



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

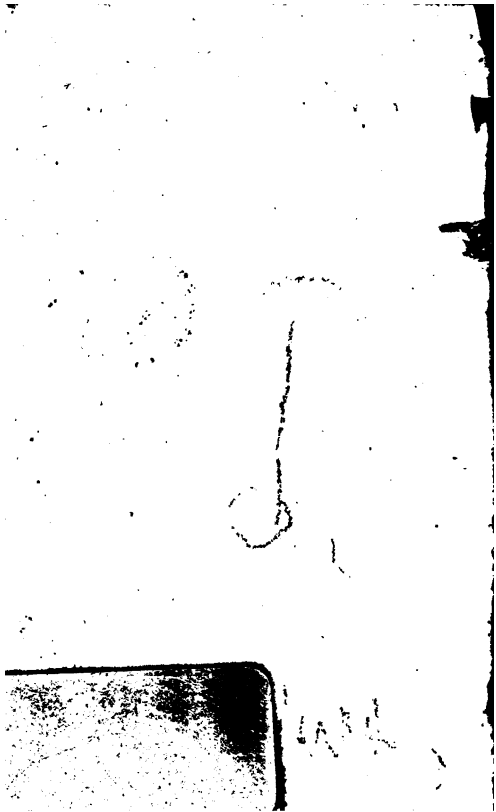
Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

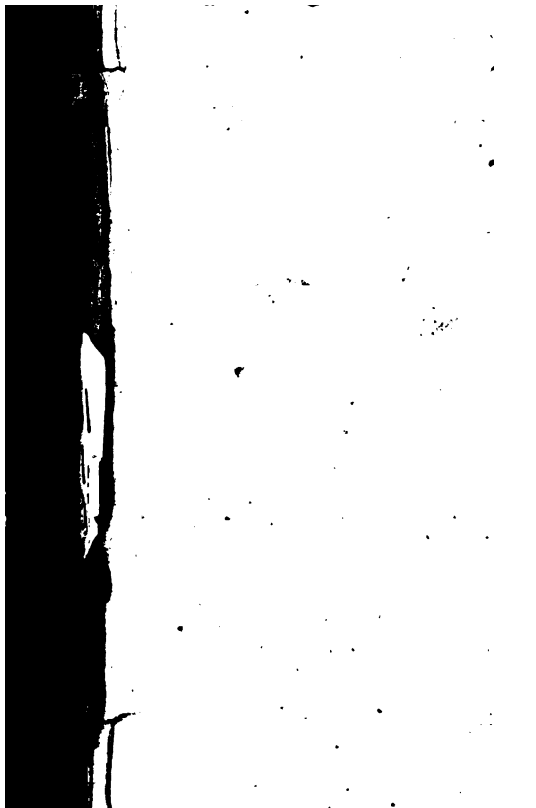
We also ask that you:

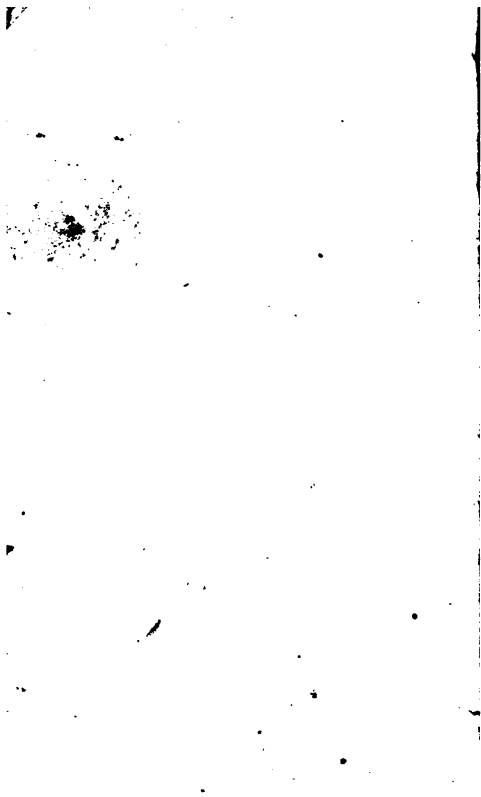
- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>







RELIGION
RECOMMENDED
TO YOUTH,
IN
A SERIES OF LETTERS
ADDRESSED
TO A YOUNG LADY.

To which are added,

POEMS
ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS.

—❖—
BY CAROLINE MATILDA THAYER.

—❖—
THIRD EDITION.

—❖—
NEW-YORK:

Published by J. Soule and T. Mason, for the Methodist
Episcopal Church in the United States.

—❖—
A. Paul, Printer.

.....
1819.

Southern District of New-York, ss.

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the fourth day of August, in the forty-third year of the Independence of the United States of America, J. Soule and T. Mason, of the said District, have deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof they claim as Proprietors, in the words following, to wit :

“Religion recommended to Youth, in a Series of Letters, addressed to a Young Lady. To which are added, Poems on various Occasions. By Caroline Matilda Thayer.”

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled “An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the time therein mentioned.” And also to an Act, entitled “An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the Copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the Authors and Proprietors of such Copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching Historical and other Prints.”

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

Gift

Alice Elwood.

7-19-39

PREFACE.

IN presenting the following little work to the public, the Author is sensible it is in many respects deficient, both in matter and style; but as it is not written to gratify the fastidious taste of the critic, nor for the amusement of the gay and fashionable; of them she has no favour to ask.

To the candid and pious, of whatever sect, it is inscribed, with the ardent prayers of the Author, that it may be beneficial at least to some of its readers.

Sensible that much of the frivolity, discoverable in the manners and fashions of modern females, arises from an improper course of reading, the Author has endeavoured, in the following little volume, to present the youth of her own sex a succedaneum to the fascinating page of Romance, and the dangerous luxury of Novels.

The following letters were originally addressed to an affectionate young friend in New-England, whose kindness has proved a solace in many trials the Author has been called to encounter.

Sanctioned with the approbation of a highly valued literary friend, she has ventured to transcribe them for the press. Deeply impressed with the importance of being in early life guarded against the poisonous influence of infidelity, she feels a peculiar solicitude that the rising youth should be rationally convinced of the divine authenticity of the precious system of Christianity.

To do all in her power to counteract the effect of infidel sentiments on the youthful mind, she feels particularly impelled, from having once drunk of this poisonous fountain, and thence imbibed sentiments that have since caused the blush of conscious shame, and the tear of heartfelt contrition; and while she acknowledges it among the wonders of sovereign love, that God has ever manifested his pardoning grace to the vilest of rebels, an anxious wish arises in her heart, to devote her abilities, such as they are, to the interests of religion.

With such views, she has resumed the pen, after a long interval; and while she trusts the following compositions are the

offspring of a sincere desire to do good, according to the small measure of her abilities, she cheerfully submits them to the candour of a generous public.—And should this little work be honoured by the perusal of the critic or the scholar, she trusts its inaccuracies will not be too severely censured by such as duly estimate the motive of the Author, and the design of the publication.

To represent Religion in its true light, as altogether worthy of universal acceptance, and excite in the youthful mind a taste for its divine enjoyments; to magnify the riches of redeeming grace, and endeavour to do something, if ever so little, in the best of all causes; these are her objects.

A few of its divine allurements may be faintly enumerated; but its sublime raptures are incommunicable by human language. It is a bliss large as our desires, and immortal as God.

When all other enjoyments fail, when transitory pleasures fade, when human passions sleep, even friendship expires, and love and hatred are lost together in the grave, Religion will survive the dissolution of nature, live to immortality, and smile on the ravages of time.

The poems found in this little volume, were chiefly written to abstract the mind

of the Author from painful recollections. They are the fugitive effusions of a mind "smit with the love of sacred song," and mostly written to beguile the weary moments of sorrow of their poignancy, when ~~and~~ recollection dwelt too feelingly on scenes of past bereavement.

Separated from the scenes of juvenile enjoyments, and the society of loved relations, and called in succession to mourn the loss of three lovely infants, the Author had recourse to the muse, and once more strove to wake the echoes of a harp that had long hung on the willow. Nor was the effort vain: consolation has visited her heart, and the sensations of agonizing grief have melted into a pensive, pleasing resignation. Should the perusal of these trifles, in any measure tend to produce a similar effect on the mind of the reader, her highest ambition will be gratified.

*Mendon, New-York,
Sept. 1815.*

RELIGION
RECOMMENDED TO YOUTH.



LETTER I.

—◆—
"Oh how shall I thy goodness tell,
Father, which thou to me hast show'd;
That I, a child of wrath and hell,
I should be call'd a child of God."

—◆—

January 1, 1814.

MY DEAR JULIA,

TO a heart constituted to feel its greatest bliss in the mutual interchange of tender sensibilities, the correspondence of an affectionate friend is cordial and consolatory; and amidst the gloom of separation from the scenes of my youth, and the companions of my juvenile years, the kind letters I have received from my distant friends, have kindly stepped between me and mis-

fortune, and impressed the Iris of hope on the dark clouds of despondency. Yours, my young friend, has been a most interesting and philanthropic employment: you have kindly endeavoured to sooth a heart almost broken with disappointment, at a period when consolation was most necessary, when soothing was most grateful.

When my fond bosom was bursting with the pangs of recent separation from a dear and only child, in whom my affections centred, my dear young friend has endeavoured to pour the oil and wine of affection and friendship into my wounded heart, and to assuage, at least, the sorrows that even friendship had not power to heal.

Ever grateful to my dearest Julia for her affectionate attentions, I feel myself under peculiar obligations to continue the correspondence, in such a manner that my dear girl may derive lasting advantage therefrom.

With this view, I have proposed, at the commencement of the present year, to commence a series of letters to you; and if more experience have enabled me to assume the office of a mentor, you shall receive my most careful monitions.

And may that Almighty Being, who is ever ready to assist the weakest efforts of his children towards the improvement of the talents he has bestowed, inspire my pen with an energy not its own, that I may be the feeble instrument of impressing correct sentiments on the understanding of my friend, and confirming her heart in the love and practice of virtue.

I have seen much of the instability of what the world calls happiness, and at an early period of life, have become, in some measure, detached from its vain allurements. My fond heart has felt many a bitter pang, to see all my offspring snatched from my arms by the relentless hand of death. Thrice have I been called

to attend the obsequies of a dear and only child, one of whom was particularly endeared to me by uncommon sprightliness, and early indications of superior genius. Judge, then, if I have not drunk deep of the cup of affliction. But though the conflict is severe, it is not fatal : there is a balm to sooth the wounded heart—this balm is religion.

While her right hand extends the anchor of hope for the children of sorrow to lean upon, her left is pointed to the skies, in assurance that there is a bliss prepared for her real followers, which shall endure to the remotest period of eternal duration.

It was the allotment of Divine Providence that I should be tenderly educated, by parents who delighted to gratify my early wishes. Possessing a taste for literature, with opportunities to cultivate and improve it ; surrounded by tender friends, who, to use the language of an eminent poet, “ Suffered not the winds of

heaven to visit my face too roughly ;” early introduced to a circle of polite and fashionable company ; caressed by my friends, and flattered by my companions, what was there wanting that I could not be happy ?

The persons who had the charge of my education had made Religion no part of their system, and my mind, naturally inquisitive, would frequently recur to scenes of existence beyond the grave.

Every thing around me convinced me of my own mortality. If I suffered myself to be amused with the speculations of philosophy, I frequently reflected, that the volumes which gave me so much delight were the labours of the dead. Even the illustrious Newton submitted to the *cold sceptre of death* ; the lyre of Maro was long since hung upon the willows, and the hand that waked its tender echoes mouldered to dust. “ I too must die,” was the melancholy reflection these truths

suggested. Death was in the world, and I could not be happy. If I looked into the volume of nature, I saw **MORTALITY** inscribed in staring capitals on every page. The blushing rose, that unfolded its vermilion leaves to the morning, was swept away by the evening blast, and was seen no more. In every plant and flower I saw a resemblance of humankind.

The ordinary term of vegetation, from the first tender infant leaf, the bud, the blossom, and the seed, represented the different stages of human life ; but often did an untimely frost arrest the bud, or the heat of a burning sun parch the blossom, and bring the beautiful flower to a premature decay.

This, I reflected, is the state of man. I too may be arrested in the morning of life. The frost of pale disease may blast the expanding blossom : the plant of human life may *wither at noon-day* : or if, preserved

from premature decay, I count my threescore years and ten, still I must die. And will my existence end with this transitory life? If so, why was I formed to drag out a few moments of anxiety and pain—then sleep for ever? If my existence terminate like that of the feeble insect I tread upon, why am I not, like that, unconscious of every thing but the passing moment? My hopes, my fears, my wishes, extend to scenes of futurity, and reason teaches “there must be an hereafter.”

“If there is an hereafter,
And that there is, conscience uninfluenc'd speaks,
Then it must be an awful thing to die.”

Vainly I endeavoured to obliterate this idea in scenes of fashionable amusement. In the midst of the mirth and hilarity of the ball-chamber, the solemn thought pursued me like a phantom, till, disgusted with the frovility and insipidity of the scene, I returned to my books, and sought in scientific as-

quirements to rid my mind of its uneasiness. I studied languages, poetry, rhetoric ; dipped a little into philosophy, botany, and chymistry ; and read many books on the science of medicine ; but alas, the perversity of unrenewed nature ! I never learned to fear or serve my God. Though I hurried from volume to volume, and studied with the zeal of a recluse, I found it was not in science to unfold the scenes of subsequent existence ; and though I had learned the fashionable cant of infidelity, and would laugh with Voltaire at the credulity of mankind ; yet often did my heart sigh for something it possessed not, though I do not rightly comprehend the deficiency. My mind experienced a kind of *vacuum* that *nothing on earth could fill*, that amidst all my outward cheerfulness, still preyed like a cankerworm at my heart, and made me wretched.

Often, in my secret hours of retirement, was death, with all the ac-

cumulated horrors of endless wretchedness, or total annihilation, presented to my mind ; and the agony of my feelings on these occasions surpasses description. I constantly attended the ministry of a Calvinistic teacher of the *Hopkinsian order*, and sometimes listened attentively with sincere desires to learn "the good and right way ;" but the light which his discourses shed on my poor benighted mind was like that, which, (in the language of Milton) "Beams darkness visible." The idea of a God sitting on a throne of absolute sovereignty, and dooming a part of his intelligent creation, by an irreversible decree to irretrievable perdition, was repugnant to every better feeling of the heart, to every sentiment of native benevolence. On the other hand, the system of universal salvation, which was the professed sentiment of most of my connexions, presented insolvable difficulties, as it tended to place

virtue and vice on a level. I was sensible that holiness was prerequisite to the enjoyment of God in heaven. Most of the professed Universalists of my acquaintance, I knew were extremely wicked, and I often wondered how those could contemplate enjoying the blessedness of heaven, who never even pretended to form their lives to the employments of that blessed state. "Surely," I have many times thought, "those who never even call upon God, except in a profane or deriding manner, will have but a poor heaven, whose enjoyment is to consist in acts of humble worship, and profound adoration."—Neither could I conceive how a state of suffering could be able to effect in a future world, what the dispensation of divine grace was inadequate to accomplish in this.

The effect I knew must take place in exact proportion to the cause; and I argued, if happiness or misery

is the result of virtue, or vice, it is impossible for the recipient of future punishment to become a subject of happiness in a situation where guilt is continually accumulating. I thought I discovered in the Scriptures, that the atonement of Christ was universal ; but I knew not how to distinguish between contending systems, and sincerely believed I must embrace either the Universalian or the Calvinistic errors. On the ground that Calvinism was the true doctrine, I argued thus : God, by a certain impulse called a decree, has fixed the destiny of every individual, so that he can act no otherwise than the decree impels ; of course, his actions are involuntary. The Almighty agent cannot err ; and being infinitely good, his acts must all be right : hence there is no such thing as wrong : nothing to be atoned for ; and if no atonement, the Gospel is a fable. Listening to sophistry like this, I relinquished

B*

Christianity, and for two years wandered in the devious maze of universal scepticism.

Had I read the Scriptures with half the attention I bestowed on the volumes of Shakspeare, they would have taught me better; but I perused them only to criticize, and eagerly catching at every thing my erring judgment pronounced contradictory, with the help of the Age of Reason, (a most unreasonable work,) and other infidel writings, I became an adept in infidelity. From Paine and Voltaire, I proceeded to the perusal of Volney's "Ruins;" and I must do the ingenious author the justice to own, that he has chosen a most appropriate title for his performance, for it completely *ruined* my principles, and eradicated every trace of moral sentiment that remained; and while it robbed me of every preconceived opinion, it substituted none in their place, and left me to wander in the chaos of uncertainty. As

yet, though my heart was exceedingly wicked, I had forborne to divulge my infidel sentiments, except among confidential friends; for there appeared in Christianity something amiable and attractive, while infidelity exhibited an air of masculine boldness, unbecoming the delicacy and tenderness of the female character: but now I became acquainted with the writings of Mary Wolstoncraft, and the last barrier was broken down. I was no longer ashamed to be reckoned a disciple of Voltaire, and I could now openly advocate those sentiments that have since caused me many an hour of disquietude. Though my pride prevented my sinking into those degrading vices, which are the usual concomitants of a relaxed morality, and I even sometimes pretended to practise virtue for virtue's sake, yet I strenuously opposed the truths contained in that volume which alone presents proper incentives to virtue;

Often, however, would some passage in that sacred book be impressed on my mind with such energy, that it enforced a momentary conviction of its divine authenticity.

One instance, among many, will show how the long-suffering patience of God still pursued me by his Spirit, though I was so wickedly refractory. A young gentleman of my acquaintance became unusually serious, left our gay assemblies, and after some time joined the church. As was customary in that place, the parish Clergyman read the experience of the candidate before the congregation, in which he observed, that, being in great distress of mind, he took the Bible, and prayed to God to direct him to some passage, that would be applicable to his situation, and on opening the book, the first that met his eye was, "Thy sins be forgiven thee." Returning home in company with several young people, this young man became the sub-

ject of much ridicule. In high glee I took the poor neglected Bible from the desk, and said, 'Now see if I don't open to something that will be applicable to my situation,' then, with affected gravity, opened the book, and the first words I cast my eyes upon were, Eccl. xi. 9. "Rejoice, O young man, in thy youth," &c. I closed the book, nor could I be prevailed on to show my companions the denunciation I had read, but it made a lasting impression on my mind, and, for several days, "God will bring thee to judgment," was continually sounding in my ears. I soon, however, found means to stifle this conviction, and was not a little vexed that my tranquillity should be disturbed by a mere fortuitous occurrence.

Thus I lived until I had attained my twentieth year, when that overruling Providence, who "willeth not the death of a sinner," cast my lot in an obscure corner of New-Hamp-

shire, among the people called Methodists. I had heard of this people, but knew little more of them, than that they wore unfashionable clothing. I had an idea, however, that they were most wretched enthusiasts, and placed them in the ratio of the Shakers, and the followers of Jemima Wilkinson. Drawn by curiosity, I at length attended the Methodist Meeting, to hear a preacher who was newly come upon the circuit ; a youth of nineteen, whom my fancy represented as some raw country lad, without education or abilities. With the idea of a Gospel preacher, I had associated that of academical literature ; and when I understood that the Methodist preacher had never graduated at the University, nor even passed through a course of ecclesiastical study, I concluded his discourse would afford my classic taste a rich repast of ridicule ; but I was disappointed. He was a young man of

strong natural genius, and I have reason to believe the wisdom of the God of Daniel directed him to his subject. The words of his text were, "I am not ashamed of the Gospel of Christ." In stating the reasons why St. Paul was justified in this declaration, he was led to notice the evidences of the truth of the Christian system, and every word brought conviction to my heart.

He entirely refuted the contracted notions that I had imbibed of the Gospel, and represented its excellencies in such persuasive terms, that my prejudices to Christianity vanished like the early dew before the beams of day. I had many times listened with attention to eloquent preaching, and admired the oratory, though I was indifferent to the subject. But this was a new species of eloquence: it pleaded directly to the heart, and I seriously thought myself personally addressed by the speaker.

I had now different conceptions of Deity, and viewed my conduct in a different light than had ever before been exhibited to my mind. I saw clearly that "Jesus Christ by the grace of God tasted death for every man; and while I felt I had been abusing that grace that had been freely offered to me in the Gospel, my sensations were almost insupportable. Yet, in assenting to the truths of Christianity, I felt an emotion of pleasure, to which my heart had long been estranged. Gloomy and dark had been the night of scepticism, and the beams of Gospel truth were sweet to my soul, as the opening of a beautiful morning after a night of darkness and tempest.

Though deeply distressed with a sense of my unparalleled offences against a Being of infinite purity, my exercises were not unaccompanied by hope; nor did my anxiety so much arise from a fear of future

punishment, as from a deep sense of my ingratitude and rebellion, and I resolved, by the grace of God, to spend the residue of my days in the service of him who had spared my life in the midst of rebellion, and brought me at last to behold my own wretched situation.

I had gone to meeting in the morning a gay, thoughtless infidel, opposed to every thing serious, and particularly opposed to this people.

But now, how changed! I thought of the woman of Samaria, and concluded, like her, that I had found a man who told all that ever I did. I had agreed with some wicked companions to stay in class-meeting, for the purpose of displaying my wit, should the stripling preacher dare to question me. But I now staid with very different intentions. My tears attested my sincerity, though I was utterly incapable of manifesting my feelings. But what astonished me most was, that when prayer was

offered up at the conclusion of this little meeting, the preacher pleaded most feelingly for me, in which he was spontaneously accorded by almost every one present. Good God! thought I, is this possible? I have derided him, and he prays for me. I have persecuted the people of God, yet these Christians love my soul! Is this the blessed effect of the religion I have despised? My astonishment was extreme, for I fully expected that all God's people must deservedly hate me, as I heartily detested myself: I went home with a heavy load at my heart, retired by myself, and strove to pray.

As I study brevity in this little narrative, I must pass slightly over the exercises of my mind for a few succeeding months. The serpent infidelity, though bruised in the head, yet retained some remains of life, and writhed and struggled in my heart. But a serious perusal of some excellent books in defence of

revealed religion gave the finishing blow to this hydra-headed monster, and my understanding became rationally convinced. But though my external conduct was reformed, and my understanding enlightened, so that I saw "men as trees walking," I had not yet learnt to "walk by faith and not by sight." I found my heart sometimes bitterly rising against God. I murmured at the straitness of the way which was cast up before me, for it was sensibly impressed on my mind that I ought to join the Methodists. This I knew would subject me to much ridicule, and I was not yet fully determined to give up all for religion. For nearly four months I struggled with my vain propensities, sometimes fervently beseeching God to strengthen me for his service, and sometimes captivated by my besetments, until it pleased God, (I have reason to believe,) in answer to the prayers of some of his dear children on my be-

half, to bring conviction so home to my heart, and so to show me my perishing condition, destitute of a Saviour, that I became in good earnest willing to "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ." I no longer halted between the desire of saving my soul, and the fear of being thought singular. I no longer dreaded the contumely of the proud, nor the derision of the vain. The vanities of time and sense faded in my view, and my heart unceasingly cried, "God be merciful to me, a sinner." Glory to God! he was not slow to hear nor impotent to save! One Sabbath afternoon I wandered into the fields to indulge my sorrows alone. The load my broken spirit sustained at this time was almost insupportable. It appeared that heaven and earth were conspired against me, and I was deservedly wretched. No reed of hope to grasp. The past was sin, the present wretchedness,

and the future I scarce dared to look upon: it was verging to despair. "Oh which way," cried I, "shall I turn? if I go back, I must die, if I go forward, I can but die. I will go to my God, and if I perish, it shall be at his feet." With a kind of desperate resignation (if I may use such a term) I fell on my knees, "Lord," I cried, "I yield, I submit, if thou cast me off for ever; in hell will I praise thee." At that moment a sensation of peace visited my heart, and whether my perception was external or mental, I could then hardly tell, but the following words were sweetly applied to sooth my agitated feelings; "Him that cometh to me I will in nowise cast out." I am certain I heard no voice, but these were impressed on my mind in a manner as sensible as though they had entered by my organs of hearing. They were accompanied with a persuasion that this was the voice of God to my soul, and had the

weight of a mountain been removed from my guilty head, it could not have produced a greater alteration. My soul, at that moment, found power by faith "to lay hold on the Son of God," and I felt the merit of the atoning blood applied to me in particular, as though there were not another sinner in the universe ; and I exclaimed aloud, "Here is one Saviour Jesus for one sinner Caroline ; I arose, and looked around, but how was the prospect changed ! I had often admired the romantic banks of the Saco, but never did they appear so beautiful as at the present. The sun was throwing his last rays upon the water, the refracted light faintly streaked the distant mountains, and the scene was charming beyond description. I never see the sun set now, but I recall those feelings to mind, and often bedew their memory with a tear. I felt a calm sink into my soul. God was all around me and within me,

and I stood and worshipped in silent rapture. Insensate to every thing but the communion I held with my Creator, and inwrapped in an ecstasy that almost suspended my animal functions, I stood in silence, until a little twinkling star aroused me to a new scene of wonder. It seemed to speak the praises of my God. New beauties appeared in every object of creation ; and I might have gazed for ever without satiety. The lonely whippoorwill began her accustomed requiem to the departing day, and it appeared to me that her song was "Praise the Lord." I could not forbear to join in the lay, and with a light heart set forward, singing as I walked,

"Praise ye the Lord, 'tis good to raise
Your hearts and voices in his praise."

O Julia, could I but make you feel this happiness, could I but make you feel what it is to hold communion with God, you would look with contempt on the honours, wealth, and

pleasures of the world, and "count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of Jesus Christ."

The vacuity in my mind was now filled, and that indescribable something I had long wanted to make me happy, I now found to be the religion of Jesus. The day-star of salvation had dawned upon my heart, and I was happy.

To excite in your mind a taste for this happiness, and a determination to seek it, is the object of the present correspondence; and if I succeed in gaining one soul to the love and practice of true devotion, I shall not have lived in vain. Though many of my friends assured me I was the subject of a delusion that would soon wear away, I thank God, the experience of seven years has but strengthened the impression; and if it be enthusiasm, I would to God you were as enthusiastic as I.

Though I have since experienced many sorrows, suffered many priva-

tions, been sometimes sorely tempted, and often, to my shame, wretchedly unfaithful, yet still I find religion to be that which brings permanent peace in this world, and promises everlasting repose in futurity.— Though I love all Christians, and wish not to prejudice your mind for or against any particular denomination, yet the Methodist connexion is still *my* home. I believe I obeyed God when I joined this despised people. My unworthy name still stands among them ; and I hope to live and die in the connexion.

In narrating the circumstances unfolded in this letter, I have many times been obliged to stop, to give vent to the feelings of a heart overflowing with gratitude, and humbly adore the riches of that unsearchable love that plucked me as a brand from the fire. I can never be enough thankful that my attention has been called to the interests of my immortal spirit. I can never enough adore

the long-suffering goodness of that God, who so long bore with his refractory creature, who pursued by his Spirit amidst scenes of multiplied transgression—brought me at last by a way I had not known, to the enjoyment of his beatific presence here ; to a blessed foretaste of that happiness I hope to share with his faithful followers in that world, where “ I shall see him as he is, and mine eye shall behold him.”

It is but reasonable that the residue of my days should be the Lord's ; and O, my amiable friend, will you not be persuaded to try “ the narrow way ?” Remember that one thing is needful ; and pray to God to assist you by his Spirit and grace to make suitable improvement of his mercy. Adieu. Remember your

CAROLINE.

LETTER II.

“Hence, coward Deist, hence,
And hence, ye vain and sceptic theories;
Still let me live, and let me die a Christian.”

M. P.

January 5, 1816.

MY DEAR YOUNG FRIEND,

IN my last you will recollect, I proposed to endeavour to excite in your mind a taste for religion. I know not what may have been your former acquaintance with this subject, but as you have never manifested the knowledge of a sin-pardoning God, I shall address you as one who is still a stranger to that hope which maketh not ashamed, and that peace which passeth all understanding.

Were I to propose a mean whereby you might arrive at the attainment of great riches and worldly prosperity, no doubt you would diligently grasp, and eagerly pursue it; you would hazard difficulties almost insurmountable, in the attainment of so great an object. Were I to re-

commend you to the favour and attention of some potent monarch, who was able to bestow the highest earthly honours on his favourites, you would think it an evidence of the sincerity of my friendship. I can do more than all this: I propose the attainment of treasures infinitely greater than all that this vain world can offer: I recommend you to the favour of Him who holdeth the destiny of princes in his hand, who will receive his followers to mansions of unfading glory, and crown them with bliss immortal. Though you have but just entered the bark of being, you are upon a boundless ocean, and an eternal voyage. You live not only for yourself, your parents, your connexions, in this life: you live for the Giver of life: you live for immortality; and it is a truth which no sophistry can pervert, that your future well-being and felicity depend ultimately on the improvement you make of a short probation. How important, then, that you should act

wisely, where the hazard is so tremendous! Dear Julia, my heart glows with this subject, and when I reflect on my own backwardness in a cause of such magnitude, I find abundant reason to blush before my Creator, that I have done so little for him who has done all for me.

It has been solemnly impressed on my mind, that I have something to do in my Master's vineyard; and I feel bound by duty and affection, to represent to my friends, and all with whom I have intercourse, either by correspondence or conversation, the beauty and excellency of the Gospel of Jesus Christ. This is the theme my soul delights to dwell upon: but had I the eloquence of a Demosthenes, when I had exhausted my powers, I could only conclude by saying, "the half is not told you." Come then, my dear Julia, and prove for yourself, how great is the reward of those that love and serve God.

Remember, it is not for a limited period you are to make your choice,

but for eternity ! Who can fathom the depths of eternal duration ? when countless ages shall have rolled away, when " this great globe, and all that it inherits, shall dissolve, and like the baseless fabric of a vision, leave not a wreck behind," eternity is just commencing.

Dear Julia, shall I not indulge the pleasing idea, that the chain of our friendship will continue to brighten when all sublunary things shall have passed away ? Now stupendous mountains rise, and rivers roll between us. In the solemn hour of twilight, when I wander among the solitary shades of this western wilderness, when all is silent, save the roar of the waterfall that tumbles down the chasm of the rocks, or the melancholy hum of the bat that flits above my head, then my fond heart gives all to recollection, and ever faithful memory transports me back to the beautiful villages of Massachusetts, and the society of my dear young friends. Then, in imaginary ecstasy, I clasp the hand

that used to trace the mimic landscape, or touch the trembling keys of the piano,* and charm even apathy with its dulcet sounds; and upon my bended knees implore the blessing of Almighty God to rest upon you. Then my enthusiastic heart earnestly cries to the Father of mercies to preserve my dear pupil, and bring her at last to praise redeeming grace and dying love, "when the ransomed of the Lord shall return with everlasting joy upon their heads."

I have ever retained a maternal fondness for those who have been placed under my instruction; but for you, Julia, my affection is peculiar. United by reciprocity of mind, by sympathy of taste and feeling, and by a friendship which is uninfluenced by the disparity of our ages, I am earnestly desirous that we be united in the fellowship of the Gospel.

* The lady to whom these letters are inscribed, was eminently skilled in painting and music.

they imply a Creator who possesses powers adequate to their production. It is only when human reason has become blinded by the mists of error and vice, that man has had the effrontery to deny his Creator.

Beware, dear Julia, how you indulge this erroneous sentiment. Well saith the sacred book, "the fool hath said in his heart, there is no God;" for the man of understanding can never dispute a truth which every object conspires to prove.

Admitting, then, that there is a God, self-existent and independent, how important is it that we form right conceptions of his nature and attributes. These, so far as they appear without the light of revelation, constitute what is called natural religion. But thanks be to God, through the Gospel of Jesus Christ we are shown a more excellent way.

If we admit the least possible deficiency in his character, we de-

throne Divinity ; hence it follows, that the system of the universe is the best possible system that infinite wisdom could devise, or infinite power accomplish. What then is man, that he should charge omnipotence with folly ? or say to his Creator " why hast thou formed me thus ? " The same power that was adequate to the production of man, is adequate to his preservation ; nor can we suppose a being of infinite perfections would exert his creative power merely to produce subjects of annihilation ; thence we infer, that man is endued with a soul that is subject to no decay.

Man is composed of two essential properties, material and immaterial. That the soul of man is not matter, is easily demonstrated from natural reason. Matter possesses three essential qualities, viz. solidity, extension, and divisibility, and each of these several qualities are essentially requisite to form a material sub-

stance. But the soul, what is it? My body possesses a peculiar figure, and occupies a certain space in the universe; but can I show you the figure or dimensions of my soul?

Every substance is composed of smaller particles of matter; and these again of atoms more minute, to an almost infinite divisibility. But can you divide idea? can you separate thought? matter will not act upon it: what is it, then? what is this indescribable inhabitant of my material body, that governs all its actions, and controls even the minutest motion? Divest me of it, and I become an inanimate mass, incapable of the smallest degree of activity. The hand that is now employed in tracing these imperfect ideas, is but the mere vehicle of intellect. In truth, the immateriality of the soul so evidently appears, that to waste argument on the subject is like lighting tapers to assist the sun in illuminating the world. If the soul be

immaterial, it follows, that it is immortal.‡ It is an universal axiom that the effect partakes of the nature of the cause; an immortal being, therefore, would not create a soul for annihilation.

Never be tempted, my dear friend, to renounce your immortality: deprived of this soul-cheering hope, human nature is plunged at once into the abyss of absolute wretchedness. Take away the hope of immortality, and you plant thorns in the path, and shed an impervious gloom over the prospects of the virtuous. Erase this conviction from the heart, and you take away every incentive to virtue and moral rectitude. Then, dear Julia, let us not consider this question a matter of mere speculative curiosity; let us act with the deepest sincerity: let us humbly own our God: let us worship: let us reverence: let us adore. Happy indeed are they, who can rely with filial confidence

on the favour of God. While the wretched sons and daughters of dissipation, in the pursuit of visionary pleasures, rush madly on in the career of folly, and to quiet the upbraidings of conscience, endeavour to persuade themselves that they are the mere mushrooms of a day, and renounce the glorious hope of happiness beyond the grave; how must the thought of death embitter all their pleasures! the grave to such is the ultimatum of despair. Darkness, clouds, and shadows, rest upon it. The keen conviction of their own immortality will at length overtake them, and how will they dare appear before the offended majesty of that God, whose very being they have denied.

But suppose some few, indeed, so far immersed in infidelity as to retain their effrontery in the hour of death: shall we draw aside the curtain of eternity, and follow these deluded wretches to a world of spi-

rits ? there the fond dream of annihilation is over ; the infatuated immortals learn, that the God whom the Christian adores, possesses power sufficient to the continuance of their existence, and justice adequate to the punishment of their crimes.

On the other hand, observe the life and death of the Christian. Buoyed up by the prospect of immortality, he sustains affliction with manly fortitude. No changes of situation can affect a mind at peace ; and when death approaches, it is the hour of triumph : then he lifts up his head, in assurance that his redemption is come. Like the mariner, who, after being tossed in a tempestuous sea, has brought his vessel to the desired haven, he looks back on the perils of his voyage, and smiles at the tempest that rides triumphant on the ocean.

Adieu, my friend ; remember that there is one in the universe on

whom the light will never dawn,
nor the evening close, without a
prayer for you. Pray for yourself,
and forget not your

CAROLINE.



LETTER III.



" A Christian is the highest style of man.
And is there, who the blessed cross wipes off,
As a foul blot, from his dishonoured brow ?
If angels tremble, 'tis at such a sight."

WELL, dear Julia, how does the
portrait of natural religion please
you? Methinks I almost hear you
exclaim in the language of the poet,

" A Deity believed is joy begun.
A Deity adored is joy advanced.
A Deity beloved is joy matured."

Admitting the existence of God,
and the immortality of the soul, the
principal objections to the Christian
system vanish; but that we may
trace the arch-fiend *infidelity* through

all his winding avenues, and secret lurking-places, we will endeavour to exhibit a few of the evidences of the divine veracity of that volume, in which the Christian reads his title to immortality. We need not go beyond the volume itself for evidences of its authenticity.

The concatenated chain that runs through it, which, unfolding link by link, discloses the Messiah, is a sufficient testimony of its divine origin. Dimly shadowed forth in types and figures, under the patriarchal and Jewish dispensations, the Sun of Righteousness at length arises, in all the splendour of the Gospel. To invalidate the Mosaic history, it is necessary that we produce some other account of the early ages of the world : but where shall we find such a chronicle ? The Chinese, it is said, pretend to date their origin some thousands of years before the Mosaic history of creation ; but from their imperfect method of com-

puting time, it is impossible to estimate their accounts with any degree of exactness, and of late they have been proved altogether fabulous.

Profane history corroborates many events recorded in the sacred volume ; and we have as much reason to believe the historical part of the Old Testament, as we have to credit the histories of Greece and Rome. We have as much reason to believe that there was such a person as Moses, as that there was a Homer ; and even modern infidels, who call the Bible the *forgery of latter ages*, would esteem it a solecism in literature, to doubt the identity of the Iliad or Odyssey. If the books of Moses were written by him, let his character determine their veracity. The history of this great personage is somewhat extraordinary, and affords many useful reflections. The circumstances of his infantile preservation and subsequent education, forcibly display the particular pro-

vidence of God. Though, as the son of Pharaoh's daughter, he might have aspired to the regency of Egypt; yet such was the patriotic fervour of his heart, that he voluntarily chose to share the sufferings of the captive Hebrews.

If you are not already acquainted with the interesting circumstances of his story, I recommend it to your perusal, in assurance that it will afford you more real advantage than a whole library of novels. You will there see the providence of God exerted in behalf of his afflicted people. What, but a firm reliance on the protection of a superintending Providence, could inspire Moses with confidence to face the monarch of Egypt, and demand the liberation of captive Israel? Why did not the impious tyrant immolate the victim of his wrath, by whose agency so many calamities had fallen on the land? He might have avenged the death of his first-born, by the

slaughter of all Israel : but no ; the arm of flesh was too short ; he was at last constrained, by repeated calamities, to "let the people go." Now either Moses was a good or a bad man ; if the former, he would not have imposed fiction for truth, nor have palmed upon posterity a mere fabrication for real history. If the latter, he would not have framed a code of laws enjoining the strict observance of every virtue. One would suppose, if he were an ambitious hypocrite and impostor, that he would have enacted laws to aggrandize himself : but so far from this, he was actuated by the most perfect disinterestedness and could even plead with God, rather than the rebellious Israelites should perish, that he might be blotted from the book of remembrance as a ruler of the Hebrews.

The character of Moses being established, it follows that his narrations may be depended upon as

strictly true, and as such entitled to full credence : but the question arises, how do we know that Moses wrote the books attributed to him ? Are they not the fabrication of modern priestcraft ? I answer, by asking in my turn, how do we know that Homer wrote the Iliad ? how are we convinced that Euripides was a tragic poet ? How are we morally certain that Leonidas fell at the straits of Thermopylæ ? Is it not possible, that what are generally received as the writings of the ancients, are modern forgeries ? The classic scholar will answer indignantly, no : they carry in themselves the evidence of their authenticity. Nothing in modern composition can equal their grandeur of conception, sublimity of style, &c. The same argument will answer to the Scriptures. What man in the world possesses the daring genius to write a fabulous history, so closely connected, so simply chaste, and then im-

se it upon the public for truth,
 d even induce three-fourths of the
 rld to believe it.

Had General Washington, at the
 use of the war, drawn up a history
 the revolution, and asserted, that
 the full view of his troops, when
 awn up in order of battle, the
 uds parted, and a sword was let
 wn to him from heaven ; had he
 med the time when, and the place
 ere, this prodigy appeared, would
 have been able to impose such a
 ole on the enlightened people of
 erica for a fact ? Living witnesses
 ould have arisen to contradict him ;
 r would even the name of WASH-
 TON have given sanction to such
 absurdity. But when Moses had
 l the children of Israel to the
 rders of the promised inheritance,
 calls a solemn convocation, and
 the presence of all the people, he
 counts the many wonderful inter-
 sitions of Providence in their be-
 lf. He calls to their remem-

brance how they walked in the midst of the sea ; how they drank water from the arid rock ; how they were delivered from the fiery serpents, and many other dangers to which their rebellion exposed them, and, what surpasses all the rest, he calls to mind the sublime terrors of the scene at mount Sinai, where God himself descended, accompanied with lightning and thunder, and enveloped in clouds and smoke, to promulgate the law. Now if this were all fiction, how easy would it have been to detect it ! and how was it possible to have persuaded so many living witnesses that they had personally seen the wonders he had recounted, if they were the mere vagaries of imagination.

But this is not the best evidence of the truth of the Old Testament. The fulfilment of prophecy is an irrefragable proof of the veracity of the prophet. Did time and opportunity permit, I could dwell with

pleasure on the fulfilment of prophecies ; but this limited sketch will only permit me to point out a few of the most prominent instances.

The patriarch Jacob, when he had finished his course, and was about to depart, called his sons together, and prophesied of things which were to take place in after ages, and has the following remarkable passage, Gen. xlix. 10. "The sceptre shall not depart from Judah, nor a law-giver from between his feet, until Shiloh come ;" this was literally fulfilled ; and amid the convulsions of nations, the tribe of Judah retained the Jewish monarchy until the appearance of the Messiah.

Many of the prophets foretold the destruction of Jerusalem, and the captivity of the Jews, which happened accordingly. Their restoration was also foretold, and the event answered the prediction. The total destruction of this once flourishing city, and the signal dispersion of

the Jews, were the subjects of New Testament prophecy ; which are also fulfilled, and all that remains of that once splendid metropolis of the Jewish empire, is an obscure and ruinous village. The magnificent temple is utterly destroyed, and all that is found of the once favoured people of God, is a wretched remnant, dispersed through all nations, living evidences of the truth of ancient prophecy.

That events so singular should be predicted with such exactness so long before their completion, is something more than presumption that the prophets had some foresight of their taking place. I may reason from cause to consequence on subjects that admit of logical deductions, and thus foretell many things ; but by what figure in logic, or what theorem in mathematics, can I arrive at the knowledge of what may take place in a future day in the government of England or America ? Hu-

man events are liable to change ; but to describe accurately what these changes will be, requires something more than mere correct reasoning. Immediate inspiration from Almighty God will alone enable poor short-sighted mortals to fore-tell " what a day or an hour may bring forth ;" hence it follows, that the Bible prophets were inspired, because the fulfilment verifies the prediction.

In reviewing the typical part of the Old Testament, we discover the most perfect analogy between the types and the grand Antitype, the Saviour of men. Can it be supposed that the Israelites were so vain as to imagine a few ritual ceremonies would recommend them to the favour of God ? No ; they saw that the ceremonial law was but the " shadow of good things to come," and rejoiced in the hope of a promised Messiah.

I have many times dwelt with sensations of the highest pleasure, on these parts of the sacred volume ; and admired the goodness of God in revealing, through the veil of mystic shadows, the light which hereafter was to illuminate a world with the full glories of a risen Saviour.

The limits I have prescribed to this correspondence, forbid my entering into a detail of the analogies between the types and the Antitype, and I can only call your attention to this interesting, this delightful subject. If studied with suitable attention, it will afford you real delight ; and while you are charmed with the dignified simplicity of these artless details, if your heart be suitably affected, you will be led to bless your God, that your lot is cast in an age when the light is no longer dimly adumbrated in mystic metaphors, but shines with the ceaseless splendour of the *Star of Bethlehem*.

The circumstances of the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus Christ, are as well attested as any historical fact within human knowledge. It appears from many ancient writings, that the general expectation of mankind pointed to some illustrious personage who was to appear to bless the human race. One of the eclogues of Virgil (Pollio) is remarkably prophetic; he deifies the personage he describes, and uses a language very similar to that of the Scripture prophets; the probability is, that as Judea was tributary to the Romans, the Latin poet might gather his ideas from the Hebrew writings: if so, Virgil wrote before Christ, which proves that these prophecies existed, and consequently are not modern fabrications.

In the reign of Augustus Cesar, the temple of Janus at Rome was shut, as an emblem of universal peace; and it was at this happy period, when all nations were shelter-

ed under the banners of the peaceful olive, the Prince of peace was born. He was born in the reign of Augustus, and suffered in the reign of Tiberius Cesar. Now nobody pretends to doubt the existence of either of these emperors, why then have we any reason to doubt the existence of Jesus Christ? and if he arose from the dead, certainly he was the Son of God ; and what evidence have we that he did not ?—the wretched equivocation of the Roman guard who were set to watch his sepulchre,—“ While we slept his disciples came and stole him away :” *while we slept* ; if they were asleep, how did they know that his disciples came and stole the body of their Lord? Every one who is acquainted with the discipline of the Roman army, knows that every soldier found sleeping at his post, was punished with death : had this guard then, been surprised with sleep, would

they have dared to acknowledge the fact? Is it not more rational to suppose that they were bribed by their wicked masters, to propagate the paltry subterfuge in order to conceal, if possible, the genuine truth? We have no account that these sleepy guards were ever punished for their unwatchfulness. No doubt they were indemnified by the rulers, who were happy thus to conceal their own wickedness in condemning the Lord of life and glory. But, says the infidel objector, I can never understand how God could be manifest in the flesh, and suffer on the cross; and I never can believe what I am unable to comprehend. Can you understand, O sapient philosopher, the vegetation of a single spire of grass? Can you comprehend by what secret process the same water that whitens in the lily, blushes in the rose? And would it not be absurd in the highest degree to say, that grass does not

grow, lilies are not white, and roses red, because we cannot understand why they are so ?

The sublime mysteries of the Christian system, I never expect fully to comprehend, until my soul shall have shaken off the grosser elements of flesh and blood, and views the divine character by the unerring light of eternity. But shall I reject this heart-amending system, merely because my understanding is too weak to comprehend it, when the same understanding is inadequate to account for the most simple operations of nature, that are daily before my eyes ? But the objector rejoins, "the Christian faith rests on *miracles*, and I can never credit any thing miraculous ;" but if you reject revelation, you do believe a greater miracle than any recorded in the pages of the New Testament. You believe that Jesus Christ, the son of a poor carpenter, brought up in an obscure village of Galilee,

without even the knowledge of letters, had the consummate art to devise the most perfect system of morals that has ever been exhibited to mankind; that he supported his doctrine by a life of unparalleled purity, and though he was an arch-hypocrite and deceiver, he rejected all the pomp and splendour of the world, "went about doing good," and "had not even where to lay his head." Though despised and rejected of all men, save a few, who, without influence or eminence, were unable to defend him, he boldly promulgated those very doctrines that drew on him the hate of the unbelieving Jews, and finally exposed him to the infamous death of a malefactor; and all this for what? if he were an impostor, to propagate a falsehood, which could redound neither honour nor advantage to himself? But what is still more miraculous, the followers of this despised Nazarene, a few poor, illiterate fish-

ermen, in defiance of the national authority, which forbade them to teach in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, disseminated this imposture to the remotest parts of Asia : that they hazarded their lives in its support, and many of them submitted to grievous and painful martyrdoms, in defence of what they must have known to be the most wretched imposition ever palmed upon the credulity of the world.

It is an universal axiom, that truth will ultimately prevail. The erroneous systems of astronomy founded by Ptolemy and Tycho Brahe, have been successively exploded ; but the true solar system, first taught by Pythagoras, and afterward restored by Copernicus, has stood the test of ages. Thus the doctrines of the Gospel, typically and prophetically taught in the Old Testament, and now plainly promulgated in the New, amidst the convulsions and revolutions of empires, have descended en-

tire to the present generation. Millions of the human family have felt their consoling influence in life, and have been enabled, by their divine power, to hail the herald of their dissolution with smiles of cheerful welcome.

Christianity at first was confined to a very small district, and believed only by a few, and those of the meaner class of people. After the resurrection and ascension of our blessed Lord and Saviour, it spread most rapidly, not only through the Jewish territory, but also throughout all Asia, and the inhabited world: emperors and kings, great men and nobles, rich and poor, have felt its benign influence. It has reached the wilds of America: it has spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean; and every appearance indicates the speedy fulfilment of the prophecy, that "the knowledge of God shall cover the earth as the waters do the sea." From the monarch on his

throne, to the poor peasant in his cottage, all have heard the joyful sound of Gospel salvation. Though iniquity abound, and the love of many wax cold, yet let not the Christian be dismayed; "Fear not, little flock," lift up your heads, for the day of your redemption draweth nigh. Let the infidel mock on: let wicked men and infernal spirits combine to undermine the basis of Christianity: it can never be moved, for it is founded on a rock.

There yet remains one more evidence of the truth of Christianity, and this is an internal evidence: a secret conviction of the authenticity of the Christian religion is, I believe, experienced, in a greater or less degree, by every child of man; else why the solemn seriousness which affects even sceptical minds in the near view of death. In prosperity, when health enchants, and pleasure smiles, the multitude are thoughtless of hereafter; but let

death approach, let it come near to our own bosom, and dissever the ties of kindred or affection, thoughtfulness and solemnity take possession of the mind, and it naturally recurs to the anxious casting up of what shall be hereafter. Deprived of earthly support, we naturally fly to religion for consolation ; and though many turn again to vanity, as time blunts the arrow of affliction, and, like a froward child, forget chastisement when the smart of the rod is over, yet this militates not against the reality of the conviction.

These considerations weigh well in the balance of Christianity : they are such as no infidel sophist has been able to invalidate ; and until some stronger reasons are adduced than any that I have yet examined against the veracity of the Scriptures, still let me press the Bible to my heart, as my best friend in prosperity, my only refuge in adversity, my guide through life, my support

in death, and my joy and rejoicing in eternity. A firm conviction of the truths it contains, has supported my mind in many scenes of trials : and should they in the end prove fabulous, I still have the advantage of the infidel, inasmuch as I can claim its salutary consolations ; and if there be no hereafter I shall lose no more than he who never dreamt of bliss immortal.

But, on the contrary, should the doctrines of the Gospel prove eternal realities, how will the Deist regret that he has bartered heaven and divine happiness, for the short-lived and uncertain enjoyments of a life of dissipation, and chosen rather to wander in the chaos of doubt, and grope for ever in the darkness of despair, than to walk in the light of the reconciled countenance of the Eternal God.

Will you, my dear friend, turn from this unerring light to follow the *ignus fatuus* of false philosophy and in-

fidel scepticism ? My God, forbid ! May you not only yield conviction to the divine veracity of the sacred volume, but may its heart-amending precepts produce such a benign effect upon your mind, that you may know of a truth that Christ is formed within you the hope of glory: Would you be honourable and useful in life, tranquil in death, and happy in eternity ? obey the precepts of the Gospel—"do justice, love mercy, and walk humbly with your God." Heaven bless you, and guide you to eternal peace, is the desire of your friend, &c.

CAROLINE.

LETTER IV.

“ Were sinners more
Than sand upon the Ocean's shore ;
Christ has for all a ransom paid ;
For all a full atonement made.”

Anon.

February 20.

DEAR JULIA.

THE candid, reflecting mind, having examined the evidences of Christianity, will be led to inquire, why have so many people of discernment and candour, in temporal things, rejected this heart-improving system? Many circumstances concur to produce this scepticism: but none is more pernicious, and yet none more common, than a wrong conception of the doctrines of revelation. It was upon this rock my own unwary feet began to stumble, and had not the arm of Omnipotence interposed in my favour, I should, in all probability, have remained to this day in the land of shadows, and thick *moral darkness*. What chiefly

perplexed my young mind was, that preposterous system, called the Doctrine of Election, a doctrine which has been long taught and believed by many who call themselves ambassadors of Jesus Christ. It premises, that God foreordained whatsoever comes to pass, and by an irreversible decree fixed the final doom of every man, on no condition, either of obedience or impenitence, but by the sovereign right of disposal which he retains over his creatures. In the same manner as an artificer might construct two watches, the one being of excellent workmanship, and in no part deficient, keeps regular time, and is preserved with care for future usefulness; the other, not having any *main-spring*, keeps no time at all, and the artificer, not being disposed to give it one, casts it into the fire, because it *keeps no time*. "The artificer," say the advocates of this doctrine, "does no injustice to the rejected watch, as he is *under no ob-*

ligation to give it a main-spring ; nor has the watch any reason to complain, as it is not condemned for not having a main-spring, but for not keeping time." If we suppose the watches to be human beings, and the main-spring to be saving grace, which, they say, God bestows unconditionally upon some, and withholds unconditionally from others, we shall have a tolerable idea of the Calvinistic system.

I am well aware, that many who defend Calvinistic sentiments, will deny that this is a correct statement. God, say they, has not reprobated men to perdition ; he has chosen some to salvation, and the rest are left in their sins ; and though he irresistibly saves the elect, yet the reprobate are not determinately condemned. But this is standing upon one foot. If God has unconditionally elected a part of his creatures to be happy in a future world—if, when all mankind were alike exposed to

the vengeance of eternal fire, he has stretched forth the arm of distinguishing grace, and taken here and there one from the *horrible pit*, "*vi et armis*," and left the rest, who were no worse by nature, or by practice, than the *favoured few*, to perish in their sins, I own I have not perspicacity enough to discover any difference between this statement and *unconditional reprobation*. It is impossible for the *unipied* system of election to stand alone ; and when I find the advocates for this sentiment bringing forward the right foot of election, and endeavouring to keep reprobation out of sight, I cannot but believe there exists some deformity in this left foot, which they are ashamed to exhibit.

That Jehovah has a sovereign right to dispose of his creatures "according to the counsel of his will," no one can acknowledge more freely than myself : it is an idea I would continually inculcate, as it

tends to suppress every rising of discontent, and teaches profound submission to his will. If he see fit, in the plenitude of his mercy, to bless my sister or my friend with a rising family, and commissions the minister of death to take my little ones in succession from my arms, and leave me childless; still I have no reason to complain: I have the same confidence in his goodness that I have in his power, and am convinced, that, if it were for my eternal good to have retained these lent little ones, they would still have lived to return my maternal care with filial love; so that in affliction, as well as in prosperity, I find it my indispensable duty to submit to his sovereign disposal.

“ In all his ways confess th’ Almighty just,
And when we can’t unriddle, learn to trust,”

The perfections of Deity go hand in hand: his power is adequate to his goodness, his justice to his mercy. Though he acts as a sovereign,

yet his power is not arbitrary ; and though he is governed by no laws but of his own devising, yet these laws are founded in the eternal principles of unerring rectitude. These principles forbid him to will injustice, or rule with partiality ; so that whatever he ordains, is not only right because he ordains it, but he ordains it because in itself it is right. When we say " all things are possible with God," we should premise, all things consistent with his character and attributes. It is impossible for divine veracity to utter falsehood ; therefore we will take him at his word, when he says, " As I live I have no pleasure in the death of him that dieth." Is it consistent with absolute perfection, to decree that which he hath no pleasure in ?

I know many people quote the saying, " God fore-ordained whatsoever comes to pass," with all the deference which is due to holy writ. It is in fact the grand *primum mobile*,

which gives life and motion to the whole Calvinistic system. But, thank God, it is not Bible, and with all due respect to the reverend Assembly of Divines, who formed the Westminster Catechism, I would inquire, Does not this make God the author of all the evil that ever was committed ? It is impossible for one fountain to send forth sweet and bitter waters ; nor can any evil flow from the fountain of all good : and either there is no evil in the universe, or it must proceed from some other source than Deity.

If we believe the Scriptures, we cannot admit the former position. So early as in the days of Noah, " God saw that the wickedness of man was great in the earth, and every imagination of the thought of his heart was *only evil* continually ; and the earth also was corrupt before God, and the earth was filled with violence : and behold it was corrupt, for all flesh had corrupted his way

upon the earth." Gen. vi. 5, 11, 12. How does this melancholy description comport with the declaration in the first chapter of the same book, "And God saw every thing that he had made, and behold it was *very good*." Whence this unhappy declension? God forbid that we should attribute it to our Maker! rather let us humbly own, that "man was created upright, but he hath sought out many inventions."

In philosophy we hear much about *negative qualities*; and we talk of things that *are not* as though they *were*: thus the absence of heat we call cold; the absence of light we term darkness; and the Christian reasoner may add, the absence of holiness is sin.

My simple ideas on this subject are these; God, in the beginning, created man in a state of primeval rectitude, purity, and happiness. He placed him in a sphere of accountability; and gave him a law

annexing eternal death as the penalty of disobedience. Being created a free agent, man had moral ability to keep this law ; yet power to transgress : and while he continued to maintain an intimate communion with God, by living in obedience to all his commands, he remained a holy and a happy being : but, being left *to the freedom of his own will*, he departed from the commandment of God, lost the nature of holiness, and became justly liable to all the penalties of the *violated law*. This is the first example the Scriptures present of the possibility of human intelligences *falling from grace* and the favour of God. But as infinite wisdom had foreseen* this

* The author would take the liberty to remark, that when the terms *fore-sight* and *fore-knowledge* are applied to Deity in this work, they are expected to be understood, as words adapted to human capacity. Strictly speaking, there can be no past or future with Him to whom all things are present, who is the great I AM.

deplorable declension from righteousness, so infinite goodness had provided a Sacrifice, to satisfy the justice of the violated law, which demanded immediate vengeance on the transgressor ; and though man, by consequence, was banished from the Eden of the perfect love of God, yet, even in that early period, the covenant of grace was unfolded, and he was permitted to hope in the promise of him who " should bruise the serpent's head."

In the fulness of time, this promise was verified in the appearance of the Lord Jesus Christ, the Wonderful, Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Eternal Word, that was in the beginning with God ; " by whom all things were made." He, to restore the ruined race of mankind, consented to be made flesh, and submitting to a grievous death, completely satisfied the demands of the broken law, and restored the fallen creature to a state of justification

from the guilt of the fall; and having once offered himself, the just for the unjust, he remaineth a continual High Priest, through whom it is possible for the guilty sons of men to enter into the Holy of Holies, and obtain eternal salvation.

As all have partaken of the consequence of the first transgression, so all are included in the grand atonement; or as it is expressed by the apostle Paul, "As by the offence of one, judgment came upon all men unto condemnation, even so by the righteousness of one, the free gift came upon ALL MEN unto justification of life."

Jesus Christ has not only made a full atonement for the original transgression, but he has purchased for man, by his vicarious death and sufferings, the gift of the Holy Spirit, to enlighten his dark and benighted understanding, and lead him back to God, the only source and centre of his happiness. Therefore all who

die in infancy are saved by his atonement, without any condition on their part, and all who live to years of accountability, (which occurs at different periods, according to the natural aptitude of the understanding, assisted by education,) are visited by the strivings of the Spirit of God, plainly teaching them to know good from evil ; and were they to follow the teaching of this Spirit, and never fall into actual sin, they would have no need of after repentance. But being naturally prone to evil, partaking of the *consequence*, though not of the guilt of the first fall, they resist the Spirit of God, commit actual sin, and again fall from grace ; and hereafter it is only by repentance towards God, and faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, and having the image of God reinstamped upon the soul, that it is possible to attain to eternal happiness.

As to election, it is a term much talked of ; but little understood. In

the Scripture sense, it is God's doing any thing that our merit or power hath no part in. In this sense the Jews were elected, in contradistinction from the Gentile nations, to be a peculiar people, to whom the Lord manifested himself in a more immediate and special manner; but we have no intimation in the sacred volume, of any election to salvation except what is predicated upon repentance, faith, and holiness. The true predestination, or fore-appointment of God, is, he that believeth shall be saved from the guilt and power of sin; he that endureth to the end shall be saved eternally: other predestination than this the Scripture knows not of, and if God have fore-appointed any to salvation, it is because he foreknew that these same elect would embrace the offered salvation, and be obedient unto death.

But possibly it may be objected, that if God foreknew who would

obey and who refuse, why did he not so form the creature that it were impossible for him to sin? This would destroy the system of free agency, and overturn the whole moral government of the universe. St. Paul has aptly answered such cavillers; "*Nay but, O man, who art thou that repliest against God? shall the thing formed say to him that formed it, why hast thou made me thus?*" Why hast thou created me a moral agent! Why hast thou not bound me in chains of predestination? Why am I not a mere machine? As the pottèr hath power over the clay to make one vessel to honour and another to dishonour, so God hath power to create just such beings as most conduce to his own glory, and to the good of the universe. He has placed the creature man in a sphere of accountability; he has given him the power of choice, and will reward or punish him in a future world, not according to fore-

ordination, but according to the "deeds done in the body." If any decry this statement on the ground of salvation by works, I answer, far be it from me to arrogate to myself the *merit* of good works. It is *in* keeping, not *for* keeping, the commands, there is a great reward; and works are no farther the grounds of acceptance with God, than they are the evidence of purity of heart. If the tree be good, it will produce good fruit: so if the heart be cleansed from all iniquity, it will produce the "*peaceable fruits of righteousness.*"

These are my ideas of the doctrines of the Gospel. I could quote a multitude of scriptures in their support; but as my aim is merely to excite an inquiry in your mind, I refer you to the law and the testimony. If you find this statement agreeable to the tenor of the Scriptures, you are bound to believe it, and conduct accordingly. Never be tempted, my

dear girl, to throw the blame of your sins upon the Almighty. I beseech you, rest not upon the ground, "if I am to be saved, I shall be; let me do what I will: and if I am reprobated, it is impossible for me to help it." Thousands, I fear, have lost their souls on this very ground: but, my friend, it is not so: God is not mocking his creatures with deceitful offers of salvation; we are not tantalized with the prospect of a heaven it is impossible to attain. Let us see what the Scripture saith, "Go ye into all the world, and preach the Gospel to every creature." Can any commission be more extensive? It is universal, it takes in all the human race.

The literal meaning of the Gospel is good news. Good news indeed! Jesus has triumphed over death, and led captivity captive.

Dear Julia, listen to the joyful sound, Jesus has died for you. Praiséd for ever be his name, not one is excluded, for if his grace had

passed by one, it had passed unworthy me. "Ho! every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters:" come, drink the living stream that flowed from your Redeemer's side: he that hath no money may come, for his grace is free. Sinner, thou mayest come and welcome; it was for sinners Jesus died.

"Christ has sent me to invite you
To a rich and costly feast.
Let not doubts or fears distress you;
Come, the rich provision taste."

On this subject it is difficult for me to restrain the impetuosity of my feelings; and when I reflect on the amazing mercy of God to the fallen race, inasmuch as he has seen fit, in the plenitude of his loving-kindness, to provide a sufficient atonement, and hath invited all to be partakers of its benefits, I am lost in the immensity of his goodness, and a wish arises in my heart to spend my life in proclaiming a free salvation to a perishing world.

"Oh! for a trumpet's powerful voice,
On all the world to call!"

To bid the fallen race rejoice
In him who died for all!

Oh! for a seraph's heavenly lyre,
To sound my Saviour's praise:
To join the bright angelic choir;
And emulate their lays.

All hail, thou great victorious King,
Thou all-redeeming Lord;
Help me thy boundless love to sing,
And spread thy truths abroad.

May all my ransom'd powers agree
To bless the sacred name
The glorious undivided Three,
The coeternal Lamb.

The power who rules o'er earth and sky,
The great eternal Word,
Assumed our flesh, came down to die,
To bring our souls to God.

Ho, every one of human race,
Believe the record true;
Come, and accept the proffer'd grace,
For Jesus died for you.

He shed his dearest blood for all;
Not one is left behind;
Come, and obey the heavenly call,
And full salvation find.

Be sav'd from hell and deathless wo,
From every sin set free;
Be sav'd to witness here below,
That Jesus died for thee.

Be sav'd to reign with him above,
And see the Saviour's face;
Be justified by Jesu's love;
Be freely sav'd by grace.

It is not my design, my young
friend, to recommend the peculiar
sentiments of any particular denomi-

nation to your acceptance. I am chiefly desirous that you should be a partaker of divine grace. But I have been thus particular in exposing what I conceive to be the errors of Calvinism, because I believe their tendency to be pernicious, especially to sceptical minds, although I recognize many who have embraced those sentiments, whom I expect to meet on the happy shores of immortal blessedness. The apostle exhorts, "Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind;" and I am convinced that a Christian who possesses the catholic spirit of Jesus Christ, will never withhold the hand of Gospel-fellowship on account of varieties of opinion.

I am persuaded a perfect conviction of the doctrine of a free salvation will tend to enlarge your ideas of God, and render you more happy than the contrary system can possibly make you. On this subject I recommend to your perusal the

works of the Rev. John Fletcher, not only because this great man was one of the principal luminaries of Methodism, but because they contain important truths, written in a neat argumentative style, that cannot fail to please. He has gone to receive the eternal reward of his labours in the cause of God ; and that you and I may be prepared to meet him in the realms of celestial beatitude, may the Spirit of unerring wisdom lead us in the path of truth and righteousness, enable us to live in the fear of God, die in his favour, and at last reign with him eternally, for Christ's sake. So prays your affectionate

CAROLINE.

LETTER V.

“ Know that Religion’s sacred treasures lie,
Inviting, plain, open to every eye ;
For every age, every station,
Ner limited to science or to wit.”

Miss Mers.

March 5.

MY DEAR FRIEND,

IT is natural for inexperienced minds to form very limited conceptions of the pleasures of religion. In the gay morning of youth, the vanities of time and sense present themselves in an alluring garb, and we are apt to disregard the dignity of human nature, and the great end of our existence. As soon as we are capable of consideration, a thirst for happiness springs up in the soul, which can only be satisfied by quaffing celestial draughts from the well of everlasting life.

Are you, my young friend, in the full pursuit of happiness? Listen

then to a friend who loves you, who has herself traversed many a devious path in pursuit of the fair fugitive. When youth solicits, and pleasure waves her enchanting wand, dear girl, beware. The vanities of youth are like so many sirens, that allure you by the fascination of their voices, merely to plunge you in the vortex of despair. The pleasures of dissipation are like an enchanted island, that displays its delightful landscapes to your view; and the more you endeavour to gain the fairy shore, the farther it recedes from your approach, until it draws you into a whirlpool more fatal than the fabled Charybdis. Well indeed saith the inspired penman, "she that liveth in pleasure, is dead while she liveth." Tell me, my friend, are you not a witness of the verity of this Scripture? Did you ever experience any real, permanent felicity in the pursuit of what the world calls pleasure? No doubt she has promised

you many an hour of delight, but are not all her enjoyments tinged with a disquietude the very reverse of happiness ?

I can well recollect when my infatuated mind was immersed in fashionable amusements, how often it was the prey of cankering disappointment. When I had, perhaps, devoted every leisure moment for a week in preparation for a splendid ball, how the providential interference of a storm has disappointed all my hopes of happiness, and I have been obliged to remain at home, brooding, with melancholy discontent, on the uncertainty of human events. Or if nothing interposed between me and the destined scene of enjoyment, some adverse circumstance would ever occur to make my reflections unpleasant. From such scenes I always returned dissatisfied, and thus it is with every enjoyment which is not founded on conscious approbation.

Some indeed there are, who place happiness in the attainment of wealth ; but a reflecting mind will easily perceive their error. Such is the instability of human events, that he who trusts in riches is emphatically termed unwise. Unavoidable losses may reduce the affluent to a level with the despised poor, and even were it possible to attain to that situation in life, that one might bid defiance to adversity, yet with the multitude of riches the multitude of cares are increased, and the time is approaching, when death, the grand leveller, will make all equal. Whether we have been in possession of ten or ten thousand pounds, we shall then only need a narrow spot of ground with a sod to cover it.

Not a few of our own sex place the *summum bonum* of human happiness in fashion : and this, my friend, is the most contemptible of all. To employ all the energies of an immortal mind to decorate a mortal

body! how superlatively absurd! Not that I mean to censure a becoming attention to decorum, either in dress or manners; nay, so great an advocate am I for decency of appearance, that I hardly believe it possible for a slattern to enjoy the sublime pleasures of religion. But very many females, we have reason to believe, make it their principal study to invent new models of taste, and some have carried fashion to such an extent, that health and life, have been sacrificed at her shrine.

While I was engaged in the education of young ladies, this absurdity was particularly under my attention; and though I strove, both by precept and example, to encourage an elegant simplicity, and modest utility of apparel, yet very many of those who were under my care, considered all restraint upon their extravagancy a remnant of Gothic superstition; and often in my intercourse with the polite world, has the epithet *unfashion-*

able, been applied to me as a term of reproach. Yet do these ladies find the object of their pursuit? Does happiness reside with them?

The young, the beautiful, the fashionable Mrs. H. was an example. You doubtless remember this young lady, and her uncommon attention to personal appearance; though you were too young to pay particular attention to the extreme frivolity of her manners. Before her marriage, the accomplished Miss S. was considered the standard of dress in the circle of her acquaintance, and an impartial biographer must add, that her mind was as frivolous as her apparel. We were schoolmates together; but though Miss S. possessed a vivid imagination, and sprightly genius, her progress in useful literature was but small. She would much rather be employed in searching the *memorandum books* for models of London dresses, than in the declension of a noun, or conjugation of a

verb. We entered into the conjugal relation about the same time ; and as our residence was forty miles apart, our acquaintance for a season was interrupted. On my last visit to S—n, preparatory to my leaving New-England, I called on my old acquaintance, and found her still immersed in the pseudo pleasures of the fashionable world. Tea-parties, the toilet, and the superb ornaments of her parlour, divided her attention, and she had not even time to be pleased with the unmeaning prattle of a smiling infant, for whom a nurse was provided ; for, the maternal office it was feared, would injure her shape. Though she received me with all the hospitality due to an old and familiar acquaintance, yet I could plainly perceive an air of chagrin and dissatisfaction, which all the gaiety of her apparel could but ill conceal.

My little son was then about four months old, and was constantly in my

arms.—She looked upon me, and sighing deeply, said, I believe you love your child, or you could never be confined to nurse it yourself. I answered, that I was happy to be thus employed, and realized a higher pleasure in the endearments of domestic life, than I had ever done when we were associates in the circle of fashion. And tell me, Susan, said I, amidst all the splendour that surrounds you, are you happy ?” “Happy !” she replied, “by no means ; I am tormented with cares and anxieties : I am as miserable as a demon.” I hinted my surprise that she could be contented with such a mode of life ; but she, in her turn, wondered at the singularity that made me prefer a *plain bonnet*, and we parted, mutually disposed to pity each other.

When I took my leave, I could not forbear clasping my dear little son with fervour to my heart, and silently adoring my Maker for his good-

ness, in preserving me from the infatuation of relinquishing, even the endearing task of rearing my own offspring, for the futile pleasure of appearing in a fashionable shape.

While I tarried at S— a typhus fever was epidemic in the vicinity, and the fashionable Mrs. H. was among the victims of its merciless ravages. I visited her in her illness, and found her anxiety to be in fashion still continued. Every thing about her was in the newest taste, and with the sentence of death upon her countenance, her heart appeared to be totally unconcerned about futurity. In her intervals of ease she conversed about an elegant house that was preparing for her reception, and regretted that her apartments were not more spacious. She was attended by a young physician, an infidel, who had strictly forbidden her attendants to inform her of her danger, for fear of depressing her spirits, and constantly assured her that she would do well.

I tarried with her all night, being persuaded that the night would prove critical. About midnight, she was seized with severe spasms, and for the first time since her illness, expressed a fear that she would not recover. The experienced and respected Doctor M. who had himself just passed the crisis of the same fever, was now called out of bed, wrapped in blankets, and brought to her bedside to administer relief. He was a sensible and worthy man, and I have reason to believe a *sincere Christian*. After a momentary attention to her symptoms, he assured her that it was past the art of medicine to do her good : “ your pangs,” said he, “ are the pangs of death :” and while her fond husband earnestly entreated that something might be given to prolong her life, the good doctor exhorted her to look to the Lord. “ Doctor,” said she, in a feeble dying accent, “ Can you do nothing for me ? Can you not re-

prieve me but one day longer? Alas! I am unprepared to die. I have lived twenty-six years, and never seriously thought of death before." The horrors of dying unprepared rushed upon her mind, and she shrieked in agony. Despair gave her strength, and she raised herself without assistance in the bed, and conjured all present to be warned by her example, and seek the salvation of their souls. "For me," said she, "I am going I know not where. Heaven is not my place—I am unprepared for it, I have no relish for it." Some one present proposed to send for the Clergyman to pray with her. "If you can pray," said she, "pray for yourselves, for me it is too late."

In a few minutes the parish Clergyman arrived, and attempted to console her. He mentioned the case of the penitent thief on the cross, and assured her that it was never too late to turn to God. She

replied, "His case and mine are different, he repented, I cannot repent. If I were well, I should not think of it, I would live here for ever." In a short time she sunk into a state of insensibility, and thus expired.

For myself, I had retired to a corner of her apartment, to mourn before my God my own backwardness, that I had not warned her the day before to prepare for eternity. I was awed by the commands of a wicked doctor; and dared not introduce the subject.

I have never yet been able to reflect calmly on this scene. God enable me, by future faithfulness, to atone for my error, so that in the great day of accounts, I may have none but my own soul to answer for.

I attended her funeral, and as she had all her life-time been in the height of fashion, so after death she appeared in the latest taste. Her coffin was of the most elegant work-

manship, her grave-clothes of the finest texture, her apartments were hung with festoons of crape, in the most fanciful manner, and even a fashionable preacher was selected to perform the funeral obsequies, who uttered a few bombastic sentences on the uncertainty of life, and the happiness of saints in glory; and the same day that her new house was completed, my poor friend was consigned to the "house appointed for all living."

Such, my dear Julia, was the end of a lady of fashion. I forbear to make any comments; and call your attention to a far different scene, which I witnessed the same season.

The pious and amiable Mrs. C. had for many years professed to be a pilgrim and a stranger on the earth, and evidenced the sincerity of her profession by a well-ordered life and conversation. When called, at last, to make the important change, though distressed with severe bodily

pain, she manifested a solemn joy and serene tranquillity, that angels might have contemplated with pleasure. She called her family together, and after having taken an affectionate leave of her children, exhorting them to love and serve the Lord, she turned to her companion, who stood weeping by her bedside, and said, "My dear, I am going hence, don't mourn for me, for I am going home to my Jesus!" then sunk back upon her pillow, and quietly departed.

Which of these ladies, my dear Julia, would you emulate? None will hesitate for a moment whether to die the death of the righteous or the wicked, but the question is, which enjoyed the most substantial happiness *during life*? The one, surrounded with scenes of splendour, could pronounce herself as unhappy as a demon, the other, in many vicissitudes of life, maintained an even tranquillity of temper, "calm

and unruffled as a summer's sea, when not a breath of wind flies over its surface," and this manifest disparity was the effect of religion in the latter. Who then would not embrace a religion that produces such excellent effects? Who would prefer the affected pleasures of the fashionable world, to the sober enjoyments of reason, and the luxury of

"Mens sibi conscia recti."

And what does religion call you to resign? a few futile amusements, a few short-lived pleasures, that wither like the blighted rose, and leave a thorn behind, while it promises undisturbed peace and happiness in this life, and "in the world to come, life everlasting."

Human nature is so constituted that all are more or less subject to affliction; but religion, in the midst of the keenest sorrows, presents an anchor to the soul, which, entering within the veil of the Gospel, pro-

mises—preserves the little tottering vessel amidst the tempest, nay, the very whirlwind of affliction. The Christian's hopes and treasures are in heaven, his *tittle deed* to immortal happiness is there recorded. What has he to do with earth?

“—————Though perils should abound
As thick as thought can make them, and appear
In forms more horrid. Yet the Christian,
As doth the rock against the chiding flood,
Would the approach of this wild river break,
And stand secure—————”

The sweet consciousness of the favour and protection of that Being who disposes of events, with the animating assurance that all things shall work together for good to those that love the Lord, is sufficient to support the mind under every vicissitude. If we cordially believe that He, in whose hands are the issues of life, is our *friend*, we can trust him in affliction, as well as praise him in prosperity. Happy indeed are they who have made the Lord Jehovah their everlasting refuge; they can trust, and not be afraid.

In our connexions with each other we are ever liable to imposition, and the feeling heart is often pained by the treachery of those we love ; but if we choose God for our friend, we are under no such apprehensions. The divine perfections are all engaged to make us happy. Job was an eminent example of holy confidence and unshaken reliance on the friendship of God. In the midst of unparalleled sufferings, he could exclaim with fervour, " Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him ;" and when all his intimate friends had forsaken him—when even the wife of his affections had become estranged from his heart, and those he loved were turned against him, yet his confidence in God was unabated, and with unshaken faith he could say, " I know that my Redeemer liveth, and that he shall stand at the last day upon the earth ; and though after my skin worms destroy this body,

yet in *my flesh shall I see God.*" Such and so strong are the consolations of the pious. Who then would not forego the "short-lived pleasures of time and sense, to be a partaker of this happiness?"

But such is the benevolence of Deity, that to enjoy his favour, we are not required to relinquish any enjoyments, except such as are really pernicious. "Godliness hath the promise of the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come." He that hath relinquished any of the delights of this life for the Gospel of Jesus Christ, hath the assurance of a recompense a hundred fold in this world, and in the world to come life everlasting.

Such, my friend, is the portrait of religion. Though I have but faintly sketched the outlines, yet to my view, the fair prototype is so charming, that the most imperfect resemblance of the original cannot fail to please.

The inexperienced mind often imbibes a prejudice against religion, by confounding its effects with those of bigotry and superstition ; but light and darkness are not more different in their nature and effects, than religion and superstition. The one is the favoured child of heaven ; the other the offspring of the infernal regions. The one appears with an attendant train of graces—peace, joy, and love ; the other is followed by a group of infernal harpies—discord, hatred, and oppression.

True religion is uniformly cheerful, from a consciousness of divine favour ; superstition is wrapped in gloom, with a view to recommend itself by rigid austerities. While religion is peaceable, gentle, merciful, long-suffering, and forbearing ; superstition is severe, revengeful, uncharitable, and merciless. Superstition has often worn the mask of religion, and under this hypocritical disguise, she has been the parent

of crimes that would make hell's inhabitants blush to see themselves so far outdone in wickedness. It was superstition that rejected and crucified the Messiah, and lighted the flames of persecution for his followers. It was superstition that reared the gloomy walls of the inquisition, and invented the wheel and rack to overawe the consciences of men. The same superstition, in the first settlement of New-England, banished, and even put to death, the unoffending Quaker, in a land of professed Gospel light and liberty.

The same spirit that influenced Saul of Tarsus to persecute the church of God, has, in latter days, collected mobs to insult his successors in the ministry; and even in my limited experience, I have seen an assembly of Christians peaceably worshipping God, according to the dictates of their consciences, rudely assaulted with stones from the hands of those who would think themselves

insulted if they were not termed Christians. It is superstition that excites animosities among the professors of Christianity, and is the parent of all the unhappy divisions that have agitated the Christian world: and the same spirit of superstition that brands with opprobrious epithets the humble followers of the Redeemer, would, if the hydra were not chained by the *civil law*, again enkindle the flames of the *Auto de Fe*, and bind the victim to the stake.

But while we view with merited detestation the black caricature of superstition, we are not to brand with this stigma the solemn requisitions of real devotion. The terror that sometimes fastens on an awakened mind, is not the effect of superstition.

It is not superstitious to believe in the solemn realities of heaven and hell, or to be suitably affected with the prospect of eternity. The idea of endless banishment from God is

truly affecting, and no wonder if the dread of this gloomy separation from all good, together with the thought of positive suffering, should harrow up the feelings to such a degree, as to produce the keenest agony. You are not therefore to mistake the agonizing convictions of the awakened sinner, for the effect of superstition. It is madness to sport upon the brink of eternal ruin, and he who can look unmoved upon the gulf of dark despair, is as void of feeling as of hope.

Though cheerfulness is a characteristic of true religion, it becomes not the ungodly, and none but such as are in a state of grace and favour with God, have any incentive to joy. While the sincerely pious stand before God in the endearing relation of children, and are entitled to all the privileges of their Father's house, the obstinately wicked have nothing to expect, while they continue impenitent, but the fierce in-

dignation of an incensed Deity, that must forever crush their souls beneath the weight of impending wrath.

Dear Julia, I exhort you to flee for your life. God will, in the great day of his wrath, pour out his vengeance upon spiritual Sodom. Feelingly can I address you in the language of the angel, "Up, get thee out of this place, for the Lord will destroy this city." Stay not in all the plain, nor look a moment behind, but fly for refuge to the mountain of redeeming grace.

May the Lord help you so to run, that you may at last obtain the "mark of the prize of our high calling, as it is in Christ Jesus our Lord,"

Prays your
CAROLINE.

LETTER VI.

Now while health and youth delight thee,
Choose the path of life and peace ;
All thy Saviour's wounds invite thee,
Turn and seek eternal peace,
Many a flower at morning blooming,
Withers with the noontide ray,
Then be wise, and seek the Saviour,
Trust his grace, and prove his favour,
Seek him while you may.

Manuscript Poems.

April 2.

IN the course of our correspondence, dear Julia, we have said much of the excellencies of religion: It has been represented as the one thing needful, as altogether desirable in itself, and absolutely necessary to happiness here, or hereafter.

We have dwelt much on the divine consolations, and the absolute impossibility of enjoying any true happiness, when the mind is not actuated by its heavenly influence.

Methinks, my young friend is ready to exclaim, "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian." Would to God it were so; would to

God you were not only almost but altogether persuaded to become a disciple of the dear Redeemer. In persuading you to forsake the vanities of this delusive world, and seek the sublime enjoyments of the city which is out of sight, I would not deprive you of any of the elegant pleasures of taste or refinements of classic literature. On the contrary, I would direct your attention to a subject which is calculated to afford a full employment to all the energies of the soul.

Whatever is exalted, whatever is sublime, whatever is noble, is found in religion: it combines all excellencies; it condenses all beauties; it concentrates all delights. It is the grand *ultimatum*, without which other knowledge is vain.

Religion enhances every perception of taste, and gives a higher zest to all the pleasures of the fancy and intellect.

It is one of the excellencies of

the Christian system, that it is perfectly adapted to human nature in every possible situation. Though its essential truths are perfectly simple, and suited to the meanest capacity, yet its sublime mysteries are such as can never be comprehended, even by the most capacious mind. The wonders of redeeming love is a theme that interests angelic minds. Is it not then worthy of the attention of human powers in their highest state of cultivation? To a mind suitably affected, the page of the poet, or the novelist, presents insipid ideas, and affords but a paltry satisfaction, when compared with those august sublimities which glow in the volume of divine revelation.

It contains a variety of fine composition, calculated to gratify the most fastidious taste. Why, my friend, would you fly for entertainment to the regions of fiction, when truth is here presented to your

view in all its native simplicity and beauty?

Dear Julia, be persuaded to lay aside the enchanting page of romance, which, like an *ignus fatuus*, too often leads the young mind astray in the pursuit of ideal pleasures, and read your Bible as a book of entertainment.

Truth is in its nature charming, and when clothed with genuine sublimity of thought, and chaste simplicity of language, it becomes doubly interesting. Are you pleased with magnificent description? then you must feel the power of heavenly eloquence, when David describes the appearance of the Highest, "He bowed the heavens also and came down, and darkness was under his feet; he rode upon a cherub and did fly; he was seen upon the wings of the wind." Observe also the august sublimity of the prophet Habakkuk, "He stood, and measured the earth; he beheld and drove

asunder the nations ; the everlasting mountains were scattered ; the perpetual hills did bow ; his ways are everlasting."

Thus Isaiah, describing the future glory of the church, "Violence shall no more be heard in the land, wasting nor destruction in thy borders ; but thou shalt call thy walls salvation, and thy gates praise."

Are you charmed with the interesting details of pastoral simplicity ? Then can you find them in the history of the shepherd Joseph. Then may you listen with delight to the harp of the son of Jesse.

The various incidents and remarkable vicissitudes of the life of David, who, from a simple shepherd swain,

"Who tun'd his rustic pipe, and penn'd his fold,"

became a powerful monarch, would form an epic story, certainly not less interesting than the exploits of the

fabled hero of the *Æneid*. His conquest of Goliath is alone sufficient to rank David in the catalogue of heroes; and presents a scene of heroic firmness and unshaken bravery, that has never been rivalled. What intrepid valour, what dauntless bravery must have animated the bosom of the youthful warrior! with what fearless confidence in the mighty God, he met the unequal combat! Let us for a moment view the dreadful scene: the giant advances, defended with a coat of mail sufficient to repel the stoutest blow that human arm could inflict. Armed with a spear of uncommon magnitude, and a sword that had thinned the ranks of Israel; see how he strides along the valley, with looks of high disdain, wondering who among the host of Israel possessed sufficient hardihood to dare the weight of his uplifted spear. Let us in imagination behold the rival armies drawn up on either side

in regular battalia, to witness the combat. On each side, expectation, mingled with fear and hope, trembles for the event. The Philistine takes the ground, and the idolatrous bands give a shout of anticipated triumph; while the assembled armies of Israel, in silent consternation, await the fate of their youthful hero. The herald sounds for the battle, and David appears. But Oh! astonishing to human view! he is unarmed. He has lain by the trusty armour of Saul, and ventures on the fearful combat, with his simple shepherd's sling. What fearless dignity is here displayed! With an easy graceful motion he advances—his countenance is composed to smiles of cheerful confidence—his step is firm. Unintimidated by the martial appearance of his gigantic foe, his countenance retains its composure: perhaps he is whistling some rustic hymn as he passes along.

Unconscious of surrounding dan-

ger, his heart ascends in prayer to the God of his fathers, that his great name might be glorified by the destruction of the idolatrous Philistine. The combatants meet ; and the triumphant champion of Gath, when he beholds, instead of some famed victorious chief, as he had expected, an unarmed shepherd youth, disdain and anger struggle for the mastery, and he curses him by his gods : while the fearless hero dares him to the combat. " Thou comest to me," says he, " with a sword, and with a spear, and with a shield ; but I come to thee in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the God of the armies of Israel, whom thou hast defied ;" and while the angry giant advances upon him, he hurls from his trusty sling a stone he had gathered from the brook ; the God in whom he trusted, directed its flight, it sinks deep into the forehead of the giant warrior ; he falls to the ground amid the acclamations of exulting Israel ; the

mighty crash of his armour reverberates from hill to hill the intrepid conqueror mounts the carcase of the fallen foe, and with his own sword severs his head from the lifeless trunk, and returns in triumph, praising God for his deliverance.

The story is worthy the dramatic pen; and shall we be less pleased with these interesting details because they are true? or shall we, in a literary point of view at least, give our Bible a place among works of genius.

My letters would be volumes, and my volumes folios, were I to enumerate half the excellencies of this inestimable book. As a classic, I can recommend it to your frequent perusal; and were it merely of human composition, it would stand in high estimation; but when we consider that it really is an immediate revelation from the Author of our existence, we venerate the page, and if we are suitably affected, we

feel the most lively sensations of gratitude for such a treasure. I am sensible, my friend, you can never become thoroughly attached to this sacred volume until you experience the divine efficacy of the Christian religion.

The Christian has an internal perception of its excellencies; it contains the history of his best Friend, the Lord Jesus Christ; he reads the tender story of his sufferings, with tears of genuine sympathy, and is feelingly alive to every pang that agonized the bosom of his bleeding Saviour.—In his sufferings, he reads his own exemption from eternal pain. In his death, he views the “*man of sin*” slain in himself. In his triumphant resurrection, he considers himself as also risen to newness of life in him. In his glorious ascension, he triumphs in the assurance that where he is, there shall his followers be.

Dear Julia, will not you also be

his disciple? The God who loves an early sacrifice, has promised peculiar blessings to those that seek him in their youth. Come, and know for yourself, how good it is to serve the Lord. For once try the veracity of your friend; come and see if I have told you the truth, when I have assured you that religion only can confer durable happiness. Surely you are not so absurd as to think of closing life without religion. Then what do you propose to gain by delay? Every moment you procrastinate repentance, you are adding to its poignancy; every indulgence of a disposition contrary to the Gospel, accumulates sorrows for the hour of consideration. Did you ever hear of one, who, in the hour of death, regretted that too early a preparation had been made for eternity? I presume not. Nor will you, my dear girl, when that solemn period arrives, think any time misspent that has been devoted to the service

of your Creator. Many poor infatuated creatures delay repentance to a dying bed, as if they were determined to enjoy both worlds ; and seem to imagine they may live in all the sinful pleasures of the world, and renounce them only when they are incapable of enjoying them ; and thus present to God the mutilated remnant of a life of folly. But such conduct is madness in the extreme : to be happy in a future state, it is essentially necessary to be holy in the present ; and a mind that has no relish for devotion, can no more enjoy the blessedness of heaven, than a blind man can realize the excellencies of painting, or one totally deaf can be sensible to the powers of music. Dear Julia, I feel constrained, as one who must give account to God, to represent these things to your view in the clearest light. I warn you in the name of Him who died for you, to escape the awful destruction of the finally im-

renewed, since I took up my pen, from a sense of duty, in the cause of religion. While I have been employed in this correspondence, God has manifested his grace in a most powerful manner, and as at the beginning I could testify of his goodness, so at the close I can say, "He has forgiven all mine iniquities, he has healed all my diseases."

I have deeply felt that

'Tis worse than death my God to love,
And not my God above;

and have been led to struggle earnestly to be delivered from inbred pollution, and though the remains of unbelief still at times hinders the full enjoyment of perfect love, yet I have become fully sensible that it is my privilege to walk in the light of the reconciled countenance of God continually.

Thanks be to God, I feel that the work of grace has been deepened in my heart, and my present views

are still to follow on to know the Lord, until I experience all the depths of love divine, and am able to say with the poet,

"Not a doubt can arise,
To darken my skies,
Or hide for a moment my Lord from my eyes."

Adieu, my dear Julia. May the blessing of the All-wise Jehovah descend, and rest upon you. May the Holy Spirit of God direct your mind to embrace the immutable truths of the Gospel. May you find your interest in the broken body of the Redeemer. May you be happy in life, tranquil in death, and may we meet at last where distance can never separate congenial minds, or death dissever the ties of kindred or affection, and unite in sweet Hosannas to the Triune God for ever.

Lord! grant that we may love thee with our whole heart, serve thee with a willing mind, while life remains, and reign with thee eternally for Christ's sake.

Accept, once more, my young friend, the assurance of my hearty friendship; and when you commend yourself to God, pray for your unworthy

CAROLINE.

The Author of the preceding Letters is happy to be able, in this Edition, to present her readers the following, written at a later period, to a friend whose kind attentions have been gratefully received, and will long be remembered.

Happy to add one more to the multitude of witnesses, who have testified that Religion has power to disarm death of its horrors, and open the gate of heaven to the soul; the author realizes an increased delight in the reflection, that this example was her personal friend, and one whose memory will be dear to her, while her heart retains a sentiment of friendship, or a feeling of sensibility.

C. M. T.



LETTER
TO MISS B—

MY DEAR MISS B.

YOU have been pleased to honour the little volume of Letters to Julia with your perusal, and to express some curiosity to learn the effect of this correspondence on the mind of this amiable and lovely girl.

To gratify your laudable curiosity to become acquainted with whatever is excellent, and to present to your mind a bright example of the power of religion to soften the pangs and protracted sufferings of a lingering *hectic*, and gild the horrors of death, I have retired to my little apartment, to attempt an imperfect delineation of the character and person of Julia, and narrate such circumstances of her late distressing illness, and triumphant death, as I have recently obtained, in a personal interview with

one who witnessed the progress of her disease with peculiar interest, and saw her gradual preparation for glory with the joy of a believer.

There was a time, my dear Miss B., when your humble friend sustained a different rank in society from that in which you now behold her. I have been a wife and a mother, and have realized the bliss of conjugal endearment, and the rapture of maternal felicity.

I, too, possess from nature a warmth of feeling, a kind of sensitive susceptibility of mind, which I have often lamented, as tending, if not to the production of evils, to increase my sensibility to calamities, which human wisdom cannot foresee, nor human prudence prevent.

It was in the days of prosperous happiness I first saw Julia. She was my pupil, and although there was nearly ten years difference in our ages, the similarity of our tastes soon induced us to form a very strict friendship.

She possessed a mind of no common grade, and with a versatility of genius, (by no means a common endowment,) she applied with equal diligence to the useful, the ornamental, and the abstruse, and with almost equal success. Her pencil copied with fidelity the landscapes, which her mind selected with taste ; in music, she was a considerable proficient ; and she made no contemptible progress in walks of literature, where female foot has seldom dared to tread. Yet, though she read Virgil and Tully with tolerable facility, and could measure heights and distances with mathematical exactness, her manners were truly feminine.

Though she made no pretensions, as a writer, she possessed a ready use of language, that made her a very interesting correspondent. Perhaps it may not be uninteresting to you, to subjoin, that her person was pleasing.

Her stature was small and delicate ; and her countenance, lighted up with an uncommon degree of vivacity, was a perfect index to a heart naturally gay, yet capable of the most tender emotions, and most durable attachments.

Her parents, though good moral people, were not pious, and Julia, like too many young ladies of fashion, was a stranger to religion.

On every other subject, our minds were in perfect cordiality ; but when Religion was the topic, Julia was silent.

She was sensible to the beauties of nature ; could converse with eloquence on the pleasures of rural retirement, read with delight the most eminent Poets, and selected their principal beauties with just discrimination, yet, perhaps, never extended her admiration to

“ The uncreated beauty that adorns
The mind supreme.”

After my removal to this vicinity,

it was the will of Providence that I should encounter many serious afflictions, which I firmly believe were sent in mercy, to wean my heart from an undue attachment to the world, and teach me to "set my affections on things above."

My own health was precarious ; my children were taken in succession from my arms ; my dearest earthly friend, for whom I had left kindred and home, and with whom I cheerfully endured many of the privations incident to new settlers in the wilderness,—but here, my dear Miss B. permit me to veil the picture.

You already know many of the circumstances that have led to my present isolated situation ; and I will not harrow up feelings it is both my duty and interest to consign to oblivion.

In the midst of these trying scenes, God was my support ; and when consolation visited me in the form

of a letter from Julia, it gave a new energy to a mind too prone to sink under the pressure of affliction.

The kind girl had heard that my heart had received a new wound in the death of a darling child, and she offered me such consolation as her feeling heart suggested. I sensibly felt this delicate attempt to break the spell of my grief, and I was awakened to a deep sense of the criminality of indulging inordinate sorrow, and sinking supinely under those afflictions Providence intended for my good. I thought I discovered, in my late bereavements, the chastising hand of Heaven for my remissness in duty. I reverted to the years spent in cultivating a mind I now suffered to sink into puerile inactivity, and I resolved, by the grace of God, henceforth to devote my abilities, such as they were, to recommend and enforce the religion of Jesus Christ.

With such views, I commenced the series of Letters to Julia, and while the pleasing employment softened the sense of present afflictions, I became animated and strengthened with the soothing hope, that my labour would not be altogether in vain. My love became more ardent ; my zeal more uniform, and if I ever enjoyed what the venerable founder of Methodism termed " Perfect Love," it was while I was employed in this correspondence.

We wrote frequently, and though my published letters are enlarged, the substance of each, in the order they are published, was first sent to Julia.

From one of her answers, permit me to introduce the following quotation :

" You say, my dear Mrs. ——— you are irresistibly impelled to the completion of this correspondence, under a view of the shortness of life : I too feel a presentiment of

approaching dissolution, which I cannot account for. I have lost much of my gayety, and my mind dwells almost constantly on death and judgment. Very few of my acquaintance are thoughtful about their souls; and all attribute my pensiveness to a declining state of health.

“My friends fear I am consumptive, but I hope soon to convince them to the contrary. Many times, of late, I have determined to commence a life of piety; and some new amusement, or gay company, has always banished my seriousness.

“Continue to pray for me, and believe me I *feel* the importance of being what you would have me: how I shall *act* I dare not promise.”

Some months after the reception of this letter, Julia was united in marriage to a respectable young Physician, to whom she had been long attached, and who was sensible of her worth.

New duties now devolved upon her, which, combined with delicate health, rendered her a less punctual correspondent ; and I heard from her but once from the period of her marriage, until I saw her death announced in the public papers.

In the last communication I ever received from her, she expressed a hope, mixed with many fears, that God for Christ's sake had forgiven her sins.

As her health sensibly declined, her piety grew more deep, uniform, and consistent ; and though she was qualified by her education and rank in life to be distinguished in the first circles, she shone no more in the splendid galaxy of fashion. She united with the people of God, and manifested the sincerity of her faith by active and persevering exertions to promote the cause of piety.—The friends of Jesus were the chosen ones of her heart, and every institution, calculated to promote the

interests of piety, or disseminate the knowledge of salvation, received her warm support. Her friends beheld with grief the ravages of sickness in her delicate constitution, and her fond husband saw with unutterable sensations, the hectic glow, and heard the hollow cough, that gave unequivocal assurance that her dissolution was inevitable.—Perhaps there is not a more interesting object, than an amiable young person, verging to the grave, by the lingering steps of a protracted Phthisic. Flattered by the illusive appearances of returning health, the subjects of this deceitful disease frequently indulge the chimerical hope of better days, and drop into the grave, while their minds are pursuing plans of future life, and indulging dreams of complete recovery.

It was not so with Julia. From the first serious attack, she gave up all expectation of returning health, and gave her heart wholly to an act

of preparation for the world to which she felt herself hastening.

After her confinement, she endured two months of exquisite suffering without a murmur, and almost without a groan.

On one occasion, after a little extraordinary exertion, she was seized with an hæmoptysis* that threatened to be instantly fatal.

In the moment of alarm, when her kind friend and physician enjoined total rest and silence, she took his hand, and uttered the word "*peace*," making a signal, which she afterward many times repeated, when obedience to her physician did not suffer her to utter a word.

At one time, when the flattering appearance of her disorder induced many of her friends to hope for her restoration, the Rev. Mr. B., her Pastor, visited her, and asked what were her views, in the prospect of

* Hemorrhage from the lungs.

recovery? She answered, "I submit the matter to God—My situation in life is agreeable, I have a kind husband, by whom my loss will be severely felt, and tender parents and friends, who will mourn when I am no more. For their sakes, if it were the will of God, I might be willing to defer my happiness; but for me, to live is Christ, and to die is gain; for, I trust, living or dying, I am the Lord's."

Being asked if she had no doubts of her final acceptance with God? She answered, "Through grace I have generally been enabled to rely with confidence on the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, yet the enemy sometimes tempts me to fear. When I think of my unfaithfulness, my coldness, my heart-wanderings, it seems impossible that I should be a child of God, but I know in whom I *have believed*. I cannot state the exact time when God converted my soul, but this I know. once I was at-

tached to vain amusements—now I love prayer; once I loved the world—now I love God.”

“And why,” said her faithful Pastor, “do you love God?” “Because his character is lovely; because he hates sin. Oh! to be delivered from all sin!—dear Sir, pray that I may be delivered from sin, even in this life.”

These extracts were lately furnished me by a friend who was present, and the following account of the closing scene I received from an intelligent and pious Lady, to whom I addressed a request to be informed of every particular, for the purpose of recording them, for my own improvement, and perhaps for the good of others.

“At your request, I have endeavoured to recollect all the particulars of the death of Mrs. W.—, who was my near neighbour, and whose exemplary piety will long be remembered by all who knew her.

I am glad you intend to write an account of her death, and regret, that in the lapse of half a year, many interesting things will be forgotten.

I was with her much in her sickness, and never saw a more perfect pattern of patience and resignation.

When she joined the Church in this town, she expressed many doubts of her spiritual standing : indeed, her conversion was so gradual, that for a long time after she exhibited the fruits of religion, she was doubtful whether she possessed it.

Though she joined the Congregational Church, she rather favoured the sentiments of your people, and I presume would have united with them, had there been a Church in this vicinity.—She was very plain in her dress, ever after she became serious, but always appeared genteel, and in a degree fashionable.—Some time before her death, her doubts were all removed, and she rejoiced in the full assurance of eternal life.

She often mentioned you with affection, and remembered you in her prayers.

I sat up with her the night before she died, and at her request persuaded all her family to retire.

When we were alone, she said, "I have not long to stay on earth, and wish to spend the little time I have left in prayer and praise. Sing that beautiful Hymn, beginning,

'And let this feeble body fail.'

I tried to sing, but grief choaked my voice. She attempted to join with me, but her voice was too hoarse to utter musical sounds. "Never mind," she said, "I shall soon sing with the angels; let us pray."

I kneeled by her bedside, and listened to such fervent supplications as I never heard before. By degrees, she became so animated, that she uttered nothing but short ascriptions of praise, such as "Glory to Jesus! Praise God! Bless the Lord O my Soul!" &c.

Fearing she would quite exhaust herself, I rose, and endeavoured to persuade her to desist, but she said, "No, no, I shall soon praise him in Heaven! My soul is full! Perfect love! Perfect peace!"—Thus she continued until a violent fit of coughing came on, and I was alarmed, and called up the family.

She coughed, until her strength was quite exhausted, and then sunk back on her pillow the picture of death.

A difficulty of respiration came on, and we were obliged to support her upright in her bed. She was evidently in great distress, but she bore it with astonishing magnanimity, and struggled to suppress her groans. While her fond husband stood over her, wiping the cold drops from her face, she took his hand and said, with much difficulty, "And there shall be no more death—no more parting."—After some time she added, "O seek the Lord," and lifting up her

hands and eyes, "Lord, convert his soul."

These were the last words she uttered. Her breathing grew shorter, and more difficult, until the powers of life were exhausted, and she slept in Jesus about eight o'clock in the morning. The Physicians supposed her immediate death, was owing to the bursting of a *Vomica*, the contents of which she had not strength to discharge, and was probably accelerated, by her great exertion, in prayer."

Thus died, in the bloom of life, the amiable and pious Julia.

She had been eleven months married, and as near as I can ascertain, about eight months a professing Christian.

Her race was short, and her end triumphant.

O glorious hope of Immortality!
O transporting thought! Julia yet lives—and lives for ever. Surely if there is any one word that car-

ries peculiar sweetness in its sound, it is this word, *Immortality*.

It is this that dries the tear, that falls upon the urn of those we love. —It is this that reconciles the soul to “all the sad variety of wo;” that makes up the variegated picture of human life; and it is this that will, at last, gild the horrors of the grave, and shed a glorious light on the dark valley of the shadow of death.

The present season forcibly reminds the serious observer of the resurrection to “life and immortality.” But a few months since, the plains were dreary and desolate, the forests were stripped of their verdant honours, the streams were congealed, and even the broad surface of the lake, far as the eye could extend, was covered with a smooth and solid pavement, that resisted the heaviest pressure. Now all nature is reanimated, and glows with bloom and beauty.

The fields are clothed with verdure ; the thick shades of the forests exclude the beams of noon ; every landscape is gay, and every gale breathes fragrance.

The streams glide along in their accustomed course, and the smooth surface of the lake, like a broad mirror, reflects the beauties that adorn its banks.

The power who resuscitates nature, and annually robes the fields in renewed bloom and beauty, will reanimate the sleeping dust that once walked, and talked, and triumphed in the consciousness of existence.

We too shall wake to immortality, and live for ever.

O solemn, interesting idea ! our future happiness or misery will ultimately depend on the use we make of the privileges now put into our hands.

Although my letter has already exceeded the usual limits of even my lengthy epistles, I cannot close

without enforcing the exhortation, "Be ye also ready."

If youth, if talents, if an amiable disposition, could have ensured long life to their possessor, Julia would not have been taken from the bosom of an affectionate family, and the arms of an idolizing companion.

She still would have blessed her connexions with her kind attention and pious prayers. But the ways of Providence are inscrutable; and it becomes us to submit and adore.

Dear Miss B., is it not a triumphant thought that we shall live forever? live, I trust, in endless happiness. Yes, my young friend, my soul exults in the prospect of immortal blessedness. The animating assurance I this moment feel, that I shall exist for ever; that I shall see Jesus in glory; that, having suffered his righteous will on earth, I shall sing his praises in heaven, is an ample equivalent, a rich reward, for all I have suffered, or can suffer,

should my sorrows multiply in a tenfold ratio till *threescore years and ten*.

Heaven is a prize worth life's purchase. Let us then be engaged in its pursuit—"Let us not sleep, as do others, but watch and be sober."

We must meet, my dear girl, before the awful tribunal of Jehovah. There I must give an account, how I have discharged the duties incumbent on me in the important station I have filled: you too, with all my pupils, are responsible for the manner in which you have received my imperfect admonitions.

If, when endeavouring to assist you in the acquisition of literary knowledge, I have ever failed in faithfulness to your soul, I pray God and you to forgive me.

If you have been in any measure profited by the Letters to Julia, I thank God that I have been in any degree useful to my fellow-beings, and I do fervently pray, that not

only you, but all who may honour this little work with their notice, may not only imitate that young lady in diligent attention to mental, as well as personal accomplishments, but like her, embrace the Religion of Jesus with fervour, live under its divine influence, and when called to make the grand experiment of future life, be enabled to rejoice in a full salvation from sin, and a glorious hope of immortal blessedness.

Your undeviating friend,

CAROLINE.

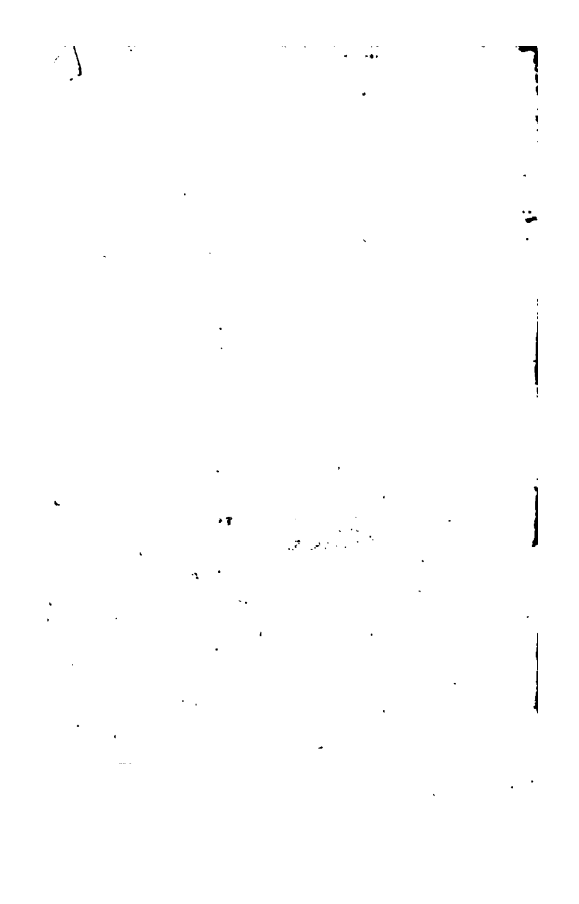
Canandaigua, June, 1818.

POEMS

ON VARIOUS OCCASIONS,

. BY

CAROLINE MATILDA THAYER.

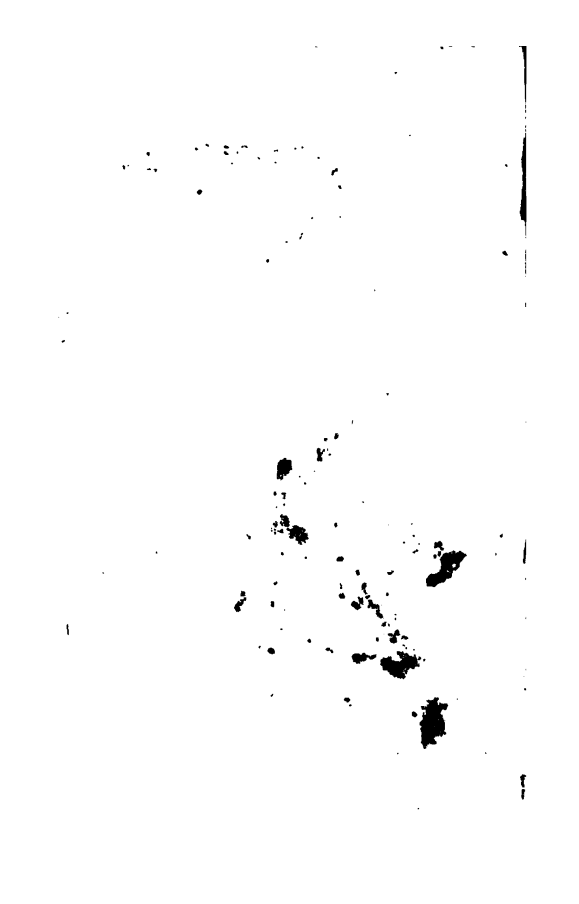


TO THE READER.



The three following little pieces were written at different periods, when the Author was smarting under the bereavement of an only child.

The first, a lovely daughter; the second, a promising son; and the third, another daughter: deposited in three different burial-grounds, with the consoling hope, that their spirits are one with the Redeemer in a world of bliss.



ELEGY,

OCCASIONED BY THE DEATH OF AN
INFANT DAUGHTER.

November 15, 1809.

“Bright, early, transient, chaste as morning dew,
She sparkled, was exhal'd, and went to Heaven.”
Complaint.

HOW oft has my harp been in sympathy strung,
And the plaintive wild strains of sad elegy sung,
For beauty and innocence flown;
Ere feelings maternal were form'd in my heart,
Or the Muse could a sigh from Parnassus impart
To elegize griefs of my own.

I have seen the young rose-bud, in spring's early
dawn,
Ere the dreary cold storms of chill winter are gone,
A blossom of beauty unfold;
But, too feeble the frosts of rude April to brave,
It has sunk like my child, to a premature grave,
The victim of tempest and cold.

I have seen the gay tulip, the pride of the vale,
 Tho' it blossom'd at morn, ere evening grow pale,
 And wither and die in a day;
 I have seen the fair vi'lets of beautiful hue,
 But their bloom will not last, and they fade like
 the dew
 That hangs o'er the eyelids of May.

If beauty, or sweetness, or youth could avail,
 The rose should not wither, the tulip grow pale,
 Nor the vi'lets of summer decay;
 Nor should the young cherub, so recently given,
 That shone like a bright scintillation from Heaven,
 Be hurried thus swiftly away.

O nature, dear nature, how potent thou art!
 The pangs thou excit'st in my agoniz'd heart,
 Philosophy hardly will own;
 Tho' reason instructs, that the God who had given,
 Hath taken my child to his bosom in Heaven,
 Yet feeling laments that 'tis gone.

Tho' it bloom'd like the first little roses of spring,
 That scarce to the zephyr their fragrances can fling,
 When their bloom and their beauty are o'er:
 Transplanted to gardens of glory above,
 Its fragrance shall live, and its beauty improve,
 When nature and time are no more.

Then, why should I grieve for its early decay?
 Since 'tis taken from scenes of affliction away,
 To mansions of glory above?

Then why should a sigh rend my agoniz'd breast
In death it has enter'd a permanent rest,
On the bosom of omnific Love.

Yet, emblem of beauty, thus recently fled!
I'll hallow the green turf that pillows thy head,
To affection and sympathy dear,
And oft as lone Philomel pours her sad lay,
I'll visit the spot that embosoms thy clay,
And thy mem'ry embalm with a tear.

REFLECTIONS

OF AN UNFORTUNATE MOTHER OVER THE
GRAVE OF HER ONLY SON.

September 10, 1812.

—◆—
"Sic transit, gloria mundi."
—◆—

HOW are my hopes, my lambent visions fled!
How disappointment racks my grief-torn heart!
My sole delight, my darling infant's dead!
Thus end all earthly joys, thus dear connexions
part.

Fondly I hop'd, how vain that hope appears!
My smiling boy would live for days to come;
With filial love would sooth my length'ning years,
And twine a living wreath to grace my humble
tomb.

How vain is every sublunary joy!
On swiftest pinions each fond pleasure flies
Hope's op'ning buds, despair's cold blasts destroy,
And pleasure only blooms, to wound us when it
dies.

The early rose unfolds its beauteous form,
 And spreads its leaves to catch the morning ray;
 It falls, alas! beneath the ev'ning storm;
 Its leaves are scatter'd wide, and all its charms
 decay.

Beauty, and youth, and innocence are vain:
 Can infant smiles delay the parting breath?
 Can youth enkindle health's sweet blush again?
 Or lambent beauty's bloom arrest relentless death?

O no, my son, could innocence avail,
 Pale death had never snatch'd thy tender breath;
 Or, beauty, thy fair cheek had ne'er grown pale,
 With with'ring hectic, and the chilling damps of
 death.

Alas! alas! philosophy is vain,
 And vain is reason's all-persuasive power,
 To sooth my soul, or the sad tears restrain,
 That fall upon thy grave in an o'erflowing
 shower.

Yet thro' the gloom that hovers round my head,
 Some cordial rays of heavenly light I see;
 And consolation's kindly dew is shed,
 To sooth the grief-tern heart, that mourns, sweet
 boy, for thee.

The God who lent thee (thou wast not my own,)
 In wisdom claims the boon his goodness gave;

He rais'd thee from thy cradle to a throne,
 To reign with him triumphant o'er the gloomy
 grave.

"Suffer the little ones to come to me,"
 The Saviour said, while journeying here below;
 Saviour, my babes I dedicate to thee,
 In thy dear arms to rest, secure from pining wo.

There, when my pilgrimage of life is o'er,
 And death commands my exil'd spirit home,
 I'll meet my tender babes, to part no more,
 Where death shall ne'er divide, nor with'ring
 sickness come.

Then cease, my soul, to heave the rising sigh,
 Nor longer chaunt the melancholy lay:
 Stretch thy glad wings, to that blest region fly,
 While pensive resignation gently leads the way.

STANZAS.

September 30, 1814.

◆
"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him." Job.

◆
THO' in affliction's gloomy paths I stray,
Where clouds and shadows darken all the way;
Tho' o'er my head the rising billows roll,
And floods of sorrow overwhelm my soul;
Yet will I bow to Heaven's almighty will,
And tho' he slay me, trust his goodness still.

Tho' stern, unpitying death, with fearful frown,
Cuts all my rising expectations down;
Tho' thrice my fond maternal heart has bled,
To see my offspring number'd with the dead;
Yet still I bow to my Creator's will,
And tho' he slay me, trust his goodness still.

Yes, still I know that there's a righteous God,
Humbly adore and meekly kiss the rod;
His power revere, his providences trust,
And e'en in anguish own him good and just;
Calmly submit to his unerring will,
And tho' he slay me, trust his goodness still.

Yes, tho' the vine its fruit no longer yield,
Nor bounteous harvest bless the cultur'd field.
My steadfast heart shall triumph in the Lord,
And rest secure on his Almighty word;
 Without repining, meet his sovereign will,
 And tho' he slay me, trust his goodness still.

'Tis his divine prerogative to sway,
His to prescribe, and providence obey;
And tho' he blast my comforts in the grave,
Bless'd be his name, he takes but what he gave;
 My soul no more shall murmur at his will,
 But tho' he slay me, trust his goodness still.

THE MINERAL SPRING.

THE Spring which is the subject of the following little poem, though long known to people in its immediate vicinity, was not discovered to possess any medicinal properties, until the year 1807, when its efficacy was accidentally proved by some labourers who drank of it.

The report of the cures it had performed in some chronic diseases, which had resisted all medical treatment, led several gentlemen of science to investigate its composition; when it was found to be highly charged with fixed air, and to possess some valuable chalybeate properties.

Its vicinity has since become a place of much resort for valetudinarians; and, among others, the author herself proved its efficacy. It is said to exceed the waters of Ballston and Saratoga.

GENIUS of pathologic song, descend,
And smile propitious on an humble friend,
And help the trembling Muse, who strives to sing
The healing virtues of the Mineral Spring.
O Darwin,* first among the tuneful throng,
Who pour'd thy soul in philosophic song;
Whose glowing genius ever lov'd to stray,
Where bright imagination led the way;
And yet by science, cultur'd and refined,
To philosophic themes the muse confin'd;

* Doctor Erasmus Darwin, author of *Zoonomia* and the Botanic Garden, a name dear to science and poetry.

Whom bounteous nature chose, her works to scan,
 And bade thee trace the mighty Artist's plan,
 And mark, in every plant and opening flower,
 Some nice gradation of creative power.

That not a leaf, that trembles in the gale,
 Or spire of grass, that clothes the vernal vale,
 Or opening flower that laughing summer yields,
 Or herb, that wantons in the fruitful fields,
 Or noisome weed, that moulders on the plain,
 Or shrub, or plant, e'er vegetate in vain;
 The task was thine, their various powers to scan,
 Describe their structure, and unfold their plan.
 Be mine to show, that not a gurgling rill,
 Nor gay cascade, that tumbles down the hill,
 Nor soft'ning showers, that fertilize the plain,
 Nor drop of water, e'er was made in vain.

In days remote, ere luxury began
 To glut the taste, and enervate the man;
 Ere from the grape the sparkling juice was press'd,
 Or shining goblets caught the unwary guest,
 The brook pellucid every want supplied,
 And thirsty shepherds blest the flowing tide;
 Ere pale disease her tyranny began,
 Or *physic* ever learnt to pamper man.

But when, by fell intemperance impell'd,
 Pernicious art the fiery draught distill'd,
 With chymic power *phlogistic fire* combin'd;
 And *noxious gas* with the pure fluid join'd,

Disease and all the family of pain,
 And death gigantic stalk'd on every plain :
 Then rose physicians, with pathnomic skill,
 To counteract this dreadful horde of ill ;
 Fair Nature's volume, page by page they sought,
 To find the balm with power assuaging fraught,
 With chymic process *native ores* refin'd,
 And with due art earth's *fossil stores* combin'd,
 Prepar'd with nicest pharmacopic skill
 To saturate the drop, or form the pill.

But bounteous Nature, to complete the plan,
 Devis'd in charity to erring man ;
 Forestall'd her sister art, and deep in earth,
 Where vegetation claims her early birth,
 In subterranean crevices confin'd
 Unnumber'd salutary ores combin'd ;
 That issuing thence in many a silver spring,
 Delighting health, and all its pleasures bring.

Thence Saratoga's healing water flows,
 Thence rosy health in Ballston's fountain glows,
 Thence Stafford's fount returning bloom can bring,
 And thence, O *Sutton*, flows thy silver spring.
 Embosom'd in a solitary grove,
 Remote from scenes that mirth and frolic love ;
 Where pensive Dryads delight to stray,
 And weeping Naiada in silver fountains play,
 Forth issuing from a rock's infissur'd side,
 In gentle murmurs flows the crystal tide.

Here lov'd Hygeia holds her blissful seat,
 And smiles on all who seek the still retreat;
 Hither the sick, the lame, the blind, repair,
 And pity dwells a weeping hermit there.

O shades of Sutton, long-remember'd groves,
 Where still my wandering vagrant fancy roves,
 Where, with the muse, I fondly lov'd to stray,
 As sober meditation led the way,
 And pass'd amidst thy solitary bow'rs,
 In humble peace, my childhood's happiest hours;
 Tho' rivers roll, and mountains rise between,
 My faithful mem'ry consecrates the scene.

'Twas here, when sickness wrapp'd my aching
 head,

When e'en gay hope's inspiring visions fled;
 When pale consumption, wrapp'd in awful gloom,
 My footsteps pointed to an early tomb,
 I sought the Mineral Spring; it sooth'd my pain,
 And renovated nature smil'd again.

Tho' length'ning time, with slow and silent tread,
 Has thrown his shadowy mantle o'er my head,
 Since with delight I trac'd thy rural groves,
 And laurell'd stream that recollection loves;
 Still in my heart the dear remembrance lives;
 And still my muse each absent charm revives:
 When laughing Spring delights the rural bowers,
 And strews the field with aromatic flowers,
 The early violet here its bloom renews,
 And spreads its leaves to drink ambrosial dews.

When radiant summer all her sweets bestows,
 The laurel blossoms here, and blooms the rose ;
 Sweet laurel, when thy blossoms are decay'd,
 And winter beats in tempests on thy head,
 Thy leaves a brighter, fairer hue display,
 Green all the year, and without ceasing gay.

So stands the Christian in a storm of woes,
 When griefs on griefs his pious heart o'erflows ;
 Brighter the evidence of grace is seen,
 And piety's fair leaves assume a deeper green.

When scorching Sirius rules the burning sky,
 To these cool shades Hygeia's vot'ries fly,
 To quench their ardours at the crystal wave,
 Or in the bath their feverish bodies lave.

With trembling step pale *palsy* here is seen,
 The hypo-patient loiters o'er the green ;
 The cold *rheumatic*, leaning on his staff,
 Limp slowly on the healthful stream to quaff,
 Pale dropsy bends beneath his cumbrous load,
 And panting, groaning, halts along the road,
 To reach at last the health-restoring spring,
 Where angel pity sits with brooding wing ;
 To shelter all, and grant a sweet relief,
 To pining anguish and despairing grief.

'Twas here, beneath the shadow of an oak,
 That spreads his giant arms across the brook,
 I musing sat, and mark'd the crystal flood ;
 Inviting, open, free to all it stood ;

As free the tatter'd beggar to supply
 As the *proud belle*, who heedless flirted by ;
 As free at humble poverty's approach,
 As for the lordling in a gilded coach ;
 My eager, glowing heart was wont to trace
 Some faint resemblance of *redeeming grace*.

The healing waters of this lovely spring,
 Returning vigour to the sick can bring ;
 So the pure fountain of redeeming love
 Can every mental malady remove.

O ye, who life's uneven desert stray,
 Disastrous grief, companion of your way,
 Would ye of joy the happy cordial taste,
 To cheer your passage o'er the dreary waste ?

Come, drink the living stream, the gushing tide,
 That flow'd from blest Emmanuel's bleeding side :
 This, only this, can sooth the grief-torn breast,
 And sweetly hush the weary soul to rest.

And O, ye heedless fashionable throng,
 Whose days are spent in frolic, mirth, and song ;
 Who oft, for pastime, take the pleasant ride,
 To view the spring, and drink the crystal tide ;
 When ye approach the health-inspiring wave,
 Or in the bath your sev'rish bodies lave,
 Think, timely think, your souls in ruin lie,
 Polluted, vile, unfitted for the sky ;
Discas'd by nature, and defil'd with sin,
Without, all folly, and all pride within.

Think, when array'd in fashion's rich costume,
Your fragile forms are hast'ning to the tomb :
Then what avails embroidery or lace ?
Or nice cosmetics for the lifeless face ?
The brightest rouge cannot recall the breath,
Or lambent beauty stay the shafts of death :
Then haste, O haste, while time and hope are giv'n,
Secure a blest inheritance in heaven.

To the pure Fount of life eternal fly ;
Drink, and endure to immortality ;
The stream can pristine purity restore,
Drink, and your fainting souls shall thirst no more ;
Drink, till translated to the realms above,
You all its sacred efficacy prove,
The full fruition of redeeming love.

SOLITUDE.

SWEET are the still sequester'd groves,
Where musing melancholy roves,
At eve unseen;
Where musing melancholy roves,
And pensive contemplation loves
To haunt the green.

The still retreat, the silent glade,
The blackbird's song, the wild wood shade,
Are dear to me ;
Sweet is the murmur of the brook,
And dear the shade of yon old oak,
My fav'rite tree.

There, when the village train's at rest,
Reclin'd upon thy peaceful breast,
In musing mood ;
Not all the world's delusive charms,
Shall lure me from thy peaceful arms,
Dear Solitude.

Thy walks fair meditation roves,
And ever-charming science loves
Thy silent dell :

The Muses court thy sacred shades,
 And Genius seeks thy silent glades,
 With thee to dwell.

Divine Religion's angel form,
 Inspiring Faith with bosom warm,
 And Hope serene ;
 Soft Charity and Mercy bland,
 With feeling heart, and lib'ral hand,
 With thee are seen.

Alone with thee I love to stray,
 Where roving Fancy leads the way
 To worlds unknown ;
 Where radiant spirits unconfin'd,
 Leaving the cumb'rous clay behind,
 To bliss have flown.

O let thy halcyon shades impart
 Soft consolation to a heart
 By wo oppress'd.
 O dry the fond maternal tear,
 And bid me hold communion dear
 With spirits blest.

To thee, with each departing day,
 The Muse shall pour her laureate lay
 In pensive song ;
 While not a breath of passion rude,
 Or blighting envy dare intrude,
 Thy shades among.

The moss-rose seeks the lowly glade,
Spreads all its beauties to the shade,
And blooms unknown ;
So on thy bosom I would rest,
Content, if Heaven but make me blest,
Tho' all alone.

INVOCATION TO HEALTH.

SWEET are the rosy bowers,
When Zephyr scents the gale,
From aromatic flowers,
That deck the dewy vale :
But aromatic flowers
No fragrance have for me ;
Nor charm the rosy bowers,
Hygeia, without thee.

The gentle streams meander
In silence thro' the wood ;
Along their banks I wander,
And gaze upon the flood ;
But all that once delighted
Looks desolate and drear ;
I grope like one benighted,
Till thou, O Health, appear.

Shall I the morn's sweet blushes
No more with pleasure view ?
Or lightly tread the rushes,
Drench'd in ambrosial dew ?
Or climb the rugged mountain,
To watch the sun's last ray ?

Or linger where the fountain
Reflects the parting day ?

For thee, O Health, I languish,
And nature blooms in vain ;
Dispel this potent anguish,
And light my smiles again :
Not rains to with'ring flowers,
Can half so pleasing be ;
Or sunshine after showers,
As thy dear smiles to me.

THE ADIEU,

ON LEAVING A FAVOURITE PLACE.

TIS evening, the voice of the lab'rer is still;
The songsters are hush'd into rest;
And thro' the green meadow slow murmurs the rill,
With Cynthia's bright beam on its breast.

To the heart of the poet, how dear is the grove;
To me it is pleasing no more;
For soon I must quit the lone thickets I love,
And a far-distant region explore.

Yet still as o'er bleak barren mountains I go,
Or thro' the wide wilderness roam;
On the scenes of my childhood a tear I'll bestow,
And fondly remember my home.

Perhaps ere again the young showers of May,
The embryo blossom shall lave,
The turf shall embosom this mansion of clay,
And the moon shed her beams on my grave.

If so, shall my sighs and affections be o'er?
My wand'rings eternally cease?

Shall I reach the blest haven, and land on the shores
Where all is composure and peace?

O, thanks to the Author of life, I may say,
My treasures and joys are above;
And hope to my soul can a promise display,
To meet there the friends whom I love.

Then why do I weep? tho' on earth we must part,
Tho' death must dissever the chain
That binds us together, united in heart,
In glory we'll link it again.

Yet, scenes of my childhood, one tender adieu,
Ere I go to behold you no more!
Sweet bowers of bliss, when ye flit from my view,
Ah! what can my comfort restore?

O say, when I roam to the crimson-streak'd west,
Where Erie's wide waters appear;
Shall contentment and piety gladden my breast,
And friendship and sympathy cheer?

Yes, yes, tho' I rove to the earth's farthest bound,
Where the sky and the ocean unite,
If clasp'd in the arms of Religion I'm found,
Sweet peace shall my bosom delight.

THE GRAVE.

“ There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary
are at rest.”

WHEN sorrow weighs the spirit down,
And wrongs oppress the brave :
When genius shrinks at fortune's frown,
Who would not bless the grave ?

The grave can calm the troubled mind,
And sooth the soul's despair ;
The weary child of wo shall find
A sweet oblivion there.

In lucid robes of spotless white,
Religion's angel form
Dispels the shades of death's dark night,
And smiles away the storm.

Then why should Christians fear to die ?
Why dread the cypress gloom ?
While faith beholds, with cheerful eye,
A bliss beyond the tomb.

What tho' extinction in the grave,
The hopeless-sceptic fear?
Can that best gift th' Eternal gave
Claim but its being here?

The earth shall be dissolv'd by fire,
The stars affrighted fly;
The soul immortal as its Sire,
The soul shall never die.

CORYDON.

AN ELEGY,

INSCRIBED TO MARY.

THE day is departed, and twilight appears,
And softens the shades on the plain;
The lab'rer returning, lone Philomel hears,
And sweetly re-echoes the strain.

Now, Mary, while silence steals over the grove,
And shadows embosom the glade,
To you weeping willow we'll pensively rove,
For there's our Corydon* laid.

How often at even his harp has he strung,
And warbled his fancies so wild;

* A young gentleman, who died at Providence, R. I. A friend of the Author, but still nearer to her friend Mary _____.

He was a student in the University, and died of a lingering hæctic, contracted by a too intense application to study. He wrote a beautiful Pastoral, some time before his death, under the signature of Corydon.

And, Mary, how sweet were the songs that he sung,
For he was simplicity's child.

O hallow the green turf that pillows his head,
And place the wild harp by his side ;
The breeze that sweeps o'er it soft music shall
spread,
And tell how our Corydon died.

Unus'd to deception, unpractis'd in guile,
Thro' faith's mighty energy brave,
The monarch of terrors he hail'd with a smile,
And triumph'd o'er death and the grave.

Enclasp'd in the arms of a Saviour he lov'd,
No fears could his bosom annoy ;
With sweet resignation he gently remov'd,
To reap the fruition of joy.

See, Mary, the embryo cup of the rose,
The pearl of mild evening wears ;
For night o'er the earth her dull canopy throws,
And nature laments it in tears.

But morn will restore ev'ry charm to our view,
And a thousand new beauties disclose ;
And Phœbus shall kiss off the pearls of rich dew
From the beautiful cheek of the rose.

But dreary and dark is the night of the tomb,
Where Corydon's relics are laid ;
No sunshine of nature can pierce the deep gloom,
Or carols awaken the dead.

Yet the mandate eternal shall burst the cold tomb,
 And virtue, in beauty array'd,
 Shall start into life, and eternally bloom,
 Where the roses of hope never fade.

Then, Mary, no longer for Corydon mourn,
 Nor dare of thy God to complain:
 O snatch his wild harp from the mouldering urn,
 And strike its bold numbers again.

Let mild resignation attemper the lay,
 And tune the symphonious lyre;
 On faith's eagle pinions soar gladly away,
 And join in the heavenly choir.

See, see, thro' the gloom that o'ershadows thy head,
 A starry-crown'd Seraph appears,
 In glittering robes of bright glory array'd,
 And beauty immortal she wears.

'Tis Religion, she bends o'er young Corydon's urn,
 And whispers in accents of love;
 O Mary, no longer for Corydon mourn,
 He triumphs in glory above.

I taught him to press the dark valley of death,
 With horrors and shades overspread;
 And when from his lips fled the last ling'ring breath,
 I plac'd a rich crown on his head.

Then, Mary, prepare thee to meet him again,
Where sighing and sorrow shall cease ;
In virtue's bright path the blest haven attain,
Where all is *composure* and peace.

HYMN

ADAPTED TO A FAVOURITE AIR.

NO more shall fancy's golden dreams
Awake my harp's melodious lays;
I'll strike its notes to nobler themes,
And sing my great Redeemer's praise.
Awake, awake, my trembling lyre,
And strike up every tuneful string;
My longing heart is all on fire,
To sound the praise of Christ my King.

How boundless is Jehovah's love!
Unmerited and free:
How boundless is Jehovah's love;
The Saviour died for me.
Glory, glory, Hallelujah!
Jesus died for me.

Let Heathen poets tune their lays,
Of halcyon streams, and fabled groves,
And songs of adoration raise
To fancied deities and loves;

I'll sing the God who built the sky,
 Yet groan'd and died on Calvary ;
 Who heav'd the agonizing sigh,
 To save a rebel worm like me.
 How boundless is Jehovah's love ! &c.

Let all creation join their voice,
 And loud hosannas sweetly sing ;
 In songs of noblest praise rejoice ;
 Jehovah is the sovereign King.
 He spake, and earth from chaos came,
 He form'd the planets by his word ;
 Let nature's universal frame,
 Unite to praise the sovereign Lord.
 How boundless is Jehovah's love ! &c.

But when he lays his glories by,
 And, veil'd in flesh, for man appears ;
 And dies, that we no more may die,
 What stubborn eye refrains from tears !
 With love and grief his praise I'll sing,
 Who groan'd and died on Calvary ;
 Hosanna to my Lord and King !
 He died for ALL ; he died for me !
 How boundless is Jehovah's love ! &c.

But soon he burst the darksome tomb,
 The mighty God triumphant rose ;
 Nor could the grave's eternal gloom,
 Nor vanquish'd death his arm oppose.

The rising, reigning God I'll sing,
 By all in heaven and earth ador'd ;
 Hosanna to my Lord and King ;
 Eternal Saviour, Mighty God !
 How boundless is Jehovah's love ! &c.

And when th' eternal fiat's done,
 The mountains melt, the seas retire ;
 The planets from their orbits run,
 And nature sinks, involv'd in fire ;
 Then, then his faithful saints shall sing,
 And shout their great Redeemer nigh ;
 Fly up to meet their Lord and King,
 And reign with him above the sky.

How boundless is Jehovah's love !
 Unmerited and free !
 How boundless is Jehovah's love !
 The Saviour died for me !
 Glory, glory, Hallelujah !
 Jesus died for ME !

ADDRESS

TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

HAPPY infant, sweetly rest,
Soft and tranquil be thy breast ;
Thou canst sleep secure from harm,
Guarded by a mother's arm.

Happy infant, sweetly rest,
With Arcadian visions blest ;
Dreams of bliss thy slumbers crown,
Make thy pillow softest down.

Happy infant, free from guilt
Soft and placid is thy smile ;
Little dost thou fear or know,
Pining grief or wasting wo.

Softly sleep, my lovely boy.
Thou art all thy mother's joy ;
And thy soft unconscious smile,
Sweetens all her care and toil.

While thou slumb'rest on my knee,
From all care and sorrow free ;
I, that heaven thy life may bless,
Thus a mother's prayer address.

Thou, who rul'st e'er earth and sky,
 Thron'd in peerless majesty ;
 Hear, O hear a parent's prayer,
 Make my babe thy constant care.

Those sweet babes in mercy given,
 Have regain'd their native heaven ;
 This their lot may shortly share ;
 All is fragile that is fair.

Gracious power, if this thy will,
 Bid my anxious heart be still ;
 Know thee good, confess thee just,
 Meekly bow, and humbly trust.

But if so thy will ordain,
 I shall still this boon retain ;
 If my babe to manhood rise
 Ere thou tak'st him to the skies ;

In his heart may truth preside,
 Virtue all his actions guide ;
 And my beating bosom prove
 Sweet returns of filial love.

Early may he feel and know
 Whence his daily mercies flow ;
 Grateful, all thy goodness see,
 And devote his youth to Thee.

Be his heart to virtue form'd,
 With each tender passion warm'd ;

And his gen'rous bosom feel
 Human wo, and human weal. *v*
 Be his soul with truth impress'd,
 Manly firmness guard his breast;
 Science open to his mind,
 Thoughts enlarg'd, and joys refin'd.

If corruption's bane entice
 To the haunts of early vice;
 Give him grace the snare to see,
 And the wily tempter flee.

While the thoughtless, maniac throng,
 List to folly's idle song;
 Or pursue the mazy dance,
 Till the morning hours advance;

May he choose the better way,
 Think on thee, and watch and pray;
 Study to be good and wise,
 Aim at heaven, and win the prize.

TO THE ZEPHYR.

WRITTEN ON A COLD MORNING IN JUNE.

ZEPHYR, why so long delay?
Swift on lightsome wing appear;
Chase, O chase these fogs away,
Fogs that cloud the infant year.

Why should maniac winter's reign,
Wrapp'd in clouds, by tempests toss'd,
Longer desolate the plain,
Strewing everlasting frost?

Zephyr, haste, and with thee bring
Balmy gales of softest air;
Fragrant odours load thy wing,
Youth, and health, and joy are there.

From Arabia's spicy groves
Hither waft a sweet perfume;
Bring the graces, laughs, and loves:
Fragrant Zephyr, hither come.

Zephyr, why so long delay?
Hither bend thy airy flight,
Gnomes and Sylphs around thee play,
Tracing all thy footsteps light.

Nymphs of fire, whose airy flight,
Ere the lark begins his song,
Streaks the sky with orient light,
Wait to convoy thee along.

ASPIRATIONS FOR HEAVEN.



MY heart from my bosom would fly,
And climb to the blissful abode,
To see my Redeemer on high,
And dwell in the palace of God.

In vain smiles the glittering scene,
If banish'd from Jesus's face;
Sweet prospects no longer are seen,
Without the sweet beams of his grace.

Dear Saviour, if still I am thine,
O let me thine influence prove;
Nor suffer my spirit to pine,
Depriv'd of thy visits of love.

These shadows and darkness remove,
My joy and my sunshine restore;
Or take my freed spirit above,
Where darkness and doubts are no more.

O when shall I mount to the sky?
O when from this prison remove?
To enjoy thee for ever on high,
For ever to dwell in thy love?

Yet still, if thy wisdom ordain
A longer probation for me,
O suffer my heart to remain
For ever united to thee.

O perfect the work thou hast wrought,
My soul from pollution retrieve,
Till I to thy rest shall be brought,
The Sabbath for all who believe.

SUBMISSION.

[WRITTEN WHEN THE AUTHOR, AFTER A LONG
CONFINEMENT BY SICKNESS, WAS DISAP-
POINTED OF ATTENDING PUBLIC WORSHIP.]

O THOU, who hear'st the secret sigh,
The humble mourner's silent prayer ;
Thou who art providently, nigh
To all who trust thy guardian care ;
Tho' outward providences frown,
Say to my doubting heart " be still ;"
The bright reward, the starry crown,
Awaits the souls that do thy will.

If I no more on earth must meet
With those who bow before thy throne ;
Still in my silent, still retreat,
I'll worship thee, and thee alone :
Thou lov'st th' assemblies of thy saints,
And thither too my feet would move ;
And oft my thirsty spirit faints
To tread thy courts, and feel thy love.

Yet to thy wise and gracious will
My soul submits, and owns thee just,
And waits for thy deliverance still,
And longs to feel thee all its trust.
Thou art a God of sovereign love,
Thy judgments are for ever pure ;
Not all the powers of hell shall move
My soul from this foundation sure.

Didst thou not form my flesh from clay ?
Didst thou not guard my natal hour ?
Am I not still by night and day
Sustain'd by thine almighty power ?
Why should I fear to trust my Lord ?
Or murmur at thy sacred will ?
My soul shall rest upon thy word,
And tho' thou slay me, trust thee still.

REFLECTION.

“To be, or not to be, that is the question.”

MY soul, consider what it is to die.
Low in the ground with fellow-worms to lie ;
In dust, neglected and forgot, to sleep ;
No more disturb'd, no more to wake and weep ;
No more to sigh, neglected and forlorn ;
No longer feel the proud oppressor's scorn :
My suff'rings, trials, and probation o'er,
And life's dull vanities attract no more.
Here all is tranquil—here the anguish'd breast,
In long and full quiescence sinks to rest.

But ah, to die !—to heave the parting breath,
And pass alone the gloomy vale of death !
No more to view the cheerful light of morn,
The smiling daylight, or the spring's return ;
No more to wake !—but will the mighty mind,
That roves o'er vast creation unconfin'd,

Whose views are boundless, whose unfathom'd
power,

Brings past and future present in an hour ;
Will it for ever sleep beneath the sod,
And render not its due account to God ?

It cannot be—the immortal mind shall live ;
The deathless spirit ev'ry change survive ;
The good—eternal blessedness to share ;
The bad—to sink in infinite despair.
Then, O my soul, thine evidence survey ;
Art thou prepar'd to meet th' important day ?
Will heaven's bright glory all thy suff'rings crown ?
Or stern-eyed justice meet thee with a frown ?
Shalt thou then rise above this scene of ills,
And mount seraphic where perfection dwells ?
Or sink with fiends in infinite despair,
And hopeless pass a long for ever there ?

Saviour, to thine atoning blood I fly,
With steadfast hope on thy dear wounds rely ;
Then fearless meet the messenger of death,
And in thine arms resign the ling'ring breath ;
While faith bestows its realizing light,
And blest eternity appears in sight.

This, only this, my all-prevailing plea,
The Friend of sinners bled and died for me ;
Then where's thy victory, thou boasting king ?
Thou grim terrific monster, where's thy sting ?

THE MISSIONARY.

TO A YOUNG BROTHER, ON HEARING HIM EXPRESS A WISH TO BE EMPLOYED IN THE MISSIONARY WORK, ON A FOREIGN STATION.

HAIL! happy youth, whom Jesus' love constrains

To lift the cross on India's sultry plains,
In heathen lands to spread the Saviour's name,
Declare his goodness, and his love proclaim.

How must thy heart with holy ardour glow,
That thou thy home, thy kindred canst forego,
Decline the pleasing baits of promis'd wealth,
Nor fond of ease, but prodigal of health,
Zealous in holy Xavier's steps to tread,
Where Cancer's sun beats ardent on thy head,

Where vivid lightnings rend the tropic sky,
 And hurricanes in lawless fury fly,
 Where fierce tornados desolate the plain,
 And dark monsoons in fearful horror reign.

Say, hast thou all the various ills survey'd,
 Each trial balanc'd, and each sorrow weigh'd ;
 Wilt thou not shrink at perils so severe,
 And, for thy country, shed the bitter tear ?
 Will not thy soul, with fond regret, review
 Scenes of past joy, and friends belov'd and true ?

Methinks I hear th' indignant answer " No,
 Arm'd with the strength of Israel's God I go,
 Nor toil, nor grief, nor danger do I dread,
 Nor Cancer's sun, fierce flaming o'er my head,
 Nor fell Sirocco, whose pestiferous breath,
 To feel, is poison, to inhale, is death ;
 I long to spread the dear Redeemer's name,
 His Gospel publish, and his praise proclaim.

If God command, my cheerful feet would go
 To the wide wastes of everlasting snow,
 To Lapland's wilds, or Greenland's farthest coast,
 Where winter reigns in everlasting frost.

From Europe's shores to farther India's lands,
 From Zembla's coast to Afric's burning sands,

God
 for d

Let th
 The p
 The l
 And l

O thi
 The
 In v
 A b
 In
 Th
 De
 W

Ne
 Ne
 Sn
 W
 St
 A
 V
 A

F
 I

God appoint, my cheerful feet would go,
 I dread the burning clime, nor fear the polar
 snow."

Think, bold youth, what trials still await,
 He proud will scorn thee, and the wicked hate;
 He lukewarm soul condemn thy burning zeal,
 And few reciprocate what few can feel.

Think how sad in Ceylon's spicy groves,
 The poor, deserted missionary roves:
 In vain, for him, the rich bananas spread
 A broad umbrella o'er his aching head;
 In vain, for him, the cassia's rich perfume,
 The nutmeg's fragrance, or the fig-tree's bloom,
 Delights the sense, or charms the raptur'd eye,
 While disappointment prompts the frequent sigh.

New fears distress him, and new doubts perplex,
 New cares disturb, new disappointments vex;
 Small fruit, he sees, of all his pain and toil,
 While error springs prolific as the soil.
 Still to his Caste the native blind adheres,
 And prejudice a brazen bulwark rears,
 While foes without, and friends within, assail,
 And but for God's support, his heart would fail.

Hast thou, intrepid youth, this scene survey'd,
 In melancholy prospect thus array'd?

Canst thou these ills endure, and numbers more,
 Ills that would chill the heart to count them o'er ?
 Canst thou all earthly good account but loss,
 And nail all pride and glory to the cross ?
 Then, brother, turn, where brighter prospects rise,
 And happier scenes salute our weary eyes,
 God shall support thee wheresoe'er thou go,
 Thy guide in joy, and sole resort in wo,
 And Jesus' love shall every care beguile,
 Make the bleak rock and arid desert smile.

Then go, belov'd of God, intrepid youth,
 Bear to the distant isles the word of truth,
 On India's plains display the hallow'd cross,
 And count, for this, all other good but loss,

With holy zeal, the blood-stain'd banner wave,
 And tell the Hindoo, Jesus died to save ;
 Go, spread Immanuel's wondrous name afar,
 And preach Salvation to the Malabar.

The time shall come, when every land shall own
 The Lord of life, and bow before his throne ;
 His kingdom shall extend from pole to pole,
 And truth's blest light illuminate the whole.

Hail, glorious morn ! hail, long-expected day !
 When truth shall bear the universal sway,
 From North to South her empire wide extend,
 And East and West in Christian union blend.

Then peace shall flourish on her noblest plan,
Bas'd on the heav'n-taught love of God and man.

Then go, dear youth, where zeal and duty call,
Go, tell the Heathen, Jesus died for all ;
Bear to remotest lands the word of life,
And wage 'gainst sin a never-ceasing strife.

Go, and the God of heaven thy guide shall be,
And safe conduct thee o'er the swelling sea.

STANZAS.

ADDRESSED TO A LADY, WHO ASKED THE AU-
THOR IF SHE WAS NOT ALWAYS HAPPY.

OLADY! couldst thou hear the sigh,
The secret sigh that heaves my breast;
Or view the tear that dims mine eye,
Thou wouldst not think me always blest.

There is a grief that lingers here,
In my warm heart its weight is known;
It claims no sympathetic tear,
'Tis known and felt by me alone.

For I the smiling season knew,
And mem'ry yet the scene will trace;
When the bright hours in rapture flew,
Nor sorrow in my heart had place.

By fancy's pencil, dipp'd in dreams,
The scenes of future life I drew,
And tun'd my harp to airy themes,
And sang of joys for ever new.

But youth's warm flush has left my cheek,
 And joy has bid my heart farewell.
 But, Oh! my griefs I will not speak,
 My wrongs, I must not, cannot tell.

Then, Lady, though I wear a smile,
 And mingle oft in converse gay,
 Tis but my sorrows to beguile,
 'Tis but to chase my cares away.

Yet, Lady, yet the bliss is mine
 To hope for scenes beyond the tomb;
 Where joy perennial wreaths shall twine,
 And sin and sorrow never come.

Yes, when I feel my Saviour's love,
 And in his death my interest know,
 And view, by faith, the realms above,
 My soul exults, and longs to go.

In hope of that eternal rest,
 I gladly now endure the cross;
 Clasp the Redeemer to my breast,
 And count all other gain but loss.

I'm happy, when the promis'd land,
 By faith's ecstatic light I see;
 On that blest shore I soon shall stand,
 And there I hope to meet with thee.

FAREWELL TO THE MUSE.

YE muses, delight me no more,
Parnassus, I bid thee adieu ;
In scenes of gay fiction no longer I soar,
Nor themes of wild fancy pursue.

In the warm, glowing season of youth,
The prospect of life I survey'd,
And I thought the gay scene, by the pencil of
truth,
In beauty and bliss was array'd.

As I gazed on the glittering scene,
My heart was a stranger to care ;
When the seas were all calm, and the skies all
serene,
Little dream'd I a tempest was near.

I thought my young heart might recline
On friendship, sincerity, love ;
Nor felt that affliction and wo might be mine,
Nor that friends fickle-hearted could prove.

But all the gay vistas of youth,
Like a shadow are fled from my view,

And sad the reverse is the picture of truth,
From the scenes that in fancy I drew.

I have found, where I sought for the smile
Of friendship, enchantingly sweet,
Base falsehood has practis'd my heart to beguile,
And leave me a prey to deceit.

I have seen the bright sunshine of morn
With shadows and clouds cover'd o'er;
I have found among chaplets of roses a thorn,
When their beauty and bloom is no more.

Yet still, one sweet solace is mine,
A Star in the East ever glows;
And hope to my soul brings a promise divine,
That sinks all my griefs to repose.

She points me, beyond the dark tomb,
To scenes ever blooming and fair,
Where wreaths of bright glory eternally bloom,
And whispers I soon shall be there.

STANZAS.



STANZAS, WRITTEN IMPROMPTU, ON FINDING
IN MY BROTHER'S WRITING-DESK A SLIP
OF PAPER, CONTAINING THE FOLLOWING
WORDS,

"Choose God for your portion."

(Inscribed to Oliver W. L. Warren.)

LIST'NING to pleasure's siren voice,
Or bound in passion's witching spell,
What numbers make a fearful choice !
And sink to hell!

Subdued alone by sovereign love,
My soul pursues a different road ;
Her portion seeks in Heav'n above,
And chooses God.

Brother, is this thy happy choice ?
And hast thou chos'n the better way ?
Then let my soul with thine rejoice,
And praise and pray.

In twilight's pensive, lonely hour,
That sacred hour so dear to me,
In some lone grot, or woodland bow'r,
I'll pray for thee.

The world is but a weary way,
A dreary land, where pilgrims roam,
Where exil'd strangers sadly stray,
And sigh for home.

But there's a heav'n of joy and light,
Where weary pilgrims sweetly rest,
And soon we'll wing our joyful flight
To Jesus' breast.

Oh, we shall meet on that blest shore!
Oh, we shall join the holy throng,
And sing our toils and sufferings o'er,
A joyful song!

SPREAD OF THE GOSPEL.

ON READING A LATE ACCOUNT OF THE PREVALENCE OF CHRISTIANITY IN THE ISLAND OF OTAHEITE.

THE time has gone by, when oppression and error,
Like the mist on the mountain, envelop'd the
world;
The time has gone by, when the demon of terror,
Leagu'd with wild superstition, his banner unfurl'd.

O Christians, rejoice! the idols are falling,
The darkness of midnight gives place to the
dawn;
The voice of the heathen on Jesus is calling,
And joy hails triumphant the Gospel's bright morn,

Thou dear Otaheite, sweetest isle of the Ocean,
The Star of the East has illumin'd thy shore;
Thy valleys now echo with songs of devotion,
And thy rulers fall prostrate to idols no more.*

* Vide Letter of Pomare, King of Otaheite, to the English Missionaries.

Sweet Isle of the South, thou art favour'd of Heav'n,
 Thy clime is delightful, thy skies are serene ;
 To thee has the choicest of blessings been given,
 Thy *bread-fruits* are sweet, and thy valleys are
 green.

But chief, Otaheite, is the gift of the Saviour,
 Whose praises now echo thy valleys among ;
 Rejoice, Otaheite, rejoice in his favour,
 And raise to thy Jesus a loud choral song.

Rejoice, Otaheite, thy idols are banish'd,
 The daylight has dawn'd, and the darkness is o'er,
 Rejoice, Otaheite, thy *Morais* have vanish'd ;
 Rejoice, Otaheite, and thy Saviour adore.

O Jesus, ride on, and speed the glad hour,
 When lands now in darkness shall own thy blest
 sway ;
 When the nations of earth shall acknowledge thy
 power,
 When kings shall adore thee, and princes obey.

EFFUSION OF THE HEART.

O GOD, create my heart anew,
Bid unbelief and fear depart;
Let holy, sanctifying dew
Descend, and cleanse my longing heart.

Father, I wait thy will to prove,
Thy sanctifying power to see,
To triumph in thy *perfect love*,
And all my powers devote to thee.

O let me hear thy cheering voice,
Pronounce me, Saviour, *wholly thine*,
Then in thy strength will I rejoice,
And all my soul to thee resign.

By Jesus' last expiring groan,
Who suffer'd, bled, and died for me,
O take away my heart of stone,
And let me find my all in thee.

Thou wilt—I feel the quick'ning power,
Thine everlasting love is mine ;
Thou art my life, my strength, my tower,
And I, my God, am wholly thine.

· THE END.

