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SKETCHES

FROM

THE STUDY

OF A

SUPERANNUATED ITINERANT.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"SKETCHES AND INCIDENTS, OR A BUDGET FROM THE SADDLE-BAGS OF A SUPERANNUATED ITINERANT."

SKETCH. — Dutch, *schets*; German, *skizze*; French, *esquisse*. — We see the primary sense of the verb is, to throw, the sense of *shoot*, Italian, *scattare*, Latin, *scateo*. An outline or general delineation of any thing; a first rough or incomplete draught of a plan or any design, as, the sketch of an essay. — *Noah Webster*.

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PREFACE.

The writer of these pages was early honored with a place in the ranks of the itinerant ministry of the Methodist Episcopal Church. His travels have afforded him the means of acquaintance with the denomination, from the interior of Maine to central Texas. He has enjoyed the personal friendship of many of the fathers of its ministry — the "*legio tonans* of the American church," as he has dared to call them. His impressions of those men and their times are among the most vivid, and even romantic, of his memories. Secluded, almost, from his earlier and favorite spheres of public labor by infirmities, he has often occupied a leisure hour, or cheered a sad one, by recording some of these reminiscences; paying thus a humble tribute to men whose heroic characters, though rarely paralleled, have, through the circumstances of their day, failed of any other record, and whose friendship he expects to renew in heaven, though they have long been sleeping in their unhonored graves — graves scattered through the length and breadth of the land.

Besides other works of the kind, he published, some years since, two volumes entitled, "Sketches and Incidents; or, a Budget from the Saddle-Bags of a Superannuated Itinerant." The following passages from the preface to the second of those volumes will convey a just view of the character and design of the present work.

"In preparing these pages, the writer has contemplated two designs: first, the preservation of some of the more interesting of those denominational incidents which are current in our church, and which strikingly illustrate the providence of God; and, secondly, the production of a work adapted to the advanced youth of the church — a department of our denominational literature hitherto almost entirely vacant. During some years he has had an eye on these objects; and as, in hours of leisure or indisposition, he penned one after another of these fragments, they were placed in his old saddle-bags: one budget has already been taken thence and given to the public. Its reception has encouraged the appearance of another. Some of these articles present coincidences and *dénouements* so remarkable as to probably excite suspicion of their veracity. The reader will bear in mind that such singular incidents do occasionally occur in the current of common-place events; that the present examples are not given as specimens of average events, but are professedly sought out as anomalous. Though the writer has discreetly (as he thinks) used his imagination, in a few instances, for the illustration of important subjects, yet most of the extraordinary

cases referred to, so far as they are related on his own authority, he knows to be substantial facts; and those related on the authority of others are well authenticated."

One qualification is needed by these remarks; the writer has not availed himself, in the present volume, of even the "discreet" use of his "imagination" which they attribute to the former work. There is no fictitious character or incident in these pages, so far as his own authority for them is responsible. The plan of the work which — as remarked in a former volume — has been adopted in order to give to its articles a slight aspect of unity, will not, it is hoped, detract, in the most scrupulous estimation, from its general veracity.

These sketches, like their predecessors, have come forth from the "Old Saddle-Bags." A few of them have heretofore escaped from the budget, and may be recognized by the public; others may have partially disclosed themselves from their place of concealment, and others come forth now for the first time. They are all of pretensions too humble to deem necessary any ceremonious apology for their present modest attempt to take an "airing."

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EVANGELICAL HEROISM. ZADOK PRIEST.

Faithful unto death. — Rev. 2 : 10.

IN the year 1793, two young men entered the Methodist Itineracy, who are now remembered by only here and there a gray-headed remnant of the last century, but whose names deserve to be commemorated in our history. Bangs' History of the Church refers to them, and the Memorials of Methodism notices them, but very briefly. They were Zadok Priest and Hezekiah Calvin Worster, — names that shine on the Book of heaven, and ought not to be forgotten on earth. The former was but twenty-four,

and the latter but twenty-three, years old, when they joined the Conference, and they both died young, — the former before the completion of his twenty-seventh year, the latter before the completion of his twenty-eighth; yet both were marked men. Worster was one of those "ministers" of God who are as "flaming fire" (Psalms 104: 4), and Priest has the noble distinction of being the first Methodist preacher who fell at his post in New England, — if not, indeed, the first, also, who was raised up in the Eastern States.

Zadok Priest was born in Connecticut, but in what locality I have never been able to ascertain. He commenced his ministerial travels on Pittsfield (Mass.) circuit, — an extensive field of labor, which required indefatigable travelling and preaching, and no little suffering, also, for Methodism was yet in its infancy, only about four years having passed since Jesse Lee first proclaimed its doctrines on the highway of Norwalk, Conn. Its members were few, and scattered, and poor, and the fare of its preachers exceedingly hard. The following year

he labored on the New London circuit with Wilson Lee, David Abbott, and Enoch Mudge,—"a noble quaternion,"—and rightly so called, for all of them possessed the genuine heroic character. New London circuit presented formidable difficulties at that day. It was long, and included a great number of appointments; it had yet but two or three Methodist chapels. The itinerant evangelists had to proclaim their messages in school-houses, court-houses, and rustic kitchens. They were beset, also, with opposition, if not persecution, from the "standing order." The parish pastor denounced them from the pulpit, and the deacon, or village schoolmaster, often disputed their opinions in the course of their sermons. They passed on courageously, however, and won their way in all directions. They were peculiar men, fitted by God himself for their peculiar times; and the two hundred Methodists then scattered over the whole extent of New London circuit have, as the fruit of their labors, multiplied to thousands, and their two or three skeletons of chapels to scores of commodious and beautiful temples.

Young Priest passed, in 1795, to Warren circuit, Rhode Island. There was then but one other circuit, and no station, in Rhode Island. Warren circuit comprised a large part of the state, and all the towns of Massachusetts as far as Bridgewater. It was on this extensive field that the youthful hero fell. His incessant labors brought on a pulmonary hemorrhage, and, at last, consumption.

An impressive illustration of the evangelical heroism of his character occurred at this time, — one that is worthy to be commemorated by the poet. He returned to his father's house in Connecticut, to recruit his failing health by repose and medical treatment; but his disease increased, and assumed a fatal aspect. Instead of laying down to die, the young evangelist again put on his armor, and went to his post, to fall there.* He returned to Warren circuit, labored as he was able, and soon after sunk

*This fact is stated in the "Memorials of Methodism," — not in that work's biographical sketch of him, but in its notice of the Thompson conference. It appears fairly construed from the obituary in the Minutes of 1796, though the latter record seems somewhat confused.

under his mortal infirmities, with all his armor on. There were in those days a few of the wealthy, — the "noble," — who embraced the new cause in the Eastern States, and whose hospitable mansions became at once sanctuaries for the preaching of the doctrines of Methodism, and asylums for its pilgrim preachers. The house of Bemis, of Waltham, Mass., — whose daughter married Pickering, and whose homestead sheltered most of the veteran worthies of New England Methodism, — and that of Gen. Lippitt, of Cranston, R. I., — who built a chapel on his own estate, and whose ample mansion was always open for the preachers and members of the new "sect everywhere spoken against," accommodating fifty of them at dinner and thirty with lodging, on quarterly meeting occasions, — were among those primitive "Methodist Hotels." The house of an excellent old Methodist, called Father "Newcomb," at Norton, Mass., was noted, in like manner, for its Christian hospitalities. It was consecrated by the ministrations and prayers of most of the pioneers of Eastern Methodism, —

of Asbury, Whatcoat, Lee, Pickering, Brodhead, &c., &c.* The dying itinerant of Warren circuit betook himself not to his more distant home in Connecticut, but to this hospitable and sanctified asylum of his brethren. "I have come to die with you," he said, as the door opened to receive him. Three weeks he lingered there, receiving every sympathetic attention, and then died in the Lord, expressing "no doubt of his salvation." He was buried on the estate of Mr. Newcomb; and a Christian brother, who, it is said, loved him in life and requested to be buried by his side, now rests with him in the same solitude, — "a beautiful exemplification of the endearment of Christian affection."†

He was, as we have intimated, the first Methodist preacher who ascended to heaven from New England; and it is not certain that he is not entitled to the honor generally given to the sainted Mudge, of being the first native Methodist preacher of New

* It became quite a proverbial remark, among such families and their neighbors, that their hospitalities, instead of injuring, enhanced their prosperity.

† Memorials of Methodism.

England. The facts of the question stand thus: They were both New England men. They both entered the itinerant ranks the same year, 1793. Enoch Mudge, however, joined the Conference at Lynn, August 1st. Zadok Priest joined it either at the Albany session, July 15th, thus preceding Mudge by about two weeks, or at the Tolland (Conn.) session, August 12th, thus giving Mudge the precedence of nearly two weeks. The fact that Priest's paternal home was in Connecticut might seem to favor the latter supposition; but then his appointment for the year on Pittsfield circuit, which belonged to the Albany district, places him within the sphere of the Albany session. Were this certainly the case, there would still be a doubt on the claim of Priest, for it would then be probable that he had resided, not at his paternal home, but in the State of New York, where he joined the Conference; and that, though a native of New England, he was brought into the church, and into the ministry, beyond its limits. The question is not, who was the first native of New England who entered the Methodist ministry in the

United States, but who was the first native Methodist preacher received into the ministry within New England.

We once stated the uncertainty of the question to our venerated friend, Enoch Mudge. It was a matter of little concern to him, for his thoughts were elsewhere; they were where it was befitting they should be, at his age, — in heaven. He replied that he had never examined the subject, — that Asbury, Lee, and the old preachers generally, used to consider him the first native member of the New England Itineracy; and though it was known that Zadok Priest was born in Connecticut, yet it was the general impression that he had joined the connection while residing in New York.

Such are the facts. They leave the question undecided; but it is satisfactory to know that either of the men whose friends claim respectively for them this peculiar honor, — and a signal honor it is, and will be, as our denominational history advances, — were nobly worthy of the distinction. Instead of calling either of them *the first*, they may both be

called the *first two* native Methodist preachers of the Eastern States; and the doubtfulness of the question may allow the church to feel herself doubly honored.

Such, then, was Zadok Priest. Should such men be forgotten? Can we, or our children, read the scanty reminiscences of their heroic devotion, without admiration and tears? And will not the day yet come, when the unhonored grave of Zadok Priest shall be marked by a monumental tribute of gratitude and reverence?

Let us return to the other saintly name with which we began this article.

HEZEKIAH CALVIN WORSTER

In demonstration of the Spirit and power. — PAUL.

EZEKIAH CALVIN WORSTER left, at his death, on a fragment of paper, the following dates of his history: "Born, May 20, 1771; convinced of sin, Oct. 9, 1791; born again, Dec. 1, 1791; sanctified, Feb. 6, 1792." Religion with him "was in demonstration of the Spirit and of power." No vagueness attended the facts of his Christian experience, nor the presentation of experimental truth in his ministrations. He might pre-eminently be called "a flaming herald" of the word, for it was "in his heart as a burning fire." He commenced his ministry in 1793, on the Granville circuit, in Massachusetts. As this circuit was within the limits of the Albany district, then superintended

by the devoted Thomas Ware, I suppose he joined the Albany conference of that year. The two following years he spent in arduous labors on circuits in New Jersey and New York.

Methodist itinerants had already penetrated to the wilderness of Canada, and had begun to lay the foundations of that extended Wesleyan interest which now exists throughout the British Possessions in North America. James Coleman and Darius Dunham had been laboring successfully in Upper Canada. In 1796, Worster, who was ready to suffer the loss of all things for Christ, volunteered, with Samuel Coate (a name dear to New Jersey Methodists), to join the pioneers beyond the line. His history, during that expedition, would form a romantic and almost incredible narrative. Three weeks were spent on their route, during which they lodged every night under the trees of the forest.

He travelled about three years in Canada, preaching almost daily, and with a power seldom equalled in the history of the Christian ministry. There was, indeed, in his word, an energy almost resistless.

The dwellers in the wilderness, long destitute of the means of religion, heard with amazement his overwhelming eloquence, and often fell, in their forest congregations, like dead men, under his word. Bangs, in his History of Methodism, says, "Such was the holy fervor of his soul, his deep devotion to God, his burning love for the souls of his fellow-men, that he was the happy instrument of kindling up such a fire in the hearts of the people, wherever he went, particularly in Upper Canada, that all the waters of strife and opposition have not been able to quench it. * * * The grace of God wrought mightily in him."—"O, what awful sensations," exclaims the same writer, "ran through the assemblies, while Calvin Worster, and others of like spirit, were denouncing the just judgments of God against impenitent sinners, in such pointed language as made the 'ear to tingle,' and the heart to palpitate!"

He was a man of Abrahamic faith, and his prayers seemed directly to enter heaven, and prevail with God. He carried with him an unceasing spirit of prayer. Often at midnight would he rise and call

upon his God, while the inmates of the house where he made his temporary abode were awed by the solemn voice of his supplications ascending amidst the silence.

Such was the unction of his spirit, and the bold, resistless power of his appeals to the wicked, that few of them could stand before him; they would either rush out of the house, or fall to the floor, under his word.* He was not only habitual, but prevalent, in prayer. An anecdote is related in illustration of the power of his faith. A revival occurred under his

* Such marvellous demonstrations were not uncommon under the ministry of the great men of that day. Dr. Bangs says:—

"At a quarterly meeting in the Bay of Quinte circuit, as the preacher commenced his sermon, a thoughtless man in the front gallery commenced, in a playful mood, to swear profanely, and otherwise to disturb the congregation. The preacher paid no attention to him until he was in the midst of his sermon, when, feeling strong in faith and the power of His might, suddenly stopping, he fixed his piercing eye upon the profane man; then, stamping with his foot, and pointing his finger at him with great energy, he cried out, '*My God! smite him!*' He instantly fell, as if shot through the heart with a bullet. At this moment such a divine afflatus came down upon the congregation, that sinners were crying to God for mercy in every direction, while the saints of God burst forth in loud praises to his name. Similar instances of God's gracious presence were not uncommon in those days in that country, as they have been related to the writer on the most unquestionable authority."

labors, which was attended with overpowering effects among the people. His presiding elder, Rev. Mr. D——, entering the assembly at a time when sinners were falling to the earth under the power of the truth, and the people of God were rejoicing in their victory, condemned the excitement as wild-fire, and knelt down to pray that God would allay it. The devout Worster knelt by his side, and in a whispering tone prayed, "Lord, bless brother D——! Lord, bless brother D——!" He had not prayed thus many minutes, before the presiding elder was smitten down upon the floor, and was so filled with the Holy Spirit that his complaints were turned into grateful praise, and he went forth spreading the divine flame through the length and breadth of his district, "to the joy and salvation of hundreds of immortal souls."*

The rigors of the climate, and the excess of his labors, injured his health, and in 1798 he was seized with pulmonary consumption. Yet he did not immediately give up his indefatigable ministrations,

* Memorials of Methodism.

of labor, — a drudge, working with cattle in the fields, — but among the higher classes, a companion, yet an inferior one. Under the more Christian institutions of England, she occupies nearly her befitting place, especially in the middle and higher grades of life. In America her position is acknowledged to be still more exalted; and, if the geographer's criterion is true, we have reason to flatter ourselves that our civilization, though little embellished, and severely practical, as it necessarily must be under our national circumstances, is essentially more humane and more Christian than that of any other people.

It is indeed an interesting, and somewhat anomalous fact, that, amidst our devotion to mammon and politics, there should exist among us so much delicacy of sentiment toward the sex. The fact is acknowledged almost unanimously by those foreign visiters who find little else in us to commend. In no land has woman a more effectual influence, though it is exerted chiefly within the quiet sphere of domestic life. In no land can ladies travel with greater security;

among no other people are they more attentively accommodated in public conveyances and hotels, and among none other is their presence a more effectual check on the conduct of promiscuous companies. It is a significant fact, that the English custom, which requires ladies to retire from the table at the "removal of the cloth," has never obtained on this side of the Atlantic, and that few, if any, occasions of social festivity are considered compatible with the honor of well-bred gentlemen, if incompatible with the presence of women. An Englishman, in lecturing before his countrymen on the United States, lately, declared, amidst the plaudits of his audience, that if Prince Albert were travelling among us, and should occupy the best seat of the stage-coach, he would be compelled, by the universal respect for the sex, to resign it to any farmer's daughter who might enter the carriage. The lecturer was unquestionably correct in respect to most of the country.

This elevated social position of woman among us has, doubtless, contributed much to the extraordinary development of female intellect in our native litera-

ture — extraordinary in ability, but especially in the promptness with which it has so early taken its place in our literary history. It has not found encouragement to attempt the higher efforts of genius, like Mesdames Dacier and de Stael, in France, or Mrs. Somerville and Joanna Baillie, in England. Such examples are rare in the maturest communities; but our country-women present, in their less pretending contributions to the national literature, points of very honorable comparison with the best literary women of England and France. They are more numerous than our writers of the hardier sex, and many of them display rare talents, that need but more exclusive devotion to literature to give them a permanent influence on the public mind. The productions of nearly all our native writers are yet only the occupations, or rather recreations, of their leisure hours. Until they can be induced to isolate themselves more from the ordinary distractions and sordid aims of the national mind, the higher developments of genius will be rare among either sex. Our literary women have thus far shown, we think, more susceptible and

versatile genius than our male writers, while their opportunities of self-culture, and studious application, have unquestionably been fewer than those of their literary brothers.

The *moral position* of woman in the United States is, undeniably, superior to what it is in any other nation. Female vice does exist among us, but it is less common than in any European community. It prevails almost exclusively among our denser populations, and is chiefly the result there of poverty and mis-education; but that fashionable and decorated vice, which exists among the more pretending classes in all European communities, has not yet dared to obtrude itself among the American people, however frequently instances of it may be detected under the deep concealments in which it is here compelled to shroud itself. Still, it cannot be disguised that the almost universal aping of European fashion and gayety among us, and, above all, the imported literature and scenic drama which have of late years overspread the land, threaten to break down the hallowed barriers that have circled the domestic purity

of American life, and to assimilate us to the gilded dissipation of transatlantic society. The women of America should not allow this conspiracy against their best interests and highest honor to succeed. From them should go forth a remonstrance, the most emphatic, against those abominations of the theatre and the opera, the half-nude exposures of the ball-room, and the shameless corruption of the novel, with which the moral sentiment of the nation is menaced.

The *religious* influence of the sex in this country is one of their most ennobling characteristics. There is scarcely an interest of our churches that does not show their salutary agency. They form, doubtless, a large majority of our communicants; their piety is generally more uniform and elevated than that of the other sex; and though the great practical schemes of Christianity are ostensibly managed by their husbands and brothers, yet to their elevated zeal and generous sympathies are to be traced chiefly the life and vigor of those schemes. Few things could be more ridiculous than the attempts of flip-

pant, shallow-brained satirists to ridicule this noble religious activity of American women. What do they not owe to religion? What is there in its benign virtues and ineffable destinies that should render it unfitting to the holiest sympathies of woman's nature? If it is matter of ridicule that women fill the temples of religion, what is implied in the contrasted fact that men fill our gambling saloons, groggeries and prisons, and that the sex so much interested in religion are so comparatively seldom found with them there? It is congruous that those who come the nearest to our idea of the angelic nature, on earth should sympathize most with those holy interests which engage angelic sympathies in heaven.

Much has been written about the *physical condition* of woman in this country. Foreigners accord to the American ladies a peculiar style of beauty — an exquisite delicacy of structure and feature; but they pronounce it fragile and short-lived. I had often read this opinion, but, not having had the opportunity of a fair comparison, could not fully appreciate it till I returned from a tour in Europe. As I

passed up Broadway, on my arrival home, I was startled at the sickly hue of the New York ladies. I looked almost in vain for an example of the vigorous forms and healthy-tinged faces I had been accustomed to meet in the streets of Europe. There was more sentiment, more refinement, expressed in the features and bearing of our country-women; but they looked, as they thronged the fashionable promenade, like a procession of invalids from the city hospitals, who had turned out to enjoy a bland day. Every American who has returned from a visit to Europe will understand what I here say. Girlhood is in this country lovely beyond comparison; but by the time that European women are in the rich ripeness of health and beauty, ours fade and sink into a decrepitude, which not unusually extends through one half their lives, afflicting it with wretched debility and nervous ailments.

Why is this? I believe the primary cause of it is the peculiarity of our *climate*. Climate does not depend wholly on latitude, but, to a considerable extent, on local and topographical circumstances,—

the relative position of coasts, mountain ranges, rivers, lakes, and the cultivation of the soil, and even on geological conditions. Our national *physique* has certainly a peculiar and distinctly marked type. Few foreigners retain among us, through twenty years, their original appearance; and their children almost invariably take the native physical character. We are a lean, pallid, restless, nervous people, with lank limbs, sharp features, and intense eyes. Our nerves are too active; and, notwithstanding the means of comfortable living are more common among us than with any other people, yet we have a larger proportion of maniacs than any other.

The *anxiety* of the American physiognomy is a subject of general remark among foreigners. Moral causes, doubtless, have much to do with the fact; but climate, I think, has some connection with it also, and much more than is generally supposed. I believe it has an especial connection with the physical condition of American women. But let us not hold our climate, however inclement, responsible alone for our sufferings. Our great fault is, that *we*

do not adapt ourselves to it; and I hesitate not to say, that American women have incurred more of the guilt of self-murder than is recorded in the book of Heaven against any other community on earth. I mean literally what I say. Millions of them have gone down prematurely to the grave, self sacrificed. Our climate demands peculiar (native) adaptations of dress, etc.; but if our women will wear French shoes and French "modes," or even English, they must pay the cost of them, not only at the expense of the purses of their husbands, but of their own attractions, health, and days. We flatter our national self-complacency for the invention of the steamboat and magnetic telegraph. There is one more improvement to be made among us, which can hardly be less intrinsically valuable, — a graceful and healthy national costume for American women, which shall protect their beauty by protecting their health, and, at the same time, cast out from the land the expensive frivolities and abominations of foreign fashions, — fashions contrived by

Parisian mantua-makers and milliners, whose taste is about as wretched as their morals.*

American ladies neglect out-door exercise more than the women of any other people on the earth, — I will not except the Icelanders, even. The changeableness of our climate, instead of being a reason for this negligence, is precisely the strongest reason for a contrary course. If we would have health in such a climate, we must habituate ourselves to its vicissitudes, not avoid them. The latter course befits the hopeless invalid alone. In most of our large cities, there are public squares, or beautiful commons; but how little are they resorted to by our women and youth! In the cities of Europe, such places are thronged, on pleasant afternoons, by mothers and their children. The wrinkled brow of care is relaxed in the refreshing zephyrs, the eye

* The accomplished editress of "The Lady's Book," Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, proposed a national costume, some years since. The suggestion is worth repeating, though almost hopeless. Two conditions might secure it partial success, at least: first, that it be unquestionably appropriate and tasteful; second, that a considerable number should courageously adopt it at once. Both these conditions might be secured.

gains lustre from the bright skies, the limbs agility from exercise, the spirits buoyancy from the balmy air and playful recreations. The bland effect reaches even the moral feelings; — better tempers, more cordial affections, spring up in the heart, and home becomes refreshed by a return to it from such healthful relaxations. Let it not be urged that our ladies are too busy with household cares for such delightful leisure. I know it is a truth; but it is a most lamentable, a most intolerable, a most abominable truth. It is creditable to their industry, but as discreditable to their good sense; for what economy can there be in paying the doctor, apothecary, and nurse, instead of paying household servants? Or, if the latter be not practicable, still, all domestic labor could better be performed with such occasional relaxation than without it. I know the exceeding difficulty of arguing this point, but must be permitted to assume, absolutely, and despite all reply, that the leisure for out-door recreations is *indispensable*, and, *therefore*, *not to be waived*, any practical logic to the contrary notwithstanding. Let our families turn

out, then, more frequently into the public gardens, or the woodland walks; let them gladden their eyes with the charms of the landscape, and the glories of God's blessed heavens; let them "rejoice and be exceeding glad," amidst the exhilarating inspirations of the bright, benign air, and we, their husbands, shall be the happier men for it; our homes shall be healthier and more cheerful, and our expenses, in "the long run," none the more, if not less, than they are on the present miserable economy, by which our houses are made hospitals, and our dearest ones invalids.

There are three dispositions which I hope will ever and increasingly distinguish American women. The first is a devout interest for the religion of the land, — the Protestant faith, for that we may consider the acknowledged, though not the "established," religion of our country, — the religion of its history and of its destiny. Protestantism has had a freer and fuller development on this continent than anywhere else; and that preëminent civilization which we claim as our own, and the benignest feat-

ure of which is the elevation of woman, is dependent upon it. Paganism brutalizes woman; Infidelity prostitutes her to the lowest demoralization; Popery converts her, religiously, into a bigot, or, socially, into an idol of gallantry, or a victim of drudgery, according to her high or low position in life. Protestantism, alone, has defined her true position, as an equal and companion of man, a child of God, and an heir of immortality. Let her, then, prize religion, and promote its influence in the land, as the best guaranty of her rights and happiness.

Another trait should characterize American women — a hearty national sentiment — a warm pride and love of their country. We are accused, as a nation, of an excessive self-content, if not self-admiration. Happy charge! may it long be applicable to us! "It stands to reason," as Jonathan says. I would not encourage the self-complacent tone of our Fourth of July oratory; there has been enough of that, unquestionably. But it is an assertion which no sober man will gainsay, that the American people ought to be the most devoutly grateful, and the most stoutly

patriotic, on the earth. What land has received greater blessings? What land has more magnificent hopes? This pride of country is an ennobling sentiment, and the women of America have good reason to cherish it ardently; for here their sex has not only found its best condition recorded in the history of the world, but also its best hopes of the future. It is to be regretted that in those matters of social life, — of manners and modes, — which, though small in themselves, have a great influence as "minor morals," — our ladies defer so much to foreign examples. Politics keep up strongly the nationality of the sentiments of the other sex among us; but our women are in danger of losing the stanch old American spirit of their mothers. Let them be too independent and self-respectful for such obsequiousness to foreign influence. Let them disdain to ape the hollow, aristocratic ostentations of transatlantic life, but endeavor to form native, pure, and simply elegant forms of social intercourse, such as befit the sincerity and dignity of our republican character.

Let us hope, in the third place, that American

women will continue to appreciate justly the sphere of their sex. There are, doubtless, ameliorations of the laws yet to be made in their behalf; but any essential revolution of their relations to society will, I trust, ever be opposed by them, as a detraction from the dignity of their character and the purity of their influence. It is to be hoped there are but few of them who deem a participation in the tumults of the political canvass, or the legislative hall, a desirable substitute for the tranquil and powerful influences of domestic life. There are termagants who might make a figure amidst the storms of the public arena; but every delicate sentiment of womanhood must revolt at the idea. Genius, letters, and most of the better virtues, flee from such scenes to the calmer and more congenial walks of life. They seek and find their perfection in solitude, or in the sincerity of unostentatious duties. And the efforts of a life thus secluded and sacred are not only the most successful for self-culture, but in actual usefulness to others. The great thoughts of a meditative man, the song of the true poet, sent forth over the land from the

quiet of his studious retreat, tell more powerfully on the sentiments of a people than the utmost clamors of demagogues. Whittier's glorious shouts to liberty, from his retreat at Amesbury, will reverberate over the grave of John C. Calhoun, when that grave shall be forgotten; and the calm but mighty thoughts uttered to his guilty country by Channing, from the solitudes of Rhode Island, will palpitate in the national heart when the eloquence of our senators shall cease to be read. Woman's sphere, though retired and quiet, has a similar power; her husband and her children may act on the open arena of life, but they act under her guidance, and according to the impulses of her tranquil but effective power. How preposterous, when compared with this influence, are the innovations proposed by the modern conventions in behalf of "woman's rights"!

METHODISM — ITS DISCIPLINE.

THERE are many who think they perceive something else than advancement in the changes which Methodism has undergone in late years. They recall, with melancholy pleasure, the "old and better times." It was my lot to know many of the first generation of American Methodists; I was acquainted with its earliest preachers, and have spent about a quarter of a century in official relations to the church. It may not be presumptuous in me, therefore, to have an opinion upon the subject.

We have advanced in our educational provisions, in the commodiousness and elegance of our chapels, in our philanthropic schemes, and the agencies

of the press; we preserve intact our theology — it is one of the signal providences of our history, that no serious heresies, the usual means of religious corruption, have arisen among us; we hold as steadily as ever to the importance of personal conversions and revivals, and I think they are as extensive, proportionately to our numbers, as ever. There has also taken place, unquestionably, an improved moral sentiment in the Northern church on some important subjects, such as Temperance and Slavery. Meanwhile, we have, I think, lost some of our primitive simplicity — our preachers have not as much of the heroic in their character as the earlier ministry had, nor have they, perhaps, occasions for it; our congregational singing, once a glory in the midst of us, has suffered some change; and in some traits of external piety, such as dress, kneeling in prayer, abstinence from questionable amusements, etc., we have declined. Above all, we have suffered from the relaxation of discipline. We have, then, both gained and lost; but whether our loss has been greater than our gain, — whether we stand, as a church, more or less

acceptable in the sight of God, I will not attempt to decide.

Our most serious danger is, I think, in our growing neglect of spiritual discipline, and I wish in this paper to utter an emphatic admonition in respect to it. Now, if ever, is the time to check this perilous tendency. Our primitive regimen is not yet entirely gone; it may yet be recovered; but beyond a certain point of declension, it will become irretrievable.

The moral discipline of the Methodist Episcopal church is peculiar for its minuteness and thoroughness. Its members are divided into Classes, which assemble weekly for examination by Leaders. The Leaders meet once a month, to make reports to the pastor. Both the pastor and his Leaders, with the other official members, are under the supervision of the Presiding Elder, who meets them once a quarter. At the Annual Conference, all the pastors and Presiding Elders are subjected to a personal examination of character, under the bishop, which is never omitted in any one case, however well established may be the Christian reputation of the man. At the General

Conference, a committee investigates the conduct and administration of the bishops, not only when complaints or suspicions exist, but in every case. In most sects it is the custom, we believe, to take for granted the integrity of their members until it is questioned, and to examine them only when a formal prosecution is instituted; but the policy of our church is far more cautious: it is not only one of caution, but eminently of precaution; it waits not till delinquencies obtrude themselves on the attention of the church, but is ever searching for them, that they may be suppressed in the bud.

But while we have a discipline so specially thorough, we have also special need of it, —

First, from the character of our people. Methodism assimilates to itself all the popular elements: every variety of condition is reached by it. It has been its chief mission, however, to save the neglected, — the poor, and the illiterate. This is its highest honor. Yet the most assiduous efforts are necessary to regulate and maintain under strict moral discipline a community so promiscuous. Thorough discipline,

under the divine blessing, is the only security for such a church; a large portion of our population, received into other churches without the oversight of Class-meetings and the aid of our frequent social meetings, would soon slide away entirely from the recognition of the church; but among us, if our discipline is applied, their names and persons are ever passing in review.

But, secondly, this very social character of our system frequently increases occasions for the application of discipline. In most other sects the influence of an individual member is comparatively limited, unless he is more than usually active. He is seen in his pew on Sabbath, and at the Lord's table once a month, and perchance occasionally at the meeting for social worship. While the influence of his Christian character is thus limited, his faults, also, are but little contagious. Cliques and cabals are not so easily formed, and the difficulties of individuals are not so liable to grow into party feuds. Among us, on the contrary, there is a perpetual intercourse, except in our largest societies; the mem-

bers of the church usually become intimately acquainted, the faults of individuals are readily noticed, and are liable to be discussed by backbiters, or to infect the weak; and cases that in other churches would be adjusted merely by official care become, among us, subjects of common and frequently of partisan interest. Such evils exist more or less in all communions; but it is the natural tendency of what are, in fact, some of our peculiar advantages, to make them more common among us. A rigid maintenance of discipline is here, again, our great security. Let it be universally understood that it will be faithfully applied, and these disturbing influences will be held in check.

Third, there are strong temptations, on the part of the Methodist preacher, to neglect this part of his duty. Our Itinerancy, with all its unparalleled advantages, has its evils; and among the greatest of these are its bearings on this point. The preacher being changed every year or two, finds often, on his arrival at a new place, cases to adjust which began under his predecessor, or, perhaps, have been rank-

ing for years, and exciting deep party feelings. He is anxious to begin his work in favor with all parties; and perhaps the circumstances are involved and difficult. How strong the temptation to evade his duty here! How easily can he frame apologies for postponing or utterly neglecting it! "His predecessor ought to have settled it, and he alone is responsible;" or, "Having occurred before his arrival, he cannot be sufficiently acquainted with it to judge rightly;" or, "It has been tolerated so long, it can be borne longer." Such may be his reasonings. Some caution is doubtless proper; but the minister of God who acts thus degrades himself and his holy office. He consults his comfort more than his duty. He allows a viper to nestle on the very altar where he ministers, and one that will most probably bite the hand that thus protects it. A similar temptation also presents itself towards the close of his term of service. How easily may the near prospect of his removal induce him to pass over evils, which, with increased inveteracy, must devolve to and embarrass his successor! This is not only neglect — it is cru-

elty; and a preacher who finds such cases transmitted to him, embarrassing his entrance on a new field, and perhaps making for him painful days and sleepless nights, must consider them not merely proofs of a want of generosity, but of a want of integrity, in his predecessor. It is not an incidental, but a most material part of the ministerial office, to apply moral discipline; and he is unfit for the function who affects not to have the ability to apply it.

It is to be feared that these peculiar temptations of our ministry are but too effectual. Not a few of our societies are actually suffering under such evils as I have described. Not a few of our preachers find themselves perplexed with such difficulties. In some places, local customs of the most pernicious character have invaded the church, and become rooted there by the connivance of men who profess to watch for souls as they that must give account. Reader, bear you the vows of God's altar? Wash your hands, then, of this guilt. Maintain the honor of your Lord, and of his sanctuary. Prudence will be necessary, even the wisdom of the serpent; but be prudently resolute. The very considerations which we have mentioned

as the reason, with many, for such neglect, should to you be an encouragement to fidelity. Your appointment will soon be changed. Though the people aggrieve you for your faithfulness, you will soon go elsewhere; and, while your term of service lasts, they cannot exclude you. Be, then, faithful, and be assured that a character for rigorous regard to your duty, once earned, will be of infinitely greater advantage to you than can be any time-serving arts.

These admonitions are applicable not to our ministry alone, but to all the officiary of the church. If ever a cause was dear to its adherents, Methodism is dear to its people; severely as its rigid system operates, still they have learned to prize its unequalled blessings. Let them, then, maintain its integrity, even as the Hebrews guarded the ark of the covenant. Let them eschew the ruinous folly of seeking to gain numbers or influence by sacrificing disciplinary strictness for the sake of the worldly, the rich or the Laodicean. Let them maintain, next to their theology, their spiritual discipline, as a rampart around their cause.

THE FIRST NATIVE METHODIST PREACHER OF NEW ENGLAND — ENOCH MUDGE.

Enoch walked with God. — Moses.

HAVE been spending a few evening hours in looking over the letters addressed to me by Enoch Mudge, who is reputed the first native Methodist preacher raised up in New England.* These letters are numerous, and they are frank exhibitions of the pure and noble heart of the man, — a man who, take him all in all, I never knew surpassed in the purity of his moral character. More than a year has elapsed since his death, and these mementoes become more precious and more affecting to me with each additional day that passes over his grave. They are

* The only doubt on this point is noticed in the article on Zadok Priest.

pervaded by a spirit that would have befitted St. John.

Besides these letters, I have also in my possession a document peculiarly precious, as it is not only from the pen of my beloved old friend, but records, though briefly, the narrative of his devoted life. It was not prepared for publication, but for the eye of private friendship alone. Yet, as I propose, in this paper, to pay a humble tribute to his memory, I shall not hesitate to quote from it.

He was born at Lynn, June 21, 1776, and was descended from one of the earliest settlers of that town. His boyhood was marked by healthful buoyancy, mental aptitude, and fine, generous, moral feelings. From the testimony of the few gray-headed men who were his early associates, and whose dim eyes moisten now as they recall their old and noble friend, I should estimate him as no ordinary boy, either intellectually or morally. He has given, in the brief record referred to, an account of his early religious training, and his conversion. I cannot do better than give it in his own words: —

"O, what a mercy," he exclaims, "that I was born of parents who feared the Lord, and consecrated me early to him! if they did not fully know the way of the Lord when I was born, their hearts were imbued with his fear. I distinctly recollect, that among my first impressions were those made by their pious efforts to give me just views of the goodness of my heavenly Father, and the great benevolence of my kind and gracious Redeemer. These are among my first reminiscences. Early as these impressions were made, I verily believe that they were never effaced. When alone, when afflicted by the small vexations and trials of childhood, these little lessons were the guardian angels of my life — mingled with much childishness, and, doubtless, with some superstition, yet the seeds of truth were there. They germinated, they sprung up as tender blades; the feeble branches of good desire, childish hope, and infant devotion, were regarded by him who has said, 'I will not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax.' Had my parents at this time known the way of truth perfectly, they doubtless had observed and cherished the

fruits of their first pious efforts with such instruction and prayers as would have been peculiarly seasonable and useful. While truth and grace were thus struggling for an early existence, all that is natural to an unrenewed heart was working in their usual courses, checked, indeed, but not subdued. When I was in my fifteenth year, the Rev. Jesse Lee came to Lynn; my parents were among the first to hear and welcome the joyful tidings of a Gospel which they never before had known in such richness. They were both brought into the liberty of the truth. The fruits of piety in them were clearly discerned by me; I desired to taste and know that the Lord was good. Now pride, fear and shame, little suspected before, were felt to have the mastery. Mr. Lee's preaching was affecting, searching, humbling, soothing, and instructing. I longed to have him talk with me, but dared not put myself in his way. I resolved and re-resolved to open my mind to him; but when the time came, my heart failed — my natural diffidence seemed all at once to increase to an alarming degree — yet I ventured to pray, to pray often and fer-

vently, against all the sins of my heart. I begged for grace to conquer them, but the burden of my prayer was for conviction. I longed to feel and lament the sinfulness of sin, and to be pressed down with a sense of condemnation for its guilt. Under these feelings, I hardly dared to ask for pardon of sin, as I thought I had not sufficient sense of its evil, nor contrition for my ingratitude to God, and abuse of his mercy. About four months passed away in this manner. I heard preaching, went to class-meeting, and sought the company of serious persons — read and prayed much, but was constantly saying,

> 'Here I repent and sin again,
> Now I revive, and now am slain,' &c.

I began seriously to fear I should never know the joys of pardoned sin, never have an evidence of acceptance with God. When fear, gloom and despair, began to hover over me, Mr. John Lee, who was truly a sun of consolation, seeing my case, at a class-meeting, was enabled to pour in the balm of divine truth, and lead my thirsty soul to the fountain of grace, opened in the atonement for poor, weary, and

heavy-laden sinners. I left the meeting with a ray of hope, retired, and poured out my soul before God. Access was granted, and encouragement dawned amid the darkness. I feared to go to sleep, lest I should lose the tender and encouraging views and feelings I had. I had little sleep, arose early, and went forth for prayer. My mind became calm, tranquil, and joyful. I was insensibly led forth in praise and gratitude to God. I drew a hymn-book from my pocket, and opened on the hymn that commences with

'O joyful sound of Gospel grace,
Christ shall in me appear!
I, even I, shall see his face;
I shall be holy here.'

"The whole hymn seemed more like an inspiration from heaven than anything of which I had a conception, except the word of God. I could only read a verse at a time, and then give vent to the gushing forth of joy and grateful praise. In this way I went through it. But I said to myself, What is this? Is it pardon? Is it acceptance with God? I cannot tell — but I am unspeakably happy! I dared not to

say, This is conversion. It is what I have sought and longed for; but oh that I could always be thus grateful to God, and have my heart flow forth in such a tide of love to my Saviour! During the day, which was the 16th of September, 1791, I often sought to be alone, to give vent to my feelings. At evening, I sought to unbosom myself to a young man with whom I was familiar, on these subjects. As soon as I had told him, he burst into tears, and said, 'O, Enoch, God has blest your soul! do pray for me, that I may partake of the love, peace and joy, God has given you.' And now, for the first time, my voice was heard in prayer with another. My faith became confirmed, and I went on with increasing consolation and strength. In this state of mind, I could not be content to enjoy such a heavenly feast alone; I took opportunity to speak to my young friends and acquaintances on the subject of religion, and recommend its ways as pleasant and delightful. When in prayer-meetings, I was pressed in spirit to pray for and exhort them; God blessed the feeble efforts. A goodly number embraced the Saviour,

and devoted their lives to his service. I heard Mr. Lee preach from this text: 2 Tim. 2: 19, 'Let every one that nameth the name of Christ depart from iniquity.' I felt the privilege and obligation of having been consecrated to God by parents, and of making a surrender of myself to him. It was with fear and trembling I went forward to the holy communion. But the Lord blessed his work and ordinance to me, and I found wisdom's ways pleasant, and all her paths peace. I felt the need of mental and moral cultivation, and applied my mind to it; but have reason to lament the want of a judicious instructor, and of such means as would be best adapted to my case.

"Under the parental roof, where prayer and praise was the delightful and daily custom of the family, when my father happened to be from home my older brother and myself led the family devotions. O, how I bless God for the privilege of thus early affording encouragement to the hearts of my pious parents, who had so often prayed for me and their children with tears and sighs!"

More attention was paid, among us, in those days than at present, to the development and availability of the lay talents of the church. Young men especially were induced to take an active part in prayer-meetings; their gifts for Christian exhortation were thus readily noticed, and they rose to be Class Leaders, licensed Exhorters (an office scarcely known among us now-a-days), Local Preachers, and at last Itinerant Preachers. Mr. Mudge passed through these gradations. Marblehead, Malden, Boston, and other places, were often visited by him, at the request of Mr. Lee; he began by "exhorting" at their social meetings, and, in time, expounded the Scriptures in their pulpits, applying himself, meanwhile, to his appropriate studies.

He was received into the New England Conference on the first of August, 1793, the second session ever held in the Eastern States. It was held that year at Lynn, and did not convene more members than there are now Methodist preachers in the city of Boston alone. "We have a call," said the veteran Asbury, who presided, "for seven or eight preachers;

although our members are few, our hearers are many." Mr. Mudge was appointed to Greenwich circuit, R. I. This field of labor has since been subdivided into scores of appointments. It comprised all the Methodist field of Rhode Island, and all the towns in Massachusetts as far east as Bridgewater. Of this appointment, and also several of his subsequent fields, he speaks as follows: —

"This was a most important crisis in my life. I was a youth in my eighteenth year, leaving my father's house, from which I had not been absent a week at a time, in the course of my life. The Methodists were a denomination little known — opposed and disputed in almost every place they approached. Never had a preacher of this order been raised up in New England before. All eyes were opened, for good or for evil. Hopes, fears and reproaches, were alive on the subject. My friends felt and prayed much for me; but my own mind was keenly sensible of the importance of the undertaking. Anxiety and incessant application to duty brought on a distressing pain in my head, and finally threw me

into a fever, within two weeks after leaving home. The Lord was gracious, and kept my mind in a state of resignation and peace. I felt that it was a chastening for reluctance to duty, and strove to be more entirely devoted to the work. I was very sick for a short time, but got out as soon as possible. It had been reported that I was dead, and one man, who felt an interest in my case, came to the house to make arrangements for my funeral. When I set out on my circuit again, I was scarce able to sit on my horse, and suffered much through weakness and distress, occasioned by riding. I met with much better acceptance than I feared. The youth, in almost every place, appeared serious and tender under the word, and probably much of my acceptance among the older class of my hearers was owing to the interest excited among the young. With feelings of unutterable gratitude, I returned, at the close of the year, to my father's house, in peace, health and gladness of heart, to see my friends and attend Conference. Never did my parents appear so dear. Never did the quiet and retired scenes of home appear so

valuable. But I had no home now. I felt I was but a visiter. It would be as useless as impossible to try to describe my emotions. With a heart ready to burst with yearning for home, and the early attachments of my first Christian friendship, I left for my new appointment on New London circuit, which required about three hundred miles travel to compass it. I attended Conference at Wilbraham, September 8th, 1794, and went thence, in company with Jesse Lee, to New London, and commenced my labors. Here was a very laborious field for three preachers. The senior preacher, Wilson Lee, was taken sick, and called off from his labors. I had daily renewed cause of gratitude for the abundant goodness of God to such a feeble, utterly unworthy instrument, as he graciously deigned to use for the good of precious souls. Riding, visiting, preaching, Class and prayer meetings, took up the time every day in the week. After the second quarter was past, which I felt was profitable to me, and, I hope, to many others, I went to supply the place of a preacher who had left Litchfield circuit, Mass., and after going once round, I

passed to Granville, Conn. This was an extensive circuit, and required much labor. Here I had the happiness of having the Rev. Joshua Taylor as a fellow-laborer. He was a pious, discreet, exemplary, good preacher.* I derived instruction and profit by a brotherly intercourse with him. On this circuit, also, I first became acquainted with Timothy Merritt, before he was a preacher. His piety and devotedness to God, and the cause of religion, gave an earnest of his future usefulness. He began to preach the next year. Our next Conference was held at New London. Here I received deacon's orders, and was appointed to Readfield circuit, in the then Province of Maine. Long rides and bad roads, crossing rivers without ferry-boats, buffeting storms, breaking roads, sleeping in open cabins and log huts, coarse and scanty fare, all served to call out the energies of the mind and body. I assure you this was a pleasant task, and a soul-satisfying scene of labor, because the people were hungry for the word. His heart

*Mr. Taylor still lives, at Portland, Me., in a green and devoted old age.

must have been cold and unfeeling as stone, that could not thrill with delight at toil and privation, while received as an angel of mercy, and made welcome to such as those enjoyed who received him for his Master's sake. O, my blessed Master! may I not hope to meet many in thy kingdom who then first heard and embraced the word of truth! Preaching places multiplied, our borders were enlarged, the church increased — God prospered his cause.

"Readfield was the first place in the State of Maine where a Methodist meeting-house was erected. A glorious work was commenced, that has, in its advancement, filled the land. It was on this circuit I formed an acquaintance with young Joshua Soule, now Bishop Soule. I had received his wife into society, on my first circuit, when she was only about twelve years old, and he was but about sixteen. He had a precocious mind — a strong memory, a manly and dignified turn, although his appearance was exceedingly rustic. In mentioning Mrs. Soule, I am reminded of several pious young females who embraced religion on my first circuit, and who after-

wards became the wives of several distinguished preachers. Among these were Mrs. Kent, Mrs. Soule, Mrs. Hill, Mrs. Ostrander, and Mrs. S. Hull. It is cheering to look over the scene, and recognize the children and children's children of those who then were brought into the church in its infancy.

"In 1796 our Conference was held at Thompson, Conn. Here I received elder's orders, although but just entering my twentieth year. I was stationed at Bath, Maine. Jesse Lee, our presiding elder, went to the south, and was absent about six months. I attended the quarterly meetings, and went around the circuits to administer the ordinances. This was a year of incessant labor, great exposure and toil, so that towards its close my health failed. Although stationed at Bath, I preached there but one or two Sabbaths. The work in Maine being under my charge, in the absence of Brother Lee, I went to Penobscot, whither the appointed preacher declined going. He supplied Bath for me, and I went on to Penobscot, picked up some scattering appointments, and opened others; organized churches, sent for help,

enlarged the field of labor, and had a prosperous year there. The Conference for 1797 was held in Wilbraham. The distance was so great, and the calls for labor so many, that I continued in the work at Penobscot. I was stationed at Pleasant River, to open a new circuit in that region. The calls, however, being many and great for preaching in the vicinity of Penobscot River, I opened many new fields of labor, in connection with the Penobscot circuit, and, Timothy Merritt being stationed there, we continued our labors together on this circuit, much enlarged, so that it was afterwards divided into several circuits and stations.

"In August, 1798, our Conference was held at Readfield, Me. I was now in poor health, but received a station on Penobscot circuit, with J. Finnegan as a helper. Divine goodness strengthened me to continue this year in the work with some success and much spiritual comfort. I had to be much abroad, to administer ordinances and attend to the care of the societies. My mind became much tried, towards the close of the year, on the necessity of

locating. I felt all the attachment of former days to the work. But exposure and excessive labor had rendered it impossible for me to travel as extensively as formerly. The circuits were large; none were provided for receiving families. Our exchanges, in those days, were often from state to state, and from Conference to Conference. After much deliberation and prayer, I concluded to locate, and continue to labor in the region about home. Accordingly, in 1799, I was located. For several years we had young preachers stationed on the Penobscot and the neighboring places, and I made frequent visits abroad, to administer the ordinances, and assist the preachers. As many of the new settlements and societies had grown up since I made Orrington the place of my residence, I was called on to attend funerals, and on other occasions served in all the region round about.

"From the time of locating, 1799, I continued to reside in Orrington. During these years of residence there, it pleased God to grant us several seasons of spiritual refreshing, both in that and the neighboring

towns. When I first went thither, there was no church of any denomination in the region, for many miles around; and when I organized the church, and administered the ordinances of the Gospel, there were young men and women present who had never seen a Gospel ordinance administered. With the rapid increase of population and improvements, religion revived, and churches were multiplied, and many added to the Lord in different denominations; and could we have been supplied with a sufficient number of able ministers, it appeared as if a large portion of the population would have united with us in public worship and Christian union. I had several attacks of sickness during that time, and finally my system became run down by a severe rheumatic affection, producing distressing spasmodic fits."

In "locating" at this time, Mr. Mudge but yielded to stern necessity — a necessity that withdrew from their ministerial posts, for an interval at least, a *large majority* of his fellow-laborers of that early day. Celibacy was not only sanctioned by the episcopal example of Asbury, Whatcoat, and M'Kendree, but

was rendered necessary by the general poverty of the church. Roberts, Brodhead, Taylor Merrit, Mudge, in fine, *almost all* the pioneers of our ministry, had to retire at their marriage, at least, until they could make some provision for their families, when most of them again returned to their posts. Of six hundred and fifty itinerant ministers who were received into conferences in the United States in the last century, about five hundred died located, and many of the rest located, but afterwards resumed their labors. Mr. Mudge's ill health rendered this course the more necessary, but, like most of his located brethren, he continued to be abundant in labors in, and for miles around, the place of his residence.

During his ministry in Maine, Mr. Mudge, notwithstanding his characteristic amenity, had trials as well as labors in the cause of his Lord. He was twice involved in lawsuits. The first case was for consecrating a marriage. It was assumed that Methodist ministers had no legal right to join persons in marriage; our preachers had been threatened with prosecutions, and one or two left their circuits to

avoid them. Mr. Mudge determined to take the first opportunity of having the question put to a legal decision, and, accordingly, not only performed the ceremony, but invited, or rather indicated that he was determined to stand, a suit for so doing. He was accordingly prosecuted, and brought before a justice's court. He employed no attorney, but being called upon to answer to the charge, addressed the court in a few words, stating that he had joined persons in marriage, but not as set forth in the writ; that he was a regularly ordained minister of the Gospel, proof of which he was ready to exhibit. He plead that the warrant ought to be quashed, and that he ought not to be holden to answer to it, because it was erroneous as to the names of the persons and places mentioned therein, and false in its averments that he was no minister, and had no legal right to consecrate marriage, &c.; but that, should his honor see fit to overrule these pleas, he reserved all other pleadings for a higher court. After a short demur, the judge said: "Mr. Mudge, as you appeal to Cæsar, to Cæsar you must go." "He made out a

bond for me," says Mr. Mudge, "to recognize my obligation to appear at the Supreme Judicial Court, but I replied, 'I have no bondsmen, nor shall I seek any.' This I did, because I did not believe he would be willing to take the responsibility of sending me to prison. He instantly turned to the clerk and to another justice, and said, 'Mr. S. and Esquire F., you are doubtless willing to become bondsmen for Mr. M.' As both of them were friendly to me, they replied 'yes,' not knowing my purpose. They probably thought my delicacy about asking any one to be my bondsman had occasioned my declining. However, all was done in apparent good feeling, and I determined to appear; and did so, at some cost and trouble, for I had to ride sixty miles over a new and bad road. Old Governor Sullivan was then state's attorney, and had, of course, to bring the cause against me, before the grand jury. The justice who was my bondsman was also a witness, as he had seen me marry persons. By him I got my certificates of ordination into the state's attorney's hand, and before the grand jury. They instantly

pronounced it a malicious prosecution, and the action was dropped."

The other case involved the grave offence of defamation of character. He had occasion to reprove and exhort a company of young people who had assembled for a ball, or "frolic." He cautioned them against indulging in the excesses which, it had been reported, a similar party in a neighboring town had committed, "in making light of religious persons and ordinances." No names were mentioned, but a person present, who was bitterly opposed to the Methodists, proceeded to the neighboring village with such exaggerated reports as roused every enemy of Methodism within it. Such, however, was the coolness of the persecuted preacher, that the prosecution was soon dropped; the justice, after hearing the case, said, "You have done perfectly right, Mr. Mudge;" and some of the persecutors were afterwards converted to God, and became the most steadfast friends of the preacher, and devoted members of the church. "Such instances of unreasonable persecution," writes Mr. Mudge "tended greatly to awaken the sympa-

thies of the more considerate, and, by divine goodness and wisdom, led them to take a more decided stand for truth and righteousness; by them the Methodists became more known and respected, and those who at first opposed us sooner or later became ashamed of their hostility, and learned to esteem us."

I regret that no fuller record of his protracted and useful labors in Maine has been kept. His name is like ointment poured forth in that portion of the church. During his residence in Orrington, though often prostrated by severe illness, he was abundant in labors — his "location" was, in fact, but a "stationed appointment" continued through some eight years. He preached habitually during this interval, as his health would allow; he also taught the town school, and was the moral and intellectual guide of the people. No man, perhaps, ever acquired a greater ascendency in the esteem and affections of a village community. When he settled in the town, there was no church of any name in it, or within miles around it; he was the founder of the religious

provisions of the people, and they respect, to this day, his memory as that of their chief benefactor. More than thirty years after his removal from them, the news of his death was received with general grief, and the inhabitants of the town called a public meeting in respect to his memory, at which the following resolutions were passed: —

"*Resolved*, That the intelligence of the death of our venerable father in the Gospel, Rev. Enoch Mudge, of Lynn, formerly a resident of this town for more than twenty years, has been received by us with deep emotions of sorrow and sympathy for his bereaved widow and family.

"*Resolved*, That as a tribute of respect for his memory, and an humble acknowledgment of his long and valuable labors in the early settlement of this town, in behalf of this church and people, in forming their literary,* moral, and religious character, the fruits whereof are abundantly manifest at the present day, in the temperate, orderly, and religious condition of

*He taught the town school in winter, and probably most of the present oldest inhabitants received from him all the school instruction they ever obtained.

the inhabitants — that the Rev. Joshua Hall, of Frankfort, one of his co-laborers in this section in the early days of Methodism, be invited to deliver a discourse on the occasion."

The correspondent who furnishes the above adds, "His name in this place is almost a *household* word; it is handed down from parents to children, and quite a number of the younger portion of the community bear it as a title for life."

His attachment to Orrington was strong and lasting. He not only found there a people who ever treated him with all respectful and endearing marks of regard, but he married there the excellent partner of his long and laborious life, — his companionship with whom, for more than half a century, was never ruffled by a single instance of irritated language; all his children were also born there, and one of them sleeps among its graves. The church at Orrington will ever owe a grateful obligation to that good Providence which identified the name and saintly memory of Enoch Mudge with its early fortunes.

It was during his residence in that town that he was honored with an election to the legislature of Massachusetts.* The ecclesiastical system of Massachusetts was still onerous on the dissenting religious bodies. The "standing order" was recognized as a sort of state church. Civil prosecutions were even resorted to, for obtaining tithes for the support of that religious party. Methodists, still living, had their cattle seized and sold at auction, and were themselves thrown into prison, for their refusal to support a creed at which their religious convictions revolted. The dissenting denominations joined in a general movement of opposition to this anti-Christian and anti-republican oppression.

With a view to the promotion of their object, Mr. Mudge was elected a member of the legislature, as were many other ministers of the Gospel, of all dissenting denominations. The speaker's table was loaded with petitions, and the result was, the passage of what has since been called the Religious Freedom Bill. In 1815–16, he was again honored

* Maine was then a District pertaining to Massachusetts.

with an election to the legislature. In the latter year he concluded to remove from Maine, with a view, he writes,

"To recover my health, or rather to leave my family in a situation which I deemed more favorable for their comfort, in case of my decease, which appeared to be likely to take place at no distant period. The winter after moving to Lynn, I was more confined, and under the care of a physician, whose prescriptions, by the divine blessing, were rendered peculiarly beneficial; so that, by the time of the next Conference, I was able to take an appointment in Boston, where, by careful attention for two years (1817–18), although the duties of the station were arduous, I was much recruited in health. The Lord revived his work, and Brother Timothy Merritt and myself labored in much harmony, peace, and comfort."

At the Lynn Conference, 1819, he was stationed in Lynn, "where," he writes, "I found great pleasure in renewing my early acquaintance with those who were left of the first class of Methodists, with

whom I united — it being, also, the first in this region of the country." He was elected, at the same time, a member of the state convention for revising the constitution of Massachusetts.

"Towards the close of the year," he writes, "the Lord began to pour out his spirit. We had fasted, prayed, and struggled, against various discouragements; but a bright morning of hope dawned, and I was reäppointed to Lynn, at the Nantucket Conference. During this revival, about one hundred were received into the church, many of whom live, as lights and ornaments of our Zion. Such reminiscences are cheering to the worn traveller. At the Barre Conference, 1821, I received my station at Portsmouth, N. H. Here, although nothing remarkable occurred, I spent two years in a pleasant and comfortable manner, and left the church in peace. At Providence Conference, 1823, I was stationed at Providence. This, on the account of previous difficulties and divisions, was an appointment of importance. Thanks to the God of all grace and peace, I was not only enabled to live in peace with

all men, but was enabled to conduct the affairs of our church in a peaceful and prosperous course for two years, and left them in great harmony. At the Cambridge Conference, 1825, I was stationed at Newport. In 1827–28, I was stationed at East Cambridge. The next two years, 1829–30, I was stationed at Duxbury. These were pleasant and profitable years."

They were not only so to him, but eminently so to the societies themselves. His instructive discourses, pastoral fidelity, suavity and dignity, and the blameless purity of his fine character, won universal affection. The aged found in him the ripened virtues and wisdom of congenial years; the young, a Christlike sympathy and simplicity, which attracted the love of childhood itself; the afflicted, a comforter, whose kindly tones and Christian grace relieved their hearts when overwhelmed with sorrow; and the prosperous and happy, an ever-welcome guest, whose spiritual cordiality and cheerfulness enhanced, and, as it were, sanctified, the pleasures of their circles.

In 1831 he was appointed to Ipswich, Mass., but labored there only about ten months, when he was called to the responsible charge of the Seamen's Chapel, New Bedford. I regret that no journal, or other consecutive record, of his useful labors in this field, has been kept. Such a record would have afforded a *model* for port chaplaincies. Few men ever won more thoroughly the generous sympathies of seamen. He located his home immediately among them, under the shadow of his "Bethel." He not only preached for them on Sabbaths, but provided them a reading-room, museum, &c. He became, not only their spiritual guide, but their well-trusted counsellor in business transactions; the guardian of their families in their absence, the trustee of their property, the arbiter of their litigations, whether with each other or their employers; and such was the universal sense of his integrity, that his word, in such cases, was decisive and final. His labors were not limited to the Bethel, and the homes of the seamen. He followed them with his correspondence into all the world; he wrote poems and

printed sermons for them to carry to sea. He commemorated their disasters, or deaths, in special exercises in his chapel, and the walls of that humble building are studded with tablets, the affectionate memorials alike of their catastrophes and his sympathies. He was, in fine, among seamen what Oberlin was among his mountaineers. The Boston Christian Register (Unitarian), one of the editors of which knew him while in this sphere, spoke, at the time of his decease, as follows: —

"It was our privilege to know this excellent and devoted follower of Christ, for a period of ten or twelve years, when in the midst of his labors as a minister to seamen in New Bedford. No man ever carried into his duties more the humility of a Christian disciple, and the benignity of a Christian father. He looked on the seamen of the place as his children; he sought them out, invited them to his house, met them at their reading-room and at the church, preached to them, gave them lectures on temperance, wrote didactic poems for them, and sent them off on their long voyages with wise counsels and

useful books, and followed them still with his paternal blessing and his prayers. His was the influence of love, reaching all around him through kind acts and sound words, and a steadfast adherence to his one great purpose. He was in simplicity a child, and yet remarkable for his prudence and sagacity. We seldom met him then, or think of him now, without the feeling, 'Behold an Israelite indeed, in whom is no guile.' Death can have no terrors for such a man; and his presence may still go in their thoughts with those who knew him, as calm but powerful assurance of the blessedness and peace which God bestows on those who love and serve him."

While he shunned not the lowliest labors and most degraded resorts to which his office called him, he could ascend with ease from them to the most refined circles of intelligence and wealth. He was a favorite in such circles, for his Christian amenity threw a charm over them, and the opulent and the cultivated claimed, in friendly rivalry with the poorest tar, the refreshing sympathies of this good and rare man. Men felt that there was a fragrance

of the divine Master's presence circling about his heavenly-minded servant, and they were made better and comforted by his company. A citizen of New Bedford, who knew him well, writes as follows: —

"No clergyman who, since my acquaintance here, has presided in New Bedford, has ever, to so great an extent, won the respect of all classes as Mr. M.; he moved with equal ease and modest dignity in the higher and more lowly circles of society, beloved by all. While in his duties, he had frequent disputes to settle between seamen and their officers and crews; he had that most rare talent, of giving offence to, or losing the esteem of, neither party. Many have been the cases of litigation which he has thus prevented. To the welfare and interests of seamen he was deeply devoted; imparting admonition, reproof, consolation, instruction, and, not unfrequently, pecuniary assistance, to relieve their present necessities. His spirit was always bland, and deportment gentle. During my very intimate acquaintance with him, I never saw him ruffled or unkind in manner to any one. He was of the most

social turn, equally agreeable to the youngest, or to those advanced in life. He possessed, in a very eminent degree, a catholic spirit; the odious spirit of bigotry had no place in his bosom, and I have cause to know that anything of the kind from our pulpits or press was very mortifying to him. The Bethel in this city owes very much of its prosperity and favorable standing to the character and wise course of Mr. Mudge, who was the first pastor called to its service. By his demeanor and judicious course in all things relating to it, he succeeded in attaching to the institution the sympathy and affection of many of those who have since sustained it.

"Mr. M. had, to an unlimited extent, the confidence of seamen; in their difficulties with their officers and owners, they resorted to him, and were satisfied if *he* said it was all right. Many of the Canakers would not settle their voyages till Mr. Mudge had examined the account, and said it was right. I need not say, his attention to the poor, sick seaman, far from his home, was unceasing.

"He maintained a most friendly intercourse with

the various clergy of the city, frequently occupying their pulpits. I cannot forbear speaking of, what all know, his *unostentatious* piety. The sacrament was not administered at the Bethel, and when his health would permit, Mr. M. would hasten, at the close of his service, to the Elm-street Church, to enjoy the privilege of communing there. At such seasons, I have beheld the venerable saint come up the aisle, as he entered the house, and kneel beside his brethren at the altar, as one who had not been anointed with oil, and on whose head holy hands had never been laid. I might fill many sheets with the subject, but desist; to all who knew him, his worth cannot be told."

About the end of 1841, he was attacked with paralysis. This illness rendered him incapable of continuing his labors, but he was too highly valued by the Port Society to be readily allowed to retreat from his post; they offered him a colleague, if he would remain. It pleased God to partially restore him, so that he was enabled to continue his labors until 1844, when a second attack admonished him

that "his work was done." Amidst the general regrets of the city, he retired to Lynn, to await the summons of his Lord among the associations and old Christian companionships of his native village.

Such was Enoch Mudge. He has the signal honor of being the first native Methodist preacher of New England; the church has the signal honor of being able to point to his character as nobly befitting the peculiar distinction. It remains yet for us to notice his last days, and more fully his characteristic traits.

After his second attack of paralysis in New Bedford, Mr. Mudge took measures to retire from active life. The regrets and affections of the community of New Bedford followed him into private life at Lynn. So highly had his services in that city been prized, that its government — "impressed with a deep sense of the advantages which the community had received from his elevated and judicious exertions, and with the conviction that his efforts had been highly effective in promoting the peace, quiet-

ness, and good order, of the town" — sent him a formal address of thanks.

The five or six ensuing years of his life were spent in the enjoyment of his serene old age among the reminiscences and the few remaining Christian associates of his youth. He was reminded, by growing infirmities, of his approaching end; but the admonitions were so gradual and tranquil, so exempt from severe alarms or sufferings, as not to interfere with his enjoyment of life. He assisted his brethren in the village ministry occasionally, but even such occasional services soon became impracticable. I have received, from one of his family, an account of his last days, from which I learn, that on Thanksgiving day, Nov. 1849, he attended public worship for the last time. In the afternoon of the same day, at the request of a dying mother, he baptized her infant babe. Immediately on his return home, he experienced a third attack of palsy. For several days his illness was severe and critical; but he again rallied, so as to be able to write to his absent

children, and to walk, though with tottering steps, about the house.

He continued in this comfortably sick state until within about ten days of his death, when he began to experience severe paroxysms of pain; but in the intervals he would say, "Now I am comfortable again. Bless the Lord, oh my soul, and forget not all his benefits! Goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life. Shall I receive good at the hand of the Lord, and not evil?"

He would say, "What blessings I enjoy! — no anxiety about anything; and such friends to care for me!" To his wife and daughter, who constantly attended him, his thoughtful gratitude was incessant; his only care seemed to be lest they should get weary or sick by waiting upon him. In the early part of his last sickness, when questioned in regard to his expectations of recovery, he replied, "I do not feel any particular presentiment that I shall die immediately, although I feel that I am wearing out; but 't is all well, whether I live or die; God's time will be right. I am ready — waiting." But about a

week before his death, after having attended family prayer (which he always did when he was able to sit up, even after he became too weak to kneel), he said, "I shall not live to see R." (a son whom he knew was hastening, on his way from a distant city, to see him), and asked to have his writing-desk brought to him; he selected a paper, carefully enveloped it, and, with the utmost composure, directed it to be delivered to his son on his return, leaving also a verbal message for him. His friends could not believe this impression to be true, but it proved to be so, as he left the world a few hours before his son's arrival.

The last night of his life was one of great unrest and suffering. He did not appear to take much notice of surrounding objects, but was engaged in prayer most of the time. Several times he raised his voice aloud, saying, "Glory to God in the highest! In thee, oh Saviour, is my only trust." Whenever he wanted anything, he asked for it in a way which showed that he was sensible; but he did not answer when questioned, which indicated that his

hearing, which had been failing him, had entirely gone. About five o'clock in the morning, he asked to be assisted to get up. He was led to a chair, where he sat in a dozing state, apparently much more comfortable, about an hour, when he was again assisted to the bed; immediately on lying down he was seized with a fit (probably congestion of the brain), in which he continued, unable to speak, and probably insensible, until his spirit passed away, April 2, 1850.

So ended the life of this excellent man, at the good old age of seventy-four. His talents were above mediocrity. In the pulpit he always sustained himself well; no marked failures, no awkward defects, marred his ministrations. His sermons were extempore, but thoroughly prepared; they were always well adjusted in their divisions, clothed in a style of great neatness, if not elegance, and delivered in a manner which combined a dignity that commanded immediate respect, and a facility, if not familiarity, which made all his hearers feel immediately at home with him.

An invariable Christian blandness formed, perhaps, the chief characteristic of his manners, and endeared him universally to the communities among which he labored. He had an extreme simplicity of character, which had in it, however, nothing of imbecility, but was associated with a sound discretion, that his friends felt to be perfectly reliable in almost any exigency or perplexity. In social life he always bore about with him a sort of religious charm. He never entered a circle without bringing into it a glow of good and buoyant feeling. His conversational powers were excellent. He was not disposed to confound wisdom with taciturnity, but kept conversation alive with an easy and felicitous flow of thought and anecdote, and yet without the irksomeness that usually accompanies loquacity. The friend from whom we have already quoted remarks that his enjoyment of life was remarkable, in a person so aged and infirm. The current news of the day, and changes wrought throughout the world, had, for him, an immediate interest. The plans of children and grandchildren were entered into and dis-

cussed with much feeling. His memory continued good, considering the nature of his disease. His mind was not equally affected with his body.

His benevolence was a discharge of a religious duty, as well as a gratification of the natural impulses of his heart. He had, by strict economy, appropriated from his limited income the several donations to the missionary cause which have been acknowledged from "a worn-out brother," in our treasurer's receipts, and amounted, at the time of his death, to $1367; and, at the decease of his widow, this will be (by his request) increased to a sum the interest of which shall be sufficient to pay the annual salary of a single missionary. He was ambitious to have some one preach the Gospel in his stead, through all future time. Among his papers was found a memorandum, which recorded the several amounts paid, and which was prefaced with the following words: —

"God has blessed myself and family beyond my expectations and deserts; and as a token of my gratitude for being permitted to labor so long in the

service of the church (to which, under God, I owe everything), and from a desire to labor forever in it, I have devoted the sum above named. I trust all my children will rejoice more in the above bequest than to have shared it among them. Their faithful filial affection has endeared them to a parent's heart, whose love and prayers, I trust, they will esteem the richest legacy he can leave them."

The literary acquisitions of Mr. Mudge were very respectable, and the productions of his pen somewhat numerous. Among them were, Two Occasional Sermons, preached in Orrington; several sermons published in Zion's Herald; A System of Bible Class Instruction; A Series of Lectures to Young People, published in one volume, with a prayer appended to each; of these, two thousand were distributed gratuitously, mostly among seamen; Three Sermons, published in the first two volumes of the Methodist Preacher; A Doctrinal Catechism, published in Zion's Herald, in successive numbers; A Poem, entitled Lynn, published in 1830; A Poetical Temperance Address to Sailors, two thousand printed

for gratuitous distribution among seamen; Several Tracts for Seamen, two thousand of which were circulated gratuitously; History of Methodist Missions, published in the History of American Missions, by Spooner and Howland; Farewell Sermon to the New Bedford Port Society, published by the Executive Board, and distributed among seamen; History of the American Methodist Missionary Society, published in Smith and Choules' History of Missions; A Small Volume, entitled the Parables of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ illustrated in a Concise Manner, published in 1831; The Juvenile Expositor, published in Zion's Herald and Gospel Balance, in about seventy numbers; also, numerous miscellaneous pieces of prose and poetry in the papers of the day, generally without his proper signature. There remain two bound manuscripts, containing over five hundred closely-written pages of poetry, a considerable portion of which was written for his grandchildren, in the last years of his life. In a letter to a friend, found among his papers, he says: — "After being laid by from all attempts to

speak in public, and prevented from much social intercourse, on account of loss of voice or oppression on my lungs, I find relief from the ennui common to old people, who have outlived their ability to perform accustomed duties, by writing letters to my friends, and poetry for my grandchildren."

I have thus put upon record a brief outline of this good man's history; had there been ampler materials, it would have been desirable to commemorate his useful life and rare character in another and more abiding form. This would have been due alike to himself and the church in whose annals he occupies so peculiar a place; but meagre volumes of biography abound among us, and are usually a misfortune, rather than an honor, to their subjects. Mr. Mudge's records of his own life were quite limited; he was aware of their inadequacy for any considerable biographical use, and did not desire them to be so used. In a letter to a member of his family, when his illness first assumed a serious aspect, he said, "*I have nothing to publish — no, nothing. I may as well name these things now as ten years*

hence." His name will, however, be embalmed in the memory of the living for years to come, and must have a distinguished place in any future history of our cause.*

* Some account of Mr. Mudge will be found in the "Memorials of Methodism;" but, being published before his death, it is necessarily imperfect.

THE OLD ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

For out of the old feldes, as men saithe,
Cometh all this newe corn from yere to yere;
And out of the old bookes, in good faithe,
Cometh all this newe science that men here.

CHAUCER.

OUR moral objections against light literature have but slight effect in deterring the young from novel-reading. One reason of the fact is, that our denunciation of the novel is too sweeping; it is felt to be fallacious, because it is too exclusive. A little more discrimination, and a little more license, would have better effect. Dr. Adam Clark justly recommends "Robinson Crusoe," though a fiction, as one of the best expositions of the doctrine of Divine Providence which can be put into the hands of the young; and few sensible fathers would have profound

compunctions for having allowed their children to read Johnson's "Rasselas," Goldsmith's "Vicar," or St. Pierre's "Paul and Virginia." The simple fact of a work of literature being fictitious, without reference to its moral character, is certainly not a very formidable moral objection. Most poems are fictions, and the unqualified condemnation of fictitious literature must put under ban the "Paradise Lost," the "Messiah," the "Divina Commedia," the "Pilgrim's Progress," and possibly the book of "Job" itself. The moral character of most fictitious writings, however, affords serious objections to such works as a class; and the parent, and good men generally, may well be solicitous to provide safeguards for the young against their pernicious influence. The selection of good standard works of light literature would, perhaps, be their best protection — for it cannot be expected that the utter interdiction of such productions can succeed.

A better service could hardly be done to the cause of literature, in this respect, than would be a more general introduction of the old British essayists to

the reading community. There are few well-furnished libraries destitute of one or more of these most interesting writers, but among the vast mass who devour the multitudinous products of the modern press, the number is exceedingly small who know anything of the literary treasures which their writings contain. The most entertaining pictures of life and manners found in our modern novels are combined in them with the sterling wit, varied learning and accomplished style, of our elder writers.

Some of the most illustrious names of English literature have given interest to these works. Addison, Steele, Johnson, Berkely, Swift, Chesterfield, are indebted not a little to them for their celebrity. The period through which they extend, and the character of which they represent, is one of the most interesting in the history of English society and literature. They are mostly conducted, too, on a plan of concert among the contributors, and with an assumption of fictitious characters, which impart to them much dramatic interest. Some of the best-drawn characters in our literature are found in them

In fine, a greater fund of wit, sprightly sentiment, learned allusion, literary criticism, and elegant diction, is not to be met with, perhaps, in any language. Miss Hannah More has remarked that, "To hardly any species of composition has the British public been more signally indebted than to these periodical essays, and perhaps it was only from the British press that such publications could issue." She devotes an excellent chapter to them, in her Plan for the Education of a Princess.

The aim of these writers, as expressed by one of them, was to "bring philosophy out of the closets and libraries, the schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffee-houses." Under this guise, a still nobler purpose was contemplated, especially by the most celebrated of the essayists. It was an age of open irreligion, and the profligacy of manners which marked the times of the second Charles was still common. Ignorance, combined with literary affectation, prevailed among the higher classes, and corruption, undisguised, among the lower. While the essayists aimed at the ridi-

cule of the prevalent faults of manners, they studied also the improvement of morals and the vindication of religion. Addison's exquisite essays on the Imagination, Wit, English Tragedy, and his criticisms on Milton's "Paradise Lost," were designed to correct the literary taste of the times; Milton had sunk into comparative obscurity, until these beautiful articles were published. He has also frequently introduced some of the most profound subjects of religious meditation, but so adorned with enlivened illustration and elegance of style as to rank among the most entertaining papers from his pen. Among such may be enumerated the articles on "Eternity," "Various Opinions of the Future State," "The Present Life Preparatory to Eternity," "The Nature of Man," "Meditation on Death," "The Ways of Providence," "The Idea of the Supreme Being," "Devotion," "Enthusiasm," &c. Bishop Berkely attacked with his polished satire and logic the scepticism of the age. Steele painted with admirable skill its corrupt manners, and Johnson sturdily wielded his Herculean

club against the immorality and irreligion of both high places and low places.

I think not, with a writer* for whose fine intellect I entertain no little admiration, that the popular opinion has erred in awarding to Addison the highest standing among the periodical essayists. Steele, it may be admitted, excels him in the ready perception of the weak points of human nature, and the off-hand and ludicrous exposure of them, but he makes no approach to him in literary taste and critical skill. They are both excellent in their respective qualities. They are fit subjects for a contrast, but not for a comparison. They have but few traits in common; the peculiar excellences of Addison are unquestionably, however, of a superior class to those which belong to Steele. Steele excelled in the conception of dramatic character, but Addison in portraying it; Roger de Coverly is an instance. Steele suggested Sir Roger; Addison embodied the suggestion. Most certainly, the art of painting is of higher excellence than that of drawing. Steele was a man of the world, an adept in the knowledge and description

* See Hazlitt's Lectures.

of its follies and vices. He was at home in society, and ready in conversation; a colloquial sprightliness distinguishes his style and gives ease and piquancy to his essays. Addison, though in the *beau monde*, was not at home there: his world was his study; his observations penetrated deeper than Steele's. They were not confined to the surface of life, but reached the inner man, and borrowed beauty, and frequently sublimity, from the fine literary topics and great moral truths upon which he delighted to dwell. He is represented as ungraceful in conversation; his style has ease, even felicity, but it is not the conversational ease of Steele; it is classical, elaborated, yet it has ease — the facility which is acquired by hard study and toilful practice, like the use of nice instruments by the experienced artisan. They both have humor, but who has ever denied Addison's superiority in this respect? Where, indeed, in the English language, can be found more healthful, refined, and elegant humor, than Addison's?

It has justly been remarked, that Addison seemed providentially raised up and endowed with his pecu-

liar genius in the minute discrimination of matters of taste, morals, and manners, in order to meet the necessities of his times in these respects. His Spectators have become classical as standards of style. His exquisite taste has given a fascination to every paragraph. His moral sentiments were delicate, and have impressed almost every page of his essays.

His dramatic power is not the least attraction in these accomplished essays. His characters are not statues, gazed at by the observer as specimens of art; they live and move before us — they converse with us. Who has not felt the reality of Sir Roger de Coverly's character? What can exceed the individuality and truth of the "Fox Hunter," or "Will Wimble?" How exactly are the shades of character, the alternations of temper, the follies of life, the affectations of learning, and the fallacies of scepticism, delineated throughout the whole series of these attractive papers! What literary taste cannot relish the rich "feast of fat things" spread out in this exhaustless banquet!

These entertaining writings vary much in their

character. The "Tatler" is a most interesting picture of the society of its day; it is the best representation extant of the social and domestic peculiarities of the time of Queen Anne. Its vices, its follies, its pastimes, its literature, its drama, its conversation, its costume, its private and its public life, are all exhibited; not described merely, but acted out with the vivacity of life. We are carried back, by an irresistible illusion, to the days of our old Anglo-Saxon ancestors, and converse with them in their periwigs and hooped petticoats. There is a sociability and pleasantry in the manners of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., which puts us in such good humor that we yield ourselves up passively to the impression of his conversation; in the language of another, "the reader is admitted behind the curtain, and sits down with the writer in his gown and slippers."

The "Spectator" assumes a higher dignity. We live in a literary household, and converse with men of intellect and classic humor, yet pass ever and anon into the gay world, to criticize, smile, and not unfrequently laugh at its whims and its follies. The

fine dramatic character, the skilful *critique*, elegant style, polished satire, and humor that ever cheers but never fatigues by excess, form our entertainment here.

In the "Guardian" we meet with the gravity which befits more important topics, and in the "Rambler" and "Idler" it becomes serious, if not solemn. The moral dissertation, the dignified rebuke of error, the pointed admonition of vice, the sober discussion of manners and literature, conducted in the stately style of "the great moralist," form, perhaps, a very suitable counterpart to the preceding writers in this department of our literature.

The "Tatler" was the first of the British essayists; its first number was issued April 23, 1709. Steele, Addison, and Swift, were the chief contributors; Steele, however, was its ostensible conductor. It everywhere shows his accurate acquaintance with the lights and shades of life. The stores of his observations are spread out in the pages of the "Tatler," with a vivacity, a spiritedness of satire, and a profuse variety, which render it one of the most

entertaining pictures of the fashionable world that has ever been painted.

The "Tatler" is distinguished from the "Spectator," "Guardian," "Rambler," and "Idler," by confining its satire to the more superficial follies of society. But though the moral dignity and elaborate elegance of the latter works are not to be found in its pages, yet for sprightliness of remark, satirical humor, and versatile power of observation, it is unequalled by any of them. The object of the "Tatler" is expressed in the first volume. "The state of conversation and business in this town having been long perplexed with pretenders in both kinds, in order to open men's eyes against such abuses, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publish a paper which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable as well as the busy part of mankind. The general purpose of this paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behavior."

Something of a dramatic arrangement is adopted in the composition of the "Tatler," which, perhaps, first suggested the idea of the fictitious literary clubs under which most subsequent periodicals of the kind were published. Steele assumes the name of *Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq.*, and the "lean hectic" appearance, the good humor and wise advice of an old man, are present to the reader's mind throughout the work. The old gentleman has a number of relatives who send him their opinions; he is an adept in astrology, and therefore capable of holding the secretly wicked *in terrorem;* has a demon as sagacious as was that of Socrates, who encourages him when he desponds over the follies of the world, and, fleet as

"The swift-winged arrows of light,"

visits all lands and retirements to bring him reports.

The extensive supervision which Bickerstaff assumed over the manners of the town necessarily led to the introduction of many scenes exceptionable to the fastidious taste of later times. We will not even say that he is excusable from the charge of vulgarity,

in many cases. Yet the salutary effect of his writings is said to have been remarkable. A contemporary writer observes, "It is incredible to conceive the influence they have had on the town: how many thousand follies they have either quite banished, or given a very great check to; how much countenance they have added to both virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered happy, by showing that it was their own fault if they were not so; and, lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning."

A foreign writer asserts that the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian," the three periodicals to which Steele and Addison were the principal contributors, have been reprinted as often, perhaps, as any books in our language.

The success of the "Tatler" was incredible; it seemed, indeed, to produce a mania for periodical publication among the literary pretenders of the time. Gay, the poet, observes humorously, "The expiration of Bickerstaff's lucubrations was attended

with much the same consequences as the death of Melibæus' ox in Virgil; as the latter engendered swarms of bees, the former immediately produced whole swarms of satirical scribblers."

On discontinuing the "Tatler," Steele commenced with Addison the "Spectator." Many of the most interesting papers of the latter were from his pen. He wrote the second paper, in which the Literary Club, which is admirably maintained throughout the work, is described. We are, perhaps, chiefly indebted to Steele for the *dramatis personæ* of the work. The interesting conception of Sir Roger de Coverly, usually ascribed to Addison, was, as we have observed, actually Steele's. The perfectness and fine humor of this character attracted the attention of Addison, and won his sympathies as strongly as if the good-hearted knight were in real existence, and among his dearest friends. Hence he was a favorite personage in some of Addison's best papers; and it is said that he contrived to introduce the premature death of the amiable old man, because Steele began to represent him in bad scenes, which, to Addi-

son's refined taste, detracted from the beautiful *morale* of the character.

As a model of style, the "Spectator" is considered first in our language. Its study in this respect would be of no little advantage at this time, when the perspicuity and smooth elegance of our old classics are disappearing before the bombast, the involved construction, and straining for effect, which the unnatural popularity of a foreign and fermented literature has produced among us. Johnson said that any one who would become a master of English style must spend his days and nights in the study of Addison. It is favorably adapted as a model of style, by the general interest of its subjects; the student can never tire over these vivacious pages, and his pleasure will render easy the acquisition of a diction, which, from its being the natural style of the tongue, is, of itself, more readily acquired than any other.

The humor of Addison has always been commended without reserve. It is tranquil and refined. It is altogether intellectual, unperverted by the grossness of mere animal exhilaration. It is consistent

with the highest moral sobriety. Beattie observes of Sir Roger de Coverly, that "we always smile, but never laugh at him." Excepting Will Honeycomb, all the characters of the club are similar to Sir Roger. Each is well discriminated, but they all have one point in common, the ground of their common friendship, the secret of their congeniality of temper, and that is the free but calm good humor of each. The moral tone of the "Spectator" is high. Many of its papers are devoted to religious topics. Not a few of the numbers on moral subjects are alike profound in their reflections and elegant in their style. It was Addison's design, in projecting the "Spectator," to refute a common impression of his day, that "wit and impiety, talents and vice, were inseparable."

The name of Addison has become almost a synonym for every grace of the mind, and every excellence of the heart. The combination of so much genius with so much virtue is rare; it is rare in this day of the acknowledged prevalence of religious principles; its singularity in his age is infinitely more

remarkable. "If any judgment be made of his moral character," says Johnson, "from his books, nothing will be found but purity and excellence. It is reasonable to believe that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was spent, though his station made him conspicuous and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies; of those with whom interest and opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others, whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence."

At the conclusion of the seventh volume of the "Spectator," Steele commenced with Addison the "Guardian."

The character which Steele assumes in the "Guardian" is not very dissimilar to his Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., of the "Tatler." He calls himself Nestor Ironsides, Esq. Nestor Ironsides, Esq., is a serious old man, perhaps too grave for the satire and humor

requisite in the work he undertook, but in all respects fitted for the sober moralities which not unfrequently occur in his pages. He describes himself as "past all the regards of this life, and, having nothing to manage with any person or party, but delivering himself as becomes an old man with one foot in the grave, and who thinks he is passing to eternity." — "All sorrows which can arrive at me," he says, "are comprehended in the sense of guilt and pain. If I can keep clear of these two evils, I shall not be apprehensive of any other. Ambition, lust, envy, and revenge, are excresences of the mind, which I have cut off long ago; but as they are excrescences which not only deform, but also torment, those on whom they grow, I shall persuade all others to take the same measures for their cure which I have." In the second paper he introduces the chief *dramatis personæ* of the work. He sketches his own history, particularly his introduction to "Mr. Ambrose Lizard, a Commoner" of one of the colleges of Oxford, at the time that he himself was educated there. Through this gentleman he became acquainted with

the Lizard family, at Lizard Hall, the inmates of which are the chief characters of the work.

It has been justly remarked, that the excellency of descriptive writing consists in the specification of minute points; abstract or general statements generally fail to interest us. It is not the rude outline of the landscape, chalked on the canvas of the artist, that excites the pleasure of the amateur; but the picture in the completeness of its minutiæ, the hues of its coloring, the blending of its lights and shades. A bird on the wing, the curling smoke of a retired cottage, or a stream leaping down declivities, impart an effect to landscape painting which no general sketch could possess. The fact is equally true in descriptions of life and character. Who has not remarked it in the interior scenes of Teniers or Ostade? or in the low-life representations of Hogarth? How much of the perfection of Roger de Coverly arises from our ideas of his household arrangements, the character of his butler and chaplain, and the whimsicalities of his ordinary conversation. Steele's

sketch of the Lizard family possesses this excellence, — its minuteness introduces us to an intimacy with all its members. Each is sufficiently distinguished, and yet there are no unnatural contrasts. The unity of the whole picture consists in a principle of good nature, a sincere amiability, which seems to be hereditary in the blood of the household.

It is from his knowledge of and intercourse with this family that Ironsides derives some of the finest thoughts in his essays. The matronly conversation of the aged Lady Lizard, the domestic management and courtships of her daughters, the converse of the tea-table, the tastes and business plans of the elder sons, the education of the younger, afford topics of discourse as various as are most of the circumstances of actual life. They form, indeed, a miniature representation of society in its better aspects, which, while it recommends the virtues, reflects odium, by contrast, on the vices, of social life. The Lizards are perpetually appearing in the "Guardian," and thus give an air of unity to the general design of the work.

The writers of the "Guardian" comprised the best of those who had contributed to the "Spectator." Addison wrote upwards of fifty papers, full of his own peculiar humor, and nice discrimination of character. Steele's amount to seventy-one numbers, and are allowed to be equal, if not superior, to his "Spectators."

Bishop Berkely was one of the most considerable of its writers, both in the number and excellence of his articles. Hannah More says of his essays, that "they are not to be placed beneath even Addison's. They have the marks of a mind at once vigorous and correct, deep in reflection, and opulent in imagery." Berkely confines himself almost entirely to religious topics, especially such as have been the subjects of sceptical ridicule. His mind was as elegant as profound. He was, in fine, one of those rare intellects whose versatile powers apply with facility and success to all subjects. His style is admired by the best critics, especially as a model of philosophical writing. It has an unrivalled perspicuity, vivacity, and smoothness. The excel-

ences of his heart excelled, if possible, those of his head. Bishop Atterbury said that "he did not think that so much understanding, so much knowledge, so much innocence, and such humility, had been the portion of any but angels, until he saw Berkely." The benignity of his temper reflects itself in all his writings, and the reader is constantly made conscious that he is communing with a select spirit.

Pope wrote some most excellent papers for the "Guardian." His "Recipe for making an Epic Poem" is admired as one of the best satires in the language, and his article on Gardening is scarcely less perfect. His paper on Pastorals, in which he makes a humorous comparison between his own and those of Phillips, is called by Dr. Johnson "a composition of artifice, criticism, and literature, to which nothing equal will easily be found." Chalmers remarks, that though Addison saw through this ingenious trick, Steele was so completely deceived as to delay its publication some time, lest Pope should be offend-

ed. It produced an irreparable breach of friendship between Phillips and its author.

The "Guardian" continued until the latter part of 1713, when it suddenly ceased, with its one hundred and seventy-fifth number. Its termination was produced by a quarrel between Steele and his bookseller. The only information we have of the compensation given the contributors is in the case of Berkely, to whom, the commentators say, Steele gave a guinea and a dinner for each paper.

With the "Guardian" closed the first period of the classic English essayists. An interregnum ensued before Johnson, by the publication of the "Rambler," elevated again the periodical essay to a classical character. During this period numerous similar publications were issued, but none of high character: it would be an interesting task to describe them, however; but my space will not allow. A volume would be necessary to admeasure fully this interesting portion of English literary history. I must pass over, therefore, "The Reader;" "The Town Talk;" "The Tea Table;" "The Reviewer;"

"The Old Whig;" "The Lay Monk;" "The Freethinker;" "The Common Sense;" "The Craftsman," to which Bolingbroke contributed; "Fog's Journal," in which Chesterfield wrote; the "Old England;" "The Prompter;" "The Templar," and, above all, "The Freeholder," by Addison, celebrated for the inimitable character of the "Tory Fox Hunter."

Many works, besides those enumerated, were attempted between the close of the "Guardian" and the commencement of the "Rambler" by Dr. Johnson. Much ability appeared in occasional papers, but none maintained that elevated character for humor, style, moral sentiment, and accurate delineation of human nature, which has conferred immortality on the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian." They had, of course, the disadvantage of entering a field already explored.

It remained for Johnson, after the many failures of others, to strike out new paths in the same range of observation, and by the powers of an intellect which found itself equal to every attempt it put forth, to raise the periodical essay to its original

dignity. The intermediate essayists had degenerated into political partisans;—the nice portraiture of character; the dramatic picture of life; the fine literary critique, replete with wit, humor, and vigor, which render their predecessors the most entertaining writers in the language, were superseded in them by the inflated exaggeration and intemperate sarcasm of party slang.

Johnson was, perhaps, the only man who could have made successfully the experiment of restoring this department of our literature to its primitive character. What topic of morals, manners, taste, or literature, had not been illustrated in the ever-varying pages of the "Tatler," "Spectator," and "Guardian," and what one had not been reättempted, without success, by their innumerable successors and imitators? Yet he entered upon the task, with the full confidence of his powers, determined to construct, of fragmentary papers, a monument more elevated than any he had yet erected to his fame, and which should associate his name with the brightest of those which adorned the Augustan age

of our literature. He assumes, immediately and fully, the legitimate grounds of his plan, as exemplified in the essays of Steele, Addison, and Berkely, viz., morals, manners, and criticism. He was determined, not only to restore, but to elevate, the moral dignity of the earlier essay. With his characteristic piety, this truly great man referred his design to the Supreme Being in the following brief, but comprehensive, prayer:

"Almighty God, the giver of all good things, without whose grace all wisdom is folly; grant, I beseech thee, that in this my undertaking thy Holy Spirit may not be withheld from me, but that I may promote thy glory, and the salvation of myself and others. Grant this, oh Lord! for the sake of Jesus Christ. Amen."

Dr. Johnson comprehended the moral responsibility of an author — a responsibility which, perhaps, has no parallel among all the means of public influence. The responsibility of a writer ceases not with his existence; he lives on in his writings — a more intense and effective existence than that of real life.

His converse with men, when his lips have turned to dust, may be distinct enough to be heard through nations, and over oceans. For the impression of his writings he is as responsible as for the impression of his living example. The influence of authorship is a protracted life; it affords the satisfaction of continued being to the anticipations of the author, but imposes, also, its tremendous responsibility. Some men have lived a more expanded and strenuous existence in a single book than in the whole of their actual lives, and will sustain a larger responsibility for the former than the latter, in the retributive accounts of the future. It is a valuable example in our literature, that its giant leader wrote under the influence of this sentiment. It is the remark of a celebrated authoress, that "it is the rare merit of this writer, that the most vigilant preceptor may commit his voluminous works into the hands of even his female pupil, without caution, limitation, or reserve, secure that she cannot stumble on a pernicious sentiment, or rise from the perusal with the slightest taint of immorality." Johnson remarks, that even

in selecting the authorities of his dictionary, he consulted the moral improvement of the student; and it has justly been observed, that he filled that great work with the most noble sentiments the English literature affords.

The style of Johnson is, indeed, fitted almost exclusively for moral writing, — "the grave didactic." His humor is defective, though it cannot be denied that there are papers in the "Rambler" which are entitled to the character of humorous. Such as the "Human Screech Owl," — the original of Goldsmith's "Croaker;" "A Londoner's Visit to the Country;" "The Lingering Expectations of an Heir;" The Advantages of Living in a Garret;" "The Art of Living at the Expense of Others;" and "The Virtuoso's Account of his Rarities;" which is said to have been the last time that this character has been treated with success by the essayists. The humor of Johnson is, however, heavy. It is burdened by his style; we look in vain for the vivacious ridicule and polished satire of Addison, the ready and enlivened common-places

of Steele, or the burlesque of Swift. But his deficiency in these respects is occasioned by the moral greatness of his genius. He could not stoop to artifices without an apparent degradation. For the stern rebuke of vice, be it in high life or in low life, the applause of virtue, in monarch or mendicant, the reproof of affectation, the humbling of sceptical presumption, the clear elucidation and powerful enforcement of moral truth, the exact analysis of criticism, and for all the dignities of a truly philosophical genius, Johnson is unequalled in our language.

The first number of the "Rambler" was issued March 20, 1749–50. It was published twice a week, for about two years. Johnson says, in a letter to Sir Joshua Reynolds, that he sat upon his bedside with a resolution not to sleep until he had fixed upon a title for the work. Yet his choice has been condemned. It is said that the Italian translation of the work actually renders the title *Il Vagabonda*, and its author, by a familiar but serious metonomy, is called *the Vagabond;* a designation not a little ludicrous, when applied to the gravest moral writer

of our language. The "Rambler" was published by his intimate friend, John Payne, — a book-seller, who made with him the most liberal stipulation. He received two guineas for each paper, or four guineas a week, and a share in the subsequent profits of the work, when published in volumes. His biographers show that he had sketched the outlines of many essays before the commencement of the publication; yet his labors must have been great, as he was engaged at the same time in the immense task of his dictionary. Unlike the preceding essayists, he depended almost entirely upon his own pen for his articles; the names of but four contributors appear in the table of contents, and their few papers were the only assistance he received in the entire course of the work. Richardson, the author of Clarissa, was one of them. The other three were ladies, among whom was the authoress, Mrs. Chapone; she wrote, however, but one paper, which was upon Masquerades.

It is said the "Rambler" attracted the attention of scholars and men of taste, but was slow in its

access to the people. Johnson's personal manners were rough and repulsive to men of genius and rank. The refined taste and elegant execution of the "Ramblers" "constituted," says Chalmers, "an ample apology for these peculiarities; and those who looked from the book to the man were, no doubt, frequently amazed." The only paper which commanded a great sale was by Richardson, and is in no respects entitled to the popularity it enjoyed. The elevated moral tone of the "Rambler," and the grave but important subjects it discussed, required time for their appreciation. It was a work which demanded thought on the part of the reader, and in which the philosopher could find subjects for his profoundest reflections. In time, however, it was properly estimated; it attracted the eulogies of the literary and the encomiums of the virtuous and religious; and during the author's life ten considerable editions were issued, besides not a few which were clandestine and foreign. It has passed into the rank of our classics, and will always remain an exhaustless source of literary and moral entertainment.

Johnson bestowed much labor in minute corrections of the second and third editions. All his biographers represent him as possessed of the power of hasty and correct writing. Boswell, Hawkins, and Murphy, say that the "Ramblers" were produced with but little reflection. "Many," says Boswell, "were not read over by him before they were printed." This might have been the case; yet the labor he subsequently bestowed on them was incredible. The corrections amounted to more than six thousand. Johnson knew well, what all literary men know by experience, that a finished work of the intellect can no more be produced without labor, arduous and minute, than can a finished contrivance of mechanism.

None other of the classical essayists have discussed such a variety of literary topics as Johnson. The "Rambler" is eminently adapted to the tastes of literary men, in this respect. More than one fourth of all its articles relate to matters of literature and criticism. "Pedantry;" "Directions to Authors attacked by Critics;" "Difficulties of Defin-

ing Comedy;" "The Necessity of Literary Courage;" "Criticism on Samson Agonistes;" "The Criterions of Plagiarism;" "An Author Travelling in Quest of his own Character;" "The Inefficiency of Genius without Learning;" "Rules for Writing drawn from Examples;" "The Dangers and Misery of Literary Preëminence;" "The Reason why Pastorals delight;" "The Contrariety of Criticism," and many others, form a rare list of delightful topics for a mind of refined literary taste.

There is but little dramatic interest in the "Rambler." No continuous plot, comprising details and characters, extends through it. The occasional characters introduced have no relations to the general plan, and are feeble in themselves, as well as incidental in the structure of the work. The Viator, Micellus, Sophron, and Ebullus, of Johnson, possess none of the vivacious humor and illusive semblance of reality which give so great a charm to the characters of Roger de Coverly, Will Wimble, and the Tory Fox Hunter.

Johnson was well acquainted with human nature

perhaps more so than Addison; but it was the habit of his philosophical mind to abstract and generalize. The virtuous or vicious examples of mankind suggested to him not the idea of character invested with the attributes of personality, but character in the abstract. His characters are unsubstantial; they want peculiarity, life, and action; they are portraits, but not persons. If they have life, it is among scenes which are unconnected with ourselves: we may hear their speech, but it is not addressed to us; we may see their motions, but at a distance. The peculiarity of Johnson's style is altogether unsuited to dramatic effect; it is too stately for the familiarities of common-place language, and the whimsical contrasts which are essential to comical character. "All his gentlemen and ladies, scholars and chambermaids, philosophers and coquettes," says an able critic, "argue syllogistically, converse in the same academic language, divide all their sentences into the same triple members, turn every phrase with the same measured solemnity, and round every period with the same polished smoothness." Yet it cannot be denied

that some of his portraits are drawn to the life. Boswell says that during the "Rambler's" first publication the members of a club in one of the country towns suspected themselves to be severally described in it, and were indignant at an individual who, they imagined, had made known their characters to the writer; nor could they be appeased till they were made sure of their error. Many of the characters of the "Rambler" were actually founded on fact.

I have thus endeavored to indicate somewhat the interest of these celebrated works. Editions comprising the whole series in convenient form have been repeatedly published in England, and are not inaccessible in our own country. Some of them need to be read with discrimination, but their adaptation to supersede advantageously much of our later light literature, and to have a salutary effect on the taste, style, and morals of the young, cannot be questioned. They would tend much to correct the dilution of thought and affectations of style which characterize not a few of our popular authors. They have also a sort of historic value, as pictures of the

life of our English ancestors. I owe them many a pleasant relaxation from severer studies — many a cheerful evening hour — many an entertaining reminiscence. As I pen these lines, my old well-thumbed copy stands, a goodly array of volumes, on the library-shelf before me. What an ideal world of interest they comprise! How do the quaint, familiar old heads of Bickerstaff, Sir Roger de Coverly, Nestor Ironsides, Will Wimble, Lady Lizard, the "Rambler," and the "Idler," peer out at me in the light of my lamp, dimming with the lateness of the hour! Blessings on ye, dear old friends! ye have not grown grim here in the company of Augustine and Luther, Calvin and Wesley, Edwards and Warburton, and they have not disdained your lively amenities! Blessings on ye, and on all the dusty but goodly companionships of your shelves! The lamp grows dim, and man also fadeth and passeth away forever; but ye, dear old books, creations of the deathless mind, go down the generations, cheering and instructing them as they pass along through their weary successions!

PROVIDENTIAL PREPARATIONS.

Hezekiah rejoiced, and all the people, that God had prepared the people; for the thing was done suddenly. — 2 CHRON. 19: 36.

WE are quite inclined, as a denomination, to perceive special providential interpositions in our history; and I know not that there is any very reprehensible presumption in the disposition. In asserting the divine agency in our successes, we certainly do not assert our own, if we do not indeed detract from the latter. The claim, too, is quite evangelical; it was a characteristic of the apostolic church.

The main epochs of our cause are certainly distinguished by very marked providences; but in many of the minuter and local facts of our history, the same divine intervention will be seen by the devout mind. I have been struck with the

remarkable manner in which it pleased God to prepare the way for the establishment of our cause in many localities. Almost innumerable illustrations could be drawn from its history, and from the reminiscences still circulating among our aged preachers. Our early itinerants needed such preliminary and special aids; they frequently went forth into distant and new sections of the moral field, hardly knowing whither they were going or what should befall them. They often suddenly appeared, with no other companions than their faithful circuit steeds, among utter strangers. They were, indeed, as Asbury exclaimed, when riding through New England, "a spectacle unto the world, and to angels, and to men!" Amidst their many trials, however, they were cheered, ever and anon, by finding warm welcomes, like Paul's at Philippi, from those whose hearts the Lord had opened, and who, by some previous providential means, had been prepared to appreciate their decried mission, and to open their doors for them.

Lynn, where the first Methodist society of Massa-

chusetts was formed, afforded an example. Jesse Lee had been contending with apparently insurmountable obstacles at Boston; attempt after attempt to introduce Methodism into that city failed. The prospect seemed hopeless; any ordinary man would have retreated in despair, but Lee held out till his pecuniary means were almost gone. In his extremity, he received a letter from Lynn, signed by Benjamin Johnson, a name now held in reverence among the Methodists of that town. Mr. Johnson invited him to Lynn, and opened his house for preaching, and it became the favorite home of the solitary and hard-pressed itinerant. "Bless the Lord," he exclaimed, as he retired to the new "prophet's chamber" that night, "bless the Lord, oh my soul, for bringing me among this people!" The secret of this kindness was soon explained. Mr. Johnson had heard the Methodist preachers somewhere in the South, and believing them "men who showed the way of salvation," he welcomed them to the hospitalities of his house. His invitation to Lee came precisely at the critical time of his necessity. The

Lord had thus prepared the way for his servant. Lee immediately turned his new home into a sanctuary; he preached there continually when not elsewhere engaged, and the results corresponded with the providential character of the opening; the first Methodist society of Massachusetts was formed there, with Mr. Johnson's name at the head of its roll, and in that village was erected the first Methodist chapel of the commonwealth; there, also, was held the first New England Conference; there was raised up the first native Methodist preacher of the Eastern States; and there, it is said, was formed the first Methodist missionary society of the United States. The ancient mansion of Benjamin Johnson has long since given place to another building, but its site is still remembered sacredly by the Methodists of Lynn, and the venerable Enoch Mudge, at the time it was taken down, secured that part of the floor on which Lee usually stood while preaching, as a precious relic.

Lee met with one of these "Providential Preparations" soon after his arrival in the Eastern States.

He preached his first New England sermon at Norwalk, Connecticut, on the 17th of June, 1789. His subsequent reception in that state was such as could not have failed to drive from the field any less zealous man. He sometimes had to light the candles of the school-houses or court-rooms where he preached, and ring the bell to announce the service; he was quite generally opposed by the settled pastors and the village deacons; he was often denied the most ordinary hospitalities, and he records repeated visits to the same preaching-place without receiving a single invitation to a home, or even a word of salutation from any one of his hearers. Precious was it to him, under such circumstances, to find here and there a devout and sympathetic few, who were prepared to welcome him not only to their houses, but to their hearts. Some years before his arrival, Mr. Black, a Wesleyan local preacher, noted as one of the founders of Methodism in the British provinces, visited Boston, and penetrated, with his message of salvation, into Connecticut. His excursion seems to have been brief, if not a casual one, but was remem-

bered. In one place where he had preached, a few inquiring minds maintained, at the time of Lee's arrival, a weekly prayer-meeting. "This appeared to me," said Lee, when he heard of one of them at a distance, "to be an opening from the hand of the Lord." He called at the house of a Mr. Timothy Wheeler, a few miles from Fairfield, where he met a member of this little band, who welcomed him with a melting heart. He records the interview in his journal. "She then began to tell me how it had been with them, and said there were a few of them that met once a week to sing and pray together; but they were much discouraged by their elder friends, and that they had been wishing and praying for some one to come and instruct them, and seemed to believe that God had sent me." At length she said she was so rejoiced that her strength had almost left her, and, sitting down, she began to weep. Mr. Black, one of our preachers, had been there a few years before, and some of the people had been wishing for the Methodists ever since. The news of his arrival was immediately spread abroad;

he preached, and after the "meeting some of the people stayed to talk with him about religion, and wished to be instructed in the ways of the Lord." Five or six of them he thought "truly awakened," and one had "experienced a change of heart."

In 1785, Freeborn Garrettson was sent by Asbury to the British provinces, and was the first regular Methodist preacher who visited them. He went among them an utter stranger; his labors and travels were more extensive, if possible, than those of Lee in New England. He said, in his semi-centennial sermon before the New York Conference, "I traversed the mountains and valleys frequently on foot, with my knapsack on my back, guided by Indian paths in the wilderness, when it was not expedient to take a horse; and I had often to wade through morasses half leg deep in mud and water; frequently satisfying my hunger with a piece of bread and pork from my knapsack, quenching my thirst from a brook, and resting my weary limbs on the leaves of the trees. Thanks be to God, he compensated me

for all my toil; for many precious souls were awakened and converted to God."

In these hard struggles he was refreshed to find the people often prepared to receive him by some such previous means as I have described. Mr. Black, who had preceded Lee in Connecticut, had also been in the provinces, especially in New Brunswick, and had scattered the good seed in his course. At the town of Liverpool, Nova Scotia, Garrettson found already a small band of twenty Methodists, who received him with a grateful welcome, and were doubled in number during the first month he spent among them. He gives an account of the origin of this infant church. "Captain D., since gone to heaven, some time before any of us came to this place, met with Mr. Wesley's tract, called '*The Character of a Methodist.*'" This excited in him a desire to see and hear one of the new sect. He sent to Shelburn for "Brother John Man," who visited him, and thus laid the foundations of Methodism in Liverpool. Garrettson in this manner found the "way of the Lord prepared before him." He entered

cheerfully and zealously the open door, and in a short time wrote to Wesley: — "Some weeks ago I left Halifax, and went to Liverpool, where the Lord is carrying on a blessed work: many precious souls of late have been set at liberty, to praise a sin-pardoning God. There is a lively society. The greater part of the town attend our ministry, and the first people have joined our society."

Methodism was introduced into the state of Vermont by a similar providence, Fletcher's "*Fifth Check to Antinomianism*" taking, in this case, the place of Wesley's "*Character of a Methodist*," in the last related. I am indebted to a letter from my venerable friend, Rev. Laban Clark, who was one of the earliest converts of our cause in that state, for an account of the fact. Mr. John Langdon, a native of South Wilbraham, Mass., settled in Vershire when the country was yet a wilderness. Being of a thoughtful turn of mind, and fond of reading, he became dissatisfied with the doctrines which had been taught him from his youth. The doctrine of fore-ordination was to him a stumbling-block, and

totally at variance with the New Testament. After many fruitless efforts to find some people with whom he could agree in doctrine and unite in fellowship, he gave up the search in despair.

As he entered his house one day, his wife informed him that she had received a letter from her father (Deacon Ashley, of Springfield), and that he had sent them a book. John replied, "I am glad to have a letter from him; but I don't want his book, for I suppose it is some of his Calvinism." "No, I think not," she replied; "he writes something I do not understand;" and handed him the letter. John read the letter, and then took up the book and read, till, interrupted by tears of joy, he said, "This man writes just as I have believed!" He then turned again to the letter, which stated that a new sect of preachers had visited them, called Methodists; that they went out two and two, like the apostles, travelled circuits, and preached free salvation to all men. Taking up the book, he read again; and, after reading a while, he sprang upon his feet and exclaimed,

"If there is such a people under heaven, I will find them!"

Shortly after this, he received information that there was to be a great meeting of the Methodists in Tolland, Connecticut, called a quarterly meeting. Although he had but four days' notice, and the distance was near two hundred miles, he set off, and arrived on Saturday, just after the meeting had closed for the afternoon; but learning that there was to be preaching in the evening, he put up for the night. At the time appointed he repaired to the meeting, which was in a private house, and took his seat in the congregation. After waiting a little while, a plain man stepped in, with his hymn-book in his hand. A short pause ensued, when the preacher gave out the hymn —

"O that I could repent!
O that I could believe!
Thou with thy voice the marble rent,
The rock in sunder cleave!"

This was the very language of his own heart, and he thought he never heard such a hymn before. After singing, the preacher kneeled down and prayed.

The prayer was as extraordinary as the hymn, and John, having understood that the Methodists had bishops, concluded this must certainly be the bishop, for no common man could make such a prayer. He was a young man, who had just been licensed to preach. The sermon was equally satisfactory to him, and when the meeting was ended, he stepped forward and introduced himself to the preachers, informed them how far he had come, and for what purpose he came. He wished to learn their doctrines and form of discipline. The preachers received him kindly, and were ready to answer all his inquiries, and invited him to attend their love-feast the next morning. That Sabbath was to him as the beginning of days. He had found a people with whom he could unite in doctrine, and whom he believed to be the people of God. Before he left, he obtained a promise that a preacher should be sent to Vermont. Accordingly, Joshua Hall was appointed, in 1794, to Vermont; but the frightful stories told of the Green Mountain boys deterred him from going.

Mr. Langdon went home with a full purpose to seek and serve the Lord. He was satisfied, not only that salvation was free for all, but that it was the privilege of all to know their sins forgiven; and he sought, by earnest prayer, and shortly experienced, the blessing of peace with God, through our Lord Jesus Christ.

He waited, with longing desire and fond expectation, for the preacher to come; but no preacher arrived that year. He wrote, and urged the Macedonian cry, "Come over and help us," and continued praying for the coming of the heralds of free salvation; but not until the fall of 1796 was another preacher appointed, when Rev. Nicholas Sneathen was sent to Vershire.

Meanwhile, another providential circumstance had occurred, to aid in preparing the way for Methodism in that new state. This was the arrival of a Methodist family by the name of Peckett. Mrs. Peckett, whose maiden name was Margaret Appleton, was a lady of vigorous and devout character. She had belonged to the Wesleyans in England, and was

John Wesley's house-keeper during three years in London, and some time Band-mate of Miss Bosanquette, afterwards Mrs. Fletcher. She was, therefore, thoroughly familiar with Methodism. Her home in the wilderness became a sanctuary, and under her influence, Martin Ruter, Laban Clark, and others of our primitive ministry, were trained for the heroic achievements which have distinguished their lives. Mr. Clark writes me, "I consider it of singular use to Martin Ruter, as it had been to me, to be favored with the counsel and instruction of this excellent woman and mother in Israel. We were not only advised and encouraged in our religious experience and duty, but we learned from her the peculiar forms and usages, not only of early Methodism, but of the founder of Methodism. Her intimate acquaintance with many of the early preachers in connection with Mr. Wesley — her knowledge of their personal sufferings and trials, especially of young men who came to him to make known their experience and exercise of mind on the subject of preaching — were topics of frequent conversation, to which we listened with the

most intense interest. In addition to this, she had a considerable collection of Mr. Wesley's books, which were well calculated to confirm and strengthen our minds in doctrinal views and Christian experience. At that time, such helps were of great use to us, as the novelty of Methodism had excited much opposition."

When Mr. Sneathen arrived in the state, he found the families of Mr. Langdon and Mrs. Peckett awaiting him, and the way had already been partially prepared for him. Langdon became a local preacher, and was signally useful. He went out on preaching excursions into the state, and spread the truth with great energy. He was a man of courage and stout muscles, and they served to protect him and his brethren, on several occasions, in persecutions and mobs that beset the early progress of Methodism in Vermont. He removed, afterwards, to the West, and died, ~~I believe,~~ near Cincinnati. Methodism, thus introduced, spread through Vermont rapidly. Mr. Sneathen made no return of members at the next Conference, but at the following session nearly three

hundred were reported. At the session of 1799 more than six hundred were returned, and they were multiplied to nearly eleven hundred before the next Conference.

A very extraordinary example of these special providences is recorded by Dr. Bangs. He says: —

"The following account, so illustrative of the particular care which God exercises over his people, is related on the best authority, having been taken from the lips of those who were witnesses of the facts.

"In 1794 Methodism was brought into Southold, and the manner of its introduction is worthy to be recorded, as it will show the efficacy of prayer, and the peculiar agency of the Holy Spirit, in the spread of the Gospel. A Mrs. Moore, who had been converted to God through the instrumentality of the Methodists, removed to this place; and although there were churches and ministers not very remote from it, yet no very efficient means had been used to build up the cause of God, or to arrest the spread of iniquity. Living at too great a distance from that min-

istry which had been the means of her conversion, and finding in her village two females like-minded with herself, they agreed to meet together every Monday evening, to pray that God would send such a minister among them as would feed their own souls, and be made the means of awakening the wicked inhabitants of the place. They met, accordingly, two evenings, at the house of Mr. P. Vail, who, at that time, was not a member of any church, but so far favorable as to gratify his wife in bringing her female friends to his house for prayer-meeting. On the third night of their meeting, Mr. V., returning home weary from the business of the day, had retired about the time they usually met, which rendered it inconvenient to hold it that evening. This circumstance almost discouraged them, fearing that it arose from his dislike to the exercises, and that they should be deprived of this means of grace. However, they agreed to return home, and remember, individually, before God, the great object for which they had met together. During the exercises of this evening, they felt an unusual spirit of prayer;

Mrs. Moore, in particular, who continued until near midnight: her whole soul was drawn out to the Lord, nor could she be denied: the wickedness of the place, and the want of an engaged ministry, were continually before her. At the close of this struggle, she felt an assurance that God had heard them, attended with these words, 'I have heard their cry, and I am come down to deliver them;' and so strong was this conviction, that she began to praise God for what she knew he would do. At this very time, Wilson Lee, a Methodist minister, was in New London, and had his trunk on board a vessel to go to his appointment in New York. Waiting for a passage over night, the wind being contrary, he felt an unusual struggle for the salvation of souls, attended with a constant impression to cross the sound to Long Island. Never having been there, and having his work in another direction, he endeavored, for some time, to dismiss it; but perceiving that it still followed him, he resolved, if his way were opened, to proceed. It should be observed, that his peculiar exercises in New London were on

the same night, and almost at the same hour, in which these pious females were engaged in prayer on Long Island. Next morning, on going to the wharf, he found a sloop ready to sail for Southold, and believing his call now to be from the Lord, he immediately went on board. Making inquiry, on his landing, if there were any praying people in the place, he was immediately directed to the house of Mrs. Moore, who, seeing him coming, and knowing a Methodist minister from his appearance, without a personal acquaintance or previous introduction, came out to the door, and said, 'Thou blessed of the Lord, come in!' He then told her the end for which he came, and related the peculiar providence which had directed him on his way; and she, in turn, the circumstances of their prayer-meeting, and the assurance they received that God had heard them. A congregation was soon collected, and he who had felt such a desire for the salvation of souls found here a ready people, to whom the word of the Lord was attended with power. Shortly afterwards a

class was formed, and from that period to this, Methodism has continued in this place."

I have referred to Garrettson's visit to the British provinces. Dr. Coke had intended to visit them, and to found the church there himself; but, while on his voyage, was driven by an extraordinary storm to the West Indies, where he discovered a very singular example of the kind of providential interpositions I have been noticing. I have recorded the fact elsewhere, but shall take the liberty of using it in illustration of my present subject.

On the 25th of December, 1786, the vessel took refuge in the harbor of Antigua. Actuated by that missionary zeal which allowed him no rest, he immediately began to traverse the islands, preaching wherever he could find opportunity. He arrived at last, with his companion, Mr. Hammet, at St. Eustatius, which belonged to the Dutch. As they landed they were addressed by two colored men, who inquired, with a cordiality unusual among strangers, 'if they belonged to the brethren.' The doctor, supposing they referred to the Moravians, said no, but

remarked, that they belonged to the same great spiritual family. The hospitable negroes, however, had made no mistake. The doctor was surprised to learn that they had come to welcome him, having received word from the island of St. Christopher's that he designed to visit them. They were two of a number of free negroes who had actually hired a house for his accommodation, which they called his home, and had also provided for the expense of his journey. They conducted him to his new parsonage, where he was entertained with profuse hospitality.

The doctor was taken by surprise. No missionary had been there, and the island was destitute of the means of grace. These generous colored people were evidently children of God: his visit to them was received as that of an angel, and yet there was mingled with their joy signs of a common sorrow. With the utmost interest, he inquired into their history. They informed him, in reply, that some months before, a slave, named Harry, had been brought to the island from the United States, who

was converted, and had joined a Methodist class, before his removal. On arriving among them, Harry found himself without a religious associate, and with no means of religious improvement but his private devotions. The poor African nevertheless maintained his fidelity to his Lord. After much anxiety and prayer, he began publicly to proclaim to his fellow-servants the name of Christ. Such an example was a great novelty in the island, and attracted much attention. His congregations were large; even the governor of the island deigned to hear him, and, by approving his course, indirectly protected him from the opposition to which his servile condition would otherwise have exposed him.

God owned the labors of his humble servant, and at times the Holy Spirit descended in overwhelming influence upon the multitude. Such was the effect on many of the slaves, that they fell like dead men to the earth, and lay for hours insensible. At a meeting not long before the doctor's arrival, sixteen persons were thus struck down, under his exhortations. Such an extraordinary circumstance

excited a general sensation among the planters. They determined to suppress the meetings. They appealed to the governor, who immediately ordered the slave before him, and forbade his preaching, by severe penalties. So far had the planters succeeded in exciting the morose temper of the governor, that it was only by the intervention of the supreme judge that Harry was saved from being cruelly flogged. His faithful labors were now peremptorily stopped. It was a remarkable coincidence, that Dr. Coke arrived the very day on which Harry was silenced; hence the mingled joy and sorrow of the "little flock" who so hospitably entertained him.

After giving the doctor this information, they insisted upon his preaching to them immediately, lest by delay the opportunity should be lost; but fearing, from the silence which had that day been imposed on Harry, that it might result in more evil than good, he declined until he should see the governor. Such, however, was their hunger for the bread of life, that he could not induce them to separ-

ate till they had twice sung, and he had thrice joined with them in prayer.

The doctor found, by his interview with the authorities, that it would be imprudent to tarry on the island. He therefore formed the little persecuted band into classes, under the most prudent men he could find among them, and, committing them to God, departed amid their tears and prayers. So amply had they supplied him with fruits and other provisions, that in a voyage of near three weeks, during which eight persons shared these bounties with him, they were not exhausted.

Poor Harry, suspected and watched, did not presume to preach again; but supposing, after a considerable interval, that the excitement against him had ceased, and that the prohibition only extended to his preaching, he ventured to pray openly with his brethren. He was immediately summoned before the governor, and sentenced to be publicly whipped, then imprisoned, and afterwards banished from the island. The sentence was executed with unrelenting cruelty, but the poor negro felt himself honored

in suffering for his Master. While the blood streamed from his back, his Christian fortitude was unshaken. From the whipping-post he was taken to prison, whence he was secretly removed, but whither, none of his little company could discover.

In 1789 Dr. Coke returned to the West Indies. After preaching at many other islands, he again visited St. Eustatius, to comfort its suffering society. The spirit of persecution still raged there, and the fate of Harry was still wrapped in impenetrable mystery. None of his associates had been able to obtain the slightest information respecting him since his disappearance. A cruel edict had been passed by the local government, inflicting thirty-nine lashes on any colored man who should be found praying. It seemed the determination of the authorities to banish religion from the island; yet the seed sown by Harry had sprung up, and nothing could uproot it. During all these trials, the little society of St. Eustatius had been growing; its persecuted members had contrived, by some means, to preserve their union, and the doctor found them two hundred and

fifty-eight strong, and privately baptized many before his departure. They had been, indeed, "hid with Christ in God." The government again drove him from the island.

After visiting the United States and England, this tireless man of God was, in 1790, again sounding the alarm among the West India Islands, and again he visited St. Eustatius. A new governor had been appointed, and he hoped for a better reception; but he was repelled as obstinately as before. Still the great Shepherd took care of the flock. The rigor of the laws against them had been somewhat relaxed, and, in the providence of God, eight Exhorters had arisen among them, who were extensively useful to the slaves. To these, and to the leaders, he gave private advice and comfort, and, committing them to God, who had hitherto so marvellously kept them, he again departed. The chief care of the society devolved on a person named Ryley, who, about four years previously, had been converted under the labors of black Harry. Harry's fate was still involved in mysterious secrecy, and

his friends were afflicted with the worst fears. But his "works followed him;" he had kindled a fire on St. Eustatius which many waters could not quench. On his return to England, Dr. Coke interested the Wesleyan churches in his behalf, and many were the prayers which ascended for him and the afflicted church which he had planted.

In 1792, the doctor again visited the island, but he was not allowed to preach. Nothing was yet known of the fate of poor Harry. The spirit of persecution still prevailed, and even feeble women had been dragged to the whipping-post for having met for prayer. But, in the good providence of God, religion still prospered secretly, and the classes met by stealth. The doctor left them, with a determination to go to Holland, and solicit the interposition of the parent government. This he did with his usual perseverance, but without success. The tyranny of the local government continued about twelve years longer; but the great Head of the church at last sent deliverance to his people. In 1804, about eighteen years after Harry was silenced,

a missionary was admitted to the island; a chapel was afterwards built, and Sunday-schools established, and St. Eustatius has since continued to be named among the successful missions of the West Indies. Dr. Coke lived to see this long-closed door opened, and the devoted missionary enter with the bread of life for the famishing but faithful little band of disciples.

Thus was the way opened for the establishment of Methodism on that island. The germ planted amidst such storms of adversity has taken root, and sprung up into a vigorous growth.

But what became of poor Harry? During about ten years, his fate was unknown, and all hope of discerning it before the sea should give up its dead was abandoned. About this time the doctor again visited the states. One evening, after preaching, he was followed to his room by a colored man, deeply affected. It was poor black Harry! Reader, what would you not have given to have witnessed that interview? He had been sent, in a cargo of slaves, to the States, but was now free. Through

all these years and changes, he had "kept the faith," and was still exercising himself with continued usefulness in the sphere which he occupied.

The introduction of Methodism into the United States by Philip Embury, and the preparation thus made for the reception of Wesley's missionaries, is an example of our subject on a sublime scale. But we are now treating of less important instances. One of the most interesting posts of our cause in the north, during the latter part of the last century, was Ashgrove, New York. "This society," says Dr. Bangs, "may be considered as the centre of Methodism in this northern part of the country." It has been the seat of annual Conferences, the source of evangelical influences to a large area of territory, and the head-quarters of the old Cambridge circuit — an extensive range of ministerial labor, reaching into Vermont. When Rev. Lemuel Smith was sent to this region, in 1788, he found a society already organized. After the regular preachers from England had taken charge of the infant church of New York city, Philip Embury and a few other members

of the society removed, it seems, to Ashgrove; they found there a Mr. Ashton, a Methodist emigrant from Ireland, and with him a few other Irish emigrants, who formed the new society. They struggled along in the wilderness by themselves during several years, — for the Methodist itinerants had not penetrated further up the Hudson than Peekskill, about forty miles from New York, when they were organized. When Mr. Smith arrived, he was received as the messenger of God. An extended reformation resulted from his labors, and at the end of the year he returned one hundred and fifty-four members. A preacher of the circuit wrote in 1827, — "After the coming of the Rev. Lemuel Smith to this place, order and organization were given to the societies in the north. In proportion to its permanency was the work extended, till it spread far and wide. The circuit was soon extended to Pittstown and Lansingburg in the south; the frontier towns in Vermont were taken in, and the same preachers, to encompass their circuit, travelled to old Fort Ann,

and even to Scroon, in the county of Essex, over against Fort Ticonderoga, in the north."

Philip Embury, the founder of American Methodism, lived and labored for years in this region, and died at last, in the faith, at Salem, not far off, where his services are now commemorated by a monument.

Such illustrations might be gathered from almost all sections of the church; and when it is considered what an important mission Methodism has already achieved in the religious history of our country, it may not be deemed presumptuous in us to suppose them more than accidental — the providential auspices of a great work, which, begun in humbleness, and feebleness, and reproach, has brought the blessings of the Gospel home to the hearts and dying beds of millions, and is now almost cöextensive with our continent.

AN OLD PILGRIM AT THE END OF HIS JOURNEY — CARVOSSO.

Mnason of Cyprus, an old disciple. — Acts 21 : 16.

CARVOSSO, when more than 80 years old, and almost at the end of his pilgrimage — and what a pilgrimage was his! — wrote : — "I think I never felt my feeble frame so crushed with the infirmities of age as in the past week. But it is very pleasing to know, that while this earthly house of my tabernacle is dissolving, 'I have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' Glory be to God, for such a knowledge as this! Amen and Amen." This sounds like the shouting of an old wounded hero on the battlefield, in the midst of victory. He suffered excrucia-

tingly at last from an incurable malady; but the path of his pilgrimage grew brighter even unto the perfect day. He writes, after a period of confinement: — "Seeing that nature's ties are all dissolving, it affords me no small consolation to look forward to the building of God in the heavens, which I know is mine by the inward testimony of the spirit. Yes, for thee, my soul, for thee! Glory be to God! I feel my bodily weakness increasing more and more; but I bless God, he gives me fresh tokens of his love and approbation, to assure me that I am his. This morning, feeling much of the helpless worm, I wanted a stronger inward testimony of my sonship; and looking up to my Advocate with God, these words sweetly flowed into my mind: —

> 'Before the throne my Surety stands;
> My name is written on his hands.'

This was enough; tears of joy overflowed my eyes, and my heart dissolved in love."

The end approached; eighty-three years had passed over him, and yet the brightness increases. He writes: —

"Yesterday I went to chapel, but was so poorly it was with difficulty I could return. At present I seem stripped of nearly all my bodily strength; but I bless the Lord, I feel my mind perfectly resigned. Christ is all in all. I want no other portion in earth or heaven. His presence makes my paradise. Unto me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given. Glory be to God!"

At last the veteran, in his 85th year, lays down to die. His disease was a local complaint, incident to old age, and inexpressibly painful—one that destroys existence mostly by the effect of pain itself, exhausting the constitution, and gradually consuming life. I suppose that if Carvosso had died of fire, beginning with the hand and burning onward slowly, till the consuming process had invaded the vital functions, he could scarcely have suffered more; and yet his faith bore him up as on the pinions of an angel. One of the last scenes of his life is thus described by his son, a Wesleyan preacher:—"This morning early I was sent for to attend my father, who had been taken much worse during the

night. I found him in great bodily suffering. Since I saw him on Wednesday, he had drunk deep of the bitter cup. The sight was very distressing to those about him. At ten, A. M., he was seized with a convulsive fit. We then thought the mortal affliction was past; but, after lying in a state of insensibility about four hours, he again awoke up in a suffering world, but with a blessed increase of the earnest of heaven in his soul. For several successive hours he exhibited, in lively conversation, all the triumph of faith. With a countenance illuminated with holy joy, and in a tone and emphasis not to be described, he exclaimed, 'I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith; henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous Judge, shall give me in that day.' Never before did I hear this beautiful passage quoted and applied so appropriately and feelingly. Every clause seemed living truth, exhibiting all the freshness of 'the tender grass springing out of earth by the clear shining after rain.' 'I speak not boastingly,' says he; 'I am a sinner saved

by grace — the chief of sinners, for whom Jesus died.

"Surety, who all my debt has paid,
For all my sins atonement made,
The Lord my righteousness."

I have no doubt, no fear, — all is calm within; perfect love casteth out fear. I shall soon be with Jesus.

"Jesus, my all in all thou art:
My rest in toil, my ease in pain;
The medicine of my broken heart;
In war my peace, in loss my gain.
My smile beneath the tyrant's frown,
In shame my glory and my crown."'

"He then adverted to the assurance of faith, and strongly insisted on the Christian's privilege to retain the indubitable evidence; observing that 'God's word says, "We know that all things work together for good," &c.; and again, "We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens;" not *we hope* — *we trust* — but "we know."' Highly to our edification and joy, we now beheld the veteran Christian warrior in the bot-

tom of the burning fiery furnace, clapping his hands amidst the flame, and triumphing and glorying in his great Deliverer. O, it was good to be there! I would not have been absent on any account. Truly it was a place 'privileged beyond the common walk of virtuous life, — quite in the verge of heaven.' I had long seen my dear father doing, I now saw him suffering, the will of God. While we knelt round his bed in prayer, we felt the presence of God in an extraordinary manner. Glory be to God!"

An old fellow-pilgrim calls on the dying hero: they never expect to see each other again in the flesh; their hearts melt, but "while they talked over past and present mercies, they seemed to mount high in the chariot of Aminadab, and my father," says the son, "was 'lost in wonder, love, and praise!'"

The end was at hand. He had a prodigious strength of constitution, but the consuming agony shakes and baffles it; yet the song of deliverance was on his lips. His son writes: — "My dear afflicted father is now evidently fast sinking in

the outward man, but his confidence in Jehovah is steadfast, unmovable. The heat of the furnace still increases, and nothing short of an Abrahamic faith can support the 'strong, commanding evidence' of God's unchanging love. But he is unburned in fire, and appears to beholders a blessed monument of the power of religion. With tears, and his own indescribable emphasis, he repeated those beautiful verses, —

'Though waves and storms go o'er my head;
Though strength, and health, and friends, be gone;
Though joys be withered all and dead,
And every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies, —
Father, thy mercy never dies.

'Fixed on this ground will I remain,
Though my heart fail and flesh decay;
This anchor shall my soul sustain
When earth's foundations melt away;
Mercy's full power I then shall prove,
Loved with an everlasting love.'

* * * * * *

* * * "Never, since the commencement of his affliction, have I seen him so exceedingly far lifted

above himself. At times, for hours together, he is sustained in the highest Christian triumph; when no language of sacred poetry, or of the Scriptures, appears too strong to afford expression to the vivid feelings of his full heart."

At last the keen agony ends, — the aged saint departs. He speaks of his funeral, — he loses the power of speech, — it returns again for a few minutes, — his friends bow around him in prayer, — he responds with animation, — he pronounces a benediction on them when they rise, and now "gathering up his feet" to go, he sings, with his expiring breath, the doxology, —

"Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!"

But his voice fails before the chorus is through. A friend at his bedside speaks of the uplifted hand as a not unusual signal of victory in death, when all other power of expression is gone. The arm of the dying hero rises, and he is gone. So triumphed in death William Carvosso, in the 85th year of his life, and the 64th of his religious pilgrimage. He was a

man of humble life, extraordinary usefulness, entire consecration, and victorious faith.

I have described the conclusion of this aged saint's career, because it presents an impressive example of *the strength and consolation of piety in old age.*

Old age, more than any other stage of life, is dependent upon religion for its happiness. The sources of enjoyment from the physical appetites and active life fail under its decrepitude. That largest of all resources of human happiness, the hope of the future, daily diminishes, so far as this life is concerned; there is neither scope for much further exertion, nor energy for it, if there were. A revolution full of revulsion and sadness comes over life: hitherto its plans, its ambition, its joys even, have had reference chiefly to the future; now the retrospective takes the place of the prospective, and the future diminishes to a scarcely appreciable space, and is bounded by a termination from which the heart turns away. What, under such circumstances, must be the vacancy and wretchedness of existence

to a human being who cannot throw the vision of the soul beyond the remaining interval of life and decay, on to the immortal prospects of religious hope? Religion may be more necessary, in earlier life, for the right direction and support of the duties of the man, but now it becomes more necessary for the support of the man himself.

Its sustaining grace and comfort at this period is often exemplified. Beautiful examples of serene and sanctified age adorn the ordinary walks of life; examples in which the hoary head is indeed a crown of glory. Doubtless the reader can recall such examples now existing within the circle of his Christian intercourse; but, in attempting to do so, how many cases may be enumerated, also, of fretful and repulsive age, in which a life of Christian profession is terminating with infirm tempers, as well as infirm powers! Such instances we can never witness without a deep sense of melancholy. Physical causes may sometimes account for and excuse them, but not always; they are seldom witnessed where there has been a previous life of profound and cordial

piety; and too often it is to be feared that they are the result of a re-development of old characteristic dispositions, which were repressed under the self-restraint of less enervated faculties, but which would have been extinguished by a more thorough sanctification of early life. An ambiguous religious character, in early or middle life, seldom ends well; and men who, with a profession of religion, are nevertheless backsliders in heart, and continue so till advanced life, exhibit, as if by a retributive providence, the evidences of an inward and scarcely retrievable apostasy, while they still sullenly cling to the exterior of piety. Comfortless and chilling cases are these, and sad monitions to all who have not yet reached the same lamentable condition. Our salvation is indeed "by grace, through faith;" and by being thus conditioned, it is placed within the reach of sick beds, capital culprits, and the eleventh hour of old age; but the laws of moral conduct still hold, and fearfully hold, against the delaying sinner; and he that, after having been purified unto God, loses his first love, and lives along through early and middle life

with a depreciated, heartless regard for the cause of his Lord, will, when overtaken by the decay of old age, find his habitual negligence riveted like a fetter upon his debilitated soul; and if he is not permitted to live and die a solemn warning to others, it is because he is plucked as a brand from the burning. Look around you, and ask yourself how many you can enumerate, who, after a life of but partial interest in religion, attained in old age a consecrated character, and a comfortable, trustful piety? There is a solemn significance in that warning, "Be not deceived, God is not mocked; for whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap. For he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; but he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting."

Life is not only probationary to eternity, but its successive periods are probationary to each other. Old age is the last, we may almost say, the confirmed stage in the series; its facilities for the modification of character are almost, if not entirely, gone. Childhood entails the peculiarities of youth, but the

pliability of character is yet such that it may readily retrieve itself from unfortunate biases; youth, with still more certainty, transmits its tendencies to manhood; still the work of self-recovery is practicable and common, but if now postponed, manhood indurates the moral defects of youth, — the heart of flesh becomes the heart of stone, — and rarely does even the Gospel, with its demonstration of the Spirit and of power, rescue the self-doomed man.

A chief reason of the unfavorable moral qualities of old age is, that men do not remind themselves of this transmission and progressive development of moral characteristics through the successive periods of life. They indulge their characteristic defects for the present, believing that there will be time enough in the future to amend them; meanwhile the evil virus infects more radically the moral constitution, and what might have been readily overcome before is now irremediable.

Happy they, then, who early consecrate themselves to the true, the only befitting purpose of life, the sanctification of their souls; and who, like Carvosso, as

they advance through the stages of their pilgrimage, ascend higher and higher on the mount of Christian vision, so that when, with weary step, they approach the end of their course, it shall not be with uncertainty of their position, or the despondent consciousness that they have lost their way, and are wandering among dark ravines and arid rocks, but with the assurance that the radiant summit is at hand, and that its brightness increases on every remaining step of the journey!

HAPPINESS IN OLD AGE.

They shall still bring forth fruit in old age; they shall be fat and flourishing. — PSALMS, 92: 14.

THE reflections of the preceding article naturally lead to the inquiry, "How may old age be most effectually rendered happy, so far as the moral conditions of its happiness are concerned?" Let us answer the question somewhat summarily.

1. It has already been answered, so far as it relates to the purely religious means of consolation. These too are always presupposed, in any reply to the question; yet, though it may be considered trite to dwell on a topic so manifest and so acknowledged, I must add to the preceding remarks, that not only is religion, at this period of life, as at all others, a chief support of the

mind, but a *very specific and determinate religious experience should be sought by the aged*, — by all, indeed, but by him especially. Let him not be satisfied with vagueness on so vital a question as his acceptance with God, for the growing weakness of his faculties may soon reduce him to a state where that question can no longer be intelligently examined. Life, with him, is converging all its solemn probation to a termination — it is about to evolve from that near point its great and irreversible issues. Let not, then, its supreme interest, its only security, be uncertain. The aged man, if any, should be the earnest Christian, the true saint. He should be religiously meditative; he should live by faith and by the day; he should be able to say, with the clear "witness of the spirit," "I know that my Redeemer liveth; and though, after my skin, worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God." Seek, aged believer, seek at once this determinate religious experience; and then, as you anticipate the decay of your faculties, you will not fear for the

safety of your soul, for the great point of its responsibility will be secured.

2. Those who are verging on to old age should remind themselves that its infirmities will exasperate any characteristic defects they may have hitherto regarded with little concern, and may render such faults a source of annoyance, if not misery, to themselves and their families, the remainder of their lives. They should arrest themselves at this critical point, and subject themselves to a more than usual self-scrutiny and self-rectification. A querulous temper is especially liable to exasperation by age, and to embitter it. A sarcastic disposition is often confirmed by it into an habitual and venomous severity. The croaker of middle life becomes an insupportable grievance in old age. "The good old times" have gone, to him, and carried away with them most, if not all, the hopes of church and state; he often brings suspicion on his own virtues, by his heartless distrust of the goodness of all others. The frugal man is very liable to become covetous in his declining years. Wit, humor, and benevolence, on the

other hand, often, like wines, become more genial by age, and, indeed, are less frequently, perhaps, than most other qualities, found marred by its decrepitude. Now these faulty traits are, to a greater degree than is usually supposed, subject to our self-control, if resolutely checked in season.

3. Employment of one's time is requisite to enjoyment. Happiness, a great man has said, consists not chiefly in possession, nor in hope, but in occupation. Retirement from active life, which is usual to old age, and is frequently rendered necessary by its loss of capacity, is one of its painful causes of unhappiness. But the leisure which results from it might be made a means of enjoyment, instead of misery. Nature designed it as a serene season of ease, the calm evening between the hard day's journey and the night sleep of the weary pilgrim. But it should not be spent in counting the wrinkles on his brow, or the lessening pulsations of his heart. He should have its leisure filled up with pleasant occupations, — each day systematically divided and appropriated. Happy old men will always be found

addicted to uniform occupations of some kind, however trivial; and so dependent do they become on such means of enjoyment, that often the employments of their leisure acquire a quaint punctiliousness, as entertaining to their associates as it is relieving to themselves; for what is more characteristic and interesting than the conversation of happy-hearted old men, — their staid attachment to old friends, old walks, accustomed places of the sitting-room, old books, and old routines of social visiting?

There are two employments of the leisure of old age which are especially relieving to it, namely, practical benevolence and literary entertainment. The former is always accompanied with a kindly and tranquil temper. Should his pecuniary means for it be small, still let the aged man have his regular rounds of visiting among the poor; and if he can carry but a loaf of bread a week to a suffering family, it will be a benediction on his own life, if not on theirs.

The entertainment of good books is peculiarly ac-

cordant with the quiet and retirement of old age, and he that has acquired a taste for reading will find in it an exhaustless resource of enjoyment, when almost every other has failed. That vacuity, or ennui, which is so common and insupportable to the declining years of men who have been addicted to active lives, has, perhaps, no better remedy than in interesting reading; for in books we can mentally pass, day by day, through scenes of interest and excitement such as our ordinary lives seldom equal. We can traverse the world with the traveller, or mingle in the strife of its great revolutions with the historian, or investigate its phenomena with the man of science, or enjoy its picturesque charms and idealizations with the poet. The devoted student lives in books an infinitely more varied and more felicitous life than in the real world around him, and happy is that old age which is blessed with the bland light that literature sheds on the pathway, however lowly, of its faithful followers. Many men, in deep affliction, have found the continuous pursuit of a single study an efficacious relief to the mind;

the remedy would be a good one for the afflictions of old age, and, if we may judge from some well-authenticated instances, it would also tend much to postpone that imbecility which often overtakes the mind so suddenly on retirement from active life.

Meanwhile, remind thyself, venerable man of God! that life is but a probation — its chastisements are more important to thee than its pleasures. They test thee, — they strengthen thee. Each stage of thy pilgrimage has its appropriate trials; and it is to be expected that the breaking up of thy chrysalis will have its pains, though it shall liberate thy imprisoned spirit for its flight into the freedom of the universe. Hold up thy hoary head, bravely though soberly, as thou movest towards the end of all things earthly; for then, remember, begin with thee all things heavenly and eternal!

EDUCATION — METHODISM.

And besides this, giving all diligence, add — to virtue knowledge. — PAUL.

The priest's lips should keep knowledge. — MALACHI.

ONE of the most gratifying evidences of our denominational advancement is the interest of our church for education. This is a comparatively recent development among us. Methodism, however, is not obnoxious to the reproach of having been hostile to education; the charge is, unquestionably, applicable to individual men among us, but not to the church. In the very beginning of our history, Dr. Coke saw the importance of educational institutions as a part of our system, and with the cooperation of Asbury, and the sanction of the ministry and denomination at large, he

projected a college. When our first literary institution was destroyed by fire, he promptly attempted another, and even more extensive one, and succeeded. I am not aware that any popular prejudice in the church opposed these early enterprises. Cokesbury College prospered during its existence; like the preceding institution, it was burned down; yet these first experiments excited a general interest in the denomination, and other localities emulated the example. Pledges were made, from Kentucky and Georgia, of lands and money, towards the endowment of similar institutions. Some leading friends of the church offered two thousand acres of land, and a single society subscribed twelve thousand five hundred pounds of tobacco. In fact, the appreciation of education was not then wanting among us, nor were the means of the endowment of literary institutions lacking. Lands, especially, could have been abundantly obtained, — lands which, by this day, would have placed them among the most opulent foundations of the country. Lamentable is it that the calamities which befell our first two experiments

should have discouraged further endeavors at that time; had we continued them, the moral power which we should thereby have obtained would have been incalculable; for such was the increasing demand in the nation for education, such the limited competition of other denominations at that period, and such the rapid increase of youth in our own communion, that Methodism, with its unexampled spread over the nation, might have prepossessed, to a great extent, this mighty means of influence. Coke, however, was mostly absent in Europe, and Asbury was not as competent as he, either to appreciate or plan literary measures; he inferred — let me say it with all respect — the absurd conclusion, from the failure of the previous experiments, that Divine Providence did not sanction such schemes among us; and an interval of years was allowed to pass, in our history, without any considerable effort to provide for the intellectual education of our people.

How signal, however, has been our success since we resumed this part of our duty! I can remember when there was not a literary institution under our

patronage, — when our whole ministry included not a single graduate; — now there are, either directly or indirectly, under our care, forty-six educational institutions, and educated men abound in our ministerial ranks.

Still the measure of our capacity and duty in this respect is scarcely understood yet; and we have need that the public mind of the church should be directed, by the most urgent appeals, to review the subject often.

The responsibility, both of the mental and moral education of the vast population of this great nation, rests chiefly on the Christian church. Its members have, as a general thing, assumed it to themselves, by erecting and controlling our institutions of learning; and having commenced the work, the public have tacitly assigned it over to them. Our own church includes a more numerous membership than any other Christian denomination in the land; of course, therefore, our ratio of responsibility is greater than that of any other. But have we actually accomplished our proportion of this great

work — a work that involves in itself all the civil, the social, and the religious interests of this mighty nation? Have we discharged even a moiety of this responsibility? Have we not fallen short of what others, of less numbers, have done? There are cir cumstances, indeed, that palliate our neglect; but yet, there is room for humiliation, and inducement to make up the deficiency of the past by diligence in the future.

Our responsibility is much augmented by the circumstances of that class in the community in respect to which God has honored us, as we conceive, with peculiar access. While Methodism has carried its blessings, in many instances, to the homes and the hearts of the wealthy and intelligent, it has been its glorious, though lowly, honor, like the ministry of the apostles, to take up its residence in the habitation of the poor man. It has gathered his children into its Sabbath-schools; it has erected its humble temples in the neighborhood of his dwelling and his workshop, and has furnished him with a

practical and zealous ministry, adapted to his understanding, and congenial with his honest prejudices.

In every community this part of the population is the most numerous, and, in many respects, the most important; and, therefore, those who exert the most influence over it are peculiarly amenable to the public. It is in this lower stratum of society that the dregs of popular corruption generally settle, and, too frequently, dregs that descend from the strata above. Here, then, ought religious influence to exert its most purifying energy; and no religious sect of the nation has greater facilities for a wholesome action on this part of our community than our own church.

The popular classes of our republic are exposed to powerful agents of corruption. Infidelity, in its absolute form, is no longer, as it has ever been in the old world, a matter of metaphysical speculation for the closets of the learned, but a matter of appalling practical influence, even on the lowest grades of life among us. Any one who is conversant with this class of our fellow-citizens, in our more populous

cities, must have been struck with astonishment at its prevalency among them. Popery, likewise, though no doubt much exaggerated in the fears of many, is, nevertheless, a most serious danger, besetting this most important portion of our community. Its strength is constantly augmented by unparalleled and almost incredible emigrations, and it has selected, as the sphere of its action, the newly-settled sections of this country, where it is attempting to assimilate the yet forming opinions of the people to its own dark errors and corrupt morality. But let the Christianity of the nation exert itself diligently in providing institutions of intellectual and moral improvement proportionately with the growth of our population, — let it bring its own sanctified power, together with that of popular intelligence, into contest with these workings of corruption, — and it will be able, not only to neutralize them, but to rescue those who are their unhappy victims. With competent provision of this kind, we know not but that our own church is to be one of the instruments of the prophetic overthrow of anti-Christ, and the plains

and valleys of our land the sepulchres where its last vestiges are to be interred.

Our literary institutions are identified with the future well-being of our cause. Both its internal efficiency and its external influence will, under God, measurably depend, in the future, upon their successful operation. The youthful intellect of the nation does, and will, demand education. The demand is interestingly characteristic of the period in which we live; and, if properly answered, — if the streams that are to supply this wide-spread intellectual thirst are rendered refreshing and healthful, by infusing the purifying influence of religion into their very fountain-heads, — if, like the streams that gushed from the smitten rock in the wilderness, they flow from the fountains of life in the rock of ages, — then the education of this country, instead of being perverted into an instrument of infidelity, or a means of investing public vice, or personal immorality, with the fascinations of refinement and elegance, will only swell still wider the influences of the Gospel of salvation at home, and, through the

channels of our intercourse abroad, aid in diffusing spiritual health and life, more or less, among all nations, and kindreds, and tongues, and people.

While, therefore, we intrench ourselves in all other positions, from which to attack the hosts of the enemy, let us not neglect this important one, which, though it be not the chief rampart of our strength, is, nevertheless, one of its indispensable abutments in the present age, — an all-important redoubt, most exposed to attack, most easily reduced from our control, most effectually used against us when so reduced, and, therefore, most carefully to be protected. And while our liberality is extended to these institutions, for their suitable endowment, let us recollect that the most important advantage of them is to avail ourselves of these endowments, for the education of our own youth. Let the love of knowledge be encouraged among them. Let no parents, with the facilities which these institutions afford within their reach, allow their children to grow up without education; but, as among the best means of securing their happiness and usefulness, and of

rendering them blessings and ornaments of the church, send them to our literary institutions. Let the subject of education be preached upon in our pulpits, as directed by our discipline, and each preacher consider it a part of his duty to encourage our youthful population to improve the provisions made for them by these institutions; and let the voice of prayer, throughout the church, call down its benedictions upon them.

There is an honor, and a valuable influence, connected with the possession of such institutions, not to be despised, and which none but ignoble minds can disregard. The church of Christ, we know, can have no higher honor than that which arises from its usefulness; but this is one of the examples of its usefulness, and mankind will contemn those who pretend to the name, and yet treat with neglect the great interests, of human knowledge. And they deserve to be contemned. What! can Christianity, which is designed to sanctify every power and pervade every interest of man, treat with indifference the intellectual progress of the world? Must she, in

her manifold means of usefulness, omit the mighty agency of human intelligence? Nay, let her consider it among her greatest interests, let her claim the honor of being its chief patron! And let her glory in this honor; for it is a noble one, and will yield her an influence which worldly minds, that may question her doctrines, will be compelled to respect. The leading sects of the country prize this agency, and reap no small advantage from it. How much influence have the Congregationalists derived from the possession of Yale; the Presbyterians, from Princeton; the Baptists, from Brown University; the Episcopalians, from Columbia; the Unitarians, from Harvard! How much would it have detracted from the moral power of each of these denominations, to have grown up without such an institution! As we prize, then, our denominational standing and influence, let us support our literary plans.

These remarks apply particularly to collegiate institutions. Such provisions are not only desirable for the honor and consequent influence which they

secure to the religious bodies that sustain them, but infinitely more for their direct influence as means of education. It is not necessary here to show, at length, the advantages of collegiate education. The conviction of its importance is not confined, in this country, to the learned; the popular mind everywhere feels it. They were the old yeomen of the country who founded the first New England college, by bringing together their rusty books, to form a library, and their produce by the bushel, to support its professors; and the people are now multiplying them through the land. If common schools are the walls of our nation, colleges are its buttresses and towers. Whatever exceptions of individual genius there might be, it is quite certain that, without such institutions, all the professional pursuits of a country must degenerate. And are the learned professions of no honor, no utility, to a community? And are we willing, as a people, that our young men shall not be, equally with others, trained for them? that a due portion of their great influence shall not be consecrated by a connection with our cause?

But it is not only by its effect on the professions that collegiate education is important; it has an indirect influence on the whole public mind of a people, and we can hardly conceive of a high state of civilization, in any land, without it. This indirect influence is, sometimes, the most valuable effect of great institutions. The Sabbath may, in its direct influence, affect the hearts of comparatively few thousands throughout the land; yet its indirect influence impresses the whole appearance of the country, and spreads a quiet sanctity over all the aspects of business and of nature. It is like the influence of great men on a nation. What a power of association gathers about such names as Bacon, Locke, Newton, and Milton! Though the influence of their writings may have come into direct contact with comparatively few of the minds of the British nation, yet, indirectly, it has pervaded the whole national spirit, and elevated the whole national consciousness. Strike a dozen such names from her records, and you alter her whole relative position among enlightened states. So, also, if you abolish

the higher institutions of learning in a community, you reduce the standard of the whole public mind.

Our colleges have already had great effect upon us. Their graduates are scattered over most of our Conferences, and it is unquestionable that they are among the most devoted and useful of our junior ministry. We are, however, only beginning to feel these advantages. In a few years we shall see results which will show us how to appreciate them. It has been stated, that about one fourth of all the graduates of one of our colleges * have been licensed to preach the Gospel, and in about eleven years it had furnished three presidents of colleges, and between forty and fifty professors in colleges, or principals in academies. What a source of advantage may such institutions be to us, if properly sustained! Is there one among us that can regard with indifference such an instrumentality? Is there one among us who believes that Methodism has an important destiny in our world, and yet does not see the profound importance of such an auxiliary?

* The Wesleyan University.

I would add some remarks in favor of theological education among us, and would utter them with all possible emphasis. An extended prejudice yet exists in the church against theological schools; — such institutions were not, however, considered by the founder of Methodism to be foreign to its genius and interests. In the very first Conference he ever held, he himself proposed such a measure; the proposition was repeated in the second session, and was never lost sight of by the Wesleyan connection during the long interval that elapsed before its resources enabled it to embody the design in its present noble seminaries. The success of the measure has demonstrated its wisdom.

It is objected that "our fathers were destitute of learned qualifications, and yet were unquestionably useful; therefore, such qualifications are not requisite now." No man surpasses me in respect for our elder ministry. I venerate, I love the men who compose it. They are the most remarkable class of men that modern times have seen. I read their history with amazement. Our youth need not have recourse to

the productions of fiction for scenes of romance, or examples of extraordinary character; the biography of our fathers presents them in abundance. They have been the select chivalry of the modern church. May God sustain the few who linger with us! May their gray hairs drop slowly, and the blessings of many generations rest on their graves! They have been useful; but is the charge of ignorance contained in the objection applicable to them? I deny it. It is applicable, if at all, to a later, but far different and less useful class of our ministry. The fathers of Methodism were altogether a unique class. If they had not the polished instrumentality of learning, they possessed a singular knowledge of human nature, enlarged and vigorous sympathies, shrewd powers of argumentation, satire before which gainsayers cowered, and many of them an overwhelming elocution, the effects of which, on the popular mind, are scarcely equalled in the history of eloquence. Not a few of them were extensive readers. They were the best students in our ministry, except the few who have entered it since the

establishment of our seminaries. We have been accustomed to assert the interposition of a special Providence in our history. Who that knows the character of our early ministry can account for its singular abilities on any other ground than that of Providence? But is Providence invariable? Does it not accommodate its blessings to our circumstances? And have not our circumstances as a church changed? Are we not now able to afford our ministry the intellectual qualifications which then they could not obtain but by special endowment? And is it not clear, from the whole history of Providence, that when such ability exists, its special interposition ceases? It would be a curse on the world for Divine Providence to supersede the necessity of our self-dependence as individuals, or as communities. Those venerable men are passing away. Providence supplies us no more with them, and thereby clearly indicates our duty to qualify our ministry according to the means which he gives us. He will still call men to his work, but we must open the way for them. We propose not to *make* preachers of his

word, but only to aid those whom he has evidently called to preach it. Who dares object to such a proposal? Providence has led us along from one improvement to another, until now this great want stands in our way like a mountain, with its summit glorious with light. We cannot pass round it; let us, then, go over it, that our ministry may, like Moses, come down to the people with their brows radiant with its brightness.

But if it were true that our fathers were useful without learning, is it an evidence that we do not need it? The times have changed since their day. Their qualifications, eminent as they were, would not fully meet the demands of this period. Education is more general, and it is absurd to expect a community to sustain a ministry whose intelligence is beneath their own and that of their children. Our fathers had, too, the attractions of a novel and evangelical theology; a theology which came to the people of these states as refreshing streams in the midst of the desert to the desponding traveller. Their spirit and their measures were also new, generous,

and stirring. But this is no longer peculiarly the case. Other sects have adopted many of our peculiarities. The arid theology, which was as ashes to the popular taste of the nation, has almost passed away from the public ministrations of religion. Truly evangelical pastors are found rising up everywhere around us. Let us thank God that it is so; but let us bear in mind that, though we can still maintain our prosperity, it cannot be by incidental circumstances, or characteristic peculiarities. The people will no longer leave other sects to come to us, because the former are not evangelical. Nay, the case may be reversed; they will more probably leave us and go to others, if the latter add to their evangelical character superior ability. Is it not already true, that in some of our larger cities the ratio of our increase is smaller than that of some other denominations?

Not only is the character of the times changed, but also the circumstances of our ministry, especially in the older states. We have *retrograded* in the means of ministerial improvement. We have not

only been destitute of new means, but have for years been losing the old. Our fathers had circuits, and glorious ones; these were their schools. Circumstances furnish the most effectual education to men. No man, above fatuity, could occupy the large spheres of our fathers, without a correspondent enlargement of soul. Our old circuits were the best means ever devised for the development of every energetic quality, and the acquisition of every practical qualification which could be acquired out of the study. They made our first ministry the *legio tonans*, as I have called them, — the thundering legion, — of Christendom. Would to God we had them yet! But, alas! they are beginning to be considered as the recollections of olden romance. We must send our young men now to the western wilderness for those old chivalric equipments of the first Methodist preachers — the horse and saddle-bags. We now take a young man from his plough or workshop, and station him in a city or town; — can we expect him to raise Methodism above his own grade and capabilities? Frequently his church

is confronted by another, whose pastor may be both evangelical and educated. To which will an intelligent community go ?

The old circuit system not only furnished a great deal of practical instruction ; — it was favorable in another respect, — small abilities went much further than they can with our present system. The repetition of a few well-studied subjects could take the place of fifty under our present arrangement. This is no detraction from the old system ; it was one of its best points of adaptation to an uneducated ministry. But now we fix untrained men in small stations, amid the closest competition, where they are overburdened with pastoral duties, which were unknown to our fathers, and expect them to maintain our cause with success among a population the most enlightened on the globe. How is it possible for a young man, without discipline, without a knowledge of books or of men, to furnish instruction for one or two years, under such circumstances ? A few of our most vigorous minds may nerve themselves for the necessities of such a position, but our aggregate

ministry must necessarily fall into the rear of the educated ministers of other sects.

It is absurd to reason from the example of our fathers against this measure; — the leading men among them were almost all eminent examples of sanctified learning. God has signalized the Methodist church in this manner, as if he would remind us of the importance of education. What was John Wesley, our founder, and the greatest ecclesiastical legislator of modern times? He was one of the most eminent scholars of his age, and a fellow of a university. What was Charles Wesley, our sweet singer, — the greatest of modern poets in the sacred lyric? He was a collegian of the same university. Dr. Coke, our first bishop and one of the leaders of modern missions, who illustrated by his example the sublime motto that "the field is the world," was a graduate of a university, and bore the highest title of the learned world. John Fletcher, our polemical champion, was actually, as we have shown, the president of a theological school. Joseph Benson, our best commentator, was one of the best Greek scholars of

his age, and was a professor in the theological school over which Fletcher presided. Adam Clarke was one of the most remarkable scholars of his day, and the great Wesley set in his case the very example which I recommend. Instead of pressing him immediately into the ministry, he sent him to Kingswood school, where he laid the foundation of his learning. Thus we see that nearly all the leaders of Methodism, the most prominent of the fathers, were examples of ministerial education. If many were uneducated, but useful, yet how much more useful would they have been with education! Would they have been less successful if they had been more like Wesley, Fletcher, Coke, Benson, Fisk, Emory, or Ruter? If the mass of our early ministry had added to their natural powers the acquired talents of these men, what would be the standing of Methodism at this moment? In all probability, its banners would be waving through most of the world.

Further: this same objection is frequently drawn from the example of the apostolic ministry. "They,"

it is said, "were ignorant, and yet turned the world upside down." But the objection is equally fallacious here. The apostles were, indeed, ignorant when they were called, and so are most of our young men. The former were qualified afterward with adequate abilities, and we but demand the same for the latter; the only difference is, that God endowed the former by miraculous influences, but has committed the qualification of the latter to his church. The apostolic ministry is, in fact, an illustration of the value of ministerial qualifications. The apostles were three years studying under the Great Teacher himself, before they commenced their regular ministry. Besides this, they were taught miraculously the languages of their times, and were endowed with control over the very laws of nature. And who was the most mighty of them all, who confuted philosophers, confounded priests, and smote thrones with trembling, pressing his course through all the world, until the other apostles almost disappeared, lost in the splendor of his achievements? It was the student who sat at the feet of Gamaliel, and

was afterwards "baptized with the Holy Ghost and with fire." Prove that miraculous endowments still exist, if you would have the objection applicable; but if you concede they do not, then I appeal to the apostolic ministry in favor of ministerial education. You might as properly command your missionaries to preach to the heathen without first learning their languages, because the apostles could do so, as to require them to preach without preparation, for the same reason.

It is objected, further, that education will pervert our young men. This is one of those Vandal sentiments which I hardly know how to discuss. Is it a question, in this day, whether education is favorable or injurious to virtue? Why, then, have we not waited for its decision before establishing our academies and our colleges? Are we afraid that Methodism, in particular, cannot consist with intelligence? Then it cannot be true, and the sooner we discover our delusion, the better. Methodism is compatible with intelligence. Some of the greatest intellects have grown up under its influence; its glorious the-

ology and mighty system are suited to the highest minds, and in no other church can a great mind have freer scope for its powers.

But how does this objection agree with fact? Have our learned men been perverted? Have they not been among the holiest and most useful men in our church? Did learning corrupt Wesley, Fletcher, Coke, or Benson? Whose memory is more sacred among us than Fisk's? And was he perverted by learning? Was Ruter, who left the presidency of a college for the sufferings of a missionary, one of the examples from which this objection is drawn? Was Emory another? Our most learned men have been our holiest men. They have been the staunchest friends of our doctrines and our discipline, because their capacious minds have the better comprehended their excellence. And is not this the case with the young men who come into the ministry from our learned institutions? Where do you find better pastors and more zealous preachers than they? It is mortifying that Methodism should still be trammelled and enervated by such petty preju-

dices. We Methodists do not yet comprehend the sublimity and promise of our cause. We have been deluded by the impression that ours is a particular and not a general system, — that it is applicable to a particular class, but not to all classes. Methodism is universal in its adaptation. We are bearing up unconsciously before the world the ensigns of the Millennium. Our doctrines and measures have been transforming other sects; they are to reach the savage and the sage, the slave and the sovereign. We believe it, because we believe they are the truth. Give, then, to Methodism a free action! Let it appropriate to itself all auxiliaries, especially learning. Its gigantic plans are suited for gigantic powers. Throw the energies of a sanctified and educated ministry into its potent system, and it will produce results which we have not yet imagined.

Once more: It is asserted that "the history of theological schools, in all ages, shows their influence to be corrupting." If we object to theological schools because they have been abused, we may also object to nearly every other great measure. Episco-

pacy was abused in the early church as much as theological schools; but must we abandon it on that account? The press has been foully abused; — are we therefore to turn it out of our "Book Concern?" Religion has been perverted in every detail; — shall we, therefore, turn Atheists? It has been the boast of Methodism that it can bend and modify to its own purposes whatever means it may borrow from others, — that it can *Methodise* them; certainly, then, it need not quail from so humble a project as this.

The reason of the corruption of theological schools was the corruption of all knowledge. Theological, like all other schools, will, of course, be affected by the intellectual state of the age in which they exist. It was the general prevalence of the New Platonism that introduced error into the Alexandrian school. But it introduced it everywhere else also. It infected Philo the Jew, and Longinus the Pagan, as well as Origen the Christian. It was the introduction of the Aristotelian dialectics that produced the metaphysical absurdities of the schools of the middle ages; but they infected every other department of

knowledge, alike with theology. They were the intellectual characteristics of the times, deluding the monk in his secluded meditations, as well as the student in the school. But we live in a different age; science is now more thoroughly verified; a new mode of inquiry has been introduced, which will never allow a similar confusion of knowledge. There may be new corruptions in theology, but they cannot originate as did those upon which the objection is founded; they will be such as will be more likely to be prevented than favored by knowledge. The science of Astronomy was, during the same time, converted into a system of Astrology; — shall we, therefore, expel it from our seminaries? The philosophy of the human mind was as much corrupted as theology; — shall we, therefore, forbid our youth to study mental science? Or, if we allow these studies, shall we fear the institutions in which they are taught, and require them to be pursued in private? If not, why, then, fear theological studies, and why oppose institutions in which they are

taught? The historical argument applies equally to each case.

Theological schools have, indeed, like all other good institutions of religion, been corrupt; but, like all others, they have also been blessed. It would seem, from history, that Providence has wedded religion and knowledge, and signalized their union in most of the great events of the church. The first rays of returning daylight, after the dark ages, streamed forth upon the world from the cloisters of the University of Wittemburg. It was from its gates that Martin Luther came forth, with the Bible in his hands, to summon the world to its moral resurrection. It was from the University of Geneva that Calvin, at the same time, was sounding the alarm among the Alps. And where did the next great revival of Christianity take place? It was among the theological students of Oxford. Yes! Methodism, now so fearful of ministerial education, first awoke in the cradle of English learning. It sounded its first trump, and commenced its march over the world, in the gates of a university. Where

did the first conception of foreign missions from American churches originate? In the walls of a theological school; and from that school have gone to the pagan world a greater number of devoted men than from any other source in our land. The theological school at Basle, in Switzerland, has been one of the greatest fountains of religious influence to foreign lands that is in Europe. The one at Geneva is now the chief instrumentality in restoring the principles of the Reformation. The great defenders of religion have nearly all been educated theologians. Science has no legitimate tendency to evil; it is the echo of that same voice which speaks in Revelation. Revelation, itself, has as often been used for the support of error as science; and the one must be rejected on the same ground that the other is.

But must we plead, in this age, for the education of the public teachers of the people? and they, too, the teachers of religion! To what has learning a more legitimate relation than to religion? You require it of your physician for the welfare of your

body; — is it less important in him whose office relates to the welfare of the soul? You demand it of him who is to explain and defend your civil rights; — is it less essential to him who is to define the laws of the moral universe, and the relations which connect you with invisible worlds? Why is the pulpit degraded thus below mere secular professions? Is it not the highest public responsibility committed to man? Is it not the greatest instrument of popular influence? Do not the destinies of both worlds depend upon its right agency? It has effected the greatest revolutions in the history of our race. It overthrew alike the philosophy, the mythology, and the power, of the ancient world. Thrones and senates fell before it. And when the clouds of the dark ages hung over the nations like a night without a star, it rose again at Wittemberg, and awoke the world. And is it not now quickening all civilized lands? How is it extending, every year, its empire over the world of mind! There is scarcely a language, or speech, where its voice is not beginning to be heard; and wherever it lifts

that voice, social blessedness, education and liberty, sooner or later, spring up around it. Let us, then, exalt, let us empower, the pulpit! Let us intrench it in all strength, and gather around it all lights! Let it stand up in all its peculiarity and preëminence, unequalled in all moral and intellectual excellence — the light of the world!

THE GARRETTSON HOMESTEAD — CATHERINE GARRETTSON.

The elect lady. —2 John 1.

I HAVE lately visited the Garrettson Homestead, at Rhinebeck, N. York. Many an old Methodist, as he journeys near it, still resorts thither as on a devout pilgrimage. It is a spot of rare, I may say sacred interest, to the lovers of Methodism, and to its denominational associations are superadded the charms of landscape prospects not often surpassed, even on the Hudson. The mansion is situated some three miles from the village, on high land, overlooking the river, and commanding an extended view of its banks to the south. You can sit at the windows of its parlor or library, or on rustic seats,

under ~~noble~~ aged trees, that dot the lawn-like sward which extends from the house down to the shore, and notice the steamers and small sail that glide up and down the stream, and the shadows of the clouds as they move over the waters, and the landscapes of the opposite bank. The river curves gracefully in the midst of the fine picture, and is the chief feature in this most beautiful and serene scenery. Few sights can be more lovely and tranquillizing than the view ~~as observed from the rustic seats I have mentioned~~, at the close of the day, when the oblique and subdued rays of the sun suffuse the atmosphere with their mellow light, and gild the hill-tops and the clouds. ~~I~~ could comprehend how the good old saint, who pitched here the tent of his last sojourn on earth, used to feel when, as ~~I have heard~~, he was wont to seat himself in his chair beneath the trees, and praise God audibly ~~and with tears~~, as he gazed on the enchanting prospect, reminding himself meanwhile of "those high and flowery plains," where

> "Our spirits ne'er shall tire,
> But in perpetual, joyful strains,
> Redeeming love admire."

Freeborn Garrettson is one of the distinguished historical personages in our denominational annals — a member of the primitive corps of our ministry. He was the first American Methodist preacher that proclaimed the doctrine of free, full, and immediate salvation in New England, and also in the British provinces. I have already referred to him. The "Memorials of Methodism" thus characterizes him: "Garrettson was a native of the Middle States, — a burning and a shining light in our early ministry, — zealous, remarkably placable, always rejoicing in God; 'all meekness and love, and yet all activity,' said Coke; — a man of property, who had emancipated his slaves for Christ's sake; had travelled in the South, in the Middle States, in the North, and even in the British provinces, to preach his 'glorious Gospel;' had suffered indescribable privations and fatigues as his ambassador; had been mobbed and imprisoned; had escaped attempts on his life, made with fire-arms and with poison; — a man who had every domestic attraction to allure him from his work, and every susceptibility of the heart to feel

such attractions, and yet declared, through a long and by a laborious career, that 'none of these things moved him, neither counted he his life dear unto himself, so that he might finish his course with joy, and the ministry which he had received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the Gospel of the grace of God.'"

His ministerial excursions along the Hudson, as well as his social position, brought him into the society of the Livingstons, a family of historical note in the State of New York. Among them was a daughter of old Judge Livingston, and sister of the well-known chancellor, — a lady of rare accomplishments, a correspondent of Lady Washington, Mrs. Warren, and other distinguished women of that period of preëminent women in America. She had enjoyed the personal acquaintance of Washington himself, and of many of the great personages of the times.* She was a lady of remarkably vigorous

* Mrs. Garrettson scrupulously shunned the usual dissipating gayeties of fashionable society, after her conversion; but it is said that even late in her very prolonged life she could hardly help showing some chagrin when mentioning the fact that she had declined an invitation from Washington to dance with him at a party. Her reason, at the time, was not one of conscience; she

faculties, a genuine example, in fine, of the characteristic intellect and nobleness of her remarkable family. Her clear and sound judgment, and healthful moral feelings, led her, even in the gay sphere of her early life, to frequent and deep religious reflections. The good providence of God guided her into the path of life by one of those humble instrumentalities which his spirit so often chooses for the accomplishment of his purposes. She had a devoted servant-maid, who had joined the infant Methodist society in New York, and whose conversation revealed to her mistress those Scriptural doctrines of experimental religion which alone could meet the demands of her strong but anxious mind. Through the same providential means she also obtained Wesley's sermons; these became her assiduous study, her companion to the Bible, and led her into those deep things of godliness by which her eminently holy life was always afterwards distinguished. She was enabled, one day, while receiving the holy com-

had engaged herself to another partner. If the pious reader thinks the supposed regret a weakness, it will at least be allowed to have been, in such a case, among the most pardonable of weaknesses.

munion at the altar, to believe in the Lord Jesus Christ unto salvation. The doctrine of faith, as taught in the Scriptures, and expounded by Wesley and his followers, was thenceforth the support and delight of her soul; and few among the ~~holy~~ women of Methodism have afforded through so protracted a life so conclusive a demonstration of that doctrine. Her social position presented temptations full of danger to the state of mind to which she had attained, but a single trial soon taught her that to follow Christ was to "come out from the world" in such manner as to share with it no longer even the "appearance of iniquity." While visiting, for several days, a family in her own elevated walks of life, a ball was given within the mansion; she had been accustomed to attend such occasions, but her renewed mind, now "crucified to the world," and delicately sensitive to all danger, dreaded a recommencement of her former gay indulgences; yet she feared the unfavorable construction which the family and her friends generally would put upon her conduct, if she should seclude herself from the recrea-

tion of the evening. She resisted her scruples at last, but the occasion closed with the loss of that peaceful and spiritual frame of mind which she had enjoyed before it, and a deep sense of self-abasement and gloom spread over her spirit. She sought again the peace she had lost, and never afterwards perilled it by participating in such worldly dissipations as are incompatible with the spirit of the Scriptures (however they may not be specifically prohibited by their letter), and incongenial with the prayerful, the lowly, the consecrated temper of pure religion, one trait of which, St. James tells us, is to "keep ourselves unspotted from the world."

However Mrs. Garrettson's strong good sense might have suggested to her the innocency, and even desirableness, of amusements of a suitable kind under suitable circumstances, yet that very good sense was it that dictated the conclusion to which she came to break away at once and forever from such recreations as tended to worldly dissipation, such as it would not be well to be overtaken in by death; and most salutary was her course in this

respect; she became the object of mingled endearment and reverence in the large circle of society in which she moved. Seldom, if ever, was there more of Christian propriety, good sense, and endearing forbearance and kindliness, combined in a single character; and seldom, if ever, did a Christian lady command more profound esteem and love through such extended and exalted social relations. Her presence was as a rich fragrance wherever she moved among them; the gay, and the splendid in talent and reputation, sought her company as a source of instruction and refined social enjoyment; her beautiful residence was the resort incessantly of such, as well as of the devout, who came to it as to a sanctuary of all the best enjoyments of this life, and of the best hopes of the life to come. Even down to almost her hundredth year, she was as a ministering angel to the extensive branches of her distinguished family, and the remnants of her earlier circle of associates. She was usually called by them, in their last days, if not earlier, to explain to them the faith which had so sanctified and blessed her

life, and several of them were converted, through her instructions and prayers, on their dying beds.*

Such was the lady who, undazzled by the brilliancy of her sphere, chose the companionship of Garrettson in the way to heaven rather than to enjoy the pleasures of the gay world for a season.

President Olin, who had frequently shared the hospitalities of her house, and went thither to "mourn with those who mourned" her decease, said, in his discourse over her coffin, that "she had left an example of Christian piety as pure, beautiful, and attractive, as the church militant in these latter days is wont to exhibit. — We may be allowed to express our belief, that within the memory of the present generation she has not been known to perform an action, or speak a word, or manifest a temper, not in harmony with her Christian profession. It is probably more than a half a century since Mrs.

* I have been informed that she was instrumental in leading her brother, Chancellor Livingston, to the cross; and such views and enjoyments of religion had that eminent man before he died, that he expressed a wish to live, only that he might lay aside his public honors, and become a preacher of the faith that had saved him.

Garrettson laid aside every weight and the sins that easily beset us, and entered with an unreserved devotion upon the race set before her. Those who had the happiness of enjoying her intimate acquaintance, — those who were accustomed to meet with her where the 'children of God spake often one to another,' — know well that through these long years she has not rested from her labors as victor upon a conquered field. They will testify that, with no intermission, she has to the last been eminently active, watchful, and self-denying; that she, more than those around her, 'prayed without ceasing;' that she constantly 'hungered and thirsted after righteousness;' that her religious experience and utterances were ever fresh, edifying, and spiritual; that she was reverent, humble, grateful, trustful, filial, quite above the examples of our current Christianity. For myself, I seemed always, when in her presence, in what (for want of some more descriptive term) has often been denominated a *religious atmosphere*."

Of her interest for the salvation of others, he said: — "But what has specially impressed me, in

my long acquaintance with Mrs. Garrettson, was her unfaltering concern for the salvation of her very large circle of relatives. She seemed to possess peculiar strength of affection, and to extend it to *all of her relatives*. This is not very usual. Large family connections become split up by diverse interests, and tastes, and creeds. In my frequent and protracted visits at the hospitable house now so desolate, I always had occasion to remark the strong interest felt by its godly mistress in the family connections to the remotest degrees of relationship; in the young as well as the old; in the gay, thoughtless boys and girls, as well as the older and more sober-minded, who delighted so much to visit their venerable *aunt*, as so many affectionately called her. She always said something to them or about them; there was ever something in her look or tone which indicated her lively solicitude for their salvation. She has, for years, seemed to me to be eminently a *family intercessor*. And oh, what blessings has God already poured on many of them, and what greater may He now have in store for those favored ones in

whose behalf this beloved servant has spent so many holy seasons in prayer! For myself, I confess it has been a source of joy and gratitude to me, that those most dear to me have been sharers in such a benefit."

Her vigorous mind was familiar with the political history of the country, and to the last took a patriotic interest in its public measures. Dr. Olin remarked on this subject that, "In everything that concerned her own country, her deepest feelings were enlisted. Hers was a patriotism born amid the stirring scenes and profound excitements of the war of independence. She had been acquainted with Washington and Jay, and many of the ruling spirits of that day; and the gallant Montgomery, whose blood flowed early in the great struggle for freedom, was a favorite brother-in-law. These circumstances had no doubt much influence in forming, if we may use such language in speaking of a woman, her political opinions and character. The strength, intensity, and dignity of these might be denominated Roman, but for the profounder Chris-

tian sentiment with which her thoughts and conversation were imbued, whenever her country and its interests were the theme."

This sainted lady died as she had lived, with a "lively hope" of immortality. "Her last intelligible utterances were made up of what made up her life — earnest prayer and triumphant assurance. 'Come, Lord Jesus, come, Lord Jesus, come quickly,' she cried, with eyes and hands raised toward heaven. Soon after, clapping her hands, in holy triumph, she three times exclaimed exultingly, 'He comes! — He comes! — He comes!'"

I have been the more minute in these details, because no memoir of Mrs. Garrettson has yet been published, though few, if any, of the early women of American Methodism have been more widely known. She died in 1849, aged ninety-six years. Her character was one of the finest that a biographer could portray, and as she has left records of her spiritual life and correspondence, it is to be hoped that they may be found sufficiently in detail to afford the materials of a memoir worthy of her.

At least, I am sure that the many who knew and loved her will not deem tedious these cursory notes, suggested on the spot whose beauties were enhanced and consecrated by the sanctity of her life and the nobleness of her character.

After travelling as a Methodist preacher through all the Middle and Northern States for years, the growth of the church, and the consolidation of its sectional departments of labor, fixed Mr. Garrettson's sphere mostly on the Hudson; he had been the chief founder of our cause along that stream, and now became for many years its superintendent as a Presiding Elder. This led him at last to select the fine site I have described, at Rhinebeck, for the home of his declining days. It was not secured as a refuge from labor, but as an occasional retreat, and an asylum when he could no longer labor. Still, such were his scruples respecting the ministry as a divine *vocation* (and not a "*profession*"), that he felt no little anxiety about the propriety of making even this "provision for the flesh."

He made it a matter of anxious prayer, and the

Lord gave him answers of peace. Dr. Bangs, his biographer, says: — "The day on which the house was raised, while Mr. Garrettson stood admiring with what facility the frame went up, the power and goodness of God were so gloriously manifested, that he was constrained to retire to the lime-house, to give vent to his tears. After composing himself, he returned. While another part of the frame was going up, the Lord so smiled from heaven upon him, that he retired to give an expression of his joys, of glory and thanks to his Redeemer. On returning home, he related these things, with evident satisfaction, to Mrs. Garrettson, and they rejoiced together 'for the consolation.' The next day, they were visited by their much-beloved friend, Bishop Asbury. * * * * The following is the account given by Mrs. Garrettson of the manner in which they took possession of their new house. Were all newly-married persons thus to enter on life, thus to dedicate themselves and their house to God, how many blessings, now unhappily lost, would be secured! 'Our house being nearly finished, in October, 1799,

we moved into it; and the first night, in family prayer, while my blessed husband was dedicating it to the Lord, the place was filled with his presence, who in days of old filled the temple with his glory. Every heart rejoiced, and felt that God was with us of a truth. Such was our introduction into our new habitation;—and had we not reason to say, with Joshua, *As for me and my house, we will serve the Lord?'* The pious order, great simplicity and regularity, ever after observed in this house, evince how sincerely it was thus dedicated to God's holy honor and service."

Having erected his house, he enjoyed its beautiful seclusion with the zest which his susceptible taste and very warm domestic affections could not fail to give to such a home. He labored, meanwhile, in the ministry, as his years and infirmities would admit. His mansion became, and continues to be, the resort of his ministerial brethren, and a large circle of relatives and friends. Its doors have always been open, and its hospitalities without restraint; and the Methodist itinerant meets in them

a welcome which speaks unequivocally to his heart the benediction, "Come in, thou blessed of the Lord!" That benediction glowed in every feature of Freeborn Garrettson, when a brother laborer approached his door; and the spirit of the father has descended in a double measure, if possible, to his only child, Mary Garrettson, who still maintains the old hospitality and sanctity of the homestead.

The house itself is not ostentatious, but commodious, with abundant apartments; a beautiful library-room—consecrated as both a Sunday-school and class-room—connecting with a conservatory, and looking out upon the river; piazzas upon which the low windows open from the parlors and sitting-rooms; and groups of noble trees, which overshadow and shelter the building with an air of most comfortable protection. It is reached by a carriage-path from the main road, and is quite hid from the view of the latter. The lawn and flower-garden, and clumps of forest-trees around it, are arranged with the best taste, and render it, in fine, one of the most delightful, if not one of the most elegant, residences of the neighborhood.

While the exterior of this beautiful seat presents such real attractions, its interior is not without interest. I say nothing of its fine antique furniture,—which the caprice or good sense of fashionable taste is now bringing into use again,—the ample library,—with its good stock of old Methodist works,—or the exceedingly comfortable-looking and homelike construction and arrangement of the apartments; but the house is full of historical associations; many of its relics are precious, and if the visitor is so disposed, the conversation of its present intelligent and devoted proprietor can detail reminiscences of the old times—the early characters and struggles of the Church—of no little interest. The walls are adorned by busts and original portraits of the distinguished members of the Livingston family. There is also a very fine original portrait of Asbury, and a good one of Freeborn Garrettson himself; the former has a characteristic expression about the eyes which the engraved likenesses of the great American evangelist have failed to represent. One of the most interesting of these paintings is a striking likeness of Mrs. Garrettson. Though taken when she had seen more than threescore years and

ten, it presents a freshness and fullness of feature which may literally be pronounced beautiful. A moral beauty, still more striking, glows over the countenance; that intellectual superiority and nobleness which so much characterized her family, and which speak from all these portraits and busts, predominate in this fine old face also, and are enhanced by an expression of Christian tenderness and dignity, which cannot fail to arrest and impress the attention of the most casual spectator. The image of that beautiful, that saintly countenance, will long linger in my memory.

The original correspondence and autographs of distinguished public characters form a numerous and interesting class of relics here. A large volume, substantially bound, and entitled, in gilt label, "Centenary Reminiscences," contains not merely autographs, but entire letters, from the most eminent men of early Methodism. Wesley, Asbury, and Coke, were correspondents of the family; the letters of the latter form quite a budget, and throw some light on the infant history of the Church. Most of the later leaders of our cause have left autographic relics in

this volume. One of the most interesting is a letter addressed to Garrettson by Summerfield, when the latter was prostrated with sickness; it would have befitted the pen of St. John.

Among the other autographs—many of them entire letters—from public men, are those of Washington, La Fayette, Jefferson, Monroe, Madison, Pinckney, Genarals Gates, Greene, Kosciusko, &c., George Canning, Count Rumford, Chalmers, Montgomery, Wirt, &c., &c. Among the autographs of females of distinction, are those of Madame de Stael, and the correspondence with Mrs. Garrettson of Mrs. Grant, Mrs. Warren,—dated at Plymouth, and written in quite a negligent hand,—and Lady Washington.

Lady Washington's letter was written after the death of her husband. It is full of those religious sentiments which characterized that greatest of modern men, and which he took good care to have maintained in the familiar relations of his household. It is brief, and presents no special points of information; but as it has never been published, I cannot resist the temptation to insert it:—

"*Mount Vernon, March* 25, 1800.

"My Dear Madam:—The kind sympathy which you express for my afflictive loss, and your fervent prayers for my present comfort and future happiness, impress my mind with gratitude. The precepts of our holy religion have long since taught me that, in the severe and trying scenes of life, our only sure rock of comfort and consolation is that of [the] Divine Being, who orders and directs all things for our good.

"Bowing with humble submission to the dispensations of his providence, and relying upon that support which he has promised to those who put their trust in him, I hope I have borne my late irreparable loss with Christian fortitude. To my feeling heart, the sympathy of friends, and the evidences of universal respect paid to the memory of the deceased, are truly grateful. But, while these alleviate our grief, we find that the only source of comfort is from above.

"It gives me great pleasure to hear that your good mother yet retains her health and faculties unimpaired, and that you experience those comforts which the Scriptures promise to those who obey the laws of God. That you may continue to enjoy the blessings of this

life, and receive hereafter the portion of the just, is the prayer of your sincere friend.

"With esteem and good wishes
for yourself and friends, I am
your affectionate and obedient,
"MARTHA WASHINGTON."

I must close this long sketch. I shall retain with warm interest the recollection of this very pleasant visit to Rhinebeck—of its beautiful scenery—its relics and reminiscences—its bountiful entertainment—its evening circle—its pleasant Christian conversation about the old and the new times of our denominational cause—a cause which is dear to all our hearts, but to none more than to those who have prayed or still pray for it in the old home of Freeborn Garrettson.

THE END.

Dr H. E. Frith
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