THE

LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS:

Sketches of the Past,

AND OTHER SELECTIONS FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE LATE

MRS. JANE KIRKPATRICK.

New-Brunswick, N. J.:
PRESS OF J. TERHUNE, 31 ALBANY STREET.
1856.

TO MY DAUGHTER,

These Selections,

FROM THE WRITINGS OF THE BELOVED AND VENERATED ONE,

ARE INSCRIBED,

WITH THE HOPE THAT THEY MAY PROVE

A BEACON LIGHT IN HER PATHWAY OF LIFE,

BY HER MOTHER.

J. E. C.

INTRODUCTION.

Wishes have been expressed by many friends of the late Mrs. Kirkpatrick, to be allowed the perusal of some of her writings. It is well known that she held the pen of a ready writer, and that she was in the practice of committing to paper sketches of interesting events which came under her observation, with their effect on her own mind, and also her peculiar sentiments and religious experience. A selection from her manuscripts has been made, with a view to keep alive her memory in the minds of her immediate descendants and other relatives, as well as for the gratification of her attached friends and intimate acquaintances.

She was oftentimes urged to prepare some of her productions for the press. Her uniform reply was, that her only inducement so to do would be the hope of doing good by them, and she did not feel as if such an end could be effected by her compositions. She ever shrunk from display, and her modesty equalled her talent.

There is nothing in these reminiscences that would wound her delicacy, in their being presented to the eye of the public, nor any betrayal of the confidence of the departed one. They are, indeed, not offered as subjects of criticism.

A character like that of Mrs. K. is of difficult portraiture. To delineate its combination of valuable and rare qualities would require peculiar talent. Few minds could appreciate the piety, the acquisition, the sensibility of the gifted being who is now gone. The style of thought and feeling which enstamped her mind belonged peculiarly to that period, and it has, with the generation of her contemporaries, passed away. Mind is formed at present in a different mould from what it was in the last century. The modes of education and the usages of society have changed. Literature and sentiment flow in another channel.

The gorgeous descriptions of Beattie, the deep pathos and delicate touches of McKenzie, the grandeur of Johnson, the wit of Miss Burney, call forth no responsive tones in hearts attuned to different harmonies.

There appears to have existed a self-dedication, a refinement, a confidence in friendship then that is now unknown; and an almost chivalric estimate of the constancy, devotion, and self-sacrificing spirit of love.

"Unto him that hath shall be given." The gifts of God to his creatures in this mortal state, we are taught, shall proportionately advance the soul in its immortality. Beautiful traits, here inwrought, shall adorn the soul in the realms of glory. Nothing is lost in the world of nature, nothing will be lost in the allotments of grace. The knowledge and improved faculties of the mind will doubtless add to the bliss of the heaven-received spirit. "Lord, thy pound hath gained ten pounds." "Be thou ruler over ten cities." Some are saved "so as by fire." Through a purifying process all must pass who see God's face in peace, but some may arrive at the home of rest,

"As a gallant bark,
The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed,
Shoots into port at some well-favoured isle
Where spices breathe, and brighter seasons smile.
So thou, with sail how swift, hast reached the shore
Where tempests never beat, nor billows roar,"

And thus, we trust, has her bark cast anchor within the vail.

The natural disposition of her mind was contemplative, bearing perhaps a tinge of melancholy. She dwelt on the shadows of the past, rather than on the opening vistas of the future. The retrospective gaze of Memory had more attraction for her than the brilliant colorings and the animating aspirings of Hope. Her religious views respecting her own state, owing to this peculiar temperament, were not bright or encouraging. She was self-disparaging, and lowly in her estimation of her attainments in spiritual life. She had not the comfort that many enjoy, with a less advance in the paths of righteousness. With lofty apprehensions of the Divine Holiness, her humility and self-distrust caused her to tremble and to lie low at the footstool. At times, with agony indescribable, she would place herself among the "fearful," at the last great day, and in horror dwelt on the thought of a final dismissal from the favor of God, whose love and whose presence she esteemed above all other good. The friends who knew her meek and gentle spirit, judged that her "fear" was wrought by her high standard of Christian duty and obligation, and a sense of her imperfections and shortcomings.

She was diligent to improve every moment of time. She felt that life was too short to be spent in inactivity. At the early dawn of every day her soul arose to God in worship and adoration—her voice broke forth in melodious

tones, hymning her Creator's praise. Thus was it her wont to prepare herself for the duties of the coming hours—the servant who awaited the call of the Lord. Blessed is that servant whom the Master shall find watching at his coming.

She successfully cultivated the powers of her mind by study and reflection. She was fitted to be the intelligent companion of persons of science and erudition. Those distinguished in the literary and the religious world valued her conversation and sought her friendship.

Her bearing was at once dignified and winning. A friend remarked, that while her manners were such as might have graced a court, they were attractive to persons in the humblest ranks of life. Little children delighted to come within the sphere of her influence, and to be noticed by her.

Thus to her friends and to her children's children, is presented in these extracts from her writings, a glimpse of the qualities possessed, and the spirit that actuated their departed friend and parent. Here is a sketch from her own writings, of her faith, her patience, her resignation, her aspirations after holiness. May her example not be lost upon them. May they not only not disgrace this pattern of excellence, but endeavor to follow in her footsteps and emulate her virtues—walking in the faith and in the light of the Gospel on earth, receive with her the crown of everlasting life, hereafter, in a "kingdom that cannot be moved."

J. E. C.

Mrs Mr Cosnell

INTRODUCTION

TO

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

The traditions of past times are retained from familiar traditions of our household, and from hints of character, manners, and events dropped in conversation. Fancy has had little to do in tracing the sketch, except with regard to the early days of Susan; and then filled only the outlines which were furnished by the representations of friends, giving somewhat of form and color to the picture. All the facts are conformable to reality—the leading events actually took place.

For the other characters my own memory has furnished the materials. It is to be regretted that so few particulars have been retained where there were so many virtues to admire and so much excellence to imitate. J. K.

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

THE SCHOOL GIRL.

"How hard it is," said Susan, "to be denied every pleasure, and at my age to lead such a humdrum life. Nothing but school, lessons, lessons. No company, either at home or abroad; at least, none to my taste, nothing but a parcel of dull, stupid people. As to dancing, or any other kind of amusement, I dare not even to speak of these. Indeed, it is a very hard thing to be a clergyman's daughter. No young men venture to put their heads into our parlor; none dare enter but grey coats and black buttons. I am sick of the sight of them. Blue turned up with buff, and splendid epaulettes are more to my taste.

"Heigh-ho! When shall I be done with lessons? Here I am almost seventeen, and yet I have to be moping over these tasks, grammar and geography. Other girls of my age go to practising balls, and have their partners to visit them the next day. They have stays and habits, long trains and high-heeled shoes, and I have still to wear frocks, stay at home, con lessons, and stitch wrist-bands." She leaned her head on her hand, her eyes wandering over her book, which laid open before her. "Well, it is my hard fate, but it is foolish to sit worrying myself, it will do me no good. So I will e'en get my lesson, or Mr. Leslie will make me stay in or stand up. Heigh-ho!"

Such was Susan's lamentation, but she had good sense enough to check these vain repinings, and resolutely apply her mind to her studies.

Owing to the former situation of her worthy father, which was in a retired country congregation, it had not been practicable to give his daughter the advantages of education which he wished. The last few years he had resided in a city, and one of his first cares was to send her to the best school in the place. The circle of female studies and accomplishments was then very narrow. Geography and grammar were thought the highest attainments. Plain sewing, marking, and worsted work essential parts of education. When a young lady had finished a holland shirt for her papa, completed a sampler, which was framed and hung up in the parlor, and worked a set of chairs in worsted, her accomplishments were deemed sufficient.

Susan, though near seventeen, was small and delicate, had a sweet, innocent countenance, manners so modest, subdued, and inobtrusive, that combined with the girlish style of dress, (which her parents thought most suitable for her while she went to school,) she might have passed for not more than twelve or thirteen. The maturity of her mind and the feelings of her heart testified that she had entered on that romantic age when fancy portrays the world in the most attractive colors.

When the Spring came she fondly hoped that she should be released from the trammels of school, and allowed to go into company. Her parents thought otherwise, and said she must continue another quarter. "Another quarter!" exclaimed she. "Dear mother, I am so tired of these tedious lessons. What good will it do me to know the names of all the rivers and mountains in the world?"

"Your father thinks it best, my dear, that is enough." So it was determined, and Susan had to commence another quarter with Mr. Leslie.

The only thing like recreation which she was allowed to enjoy was singing school. She had a charming voice, and was extremely fond of music. In her lonely hours at home, while sitting at her work, she used to amuse herself with learning some of the ballads

of Shenstone, which she sang with such feeling that she drew tears from the listeners. And many a sacred song from Watts would elevate her own heart in devotion. Though disposed to what was good, the gay world, all unknown, rose to her mind as a scene of delight, and she longed to get an introduction to its fascinating haunts. When, by any chance, she heard her young companions describe the brilliant balls and suppers which they were permitted to attend, she thought all these delights were lost to her by being a clergyman's daughter, and she promised herself that if ever she married it should not be to a parson.

How little do we know what will constitute the real felicity of our life!

THE DINNER.

"My dear," said Dr. R. to his wife, "I return to tell you that I have just met in the street, as I was going to make some calls, the son of my old friend T. He told me he was licensed, and settled in a pleasant congregation in Connecticut, and that he has come to town to make some additions to his library. I invited him to take a family dinner with us, and he has promised to come."

"Very well, my dear, I shall be much pleased to see the youth. I hope he may be as good a man as his father."

"Yes, he was one of the excellent of the earth. I cherish his memory, and shall be glad to entertain his son."

It was Wednesday, and in all the schools there was an afternoon vacancy, so that the children might attend catechizing. Of course Susan dined at table. On other days she took her meal alone, for fear of being late, which was a great offence at Mr. Leslie's school, and subjected the delinquent to the punishment of standing in the middle of the room.

When Susan came home her mama said to her, "Put on your white holland frock, there is a stranger to dine with us."

"Yes, madam," said she, thinking to herself, "Some awkward country parson, I suppose; they are all the company father entertains. Well, I am sure he is very good, for he cannot admire them, more than I do. Yet how polite he is to them; and mama and sister Mary, too. They never smile at their queer ways, though it is as much as I can do not to laugh outright. Shall I ever be like them?"

Susan put on her white frock which she had worn on Sunday, combed her hair, twisting the ringlets carelessly around her fingers, which hung down her back, reaching her sash, and giving a passing glance at herself in the glass as she left the dressing-table. "That will do," said she, "nobody looks at a child—a school girl; if it only pleases mama, but she is so particular, she sees if there is a pin out of place."

Susan came into the parlor and passed inspection, and took her seat on a high bench without a back, so made to prevent leaning. She was stitching a pair of fine wristbands, which required great exactitude, and of course engrossed her attention. So fair, so neat was she, she looked like a fairy.

A knock at the door announced the stranger. Dr. R. rose to meet him, and with mingled politeness and affection welcomed him to his house; then with a formality which was a part of his manner, introduced him first to Mrs. R., and then to Miss Mary, (the eldest daughter,) only glancing at Susan, saying, "This is another of my daughters." Susan, scarcely raising her eyes, rose from her bench and curtesied, and then resumed her work.

Though little used to company, Mr. T. had that natural ease and simplicity of manner which allowed him to take the tone of any society in which he was placed. He had that refinement which a gentle and amiable temper, elevated by the combined influence of literature and piety, imparts to the character. With a delicacy almost feminine, he avoided every thing in words or conduct which could give pain to any person, with an intuitive sense of what would suit and be agreeable to each one present. Conversation was cheerful and pleasant while seated around the dinner table; all seemed to enjoy the social meal. Susan was silent; but she

thought how different Mr. T. was from the rustic brethren she was accustomed to see.

According to the ceremonial of those days, he asked the lady of the house to do him the favor of taking a glass of wine with him. This was done in due form, and every one drank to by name. "Miss Susan, I drink your health." Unaccustomed to such notice, she looked up with a start of surprise, and for the first time caught his eye. Her face was suffused with blushes, and she had scarcely self-possession enough to utter "Thank you, sir."

He had not heard the sound of her voice before, and it came on his ear as the melody of a bird.

Mrs. R. said in a low voice, "You remember, my dear, it is the hour for catechise." She rose and vanished like a sprite.

"I must also leave you, my young friend," said the Dr., "the class will wait for me; but if you will sit with Mrs. R. and Miss Mary till I return, I will join you at tea."

"You are very good, sir, but I have an engagement at the bookseller's. If you will allow me the liberty, I will call again to-morrow morning. I expect to leave town in the afternoon in one of the sloops."

"We shall always be happy to see you."

Mr. T. made a respectful bow and left the room.

"Well, what do you think of our young friend?" said Dr. R.

"I like him much; he is a modest, well-behaved youth, and has his father's benign countenance," said Mrs. R.

"He only wants more knowledge of the world," said Mary. "He thinks everybody as honest and single-hearted as himself. His heart seems overflowing with goodness and sensibility."

"Come, Susan, my child, are you ready, it is time for us to be gone." In a few minutes she was down stairs, and they went to the catechising.

After they left the room, Mary said, "Mother, did you see how the poor girl blushed when Mr. T. drank her health. It is the first time any young gentleman ever took so much notice of her. I was afraid he would ask her to take a glass of wine with him. It is well he did not; she could not have gone through *that trial.*"

THE SINGING SCHOOL.

The next morning Mr. T. called. The ladies supposed it was to take leave. Mrs. R. and Mary were the only persons in the parlor. The common observations on the weather and on the appearance of the city being made, his eye turned often to the door, as if expecting some one to enter. Mary noticed it, and said, as if answering the inquiry of his looks, "My father went out rather earlier than usual, and regretted that he should miss you, but left us in charge to say that he should always be happy to see you when you came to town."

"I thank him, and shall esteem it a privilege to cultivate his acquaintance, for from my earliest days I have been taught to love and revere him. With somewhat of an altered voice he said, "I hope Miss Susan is well?"

"Quite so. She is at school."

"Is she still a scholar?"

"Yes, her education was retarded by our residence in a retired part of the country, where there were no advantages whatever for a young lady. She is now under the care of one of the most esteemed teachers in the city, and has made good proficiency. But she begins to manifest some repugnance at the confinement, and thinks herself almost too old for school. What time do you expect to sail this morning, Mr. T.?"

He hesitated, at length said, "I have not yet quite completed my purchases at the bookseller's, and your father had the goodness to offer me a Hebrew Lexicon, which I cannot find in the city."

"Well, pray come and take tea with us, and you can see the Dr. and get the Lexicon," said Mrs. R.

"I will, with great pleasure, and by taking an early boat to-morrow I shall not be many hours longer away from my people than if I had gone this afternoon." He bowed and left them.

At the early hour which was then customary for tea visits Mr. T. appeared. All the family were in the parlor. Susan was playing with Eliza, her youngest sister, busily engaged in dressing her doll, while the child looked up in her face, watching every smile that played over her features, clapping her little hands with glee and delight as the task advanced.

When the stranger entered Susan started up, a blush mantled her cheek, as the thought passed her mind, he will indeed take me for a child, to see me playing with a doll. So she placed it in Eliza's arms and seated herself at her sewing.

Feeling as if he were with friends, although of so recent a date, Mr. T. entered into conversation with ease and cheerfulness. He gave some amusing details of his plain but kind-hearted parishioners, but what most pleased him to dilate upon was their simple piety, their lovely but orderly domestic habits, and their affection for their minister. He could not be more pleasantly settled.

Dr. R. soon came in, and literary subjects were discussed till the table was brought out, when all encircled it, and conversation became general. Susan dared not to take any part, such was her awe and reverence for her parents that she was generally silent in their presence, but her animated countenance shewed that she understood well and was interested in the discourse.

When tea was over, she rose and said in a low voice, "Mama, is it not time for me to go to singing school?"

Mr. T. caught the word, and said, "I am very fond of sacred music, Mrs. R., will you allow me to accompany your daughter?"

"Certainly, sir, if you are not otherwise engaged. Her father generally sees her to the door, and one of our elders comes home with her; but if you love music, perhaps you would like to hear the new teacher. He has the reputation of being a fine singer, and has something uncommon in his tunes."

Susan flew to get her bonnet and cloak, and Mr. T. was at the door to accompany her. He asked several questions about the teacher and the tunes, but could not elicit much more than a monosyllable from her. When they entered the room she glided off from him and took her seat among the treble. Mr. T. bowed to

the teacher, who distinguished him as a clerical stranger by putting him in one of the most conspicuous places in the room.

It was soon whispered among the young girls, "Who is that tall, handsome man?" "Oh! what a mild countenance he has!" "How good! how gentle he appears!" "Susan, where did you meet with him?" "He came with you?"

"He is a friend of my father's," said she, with downcast eyes.

In some of the old tunes his bass notes were full, deep, and sweet; but when the new ones were sung he only listened. Some soft and birdlike warbling reached his ear, as they sang the pathetic farewell of the soul, in the Dying Christian, especially in those lines,—

> "Hark! they whisper, angels say
> 'Sister spirit, come away.'"

"Oh!" thought he, "it must be an angel, for never have I heard such heavenly melody." When the strain was repeated his eye sought from whence the sounds proceeded. He could not be mistaken—it was Susan.

On leaving the room he offered her his arm, as the night was dark. Susan knew not whether she ought to accept or decline, as she had never walked with a young gentleman before. While she hesitated the street became more rough and the walking more difficult. He perceived her timidity, and gently drew her hand through his arm, saying, "You must allow me to support you." They walked home in silence. He did not know why, but he felt afraid to say anything, lest he might give pain to her shrinking modesty.

When they reached the parlor he spoke in raptures of the music, especially of the Dying Christian. "Miss Susan, will you oblige me by singing that air again? and if you will allow me the use of your book, I will try to aid you by joining in the bass."

Susan cast an appealing look at her mother, who said, "To be sure, my dear, you know we all like to hear you sing that lovely song. Oh! may we all be able to join in the sentiment, at least in the solemn and trying hour."

They took the book and sang together. There was a perfect

accord in their voices, and it indeed appeared as if the world "receded." One hymn succeeded another, till the clock warned him to depart. He started up and begged their excuse for staying so late. "Good night, dear and excellent friends, I did not know before that our world contained such people. Farewell."

"The Lexicon!" exclaimed Mrs. R.

"I had forgotten that," said Mr. T., with perfect truth and simplicity.

THE NEW LESSON.

The next morning when Mary entered the parlor before breakfast, she saw Susan looking intently upon a map and tracing a line with a knitting-needle, and often and anon casting a glance at the vane on the old French church. She watched her some time, and then said, "I believe, Susan, you have a new lesson to learn?" She closed her book, as if detected in some wrong thing, and hardly knew what answer to make. She hesitated, "No—Yes," and looked away from her sister.

"Never mind," said Mary, "I am sorry I disturbed your studies, but if you have not your lesson by heart you can tell Mr. Leslie I interrupted you."

The truth was (it was a little strange) that Susan had never before thought of the whirlpool in the Sound, with its terrible name, (Hell Gate,) as being so dangerous. A sort of undefined feeling, not understood by herself, made her think of the wild eddies which sometimes cast vessels ashore or dashed them on the rocks. She wanted to know the direction of the wind, and how it would suit the passage of the sloops.

In a few days a letter came from Mr. T., full of acknowledgments for kindness received, dwelling with much pleasure on his late visit, and begging regards and remembrance to all. In the P. S. he mentioned he had been able to procure the same music book which

Miss Susan used, and that he should introduce it into the singing class of his congregation. Sister Mary stole a glance at Susan when this message was delivered, and smiled to see the eye cast down and a sudden flush on her cheek. "Dear girl," said she to herself, "you are indeed learning a new lesson."

How unconsciously does the young heart receive impressions! With what rapid progress do sentiments often advance over former predilections and prejudices. We exclaim can it be the same person? How is it possible?

THE LIBRARY.

Frequent letters passed between Dr. R. and his young friend. There was always some point that wanted elucidation, or some occurrence in which he wished advice. Affection was mutual, and intimacy grew with every advance of the knowledge, of the sentiments, and the opinions, one of the other. Before the lapse of another month William T. was at the house of his revered friend, and was received with a cordial welcome. Susan blushed and smiled when he entered the room. His visit had not been announced, so she was quite taken by surprise. After dinner he expressed a wish to see the library, the Dr. led the way, and then seated himself at his desk. William looked over the books for some time, first on one shelf and then another; then turning round as if he had braced himself for an arduous task, he took a chair by the side of Dr. R. After one or two attempts to converse on indifferent subjects, he cleared his voice, and succeeded in saying, "Dear sir—your daughter—Susan—has—has—won my heart. Will you—will you permit me to try to gain hers?"

Dr. R. dropped his pen, surprised at the suddenness of the proposal, but recovered his composure, and said, "William T., she is too young to change her condition."

"Every day is removing that objection. I am young myself.

But will you allow me your consent to endeavor to gain her love."

"My dear young friend," said Dr. R., "I can wish nothing better for my daughter than to be united to one who seems to be so good. Indeed, you bring your excellent father constantly to my mind, and a connexion with his family I cannot but consider a favor from Divine Providence. The ministry of the Gospel is the profession which, above all others, I prefer. I give you my consent, therefore, to address my beloved daughter."

The tears rose in William's eye, as he grasped the hand of his father's friend, unable for some moments to utter a word. At last he exclaimed, "I am too happy!"

"The Lord bless you, my son. Go down stairs, I will soon join you. Only let me caution you to be gentle and moderate in disclosing your intentions to Susan. She is young, very timid and sensitive. Do not be precipitate."

When William entered the parlor, Mary's quick eye discerned the traces of strong feeling on his expressive countenance. He had what might be called a transparency of character, which was without guile, and needed no concealment. She shrewdly suspected that books alone had not occupied him in the library, but forbore remark, as she saw his heart was too full for railery. Susan raised her eyes timidly towards him, and was also struck with the glow which suffused his countenance as their eyes met. What was the matter? What had happened? She could not conjecture.

In order to break a silence which began to be rather awkward, Mary handed him a volume of a new work. "Have you read this, Mr. T.? It is worth looking at—it is much admired." He took the book and she busied herself in preparing tea. The mother continued her knitting, without noticing anything uncommon. Susan industriously plied her needle; her fairy fingers seemed to fly. Soon after Dr. R. came in, and conversation was resumed; but William's heart was too full to allow him to talk with ease on ordinary subjects.

Solicitude is unquiet—happiness is serious.

THE END OF THE QUARTER.

It was the evening for singing school. William again accompanied Susan. A sort of anxious consciousness, a perturbed manner, rendered their walk somewhat embarrassing. But I will not attempt to describe how he revealed his sentiments to her, or how her heart responded to the revelation. Suffice it to say, that hope shed its beams over his heart, and that he surrendered all its affections to this interesting creature. After this his visits became frequent, and he urged for an early day for the marriage. The only objection was waived, in consideration of the important duties which required all his time.

It was thought proper by father and mother and sister Mary (whose judgment was always consulted) that Susan should be taken from school, although the quarter was not finished, nor the full course of studies completed. As her excellent mother, who fulfilled every duty of life, was still ignorant whether the Alps were in Africa or America, it was thought that Susan might enter on her new obligations without staying to study the Polar regions.

Besides, it was necessary to make alterations in her dress, as well as preparations for housekeeping. At that period there was a marked difference between the dress of a girl and that of a woman, and this change of style had been delayed later than was usual, as Susan continued at school. The metamorphosis must take place. The beautiful ringlets were to be straitened into plaits, a cushion placed on her head, and the hair combed tightly over it; stays were to give shape to the natural form of the person; the frock was to be relinquished for the gown and the robe with its long train; low for high-heeled shoes—so that the whole figure was changed and aggrandized.

The transformation was so great that William scarcely recognized his sylph-like friend when he first saw her in woman's costume. Always lovely in his view, he only found new graces to

admire. June was fixed for the completion of his wishes. By the time the quarter, the dreaded quarter, to which Susan had looked forward with such sickness of heart, was finished, she had become a wife, and was transplanted from the city to the pleasant village of Greenfield.

Some little time after her settlement at the parsonage, she addressed the following letter to her sister Mary, William having written previously to their father:

"My Dear Sister,—

"It is with pleasure I inform you that I am most pleasantly settled in our nice parsonage. I am sure you will excuse my not writing sooner, as you must think, I have been very much occupied in getting our house in order, and in receiving visits, &c., &c.

"In our passage I was not so much alarmed in passing through Hell Gate as I apprehended. I had formed a terrible idea of it; but instead of being tossed about in the whirlpool, nothing was felt more than a slight vibration of the vessel. My dear William stood by me, telling me the wind and tide were both in our favor, and that there was no danger. He is so gentle! so considerate! and does not laugh at my fears. He tries to inspire me with courage, and a proper dependence on our Divine preserver.

"The village is very pretty. Our house is sheltered by a large spreading elm, and is on the edge of the green. The church is on the opposite side, and the spire is seen peeping through a clump of maples. The school-house, with its square belfry, stands near it. A little winding pathway across the green leads to both buildings. Here the children have their sports, and it is quite amusing to notice their various diversions.

"Though our house is small, it is quite comfortable and convenient. The side windows open on the garden, which William cultivates himself. He has planted a number of rose bushes, because he heard me say I admired that flower above all others. In time I shall have them trained around the windows, and I am promised a honey-suckle and jessamine, also, by one of our neighbors.

"I have a very nice apartment for my honored parents, and an attic chamber for you, sister Mary, where you have a fine view of the mountains and of the Sound, sparkling in the distance like the lakes described in the geography. I long to see you here. It seems as if my happiness was not complete till you witnessed and partook of it. Oh! how vain and foolish I was in former days! My poor, vain mind dwelt on the pictures of worldly show, and I was dissatisfied with my condition in life. I am ashamed to confess how much I disliked the restraints of our father's profession and his family order. I promised myself to have nothing more to do with clergymen, especially the rustic ones. And yet here I am, the wife of a country parson, (as I used contemptuously to call them,) what is more, so content with my situation that I would not change with the gayest lady in the city.

"Surely the pleasures of the heart and mind exceed all others! My dear

husband is always occupied in some benevolent or pious object, and in doing good. He associates me in his charitable visits. I go with him to see the sick and the afflicted, and love to hear him comfort the mourners; and have found greater benefit from the house of mourning than that of feasting could possibly have bestowed. By his direction I prepare some nice thing for the sick. He employs me as his messenger to carry books of consolation to the afflicted, and selects passages for me to read to them. His friends are all as kind to me as if I were a relation. They seem to feel for my youth. The aged are like mothers, the young like sisters. After sermon they all gather round us, which brings to my mind the picture Goldsmith has drawn of the village clergyman—'E'en children press to share the good man's smile.' My William might have been the original from which this picture was taken." * * * S. T."

THE WIDOW.

While Susan's days were gliding along in an equable current of placid enjoyment, Mary was destined to pass through scenes of severe trial and affliction. For a while the sun of prosperity shone brightly, but soon clouds arose, and all the horizon was shrouded in gloom. Attracted by the reputation of her excellence, a gentleman of distinguished family and fortune, as well as personal worth, came from a distant province in the south (S. C.) to solicit her hand. He succeeded in his wishes, and everything within the range of his fortune that could gratify the taste of his bride was procured. A large and elegant house in one of the best streets in the city (Wall Street) was purchased and furnished. Scarcely had they taken possession of it when the approach of the invading army caused them to fly with precipitation to some more secure abode, without being able to take anything with them except a few changes of clothing. They found a safe asylum for a while under Mr. T.'s hospitable roof, and Susan was rejoiced that she could also afford a retreat to her parents until something better offered. They remained here in quiet for a short time. Dr. R., whose heart was in his profession, could not be satisfied without a pastoral charge.

He soon had an invitation to a retired place, where he could

preach the Gospel to a plain and rustic congregation. This was no less the joy than the business of his life. His parish was not at a great distance from Greenfield, but the difficulties of travelling at that time were so great, from the badness of the roads, want of conveyances, and dangers arising from disaffected people, that they could not maintain much intercourse. Even the transmission of letters was attended with difficulty, as there was no regular post and private opportunities were rare.

As Mary was sitting thoughtfully one afternoon by the fireside, events of past life flitting through her mind, a letter was brought her, at that time a rare sight in their secluded residence. It was worn and soiled, as if it had been hardly handled. She broke the seal, and found from its date it had been nearly two months on its journey. It was from a friend in Philadelphia, who had been early known and long loved, but with whom during these troublous times she had maintained only an occasional correspondence. She gave an account of the various fortunes of her family, and with regard to herself, added the interesting information, that the gentleman to whom she was engaged had just returned from England, where his father had sent him to complete his law education.

"He is everything my fancy can paint or my heart desire. Oh! Mary, I wish you knew him, I think you could not but admire him. Your approbation of my choice would confirm my confidence.

"Perhaps in your secluded, far off residence the intelligence has not reached you of the death of the wife of Col. B. He is left with a numerous family. He has been the kindest friend of my mother in the present distracted state of affairs.

"Can you not come to be present at the coming ceremony of my marriage, and thus add to my happiness. * * * * Your friend ——."

The invitation could not be accepted. The prospects of Mary were destined to sad reverse. She became a widow before she was a mother. She was fated to know only the sorrows and not the compensating joys of maternity. In the tender and soothing attentions of Susan and her husband she had all that friendship could give. Her piety afforded that support which nothing earthly could afford. She rose from her bed of sorrow with a spirit chastened and subdued, but not overwhelmed by grief. Her vigorous and energetic mind rose superior to the enervating effects of melancholy,

and as soon as her health was re-established she rejoined her parents, and by taking a part in domestic duties and relieving her mother of every onerous charge, she endeavored to regain her wonted cheerfulness.

Her principal care was attending to the improvement of Eliza. There were no schools to which she could be sent, and domestic instruction was all that could supply the deficiency.

Public troubles cast a gloom over all who felt for their country. Alarms of war spread terror everywhere. No one knew where the next point of attack would be, or where to find a place of safety. Established in one retreat, soon another remove was requisite. Yet happily the family was never surprised by the enemy. Two or three years were spent in this fugitive state; yet Dr. R. always found a people anxious to enjoy the advantages of his ministrations, and his home, however humble, was rendered comfortable by the perfect neatness and order which spread a charm round his fireside.

The placid temper of Mrs. R. was never ruffled. In the performance of her Christian and domestic duties her mind found sufficient employment, and all care of the future was cast on an Almighty arm. Mary was never without resource; her elastic spirits rose from the pressure of sorrow, and her cheerfulness returned. In books, family avocations, and the instruction of Eliza, she took a lively interest; and sheltered from the sight of war, she only suffered for others and sympathized in the general calamity.

A VISITOR.

Time stayed not its course, but rolled on in its unceasing lapse. One evening as Mary was standing by the window she saw a gentleman on horseback, followed by a servant. His appearance showed he was a stranger. He looked about as if in search of some dwelling. She presumed, as he was a traveller, he was seeking a public house, but was surprised to see him advance to their front

door. The gentleman alighted, giving his horse to his groom, ascended the steps, and was soon shown into the parlor.

It was Col. B. Her pallid cheek was suffused with a faint blush as she extended her hand to welcome him. The recollection of what both had experienced since last they met touched in each the chord of sympathetic tenderness. The family soon collected, and friendly salutations passed. Conversation became general and varied.

A few days passed in domestic quiet. In a retired place, where there are not many interruptions from company or visits, opportunity is afforded for the full development of character and feeling. The negotiations of the heart went on rapidly and successfully. Mary's scruples and apprehensions about assuming the important position now offered to her were overborne by the earnest solicitations of one for whom her heart acknowledged its first prepossession. He was not a stranger, his worth was long known to the family.

Mary once more looked forward to life as having the power and means to render her happy and useful. The approbation of parents was cordially granted without hesitation.

In the course of a few months Mary was established in Philadelphia, surrounded by a large family and a circle of admiring friends. Her active and energetic mind found full employ. So adequate was she to every duty that every difficulty disappeared. Order reigned in every department of the house. There was time for everything, no hurry, no delay. Cheerfulness shed a charm over every repast. The parlor was a scene of hilarity, animated conversation, and the cordial reciprocity of kindness. Her bright countenance was never shaded by a cloud. Her husband's pleasure was the law of the house.

Excellent woman! thy virtues will ever live in my heart while memory remains. The elder children of the family admired and revered her, the younger ones clustered round her in filial love. One of the most painful feelings her little daughter ever experienced was when some one had the folly, the cruelty, to tell her this was not her own mama.

AN EXPERIMENT.

When winter came, Mrs. B. prevailed on her parents to allow Eliza to come to the city. It was time her appearance and manners should receive attention. She had long been secluded from all intercourse with society, except the plain, unpolished people of a country neighborhood. Her habits required correction, and her manners that ease and finish which the company of educated and refined persons alone can impart.

Accordingly she came, and entered on a scene perfectly new. The house, its furniture, the style of entertaining, were like fairy land to her. The domestic circle was even more novel. Here were three or four young gentlemen, all of genteel and polished manners, besides many who were frequent visitors. James, the eldest son, was handsome, gay, witty, with a touch of sarcasm in his nature. He glanced at Eliza, when introduced to her, a curl of the lip showed what he thought of the rustic damsel. The others seemed to feel more of pity than of contempt, and treated her with some attention and a cold politeness.

James was of an ardent and impetuous temper, quick in his prepossessions, strong in likings and dislikings, but not constant in the one nor invincible in the other; generous to a fault where he loved, easily prejudiced when a favorite sentiment was contested, or an opinion controverted. After the first sight he took little notice of Eliza, and considered her as a simple country girl, beneath his notice. It must be confessed she was awkward. She had a mode of entering the room with her arms dangling down—her shoulders stooping—her head on one side and her toes turned in. Admonition did not correct these faults, and before an introduction into company it was needful to give her some opportunity of having them subdued. It was thought nothing would so soon wear off these rustic habits as a few months instruction by com-

petent masters. Preparatory measures were taken to fit her for her entrance to society; milliners and dress-makers were employed, and a total change effected in her wardrobe.

Eliza had the germ of taste within her, which required nothing but a favorable soil and cultivation to bring out in luxuriance. She had great ambition, which soon discovered itself in her unwearied efforts to excel.

By the time the winter was over, the change wrought in her appearance and manners was so great, that she could scarcely be recognized as the same person. There was, perhaps, even then, a little lurking spirit of coquetry, which hid itself under the aspect of simplicity. Her motions and attitudes became graceful, the expression of her countenance was intelligent, and without what is called beauty, she was attractive. Her forehead was fair and well formed, the eye-brows arched, her eye remarkably well set, fringed with long dark lashes, which gave a deeper dye to their blue tint. These advantages were not unheeded by the possessor. With a form small, extremely light and delicate, she could dress as her taste dictated, and wear ornaments without any appearance of gaudiness. She knew how to assort colors, and what would be suitable and becoming to her complexion, as well as if she had studied in Paris. James began to view her with a different eye. There was witchery about her; and he found himself admiring, where lately he had ridiculed.

Eliza had an intuitive sense in her manners to gentlemen: she knew exactly what would attract and suit the taste of each one. With James, she was distant and reserved; with the other brothers cordial and sprightly. This, after a while, piqued the pride of the former, and he found it necessary to take more pains to render himself agreeable, and to engage her attention. By insensible degrees, he was fascinated with her; he became entangled in the toils of passion till every feeling was absorbed, and every wish concentrated in obtaining her favor.

Early in the summer, Eliza returned to her parents, who still resided in the country. The parsonage was in a very secluded spot.

The world seemed a desert to James.

THE MARRAIGE.

Yes! the world without Eliza, was a desert to James. Amusement had no power to charm, business was an irksome task, and books, dull companions. His chief resource was in visiting a friend, to whom he could reveal his feelings, and with whom he could devise plans for the future.

He was too young to talk of marriage—he was still in the counting-house of his father; but he knew not how to live without Eliza, so completely had she won his affections. He could not deny himself the pleasure of visiting her, and half promised himself it should be only as a friend.

In that exclusive retirement, in their walks through the valley and the forest, his feelings betrayed themselves, and before he left the quiet parsonage, he made a full declaration of his love. Young as was Eliza, she had the art to keep her own secret, or rather, to conceal her purpose; and it was not for a considerable time that she gave him permission to hope. Owing to the youth of the parties, the marriage was deferred for a year. When, at length, he obtained her hand, he thought himself the happiest man on earth. His father took him into business with himself, and they were established suitably, and according to their taste, plainly, at house-keeping. Under the judicious guidance of Mrs. B., they went on with becoming moderation, and all things prospered around them.

James thought no toil too arduous, that could add to the pleasure and the gratification of his wife, and pursued his business with pleasure and alacrity. The next year their felicity was hightened by the birth of a son. This perhaps may be styled the perfection of human life, when the heart experiences the delight of conjugal and parental affection, in their fullness and their freshness.

THE DREAM.

About this time Mr. T. made a visit to Philadelphia, and enjoyed the pleasure in the society of his beloved friends. It so happened that he received an invitation to a respectable church about twelve miles from the city. He accepted the call, and the three sisters were so situated as to renew the delightful intercourse of former years. The gentlemen became attached friends, and a friendship was formed which endured to their last days. The residence of Mr. T. was the abode of comfort. Susan retained all her sprightliness and her hospitality, so that the family, the children particularly, enjoyed their summer excursions to Abington. Where could be found so happy a family circle?

But what is human life? a fluctuating scene. Who may dare to say, "To-morrow shall be as to-day." How soon after David said, "My mountain stands strong, I shall never be moved," he was constrained to add, "Thou didst hide thy face and I was troubled." If for a season prosperity extends its gladdening ray, and the prospect on every side is fair and bright, how quickly, oftentimes, do the clouds of adversity gather, and the desolating blast destroys the harvest of joy. Uninterrupted happiness is not the boon of heaven to sinful humanity. The more perfect is it, the shorter is its duration.

A few years passed with scarcely a cloud. Earth rarely witnesses a more blissful union than that of Col. B. and Mary. They were like two fine musical instruments, set on the same key, and in perfect accord. The terms of rule and obey were never heard between them. It was his object to procure her every gratification, and it was her delight to see him happy, and to render his house the abode of peace and joy. The voice of complaint was never heard from her lips, her voice echoed the law of kindness and the smile of welcome was ever ready. They were united, moreover, in religious sentiment and in benevolent pursuits.

The event that seemed to be all that was requisite to complete the happiness of Mary was near approaching, and her mother had come to sustain her spirits and partake her joy. Every preparation was made that could conduce to comfort, with the taste and good judgment which characterized her conduct. From the fortune she brought, all that was elegant might have been procured, yet such was the moderation which distinguished her arrangements, she never went beyond the point of propriety. She preferred giving advantages to the children of Col. B., than lavish expenditure for herself. In all pecuniary matters she had a delicacy that was admirable. The income of her own estates was always tendered to her husband, and when she needed anything for her own use she applied to him, as if she were wholly dependent. He was worthy of such a wife; he had generosity equalling her own, and a heart to appreciate her confidence.

One morning, alone with her mother, she said in a softened tone, "Will you allow me, dear mother, to tell you a dream I had last night? It is not often that I notice dreams, but this one is remarkable, and the impression it made is so strong and so vivid that I cannot get rid of it. I narrated it to Col. B., but he checked me, and said he was surprised that I should attach any importance to it. I cannot drive it from my mind. Perhaps in speaking of it to you, I may dismiss it, and think no more of it."

"If it will have a good effect, my daughter, thus to speak of it, tell me the dream. We know that fancies will come when we are anxious about any particular event."

"You remember my friend, Catharine Brown, who died in Scotland; you know how intimate we were, and how fondly was our attachment to each other?"

"Certainly, I remember your earliest friend and her interesting character."

"Methought I saw her—she came to me as in the days of youth. She was dressed in white, with the countenance of an angel, radiant with bliss. 'Mary,' she said, 'I am come for you, you must go with me.' 'Catherine,' I replied, 'that is impossible. I cannot leave Col. B. and his children.' 'You must, all things are ready.' She took me by the hand and led me to the front door. When

we opened it there was a crowd of people filling the street as far as my eye could reach, and a bier standing by the door!"

At this moment Col. B. came in the room. She stopped. He caught the words, and said, "Surely, you are not repeating that dream to your mother? Mary, my dear, this is not like yourself."

Mary rose and summoned a smile, put her arm within her husband's, and went in the garden. "We cannot be always wise, my love; you must forgive me if my courage fails at the thought of leaving you." Tears fell from her eyes, and Col. B. could make no answer, but clasped her to his heart.

Mrs. R.. though possessing a calm and well-balanced mind, was shocked. She said if a stream of cold water had been poured over her she could not have felt a greater tremor.

A CHANGE.

A few days after this their fears were relieved by the appearance of a fine boy. The gratification of the grandmother was full. Mary seemed perfectly happy. Alas! it was for a brief space. Ere ten hasty days had flown the house of joy was transformed to the house of mourning. She who was the life, the very soul of its enjoyments, was silent and cold in death! Who can paint the consternation of the family at this sudden reverse, or still less attempt to describe the agony of the bereaved husband, the deep sorrow of the mourning mother. That night of anguish will never be effaced from my memory. Never, though years have passed, do I see the moon in its wane, as I saw it at that hour, but the scene recurs. Fain would I have supported her in my arms all night, but I was too young to be allowed that privilege. With regret I left the bedside, yielding my post under promise of being called if any change appeared. That change came but too surely, too speedily. This excellent woman was called from a sphere of great usefulness and earthly happiness; doubtless it was to reap a rich reward where no painful change can come. Her's was the gain—

the loss was to all who knew her. Her husband felt "'tis the survivor dies"—heart-stricken, the world had no more days of brightness for him.

The evening after her interment, it was the sacred Sabbath's close, he assembled his children and his family around him in an upper chamber. He had fortified his own soul by retired devotion, he now strove to strengthen theirs by social prayer. He read some consolatory passages from Holy writ. "We mourn not," he said, "as those without hope. The one for whom we grieve is among the blessed. Her illness was so rapid that it allowed not the expression of her faith and hope, but the whole tenor of her life attests the solidity of the one and the well-grounded assurance of the other. May we all, when called to depart, leave a like testimony." He prayed with the mourning group around him, then, with softened voices, broken with sobs, they joined in singing that hymn so appropriate to their circumstances,

"How vain are all things here below, &c."

One of the family, admiring her intellectual powers, exclaimed "She had talents to command an empire;" but of more value far was her fidelity in duty, her unostentatious, active piety. Her energy infused spirit in every department of her household, and her unvarying cheerfulness, like the clear shining star of day, shed a general and genial glow over every object. The delight of her husband, the director of his children, the adviser of her friends, she filled every department of social life with ease to herself and entire gratification to all within the sphere of her influence.

THE BREAKING-UP.

The friends of Col. B., feeling a deep interest in his affliction, wished that he should try the effect of entire change of scene and occupation. He had retired for some time from political life and pursued mercantile business, to which he had been bred. He was

prevailed on to be nominated for Congress. Succeeding in his election, he was obliged to make immediate preparation to go to New-York to take his seat.

It was not an inconsiderable business to arrange so large an establishment. His son James took charge of the mercantile affairs. Eliza was entrusted with the two younger daughters. The eldest one had gone to New-York with Mrs. R., where Dr. R. was again settled, when the citizens returned after the war. The young men, who were students of law and in counting-houses, became members of James' family. This accession rendered a larger house requisite for the elder brother, and a new house required new furniture, consequently a different style of living was adopted. When these affairs were adjusted Col. B. went to New-York, and boarded at Dr. R.'s with the pleasure of having his daughter with him. The retirement and the regularity of the family suited the state of his mind. Indeed, it is a question whether he would have accepted the appointment, had it been necessary to join in gay society. The elevated piety of the excellent couple, and their sympathy in his sorrow, made this situation the most comfortable one that he could have selected.

AN ATTEMPT AT HIGH LIFE.

That governing mind which had hitherto regulated and restrained Eliza was no more present to influence her. Col. B. was extremely indulgent to his children. He was removed from the knowledge of their proceedings, and exercised no control over them. There were always some plausible pretexts for increased drafts. While he had the power to satisfy them he did not think of remonstrating, far less of refusing these demands. The passion for high life and the desire to shine in the most fashionable circles, took possession of Eliza's mind. No opportunity was lost, and every occasion profited by to push forward into the ranks of gay society. One of the dis-

creet friends of James undertook to advise him, and to give him salutary counsel on the subject. "You are young, my friend; you have an increasing family; business is precarious; you should be more prudent in your expenditures; your father never lived in a like style—consider."

"I do consider," he replied. "It is Eliza's pleasure I study."

"Is it not too great a sacrifice," rejoined his friend, "to plunge yourself into difficulty, and perhaps to involve your father?"

"I think no sacrifice too great for Eliza. I would sacrifice my life for her!"

Infatuated young man! A short time terminated this career of folly. Business took an unfavorable turn, and in about two years he failed, involving his father in heavy responsibilities. Their house had to be relinquished. Eliza had to return to her father, with two children. James was obliged to go to the South, to endeavor to retrieve his affairs, and to collect some property which had been bequeathed to his wife. Owing to the embarrassments caused by the war, this had never been productive.

Col. B.'s term being finished in Congress, he went to reside in the quiet village of Germantown, and again collected his family around him. He felt deeply for the misfortunes of his son, and preserved his credit by great sacrifices. He found it difficult to resume business. A change in political affairs threw the party to which he was attached out of popular favor. He had no resource but in retirement.

THE RETURN.

James' expedition to the South was in part successful. He secured the property, but at a fearful cost to himself. He trusted in his high health and firm constitution, and though warned against exposure, he went into the country. He was told that it was extremely dangerous at that season of the year to quit the

city, (Charleston,) even for a day. Nevertheless, he encountered the risk a day or two before his embarkation for New-York, from an eagerness to adjust his affairs. Alas! the second day after being at sea the fatal malady set in with violence. All that could be done for his comfort in such a case was done. Friends, of the southern country, relinquished their own places in the cabin, that he might be better attended. It was in vain, the terrific malady could not be arrested. A short time completed the destructive work.

It was hoped to reach land, and to deposit his remains in earth, that his father and friends might, at least in idea, visit the spot. It could not be—in solemn and respectful silence his form was committed to the waves—to remain until the sea shall give up its dead. Thus, in the prime of life, with all his affections glowing in his heart, he was called away.

His wife and the family were expecting his return; and when the vessel was reported, his brother hastened to welcome him. What a reverse! He returned with the sad tidings. Eliza, no doubt felt the shock, and some pangs of grief must have wrung her heart, for one who had loved her with such intense affection. Her bosom was too much filled with the love of self, to know a generous sorrow.

In his papers were many proofs of that deep and fervent love which was stronger than death. The following verses I recollect:

"Tho' the sons of stern Neptune are laid
  In the soft arms of peace-giving sleep,
I wake, loved Eliza, to grieve,
  I wake, o'er thine image to weep:

That image so dear to my breast,
  Whose absence I ever shall mourn:
To which, nothing a charm can impart,
  Save the hope of a speedy return."

His father wept for his first-born with an agony of sorrow, which religion could soften, though it could not obliterate. With the patriarch he said, "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

THE GAY WIDOW.

During the period that it was decorous to wear the habiliments of mourning, Eliza lived in retirement, dividing her time between her friends of both families. She spent several months at the secluded parsonage. All that affection could do, was done to please and to gratify her. Mr. T. spoke to her the language of religion to elevate her mind above sorrow, and also above the disappointments and the illusions of a vain deceitful world. He perceived the strong bias of her thoughts towards those earthly objects which hitherto had wholly engrossed her. It was his hope, that affliction, together with a separation from scenes of fashionable life, might have a salutary effect, and her affections would be directed to superior concerns.

Eliza had some taste for poetry, and could express her sentiments in an interesting style. She had the tact to accommodate herself to her companions, and render herself extremely agreeable. In the family circle, and no stranger present to awaken her vanity or her ambition to shine, she discoursed sweetly, and made those around her believe that she was full of feeling and tenderness. High life was her idol still; and to be looked up to, to lead the fashion, to mingle with the great, to be admired, overcame each better inclination. Her children were with their grand parents; she had no care of them, and it seemed as though they had little power to awaken maternal love. Self—self—was the supreme object to which all else must yield. Her health was delicate, and this circumstance was wielded with address to obtain the indulgences she desired from her parents. They strove to make up, in every way, the losses and disappointments which had fallen so heavily on her youthful days.

After visiting her friends at Abington, she returned to New-York, where the tender solicitude of her mother arranged every-

thing for her comfort. She was happy if she could see the palid cheek of her daughter show somewhat of its former glow—her eye emit its sparkle—and a gleam of cheerfulness dispel her usual sadness. There was always a settled gloom of dissatisfaction on her countenance when she was in presence of her parents.

They attributed her depression to her grief; and they urged every argument to make her exert herself—to console and to cheer her. She professed to dislike New-York, and therefore refused to see the company which came to the house.

When the accustomed period elapsed of wearing the widow's weeds, her friends proposed a change of dress to her: lively colors, they thought would, perhaps, make her feel in better spirits. She yielded with apparent reluctance, yet to those who saw her with her dress-maker, it was evident that the change was far from being disagreeable. Her taste was correct and elegant, and she understood selecting what was becoming to her. The next object to be effected was to induce her to re-enter society, but she stedfastly adhered to her plan of seclusion. The truth was, that she could not associate with those she wished to visit, while she lived in a small house, in a dull narrow street. How to bring about so great a revolution, as to make her parents quit the mansion that they had inhabited ever since the peace, was the point; it required dexterous management. By skillful maneuvers it at last was effected. A larger house in a better position, admitting more of the air of fashion, was selected for their abode. The amiable and venerable pair desired to gratify their daughter, whose interesting circumstances made large drafts on their sympathy. Her delicate health also, demanded every indulgence that their means could supply. Single hearted themselves, they had no suspicion of artifice, and received everything as fair and true that was presented to them. They could not suppose that there was any sinister or concealed motive.

The best room in the house was allotted to their daughter for her drawing room. Some articles of furniture of her elegant establishment in Philadelphia had been reserved for her, from the wreck of their affairs, and re-presented to her by Col. B. With these things and

a few more costly articles, her parlor was arranged in a style of taste and fashion, far beyond anything which had ever appeared in the clerical dwelling.

Thus equipped she commenced her career. She had always a few friends who moved in the first circle of society. These associations were now cultivated, and intimacies were matured by frequent intercourse. Her visitors were received in her own drawing-room. Her parents knew nothing of them but what she chose to communicate. By degrees she was drawn more and more into the vortex of gay life, till she was in one perpetual whirl. Her own woman always awaited her return, so that the hours she kept were not known to the family, In the morning, indisposition was a ready excuse for not attending worship and taking breakfast in the parlor. Morning visits occupied her till the dinner hour, when she met her father and mother for a short time. The afternoon was devoted to preparations for the evening assembly. Thus she lived almost a stranger to those under the same roof.

THE CONQUEST.

At this season of gayety, a new impulse was given by the arrival of the officers belonging to a French frigate detained in the harbor. Party succeeded party with unusual rapidity and splendor. It is not improbable that the influence of the free sentiments of these persons, gave a new tone to society at that time.

Among the leaders of the fashionable world, was one who was conspicuous, from the union of family fortune and personal advantages. To a handsome form and face, were added manners the most fascinating. He was just returned from England; then, it was a distinction to have been abroad. To be admired by Mr. A. was enough to bring any lady into notice, and to render her the object of envy to her sex. As the daughter of a clergyman, Eliza

would have had little chance of attracting his attention, but as connected with the B. family, with whom he had some acquaintance, she immediately engaged his regards. The name at first caught his ear, and made demands on his politeness. A conquest such as this would ensconce Eliza in the highest niche of the ton, and consequently her powers of pleasing, of which she possessed many, were put in requisition to attract and to attach him. By various arts of dress and the toilette, she concealed the waste of health; her wardrobe was tasteful, and when made up for a party, the roseate hue of youth was on her cheek, her eyes were bright, and her step was elastic. No one surmised at what expense of ease these appearances were purchased. Vanity has its martyrs as well as religion.

At the parties where they met, Mr. A. was in the train of Eliza; he, by degrees, was considered her devoted beau. There was always some visit to be returned or some novelty to be seen, and each morning found him in attendance. Books were to be procured or to be returned; indisposition, real or feigned, required the politeness of an inquiry. By a thousand of these minute requisitions, Mr. A. found himself drawn into an intimacy he had not calculated on, and from which he could not retreat.

The serious part of Dr. R.'s congregation were shocked that such a connection was proposed for the daughter of their pastor, and that it obtained credence; but the whole style of Eliza's associations were considered as improper for a house hitherto renowned for its propriety and its sanctitude. Anonymous letters were addressed to herself and to her father, representing the character of Mr. A. and his course of life, in somewhat exaggerated terms. In the main, they were only too true.

These missives, however, failed to produce the intended effect, and instead of breaking the engagement, they riveted the ties, and accelerated the proposed union. Mr. A. was represented by Eliza as the victim of persecution, and motives of envy, jealousy and malice were attributed to these unknown writers; consequently his case called for an increased degree of sympathy. The two were identified as objects of some secret enemy, and being thus

drawn together, what at first was a mere flirtation, resulted in a serious engagement for life. Her parents were too pure to suspect that vice lurked under his pleasing exterior, and although not a match they desired or could altogether approve, yet as his family was respectable and his fortune ample, they could not make a decided opposition. They knew him only as he appeared in the parlor, which he enlivened by his wit and vivacity. Eliza, they saw, was taken captive, and resumed her cheerfulness and her interest in life—and what was decisive, she was of age, and must judge for herself.

ILLNESS—ITS CONSEQUENCES.

The drama of the winter was drawing to a close; the fatigue of dissipation, the various excitements which Eliza had sustained, were too much for her fragile frame.

One evening, when dressing for a party, she was seized with such paroxysms of pain, that her strength, which had for a long time been artificially supported, entirely deserted her. A physician was immediately called, and instead of mingling in a scene of gayety, she was laid on a couch of suffering. For some time her life hung in suspense, and alarming apprehensions filled the hearts of her friends with dread.

During this time Mr. A. was assiduous in his attentions, and evinced so much solicitude and tenderness, that he made a favorable impression, and it was hoped that the follies of his youth might be retrieved.

The violence of her disease abated, and health seemed to return to the invalid. In a few weeks she was able to quit her chamber and enjoy the fresh air.

An early day was fixed for the marriage, and it was celebrated without parade, as circumstances rendered it proper it should be so. Summer was advancing, and the season formed a pretext for going

into the country. A sister of Mr. A., who resided in a retired place, invited them to visit her. For a little while the novelty of the situation, the beauty of the surrounding scenery, the beauty of the locality, made up for the amusements of the city. It, however, requires mental resources, and succession of occupation, to render a life in the country interesting. In retirement there must be a relish for literary pursuit, or other employment to give wings to time.

Mr. A. was not fitted for solitude; he could not study; he soon glanced over a review, or a new romance, and then what was to be done to beguile the tedium of existence? He tried field sports, but he was no adept, and they wearied him. He would stroll to a neighboring village and cheat some hours in idle gossip, but this was a resource too inelegant to please his fastidious taste. His wife could not endure the heat, and ceased to accompany him in his walks. A morbid languor was wearing down her spirits.

Solitude, to the character of the husband, was not the fosterer of virtue. The discerning eye might perceive a change stealing over his manner to her he had promised to love. Perhaps he was not conscious of the indifference with which he regarded her. When affection is not founded on esteem, the illusions with which fancy and vanity invest their object soon pass away.

On her part, as the airy fabric vanished, disappointment settled in its deep gloom on her heart. She had been a sort of idol, whose every wish was consulted, and to the utmost gratified. Now she found herself alone. The honied expressions of flattery, from one whose voice was music, whose every glance had been admiration, were exchanged for common-place salutations. What an ice-bolt to her sensitive self-love!

What a void is made in the heart, when the all-engrossing object of its regards is thus suddenly withdrawn! As the bright vision vanishes away, hope withers, and happiness expires. The hallucinations which had filled and peopled her world were gone, and to Eliza, truth, with its stern reality, presented itself. Oh! could some good genius, some tender, faithful friend, at that time have attended her, to soothe her sorrows, and to lead her in the path of peace!

But she was separated from those who loved her, and from those who cared for her soul and her spiritual well-being. Far from her parents, and her excellent friend Mr. T., and her affectionate sister, to whom could she look? who had she to direct her, and offer the aid that she needed?

Her chief companion was a young woman whom she had taken in her service. She was lively and good-humored, but without principle. Her sister-in law was occupied with her family duties and her children; she paid the ordinary civilities of hospitality, but nothing more. The insidious disease which had long secretly been undermining her constitution, aggravated by the means used to palliate its paroxysms, now assumed symptoms of decided decline. Her strength was wearing away; she could rarely leave her chamber, and her frame became sensible, in a distressing degree, to variations of the atmosphere; and ah! to every variation of the countenance. Mr. A., wearied of the care of an invalid wife, amused himself with her attendant. The agony of jealousy was added to the anguish of disease.

At the commencement of Autumn, the bleakness of the situation made it requisite to hasten to the city. Eliza repaired to that dear home where truth and love resided, and realized the comforts of such a shelter. Her parents were horror-stricken at seeing the ravages of disease—the emaciated form, the wan cheek with its hectic spot, and the eye flashing with the brilliance of fever. A physician was called, but medical skill in vain attempts to check that fatal malady, consumption, still less can it minister to a mind diseased. Mr. A. renewed his assiduities in view of her family—they had lost their power to charm. Ellen, her woman, still attended her, though her presence must have stung her like a scorpion. Her venerable father sought opportunities to prepare her for that change, which evidently was not far off. The languor of disease, and the stupefying effect of opiates, precluded any advantageous access to her heart. He bent over her in anguish and poured forth the fervent prayer of christian faith. May it have been effectual!

For a few weeks she languished in this sad state of suffering and

decay. There was no friend to whom she dared reveal the anguish that preyed upon her soul. Her mother she would not pain; already she had too much grieved her. A young person who visited her, from observation and broken exclamations that escaped her, conjectured what tortured her mind. "Sorrow in her breast concealed its hoard," and without consolation, without hope, she finished her life of vanity.

Ye gay and thoughtless, ye vain and ambitious, could you have looked unmoved on the remains of Eliza? Gifted above many of her sex, had she restrained her views and wishes to the situation which Providence assigned to her, she might have been the happiest wife, and the glad mother of her family. Behold the reverse —an early grave! The delusions of the world cheated her of substantial happiness, and brought grief, disappointment, and misery on those who loved her purely and sincerely.

THE MAN OF PLEASURE.

After the death of his wife, Mr. A. shed a few tears, and wore a long crape weeper depending from his hat, but he in reality experienced the greatest relief possible. He was like a bird released from an exhausted receiver. The fortune he once possessed had been dissipated in extravagance; he had no resource. He was educated for the bar, but his habits unfitted him for application to business or for study. He expected to be the heir of a rich relation. She, to gratify him, sent him to England, but in so doing her plans were defeated. He anticipated the fortune, and at her death little was left to him. He kept up appearances, but it would have been impossible to have kept house in the style he desired. The hasty engagement from which honor forbade him to retreat, involved him in difficulties inextricable, and which the event of her demise was the only mitigation. In a short time he resumed his former habits, and as soon as decency would permit, he mingled in

all the amusements in which his happiness centered. It was not known how he found the means to support his expenses, but after a while the sources were exhausted. He ceased to be an object of admiration to the young, and he had no acquirements to render him an acceptable companion to those of his own age. To conclude his history,—he continued to play the beau as long as he could insinuate himself in the good graces of any young girl; but flattery, however sweet, requires the zest of youth, beauty, or fashion, to give it power to fascinate. He found society changed from what it once had been. With an exhausted fortune, a broken constitution, he took refuge in a garret room, where, without the soothings of friendship, the approbation of conscience, or the consolations of religion, he breathed his last, unpitied and unlamented. "So poor Mr. A. is gone," was all the expression of regret that followed him to the grave.

Here was a waste of talent which might have embellished society, and of qualities calculated to diffuse happiness in the relations of domestic life. Mr. A. was not destitute of kind dispositions, and even of a degree of generosity. He regarded money only as a means of present gratification, and was not sordid. He declined keeping the property of Eliza, legally his own, when he really was in need of supplies, and yielded it to her orphan children. Vanity and the love of pleasure spoiled all that was good in his natural temper, and before life attained its meridian his gay career was terminated—more properly it should be termed his sad career.

Thus a youth, upon whom nature and fortune shed their "selectest influences," the dawn of whose day was bright, was led astray, and his life overcast by the hateful shade of dissipation. Precious advantages were flittered away by folly. When talents are mis-improved, duties neglected, and selfish indulgence forms the whole object of pursuit, in despite of the warnings of wisdom, the disappointment of friends, and the ruin of sufferers, can existence be called a blessing? What is life worth, if passed without respectability, and without usefulness?

"Surely, thou didst set them in slippery places; thou hast brought them to desolation. He walked in a vain shew. Verily, his best estate was altogether vanity."

THE GOOD DAUGHTER.

On the occasion of the decease of Eliza, the office of consoler devolved on Mrs. T., now the only daughter of this aged pair. They deeply felt their affliction. To see the prospects of their child blasted, and in the prime of life thus to terminate her course, filled their hearts with sorrow. Could hope have shed one ray on her state beyond the tomb, grief would have been soothed, and their minds been sustained under the bereavement. Susan hastened with duteous zeal to offer her tribute of sympathy; there was little to be said in way of consolation. Profound submission calmed their spirits and enabled them to say, "The Lord gave and the Lord hath taken away, blessed be his name."

The comfort of having their kind daughter with them was a balm to the pain they suffered. Thanksgiving was mingled with their sighs.

The dwelling of Mr. and Mrs. T. was the abode of peace and love. By economy a limited income was so managed as to afford them every comfort. Their hospitable board was crowned with abundance, if not luxury, and their friends were received with that cordial welcome which gives the highest relish to social intercourse. The young and the old delighted to visit the happy parsonage, and here the destitute and the unfortunate were sure of sympathy and shelter.

Yet was this abode not altogether free from the sufferings of humanity, and the visitations of affliction. The blessing for which their hearts yearned had long been denied them—they had almost ceased to hope for it. After many years of married life it was permitted them to know the joys of parental love. A daughter, with every appearance of health and beauty, smiled upon them. They looked forward with sweet anticipation to the task of rearing and educating their darling. Mysterious to us are the ways of Providence. This boon, so long coveted, so valued, so cherished, was

lent them only for four hasty moons. The cruel disease, the scourge of mankind, until Jenner blessed the world with his discovery, bereft them of what they held so dear. Who can adequately estimate the worth of religious hope and christian resignation. With chastened hearts they yielded the sweet gift, rejoicing that they had a treasure in heaven, beyond the reach of earthly ills.

This loss was the spring of other virtues. Mr. T. had two nieces, left orphans, whom he now adopted, educated, and provided for. In process of time they took the place of daughters, and became efficient helpers in his family.

THE LAST DAYS OF A GOOD MAN.

Years rolled on with an equable course, marked principally by accumulated blessings and added graces. Under the hand of taste, the parsonage became every year more beautiful; the trees and shrubbery putting forth an enlarged and luxuriant growth; the porch in front was latticed with jessamine; a stately weeping willow waved its rich drapery round the windows of the little drawing-room; the garden abounded with vegetables, and was adorned by choice and rare flowers. This dwelling, so neat, so comfortable, was the resort of many friends. They found health in the salubrious air of the district of country where it was situated, as well as spiritual benefit from the piety which reigned within.

But the question recurs, What is human life in its best estate? A vapor. It may be tinged with richest colors, with rainbow tints, still it is but a vapor, which appears for a while and then vanishes away. The most useful must depart hence and be seen no more. Mr. T. was struck with a malady, which in a short time removed him from the scene of his labors. His last days were his best days, when unable to occupy the pulpit, he gathered around him in his chamber the old and the young, and with an eloquence surpassing all that marked his days of health, exhorted them to seek that

better portion, which would endure forever. His words went into the hearts of many of his hearers; his example, his resignation, his devotion, carried conviction of the truths which he had declared. He departed in peace. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

The tears of affection bedewed the spot where his form was laid, and his memory is enshrined in the hearts of those who knew him. For the loss of such a companion earth has no compensation. The widow must seek consolation from a divine source. To the inly wound no human hand can apply a remedy. The Divine physician must bring the balm of Gilead—the heavenly Samaritan must pour the oil and the wine!

THE CONCLUSION.

In the vision of Mirza, which so vividly paints the phases of human life, it was perceived that at the end of the bridge the trap-doors thickened, and ever and anon the weary pilgrims dropped through them to the ocean of eternity. When three score and ten years have flown past, the time-worn travellers disappear in rapid succession. Thus was it in the family of Mrs. T. Scarcely were the tears dry on the cheek of the mourner, when bereavement succeeding bereavement caused them afresh to flow. The venerable parents had passed the usual boundary of the earthly pilgrimage. He who used to be active in the duties of his sacred office had now to cease from his labors. A brief space separated the pulpit from the tomb. Full of years and full of honors, he was called to receive that crown of righteousness promised to the faithful servant. It seems as though the glad welcome might be heard, "Come, thou blessed." "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord!"

"Saw ye not the wheels of fire,
As the chariot cleft the wind?
Saw ye not the saint aspire?"

Mrs. T. left her retirement and went to watch the last days of her declining parent. She ministered to her comfort and offered the consolations of religion and of filial love. By gradual decline she calmly closed her gentle course, and consigned her purified spirit to the hand of Him who gave it. Meek and placid had been her habitual temper, and every period of life had been marked by piety, benevolence, and the discharge of every duty. After a few months of separation she was laid by the side of her companion and friend. Lovely and endeared had been their union—in death they were not divided.

The contemplation of such characters is calculated to exalt our estimate of Christianity. Whatever things were pure, lovely, honorable and of good repute, shone like a constellation of graces throughout their whole course. Theirs must be the incorruptible crown, to be placed on the brow of those who have followed the Redeemer. To such he has said, "I appoint unto you a kingdom."

Mrs. T. was not left without consolation. There were many that loved her. In the orphan neices, whom she had trained in the knowledge and practice of domestic accomplishments, and nurtured every benevolent and pious affection, she found efficient assistants, as well as attached friends. They managed her affairs so that she had no cares to oppress her. By the congregation the inmates of the family were looked to, not as the leaders of fashion, but as examples of virtue and goodness.

In the cultivation of the garden and the embellishment of the court yard they found amusement and scope for their taste. Mrs. T. still loved her plants, and always had some favorite flowers to cherish.

As long as her strength permitted, she delighted in the performance of the duties of benevolence. Her advice was sought in sickness, and she was always ready to render aid to the various institutions which now adorn the church. These furnish delightful employment for leisure hours, and ample opportunity for the exercise of the best and noblest affections of the heart. Thus, in these elevating occupations, did this excellent woman pass the evening of life. She attained the appointed term of earthly duration, without

experiencing any decay of the mental faculties or her social affections. Beauty and harmony still yielded her gratification. By gentle decline she sank to the tomb. Her last days were peaceful, irradiated by hopes of a blissful immortality. Many tears were shed of regret and tenderness on her grave by those whom her goodness had relieved and her kindness benefited. Her memory is cherished by those who owe their happiness to her virtues. She reposes by the side of him whose love made the sunshine of her life, and to whom she was the source of the dearest joys of this sublunary sphere.

What happiness can the ambitious, the worldly-minded enjoy, compared to the peace and elevated serenity of those who walk in the paths of wisdom and purity? Let the course pursued by Eliza and Susan decide the question.

SKETCHES OF THE PAST.

"Being dead, they yet speak."

"The memory of the just is blessed."

"The righteous shall be had in everlasting remembrance."

"The sweet remembrance of the just,
Like a green root, revives and bears
A train of blessing for their heirs,
When dying nature sleeps in dust."

SKETCHES OF THE PAST.

COLONEL BAYARD.

The bounds of our habitation, my sister, are fixed by Providence, and however unfavorable they may appear to our wishes, if we are faithful to ourselves, and the means of communion with our God, progress in piety is attainable in all places. I trust the voice of the late bereavement will awaken in our hearts the spirit of devotion, and make us cultivate with renewed ardor our intercourse with heaven, which we have now, a new and endeared motive to attain. The example which our parent has set us should be ever in our minds. Though engaged in the busy and tumultuous scenes of life, he never remitted his attention to religion. Neither politics, nor the pursuit of wealth and power, nor the attractions the world presented to allure, ever turned him from the principles he embraced in his youth. He could not be accused either of enthusiasm, on the one hand, or melancholy or superstition, on the other. He possessed a cheerful and benign temperament, which softened the trials and adversities weighing on many periods of his life. His heart, naturally tender and ardent, was thus sustained in constant equanimity. The difficult eras of his life were adorned with bright and peculiar virtue. His impetuosity of temper required strong principle to subdue, and the undeviating gentleness and forbearance that he exercised were admirable and worthy of imitation.

When the spirit had flown, the expression of his countenance was serene and happy. I gazed with sweet emotion and elevated delight on the death-sealed brow. I felt I should ever associate that noble and composed countenance with his celestial state. The terror of the grave disturbed me not. I think of him as resting on his earthly bed, with perfect tranquility. One day I shall be laid by his side, our ashes may mingle. May we also rise to the same immortal felicity.

SUSAN.

There are in the course of life a few favored seasons, in which our better feelings and all our finer sympathies are called forth. The touch of certain events, like the spear of Ithuriel, makes every affection of the soul start out in its full size and strength. We feel a power and energy, which, from being long latent, we knew not to exist within us. Our hearts, like the smitten rock, send forth streams of tenderness, to revive the long parched desert. Such is peculiarly the effect of afflictions which come from the hand of God. They awaken sentiments of resignation, and all the kindly charities of affectionate commiseration.

The scenes of sorrow through which I have passed, have excited all that was tender in my nature. Nothing could have interested me more. The long decline of a niece, who was lovely and engaging, who had manifested an uncommon degree of attachment to me, prepared me to feel with keener sense the sad catastrophe. I had watched the progress of her disease, and apprehended that the autumnal decline of nature would terminate her earthly course. I promised her father I would at any moment obey his summons, and aid her mother in her cares and watchings. I received a message and hastened to them. I found the sufferer pillowed on a sofa, her cheek flushed with a hectic glow, her form wasted to emaciation, but a smile beamed on her countenance, and her voice

was still full, clear, and melodious. She seemed pleased to see me, and readily assented to the plan of my assisting her mother in nursing her, although she refused to have any other friend near. The night of my arrival I took my station, which I never quitted till her mortal conflict terminated. How solemn was the scene to me! Four days since an aged relative had paid the debt of nature in this house, and the apartment she had occupied was vacant and cold.

There is something in a recent death which sheds a solemnity throughout a dwelling, even if the mind be divested of superstition or fear. I felt this, and it added to the gloom that reigned in the chamber of sickness when all was composed in the silence of night. The dim light of the lamp served to give form to objects, and enabled me to distinguish the features of my charge, fixed as if in death. The moan and cough alone broke the oppressive stillness. From the nature of the complaint a sudden termination was apprehended, and my fears were constantly alive, lest some fatal change should take place when I was alone with her. I scarcely dared to sleep, even when she was quiet. I dreaded that the next paroxysm of coughing might prove her last. With a trembling heart, I entered on every night, thinking I could not endure another alone, yet the fear of giving alarm, made me exert all my fortitude, and I seemed to receive strength, both of body and mind.

The idea of God's presence was a spring of consolation in those dark and cheerless hours. While attending on her we would have conversations that were pleasant. She had intervals of ease, in the midst of her wearisome nights, and did not appear to apprehend that her disease menaced present danger, or to think herself near her end. Her mind was composed and clear, her hope from religion calm and steady. She was at peace with God, and tranquilly awaited his will. Her long confinement had weaned her from the world and all its attachments. I never heard a murmur from her at the length or the severity of her sufferings; on the contrary, she gratefully acknowledged the comforts that cheered her, and the alleviations of pain with which she was favored. She remarked, when new symptoms of disease arose, that some former one that

had distressed her was lessened. Her debility was such that she could not listen to reading. She said, "How much time have I lost?" It was remarked that she had been called to a nobler service, to the practice of virtues which was far better than the acquisition of knowledge.

Rev. Dr. Alexander, to whom she felt the greatest obligation, for fixing her resolution to embrace a life of piety, called on one occasion to see her. He took his seat near to her bedside. Her mother sat behind him, leaning on the arm of the sofa. It was a subject for a painter. The countenance of the invalid, as it became animated in conversation, assumed an angelic expression. The interesting topics that were touched upon—her youth, her probable nearness to death, and the idea that this was the last interview with her spiritual father, heightened the effect of the scene. It was the first time during her decline, that either to herself or to her mother, the idea of immediate danger had been presented.

Dr. A. inquired how she supported her illness, and proposed the heart-searching question, "If she felt as willing to die as to live?" She modestly replied, "Sometimes." He endeavored to alleviate her fears of the last agonies of nature, by the supposition that insensibility generally shielded the sufferers from a consciousness of their pain. He spoke to her of the transient nature of these pains, and dwelt on the consolation of the Gospel, and that at the termination of this state of being a world of joy was open to the Christian, and an eternity of bliss.

"And do you believe," she asked, "that the soul immediately passes to glory?"

"I do," he replied, "from the whole scope of both Scripture and reason," and produced texts and arguments to prove this position. After various inquiries and exhortations, he prayed with us. She dwelt upon this prayer until her last day.

She sustained the conversation with composure and self-possession. It was almost too much for her debilitated frame. The succeeding night was one of suffering, and never after that had she the strength to converse with any one beyond a few sentences at a time. It is a source of comfort to her friends that Dr. A. called just at that time.

He expressed himself as fully satisfied with the state of her mind. From that hour her strength diminished, although some delusive symptoms bespoke amendment. Like an expiring lamp, life sometimes flames brightly just before its extinction. So this flattering disease invests itself with the hues of health and hope until death actually arrests the pulse, and its chilly dews are shed on the marble brow. I was beguiled of my fears, and thought of even quitting her for a few days. She gave a reluctant assent to my absenting myself, but the change of one night in her state showed me that she would not long require my attention or aid. I determined not to leave her while I could minister to her comfort. Agonizing as was the scene, I would not have missed it; it was consoling and edifying. It proved the value and efficacy of religion. What other principle could have dispelled the terrors of death? What besides could have rendered a young creature, in her prime, friends and fortune smiling on her, willingly to resign her earthly all, to bear the tediousness of disease with patience, and to look steadily at the tomb without dismay?

When her mother saw the unequivocal evidence of approaching dissolution, in all the bitterness of wo, exclaimed, "She is going fast!" she met the tidings without dismay, replying, "Do you think so, my mother? I am not sorry." She from that moment realized her situation, spoke words of comfort to her parents, of exhortation and advice to her brothers and sisters. She called her father and said to him, "If you think I am prepared to depart why do you weep? Comfort my mother."

The serenity of her soul gave new life to her parents. They could resign her when they discerned the evidences of the Divine favor so clearly manifested. She continued to console them until a frightful delirium seized her. After this her agony and their grief are too painful to recall. It served to make the parting pang less severe, for they were relieved to see her anguish cease, and to know that the mortal conflict was ended.

Some bright form seemed to fix her parting gaze. "What beau tiful creature is that," she exclaimed, her eye fixed on what to us was vacancy. Her agitation was calmed, she raved no more, she sunk to repose with a smile on her lips. Was it only the gleams

of delirium, or a ministering angel sent to strengthen her? Scripture warrants the hope that celestial bands perform these offices of love for the heirs of salvation.

The funeral rites were calculated to make impressions of a serious nature, as well as to testify the respect and grief that the event called forth. Six of her companions held the pall, and young men who were her friends bore her remains, and laid the clods of the valley on her early grave. Silence reigned during the solemn hour —no sound was heard save the funeral bell. Not a breath disturbed the deep serene; the flexile branches of the willow waved not, and the sun, just touching the horizon, shed lustre over the faded foliage of autumn. The storm that howled during the day and night of her agony was hushed. Nature seemed to have sympathized in our sorrow, and was tranquilized with her repose.

"'Tis finished, the tempest and fast falling rain,
And the darkness that shrouded the heavens have ceased,
And the meek, lovely sufferer from sorrow and pain,
By the hand of her Saviour at length is released.

Oh! who that beheld her submissively languish
Through nights without rest and through days without ease,
Through months of decay and of slow wasting anguish,
Can repine at her peaceful, triumphant release?

We may mourn, but our hearts should not dare to repine,
For one who escaped from this region of pain
Has gone mid the souls of the blessed to shine,
Has returned to her God and her Saviour again."

REV. DR. LIVINGSTON.

The religion of this eminent Christian was not an inherited patrimony. Every article of his faith he established by careful investigation and humble prayer. "It is a great thing," he observed to me, "to believe—to believe any one truth." He knew the difficulty, and persevered, until he became an example of Christian faith. There

was nothing in the immediate article of his death to distinguish it, for he was not permitted to manifest the strength of his hope on the instant expectation of departure. The circumstances of it seemed to proclaim the tender mercy of his Master. From the delicate structure of his nervous system, he had a terror of the last agony. It was not the future that he feared. His confidence was fixed on the "rock of ages," but he dreaded the separating pang, and the awful transition to another state of being. He retired to repose as usual, without pain or alarm, and fell asleep to awaken in heaven. He had no dying strife to encounter, but was quietly dismissed from earth and translated to the world of glory. We shall not look upon his like again—one so gifted by nature, so enriched by education, so sanctified by grace—one of the rare productions that adorn a century. His intellectual powers and his personal appearance raised him above other individuals of his race, while the advantages of birth and fortune set out the gifts of nature. The refining influences of Christianity shed lustre over all. As a man, a scholar, and a theologian, he is among the first of whom our country has to boast. No person could be in his company without acknowledging that he had been with a man of God.

ELIZABETH.

I once wondered what was meant by the troubles of life. I have learnt by experience to know what they are. One affliction is scarcely over, and my mind becomes composed and resuming its cheerfulness, when another sorrow overshades me. My daughter is now very ill. Heaven only knows if her disease is preying on her vitals, or whether it will yield to remedies—whether she is destined to be an ornament to society, the comfort and blessing of her parents' declining years, or whether she is doomed to fade away in youthful bloom, and fill an early grave. I desire to be prepared to meet and to submit to the will of the Lord, however it may be

manifested. What am I, that I should presume to choose? I know not what is good for me, for one short day; how can I judge what is best for her or for me in coming years?

My child has been brought low, but the consolation she has given me elevates my soul. In an interval of ease she assured me that she was happy. Adverting to her sufferings, she exclaimed, "The chastisement of a Father's hand! Mother, if we suffer with Christ, we shall also reign with him." It is a subject of rejoicing with her that she can date her impressions from a period of health. She then chose that good part, which can never be taken away from her, and when enveloped in the cloud, realizing her entrance to the dark valley, it was on the intercession of the great High Priest that she reposed her trust; and convinced of her interest in that redemption, she was at peace. Our departing friends may often enjoy these consolations when not able to give utterance to their feelings.

Protracted is my affliction. Sometimes favorable symptoms revive my hope that my loved one will yet be restored to health. Soon clouds arise, darkening the gleams of felicity. The All-wise, the All-good will dispose of things aright, but though this consideration calms my mind, I experience the keenest anguish in view of her sufferings and the apprehension of final separation from my Elizabeth.

After a long interval I resume my pen. The withering hand of grief has paralyzed my mental powers. Some can give an account of what they have felt. But I am sank in grief, I cannot rise. My heart is bowed down. Thou art gone, my beloved. How gladly would I endure fatigue and watching, for the pleasure of waiting on thee. Yet I would not recall thee here to suffer. Thou hast

finished thy course sweetly, gloriously, and art at rest. Christ softened thy dying pillow, and still I hear thy parting accents, "Thanks to God, who giveth ME the victory." I see the raised eye, the clasped hands, when uttering the word "me." What joy can equal this recollection?

Rarely during her protracted illness did the sufferer complain or groan. Her countenance was sweet and placid; one could scarcely realize that anything ailed her. At times her friends gazed on her with admiration of her beauty and loveliness. The distressing state of emaciation, the dread that every day would make the evil worse, tended more than any other circumstance to reconcile me to the thought of her departure. "Oh! my Father, save thy child from accumulated sufferings! Grant her a gentle and a speedy release!" was the supplication of my soul.

"Why may I not sleep," said I, "when angels are watching around her?" The last time I read to her, it was at her request, the 116th and the 34th Psalms, both of which were applied with particular unction; especially that verse, "The angel of the Lord encampeth round those who fear him;" and with a force I shall never forget, "Precious in the sight of the Lord is the death of his saints."

The evening before the day of her release I requested my attending friends to unite with me in these especial petitions: If it was God's will to remove her, so far to revive her that she might give us a testimony of her state, speak some words of comfort to us, and that a gentle dismission might be granted. I placed myself by her pillow, to watch if any moment occurred in which I could speak to her, in this, her hour of extremity. She slept calmly all night. At dawn, I called the servants and gave directions for the day. The room was set in order; all was arranged. Never did death make its approach in a more tranquil scene. Her countenance had a saintly loveliness; her eye was bright and full; her brow, marked over her smooth and white forehead, an arch of beauty, and her long eyelashes, soft as silk, like the strokes of a pencil, showed on her cheek—the cheek still tinged with the deceitful hectic. Her lips, although cold, were full, round, and colored.

There was a placid and elevated composure about her, as if she possessed her intellect in all its vigor, and enjoyed a peace that was unspeakable.

I exerted myself to ascertain whether she was prepared for the great transition. "My love," said I, "if it should be the will of God to take you home at this time, are you willing to go?" She replied, with firmness and promptitude, "Perfectly willing." After a pause, "If it should be God's will to spare me, I should like to live; and it is my purpose to devote my spared years to His honor and glory. If otherwise, now that I have my firm and sound mind, I leave it as my testimony that I am willing and ready to die." Her pulse was gradually failing. She felt it herself, and when it was lost in her wrist, she applied her finger to the temporal artery. She said, "I feel quite easy," and with a revived and sweet emphasis, "Oh! that all your deathbeds may be like mine." Still affectionately mindful of others, she whispered, "Comfort my mother." I took her dear hand in mine, holding it till she ceased to breathe. Wet in the cold dew of death, its last effort was a gentle pressure of mine, the last testimony of her love.

"SHE OBTAINED THE BOON HEAVEN GRANTS ITS FAVORITES—EARLY DEATH."

Oh! weep not for her who has finished her race
  While the dew of the morning was beaming;
Nor mourn that her footsteps no longer you trace,
  When the illusions of life were just gleaming.

Her heart scarce had felt the impressions of wo,
  The scene all around her was smiling;
Few sorrows on earth she was suffered to know,
  Affection each care was beguiling.

Why wish her to know the sad changes of time,
  To learn the hard lessons of sorrow?
To endure the chill storms of this mutable clime,
  And shiver with anguish to-morrow?

Why wish her to know the blighted heart's pang,
  Or the wreck of a fond expectation?
Her peace on a perishing mortal to hang,
  Then sigh o'er the sad desolation?

Ah! no, 'tis the boon kind heaven bestows,
  Where most it designs a rare blessing,
To send its bright messengers early to those
  Whom nature and love are caressing.

Then weep not for her who has finished her course,
  While the dew of the morning was beaming;
In the spring time of life she has flown to the source
  Where eternity's glories are streaming.

The head which so oft reposed on my bosom, or was lovingly laid on my knee at evening hour, that I might stroke the fevered brow, or caress the curling locks, is now resting on its bed of earth. Oh! never till the heavens are no more shall I see thee, my darling child.

Flowers are coming out in beautiful succession. The one planted for the departed, and called by her name, is blooming in rich profusion. To others this vine is an object of admiration, but to me it represents her, lovely as she was on earth, flourishing as she is in the celestial garden. I see a form, unseen to other eyes, I hear a voice speaking in the fragance and bloom around me. A thousand recollections throng every tree and walk. The first flower of every sweet plant she used to bring to me, sometimes laid on my pillow, against I waked, to inhale its odor. In the days of her health, before the fatal disease weakened the energy of her system, with what hilarity, gayety, and innocent delight did she greet this season.

ADDRESS TO SUMMER.

(FROM HER COMMONPLACE BOOK.)

"Soft season art thou come again,
  With all thy stores of bloom and brightness,
Thy green and daisy spotted plain,
  Blue sky and clouds of silver whiteness!

I loved thee once, and fondly hailed
  Of thy return the slenderest token;
But then my spirits had not failed,
  Nor was my heart by sorrow broken.

Fair summer, when thy genial breeze
  Is next o'er budding flowrets sighing,
I may beneath yon willow trees
  Be in my narrow dwelling lying.

And when at eve friends see the flowers
  Droop, fade, and die, on her they cherished,
They'll think on dear departed hours,
  And say, like these she bloomed and perished."

"*For the earth bringeth forth fruit of herself: first the blade, then the ear, after that the full corn in the ear.*"—Mark iv. 28.

This parable is preserved by Mark only. It is full of consolation and instruction. So little do we know of spiritual things, and the operations of our own minds, that allusions to natural and sensible objects, which throw light on these mysterious subjects, must be received with joy. Taking the scope of the parable, the thing intended is the principle of true religion, which is not in meat or drink, nor in outward observances. The seed is thrown on the mind by education, reading or hearing, as if a man should sow the grain and perform this work. Can he make it germinate? He must await the influences of sun and shower. He sleeps, and wakes, and the growth commences he knows not how. He sees the early verdure stealing over the field, then the blade rises, the ear forms, and the full corn rewards his toil. After hearts have received the word of life, long is it before there is proof of its having taken root. When vitality is discovered, how imperceptible are the advances that are made, and it is by close observation that the fact is ascertained. The gradual growth of the plant affords hope, by analogy, as to progress in spiritual things. He who said, that seed time and harvest should continue, has also declared, that his word shall not return to him void. We must await the blessing of God for the sun of righteousness to vivify, and the spirit to breathe a reviving gale, thus to bring forward the fruition of salvation.

"When the fruit is brought forth, immediately he putteth in the sickle." God discerns the full development of the Christian graces.

When patience has had its perfect work, when faith and love are ripened, when the will is resolved unto the Divine will, when the ties of life set loose, then cometh the messenger, saying, "Arise, and depart hence."

The fruits of piety had attained early maturity in the soul of her whose loss I mourn. Her God has gathered her into his garner, where no storm nor blight can reach her.

* * * * * * * * * *

In days of darkness and rebuke, it is permitted us to pray for relief. My husband is evidently declining. Without disease, he is wasting away. He is prepared for all events, calm and resigned in spirit. He rests with humble reliance on the Divine promises, and trusts the beneficence of God. "The great door of access he sees opened, by which he may enter the holy place." The pangs of dissolution he dreads, "but all beyond is peace." On religious concerns he is perfectly tranquil. His judgment is as discriminating as ever. After the most serious reflection of which he is capable, he has made up his mind, and is able to resign himself with calmness to the will of God. His life has been one of rectitude and purity, but from some peculiar views, he has never felt a freedom to unite in the communion of the church. Strong is my conviction that he is joined in spirit to the church of the first-born, whose names are in the book of life.

For the first time I went to the house of God *a widow*. Is not the Lord, in a peculiar style, *my God*, under that title. No more shall I behold the venerated countenance of my friend, so expressive, in his humble devotion—no more lean on the kind arm which so long has supported me. In the grave is shrouded that form; but through the mantle of snow and earth that envelops it, his noble and majestic features are revealed to my mental gaze. Like

his, may my last hours be tranquil, resigned, and full of heavenly hope!

Months have flown since I watched the ebbings of that life which ministered to the happiness of my existence. It seems as if winters had been compressed into one, from the multitude of strong and vivid emotions which filled my heart. In the usual course of events in a single season, little remains to record, but in this one, how many scenes are indelibly imprinted. The last look, the last motion of the hand, clasping mine within his, then yielding his to be pressed to my lips, to be bathed by my tears—thus, as it were, preserving our union till the final dissolution of the earthly frame. His departure was like the setting of the sun in June, after a bright and cloudless day.

Eulogy.

ANDREW KIRKPATRICK.

DERIVING FROM NATURE THE GERMS OF

PRUDENCE, PERSEVERANCE AND SELF-COMMAND,

THEY WERE RIPENED BY

SOUND JUDGMENT AND CULTIVATION OF MIND.

He possessed Knowledge without Pedantry, Dignity without Arrogance.

THESE QUALITIES, RAISED HIM,

WITH LITTLE AID FROM OTHERS, TO

THE HIGHEST JUDICIAL STATION IN THE STATE.

He fulfilled its duties with integrity and firmness; when the occasion was presented, with commanding eloquence.

HIS LEADING OBJECT WAS

UTILITY;

HIS CHARACTERISTIC TRAIT, A SPIRIT OF

INDEPENDENCE,

TEMPERED BY

URBANITY,

AND THE UNASSUMING DEPORTMENT OF THE CHRISTIAN.

HE LIVED RICH IN THE ESTEEM OF HIS FRIENDS,

AND

DIED RESPECTED BY THE COMMUNITY.

S. H. Smith

MEDITATIONS.

"*O Lord, how great are thy works! and thy thoughts are very deep.*"—Ps. xcii. 5.

When we attempt to contemplate the magnitude and immensity of the works of creation, we are overwhelmed, and shrink back with amaze at our own nothingness. The worlds that revolve around us, in undeviating regularity, fill our minds with wonder at that power which spake them into existence, and which constantly upholds them. The objects that are more within our reach proclaim the same grandeur of design. The small and minute are exquisite in their formation, and display the same infinite skill in their properties and their powers, as do creatures of magnitude and size. The hand of Deity is everywhere manifest. A grain of sand, a hair of the head, a spear of grass, shew a power which is not in man, and which is beyond his comprehension. Why then should we wonder that many parts of the revelation which God has made, should surpass our understanding? In the visible operations of nature, the philosopher soon finds a limit to his researches, and should it cause surprise that the theologian and the Christian touches a boundary which he cannot surmount? Finite cannot comprehend infinite; a fact being incomprehensible does not prove it to be incredible. Can the discoveries of a Newton be conceived of by the ignorant and the unlearned? Can a child grasp the plan of his father, in subjecting him to laborious study, or realize the benefit that is to result to him from it in after life? So the thoughts of God are past our finding out in our present state.

"*God is not a man, that he should lie; nor the son of man, that he should repent.*"—Num. xxiii. 19.

The doctrine of the Divine veracity is calculated to alarm us, on the one hand, as to the verification of the threatenings of Scripture, and on the other, to excite our confidence for the fulfilment of its promises. The thought presents itself, that it can never be, that the wicked must endure the penalty of their iniquity. An undefined hope of mercy takes off from the dread of judgment. But God repents not, and acts on the principles of immutable justice, however severe the sentence may be that falls on the ungodly. "The judge of all the earth will *do right*." "He will never alter the word that is gone out of his mouth."

And while diligent to keep God's commands, let us encourage our hearts in the promises of his grace. His compassions fail not. He has offered salvation to the perishing, through the all-sufficient atonement. The idea of it is too stupendous for our grasp, but at the cross, viewing the substitute provided, we may rest with hope. The encouragements of the Gospel are so vast, that the most timid and fearful may take encouragement from them.

"*The Lord said, I have seen the affliction of my people; I know their sorrows.*—Exod. iii. 7.

Our severest trials are those which we conceal within our own bosoms. There are others that we may speak of to those who can enter into our griefs. How often, however, are we disappointed when we expect sympathy and consolation. One friend will represent to us that the cause is too trifling for the degree of anguish that we experience; another may remark that "all is for the best." The tears that are ready to gush from the eye are sent back to swell the flood of bitterness in the heart. Sweet is it to know that God has "seen our affliction." He knows its aggravation, he is acquainted with our temperament, he discerns what nerve is pierced by the

thorn. He witnesses the conflict of contending duties, the struggle that we maintain with our spirits. He sees the agony of our tears, the anguish of our regret. The sigh inaudible to human hearing has entered into the ear of the Lord of Sabaoth. Language cannot convey to another the sense of the mortification endured by the knowledge of our deficiencies. The Omniscient reserves to himself the view of the heart. With all its deceitfulness and its vanity it can be tolerated and compassionated only by the God of mercy and love. How consolatory is the thought that the Lord is infinite in goodness: he healeth the broken hearted and giveth peace to the wounded spirit.

"*Take my yoke upon you, and learn of me; for I am meek and lowly in heart.*"—Matt. xi. 29.

It is necessary for human nature to bear some "yoke," that it may be guided and guarded properly. If we compare the observances of pagan superstition, or the rites of the Jewish church, to the ordinances of Christian worship, with what propriety may this yoke be called an easy one. It is the spiritual nature of our faith which forms its distinguishing glory. That peace which our religion imparts is not purchased by penance, nor by onerous mortifications, but it is attained by learning of Christ, and imbibing his spirit. We must copy his example and imitate his graces. He must become the righteousness of the believer. Rebellious as we are, much discipline is necessary to reduce the passions and every affection to due subjection. The yoke becomes easy when we are trained to bear it. The conflict between duty and feeling is more distressing than mortifications of the body. Could the repetition of prayers, fastings, or laceration of the frame be accepted in lieu of repentance and love, how soon would the composition be made. In realizing that the evil passions must be crucified, we find what the spiritual warfare is. The more we learn of Christ the more assured will be our tranquillity.

"*The Lord will perfect that which concerneth me.*"—Ps. cxxxviii. 8.

These words come with comfort to the anxious heart, as it looks round for some token of good. When we tremble to find ourselves deficient in the Christian graces, and that we cannot excite within us the genuine sentiments of contrition, faith, and love, what is more soothing than the thought contained in this text? God's care is unfailing for the creatures that he has made, and in whose hearts he has implanted an insatiable desire for happiness. He knows the treatment best suited to every individual; he is a skillful physician, and applies his remedies according to the real exigencies of the case. He probes the heart. He refuses comforts that would cause undue excitement, and applies severe remedies to extirpate disease. This view of Providence silences each murmur, if we have reason to hope that a good work has been begun in our souls. And however threatening or adverse the future may appear, yet the pillar of cloud is as much the assurance of protection and care as was the pillar of light.

If our way is hedged with thorns, the remote benefit is as sure as the present discomfort and inconvenience. It was enumerated among the advantages of Job, that a hedge was set about him. This was to preserve him from attack and the inroads of spoilers. It may be so with us. The thorns may wound and tear us, but by them we may be secured from evils fatal to our well-being. Unwelcome restraints may keep us in the right path and finally bring us to the goal of peace.

"*By grace ye are saved.*"—Eph. ii. 18.

Our hopes of eternal felicity rest on a foundation which cannot be moved. The expanse of love divine extends to the limits of the creation. Whatever is productive of happiness is of grace. The temper of mind by which redemption is available to any individual is derived from the same source. Faith, by which the promises are

received, rests upon it. He who is exalted a Prince and a Saviour sends his spirit to work in us, both to will and to do.

What will be the sensations of that moment, when God shall speak to us, by some inevitable disease, and say, "Thou shalt die," —when we know that the stays of nature are giving way, when the thought is pressed home upon us that the forms of nature, the countenances of friends, no more shall delight our eye, and that in a few moments we must stand in the presence of God, and our state be unchangeably fixed? Are there not some unknown consolations for that hour, a whisper of peace for the departing soul, saying, "Fear not, I am thy salvation."

Jesus, Master, turn not thou thy suppliant away! Let not the door be shut, and in mercy receive thy servant.

REFLECTIONS.

This is the closing day of my sixteenth year. May every ungentle passion be subdued, and my heart be brought to entire subjection to the will of God. My desire is to be enlisted under the banner of my Saviour, and to make public profession of my faith. Youth glides swiftly away, each advancing scene assumes a deeper coloring. I must soon act for myself, and my character will be fixed. Let the children of gayety find their happiness in the amusements of the world. I wish to look beyond these for my felicity, and to draw my bliss from the fountain of truth itself. Every passing hour carries us all onward to the mansions of the dead. Faith eradiates the dark prospect, it points to the Redeemer, and assures the "pure in heart" that they shall arise to an inheritance in a world of light and glory.

It is from religion alone that the soul can receive true happiness; without it every affliction presses doubly, because there is nothing to sustain the heart, under its weight. Insufficient are the amusements or the pleasures of life to alleviate our sufferings when we are tortured by disease, or when we are bereaved of those friends in whom our happiness centered. What attraction would the sparkling ball-room, or the brilliant assembly offer in an hour of grief? Would not our hearts be wounded by the recollection of the time we had lost beyond recall, and of hours lavished and wasted in the pursuit of a shadow?

Such reflections as these cannot fail to harrow the soul which has been devoted to worldly follies, when affliction makes that world to appear but a vale of tears to its votaries.

As jewels are treasured in the casket, to be brought forth on great occasions, so we should preserve the remembrances of our joys, and keep them for seasons when special consolations are wanted to cheer the soul. All our enjoyments are transitory, whether of taste or of intellect; it is therefore right to do what we can to give them permanence in the memory.

There is a great difference in the mannner of preaching the Gospel. By some ministers, truth is propounded in such a cold and dry manner that little impression is made on the mind. By others it is urged with an energy and an unction that softens the whole heart. Springs are touched that we were not aware were in our nature; tenderness and anxiety are awakened, making us to feel like new creatures. I love that preacher who is earnest in the cause, who sends me to the closet and to my knees, who makes me search my conscience to see if the root of the matter is there; one who does not entertain me with the froth of a vain eloquence, when I am hungry for the bread of life.

I love the thought of being *redeemed*, of being *ransomed* from the evil one, of being *bought* by the blood of Christ, of being *made* a partaker of the purchased inheritance. How delightful to hear a voice saying to me, "Stand still, and see the salvation of God." What is heaven? It is the abode of purity. Nothing that works the harm of God's creatures can find admittance there—nothing that defileth. It is thus we conceive of the celestial state.

I want to have a part in that kingdom, which consists in righteousness and joy in the Holy Ghost. Thy kingdom come! in the region of my heart and my family, whether it be on earth, in the midst of fears and tears and combats, or in the serenity of the celestial state, it shall be well.

"When the temptations of some humble souls have been extraordinary, and their afflictions above measure, and overwhelming, when the tumult of their spirits has not suffered them to recollect the evidences of their adoption, God may see fit to give his saints a cordial, to keep them from fainting. After they have been contending with doubts and fears, a sudden light has been let into the heart, with or without a word of Scripture, which has given surprising consolation."—*Watts.*

It appears to me to be a degree of presumption, bordering on arrogance, to apply to myself the foregoing paragraph; yet its perusal strongly recalls the most extraordinary moments of my life —moments of an enjoyment so exquisite and so inexplicable as to seem altogether supernatural. I have never relied on this occurrence, as an evidence of my acceptance with God, because it was not attended with any more clear views of the way of salvation. It is sweet to think that it was a "cordial" given to cheer my timid, agitated, and desponding soul. I have ever had a heart "slow to believe," keeping me in bondage, so that I never attained the liberty of a child of God. My course has been a sad and difficult one, yet if at last I am accepted in "the Beloved," it is enough. From early youth my desire was to devote myself to the service of the Lord; my knowledge of doctrinal truth, however, was imperfect, and my principles of faith were ill-defined. After making a profession of religion, the idea distressed me that I had not experienced a change of heart, and I was overwhelmed with a feeling of guilt and unworthiness.

The day after the Sabbath on which for the first time I dared to approach the table of the Lord, I set out with my father on a journey. I was at the age of eighteen. There was every thing to render the jaunt agreeable. It was midsummer, and nature was arrayed in its richest attire. I heeded it not. Inward wretchedness prevented me, either from conversing with my father, or from a full admiration of the scenery. Could I have spoken of my feelings to my father, he would have given me consolation, but it did

not occur to me that any one else had experienced the same difficulties. I thought that all persons who were sincere in religion were necessarily happy. Gloom settled on my mind, and every thing wore the aspect of melancholy.

At the last stage of the journey the road was through a wood. After the lapse of thirty years I have the scene before me.

Of a sudden a ray of celestial light, more bright, and as rapid as lightning, shot through my brain, and it was as if all my head was endowed with the power of vision. It brought with it a transport of joy. I could scarcely refrain from breaking out in strains of praise and thanksgiving. I wanted to sing, and to rejoice aloud. The face of nature was changed; every thing looked lovely and transcendently beautiful. Gladness and delight filled my soul. I could only wonder and adore.

When this ecstacy subsided, had it been accompanied by some word of Scripture, I should have been strengthened in my hope. After a few days had passed over the same doubts and perplexities assailed me, and I did not derive any permanent benefit from what had taken place. Yet was this emotion not produced by external objects. I sat silent and abstracted. It was no effort of the imagination, for I was distressed by fears. It was no flight of enthusiasm, for I was sunk in discouragement. I have never considered it very much, nor mentioned it to any person.

EXTRACTS FROM LETTERS.

My Dear Daughter,—

I hope you will find your mental resources augmented by what you see abroad. Every form of society must present hints for the improvement of character. Whether the manners are to be admired, or are censurable, our own minds may be amended by emulating what is good and avoiding what is evil. *After* reflection, does as much good as *present* observation. Things appear more in their true light and just proportion when seen at a distance. And while you cultivate your talents, and polish your manners, study to acquire those graces which are above all price, meekness, gentleness, and charity. A knowledge of the varieties of character and circumstances of human life is useful in forming and strengthening the judgment. An actual observation of things is more important than remarks found in books. It enables one better to estimate what is advanced by others. * * * *

A magnificent spectacle met my eye this morning. Every tree, shrub, and twig were incrusted with ice, and when the sun shone, a magic world of crystal fixed the gaze. The frost work was superb, but like all the fragile glories of our sublunary sphere, the very sunbeam that caused their brilliance accelerated their destruction.

My Friend,—

The simple idea that we have fled to God as a refuge, comprises every hope of consolation and support. In the changes

of life, its reverses, its disappointments, its mortifications, knowing these are the means which God has selected to bring us to submission, we shall acquiesce, and say, "Even so, Father." Sweet is it to suffer when it is by God's appointment, and when no bitterness of self-condemnation is mingled with our sorrows.

Keep alive the spirit of gratitude to the Disposer of all events, who has provided the choicest blessings, both temporal and spiritual, for his servants. The best return we can make is that of cheerful enjoyment. This is a different thing from what is called in Scripture "setting the heart on the world." To consider earthly advantages as being a portion, is injurious and unworthy of immortal beings; but when they are secondary to seeking the kingdom of heaven, it is a duty to cultivate a cheerful disposition, and to take pleasure in what our Creator has provided for our solace. Pain is sufficiently mingled with enjoyment, to remind us that this is not our home, without adding to it griefs of our own creation. One reason, perhaps, why the state of being in another world is not revealed more definitely, is, that we should not despise nor under-rate the blessings of this life. Did we see the celestial glory in its full lustre, did we know the extent of the joy to come, earth, with its allurements and its pleasures, would excite no interest in our hearts. We should drag out life as a heavy burden and as a tedious exile. Thus is wisdom discerned in the lights of revelation and in its shadows. Why, my friend, must the cypress be entwined with every wreath you weave? Is this melancholy the return you make to God for his mercies? Shake off this morbid sentiment, prove your religion by yielding to the discipline of Providence, and thankfully receiving the mercies mingled with the chastisements. * *

What is life, unless made valuable by friendship? Without it, we may endure existence as inevitable, but it will be joyless unless partaken of by some congenial spirit, to whom we are united by esteem and confidence. "Let me have some one to whom to remark how the shadows lengthen as the sun goes down"—and if the sweet shades of evening come with calmer serenity to the soul, from the communion of friendship, how desirable is it, as the sun of life declines, to have some faithful breast to rely on, to whom we

can speak of the fading charms of our vanishing days, to whom we can reveal the joys and griefs that have been allotted to us in our earthly sojourn; above all, who can speak to us words of cheer and solace, in the hopes of a morrow of unfading glory. * *

The heart treasures up its lost enjoyments in memory's hoard, and reviews them in seasons of tenderness and retirement. Life, so dream-like, presents a few shattered recollections for us to ponder on. Strange is it that we change so greatly, and that we can be reconciled to the changes that occur. This is a wise provision in our constitution to fit us for this mutable world. Were it not so we should be always miserable. Did we feel the loss of friends, as at the moment of separation from them, existence would be a burden, and we would wish at once to descend to the tomb. The gradual and imperceptible influence of time softens the sharpness of our feelings, and the mind re-opens to happiness.

I trust things will appear in a more cheerful light to you. Providence has furnished you with comforts and with duties; to the strict and faithful performance of the latter he has annexed precious satisfaction. Say not that existence is valueless, because you are not necessary to the happiness of any one, but endeavor to conform to the circumstances in which you are placed, and make the most of the share of felicity which heaven has vouchsafed to you. Expect not complete gratification—it is only in a better world that the full and perfect fulfilment of our aspiring wishes, and the ardent longings of the heart can be satisfied. Because we cannot have all we can imagine of felicity, shall we despise what is bestowed? Shall we affect to say to our beneficent Creator, "We have not the goods of this life that we wish, therefore we care not for thy mercies. Take back thy gifts, they are not worthy of our acceptance"? What should we think of such language from a dependent of our own? If what we offer be rejected with scorn, or received with indifference, how ungrateful do we think the object of our bounty. I would incite you to seek that peace which is the effect of subdued feelings—subdued by religion, and that contentment which arises from resignation to the will of God. * * * *

There is something flattering in the name of philosophy to the

pride of the heart. It gives a sort of independence and a feeling of superiority that ennobles us in our own view. Hence the requisition of Christianity, "Ye must become as little children." We must relinquish self-reliance before we can take the yoke of Christ. When we are brought to this temper of mind, other lessons are easily learned. If we regard God supremely, the opinions of our fellow-mortals will not greatly disturb us. The first object should be to discover the truth, and to conform our faith to it. If such be our endeavor, we shall not fail to find consolation, even in the midst of trials, for as surely as God exists, he is the rewarder of those who diligently seek him. We may be surrounded with darkness, difficulties, doubts, and fears, yet shall we reap if we faint not. Adorn your faith by consistent conduct, and your life by the practice of every virtue. * * * * * * *

Where is the charm to a heart like yours in cold philosophy? Can the ardent and tender soul of my friend limit its views to nature, without looking up to nature's God? and be content to resign this life with no longings for immortality?—or if it admits some faint glimmerings of a future state, burns it not to imitate Him who brought immortality to light? Cheerless is every system that excludes the Gospel scheme of salvation. The heart is contracted and the mind is narrowed by any other view. If we consulted only present comfort, we should reject them all, and cherish a faith which expands and elevates the human character. What can so exalt and dignify us, as an alliance with heaven?—to call God our father, Christ our friend, angels our present guardians, our future associates? Noble ties! glorious affinities! Can we not bear ridicule or privation for such connexions? Let us not be ashamed of a religion worthy of our best affections, and let us walk steadily in the narrow path, so plainly marked out.

The scornful sceptic would destroy the tree which yields him delicious fruit. He seeks to dry up the fountain whence flows the fertilizing stream, and the pure waters of life. He would extinguish the light which brightens his own existence, as well as that of others. * * * * * * * *

It is not for us to decide on the future state of our fellow-mortals. We must suspend our inquiries, when in the grave we deposit their remains, nor dare intrude within the veil of eternity. Enough is it to know, that they are in the hand of a Being whose mercy is over all his works. "He hateth nothing that he hath made." He alone can compare performance with ability. In his mercy we must place every doubtful case, and take refuge in the declaration that the Judge of the earth will do right. At the moment we may not discern the wisdom of the allotments of Providence respecting ourselves. The difficulties which environ us may issue in our good, and be made clear in the light of future dispensations. Let this thought tranquilize our minds and keep them in that quiescent temper which becomes beings in our twilight state. When ready to repine at adverse circumstances, let us reflect how much more is given of good things than we deserve—how much of mercy is mingled with judgment. * * * * * *

It is sweet, when, with the simplicity of children, we can say, "The will of God be done." Why can we not always feel thus? Are we not his creatures? Is He not Love? Nothing so ennobles me in my own mind as to realize that I am the work of His hand. He will not despise what he has made. Chalmers' sermons are sublime, and elevate my soul beyond what it has hitherto experienced. Though not enriched by new ideas, my thoughts are amplified. Subjects are elucidated and illuminated which formerly raised my imagination, without so filling and delighting it. The discourses that treat of the interest that angels take in human affairs, and the sympathies of other worlds with ours, charmed me the most. * * * * * * * *

When we ask for temporal advantages, we know not what we ask, but in praying for spiritual good, we never can err. Peace, love, submission, accommodate to all conditions, and transform sorrows into pleasures. Should you be rendered *content* without change of circumstances, it would be proof of the efficacy of religion. Religion can diffuse a temper of heaven through the troubled bosom of a sad sojourner of earth. The languor and lassitude of the feeble infant are scarcely remembered amidst the hilarity of

youth and the occupations of mature life. So in the light of eternity will appear the afflictions of this state of being. As here we cherish early attachments, and the friendships formed in our childhood, and early days, so hereafter we shall renew the amities which were consecrated on earth by virtue and piety. Christ recognized such a re-union when he said, "till I drink it new *with you* in heaven."

Dr. Green officiated here at the sacrament. His sermon was solemn, tender, edifying. His ideas are clear, his views extensive, his faith strong. He conveys instruction and strength to the weak believer. He was the pastor of my youthful days. His manner affected me and opened the cells where memory slept. It brought back the hours, when, with my earliest friend, I hung with rapt attention, in all the ardor of youthful feeling, on his high and solemn eloquence. Where is the friend whose soul then glowed with sympathetic fervor? Adoring at the throne, at the footstool of which we once kneeled together.

It seems that only in the fairy regions of romance that true friendship is to be found. Yet is the heart constituted to desire and require it, as an aliment. To taste this bliss in its purity, perfect communion of soul and of sentiment is requisite. When this mortal shall have put on immortality, it may bear the glance of intuition. Knowing as they are known, the blessed ones can experience what they here vainly aspired after. To love and to be loved must be the essence of felicity wherever there are rational beings—it matters not what form they bear, nor what world they inhabit. God has poured a portion of his own divinity wherever he has breathed the breath of life. Sin has vitiated this principle of our nature, and mars the happiness that we should derive from the exercise of the affections. There is a land where harmony and love are uninterrupted and pure.

DEAR FRIEND,—

There is no resource in our doubts but the Scriptures. Our teachers, our views must be tried by this standard. After hearing the Apostles, the Bereans were commended for their search, to see if these things were so. Be diligent in examining the records of our faith; remember the words of our great Teacher, "if any man will do the will of God he shall know of the doctrine." A pre-requisite to this search is to divest the mind of prejudice. If we proscribe doctrines as harsh and irrational, we shall unconsciously resist their proofs. The Calvinistic system is called repulsive, and viewed as a *horrible one* by some who do not know its claims. Does not the blame, laid on Calvin, belong in part to the nature of things? The mind cannot fathom the depths of infinity. The difficulties are not a part of this system of theology—they belong as well to natural religion as to Christianity. Till we can tell why evil was admitted into the universe by a benevolent Deity, this difficulty must continue. Why then should we quarrel with the "glad tidings" which informs us of the way of salvation. Rather let us yield to the hand that can conduct us through the darkness. There is no support for our faith but the absolute sovereignty of God. He gives no account to his creatures of his acts. What he reveals of his nature we must receive without gain-saying. * * * * * * * * *

I have been admiring the displays of the Divine goodness, in the appearance of the heavens and the world aronnd me. At dawn the moon shed her radiance to increase the twilight. The deep shadows gave solemnity to the view, and there reigned an unbroken stillness. When the sun arose every tree was brilliant with dew-drops, which trembled in the gentle breeze. A mist hung upon the hills, and lent enchantment to the distance. Surely the element of the Self-existent is beauty. In all his works it shines from the greatest of them to the most minute. * * *

There is such a thing as TRUTH, which must be sought as for hid treasure. The light of nature shows but little of the perfections of the Deity—revelation alone discloses them. In the Gospel is not found a condensed assertion of the Trinity as in a synopsis of

faith. This is not the mode God has adopted of teaching. Precepts and doctrines are interwoven with the whole fabric of sacred history, and it is left to man to arrange, to infer, to deduce, in analogy with the allotments of nature. Ore is hid in mines, and a laborious process is requisite to find and purify the precious metals. The seed must be collected and sown in cultivated soil before the fruit is reaped. The sciences have been brought to their present perfection by study and application. So doubts may be a part of that moral discipline requisite for a certain order of intellect. As in religion there are shallows for children, so there are oceans for men.

The disciples, when tossed on the stormy sea, knew not their Master when he came near to them; they thought "it was a spirit." So you have been, as it were, separated from your Saviour, and you have been agitated by diverse and contrary opinions. He seems, on these waves of doubt, as if he would pass you by, and you are tempted to think that he is only a phantom or delusive appearance —yet may you hear his voice, saying, in assuring accents, "It is I."

CONCLUSION.

The inevitable hour of my departure hence is coming fast to me. Sun of righteousness! let me not enter the dark valley without one ray from thee. The timid trembler, who dared not call on thy name, but silently sought to touch the hem of thy garment, was healed and blessed. Like the one at the pool of Siloam, I wait until the clay be applied and I am ordered to wash and receive my sight.

> "Oh! hast thou not a blessing left,
> A blessing Lord for me?"

See, heavenly Father, how the shadows are lengthening—how night is approaching—how near I am drawing to the gates of death. Come to thy desolate child!

[Commencing with the first recorded expressions of her religious sentiments, at the age of sixteen, this selection from the writings of a departed mother, is concluded by the last paragraph, penned in her book of reflections in her seventy-ninth year.]

I have received comfort from the text Heb. 4, iii., and Doddridge's exposition of "entering into that rest." It is not easy to satisfy the mind that we have passed from death to life, and that we are indeed united to Christ. But I am encouraged of late that I am growing in grace, and that I have more of the spirit of true religion. I can take hold of the promises, and trust in the great Mediator.

"Speak of the dead! dear ones at home,
Will ye breathe my name when my change shall come;
And this aged form shall be darkly laid
'Neath the cypress' solemn and mournful shade?
Will ye read my books, and bedew my flowers,
Will ye speak of me in your happy hours,
Will ye sing my hymns, and ne'er forget
The absent, whose spirit is with you yet!"

ON THE DEATH OF A CHRISTIAN LADY.*

UNPUBLISHED POEM BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SAY ye the tie that binds
The Christian mother and the loving child
Grows weak by time?
Look at yon aged saint,
Who to the verge of fourscore years hath held
Her earthly pilgrimage with upward aim,
Large-minded and benevolent, and filled
With the Heaven-prompted Charity that weighs
Actions and motives kindly, and relieves
Penury and pain.
Her hour hath come to die—
Scarce warned—yet girded well, her spirit hears
The Master's call, admitting no delay,
And wrapped in lowliness, but strong in faith.
Enters the world unseen.
The daughter's eye,
Long on such guidance and example bent,
Is dimmed with bursting grief.
The tree hath fallen,
Under whose shadow she, with great delight,
Sate from her infancy. The fount is stanched
That ne'er in summer's heat or winter's frost
Withheld the crystal of its sympathy.
'Tis meet to mourn.

'Mid all the cherished props,
Conjugal and maternal—all the hopes
That round the blooming children of her heart
Cling tenderly—a heavy sense of loss
Broods o'er her joys. The golden chain of prayer
That bound her new-born being to God's throne
Is broken, and its links bestrew the grave.
'Tis meet that she should mourn.
Deem not the tie
That gathered strength with every rolling year
Is lightly riven asunder, or the pang
Soon banished when a Christian mother dies.

*JANE BAYARD, wife of Chief-Justice Kirkpatrick.