This he would often do, by illustrating its secular advantages, and showing that obedience to this command was visibly recompensed. He advised each of them to observe accurately, and see if their experience did not coincide with his own, that the prosperity and happiness of the week bore proportion to the strictness with which the duties of the Sabbath had been discharged.

His writings, as well as his life, evinced a deep sense of religious responsibility. In his diary we are permitted to see the secret resolutions that he

cherished, and which daily brought forth such holy fruit.

Morning.

"1. To lift up the heart in thankfulness to God, for thus renewing my life.

2. To renew my covenant through Christ, by acts of faith rejoicing in that relation, and resolving ever to be one of his people, and do him allegiance.

3. Adoration and prayer.

Day.

1. In my ordinary calling to serve God. However mean the employment, to count it a service to Him. Observe faithfulness, diligence, and cheerfulness. Be careful not to overcharge myself with more business than I can bear.

2. Spiritual employment. Mingle some of God's immediate services with the business of the day.

If Alone.

1. Beware of wandering, vain, sensual thoughts. Fly from thyself, rather than entertain them.

2. Let solitary thoughts be made profitable. Review the evidences of salvation, the state of the soul, the coming of Christ, and thine own mortality. This will keep thee humble and watchful.

If in Company.

1. Do good to them. Use God's name reverently. Beware of leaving an ill impression, or evil example.

2. Receive good from them, if they have knowledge.

Evening.

1. Cast up the accounts of the day. For whatever was amiss, ask pardon, and resolve to be more vigilant.
2. If thou hast done well, bless the mercy and grace of God which have sustained and supplied thee."

Thus did this excellent man watch the progress of the Divine Life in his soul, and while he was called great by the world, tread that world under his feet, consecrating its honours to the good of mankind, and the glory of the Giver. The fountain whence his virtues flowed, and the rock on which they rested, may be discovered in many of his private papers; from one of which, the following is an extract:

THINGS TO BE HAD IN CONTINUAL REMEMBRANCE.

"That in the administration of justice, I am entrusted for God, for the king, and for the country; therefore, it must be done uprightly, deliberately, resolutely. That I rest not upon my own direction and strength; but implore and trust the direction of God. That in the execution of justice, I carefully lay aside my own passions, giving no countenance to them, however much provoked. That I be not biased in justice, by favour to the rich, or compassion to the poor. That popular applause, or court dislike, have no influence in any thing that I do. That I be not solicitous about what men think or say, so long as I keep myself exactly accordant to the rules of justice."

In many of his published works he advocates and presses upon men that piety which was the guide of his own course, and the favourite theme of his contemplations.

"True Religion," he says, "teaches the soul a high veneration for Almighty God, a sincere and upright walk, as in the presence of the Invisible, All-seeing One. It makes a man truly love, honour, and obey him, and be careful to know what His will is. It renders the heart thankful to Him, as Creator, Redeemer, Benefactor. It makes a man entirely depend on Him, seek for guidance, protection, direction, and submit to His will with patience and resignation of soul. It gives the law not only to his words and actions, but also to his thoughts and purposes; so that he dare not entertain any which are unbecoming the presence of that Being to whom all secrets are legible. It crushes all pride and haughtiness both in heart and carriage, giving a humble state of mind before God and man. It regulates the passions, bringing them all into due moderation. It gives a man a right estimate of this present world, setting his heart and hopes above it, so that he never loves it more than it deserves. It makes its wealth and glory, high places, and great preferments, but of little consequence to him, so that he is neither covetous, nor ambitious, nor over-solicitous concerning their advantages. It makes him value the love of God, and the peace of his own conscience, above all the wealth and honour of the world, and to be very diligent in preserving them. He performs all his duties to God with sincerity and humility, and while he lives on earth, his conversation, his hope, and his treasures, are in heaven."

This admirable analysis of a true Christian, he was enabled to draw from his own experience. That constant communion with the Almighty Source of Wisdom was recompensed not only by internal solace, but visible guidance, he lost no opportunity of testifying.

"Though the secret direction of God," he writes,

"is principally seen in matters relating to the good of the soul, yet in the concerns of this life, a good man fearing Him, and begging his direction, will often, if not at all times, find it. I can call my own experience to witness, that in the temporal affairs of my own life, I have never been disappointed of the best direction, when I have in humility and sincerity implored it."

Sir Matthew Hale was the author of many works on various subjects, which were held in high estimation. Law, Philosophy, Divinity, alternately employed his pen. It seems almost incredible, that amid the pressure of public business, he should have completed such a number of books, several of them in folio, and all displaying deep, and laborious thought. A systematic division of time, and a sense of its value, were essential to such an amount of performance.

"Let us but remember," he writes, "That when we shall come to die, and the soul sits hovering upon our lips, ready to take its flight, at how great a rate we would then be willing to purchase some of those hours we now trifle away."

With this solemn sense of responsibility he received every day, from the hand of God, taking each hour into custody, as one who must give account. His prescribed routine of labour was sustained by uninterrupted health, until the last year of his life. Then his strength became impaired, and he retired from the cares of office, that he might have leisure to meditate and prepare for his approaching change. A painful sickness ensued, giving him opportunity to exemplify the unvaried patience, and entire resignation of the soul that trusteth in a Redeemer, full of pity, and strong to save. A favour for which he had often prayed in the days of health, was granted him, the free use of reason and understanding to the last.

Daily he continued to retire for devotion and study, as long as his strength permitted, and, when unable to move, directed his servants to bear him to the place where he had been accustomed to address in secret, the Great Hearer of Prayer. When it was apparent that his departure drew nigh, his desires to enter a more glorious state of being, became so earnest, that he found it necessary to temper them, by deepening his submission to the Unerring Will.

As he had eminently lived a life of prayer, so he died with prayer upon his lips. When his voice had failed, and was never more to reach mortal ear, the loving ones who surrounded his pillow, knew by the constant lifting up of his eyes and hands, and the smile of peace, that his soul had blessed communion with the God to whom it hastened. He breathed his last, without pang or struggle, on Christmas morning, 1676, at the age of sixty-seven years.

> Such was thy life, and such thy death in whom
> The British Themis gloried with just cause,
> Immortal Hale! for deep discernment prais'd,
> And sound integrity, not more than fam'd
> For sanctity of manners undefil'd.
>
> COWPER.

REV. SAMUEL STONE.

1610 Among the early emigrants from Europe who cast into the mass of this New World's population, the leaven of a devoted piety, was the subject of the present sketch. He was a native of Hartford, in England, educated at Emmanuel College, in the University of Cambridge, and became the first minister of Hartford, in Connecticut. He was originally settled there as colleague with the Rev. Mr. Hooker, in company with whom he led a party of emigrants from Cambridge, Massachusetts, in June, 1636, to the banks of the beautiful Connecticut river, then the haunt of wild beasts and savage men.

They travelled more than one hundred miles through a trackless wilderness, over mountains, morasses, and streams, with no other guide than the compass, and no covering from night or tempest, but the heavens. About one hundred individuals attempted this pilgrimage. The more hardy of the men carried in packs upon their shoulders, the principal part of their property; the remainder drove before them the cattle on which they depended for subsistence.

More than a fortnight elapsed ere this perilous journey was completed, for among the colonists were many who in their native clime had been accustomed to the indulgences of affluence, women in delicate health, and

babes who required the nurturing of tenderness. Winthrop, in his history remarks that the wife of the Rev. Mr. Hooker was so much indisposed as to be borne on a litter, and that the colonists "drove before them 160 head of cattle, and fed of their milk by the way."

The efforts of the pious leaders of this expedition and fathers of the colony, were earnestly devoted in strengthening the faith of their followers and encouraging them to mingle with the spirit of endurance, cheerful praise to their Preserver. The thickets which had heard only the howl of savage beasts, became familiar with other sound, as the Christians proceeded, for

> "They shook the depths of the deserts's gloom
> With their hymns of lofty cheer."

New trials awaited them after their arrival at the place of their destination. The season was so unusually and severely cold, that the Connecticut river was entirely frozen over in the month of November. They suffered from want of proper food, as well as exposure to the inclemency of the weather, their frail dwellings being inadequate to their protection from storms and wintry frost. Little can we estimate amid our luxurious accomodations, the hardships of the colonial pioneers.

But this little band possessed their souls in patience. Reviving Spring set in motion vast blocks of ice, that held the river in bondage, and permitted them to commit such seeds as they could procure, to the soil, from whence they had painfully exterminated deep-rooted trees and clinging brambles. Almost the only grain which was at first cultivated, was the maize or Indian corn.

As there were no mills, it was pounded in mortars, to

procure a coarse kind of bread, which those accustomed to the wheat of Europe, deemed neither palatable nor salutary; so that if disease came not from absolute famine, it was often nourished in delicate systems, by an uncongenial diet. In addition to these calamities, the Indians who bordered closely upon them, became infected with dislike and jealousy, and the settlement, already diminishing, by the effects of a severe climate, and the pressure of want, was threatened with all the horrors of savage warfare. But the fortitude which dwells with steadfast piety sprang up among them, and was adequate to every emergency.

The subject of this sketch, during the darkness that rested upon his people, was as a perpetual sunbeam. Naturally possessed of great firmness and cheerfulness, he endeavoured to breathe his own spirit into the desponding, and to establish their footsteps upon the Rock of Zion. In preaching, instruction from house to house, and visits to the afflicted, he was unwearied. His very countenance and manner had a consoling influence upon the sorrowful, for he had adopted it as a maxim, that many who knew not religion, might be led to love it, if they saw it bringing forth the fruits of daily happiness.

The pleasantness of demeanour, and conversation which he cultivated, never interfered with the duties of the most strict and self-denying piety.

In prayer he was frequent and fervent, and kept many days of fasting, by which he thought his humility was increased, and the power of the world broken. In the observance of the Sabbath he was truly exemplary, and seemed to carry from it throughout the week, an elevation of soul. He commenced his preparation for this holy season, early on the preceding evening, and after contemplation and prayer, was accustomed to

call his family together, and repeat to them the sermon which he had prepared for the ensuing day. This furnished him with an opportunity of adapting subsequent remarks to their instruction on any passage which seemed most to interest or affect them. It also supplied him with a more thorough knowledge of his discourse, and enabled him by alteration and addition, to render it more lucid, pungent, or practical, to his congregation.

He was considered uncommonly able and acute in argument, and as the colony rose from infancy, to accessions of wealth and vigour, his society was courted by those who could appreciate the treasures of a superior and well-stored mind. Though a man of learning, he could successfully simplify his style to the humblest capacity, when circumstances required. Not unfrequently has the untutored Indian wept and trembled at hearing from his lips the first sounds of salvation. Thus he continued in assiduous labour for fourteen years, as colleague with the Rev. Mr. Hooker, and for sixteen after his death.

The approach of the destroyer of his earthly tabernacle, occasioned no dismay. "Heaven," he said, "is the more desirable since such men as Hooker and Shepherd, have taken up their abode there." On the 20th of July, 1663, he quietly fell asleep, lamented and beloved.

He wrote much, but published few of his compositions. Mention is made by the historians of that day, of an elaborate body of divinity arranged by him, parts of which were occasionally transcribed by candidates for the ministry, who had studied under his supervision. Other works of his are alluded to by cotemporary writers.

A plain monument erected to his memory, in

the most ancient burial place at Hartford, is still in a good state of preservation, though the tempests of almost two centuries haved tried it, and its epitaph characterizes him in the quaint dialect of the age, as

"New England's glory, and her radiant crown."

REV. RICHARD BAXTER.

1615 RICHARD BAXTER was born at Rowton, a small village near Shrewsbury, England, on the 12th of November, 1615. His father was a man of small property, but of an intellectual and religious character; and parental influence doubtless aided the contemplative and pious disposition which was early developed in his son. His advantages for obtaining knowledge during childhood were exceedingly circumscribed; but he afterwards compensated for this deficiency by unusual severity of application. In the station of Master of the Free School in Dudley, he made such exertions for the good of those entrusted to his care, and devoted his intervals of leisure so strictly to study, that his health and strength declined. Under the impression that his life would be short, he acquired such a sense of the vanity of earthly allurements and possessions, and of the surpassing value of the duties and consolations of religion, as never faded or forsook him.

At the age of twenty-five, he became the pastor of Kidderminster, and notwithstanding his feeble health, entered on a laborious course of pulpit duty and parochial visitation. There was at first but little to cheer him in his labours. Ignorance and profanity abounded; and the daily service of prayer rose up from few family

altars. But during the sixteen years of continuance there, his efforts were so signally blessed, that he gathered a church of six hundred communicants; and the Sabbath which had long been so desecrated in that region, became marked by such strictness of observance, that those who during the intervals of divine worship passed through the streets, might hear from the open casements in summer, hundreds of families engaged in singing psalms, reading the Scriptures, or recapitulating the sermons they had heard. Their attachment to him was so strong, and so warmly reciprocated, that many years after his removal, when the bishopric of Hereford was offered him, which he declined, he expressed a wish to return to his old friends at Kidderminster; and for the love he bore their souls would have been willing to officiate as a humble curate among them.

The breaking out of civil war, involved him in many troubles. Believing that there were errors in the administration of government, he took part with the parliament, but used all his influence to promote regularity in the midst of disorder, and to repress the violence of sectarians. He opposed and lamented the usurpation of Cromwell, and in a private conference with him argued against the nature and illegality of his power. After the Restoration, when he was made one of the chaplains to Charles II, and treated by him with peculiar respect, he still spoke to the king of his measures, with the same boldness and freedom that he had used to the Protector. Whatever he supposed to be erroneous either in Church or State, he dissented from and reproved in such a manner, that those who opposed his judgment, applauded his sincerity. His practical piety, and warmth of devotion, allied him to the truly religious of all denominations, and inspired

him with an enlargement of mind which raised him above the bitterness of petty controversy.

During the reign of James he suffered various persecutions. He was fined, sustained the loss of the greatest part of his fortune, and in consequence of his paraphrase on the New Testament, brought to trial for sedition, and imprisoned. These adversities he endured with fortitude, and as one whose heart was in heaven. For nearly twenty years, he was cheered by the sympathy and co-operation of a beloved consort, whom he married late in life, and who proved herself a kindred spirit. She was the daughter of a distinguished magistrate of the county of Salop, by the name of Charlton, a woman of great piety, who cordially approved of all the sacrifices, which from a conscientious regard to duty, he voluntarily made. She shared, without repining, the hardships and privations attendant upon his persecutions, was his companion in prison, and his ministering angel until her death.

The last five years of his life, being released from confinement, he resided in London, in as much retirement as the performance of his ministerial duties would allow. When increasing weakness forbade him to leave his chamber, the approach of dissolution was contemplated with all that tranquility and resignation which could be expected to flow from a life of such uniform piety. Once, when extreme pain prompted the wish for a speedy transition, he checked himself by saying with deep humility, "It is not for me to prescribe; *when Thou wilt; where Thou wilt; and how Thou wilt.*" To a friend who inquired how he was when death visibly approached, he cheerfully replied, "*almost well;*" and thus expired, on December 8th, 1691, at the age of seventy-six years.

When we take into view the infirmity of his health

from youth, and the disorders and adversities of his disturbed times, we are astonished at the number and extent of his writings. They almost form a library of themselves. Of his distinct treatises, the "*Biographia Brittannia*" reckons 145; of which four were folios, 73 quartos, and 49 octavos, and the others of smaller and differing sizes. Their avails, which he received from the booksellers, were devoted to charitable purposes. They comprise bodies of theology, practical and theoretical, with many tracts on particular topics. Those of a peculiarly practical nature have been collected in four folio volumes. He was an author more than forty years; the "*Saints' Rest*" being written when he was but little past thirty, and his last book, "*The Certainty of the World of Spirits*," published the year of his death. Of his "*Call to the Unconverted*," which he was induced to write at the solicitation of Archbishop Usher, twenty thousand copies were sold in one year, and it was translated into most of the European languages, as well as into the Indian tongue.

His "*Saints' Rest*" was composed under the humiliation of bodily weakness, at a distance from home and friends, with no book to consult but the Bible, and when for many weeks he was in daily expectation of death. "Therefore," said he, "did I fix my thoughts on this heavenly subject, which hath more benefited me than all the studies of my life." Flavel, in alluding to this work, during the last illness of its author, says: "He is almost in heaven; living in daily and cheerful expectation of the Saints' Rest with God, and left for a little while among us as a great example of the life of faith." Many persons of eminence have expressed the happy effect produced upon their minds by the attentive perusal of the "*Saints' Rest*," and

mention is made of a child whose piety was so much promoted by it, that he spoke of it with the greatest delight, and when in his last sickness, at the age of twelve years, said earnestly, "I pray, let me have good Mr. Baxter's book, that I may read a little more of eternity, before I go into it."

It was the happiness of Richard Baxter, amid much contention and obloquy, to retain the friendship and confidence of good men of all ranks and denominations. They considered him one whose whole soul was engaged in his profession; the springs of whose unslumbering action were ardent piety towards God and zeal for the best interests of his fellow-creatures. To these sacred objects few men have ever devoted more time and toil.

Though he sustained some rancorous abuse, it was his lot to be respected both by contemporaries and posterity. Among his firmest friends was Chief Justice Hale, who spoke in the highest terms of his learning and piety to the other judges on the bench; and while he lay in prison left him a legacy in his will, and several manuscript volumes of his own hand-writing. As an author Dr. Barrow testifies of him, that his "practical writings were never mended; his controversial ones seldom confuted." Bishop Wilkins affirms, that "he has cultivated every subject which he handled; and had he lived in primitive times, would have been one of the fathers of the Church."

THE COUNTESS OF SUFFOLK.

1627 THE Countess of Suffolk, the second daughter of the Earl of Holland, was born in 1627, and married when very young to Theophilus, Earl of Suffolk. She early evinced strong intellectual powers. Memory especially was so active, that when almost a child she was able to commit to writing on Monday, the substance of the sermon which she had heard on the preceding Sunday, preserving in the more striking passages, the precise words of the preacher.

Piety was an element of her character, and guided her conduct. She was remarkable for self-control, and it was observed by her intimate friends that she was unskilful in expressing displeasure at common offences and provocations; but a profane or indelicate phrase, would move her immediately to reprove the person who used it, if an acquaintance, and if a stranger to withdraw from his company.

In her relative duties she was faithful and exemplary. To this her parents, husband, kindred, and servants, bore the fullest testimony. She was ready to make any sacrifice of her own wishes to promote the comfort of those whom she loved. In friendship, she was frank and confiding, and few things were more distressing to her than to be compelled to doubt

the merit of those who had possessed her good opinion. She was affable to those of inferior rank, tender to the errors of her servants, and treated with particular kindness those who proved themselves worthy of her regard.

She was distinguished throughout her life, for a love of truth, and would meet ridicule and danger, rather than swerve from integrity. Her benevolence was an equally active principle. The poor whom she knew, need not seek to her personally for aid. She sent to their habitations clothing, food, fuel, and medicine, and sometimes provided houses for those who had none. To acquaint herself more correctly with their wants, she frequently visited them, and if any requested her charity when she was from home, and not sufficiently prepared, she would borrow from those of whom she was a guest to supply their necessities. She viewed them as messengers from that Saviour, who said, "The poor ye have always with you, but Me, ye have not always."

Her charity did not limit itself to the relief of temporal necessities. She endeavoured to instruct the ignorance of the poor, admonishing the careless, counselling those who were in doubt and remembering them in her prayers at the throne of their common Father. She imparted her bounty without ostentation, and it was touching to see how her loss was bemoaned by multitudes to whom her benefactions had been almost maternal.

She practised also another form of charity, that of forgiving injuries. Whether they arose from mistake or malice, she was ever ready to pardon. Her memory which on other subjects was so vivid, here laid aside its tenacity. Favours and benefits she treasured with gratitude, but unkindness, though keenly felt by her

susceptible spirit, was returned by no similar deed or word.

In the sorrows which were appointed her, the faith and humility of the Christian were strikingly visible. She had an only son who was inexpressibly dear. In his sickness she hung over him night and day. When, at length, hope vanished, and the agonies of death were upon him, she sank down almost exhausted, having poured forth many prayers and tears. At the sound of the last deep groan, she gave a momentary vent to a mother's anguish and then took the Book of her heavenly Father and searched its pages for the consolation he has promised. Ere long she was observed to commence in a low sweet voice, the singing of psalms until all violence of emotion had subsided and her soul was brought into tranquil submission to the Divine will.

Though surrounded by the temptations of wealth, she never allowed her mind to be enervated by indolence. She remembered who had given her talents, and who would require strict account of them. Every day was begun and closed by the solemn exercises of devotion. She awoke early and immediately went into her closet, where, after her prayers, she read the psalms appointed for the day, and six chapters in the Bible, thus completing the entire perusal of the Sacred Volume twice in a year. This method she adopted of her own accord, at the age of fifteen, and continued regularly until her death; and if sickness or any other circumstance obliged her to shorten or omit her usual portion, she proportionably increased the number of chapters at her next reading, that the system might remain unbroken. In this daily course she allowed a portion of time to examine difficult passages, by notes and commentaries. Other volumes of piety also

shared her serious attention, and administered to her instruction.

She delighted sincerely in the duties of the Sabbath; and in the exercise of self-examination, preparatory to partaking of the communion, was thorough and solemn. This ordinance she found a great assistance to her spiritual progress and desired to participate in it, as frequently as possible. Indeed, her whole life might be considered as a preparation for a happy entrance to a better.

Once, during a severe illness, she enjoined upon her friends not to conceal her real condition from her; and when they confessed there was scarcely a hope of recovery, she manifested neither terror nor reluctance, but sending for her near relatives, with a countenance at once solemn and serene, took an affectionate farewell. To her husband, children, and servants, she uttered benedictions, counsels, and prayers, tenderly adapted to their respective characters and needs, begging them to give diligence to meet her in a happier world. With such affectionate zeal did she warn and advise them, and so earnestly did she assure them that the passing away from this state of trial was to her but an entrance to celestial rest, that the circumstances of that impressive scene could never be effaced from their remembrance. A stranger who should have beheld the mournful group, overwhelmed with tears and lamentations, and she, with a seraphic calmness soothing them with blessings, might have supposed that they were to die, and that her office was to inspire them with courage and consolation. Such was her confidence in God, and such her spiritual comfort, that the anticipation of death seemed as a foretaste of glory.

For her two dear children, she enjoined their father

to regard above all earthly advantages, the welfare of their immortal souls, and to train them up strictly in the ways of religion; for "this," said she, "I find is the best heritage when I come to die; therefore, I recommend it to those whom I most fondly love."

Yet, after this near approach to the realm of death, it was the pleasure of her Heavenly Father, to continue her in life, beyond all human expectation, for a period of six months. This providence, so unlooked for, was fraught with great mercy to others; as peculiar work was prepared for her to perform. Her beloved father, the Earl of Holland, was arraigned by the Parliament in the same year that Charles I was executed, and condemned to death. In the prospect of a sudden and violent disruption of all earthly ties, he turned as the principal instrument to prepare him for this change, to his pious daughter, who seemed for his sake to have been brought back from the brink of the grave. She spent much time with him in prison, and frequently watched all night, in an apartment adjoining his, to be ready if he should call, and to be near at his first awaking in the morning. So earnestly did she labour for his spiritual welfare, so judiciously urge him to examine the foundation of his hope, so tenderly lead him to penitence and faith, to the law and to the Gospel, that being at length greatly comforted, he exclaimed, "happy am I to receive from my own child, such blessed consolations." To a divine who visited him, he said, "Thank God, I have a daughter who is able to be my counsellor in all my doubts and sorrows."

Though her affection for her father had been peculiarly tender and absorbing, she bore the trying dispensation of his death upon the scaffold with Christian submission. So raised were her thoughts above the

common views of things that she acknowledged in this affliction the visible wisdom of God, to bestow saving mercy on a soul, which had it been still conversant only with scenes of temptation and the pride of prosperity might never so humbly and successfully have sought his face. "Were it lawful," said she, "I would not wish him alive again, I dare not desire for him so bad an exchange, as to quit heaven for earth."

She told a confidential friend that now, God willing, she would retire to her residence in the country, having so arranged her business and family as to have nothing to do but to die. Those who had the best opportunity to know, observed that during the interval of six months between her dangerous illness and her final removal, not a night passed in which she rose from her knees, after her devotions in the closet, without an overflowing of tears.

Death, who had been enforced for a time to reprieve her, now approached to claim his victim. When she was suddenly seized with her last illness, she poured out a most fervent and comprehensive prayer, pleading before the Father of her spirit, his attributes, the mediation of his Son, and those exceeding great and precious promises which she drew from every part of his Holy Word.

After her strength was exhausted, she continued to recognise her friends, as they came to her couch and to join in their devotions. Then quietly, as if in slumber, she yielded up her breath on the 10th of May, 1649, at the age of twenty-two, being early fitted for heaven, and admitted, we doubt not, to its unspeakable joys.

COUNTESS OF WARWICK.

1630 THIS excellent lady was the daughter of Richard Boyle, the first Earl of Cork, and born in the year 1630. Her father, afterwards so distinguished among his contemporaries, began life without aid of rank or fortune, the younger son of a younger brother. Not discouraged by difficulties, he adopted the motto, "*God's providence is my inheritance.*" Success attended his ardous labours; yet when wealth and honour poured in upon him as a flood, he retained the humility and piety that had marked his early days and narrow resources. After he became the possessor of a princely estate, he often inscribed on his buildings the motto that he had chosen in poverty, as if to keep ever before his eyes, a grateful memorial of the goodness which had prospered him. It appeared also on his tomb; for he had directed that his epitaph should be the words of trust that had stimulated his youth: "*God's providence is my inheritance.*"

Among his numerous children were, the philosopher, Robert Boyle, a man illustrious for genius, learning, and piety, and a daughter, who in early youth became the consort of the young Earl of Warwick. Her strong powers of mind had been disciplined by an

excellent education; yet though her conduct was circumspect and amiable, she was ignorant of that religion which has its seat in the heart until her arrival at maturity. She admitted that she entered the home of her husband with erroneous views of the one thing needful; that the true devotion she there beheld, and especially the well-timed and affectionate efforts of her illustrious father-in-law, were the blessed means of removing her prejudices; and that opportunities of retirement and occasional afflictions served to detach her thoughts from the empty pleasures of the world.

This change in her sentiments produced a correspondent one in character. She became eminent for humility, a sweet sedateness of manner, and an almost seraphic zeal to promote the cause of piety. Her diary records the prevalent frame of her spirit, remarkable providences towards herself or others, comforts, temptations, answers of prayer, or whatever else might be useful for guidance, consolation, or gratitude.

Prayer, she used to style "*heart's ease.*" Such, indeed, it was to her. She was not only constant, but fervent in this duty. It seemed the element in which she lived, the vital breath that eventually wafted her soul to heaven.

Two hours every morning she devoted to meditation and intercourse with Her maker. Memoranda, in which she sometimes indulged on these occasions, swelled into manuscript volumes, and the extracts which have been made from them, do honour both to her head and heart.

She considered the institution of the Sabbath, as one of the most powerful preservatives of the life of religion in the soul, and was anxious to lose no portion

of its benefits. For the stated solemnization of the Communion, she prepared both by prayer and fasting. If any in whom she felt a particular interest were deficient in religious sensibility, she would employ the influence of friendship and the persuasive eloquence in which she excelled, to plead the cause of their own salvation. She studiously kept aloof from bigotry and sectarian controversy, wishing not to make proselytes to any peculiar set of doctrines, but to the living faith and loving spirit of the Redeemer.

She strove to recommend piety by presenting it in the attractive forms of meekness, benevolence, and courtesy. In society her conversation was interesting as well as profitable, and she would almost invariably, and sometimes imperceptibly, lead it to intellectual and moral themes. She carefully kept in view the injunction to "speak evil of no man." She was ingenious in extenuating the faults of others, and in bringing to view the brighter parts of their character, and where she could not commend, chose to be silent.

As a daughter she was a pattern of duty and respect, as a sister, tender and judicious, as a friend, unsuspicious and self-sacrificing. God blessed her with a son, to whose nature and character she devoted herself with the most earnest affection. But he fell in the bloom and promise of his youth. When the first poignancy of maternal grief had abated, she felt it not right to yield to its paralyzing effects, and adopted three young ladies, to whose instruction she devoted much care, and in whose improvement and gratitude her affections found solace.

As a wife she was most exemplary. She sympathized in the joys and sorrows of her husband, and tenderly ministered to him in every period of indisposition or debility. Above all she loved his soul, ever

bearing him on her prayers, and counselling him with prudence and wisdom.

His appreciation of her excellencies was warm and constant, and as the last earthly proof of it, in his power to give, he left her by will, the whole of his immense estate, appointing her sole executrix. This ardous task she discharged with such diligence and accuracy as to satisfy all who were concerned, which she acknowledged with humble gratitude, as a signal blessing.

During the life of the Earl of Warwick, she had received statedly an ample allowance, and on inquiring of her minister what proportion of yearly income he thought should be devoted to the poor, and being told a seventh part, replied that she could never be contented to consecrate less than a third. The most pressing expenses were never suffered to infringe on this dedicated amount, though she often borrowed from her other property to increase it; and anticipated her income, rather than submit to restrain her liberality.

Now, when she came into possession of so large a revenue, her management of it confirmed the truth of a remark made by a person of high rank, that "the Earl of Warwick had given all his estate to pious uses." She seemed to have no satisfaction in great wealth but that of doing great good, and said that she would not consent to be encumbered with the largest estate in England on any other conditions. That she might be the more faithful and systematic in her charities, she divided them into classes, sometimes reviewing them in the following order:

Persons in want, but whom the remembrance of better days, or native modesty prevent from asking relief. To such she gave, unsolicited, and with a

meekness and tender regard to their feelings, as if she sought forgiveness rather than expected thanks.

Foreigners, who in times of public calamity or persecution fled from their native land, for the sake of their religion. To these she showed the honour due to their motives, and took pleasure in assiduously ministering to their necessities, or obtaining situations where they might permanently support themselves.

Scholars of good capacity, and slender resources. These, if she found them to possess correct moral habits and religious dispositions, she educated at the universities in great numbers, allowing them also an annual stipend of twenty or thirty pounds, as she supposed their needs or proper establishment might require.

Poor children. If she could persuade them to learn, she placed them in schools, paying for their instruction and supplying them with books and clothing. This was a favourite charity with her; and she exercised it not only in her own region, but the destitute portions of Wales shared liberally in her educational bounties.

Clergymen of every denomination, whose livings were inadequate to the decent maintenance of their families. Often from their tables and hearth-stones, made comfortable by her care, arose the prayer of gratitude for their noble benefactress.

Occasional applicants. By these she was sometimes deceived. Yet she did not permit this to check her benevolent impulses. "I would rather," she said, "relieve *ten* who appear true objects of charity, and are not, than to let *one* case of real distress go unaided. They may deceive me in giving, but God

will not despise that which is sincerely done for his name's sake."

The surrounding poor, with whose state she was acquainted. Here she knew how to apportion her gifts to their peculiar necessities. She fed them not with fragments, but with generous supplies seasonably provided. If they were sick she furnished them with medicines and personally visited the meanest of them, for their instruction and comfort. By the lowly bed in the humblest cottage, she spoke the words of the dear, pitying Saviour. For this class of pensioners her compassion seemed unbounded. She did not limit herself to her own vicinity, but caused bread and beef to be distributed among the poor of four adjacent parishes; and, unwilling to resign this work of mercy, even with life, directed in her will this bounty to be continued, and a hundred pounds to be distributed among them.

It may, perhaps, be imagined, that in the broad sphere of benevolent action marked out by the Countess of Warwick, the more unobtrusive claims of neighbourhood, or household might chance to be overlooked. It was not so. She understood the history of her numerous tenants, and spared no pains to accommodate or assist them. If they sustained material losses, she was accustomed to make proportionate deduction from their rent. From any obligations she had entered into with them, no inconvenience would induce her to recede; and if she found that their expectations had been excited by even an intimated promise, her truthful nature could not be satisfied without fulfilling it.

To the temporal and spiritual interests of her servants, she was steadfastly attentive. She found satisfaction in pleasing them; in rendering their stations

as easy as they could be, consistent with a faithful discharge of their allotted tasks. She desired to see them free from discontent, that they might serve their Master in Heaven with cheerfulness. Extending her generous care to the period when their earthly connection must be dissolved, she left them legacies of two, three, or four hundred pounds, according to the term of years they had been in her service, with permission to remain in her house for three months, that they might have opportunity to seek other commodious situations.

One of her prevalent desires had ever been to be the mistress of a religious family. Therefore she regarded the souls of her servants as entering in some measure into her own responsibilities. She required their regular attendance and reverent behaviour at the public worship on the Sabbath, and by serious instruction and familiar persuasion, endeavoured to prepare them to become worthy communicants of the Church. She caused good books to be laid in common rooms and places of attendance, that those who were in waiting might have profitable employment for the mind. Among them she made true religion the criterion of her esteem; and though she treated all as humble friends, yet those who most feared God had her especial confidence.

The exemplary life of the Countess of Warwick was closed by a death of peaceful trust. During her final illness, which was brief, she discoursed with great cheerfulness. Her last words were to friends who surrounded her. Supposing her to sleep, they preserved the hush of silence. Suddenly she drew the curtains, and said in a sweet low tone,

"Were I in heaven but one hour, I would not return again to you, much as I love you."

Then she proposed that prayer should be offered. Being too feeble to kneel, she requested to be placed in a chair. Scarcely had the orison began, when an ashy paleness settled on her face, and she expired, having the wish that she had often expressed, gratified.

"If I might choose the manner and circumstance of my departure, it would be to die in prayer."

WILLIAM PENN.

1644. WILLIAM PENN, eldest child of Sir William Penn, the Admiral, and Margaret Jasper, the daughter of an opulent merchant at Rotterdam, was born in London, October 14th, 1644. He had a healthful, robust constitution, and his childhood was beautiful and promising. Under the direction of a private tutor, he advanced in useful and elegant scholarship, retaining that fondness for athletic exercises which preserved a safe and graceful equilibrium of body and mind.

While at Oxford, he gave great satisfaction to his superiors, by close, severe study; while in seasons of recreation, his skill as a sportsman, and the vigour of his strokes with the oar, as his boat glided over the Thames, made him equally a favourite with his young companions. Among the valuable friends whom he gained at the University, was the celebrated John Locke, who, though twelve years his senior, appreciated his talents and acquirements. His reading, for one so young, was extensive, and his retentive powers remarkable. He attained a thorough acquaintance with History and Theology, and not satisfied with the Greek and Latin classics, became perfectly a master of French and German, Dutch and Italian. Such was his facility for acquiring languages,

that he added, later in life, several dialects of the American Indians, when his young dreams of a settlement beneath the shade of the lofty forests of the New World took the colouring of reality.

His mind, which with all its sprightliness, had a native tendency to religious thought and research, became interested in the new doctrines of the Friends, as exhibited by George Fox and his followers. His attendance on their preaching, which was deemed an irregularity, and some excesses of zeal in which he indulged, caused his dismissal from the University. The father, who felt this as a deep disgrace, and had no affinity for any form of piety that should involve worldly loss, received him with stern displeasure. Yet, after awhile, pitying the dejection of spirit which the ingenuous boy felt, at seeing what unhappiness his expulsion had caused at home, determined, if possible, to dissipate his religious impressions, by sending him to spend some time in Paris.

To the gayest and most licentious city in Europe, William Penn went at the age of seventeen; probably unfortified by paternal counsels, since the object of his mission was not his protection from vice, but the destruction of what was deemed fanaticism. He was presented, under flattering auspices, to the elegant monarch Louis XIV, and became a favourite at court. He was familiarly acquainted with some of the English nobility, of the highest distinction, who were then abroad, and was comprehended among the most graceful and brilliant circles in Paris and Versailles.

Desiring to regain the good opinion of his father and understanding that he desired him after his foreign polishing should be completed, to devote himself to a military life, he endeavoured to turn his tastes toward that profession. Amid the throngs of pleasure that on

every side solicited him, and incited by filial duty to chose a calling for life, where religious restraint was but lightly esteemed, he was still pursuing a course of study which very few in those circumstances would have selected or relished. At Saumur, under the learned Amyrault, one of the most distinguished professors of Divinity that adorned the Reformed Church of that realm, he diligently read the Fathers, discussed the historic and philosophic basis of theology, and extensively and critically examined the language and literature of France.

He commenced his European tour with every advantage from letters of introduction and his own personal accomplishments. After two years absence from home, he returned at the age of nineteen, with attainments and capacities beyond his years. A quotation from Dixon, his best biographer, will give a graphic description of him at this period:

"Tall, and well-set, his figure promised physical strength and hardihood of constitution. His face was mild, and of almost womanly beauty; his eye soft and full; his brow open and ample; his features well defined, and approaching the ideal Greek in contour; the lines about his mouth exquisitely sweet, yet resolute in expression. Like Milton, he wore his hair long, and parted in the centre of his forehead, from which it fell over his neck and shoulders, in rich, massive, natural ringlets. In mien and manners, he seemed formed by nature, as well as stamped by art—a gentleman."

The father was delighted with the son, and with the apparent result of his own policy. He entered him as a student at Lincoln's Inn, he introduced him to peers and princes, he produced him proudly at court to Charles II, then newly restored; he con-

fidently entrusted him with the king's business and his own.

He sent him to superintend his extensive estates in Ireland, where the young lord and castellan acquitted himself with honour. But while surrounded by the allurements of wealth, luxury, and power, the "still, small voice," that had never wholly slumbered within him, awoke. He listened to a fervent address of Thomas Lee, one of his Quaker friends when at Oxford, "there is a faith that overcometh the world." He listened, and became at heart, what he had long before been in mind, the apostle of peace.

Intelligence that the Lord of Shangarry Castle had been seen at an informal gathering of a persecuted sect, and even borne to prison with the congregation, was rapidly transmitted to the Admiral. He was peremptorily summoned to London.

Now had the crisis of his fate arrived. Filial love and respect were among the strongest elements of his nature. None could more keenly feel the trial of disobeying and offending a parent. Neither were the whisperings of ambition dormant. The inward conflict was severe.

The dreaded interview came. The boy was frank in the announcement of the truth. The Admiral strove at first to practise forbearance. Then he tried keen ridicule. The boy was firm.

Reproaches ensued, for the disappointment was bitter. Here was his first-born, the idol of his pride, for whom he had done so much, whose prospects of preferment were so bright, whom he hoped would be made a peer, choosing his lot among a despised people, and abjuring all titles and dignities. Such folly and madness were to his worldly mind, inexplicable and inexcusable. He even resorted to personal

violence, and in a paroxysm of anger, turned his son out of doors.

The mother's heart yearned towards the outcast. She sympathized in the sufferings of a son so filled with the love of kindred and of home, yet exiled from their altar. With his sentence, she dared not interfere. But she secretly sent money for his necessities; for how could she partake in the luxuries of her own table, and feel that he was in want of bread? Often, while the incensed Admiral slept, she waked and wept for the sorrows of the beautiful youth, whom she had nurtured upon her bosom.

Yet though William Penn grieved, he was ready neither to despair or to retract. He bated not one jot of heart, or hope. Of the choice which he had seriously and sincerely made, he never repented. He began both to preach, and to write, in defence of his tenets. "*Truth Exalted,*" was his first work; and among others that followed, one entitled, "*The Sandy Foundation Shaken,*" excited much attention by its ingenuity of argument, and force of style. The fashionable circles where his parents moved, were doubtful whether it could possibly be the production of so young a person.

But he rendered himself so prominent an advocate for liberty of thought, as to offend the reigning powers; and though unconvicted of crime, and even without opportunity of trial, was committed to the Tower. Here he was thrown into a solitary dungeon, and held in durance for more than eight months. While thus mournfully sequestrated, he received information that unless he publicly recanted, his probable fate would be to die in prison.

With an undaunted spirit, and his own calm, peculiar smile, he said,

"They are mistaken in me. What do their threats signify? No great or good thing is attained without loss and hardship. The man who would reap, and not labour, must perish in disappointment."

Like other distinguished personages, he solaced his prison-hours by intellectual research, and to the literature of the Tower, added that glorious work, "*No Cross, No Crown.*" In its extent of knowledge, its copious and well arranged selections from the opinions of sages, philosophers, and divines, it would have been no light or mean labour, for a veteran author with the wealth of libraries at his command.

His rigorous doom forbade the visits of all friends, save the Admiral, probably predicating from the state of feeling that existed, that this exception would be but nominal. Here also was a mistake, as well as in the measure of the firmness of their victim. The sympathies of the father were not extinguished. He went to the dungeon of his son, and as brave men are constrained to do honour to each other, admired his constancy. Perhaps William Penn viewed with more complacency a doom, that had power thus to soften the heart of a parent whom he revered and loved.

"*No Cross, No Crown,*" had made a strong and favourable impression upon the popular mind. It was, therefore, deemed expedient to leave no stone unturned, to win him back to the interests of the Court. A messenger was sent from the king, to awaken if possible, his worldly interests, by pourtraying the brilliant prospects that might be consequent on a change of creed. Yet he who had so long languished in prison, preserved an indomitable spirit. Truth winged his indignant words.

"My prison shall be my grave, ere I change a jot. I hold my conscience at the will of no mortal man."

Finding that no concession could be expected, he

was set at liberty, and most tenderly welcomed by his mother to the long-forfeited comforts of home. The Admiral also kindly received him, and after a time proposed that he should resume the superintendence of their large possessions in Ireland. Rejoicing in the opportunity thus afforded to testify the zeal of filial obedience, without infringing on his views of religious duty, he readily repaired to Shangarry. There, while attending faithfully to the execution of his pecuniary trusts, he upheld with his powerful aid, the oppressed sect of Quakers on every possible occasion. After the absence of nearly a year, he returned to London, and was again thrown into prison. Being brought forth, and arraigned before a Court, he was enabled by his legal knowledge, and courageous eloquence, to defend the privilege of trial by jury, and some of the great principles of English constitutional liberty.

His trimphant acquittal, and the praises that ensued, might once have soothed the aspiring and ambitious father. Now it was too late. The voice of fame no longer aroused him to exultation. He lay upon his death-bed. The world that he had served and worshipped, was receding from his grasp. He had taken his share of its honours and disappointments. He now felt its emptiness. Fully reconciled to the son, against whom the pride of earlier years had so bitterly exasperated him, he regarded him with eyes of love, as bending over his pillow, he rendered every office that affection could dictate.

"Son William, I am weary of the world; I would not live my days over again, could I command them with a wish. The snares of life are greater than the fears of death."

Though not yet fifty years old, he regarded the ambition that had enslaved him, with a wisdom which

is seldom so fully ripened, except by hoary hairs, or heavenly piety. Solemnly did he counsel his children, leaving them a large legacy of precious maxims.

"Let nothing in this world tempt you to wrong your conscience. So will you keep peace at home, which will be a feast to you in the day of trouble. Whatever you design to do, plan it justly, and time it seasonably. Neither be troubled at disappointments; for if they may be retrieved, do it; if not, trouble is vain. If you could not have helped them, be content; there is peace and profit in submitting to Providence; for afflictions make wise. If you might have helped them, let not your trouble exceed or hinder your instruction for another time."

If the essence of any of these aphorisms was drawn from his own faults, it need not impair their value, either to his descendants or to the world. Approaching that region where earthly fears and favours vanish as the mist when the sun ariseth, his mind was serenely poised, and religiously sustained. He applauded, as he had never done before, the testimony of an upright conscience. With his failing breath, and the favourite and affectionate prefix of "*Son William*," he uttered a prediction of prosperity to him, and his peaceful followers; "if they keep to their plain way of preaching, and their plain way of living."

His last feeble words were,

"Bury me near my mother. Live in love; shun all manner of evil. I pray God to bless you all. He will bless you."

Admiral Penn died Sept. 16th, 1670, at the age of forty-nine, and was buried in Bristol by her side who had nurtured his infancy, and whose image, as in the case of Lord Bacon, stood freshly before him, when the pageantry of earth faded. He had filled a

conspicuous station in the history of his own times, by a brilliant capacity, profound skill in nautical science. cool courage, and perfect self-command in seasons of peril.

By his last will and testament, after reserving a life-interest in his estates for Lady Penn, his daughter having previously received her marriage portion, he left his large fortune, with the sole executorship to William. Feeling anxious lest his adherence to a persecuted sect, as well as the troubled state of the realm, might involve the heir in dangers, he sent from his dying bed, a request to Charles II and the Duke of York, that the kindness they had shown to himself might be extended to his son. The royal brothers accepted the petition, and James in particular, undertook the office of guardianship to the young man and his possessions, and faithfully executed the trust. Obligations honourably discharged on one side, and gratitude on the other, were the basis of that continued intimacy between the Catholic king and the Quaker, that excited the satire of contemporaries, and the misconstruction of more recent historians. Still it was admitted that he used his influence with James, both before and after he wore the crown, to mitigate his prejudices, and soften the asperities of his sway.

After due attention to the duties connected with the interment of his father, and the execution of his bequests, he passed from county to county, preaching and enforcing the doctrines that he believed. Foes sprang up around him on every side, and especially in London he was subjected to an invidious system of espionage. Being brought to a mock trial, on a charge of having addressed the people in the streets; he explained and defended himself fearlessly, refusing, in conformity with his principles, to take the proffered oaths.

On his condemnation to Newgate for six months, he said nobly to the unjust and sycophant judge,

"I would have thee, and all men know, that I scorn the religion which is not worth suffering for, and not able to sustain those who suffer for its sake. Thy religion persecutes, mine forgives. I desire that God may forgive you all, who are concerned in my commitment, and I leave you in perfect charity."

While in prison, he quietly employed and solaced himself by writing, and completed four elaborate and important treatises, besides a great multitude of letters on public and private business. After the expiration of his half year's confinement, he signalized his release by a tour through Holland and Germany, where he made converts to his faith, and received attentions from many illustrious personages. Among others, the Princess Elizabeth of the Rhine, was strongly impressed with his missionary zeal, and gave him her personal friendship.

Soon after his return to England, he married Gulielma Maria Springett, a young lady of distinguished loveliness and accomplishments, to whom he had been for some time fondly attached and affianced. Her society and talents for conversation had been prized by the poet Milton, and his Quaker friend, Thomas Ellwood, in whose neighbourhood she resided. Their fair home at Rickmansworth, was made beautiful by their love and congenial tastes; and there the two mothers, the gifted Lady Springett, and the benigant Lady Penn, often met, sharing and enhancing the happiness of their children. But the heart of the husband, though admirably fitted to enjoy and promote domestic felicity, could not for any length of time be satisfied with inactivity, neither would his bride consent to withhold him from the more self-denying labours and noble

destinies of his lot. During the first three years of their marriage, beside journeys to impress the tenets of his faith, in which she often accompanied him, he wrote twenty-six different religious works, and two on political subjects, many of which displayed consummate ability, and rich stores of classic and historic wealth.

The mind of William Penn had long turned towards the New Western World, with an intense, and growing interest. The naval victories of his father in the West Indies, tinged the dreams of his boyhood, with the fairy hues of American scenery. Civil dissensions, and the rigorous treatment of his own despised sect, caused him more and more to regard it as an asylum where the oppressor should no longer govern, and the oppressed be free. What had been once as an Utopian vision, began now to take the form of reality, and to awaken the energies of practical design. His patrimonial estate held claims against the government, amounting to fifteen thousand pounds, and he made propositions that they should be liquidated by the transfer of a tract of land in America. After the negociations were completed, he superintended, with great diligence and address, the first emigration to his colonial possessions, consisting of two hundred and thirty persons in the Kent, which was followed soon after by two other vessels. Earnest were his desires and prayers, that the first seed sown in this portion of the wilderness might be purer and pleasing to God.

After the transaction of all business connected with this expedition, that could devolve upon him, he undertook another journey to the continent, in company with George Fox and Robert Barclay. There his power of fluent expression in various languages, as well as his polished manners and knowledge of the world, were invaluable adjuncts to their mission.

The troubles in England, and his enthusiastic friendship for Algernon Sidney, induced him, after his return, to mingle more than usual in political affairs, and to write with earnestness in support of justice and freedom. Finding these efforts abortive, he turned his energies more exclusively to the work of legislation for his province in America. When to the charter, allotting him an expanse of forty-seven thousand square miles, with the name of Pennsylvania, the royal signature was affixed, he said, with a fervent and humble faith, "God will bless it, and make it the seed of a nation."

It was observed that great seriousness pervaded his mind, while forming the nucleus of a constitution for posterity. The sentiments inwrought with it are liberal, and in advance of the age.

"If men," he says, "are wise and virtuous, the governments under which they live must also become wise and virtuous; it is therefore essential to the nobility of a state, that the people be educated in noble thoughts and virtuous actions."

A deep sorrow of the heart, suspended his labours, the death of Lady Penn. Kind-hearted and lovely by nature, her maternal affections had centred more strongly in him, from the peculiar promise and the peculiar sufferings of his youth. Without fully approving, or perhaps, entirely comprehending the motives of his early career, or what his father considered his revolt, in all his afflictions she had been afflicted. An unutterable gratitude was associated with her image, and he loved her with all the tenderness of which he was capable. And now his comforter had fallen, in what seemed to him, her prime, when he hoped that his own little ones might for years profit by her nurturing kindness, and her holy example. Nothing had

ever shaken him, like this. It was touching to see the strong man, so wise, so habituated to self-control, bowed low as a child. Indeed, so much did his filial sympathies overthrow his physical vigour, that for days he could not bear the light, and weeks passed ere mental activity and the calmness of his spirit were restored.

As he aroused from the syncope of grief, the time arrived that he had fixed for his own voyage to the New World. Entirely settled in his purpose, and every preliminary fairly and minutely arranged, still the prospect was appalling and the separation severe. To be tossed for months upon a boisterous ocean, a circumstance not uncommon in those days of rude seamanship, to bear perils in the wilderness, among savages, perhaps never to reach that far land, perhaps never to return, swept like a storm-cloud over the souls of those most dear, and possibly over-shadowed his own. Yet, with firmness that nothing could overcome, he gave them his parting counsels. His wife, his beautiful and beloved Guli, was to superintend the training and the fortunes of their little ones. Fain would he have taken them all with him, but her health was delicate, and he could not expose them to the hardships of a new home without suitable preparation. No expense was to be spared in the education of their children; yet with his clear, practical, good sense, he directs that they be inured to useful and industrious occupation. His two boys, besides their classical studies, were to be especially taught agriculture, and also surveying, building, ship-carpentry and navigation. The little daughter too, the darling, must be instructed to add to the accomplishments of her sex, a knowledge of all household duties. "Let my children be husbandmen and housewives," said the father, among his grave commands.

Then, as it came over his mind that he might see these little ones no more, and that they might be rulers in his province, while he should slumber in the grave, the most solemn emphasis mingles with his admonition.

"As for you, who are likely to be concerned in the government of Pennsylvania, I charge you before the Lord God, and his holy angels, that you be lowly, diligent, and tender, fearing God, loving the people and hating covetousness. Let justice have its impartial course, and the law free passage. Though to your loss, protect no man against it, for you are not above the law, but the law above you; therefore do your duty, and be sure that you see with your own eyes and hear with your own ears. Let your hearts be upright before the Lord; trust in Him, above all the contrivances of man, and none shall be able to hurt or supplant you."

It was on the morning of the 1st of September, 1682, that William Penn stood upon the deck of the "Welcome," as she was about to weigh anchor at Deal. She was a ship of three hundred tons, bearing one hundred emigrants. As the forms of loved ones on the shore receded, and Dover Castle and the last white cliffs of Albion were wrapped in the haze of distance, the cloud of parting sadness lifted itself from the brow of the young leader of the expedition. For young he was, to have achieved so much, and to have stood in such trying and contradictory positions. The possessor of varied learning, acquired by profound study, yet skilled in the details and expert in the transaction of business; a favourite at court and with foreign princes, yet the preacher of a creed that contemned their pride and refused homage to their state; a writer of eminence, an eloquent legal advocate, yet repeatedly

a prisoner in bonds; the father of a lovely family, the owner, legislator, and future governor of a province larger in extent than his own native England, he was not yet thirty-eight years old.

But the character which had been already ripened by adversity was to be further disciplined by perils on the sea. During their storm-tossed voyage of two months, the small-pox broke out among them, and aggravated by their crowded condition, raged with terrific violence. The heavy plunge of the corpse beneath the sullen surge, was heard day after day. William Penn, with tireless sympathy, and the serenity of a tutelary spirit, attended the sick, watched, nursed, gave medicine, and administered the consolations of religion to the departing soul. Thirty of his friends, men, women, and children, were laid to rest on a watery pillow, until the sea shall give up their dead. The horrors of that passage were never forgotten by those who shared it; and like men struggling with a mortal foe, they hailed the first glimpse of the shores of the New World.

Fully did the "*Welcome,*" justify her name, both by those whom she brought to the green banks of the Delaware, and those who there rapturously received them. The speech of the new governor was enthusiastically applauded. With that joy which those can best understand, who after long dangers on the ocean, once more set their feet upon the earth, yet chastened by the gravity of one who feels solemn responsibilities, he stood among them, speaking the words of good faith and religious promise. Around him clustered his pale voyagers, most of whom mourned some loved one left in the fathomless deep; the agents, and colonists who had preceded him, whose huts were sparsely sprinkled along the valleys, and by the water-courses; and here

and there, groups of the sad-browed sons of the forest, gathering assurance from his placid countenance and paternal smile.

In the incipiency of those plans that connected him with Pennsylvania, a regard for the poor aborigines had possessed his mind. To him they seemed not as savages to be exterminated, but as men and brethren, to be cared for and improved. He had given strict command that they should be treated with justice, and satisfactory payment made to the chieftains for their lands. True to his principles of peace, he had forbidden any instrument of death to be carried into his province. Sufficient derision had been heaped upon what was styled the fanatic policy of yielding their heads to the scalping-knives of the fierce Iroquois and Lenni-Lennape. Facts gave a different result; and while the infancy of other states was embroiled by wars with the natives, the blood of no white man was ever shed by an Indian within the territory of Pennsylvania.

Emigrants continued to arrive more rapidly than accommodations could be prepared for them. But within the high banks of the Schuykill, nature had scooped caves, and there many of them took temporary refuge. Others, beneath the branches of lofty pines, planted their tent-poles, sojourning like the Arab, until they could fell trees for a more permanent abode. Yet no complaint was heard. Women, that sex whose strength is in the heart, delicate women, accustomed to the luxuries of the mother land, met this hard life in the forest without a murmur. In the culinary department, with their scant supplies and few conveniencies, they toiled, a song on their lips, for the birdlings of their nest, and a greeting for the weary mate, when he rested from his labours. Fearlessly they came forth to his help, they brought water, they

assisted to hew logs, and to mix and carry mortar for their future homes. Seldom has any new settlement exhibited more of the "patience of faith and the labour of love." Before such a blessed spirit all obstacles vanished, and as if by magic, every family had secured a shelter ere the winter came.

Penn was equally busy in cares for his colony, feeling himself the father of all. As soon as time would allow, he selected the site for his fair city of Philadelphia, which "I have thus named," he says, "in token of that principle of brotherly love, from which I came to these parts, and which I hope may ever characterize my new dominion." Its noble design was matured in his own mind, ere a stone was laid or a thicket cleared. Dean Prideaux, in one of his delineations of ancient Babylon, writes, "Much according to this plan hath William Penn, the Quaker, laid out the ground for his capital of Pennsylvania; and if it be all built after that design, it will not be much behind any other city in the whole world."

So rapid was its progress, and so strong the tide of emigration, that six hundred houses were erected there in two years after its foundation. Amid the new-fallen pines, were reared a school and printing-press; and beside these elements of education and liberty, a future glory awaited this infant city, which its founder could not have contemplated. Within a little more than ninety years, were to assemble beneath one of its roofs, a band of grave and illustrious men, to discuss the danger of their country, and its severance from the great mother land: there was to be the first Congress, the first voice of independence, and amid prayers and thoughts too deep for words, the baptism of a mighty nation.

The benevolent designs which William Penn had

conceived for the roaming red men of the forest, did not evaporate. He studied their language, and became acquainted with their customs, that he might obtain influence over them for their good. He walked alone with them fearlessly in the deep woods; he entered their smoky wigwams and partook of their parched corn. He sate with them on the ground, and watched the athletic games in which their braves excelled. Once, while they were expressing their delight at his condescension, he rose, entered the lists with the leapers, and outdid them all; at which the young warriors broke forth in the most rapturous admiration.

Seven months after his arrival in America, that celebrated treaty with the aborigines was held, which Voltaire has so happily designated as the "only one that the world has seen, which was never sworn to and never broken." He selected a spot, in the vicinity of the young city of brotherly love, overshadowed by a lofty and umbrageous elm, made as sacred to their minds by the council-fires that had been long enkindled there, as the oak, with its consecrated misletoe, was to the Druids. They approached in their forest costumes, gorgeously painted, their feathery plumes glancing and gleaming in the summer sun-beam. The majestic old king, with the most ancient sachems, on his right and left, occupied the centre; next stood the warriors, ranged in the form of a crescent; and in the outer circle, the young men, like sculptured statues, so fixed in reverent attention.

Toward this imposing and mute array, advanced William Penn, in the vigour of manly beauty, and undistinguished in dress from those who surrounded him, save by a silken sash, of the cerulean tint of those skies that seemed to smile upon the scene. With the courtly grace that distinguished him, he addressed them

in their own language. He spoke of the Great Spirit, their common father, who had made of one blood, all that dwell upon the face of the earth, to whom every secret thought of the heart was open as the day. He spoke of his desire to establish brotherhood between the two races, who had been thus permitted to meet.

"My people use not the rifle, neither put their trust in the sword. They mean to do no harm, so there is no fear in their hearts. Their doors shall be open to the red men, let the doors of the red men be open to them. If any wrong arise, justice shall be declared by twelve honest men, and the wrong buried in a pit without any bottom. Let both Christian and Indian tell their children of this chain of brotherhood, and keep it bright, without rust or spot, as long as the waters run, and the sun and the moon endure."

He unfolded the broad parchment, and explained the written articles of their treaty of friendship, and they solemnly accepted it for themselves and for their children. They believed in his sincerity, and their hearts were at rest. Long after, when the chief actor in this simple and sublime scene, was slumbering in dust, it was touching to see them resort to this spot, and renew the memory of the transaction, while the grave and ancient repeated to the young listeners the words of the great and beloved Onas, the friend of the red man.

During the second year of Penn's residence in the colony, circumstances rendered it expedient for him to return to England. After appointing those who were to conduct the government in his absence, he assembled the chiefs of the tribes, and took from each a promise to live in amity with their white brethren and with each other. With the solicitude of a father, he urged them to continue in the honest ways of husbandry,

and to drink no more *fire-water*, which he had commanded his people not to sell them. When he added that he must leave them, and go beyond the seas for a little time, but would return again, if the Great Spirit permitted him to live; the sorrow of parting, manifested itself among that grateful people, in form not to be mistaken.

He, himself, found the separation from his young colony more painful than he could have anticipated. When on board the ship, in a letter to those left behind, he bursts forth in a yearning, parental apostrophe,

"And thou, Philadelphia, the virgin-settlement of this province, named before thou wert born, what love, what care, what service, what travail hath there been, to bring thee forth, and preserve thee from such as would abuse and defile thee. My soul prays to God for thee, that thou mayest stand in the day of trial; that thy children may be blessed of the Lord, and all thy people saved by His power."

His stay in England, which he had intended should be short, was protracted for years. They were marked by changes in the government, the death of Charles, the accession and abdication of James, and the administration of William and Mary. Events of a disastrous nature involved his own affairs; the boundaries of his province were contested, and even his manorial rights questioned and resumed. The territory in which he had invested all his wealth, seemed likely to be wrested from him. Accounts of disorders that prevailed there, also harassed and distressed him. Could he return, he felt that they might be easily remedied; but his presence in England was imperatively necessary. But just as the clouds that had frowned upon him, began to break and brighten, Guli, the beloved and loving

wife, sank away and died. The sympathy in his trials had been too strong for her delicate health. It was at the close of the dreary February of 1693, that after prolonged illness, she fell by his side. "The one of ten thousand," as she has been appropriately called, "the wise, humble, modest, constant, industrious, and undaunted," was reft away, and it was long ere the torpor of grief lifted itself from his soul.

The following year, her eldest son, in the bloom of nineteen, became the victim of slow consumption. He was a boy of rare genius and nobility of mind, combining the strong, fervid qualities of his father, with the grace and gentleness of the lamented mother. Every thing that medical science and the tenderest care could render, was done, but in vain. For two years, William Penn was the constant nurse of his darling, his watchful companion both night and day. He held him in his arms when death came, and received his parting sigh.

Another son remained to him, but of a different character, and a fair daughter, growing up to womanhood. In January, 1696, he married Hannah Callowhill, of Bristol, a lady whose extraordinary excellence he had long known and respected. She made him an admirable companion and assistant, and their six young children diffused cheerfulness around his desolate home. Three years after this union he embarked with his family for America, where after a tedious passage of three months, they arrived in December, 1699. In his noble country residence of Pennsburg, they were established with all the comfort and dignity that his high station required. The lapses and abuses which during sixteen years of absence from his government had prevailed, rapidly disappeared under his just and firm administration.

Changes consequent on the death of William and the accession of Anne to the English throne, so affected his interests, as to make it important for him to return in about two years. The sorrow of the poor Indians at this event, was deep and piteous to behold. From all parts they came flocking to take their leave. They held up their young children, that they too might see the great and good Onas. They took the gifts which he had provided for them, with reluctant foreboding, for they said mournfully, "He will go over the great salt lake and return to us no more." And so it was.

In his native land, it might be truly said, that "bonds and afflictions awaited him." Enmity and injustice assailed him. All his movements with regard to his American possessions had been marked by a lavish liberality. Beside his original payment to the crown, satisfaction to the various chieftains and tribes for their lands, the outfit of vessels and the passages of emigrants, his charities there had no bound but the wants of suffering humanity. He released debtors from confinement, supplied the sick and destitute, made the friendless aged his weekly pensioners, brought over the sea, at his own expense, many whom he had rescued from distress in Europe, and supported them, until they were able to find employment. He had expended one hundred and twenty thousand pounds without seeking lucrative returns, and in the time of his own needs, met disappointment and ingratitude. He was even for a short time imprisoned at the Old Bailey, from unadjusted and iniquitous claims.

Afterwards he made his family residence at a beautiful country seat at Ruscombe, in Berkshire. He was desirous of revisiting America; but age and in-

firm health had fallen upon him. In 1712, he sustained an attack of paralysis, which was followed by others at long intervals. The understanding was dimmed and the memory shattered, to be restored no more; but the placid temperament remained unimpaired. The great, brave heart, that had conceived and done so much, that had been thwarted, and burdened, and wearied, yet never forfeited its creed of peace and good will to man, resolved itself into a guileless simplicity, and the pure element of love.

His clear-minded, intelligent, loyal wife took charge of his affairs and of him, watching over him as over a child, for five years, while there was no irradiation of his intellect or softening of his malady. Perceiving how much he enjoyed the society of children, she drew under their roof the three little ones of his departed son William, and with them he was happy all the day. There was no cloud on his spirit, save when he imagined there was sadness upon her brow, or saw her toiling with the pen; so the noble-hearted woman kept ever a smile for his sake, and wrote the many difficult letters of business that devolved upon her, while he slept.

Thus varying her services to the visitations of God, and spreading a gentle, protecting wing, like a guardian angel, over the enfeebled being whom she had once revered as her head and guide, she watched for the last time, with such a tide of bitter weeping, as none but a wife dismissed from such tender duties can know, his pale lips, that were to open no more, on the morning of July 30th, 1718, when he had nearly reached his seventy-fourth birth-day.

DR. HERMAN BOERHAAVE.

1668 Among those who have rendered the medical profession illustrious by their talents, erudition, and piety, was Dr. Herman Boerhaave. He was a native of Holland, and born at Veerhout, a small village near Leyden, on the last day of the year 1668. His father was a clergyman, and having observed his fondness for study from early childhood, placed him when at the age of fourteen, at the public school in Leyden. Here his application and proficiency were so great, that in less than a year from his entrance, he was advanced to the highest class, which is allowed after a preparation of six months an admittance to the University.

Yet scarcely had he commenced a course of study at the university, ere the deepest gloom was cast over his prospects by the death of his father, whose numerous family were left in reduced circumstances. Thus early bereaved of fortune and an affectionate guide, he did not yield to discouragement or the apathy of grief.

Still diligently applying himself to the pursuit of education, he became distinguished both in the sciences and in literature. When he took his degree in Philosophy, he presented a thesis in opposition to the systems

of Epicurus and Spinoza, which won him much reputation. After completing the usual course at the university, he pursued the study of theology under two distinguished professors, one of whom gave lectures on Hebrew Antiquities, and the other in Ecclesiastical History. He also devoted himself with great delight to the Scriptures in their original languages, with their interpretation by the ancient writers, pursued in chronological order.

But the necessity of gaining a subsistence, and the desire of aiding his poor relatives, induced him to change his design of pursuing the clerical profession, and to decide on becoming a physician. In the interval, being oppressed by the evils of poverty, he supported himself as a teacher of mathematics.

When he became known as a member of the medical profession, confidence and honour awaited him, and wealth flowed in upon him as a flood. The University of Leyden hasted to bestow on him the professorships of Botany, Chemistry, and Medicine, and the fame of his science and practical skill began to spread over Europe. The Royal Society of London, and the Academy of Sciences at Paris, elected him as an honorary member of their respective bodies. Several European princes committed pupils to his care, each of whom, during the course of his instructions, found in him not only an indefatigible teacher, but a faithful friend, and an efficient counsellor.

His high reputation, and laborious industry, were united with prudence, and while he expended liberally, he exercised a proper care over the surplus of his income, so that his possessions at the time of his death, amounted to about a million of dollars. Wealth was to him but a secondary consideration, yet having been

taught its value by the penury of early years, he considered it a duty to save a portion of his earnings, as an income for the time of infirmity or age; and that he might have the means of assisting and relieving others. When Peter the Great of Russia went to Holland in 1715, to perfect himself in maritime affairs, he attended the lectures of Boerhaave, and, as a pupil, received his lessons. His reputation spread over Asia, and the eastern nations, and so well was his name known in those distant regions, that a letter written to him from a mandarin in China, with this inscription, "To the illustrious Boerhaave, physician in Europe," came regularly to him without mistake or delay. Amidst all his honours he retained an humble estimation of himself, and united to an uncommon genius, and extraordinary talents, that active benevolence which renders them valuable to society.

The activity of his mind sparkled in his eyes, his appearance was simple and unassuming, and when deep study and age had changed the colour of his hair he was particularly noticed for that venerable aspect which prepossesses affection, and confirms reverence. He was an eloquent orator, and declaimed with dignity and grace: he taught very methodically and with great precision; and his auditors always regretted that his discourses were so soon finished. He would sometimes indulge in an infusion of raillery, but it was refined and ingenious, and enlivened the subject without sarcasm or severity.

He was a declared foe to all excess, yet not austere, but cheerful and desirous of promoting every valuable purpose of conversation; communicative, yet modest; in contending for the truth, zealous, though dispassionate; in friendship, sincere, constant, affectionate; in every situation and relation of life, virtuous;

and it may be confidently affirmed, that no man in a private station ever attracted more universal esteem. At the age of 42 he married the only daughter of the burgomaster of Leyden, and amidst all his domestic and professional avocations, found time to compose a number of literary works. Surprising accounts have been given of his sagacity and penetration in the exercise of the healing art; yet he was very far from a presumptuous confidence in his skill, or arrogance at his superiority of success.

He was diligent in his profession, condescending to all, and wholly free from that pride and vanity which wealth sometimes excites in weak minds. He used often to remark that, "The life of a patient, if trifled with or neglected, would one day be required at the hand of the physician." His benevolence led him to the care of those who were too poor to compensate him. "These," he would say, "are the best patients, for God is their pay-master." He was an eminent example of temperance, of fortitude, of humility and devotion. His piety, with a religious sense of his dependence upon God, was the basis of all his virtues, and the moving principle of his whole conduct. He was too sensible how deeply he partook of the weakness of human nature, to ascribe any good thing to himself, or to conceive he could conquer his passions or vanquish temptation by his own unassisted power. He attributed every good thought and laudable action to the Author of all goodness. So deep was his conviction of the depravity of his nature, and so profound his humility, that when he heard of any criminal condemned to die, he would say, "Who can tell whether this man is not better than I? or if I am better, it is not to be ascribed to myself, but to the goodness of God."

The charity and benevolence so conspicuous in his whole life, were derived from a supreme regard to religion. It was his daily practice all his life, as soon as he arose in the morning, which was generally very early, to retire an hour for private prayer and meditation on parts of the Scriptures. When his friends inquired how it was possible for him to support the fatigues of his active profession, he would answer that, "It was his morning hour of meditation and of prayer, that gave him spirit and vigour in the business of the day." He recommended this practice to others, as the best rule he could give them; "for nothing," he would say, "conduces more to health of body and tranquility of mind, and I know nothing which can support me or my fellow creatures, amidst the various distresses of life, but a well-grounded confidence in the Supreme Being, upon the principles of Christianity. He made the excellence of the Christian religion the frequent subject of his conversation, and asserted on all proper occasions the divine origin and efficacy of the Scripture. He recommended to his friends a careful observance of the precept of Moses concerning the love of God and man; and affirmed that a strict obedience to the doctrines, and a diligent imitation of the examples of our blessed Saviour, were the foundation of all true happiness. He formed his ideas of God from what he had revealed of himself in his word, and paid an absolute submission to his will, without endeavouring to search out the reason of his determinations; and this he considered as the first and most inviolable duty of a Christian. His literary fame and religious excellence of character, could not exempt him from enemies; but he never regarded calumny or detraction. He said, "The surest remedy against scandal, was to live it down by perseverance in well doing, and by prayer

to God to cure the distempered minds of those who traduce or injure us." A friend who had often admired his patience under great provocations, inquired by what means he had so entirely suppressed the impetuous passion of anger; he answered with the greatest frankness and sincerity, "I am naturally full of resentment, but by daily prayer and meditation, have at length attained this command over my passions."

In his last illness, which was extremely lingering, painful and afflictive, his constancy and firmness did not forsake him. He neither intermitted the necessary care of life, or forgot the serious preparation for death. Three weeks before his dissolution, when a most learned and exemplary divine visited him at his country-house, he requested to join with him in prayer, and afterwards entered into deep and interesting discourse upon the spiritual and immaterial nature of the soul, which he perspicuously illustrated by describing the effects that the infirmities of the body had upon his faculties, which they did not oppress or vanquish, but left the ethereal principle always master of itself, always resigned to the pleasure of its Maker; adding, "He who loves God, ought to think nothing desirable, but what is most pleasing to the Supreme Goodness."

These sentiments were demonstrated by his conduct: as death approached nearer, he was so far from terror or confusion, that he seemed more cheerful and less sensible of pain. He died on the 25th of September, 1738, in the seventieth year of his age, much honoured, beloved and lamented. His funeral oration was spoken in Latin at the University of Leyden, before a very numerous audience, and his works afterwards published in five large quarto volumes. The

city of Leyden erected as a monument an urn and pedestal of marble, bearing many emblematical devices, surmounted with a medallion of him whom it commemorated, encircled with his own favourite and expressive motto: *"Truth unarrayed."*

REV. SAMUEL BENION.

1673 THOSE are justly entitled to a high rank among the benefactors of mankind who have faithfully devoted themselves to the work of education. More than three centuries since, a far-sighted German wrote, "there is no more heavenly office than that of a school-master."

Samuel Benion, who both by native talent and voluntary choice, had a fitness for this elevated profession, was born in the county of Salop (England), June 14th, 1673. He was the eldest son of his parents, who were religious people of competent estate. He was early instructed at a grammar-school, and afterwards removed to the Academy at Worksworth. There, he became not only the favourite of his teachers, but of the neighbourhood, and it might almost be said, of the town also, so remarkable were his sweetness of temper, ingenuous manners, and readiness to oblige every person who came in his way, to the utmost of his power. His situation and studies were so delightful, and he so much pleased to remain, that he was permitted to prolong his stay beyond what was usual for youths of his proficiency. By continuing at the Academy until his eighteenth year, he laid a broad and deep foundation for classic lore, and acquired the power of writing and speaking Latin with force and fluency. When his course was completed, his instructors parted from him

with tears, regretting that their Institution must sustain the loss of his example, as a scholar and a Christian.

At his first departure from home for school, when very young, his parents were surprised and cheered by a paper left behind, in which he expresses gratitude for their kindness and care of his education, requests their prayers for him, and begs them not to fix their affections inordinately upon him, or in case of his sickness and death, mourn without hope, because he knew that whether living or dying, it would be well with him. Touching memorial of childhood's faith; and most precious to those tender, pious hearts, whose earnest prayer from his birth, had been, that he might live unto God.

He became a member of the University of Glasgow, in Scotland, and such was the reputation he had already acquired for scholarship and high principle, that he was urged and persuaded to take two young gentleman under his supervision. Here, his application was incessant, and he frequently studied sixteen hours in a day, directing a little food to be brought to his room, that he might not be tempted to break in upon trains of thought, by idle conversation at meals. His serious deportment, great diligence and learning, caused him to be universally respected, and when he took his first degree, the Senate of the University honoured him with the office of President of all who were laureated that year, a dignity which had been seldom conferred upon any but natives of their own clime. At the time of his final graduation, the Regents courted his stay, promising him preferment. But neither ambition or gain, could longer detain him from his loved home, where his coming was awaited with intense expectation, and his presence diffused serenity and joy.

However distinguished were his excellencies as a

scholar, they could not eclipse the beauty of his intercourse as a son and a brother. Every look, word, and action, expressed the respect and affection he bore to his parents, and toward his brothers and sisters, all of whom were younger than himself, there was a delicate mingling of tenderness, with a guiding care.

It was his desire to have pursued his theological studies quite a length of time, enjoying and improving the home circle under his father's roof, but he was constantly importuned to assume the charge of a congregation in the vicinity, whose pastor had been recently removed by death. Being but twenty-three, retirement, and longer preparation, were far more consonant to his inclinations, and he said "he trembled at the thought of supplying the place of so great a man as the Rev. Philip Henry." When their solicitations finally overcame his reluctance, he selected with an interesting humility, for the text of his first sermon, the expostulation of a prophet, "Ah, Lord God! behold I cannot speak, for I am a child!"

Yet notwithstanding this lowly estimation of himself, he supported the ministerial character with great propriety and dignity. His style of preaching attracted admiration, and he was earnest and successful in his parochial intercourse. His fluency of expression and suggestiveness of thought were conspicuous, as well as his solemnity in the administration of the ordinances. Every Sunday he catechized the children of his flock, and was happy in adapting his explanations, and winning their attention to the truths he taught. Such happiness flowed into his heart from these sacred, self-denying labours, that he would often say emphatically, that he "preferred the delight found in preaching and praying, to all the entertainments and gratifications of sense."

Still, he bore about him a meekness that nothing could disturb or inflate. It was not a mantle in which he sometimes wrapped himself, but a portion of his inner nature. When applauded for any performance, as he often was, he would reply with a child-like spirit, that "it might have been better done by himself, and far better by another person, and that he never left the pulpit without trembling to think how poorly he had discharged his duty."

Among the preferences of his boyhood, had been a fondness for medical books. He liked to store his memory with their recipes, and was gratified to be invited to repeat or apply them. As he grew older, he gave attention both to the theory and practice of the science of healing, as he found he might thus be useful to the neighbouring poor. His reputation in this line became more extensive than he either anticipated or desired. Being on a visit at Glasgow, he was publicly examined in his knowledge of this profession, by a convocation of the Heads of the College, who pronounced a high testimony of commendation, accompanied by the honorary degree of Doctor of Medicine. Some of the celebrated physicians of that day commended him, as "one of the most ingenious men with whom they had ever held consultation." Finding this occupation burdensome both to strength and time, he would gladly have withdrawn from it, but knew not how to withhold advice from the poor in their distress, and the friends who would consent to apply to no other physician. Precious opportunities were thus afforded of counselling and praying with them, for they could not in conscience refuse to listen to their benefactor, who gratuitously brought prescriptions and medicine for their sickness. Not satisfied to relieve the body's ills, and see the un-

dying soul in danger, he became, in a double sense, "the beloved physician." This intimate knowledge of the condition and needs of those whom he served, taught him where he might to the best advantage distribute Bibles and other religious books, which he accompanied with an injunction that they should be carefully perused.

His benevolence also moved him to give a yearly salary to a competent and pious man, for teaching the poor children in his neighbourhood to read, with a strict charge that none might know whence the annuity came. His ever active benevolence rejected all ostentation. He also evinced a spirit of gentle forbearance towards all who differed from him in sentiment, and habitual care not to give offence to the feelings of the humblest of mankind.

At the age of thirty, he married a lady of congenial tastes and endowments, whose piety and tender affection lent a new charm to existence. Being established in a pleasant home of his own, he was strongly urged by friends who entertained a high opinion of his learning, and peculiar tact in imparting it, to take charge of the education of their sons. After a proper season for deliberation, he yielded to their solicitations, and consented to assume the training of thirty students.

It was the opinion of many observers, that though his genius qualified him to excel in whatever he undertook, he had now found its native channel, in which he would attain a superiority before unequalled. Beside that love of teaching which is essential to a good teacher, his own protracted and thorough training in the languages and sciences, gave him facilities for imparting their rudiments, while the uncommon attachment which had subsisted between himself and

his instructors, fitted him for that affectionate intercourse which changes toil to pleasure.

Nature had also given him external advantages for this noble profession, a countenance expressive both of gravity and sweetness, and in his deportment a mixture of grace and dignity, majesty tempered with mildness. His first appearance was prepossessing, and while a more intimate acquaintance developed qualities to conciliate love, nothing was revealed that could diminish respect. His clear and fine elocution heightened the effect of whatever he uttered, while his deep, classical knowledge, and philosophical mind, qualified him either to dictate or to argue with equal eloquence and force.

He lectured to his pupils in their several classes every day, and had the skill so to illumine and enliven abstruse subjects, that they all agreed, that though he might be sometimes long, he was never tedious. He occasionally discoursed extemporaneously both in Latin and English, on various intricate points of philosophy, with such versatilty of illustration and felicity of style, that they were considered not inferior to his more elaborate compositions. Anxious that his scholars should have the aid of the best guides, and not fully satisfied with the text-books in use, he took the trouble to prepare and simplify for them, comprehensive systems of Logic, Metaphysics, Mathematics, and Ethics. In the department of Pneumatics he was so lucid and ardent, that a contemporary biographer said, "his close application to the nature of spiritual essences, might seem a presage of his own near approach to a world of spirits."

He was accustomed to recommend to his pupils the study of pure mathematics, as favourable to the virtues of patience and perseverance, and to mental

stability and satisfaction, by rewarding labour with the certainty of demonstration. In comparing the different theories, and hypotheses of philosophy, he taught them to guard freedom of thought, and search for truth without prejudice or partiality.

As in theology, he had formed his own opinions, not by a blind admission of the doctrines of any sect, but from the Scriptures, so he invited them to examine the expositions he gave them, and receive them only as far as they were consistent with the sacred text. Yet while he encouraged fair investigation, he zealously infused and fortified the first principles of religion, as an antidote to both scepticism and bigotry.

The government established over his students was strict and steady. His authority was founded on reason, reverence, and affection. He required diligence and subordination, resting his sway, as far as possible, on the heart. He enjoined that the early morning hours should be well improved, and nothing suffered to interfere with stated, secret devotion. Harmless recreations at proper intervals were indulged, while they were sedulously restrained from whatever was questionable or unbecoming. Whenever he perceived remissness in study, or carelessness in manner, or conversation, he gave admonition plainly, but tenderly. He had a peculiar tact in familiar conversation, of introducing subjects that might lead them, by their own remarks, to reprove themselves. Of this they were often so sensible, as to reform their own conduct, and save him the trouble of personal reproof. But where circumstances required admonition, he gave it firmly and solemnly, not in anger, but in love. He took pains to convince the delinquents that he delighted not in blame, but "as his beloved sons," he warned them. His expostulations often drew tears from hearts not

apt to relent, while those that trembled in his own eye showed how truly he grieved for their faults. These interviews he closed with solemn prayer, and though young men of different habits, tempers, and pursuits, were submitted to his guidance, all were happily influenced, and some permanently impressed by his mode of treatment.

He was a shining, consistent example of the piety he strove to promote in them. His precepts had a stronger effect from their harmonizing influence on his life and conversation. He was skilful in extracting from common occurrences, a heavenly essence and spirit. In lecturing on the works of nature, he ever directed the young mind to the Great First Cause, as the object of adoration and love.

It was observed by those around him, that he appeared superior to casual disappointments and vexations. This self-control aided him to control others. He seemed to them, as one dwelling in a calm, undisturbed region, having his heart fixed on the "things unseen and eternal," of which he delighted to discourse. Those who had no predilection for serious subjects, were induced to listen by his fatherly words, "my dear pupil, if any thing I can say may be an instrument of advancing your good, or if I can do any thing to promote your eternal welfare, how happy shall I be."

Upon those who were designed for the ministry, he fervently laboured to impress the need of devout preparation, and the danger of unfaithfulness to souls. He encouraged them to thorough and careful study of the Scriptures in their original tongues. As they were in the habit of writing from memory his daily expositions, he accustomed them, once a week, to read to him their separate transcripts, comparing them, and

conversing seriously on the opinions they contained, that new ideas might be suggested, and the old more firmly fixed. Once a week, each member of the theological class was required in his turn, to analyze or explain a portion of Scripture, and offer the solemn service of prayer, ere they retired for the night. These exercises he deemed important, both to nourish their own personal piety, and to guide and give them readiness for their future work.

While he was thus deeply solicitous for their religious improvement and progress in the severer sciences, he was not neglectful of the refinements, or graceful embellishments of education. Oratory and Poetry received due attention, and in their written thoughts elegance of style was required, as well as clearness of argument. Fine elocution and correct emphasis were assiduously taught, and each pupil was called, at a stated time, to read aloud passages from different and difficult authors, that any defect in tone or utterance might be perceived and corrected.

The untiring efforts of this conscientious instructor, were generally acknowledged and gratefully appreciated by his students. One of them, while still under his care, wrote home to his parents:

"He so well understands the passions of the mind, and has so great an art in managing tempers, that he could, if he designed it, easily send out flaming bigots to almost any set of principles. But he is too much a Christian, a scholar, and a gentleman, to be swallowed up by the violence of any party. His aim is to make men of sense and rational Christians; and if we fall short, it will not be his fault."

Constant prayer for divine assistance gave him strength for his unresting and responsible station. In all his ways he acknowledged God, committing the

minutest concerns to his guidance. Though his pupils, as a part of his family, had the privilege of joining in morning and evening worship, he deemed it a duty to begin and end their daily studies with prayer, saying that there were many petitions for them, in which the household had no part. When a new student entered, he commended him and his studies to the smile of an Almighty Teacher; and when one returned home, he affectionately besought that the Divine Blessing might go with him. If any of their number were sick, or in affliction, his tearful entreaties at the Throne of Grace revealed the solicitude and sympathy of a father.

Out of his large number of pupils three only died while under his care. Then he humbled himself, and bowed down as for a first born. With floods of tears he said, "Let me resign myself, and all that is dear to me, into the hand of God. It is the Lord! Let Him do what seemeth Him good." Besides his public discourses on these occasions of bereavement, he gave most pathetic private ones to his pupils from Job. "He cometh forth like a flower, and is cut down." From Solomon, "Remember the days of darkness;" and from the reply of the mourning Shunamite: "It is well."

An Address of his at their return from one of these obsequies, on the happiness of heaven, where parting and weeping are unknown, greatly affected his sorrowing and beloved pupils.

While thus active for the good of others, and in the prime of strength and usefulness, he became the victim of a fatal fever. The last evening of his life but one, as he sat in his chair, he seemed to doze; and suddenly awaking, spoke with animation of extraordinary music, that had cheered him, more melodious and delightful than any he had ever heard or conceived. Was it a

prelude of the celestial symphony he was so soon to join.

On the 4th of March, 1707, at the age of thirty-four, he was removed from earth. Short was his term; yet he had accomplished more than many who reach the boundary of three-score and ten. What a scene of mourning did that desolated house present. An aged father and mother who rested on him as the prop of their declining days; an affectionate wife who had been united to him but a few years; two infant sons, unable to comprehend their loss; thirty pupils who loved him as their father; a family, deprived of its head; a flock without a shepherd. Few ever had more true tears shed at their death, and few have better deserved them.

MRS. MARY LLOYD.

1681 The subject of this sketch, was the only child of Captain John Clark and Mary Atwater, and born at Boston, in the month of May, 1681. In her infancy her father fell a victim to the small-pox, on the coast of Barbary, while engaged in commercial pursuits. Her mother supported the sorrows of early widowhood with the resignation of a Christian; and with a beautiful decorum which reflected honour on that lot of affliction, avoided the temptations of the world, and devoted her time and talents to the education of her child. Her life was a pattern of usefulness and respectability, and when at the age of 67, she felt the sudden approach of death, she said, "The blessed day which I have so long expected has come," and in perfect tranquility and peace expired.

The daughter of such a parent had high advantages for the formation of right habits and principles. Amiable tendencies appeared with the first dawnings of reason, and her early improvement in all good things, rendered happy the mother, who was also her teacher. From childhood she delighted to read the Scriptures, observed stated seasons of retirement, sought the conversation of persons eminent for piety, and inquired how she might render herself acceptable to her Father in heaven. A sweet seriousness always marked her

deportment, yet there was a period in early youth, when her impression of divine things became unusually strong; her anxiety to obtain a personal interest in the great salvation deepened into distress, and the result of the whole was to cast herself entirely on that mercy which hath no bounds, and to number herself with the professed followers of the Saviour.

While her unfeigned piety endeared her to the more reflecting portion of the community, her beauty, accomplishments, and the charms of her conversation surrounded her with a train of admirers. Among several advantageous offers of marriage, she selected one that involved the most solemn responsibility, and at the age of nineteen, was united to the Rev. Ebenezer Pemberton, of Boston, one of the distinguished preachers of his time. During the sixteen years of their continuance in the conjugal relation, she became the mother of seven children, three of whom she followed to the grave, and to the welfare of the surviving four she dedicated all the force of her example, her instructions, and her prayers. The man whom she had wisely chosen as the guide of her youth, and who delighted to acknowledge her as his "assistant and comforter, his ornament and delight," was in domestic life amiable, and in pastoral duty fervent and unwearied. He spent his life in assiduous labours, and died in the humble yet full assurance of faith."

As his last hour drew nigh, he said "I thank God who hath given me a good hope through Christ, notwithstanding my many infirmities, in public and in private. Through his grace have I been enabled to be sincere and upright before him. So that now, when this my earthly tabernacle is to be dissolved, I look for a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens. And this trust is built only on the merits

of Him who hath suffered so much for me, who died and is risen again, and ever liveth to make intercession for me. Yea, on this foundation is built my hope for myself, my family, my church, and the whole Israel of God. And I thank Him who hath enabled me in a dying hour to express this my hope."

Separation from the cherished society of her dearest friend, was an unspeakable trial to the devoted wife, and at times, her affectionate nature almost sank beneath the sorrow. Yet she remembered who had afflicted her, and poured out her tears before His mercy-seat. She entered upon a life of retirement, that she might give herself more exclusively to the education of her children, for whose improvement and happiness no parent could manifest a more solicitous concern. She rejoiced to see them advance in knowledge, and appear with propriety in the varied intercourse of life; yet because she felt the precarious nature of all earthly advantages, she constantly and earnestly besought for them an heritage in the kingdom of heaven. She instilled into their forming minds the love of their Creator, and by the most attractive modes of persuasion, strove to insure the dedication of their youth to His service, and the avoidance of that frivolity and vacillation by which the morning of life is too often overclouded.

> "Even as a bird each fond allurement tries,
> To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies
> She tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,
> Allur'd to brighter worlds, and led the way."

After long continuing in a state of widowhood and seeing her children comfortably settled in their different stations, she was induced to become the consort of John Campbell, Esq., under whose roof she enjoyed

and imparted happiness throughout the remainder of his life. Afterwards she was again united to Henry Lloyd, Esq., of Queen's Village, New York, with whom for a period of more than twenty years she resided, in the interchange of every conjugal and Christian virtue. Though far removed from beloved friends and the associations of early years, she accommodated herself cheerfully to a secluded situation, and entered zealously into the employments and satisfactions of rural life. To her partner she exerted herself to become an agreeable companion, to his children, a kind and judicious guide, to his servants, an indulgent mistress, to his tenants, a beneficent patron, ready to relieve their wants, or sympathise in their sorrows. She managed a numerous household with the most exact economy, and was so fortunate as to avoid the odium which too often attaches to the character of a step-mother. Indeed her new family regarded her with an enthusiastic attachment, which rendered a sequestered home, and its duties delightful.

Notwithstanding her active participation in all domestic affairs, she found time for regular reading, and habitually selected books whose tendency was to make the heart wiser and better. The Inspired Volume had been the counsellor of her youth; it was now the solace and delight of her age. She was strict in the observance of the Sabbath, attending public worship with her household, and suffering no light conversation in her presence, and no unnecessary business to be transacted under her roof.

She rose early, that she might secure an unbroken interval for morning devotion. No pressure of avocation or interruption of company, was permitted to invade that hallowed service, to which she resorted, not as a task, but a refreshing and delightful privilege.

Private manuscripts, in the form of meditations and prayers, which have been preserved by her friends, reveal with what humility and fervour she addressed herself to these sacred duties. Yet her piety was not confined to the closet; its direct spirit breathed forth, and animated all the movements of the day. Submission to the divine will and serenity amid vicissitude or disappointment, were among its fruits. Though naturally of an excitable and ardent temperament, yet she had by prayer and resolution obtained such ascendancy over it, as to meet unpleasant occurrences without betraying uneasiness, and personal provocations without indulging resentment.

Charity was her daily virtue; and it was her daily study to perform kind and benevolent actions to all within the sphere of her acquaintance. She was ingenious in devising opportunities to oblige, and unwilling that any person should leave her house without some token of her remembrance. The same disposition led her to dislike a spirit of calumny and detraction, and to set her face firmly against it, not sparing reproof wherever it appeared. Towards those who differed from her in religious sentiments, she testified no bitterness. Even if they entertained dangerous errors, she treated them with Christian tenderness, and instead of exasperating them by controversy, besought in secret prayer, that they might be led to a knowledge of the truth.

She had been distinguished in early life by a lively fancy, a tenacious memory, and a happy talent for conversation, speaking always in soft and glowing language, with a graceful manner. These advantages, she did not forfeit as she advanced in years. Her lovely and pleasant countenance, the politeness of her address, and a mixture of vivacity, with an aptness

to convey instruction, which marked her colloquial powers, induced the young to seek her society as a pleasure.

In the decline of life, she was ever dignified and beloved; diligently improving her time, and prosecuting her various employments with a vigour that animated those around. Her tranquil disposition and exact temperance in diet, encouraged her friends to hope that she might be spared to extreme old age. But she continued to prepare for her expected change; and retiring one evening in unbroken health, awoke from a profound sleep at two in the morning, and complaining only of shortness of breath, suddenly, and apparently without pain, expired, Nov. 10th, 1749, at the age of sixty-eight.

COLONEL JAMES GARDINER.

1688 A SUDDEN and permanent change from wrong principles and habits to their opposite, has been seldom more strongly exhibited than in the case of the subject of this sketch. He was a native of Linlithgowshire, Scotland, and born on the 10th of January, 1688. The military life to which he was destined, early surrounded him with its temptations, and oppressed him by its bereavements. His father fell during a long campaign in Germany; an uncle at the battle of Steinkirk; and his eldest brother, at the seige of Namur, on the day that he completed his sixteenth year.

The mother of James Gardiner was a woman of a pious and tender spirit. Under the weight of her afflictions, she strove, with peculiar earnestness, to cultivate the intellect of her son, and to impress his heart with religious sensibilities. She placed him at the best school in Linlithgow, where his progress in study, especially in the languages, was gratifying to his teachers and to herself. Yet his feelings received no upward direction, and her pious precepts took no root in his volatile nature. She would fain by tender persuasion and remonstrance have withdrawn him from the hazards of a military life. But his preference for the profession of his father was uncontrollable; and so

precocious were his belligerent tastes, that he was engaged in three duels, ere he attained the stature of a man. In one of these, he received a deep wound in the face, whose scar he bore to his grave. He first served as a cadet, and at the early age of fourteen, was promoted to an ensign's commission in a Scottish regiment engaged in the war with Holland.

During the battle of Ramillies, in the reign of Queen Anne, he performed many feats of valour. While rallying his men to a desperate attack on the French, who were posted in the churchyard of Ramillies, and while the most blasphemous oaths trembled on his tongue, he received a bullet in his mouth, which passed out through his neck, and in a state of racking anguish lay on the field of battle the whole night, covered with his own blood, and surrounded by the dying. But neither the tortures of a wound, inflamed by neglect and improper treatment, nor the depression of sickness, nor yet his deliverance, impressed his heart, or awakened it to reflection. At his recovery he returned to his vices, and plunged into every course of shameless dissipation. Yet in this life of licentiousness he realized no happiness; and when his gay friends were once congratulating him on his successes and felicity, he happened to cast his eyes upon a dog that entered the room, and could not forbear groaning inwardly, and wishing, "*Oh, that I were that dog!*"

In this course he continued till past the thirtieth year of his age, when he was reclaimed by a wonderful interposition of divine power. In the midst of a career of vice, his mind became so suddenly and deeply impressed, that he thought he saw before his eyes a representation of the crucified Saviour, and heard his voice expostulating with him. The deep amazement of his soul, was succeeded by several days and nights

of extreme horror, till at length, as if in answer to agonizing cries and prayers, the day-spring of salvation dawned from on high. An entire change was wrought in his views, affections, and propensities; and he who was once blind through the enmity of sin, saw clearly. This perceptible alteration of his behaviour, soon excited the raillery of his former companions, which he sustained with calmness, and told them of his unalterable determination to serve the Lord.

At his return from Paris to London, knowing that he must encounter the ridicule of those with whom he had once associated in sin, he requested to meet them on a social party at the house of a friend. During dinner he was the object of their sharpest witticisms, to which he made little reply; but when the cloth was removed, he entreated their hearing, while he recounted the cause of his visible alteration, the thorough change of his principles and affections, and the peace and serenity which he enjoyed, to which he was before a stranger. They listened to this manly and rational defence with the deepest astonishment, and the master of the house rising said: "Come, let us call another cause. We thought this man mad, and he is in good earnest, proving that we are so." When his friends perceived him still cheerful and conversable, they no longer cavilled at his opinions, but seemed to wish to share his happiness, and to own him as a superior being.

None ever knew better how to blend the graceful and amiable discharge of the duties of life with the strict devotion of a Christian. He always rose so early as to be able to devote two hours to prayer, meditation, and praise, in which he acquired an uncommon fervency, and realized great delight.

If the care and perplexity, incidental to a life in

camps, demanded his attention at an unusually early hour, he would rise proportionably early, that his religious duties might not be curtailed.

Communion with God gave vigour to his efforts, and sublimated his social feelings and affections. When he received a letter from a friend, it was his habit to retire and pray for him; and when he had charge of a family, the morning and evening orisons were never omitted. So anxious was he that the voice of prayer and praise should ever duly arise from his household altar, that he engaged a clergyman as a constant resident to officiate during his absence, and to attend to the instruction of his children.

His letters evince those fervent strains of piety to which the heart gives the key-tone. The disturbed state of his beloved country, was a frequent theme of his correspondence.

"I am daily offering my prayers," he says, "for this sinful land of ours, over which the judgments of God seem so to be gathering. My strength is sometimes exhausted with the 'strong crying and tears' that I pour out before Him, so that I am scarcely able to stand, when I rise from my knees."

The labours of this true patriot and Christian, were closed by that violent death which often awaits those who choose the life of a soldier. He fell at the battle of Preston-Pans, September 21st, 1745, at the head of his regiment. At the commencement of the action, he received two severe gun-shot wounds, which he disregarded, and continued to animate his men by his voice and example. But a fierce Highlander, with a scythe, severed his right arm from his body and dragged him from his horse, while another rushing on with a Lochaber axe, terminated his existence. As he lay on the earth expiring, he elevated the arm that

was left, and gave signal for his men to retreat, saying in faint tones to a chief of the opposite party, who advanced to gaze upon him: "You fight for an earthly crown, I go to receive a heavenly one."

It seems scarcely possible for two individuals to differ more from each other, than did this distinguished man from himself at various periods of life. And seldom has the infusion of a hallowed principle afforded more visible protection from the evils of a profession at variance with the peaceful requisitions of the Gospel; or more triumphantly sustained amid the terrors of an agonizing death.

MRS. ANN EGEDE.

1691 ANN EGEDE, the wife of the Rev. Hans Egede, was a native of Norway, and born in the year 1691. The nature of her education, and the depth of her piety, well fitted her to be the companion and helper of a devoted pastor. Their residence was at Vogen. Here that share of attention which devolved on her to a numerous and affectionate flock, with her faithful care over four young children, occupied her whole time usefully and happily.

It was not long after their marriage, that the heart of her husband was touched with pity for the souls of the neglected Greenlanders, and a desire to be to them a teacher of salvation. This missionary spirit, directed towards a race and clime so unpromising, was regarded as a fanaticism approaching to madness. His friends, and particularly those of his wife, derided the design. She, also, not having taken the same deep view of the subject, was opposed to his wishes. But she saw that he was unhappy. Her tenderness for him moved her to inquire with sympathy into his secret sorrows. He communicated to her his impressions, and assured her that his conscience gave him no rest, while he resisted what he believed to be his duty. Long and earnestly did she spread this cause in prayer before God, soliciting his guidance. Then her own heart became decided,

that she would strengthen the hands of her husband; and though all the world might condemn him, that he should never be forsaken by her

Hans Egede viewed this change in the opinions of his wife, as an answer of prayer. With what an overflowing heart did he give thanks for it. He felt as if every obstacle was vanquished, and that the love and co-operation of this high minded woman, was, indeed, a host.

Still, there were many obstructions to overcome. Columbus did not plead the cause of the New World, more vehemently, before the University of Salamanca, and at the foot of the throne of Ferdinand and Isabella, than Egede besought the Bishops of Bergen and Drontheim, the College of Missions, the fraternity of merchants, and the king of Denmark, for permission and means to carry the name of Christ to the inhospitable regions of Greenland. Nearly ten years were consumed in fruitless negotiation. At length the way was opened, and he was empowered as a missionary, to that almost undiscovered clime.

Now came the farewell to his beloved flock at Vogen. They thronged around him with tears and lamentations. The children whom he had baptized, begged him not to leave them, and those whom he had led to the table of the Lord, were lost in grief, that his example and consolations were to be withdrawn. His own firmness wavered, and grief overpowered him. Well might he have addressed them in the words of the apostle, "what mean ye to weep, and to break my heart?" Then his wife stood forth as a strengthening angel. She sustained the zeal from which she had at first imbibed her own. And he felt and acknowledged that the mightier heart of man, may draw in strength from woman's gentler nature, whose very dependence and

humility brings it nearer heaven, and feeds it with divine succours. Amid the sorrowful partings at Vogen, she retained a calm demeanour, and a cheerful countenance, sustaining him whom she loved, and for whom she counted all sacrifices light.

They repaired to Bergen, in order to commence their voyage. There the missionary was regarded as a fanatic, forcing his family into an exile worse than death. The beautiful and fearless woman, taking care of her four young children, and cheering her husband with a heroic smile, was an object of tender commiseration to all beholders.

It was in the month of May, 1721, that they went on board the *Hope*, to undertake what seemed to others, a hopeless expedition. Storms overtook and harassed them. Contrary winds blew them back, and threatened to dash their ship in pieces. Thick fogs evironed them in a canopy of darkness, and ice mountains towered over them in terrible companionship. Through this dreary voyage, Ann Egede soothed her affrighted little ones, and spoke peace to the heart of her husband.

On the 3rd of July, they reached the coast of a dreary island, and saw the first tents of the Greenlanders. When they entered these low and miserable habitations, and saw the squalid inmates, with their seal-skin mantles and seal-skin beds; if the heart of Ann Egede reverted painfully to her native land, to the pleasant parsonage which she had left, with its neat chambers and sweetly furnished parlours, no one could detect the mournful comparison, so kindly did she smile upon her husband, and so readily greet the ignorant and slovenly women who hasted forward to embrace her. Now came the toil of learning their rude language. They wrote down the name of every thing

that they saw, and almost every word that they heard uttered by this stupid and taciturn people. Ere they were able to converse with them, they endeavoured by drawing simple sketches of some transactions recorded in Scripture, and by explanations with signs, to prepare them for the reception of Divine truth. But their minds were as sterile as the snowy wastes that surrounded them. They seemed also displeased that the strangers were to reside among them. They supposed them to have come for the purposes of traffic; and the hope of gain, ensured a welcome reception. But the gain of godliness they did not covet, and their faces which had no pretensions to beauty, grew more hideous, from the scowl of unkindness and discontent. The gentle manners, and particularly the presents of the missionaries, produced by slow degrees, some change in these semi-savages. The tenderness of Mrs. Egede to their children, and her skill in assisting them when they were sick, wrought upon the gratitude of many mothers.

But greater trials came. Scanty and unpalatable as was the food of the natives, it began to fail, and there was a prospect of famine. All the Danes and Norwegians, who, with the expectation of trade, had accompanied Egede, determined to return. Should he remain alone, and expose his wife and children to the danger of dying for want of sustenance? Or should he desert a post, which for ten years, he had toiled to obtain, while he had made trial of it yet but ten months? Contending emotions made shipwreck of his peace. Sleep departed from his eyes.

At length he said to his wife, "Duty to you, and our children, demands that I return. How can I see you all pining away before my eyes? When our people sail for our native land, we will accompany them."

But with a cheering tone, the noble-minded woman

said, "No, let us remain here, my husband. We will not fly from the charge which we sought so long in prayer, and which God has entrusted to us. Hardships we expected, when we became missionaries. Let us have patience. I have faith to believe that the ship will soon arrive."

The ship, to which she alluded, was one which had been promised from the fatherland with provisions. Its delay, beyond the appointed time, had occasioned distressing anxiety. The missionary, strengthened by the courage of his companion, watched intensely for the coming of the ship. He paced the shore for hours, during the day, and often during the nights, which were at that season beautifully clear, straining his sight to descry a distant sail. How often did the white cloud shape itself like the wings of the desired messenger, and his heart leap up, only to fall heavier and more stone-like into his bosom, borne down with the agony of hope deferred. It was not till the morning of June 27th, 1722, that the ship, hailed as the herald of heaven, was seen with beautiful distinctness, approaching the shore. The group, that on the very margin of the rugged coast assembled to hail her, transcended the power of the artist's pencil. The missionary first, with his pale and subdued countenance, raised his hands to heaven, and blessed the God of their fathers, who had not forgotten them in their low estate. His wife, leading her two little daughters by the hand, while the sons pressed onward still nearer to the sea, fixed her joyous, yet moistened eye, upon the lonely vessel that brought letters from her fatherland and bread for her children. The Danish and Norwegian traders greeted with loud shouts their liberator from this inhospitable clime, where their hopes of lucrative trade had been as the "baseless fabric of

a vision." Mingling with them were the diminutive forms of the natives, their inexpressive features somewhat kindled up with curiosity, and an uncouth participation of the rapture that they beheld. Never was ship freighted with a deeper joy than this, which had for many weeks traversed the cold seas, oft tempest-tost, and beaten backward. There were bright faces from Europe, and lips speaking freshly the language of the fatherland, and the luxury of bread, to those who had fared scantily on the black flesh of the seal, and the withered sinews of the rein-deer, and letters of friendship and affection, like pure water to the thirsty soul, and documents from the merchants, declaring that the trade with Greenland should continue, and orders from his Majesty of Denmark, that the mission should be sustained. With what fervour did Hans Egede bless his wife, that true prophetess of good things, who had upheld him in his despondency.

Not long after, he undertook a voyage of discovery, on the eastern coast, and made use of the sufferings and hazards which it involved, to win, as far as possible, the confidence of the Greenlanders who accompanied him. He strove to teach them the arts of cultivation, and selecting the most favourable and sheltered spots, committed to the earth, grain and the seeds of vegetables. Though as late as the month of May, he attempted to thaw the frozen ground, by setting on fire the old grass which had withered upon it. But the corn which he sowed, was obliged to be cut down unripe in September, because the frosts then became violent, and the vegetables had in size or flavour, scarce a resemblance to their original nature. By toils of this kind, and hopes of an immediate and tangible benefit, he sought to win some influence over the rude natives, which he might turn to the good of their souls. For

intellectual culture they had little respect. They said they could not see the good of sitting all day, to gaze upon a piece of paper, or idly scrawling with a feather in a book. So their spiritual guide sacrificed his literary tastes, and laid aside the delights of learning, labouring to win, if it were but one soul to Christ. By the assistance of his family, who conversed much with the natives, in order to acquire their pronunciation, he commenced a Greenland grammar, and translated portions of the Gospels, to which he added questions and illustrations.

For a part of the year so fearful was the climate, that but little could be attended to, save those imperative cares whose object is to preserve life. We borrow on these subjects the eloquent description of Mr. Carnes in his "*Lives of Eminent Missionaries,*" from whom the substance of this sketch is derived.

"The return of winter called for all their resources. There was then little enjoyment out of doors, and still less within, except constant fires were in each apartment, and warm furs round the body. Every door and window were carefully closed, but winter, like a serpent, crept into each nook and corner of the dwelling. Cups of heated water or even brandy, if set upon the table, were frozen in a few minutes. The ice and hoar frost would sometimes spread during the night from the chimney to the stove's mouth, without being thawed by the warmth of the fire. The linen was often frozen in the drawers, and the soft eider-down bed and pillows stiffened with frost, even while the sleepers rested there.

"One of the most singular effects of the cold, was the *frost smoke*, that rose from the sea, in thin volumes, as from a furnace. This is more injurious to the

human frame, than the keenest atmosphere. No sooner was it wafted by the wind over the land, than it created such a cutting and exquisite cold, that no one could go out of the house, without having his hands and feet bitten. The rising of these wreaths of smoke, from the moveless surface of the sea, was a strange sight; the feeble moon struggling through them; no one stirred abroad at this hour, every avenue at which air or light could enter, was shrouded. In the dim twilight of the day that followed, the daring hunter would sometimes venture forth in his sledge to seek the rein-deer. A strong and mournful impression was made by the annual departure of the sun. It took place about the 26th of November. They usually ascended the rocks at noon, to behold the sun once more, and when he just showed them his faint and mild light, ere he vanished for a long period, they sadly bade him farewell. The days that immediately succeeded, were tolerably light, but in December, it was twilight, even at noon. From this time, the lights were always kept burning. The stormy sea, now and then, beat against the shore, and then there succeeded a long calm, when the waves chained by the ice, could move no more. The fire must be fed carefully, for life depended on it, and the lamp never suffered to go out, for then they could neither read the few books that they possessed, nor work, nor see each other's faces, the only glad sight that was left. This long night was made more painful by fancied terrors. Sad sounds were often abroad in the air, caused by the meeting of masses of disjointed ice, or the splitting of the rocks with intense cold; even the piteous cry of the seal was sometimes enough to create alarm. There were also noises on the deep and on the shore, for which they could not account, so that the exiles were

often like the people of Egypt, during the plague of darkness, when in the sublime description of the Apocrypha, 'they heard the sound of fearful things rushing by, even by their doors, and in their chambers, but saw not the form thereof.' No visitor came to cheer the lagging moments, no friend to speak of passing events, or share their solitary meal. There were no events to tell of; the land was sealed and covered; within each silent dwelling was seen to glimmer the undying lamp, every friend was in the distant land of Norway, their own forsaken home. And did not thought sometimes fly to that home, its dear fire-side, its bright faces, its unfading comfort? The wife and the husband indeed talked of it, but always with submission to the will of heaven. Mrs. Egede had left it early, when all her attachments, as well as her personal attractions, were fresh and unfaded, and when her fair children were just emerging from infancy. They were now much grown and improved. The eldest whom the father loved most, had the mother's blue eye, her flaxen hair, and the same mild, but resolved cast of features. Could a man be desolate, even in the horrors of a Greenland winter, who had such a wife, such a companion?

"About the middle of January, if the weather was fine, the rays of the sun could be seen on the high rocks, and a few days afterwards he was beheld glorious, as if new created, but only for a few minutes. After the middle of May, he ceased to set at night, but rose higher and higher till the summer solstice; and about the end of July, he dipped again at night, though partially, under the horizon. The aspect of nature, during this perpetual day, that lasted a few months, was strange and indelible, and affected the imagination. There was no passing away, or return

of the sun; a cold, pure, yellow light, covered the surface of the sea, and the rocky hills and wastes; its effect on the lonely lakes and scanty groups of birch and juniper trees was beautiful; there were forms of the rein-deer moving to and fro; no changing hues in the sky, no shadows on the earth, but the same dream-like lustre spread over all; it seemed like a silent world, from which man had passed away. Perhaps the feeling after a time was painful; those who wandered there, knew that no night was to come again, no sweet repose of evening, to welcome to the senses and the fancy, that in no cave of the rock, no chamber of the dwelling, would be any gloom; on the ocean and shore, there was no pause to the everlasting light. The morn brought a burning sun, but no softness of moon or stars, came with the close of day. One object there was of inexpressible grandeur; when some noble iceberg floated slowly from the bay, the faint, golden light, streaming on every part of its white surface, it looked like a mountain in a holier and brighter world, save that at intervals, one of its many pinnacles were seen to tremble, and then a crash, like thunder, rang through the silent scene. After this period of strange, undeclining day, when darkness came again, it seemed like a stranger who had been long forgotten.

"Deserted by his countrymen and friends, and but little cheered by the spiritual improvement of the natives, the situation of Egede was such as to draw forth the real character of the man. He had left Norway full of glowing hopes and anticipations. In spite of the paintings of his friends, and the discouraging tales of mariners, who had visited the land, he had marked it out, as his own scene of success, his own field of usefulness. The missionary Swartz also mourned beneath delay, and appealed to heaven against the

obduracy of man; but *his* path was not all barren; many a soul was rescued, many a lip breathed forth blessings, the constant change of place and scene, kept alive the excitement of the mind, the seed that withered in one place sprang up in another. But with Egede, the desolation of that sterile clime, was not greater than the desolation of his hopes; confined and cabined the greater part of the year to one melancholy spot, he saw the same faces of unbelief daily gather round him; the same mockeries rang in his ear every eve, as the natives passed his dwelling on their return from the sea. His only solace now, was in his loved companion. This noble-minded woman thought nothing of her sacrifices. Shrouded most of the time in the shelter of her dwelling, and left alone by the frequent absences of her husband, she never repined for a moment. The comforts and conveniences of her abode were few and miserable; yet she saw the ships from Norway come and return again; she heard the tidings of her native home, and of the blessings enjoyed there, yet never desired to forsake Greenland. To the strong affection for her husband, was added the still stronger love of God. Amidst the troubles that so deeply mingled in their lot, he always saw her countenance free from sorrow, her spirit always cheerful. He had more excitements in the land than this lonely woman, wandering among the valleys and plains, exploring the coast in boats, or forming plans for a colony, and its commerce. Sometimes, with his sons, he would arrive at their home before morn, where he found the wife, with her two daughters, fondly expecting them. If the home of the cotter on the mountain side, or of the weary wanderer, cleaves to his affections, that of Egede was very dear, it was the only place in the land where smiles and kindness

awaited him. The little family group found all their hopes and enjoyments in each other; and when the father gave out the hymn, and they all joined their voices or knelt down in prayer, it was as if one soul and one voice was offered to God."

In 1728, Christian IV King of Denmark, was induced to send several ships to Greenland, with a view of establishing a colony there. Officers were sent, and soldiers, mechanics with their wives, ammunition, and materials for a fort, to protect the expected trade against the competition of other nations. Friendly also to the progress of the mission, the monarch dispatched two Danish clergymen to strengthen the hands of Egede. The settlement was removed from the island, where it had been originally established to the main land, somewhat further to the eastward. But this addition of numbers did not prove an accession of strength. The emigrants had not sufficiently counted the cost of that terrible climate. They became dissatisfied, and the soldiers mutinied. To Egede, whom they considered the principal cause of their being sent to such a region, they were peculiarly hostile. He found it even necessary to have a guard round his habitation. "I have slept securely in the huts of the *savage*," said that good man, "but now am I forced to have a watch around my bed, to protect me against my *fellow-Christians*." In the midst of these dangers his wife remained firm, heroic and benignant as a guardian angel. The greater part of the natives, displeased at these disorders of the new comers, removed from them, and resided in distant places. So that the mission was hindered by the soldiers, as the spirit of the Gospel is ever impeded by the spirit of war. The more useful people and artificers, being

most exposed to hardship, fell before the severity of winter. The horses, and other animals, intended for the comfort of the colony, died. Contagious sickness also quelled the mutineers, and many of them were laid in their graves. Those who survived their sufferings till the spring, were but shadows of themselves. "It was impressive," says the accomplished biographer, of the Mission, "to see the eagerness with which those invalids grasped at the short grass, that began to shoot out under the snow. They heeded not the cold and melting soil on which they were laid, but clasped the tender moss and the fresh wild flowers in their feeble hands, like long-forgotten luxuries."

The projected colony wasted away like a bubble. As soon as permission could be obtained, they fled back again to Europe, governor and soldiers, assistant missionaries, and all. Egede was also urged to return. He received information from the government, that if he persisted in remaining, provisions enough for one year, should be allowed to him and his family, after which no further aid could be expected, as neither colony or mission in that dreary clime, could be supported with rational hope of success. He consulted long and solemnly with his beloved companion. Eight winters in the frigid zone had not left them ignorant of what a mission to Greenland implied. Neither was the love of their native country, and the friends who supplicated their return, at all chilled in their affectionate hearts. The health of Egede had not remained unimpaired, nor his vigour unwasted in that terrible atmosphere. But among those whom he had laboured to teach and to save, there had appeared somewhat more of religious susceptibility. One hundred and fifty children had been baptized. They were under the instruction of this devoted man of God and his

wife. The first-fruits of this frozen desert were laid in the scale, where their duty was balancing. Their weight prevailed. They decided to remain. They saw the last remaining European take his departure. They gave their parting blessing to the two returning missionaries, and sent by them letters and messages of love to their distant dear ones. They watched the receding ships till they were as a speck on the great deep, and turned to their lonely cell, happy in each other and in their God. "The love of Christ constrained them." Like the Moravian missionaries, who in a somewhat similar trial, afterwards decided in the same manner, not to leave "their few sheep in the wilderness;" this faithful pair resolved to "believe, even when there was nothing to be seen; to hope, where there was nothing to be expected."

The mother, devoted herself, as far as her circumstances would allow, to the education of her four beloved children. Their scholastic culture, indeed, went but little beyond what the memories of the parents could impart; for Egede, though a learned man, had indulged himself in bringing no library, however small, that a learned man would love; so unreservedly had he devoted himself to his most self-denying vocation, that he had laid aside his favourite literature as a fruitless thing. But that religious instruction which he could so well impart, and that moral culture which is the peculiar province of mothers, entering, as they do, into the minuter springs of character, and skilled to trace each young feeling to its fountain, were liberally bestowed. The wife of Egede, in the long Greenland winters, laboured to form the minds of her children, and to fortify them for every difficult duty in the fear of God. Seated by the never-dying lamp, she fed their minds with "line upon line, precept

upon precept, here a little, and there a little." Listening to her sweet illustrations of virtue, and looking upon her example, they learned to deny themselves for the sake of those whom they loved, to rejoice in the happiness of others, to sacrifice selfishness, and never to shrink from duty when God commanded it. She won their attention with tales and descriptions of their fatherland, and through its glowing scenery, imprinted the moral to live in love, and to obey the blessed Book, which guides to a clime where is neither winter or tempest, or tear. Not attracted by the society of the wild and untutored Greenlanders, their mother was their most beloved companion. Sensible that her influence was on this account more unbroken, it was her prayer to be faithful to her increased responsibility. And well did the piety of their future lives, repay her maternal solicitude.

In the spring of 1733, brighter prospects opened, and three Moravian missionaries from Hernhulth, in Silesia, came to strengthen the hands of Egede, with their firm and uncomplaining piety. With what fervour did he give thanks to his Almighty Benefactor. Still his chastened spirit seemed to expect reverses, and speedily did they come. Like a plague, which nothing could withstand, the small-pox broke out among the natives. Frantic with horror and pain, they pursued the most improper and dangerous regimen. When the fever raged, they covered themselves with snow, they swallowed enormous draughts of ice-water, they even stabbed themselves, or plunged into the sea. Egede, as a physician, was continually among them. Sometimes alone, sometimes with his sons, or in company with the Moravians, he strove to administer medicine, and to prepare the dying for death. Empty houses and unburied corpses, often met their view.

To the latter, they gave interment, by covering them with stones, as to dig graves in the frozen soil was impracticable.

With what scenes of misery did they become familiar. To a lonely island they once made their way with difficulty over the frozen sea. But the homes of its little hamlet were desolate. Fresh mounds of snow, where ravens and foxes prowled, showed the beds of those who had perished. At length they heard a wail of woe, and a little girl, with her still younger brothers, gathered around them, and clung to their skirts. The orphans told a tale of deep misery. The dwellers in that solitary isle had perished, one after the other, and the living buried the dead, until none were left save their father and his children. He himself became sick. He felt that he could no more bury the dead. But with his feeble hands he heaped a few stones for his own grave. He laid down in the midst of them, with a sick infant in his arms, the youngest of all his flock. He said, "I cannot part with thee, my little one. We must both die. Let us go together to the shadowy land." Then he commanded his surviving children to cover him and the little one with skins and stones, that the wild beasts and the fierce birds might not feed upon their bodies. When they were about to obey him, he raised his head, and looked mournfully around on the deserted homes and the many graves, and the narrow bed of his wife, which was next to his own. Then he pressed the sick baby to his bosom, and stretched himself out in his stony tomb. And the orphans, who crying bitterly, performed his last command, said that they never more heard any word from his lips, or any moan from the poor infant. So that perhaps, ere the covering of skins was laid over them, their spirits had departed.

The forsaken orphans had continued to subsist on a little dried fish, which the father had laid up for them, ere he went to his grave.

Egede, weeping at their story, sent them to his own home. Indeed, he lodged all the sick who fled to him; and his wife, with her daughters, nursed them day and night. Every part of their habitation was converted into a hospital, where they lay thickly, side by side. Their stony natures, won by this kindness, were broken into remorse or melted to gratitude. One who had been an enemy to Egede, and long reviled him, said with trembling lips, as he began to recover, "You have done for us, what our own people would not do. When we hungered, you have fed us. You have buried our dead. You have told us of a better life."

For eight months this frightful disease was ravaging the country, until the number of its victims was between two or three thousand. In such an exceedingly sparse population, this was a dreadful degree of mortality. When the agents of the government, attempted to prosecute their trade, and went in search of inhabitants, they found dwellings, for an extent of thirty leagues, empty and forsaken.

During these calamities, Ann Egede, was as a ministering angel. Her native benevolence was quickened by love for the souls of the sufferers. Those, whom in conjunction with her husband, she had laboured to instruct and allure to Christian duty, lay helpless before her on the verge of another life, and were unreconciled to God. Forgetful of self, as she habitually was, she seemed wholly unconscious of the ebbing away of her own strength and vigour amid these laborious duties. But when the disease had reached its appointed limit, and the invalids who had coped with

it and prevailed, were beginning to recover and those who flying to her care, had made a hospital of her lowly home, were about returning to their own, she was herself laid on the bed of sickness. Her children, instructed by her example, how to tend the sick, were unceasing in their anxious assiduities. Her husband hung over her in speechless distress. She told him calmly, that death had come for her, and that there was no bitterness in the cup, save that she must leave *him*, while his desires for the conversion of their common charge, were yet unaccomplished.

The tidings were as a thunder-bolt to his heart. His bewildered mind refused to receive the idea. It would seem that the thought of her death, so firm in health, so fresh in spirit, so much younger than himself, and "fitter, as he had supposed to run life's journey," had scarcely been revolved. With every other form of adversity he had been familiar; this came as a stranger, and like a strong man armed, broke up the last hiding-place of his soul. "The stay of his heart, the love of his early youth and of his declining years, whose words had been so often the rallying cry of his fortitude and hope, and now he was to see her die." In that lone Greenland hut, she peacefully waited the coming of the last enemy. She heard the mourning of her children, and comforted them with that hope wherewith she was comforted of God. Her eldest son, she was never more to meet in this world. He was pursuing in Denmark, those studies which were to prepare him for the sacred vocation of a pastor, and knew not of the mortal illness of that mother who had sowed the seeds of piety around his cradle-bed.

The afflicted missionary could not turn his eyes, from the pale face of his beloved companion. He

watched every change, he treasured up every accent. He wept, and was subdued as a child. Her last gasping breath, sighed a blessing on his head.

They bore her out to her last couch in the burial ground, newly set apart for the colony. By the open grave of that lovely being, stood no person but the three sorrowing children and that desolate missionary. The Moravians, who would have essayed to comfort him, were on their beds of sickness. The flock who should have gathered around their shepherd in this extremity, were not to be found. Death had winnowed them like chaff. The survivors had fled away.

It was in this hour of the deepest affliction, that the eldest daughter asked strength from God to walk in the footsteps of her mother. Resembling her both in person and mind, her sweet voice had sometimes the power to soothe her sorrowing father. But still oftener it caused his tears to gush afresh. It was a fearful lesson for so young a heart, to see the strong grief of that bereaved man. Daily she performed for him the offices that she had seen her mother perform. With the aid of her sister, she was careful that his raiment should be so provided, as to protect him from the cold; she spread his humble table according to her best ability, but sometimes when she urged him to take food, he seemed as one who heard not, and when he bowed down to pray, she knelt tenderly by his side. It was most touching to see him sit for hours, in silent reverie, with his head upon his bosom, or when they were gathered round the hearth, in their long, long evening, to behold him gazing motionless on the seat which she had occupied for years. The little circle who strove so fondly to fill to him the place of the departed, felt that the effort transcended their

strength, and sobbed forth their sorrows as when she bade them farewell.

But hope once more dawned upon him, when his eldest son, Paul Egede, returned from Europe, as Danish missionary to the new colony about to be established in the Bay of Disco. It cheered him, that this son, who had shared so deeply in the instructions of his beloved mother, and whose whole character seemed as a visible answer to her prayers, should be appointed to share his field of labour, and fill his station when he should be gathered to his rest. Visits to him were a cordial to his spirits, and he employed himself, whenever he was able, in translating simple religious treatises and catechisms into the Greenland tongue, which he circulated as widely as possible among his people. Notwithstanding his efforts to rise above the grief that consumed him, there were times when his whole nature seemed immersed and borne down by a horror of great darkness. Time, at length, and the gentle influences of the religion that he loved, medicated his wound, and he lifted up his head, looking ever with desire towards that world where his kindred angel might again breathe her heart into his, and be sundered no more.

In 1736, a request came from the King of Denmark, that Egede would no longer exile himself from his friends, but return to his native country, now that the decline of life was come upon him. He felt that it was right to obey the summons. His health had radically suffered, hoary hairs were sprinkling his temples, he was no longer able to resist the severity of the seasons.

When the ship came that was to bear him away from Greenland, few scenes can be imagined more impressive than his parting from that land where hop-

ing against hope, he had laboured, and prayed, and buried beneath its everlasting snows, one who had been dear to him as his own soul. His last address was from the words, "I said, I have laboured in vain, I have spent my strength for nought; yet surely, my judgment is with the Lord, and my work with my God." Laying his hands on the head of his eldest son, he blessed him, leaving him in the charge of those poor people who were precious to the Redeemer of souls. Then, with tremulous lips, he spoke of her, who was ever present to his remembrance.

"I will not dwell on her excellencies in domestic life. I will not describe what a faithful helpmate she was to me, what a tender mother to our children. Yet let me speak of her compliance with my will, as soon as she saw my resolution to forsake my people and country, and repair to Greenland. Friends and relations vehemently prayed her to dissuade and withstand me in a project so absurd, and even frantic in the eyes of all men. Yet, out of love to God and to me, she joined heart and hand in this enterprise. She went from her own people, from her father's house, from her weeping brothers and sisters, not indeed to a paradise, but to a desert and frightful land. With what patience, with what kindness, she bore her part of the troubles, that were appointed us to endure, is known unto many. But how often she comforted and cheered her husband, is known only to himself and to God. O Christian heroine! O faithful wife! How far short do my words fall of what thy piety and virtues deserve."

The voice of the sacred teacher was choked with emotion, he raised it once more in prayer to God, and a benediction on the people no longer his own. He parted from his eldest son with the benignity of a

tutelary spirit, and with his three remaining children committed himself to the tossing of the northern deep.

His reception in his own country was fervent, and unspeakably soothing to a nature long chilled by the apathy of those among whom he had dwelt, and worn down in the conflict with ignorance and prejudice. The King of Denmark testified high respect for the faithful and self-denying servant of God. He designated him to found a seminary for orphans and students, and appointed him a salary, with the title of professor.

Even here, the love of his departed wife hovered around him. It might be said never to have deserted him, even to the last moment of life. In the form of a daughter, whom she had educated, and in whom Heaven perpetuated her own lineaments of feature and mind, it upheld the bereaved man, ever gliding before him as a sunbeam in his path. This daughter steadfastly refused all temptations to quit her father. She devoted her life to him, following in sweet affections and firm consecration to duty, the example of the mother who had nurtured her, and given her with many prayers to God.

The latter years of Egede were spent in a favourite retirement on the island of Falster. There, at the age of seventy-three, he closed his life, supported by the faith which he had preached to others.

And those who saw the gentle, yet strong-hearted being, who ministered round his couch, and laid her soft hand on his closing eyes, and oft visited, with subdued sorrow, the hallowed spot of his last repose, said, that Ann Egede lived again in her daughter.

THE GOOD QUEEN.

"I do assert, from all excess
In food,—strong drink, or gaudy dress,
To every man doth come
Disturbance in his inward mind,
Imprudence, vengeance, anger blind,
And sorrows fierce, and ills that bind
In dark, and fearful doom."

KING ALFRED.

A SUMMER moonlight lay on the sleeping Seine. It touched with trembling lustre the thick, waving trees, and promiscuous roofs of Paris, as it was, thirteen centuries since. The elegance and beauty that now mark its lofty edifices,—elysian gardens, and statued, sparkling fountains, could scarcely have been imagined in its simple and rude aspect, under the sway of the Merovingian princes.

Still, it was not without gleamings of those elements of taste and majesty, which in modern times attract and charm the lingering traveller from every clime. The fortifications erected under its Roman masters, gave it an appearance of strength and grandeur, which awed the neighbouring tribes of barbarians; while here and there, the towers of a church, or abbey, showed how early the heathen temples in the Gallic clime, had been consecrated to the worship of Jehovah.

The Frank monarchs, who, from the time of Clovis, had yielded to the softening sway of the Christian religion, displayed in their modes of life and append-

ages of royalty, a comparative refinement. The midnight moon was now silvering the palace, where Charibert wielded the sceptre of France. He might have been seen, with rapid steps, traversing its intricate passages, and seeking a remote apartment. A fair young creature, with a form and movement of grace, sprang forward to meet him. He lightly touched her forehead with his lips, and as he seated her beside him, the smile on her glowing features seemed to pass under the shadow of some saddening thought.

"Art weary, Bertha? I myself nearly slumbered amid the long audience I was compelled to give those Saxon strangers. I spoke heavily to the courtiers, for my heart turned towards the expecting sweet one in her lonely chamber."

He paused, but there was no reply.

"Thou knowest why I sought this interview, and on what errand I came."

The gentle girl drooped her head, till the clustering raven curls veiled her face like a curtain. Passing his arm tenderly around her, he said, in a lower voice,—

"Hast thou considered the proposal of Ethelbert, the King of Kent?"

"Yes, father."

"Not simply King of Kent, but Bretwalda, or ruler of the Saxon octarchy. So that he is literally the sovereign, not of a separate province, but of the realm of Britain. Art thou insensible of the honour thus offered thee?"

"No, father."

"*Yes, father!* and *no, father!* Laconic enough, and indifferent withal. But why this troubled brow, my daughter? To be the chosen ladye-love of a gallant and powerful monarch, need not, one would think, be quite a hopeless sorrow."

"Not a sorrow, sayest thou? to leave all that I love,—thee, and my mother, and the young brothers and sisters, with whom I have been always so happy? *Not a sorrow*, father, to make my home among a strange, wild people, of a foreign tongue?"

"Bertha, it is woman's lot, to leave the shelter of childhood, and go forth into the field of duty; where thorns may indeed spring, but where the blessed sunbeam shines on the true-hearted. Knowest thou not this?"

"Yet, dearest father, I am so young,—scarcely more than a child."

"Thy years are indeed few, but heavenly wisdom has given a ripeness to thy soul, that age sometimes fails to bring. Judge not in this matter as self-indulgence dictates. Think of the disinterestedness of parental love. Wherefore doth it nurture and train the flowrets that spring around it?—Expecting them always to grow by its side, and cheer it by their expanding beauties? Nay, my daughter; but that they may bless other hearts with their fragance, and in rearing their own young blossoms, fulfil a higher destiny."

With an earnest, yet tremulous voice, the maiden answered,—

"Ah! let me still linger under the shade of the blessed parent tree. Bid me not to leave thee. I will obey thine every word. I will study thine unspoken wishes."

Falling on her knees, she raised her clasped hands, and imploring eyes, in which large drops, like pearls, were glistening.

"Tears, my Bertha! Flow they not from a deeper source than thy words have revealed? Confess: lovest thou not already?"

The clear depths of the moistened eye disclosed a guileless spirit, as she assured him that her heart was free.

"Yet these fierce Saxon people, so long known as pirates, and sea-kings, strike me with terror."

"A father's heart weighed every objection, ere it listened to this embassy. Remember they are no longer marauders, and adventurers, but settled in the fair island which they have won, under separate governments and advancing in civilization. The stream as it runs, refines. Ethelbert, the fourth in descent from Hengist, is called the Magnificent, as well as the brave. Consent to see him, and then decide for thyself. I promise, that no force shall be used with thy young affections; for thy happiness is my own."

"Father! I love the faith that our dear Saviour has taught. How can I wed an idolater! Can I smother within my soul the breath of eternal life, and be guiltless? Or will God give me strength, for persecution and martyrdom?"

"Beloved, thou hast now told me all thine heart. I see it in the repose that steals again over thy troubled brow. Thou shrinkest back from a home among idolaters. Who knoweth but for this great purpose thou hast been called thither, to lead a Pagan prince, and his realm, to the cross of the Redeemer? Who can say, that this honour was not intended thee by God, and that holy angels are not now gazing into thy weak woman's heart, to see what it will answer."

The beautiful girl fixed a wondering, half-credulous gaze, upon the face of the king. Then a tide of great thoughts swept over her. Her dark, deep-set eyes, radiated with an unearthly light, as the mission-purpose entered into her soul.

She rose involuntarily. Her slight, graceful form,

in the dim ray of the night-lamp, seemed to gather majesty. She pressed the hand of her father, fondly and firmly between her own. She spoke no word, but he comprehended her. He embraced her, and departed. Long she knelt in her heart-breathed prayer, and then on her pillow settled that unbroken slumber, which God sends the beloved ones who early repose on Him.

Ethelbert, with a fitting retinue, soon arrived at the palace of the French king. The timid modesty with which Bertha appeared before him, added new charms to her loveliness. Every succeeding interview deepened the love of the royal suitor, and his desire to secure her preference.

Nor did she, in his company, experience the horror she had anticipated. Legends of piratical invaders, and visions of blood-stained Jutes, which had disturbed her childish dreams, and darkened her youthful reveries, faded into thin air. In their place was a noble prince, of commanding person, and elegant costume, revealing in every action the respect and tenderness that win their way to the female heart. She could not be insensible to the devotion of a lofty spirit, or the fervour of its utterance. Her reluctance to leave her native realm vanished, and Charibert and his queen saw their beloved daughter filled with those blessed sentiments that form the happiness of a new home.

In those comparatively dark ages, the Anglo Saxons surpassed not only the surrounding tribes, but the more polished nations of the East, in their chivalrous treatment of woman. Her rank in society, her position amid the household, and at the festive board,—her permitted presence at the witena-gemote, or incipient parliament, all testified their appreciation of her value, and of the influence she might exercise for good or for

evil. Their earliest written laws recognized her right to inherit and transmit property, and threw a protection over her person, and over her solitary widowhood. Even in their rude state of partial civilization, they evinced the elements of that feeling, which a poet of modern Germany warmly expresses: "Honour to the women! they twine and weave heavenly roses with the web of this earthly life."

Seldom is a court, encumbered, as it is wont to be, with ceremony and heartless expediency, favourable to the growth of affection. Yet Ethelbert and Bertha, both ardent, and unembarrassed by previous intrigue or disappointment, were soon ready to inshrine each other's image in their heart of hearts. At his departure she wore the ring of the betrothed, and it was understood that his next visit was to win a queen for the throne of Kent.

When the ships of the royal lover again danced over the foaming sea that separated their native strands, the affianced bride was ready to meet him, with the perfect trust of a pure and affectionate heart. Before them stretched the fair region of hope, like a newly-created Eden, whose flowery haunts no tempter had ever dared to invade.

"Sometimes, my heart misgives me, Bertha, lest thy new home, compared with this beautiful Paris, may not content thee. When thou shalt walk by my side on the white cliffs of Dover—thine own cliffs—and see the huge billows heave and break far beneath the feet of their queen,—if thou shalt mark beyond them, as a faint cloud, the pleasant land of France, will thy heart still cling to mine, and the smile beam as a sunbeam from thy brow?"

"The transplanted flower must soon take root, fostered by tenderness like thine. The love that I plight

thee at the altar, shall be the same in all lands, through weal or woe, while life is mine."

"Ah, that altar!" he murmured, for nurtured as he was, in paganism, he had an undefined dread of the nuptial ritual that her religion imposed. "That altar, of which thou speakest, will not its appalling forms blanch thy fresh cheek with paleness? In my own land, there is a saying, that tears at a bridal, blight the buds of happiness. Bertha,—my own love,—I pray thee, let our bridal drink no pearl-drop from thine eye. Should I see but one glittering there, it would blast my joy. Forgive me this superstition."

Bertha held sacred this wish of Ethelbert. Neither the thrilling marriage responses, nor the impressive benediction of the venerable bishop who had shed the baptismal dew on her infancy; nor the parting from those who fondly cherished her earliest affections, were suffered to draw forth a tear. Around the neck of the queen, her beloved mother, she almost convulsively threw her arms, burying her face deep in the bosom where she had so often found rest. But when she raised her eyes, the long raven fringes of their lids were dry. Those who from her childhood had known her impulsive sensibility, and that she could never part from favourite playmates, even for a few days, without grief, were amazed at her self-control. They wondered that the new love should so supersede the old, as to wash away all the tender traces of memory. But they knew not that a higher purpose than the glowing hopes of personal happiness, swelled the bosom of that gentle, delicate bride, gleaming before them like a fairy vision, her rose-leaf lip slightly blanched with emotion, yet wearing the smile of an angel. They penetrated not the heaven-born motive, that, combining with the germs

of conjugal affection, suddenly ripened and sublimated her whole nature.

Soon after the arrival of the nuptial cavalcade at the palace, in Canterbury, the ceremony of coronation was performed. It had been an early custom of the Anglo-Saxons, to place with pomp and rejoicing, the crown on the head of the consorts of their sovereign. Ethelbert was anxious that nothing should be omitted, that could render this honour to his queen imposing and memorable to their people; and the pageantry of the scene seemed to justify the epithet of "most glorious," which was bestowed upon him, either by the justice or the flattery of his own times.

It was at the coronation dinner, that the young queen first saw the dignitaries of her new realm. At an immense oval table, loaded with a plenty, prodigal almost to rudeness, were seated, each a lady at his side, the principal earls, caldermen, and thanes. Their flowing robes, richly bordered, were of strong and opposing colours, while the red gold of their massy bracelets and sword-hilts, made an array of barbaric splendour. She, the observed of all observers, was admired for her tasteful dress and graceful dignity of deportment. She also regarded with pleased attention, the athletic forms and fair complexions of those by whom she was surrounded, and thought the hair of the bearded chieftains becomingly adapted to their large features, parted as it was at the crown, and falling low on each side, in full floating curls.

At a separate festive board, the young nobles were entertained. At its head was Prince Sebert, the heir-apparent to the throne of Essex; whose mother, being the sister of Ethelbert, had caused him to be placed under the care of his uncle, that he might be trained by his superior wisdom to the polity of kingly govern-

ment. He was conspicuous by his lofty stature, and the profusion of his yellow hair, whose heavy curls rested upon his broad shoulders; as well as by his zeal in promoting conviviality, both by word and example.

His rich tunic gleamed with the hues of the rainbow; as frequently rising from his seat, to pledge those around him, he raised to his lips an immense drinking-horn tipped with ivory, and wrought at the golden brim with leaves and clusters of the grape. This he seemed always to drain to the bottom. His fine complexion began to assume a blood-red tinge, and his blue eyes to radiate like orbs of flame. At length, his voice issued in huge bursts of sound, slightly modified by articulation, and still less by meaning. Then, lifting a wine-cup of silver, and calling upon his compeers to drink nobly to the fair, new queen, he emptied the massy goblet, and fell senseless on the floor. As he was borne from the hall,—his head resting helplessly on one shoulder, and his gigantic limbs spasmodically resisting,—Bertha involuntarily turned away her eyes, with a feeling of humiliation and disgust. Yet she could not but observe that the scene attracted little attention from her Anglo-Saxon subjects, who were accustomed to think the extreme of conviviality, on high occasions, by no means an indelible blemish.

The royal bridegroom became daily more and more fascinated by the graces and virtues of his beautiful spouse. Her sweetness of spirit, the attractions of her conversation, the identification of her sympathies with his own,—the playfulness of her unclouded spirit, the dignity of her queenly bearing, the refinement that she strove to diffuse over his court; above all, the patience with which she sustained trials, or resigned her own wishes, were more forcible arguments to his mind than all the pungency of polemics.

"Thou art so lovely, my wife, so like a sunbeam on my path and heart! How can I ever repay thee for the happiness thou hast brought me?"

"By tasting the fountain from whence it flows."

"The fountain! What meanest thou? thy faith? Ah! if I could be indeed convinced that was the source of thy virtues. But no, I deem it not so; they are the spontaneous overflowings of a pure nature. Thou wouldst still be goodness itself, without thy creed."

"Nay, Ethelbert, thy too partial love perceives not, or forgets, how oft I am wayward. Before the life-giving Spirit breathed into my heart, it was sad, and in darkness. Even now, at the close of every day, have I need to humble myself for its doings, or not-doings."

"So kind, and forbearing to all beside, how is it that thou ever judgest thyself severely? Doth not our life already overflow with joy? I have always a fulness of bliss, if thou art near. What more could thy faith add?"

"To the joys of this life, the hopes of another. Oh! beloved of my soul, ere the death-angel, that must divide us, cometh; I would fain see thee rejoicing in the promise that we shall dwell together forever."

The monarch was more moved by these appeals, than his words admitted. Had they been too frequent, or strongly reiterated, or attended by that gloom of manner which he had supposed an element of piety, they might have failed of all salutary effect. But the exquisite tact that accompanied them, gave them a pleasant home, and an echo like music, in his memory.

"Would that the God of Bertha were my God!" was sometimes his ejaculation in solitude. Had she imagined how often, it would have inspired her with new courage. Before her departure from France, he had promised her parents that she should be neither

opposed nor impeded, in the exercise of her religion; and even invited the venerable instructor of her childhood, to accompany her to her new home, and reside under his jurisdiction. With the generosity of a noble nature, he not only faithfully regarded, but transcended his engagements. Her retirements in her oratory, at morn and eventide, though they might, perchance, seem to him protracted, were never disturbed, and he protected her in the sacredness of those Sabbath devotions, on which she so much rested for spiritual strength and joy. For her use, he prepared the first temple that Christianity wrested from paganism in England. The traveller who now muses within the consecrated walls of St. Martin's or beneath the gorgeous dome of St. Paul's, hears the tread of the people, like the sound of many waters, looks back reverentially, through the dimness of more than twelve centuries, to the conjugal love of their founder, Ethelbert, and the faithful heaven-rewarded piety of his queen.

The pure fountains of maternal affection were unsealed for Bertha, and infant souls, like unfolding rosebuds, laid on her bosom. Supplications for their eternal welfare were mingled with the orisons which had long been duly offered for that of her beloved husband. But years sped, and there seemed no nearer approach to the accomplishment of her desires for him. Yet still her sacred fervour failed not, while patience wrought out its perfect work.

At length tidings came, that strangers from a foreign coast had landed on the isle of Thanet, the very spot where, a few generations before, the brothers Hengist and Horsa had debarked, with their ferocious followers. Yet these peaceful people bore no resemblance, in character or purpose, to the fierce adventurers whom the unfortunate Britons at first invited as allies, and

afterwards strove with in vain, as usurpers and conquerors. They were no Scandinavian marauders, led on by piratical sea-kings to savage conflict; but Christians from Italy and Gaul, under the auspices of the missionary Augustine. That Being, who educeth great events from causes that blind mortals account as trifles, had made the blue eyes and fair brows of some English children, exposed for sale in the slave-markets at Rome, and even the alliterative phrase on the lips of Gregory, "non Angles, sed angeli," instrumental in the conversion of that glorious island, which now plants in almost every pagan clime, the cross of her Redeemer.

This peaceful embassy sought an audience of Ethelbert. His lords and counsellors were dissatisfied at his compliance.

"If you are determined," said they, "to grant an interview to these believers in strange gods, let it not be in the royal city, or within your palace walls. Meet them on the extremity of your shores, where they now are, and listen to their words only under yon vast vaulted canopy. For they are dealers in spells and incantations, whose force the free, open air, somewhat dispels. Our advice is, therefore, that you encounter their magic under this protection."

The king, with his retinue, accompanied to the isle of Thanet, the deputation that had been sent to implore an audience. When he came in sight of the tents of the strangers, sprinkled like snow upon the rich summer-turf, he paused, and a seat was erected for him beneath the spreading branches of lofty trees. Around him ranged the nobles and pagan priests, darkly frowning, while beyond, a vast concourse of people, filled with intense curiosity, covered dale and hillock in breathless silence.

Ere long, a solemn procession was seen slowly to ad-

vance. At its head came Augustine, afterwards honoured with the title of the Apostle of England. A massy cross of silver was borne before him. A long train of ecclesiastics followed, walking two and two, displaying on a painted banner the effigy of the Saviour of man, and chanting hymns antiphonally, in deep, melodious tones.

Ethelbert, rising from his seat, came forward to meet this singular embassy. On his mind was a soothing consciousness that the prayers of his angel wife were ascending for him. The consultation that ensued was earnest and momentous. It was observed that the monarch listened with more and more absorbed attention; and that gradually the lofty forehead of the missionary cleared itself from traces of anxious thought, and that his piercing eye gathered brightness.

"We offer you," said he, "oh king! everlasting joys, a throne that hath no end. Our religion cometh not to you with the sword, or garments rolled in blood. It boweth its knee to teach the humblest among your people. It bringeth gifts of peace and love to all, from His blessed hand who died for man's salvation."

Ethelbert answered, with a calm tone and steadfast countenance,—

"Your words and promises are fair. But they are new to our ears, and uncertain. We are not prepared to change the gods of our nation, or to abandon the rites which have been common to all our tribes from the beginning. Yet you have come from afar, and borne hardships, to bring us what you believe to be good and true. We will, therefore, hospitably receive you, and supply your wants while you remain among us. We will forbid none of our subjects to listen to your words, nor permit any to be molested who may decide to become your disciples."

Delighted with the frankness and liberality of the monarch, and overjoyed at a reception so much more favourable than they had anticipated; they departed, singing anthems of praise, whose sweetly solemn echoes, softened in the hush of twilight, thrilled the hearts of the unaccustomed hearers, like mysterious melodies from the skies.

Lodging and entertainment for the strangers were provided within the precincts of Canterbury, by order of the queen, to whom Ethelbert had intrusted the arrangements connected with their fitting accommodation. She zealously executed her commission, with heightened love to him, and fervent gratitude to God, who had thus opened a door for the entrance of the life-giving Gospel.

The shades of a night, dark with storms, were gathering over the palace. One by one the courtiers withdrew, when, with little semblance of respect, Prince Sebert burst into the royal presence. In a tone unbefitting his youth, and with evident marks of high exasperation, he began to upbraid the king for what he called abandoning the gods of his fathers. His language became intemperate in the extreme, and his gestures those of an infuriated inebriate. Ethelbert was at first disposed to pay slight heed to the madman, but then fixing on him a stern eye, exclaimed in a voice of thunder,—

"Rash young man, will there never be an end of these follies? Slave to your ungoverned passions, and to this beastly intemperance, hence! Leave the society of men, for which you are unfit."

Motioning to his guards he bade them remove him, and keep him under arrest, until he should regain a better mind. Agitated and harrassed with the cares of royalty, Ethelbert retired to the apartment of the

queen. He imparted to her his recent cause of perplexity, and the anxiety he had long felt for the courses pursued by the young prince, his nephew. He represented him as full of generous and noble impulses, but all obscured by the growing habit of intemperance, against which every admonition was in vain. He besought her aid to extirpate this vice, to soften his waywardness, and render the son of his favourite sister, and the heir of a powerful realm, more worthy of his high destination.

The perfect sympathy with which Bertha entered into his trouble, the fervent promise of whatever assistance it might be in her power to bestow, and the cheerful hope with which she spoke of His sustaining strength, who loved to seek and to save the lost, calmed his perturbed spirit, and lightened the load that had long lain heavy there. Afterwards, he often beheld, with ineffable gratitude, the wayward young prince seeking the society of the queen, half-reclining at her feet as a childlike listener, or holding her little ones fondly in his arms. He felt how imperative was the influence of female loveliness and piety, that could thus soothe the savage and tame the lion,—

> "For passions in the human frame,
> Oft put the lion's rage to shame."

Multitudes of the Kentish Saxons were induced by curiosity to visit the stranger-teachers at Canterbury, who now assumed, in some measure, the importance of royal guests. Many were moved by the warmth of their appeals, and the sanctity of their example. Animated by an attention and success that surpassed their expectations, the missionaries extended their benevolence to the despised and humbled remnant of the

Britons, who soon after their subjugation to the Roman yoke, had nominally embraced Christianity. But the lapse of nearly six centuries, with the agony of an almost exterminating struggle against their present idolatrous lords, had quenched both the hope of earth, and the light from heaven. The lives of even their clergy were so debased by ignorance and vice, that there remained scarcely a fragment of right example, or correct discipline, among the people.

At length, Augustine obtained from their principal priests, a promise to meet him in Worcestershire, and confer on the subject which he proposed for their investigation. Thither they came, few in number, men of sad countenances, and a bitter spirit. He earnestly strove to convince them of error, both in doctrine and observance, and to lead them to reformation. But, suspicious and vacillating, they neither yielded to his arguments, nor were able to establish their own. A second consultation was appointed, and ere its arrival they had decided to seek the advice of an aged hermit, long renowned in that region for austere wisdom.

The shades of night had gathered, and a chill rain fell like hail-drops upon the leafless trees, as, through tangled and precipitous paths, they wound their way to the cave of the recluse. With difficulty they obtained admittance. It was not until after prolonged parley, that the stone which secured the entrance, was rolled away. The glare of their torches revealed a subterranean cell, of unequal height, and a man with a forbidding aspect, apparently of great strength, but wasted by abstinence and seclusion. His long, lean limbs, protruded from a mantle of skins, in which he was scantily wrapped. Through the thick, grizzled hair and beard, that formed an almost continuous mesh, only the prominent points of his features were visible,

and his cold grey eyes looked luridly forth, as if to petrify the beholder.

"Wherefore come ye hither?" he cried, in a startling discordant tone.

His visitants recounted their troubles, their doubts, their need of counsel, and their reverence for his reputed wisdom. Without movement of muscle, or eyelid, like one fashioned from the rock that surrounded him, he regarded their words.

"More strangers, say ye? Has not the coming of strangers, and their laws, already been our destruction? Brought not Cæsar, and his legions, a new faith, upon their swords' points? Did not your Saxon lords, with the battle-axe, hew it away? And now, there come other strange men, to talk about the soul. Are there no souls in their own country, that they thus traverse sea and land to find them?"

Moving his lips for a while, inarticulately, as if marshalling bitter thoughts, he exclaimed with added violence,—

"The soul! what know they, or what know ye, of that mysterious thing? And ye would fain make laws for it, blind and foolish as ye are. The soul! whence cometh it? And when with the death-cry, it teareth a passage through the clay, whither goeth it? Ha! answer me! Whither?"

Alarmed at his excitement of feeling, they hasted to lay before him the gifts they had brought. Without deigning a glance at them, he raised his harsh voice to a shout,—

"New religions! Another god! Our fathers worshipped the blue Woden, and the Druids cut the sacred misletoe, with a knife of gold, and the bards sang to the harp the praise of heroes; and from the stateliest oak, to the smallest moss-blade,—from every grove

and fountain, came the whisper of in-dwelling, and friendly spirits. Hath it ever been better with us, than with them—freely launching their wattled boats upon their own peaceful waters? *Better!* with British blood in your veins,—clinging to some shadow of deity, to some vile flapping bat, that nestles in the mind of your tyrannous lords? *Better!* rooted out, and trampled down, and finding beasts of prey more merciful than men?"

And he laughed, a bitter and scornful laugh. Then, drawing himself up to his full gigantic height, till his head touched the roof of the cavern,—his eyes reddening in the torch-light with a baleful glare,—he continued to murmur in hollow whispers, and hoarse recitative, as if holding converse with demons. The Britons, inly shuddering, fancied that they heard the rushing of swift and heavy wings, mixed with unearthly shrieks. It was the swell of the tempest. After a long interval, he added in a more subdued tone,—

"Ye have asked me for a sign. *A sign!* What is it to me, with whom ye collude, or whom ye choose for your masters,—slaves as you are, and hypocrites, —professing to believe in Christ, yet crouching under the mace of Thor, the thunderer? For a sign ye ask me! Go your way unto this stranger-priest. If he rise to receive you, listen to his words, and obey them. If he rise not, refuse a faith that is not able to abase his pride. This is all the sign I give you. And now, go your ways, for the day breaketh."

The British prelates, superstitiously yielding to the ascetic, were content to stake on a mere accident, on the whim of a maddening brain, a negotiation so momentous. At the appointed time, they repaired to Worcestershire. Augustine, sitting under the broad shadow of an oak, chanced not to rise as they approached. Therefore, to all his arguments, they were im-

movable, and met every conciliatory proposal with a negative. The ravings of a semi-savage in his cavern, prevailed to neutralize the eloquence of the missionary; even though assuming somewhat of prescience, it depicted the impending evils of contumacy.

Yet this disappointment was effaced by the success that awaited him amid his Saxon hearers, throngs of whom renounced the delusions of paganism. For Bertha, the faithful wife, and lovely queen, was reserved an exquisite joy,—her royal husband's avowal of his belief in the Christian religion. This event, which makes memorable in the annals of England, the year 597, was followed by the conversion of ten thousand of his subjects, who, in one day, abjured idolatry, and received the rite of baptism. Rapidly the knowledge of the truth overspread the kingdoms of Kent and Essex, until gradually the whole Saxon octarchy drank of the light that cometh down from heaven.

The influence and earnest efforts of Bertha, were blessed in the reformation of the young prince Sebert. Instilling into his mind noble sentiments, and generous plans of action, he was led to despise the animal appetites in which he once gloried, and to break the chains of the vice that had so long held him in bondage. "Clothed and in his right mind," he became assiduous to acquire that knowledge which should enable him to advance the welfare of his future realm. His faithful and gentle monitor rested not until she had led him to the foot of the cross, and seen him fortify all his good resolutions by humbly trusting in the Friend, "strong to suffer, and mighty to save."

The reign of Ethelbert was long and prosperous. To the other cares of royalty which accumulated with years, and were deepened by his own sense of responsibility as a Christian, he added the devotion of much

time and labour to the formation of a code of laws, to regulate the crude and discordant ideas of justice that prevailed among the people. To the influence of the Gospel, we probably owe this earliest specimen of Saxon jurisprudence. In retracing its various provisions, we fancy that we perceive in the double penalty which he inflicted on all crimes committed in a state of inebriation, the intense anxiety that had long preyed upon his mind for the nephew, whose training had been committed to his care, and by whose intemperance he had been so often fearfuly disgraced.

His gratitude for the change wrought in the young Prince Sebert, was without bounds. Next to the life-giving Spirit, whose breath renovates the sinful heart, he recognized in this blessed result, the agency of his beloved wife.

When the being once so reckless, strove wisely to wield the sceptre, and to become the benefactor of his people, Ethelbert, regarding him with paternal pride, yet remembering his former horrible slavery to the most debasing of all vices, would say affectionately to Bertha, "See your own work."

But the crown of her reward, and that for which she most fervently gave thanks to the Giver of every good and perfect gift, was his tremulous whisper in retirement, "Thy hand, my wife, hath led me to the cross—thy pure example, the beauty of holiness."

THE END.

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