

*My Prayer A present to
Mary Proye*

NO. 139.

Contentment

IN

HUMBLE LIFE.

A MEMOIR OF THOMAS HOGG.



I found him standing by the side of the forge.—See page 3.

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[No. 139.]

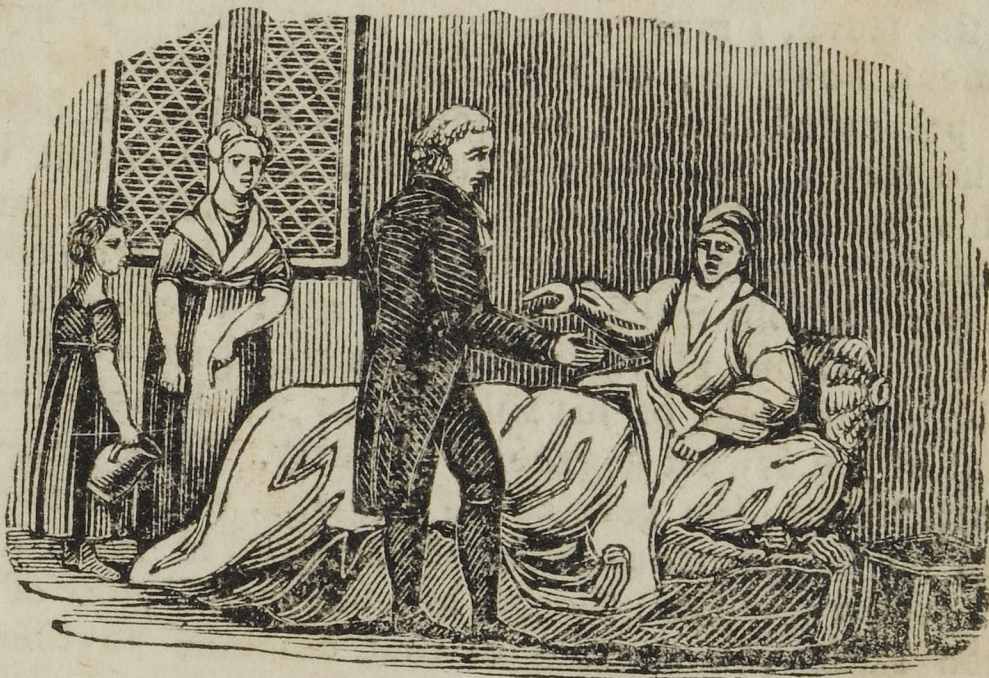
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IN

HUMBLE LIFE.

ON the Sabbath, January 9, 18—, as I was proceeding in the services of the day, my attention was attracted by a wretched object seated in the nave of the church. There was an air of devout seriousness about him, under all the disadvantages of tattered garments and squalid appearance, which afforded a favourable pre-sentiment to my mind. When the service was over, the stranger disappeared.

Conceiving that he was a poor passing beggar, who had been allured within the precincts of God's temple by the fire in the stove, I made no inquiry about him. To my astonishment, however, on the following Sabbath the same object presented himself, and took his station, as before, near the stove. He seemed to be a man decrepit with age: his head resting upon his bosom, which was partly exposed, betokened considerable infirmity. Under a coarse and dirty sackcloth frock, was to be seen a soldier's coat patched in various places, which was strangely contrasted with the cleanliness of his shirt. His whole appearance was that of the lowest degree of poverty. The same devout attention to the services of the day, which I had remarked on the previous Sabbath, inspired in me a hope, that he was a spiritual, though humble worshipper of that common Father, a disciple of that common Saviour, at whose footstool we were prostrating ourselves in united adoration.

When the service was concluded, I inquired who the old man was. "Sir," replied my informer, "he is a person who works at the blacksmith's shop; he is a remarkable man, and carries about with him a Bible, which he constantly reads."

A secret pleasure stole through my heart at this delightful intelligence; and I could not but feel gratified at the prospect of seeing a man, who under such appearances of misery, made the word of God his companion and guide.

Having taken an early opportunity in the course of the week to pay him a visit, I found him standing by the side of the forge, putting some links of iron wire together, to form a chain to suspend scissors. The impressions of wretchedness excited by his first appearance, were now greatly heightened by the soot, which, from the nature of his occupation, had necessarily gathered round his person. After a few general observations, I went to Mr. H. S. the master of the shop, and from him learned some particulars of the poor man's history. He informed me, that on Tuesday the 4th of January, in the severely cold weather which then prevailed, this destitute object came to his shop, almost exhausted with cold and fatigue. In his passage through the neighbouring village of P——, he had been inhumanly pelted with snow-balls by a party of boys, and might probably have perished, but for the humanity of some respectable inhabitants of the place, who rescued him from their hands.—Having reached Mr. S.'s shop, he requested permission to erect, in a shed which adjoined the shop, his little apparatus, consisting of a slight table, with a box containing his tools. The benevolent master of the premises very kindly desired him to come in, and stationed him near the forge, where he might pursue his work with advantage by the side of the fire. In the evening, when the workmen were about to retire, Mr. S. asked him where he intended to lodge that night. The old man inquired if there were any ox-stall or stable near at hand, which he might be permitted to occupy. His kind benefactor offered his stable. Accordingly the poor creature, with his box and table upon his back, accompanied Mr. S. home, where, as comfortable a bed as fresh straw and shelter from the inclemency of the weather could afford, was made up. One of Mr. S.'s children afterwards carried him some warm cider, which he accepted with reluctance, expressing his fears lest he should be depriving some part of the family of it.

Early the next morning Mr. S. went into the stable, and asked the poor stranger how he was. He replied, "I am very happy." Having risen from his straw bed, and dressed himself, (for he always took off his clothes at night and wrapped himself in a blanket which had been given

him by the Dowager Countess of C——,) he soon joined his hospitable friend, and resumed his post by the side of the forge. This station Mr. S. humanely allowed him to retain as long as he needed it, and, to his honour be it spoken, he contracted so great a regard for the good man as to be unable to speak of him, even at this time, without emotion. I have heard him declare, that he never learned so complete a lesson of humility, contentment, and gratitude, as from the conduct of this man. Little did he think at this time, how soon his lonely guest was to become an inhabitant of that blissful world where there is neither sighing nor sorrow, “where the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest.” Little did he think that so soon that unsightly and despised body should be gathered to its dust, to be fashioned ere long “like unto Christ’s glorious body,” a fit casket for the inestimable jewel of a soul cleansed in the blood of the Redeemer from all earthly impurities, and made “meet for the inheritance of the saints in light.” What a lesson this on the duty of prompt and cheerful attention to the wants of the stranger and the destitute! What a comment on the gracious declaration of our Saviour, “Inasmuch as ye did it unto the least of these my brethren, ye did it unto me.”

The poor creature’s days and nights continued to be passed much in the manner above described; with the exception, that he had exchanged the stable, at night, for the shop, which was warmer, and in which Mr. S. permitted him to remain, as soon as he was satisfied respecting his principles. He daily pursued with exemplary diligence his humble employment of making chains and skewers, although, as I afterwards learned, he was unable, even with success in disposing of his wares, to earn more than sixpence or sevenpence a day. A cup of tea in the morning, for which he paid twopence, and some bread, or cold potatoes, if any remained from his dinner the preceding day, formed his morning’s repast. At dinner he had some hot potatoes, or bread and cheese, with occasionally half a pint of beer. If at any time solicited to take some additional refreshment, he would decline it, saying, “I am thankful for the kindness—but it would be *intemperate*.”

Mr. S. further added, that he believed him to be a sincere Christian ; that he always carried a Bible with him, which he used attentively to read, when least liable to interruption ; and that he never partook of any of his slender meals, without first taking off his hat, and, as was judged from his attitude and the motion of his lips, imploring the blessing of him who clotheth the lily, and feedeth the young ravens ; but whose special mercies are reserved for those who put their trust in him ; and who not only commands us, whether we eat or drink, or whatever we do, to do all to his glory, but encourages even the most afflicted and indigent of his faithful followers to be “ careful for nothing, but in every thing with prayer and thanksgiving to let their requests be made known unto him,” and that he will supply all their needs, both for body and soul, if not in the way most congenial to their wishes, yet in that which shall most conduce to their spiritual and eternal welfare.

This poor man’s conduct was uniformly consistent with his Christian profession. Never does his protector recollect hearing an angry word, or a murmuring expression from his lips ; although, in addition to his bitter poverty and privations, he was frequently tried by the impertinent curiosity and irritating remarks of persons who came into the work-shop where he was carrying on his humble operations.

The first Saturday which he spent in this village, Mr. S. particularly remarked, that at an early hour in the afternoon, he put by his work, and began to hum a hymn-tune. He asked him if he could sing. “ No Sir,” he replied. “ I thought,” added Mr. S. “ I heard you singing.” “ I was only composing my thoughts a little,” said the good man, “ for the Sabbath.” What a contrast to the busy worldliness which so often devotes the Saturday evening to more than the ordinary fatigue and bustle of secular pursuits, intrenching on the very limits of the Sabbath, and unfitting both the mind and body for a vigorous discharge of its duties, and the enjoyment of its hallowed pleasures ! How much more fervent and delightful would be the hours of this privileged season, if, whenever practicable, Christians would endeavour, before the close of the preceding day, to forget their worldly cares, and to attune their hearts to the spiritual feelings of this interval of sacred rest !

On receiving the communication of the foregoing particulars, I was induced to return to the poor stranger, with a view to converse with him a little. There was a peculiar bluntness in his manner of expressing himself, but it was very far removed from any thing of churlishness or incivility. All his answers were pertinent, and were sometimes given in such measured terms as quite astonished me. The following was a part of our conversation :—“ Well, my friend, what are you about ? ” “ Making scissor-chains, Sir. ” “ And how long does it take you to make one ? ” With peculiar archness he looked up in my face, (for, as was before observed, his head always rested upon his bosom, so that the back part of it was depressed nearly to the same horizontal plane with his shoulders,) and with a complacent smile, said, “ Ah ! and you will next ask me how many I make in a day, and then what the wire costs me, and afterwards what I sell them for. ” From the indirectness of his reply, I was induced to conclude that he was in the habit of making something considerable from his employment, and wished to conceal the amount of his gains. But when I became better acquainted with his manner, and found that after his utmost exertion, he could scarcely obtain the meager pittance before mentioned, I perceived that his apparent reluctance to make known his poverty, proceeded from his habitual Christian contentment. How different would have been the conduct of most persons in similar circumstances ! and how eagerly would they have given a ready answer to my inquiry, in the hope of exciting compassion and procuring assistance ! I next asked him, why he followed his present vagrant life, in preference to a stationary one, in which he would be better known and more respected. “ The nature of my business, ” he replied, “ requires that I should move about from place to place, that having exhausted my custom in one spot, I may obtain employment in another. Besides, ” added he, “ my mode of life has at least this advantage, that if I leave my friends behind me, I leave also my enemies. ” When I asked him his age, he replied, with a strong and firm voice, “ That is a question which I am frequently asked, as if persons supposed me to be of a great age ; why I am a mere boy. ” “ A mere boy ! ” I repeated, “ and pray, what do you mean by that expression ? ” “ I am sixty-five

years of age, Sir, and with a light heel and a cheerful heart, hope to hold out a considerable time longer." Indeed, he seemed always happy; even in the period of his subsequent extreme suffering, his bosom appeared scarcely capacious enough for his joyful feelings. I can do but little justice to the hilarity of his heart, for it was a matter of astonishment to all who witnessed it. The spring of his cheerfulness was religion. Nothing seemed to damp his confidence in God.

In the course of our conversation he said, "It is not often that I am honoured with the visits of clergymen. Two gentlemen, however, of your profession, once came to me when I was at ———, in ———, and I expressed a hope that I should derive some advantage from their conversation." "We are come," said they, "with the same expectation to you, for we understand that you know many things." "I told them, that I feared they would be greatly disappointed." He then stated that the old scholastic question was proposed to him, "Why has God given us two ears, and but one mouth?" "I replied," said he, "that we may hear twice as much as we speak;" adding, with his accustomed modesty, "I should not have been able to give an answer to this question, if I had not heard it before." I should not have detailed this anecdote, but for the sake of thus incidentally illustrating the humility and absence of self-esteem which characterized this good man's remarks; though having given it, I may perhaps be allowed to add, that if the rich, whether clerical or laical, duly considered how deep an impression their most casual remarks often make on the minds of the poor, long after they are forgotten by themselves, they would be more careful than oftentimes they are, that their "speech should be with grace, seasoned with salt;" and that not only no positively *corrupt* communication should proceed out of their mouth, but that their most transient intercourse should be, in its measure, "to the use of edifying, that it may minister grace unto the hearers."—The divisions which distract the church of Christ being alluded to, I lamented that there should be any separation between men whose hopes and interests are the same. He immediately rejoined, in his native sprightly manner, "No matter; there are

two sides to the river :” intimating, as I concluded, that although separated for a time by the waters of discord which flow between them, all who are the true servants of Christ are pursuing the same direction, and will find their course terminate at the same point. There were many other instances of his readiness in reply, which have escaped my recollection.

In the midst of the din of business, the roaring of the forge bellows, and the deafening noise of the hammer and the anvil, I regret that I had but little opportunity of entering deeply into religious subjects. What, however, he said, though I cannot recollect the particulars, gave me an exalted idea of his contentment, cheerfulness, and genuine piety.

Before I took my leave of him, I asked how long he intended to remain in the village. He answered, “I do not know ; but as I have house-room and fire without any tax, I am quite satisfied with my situation, and only regret the trouble I am occasioning to my kind host.”

From that period to the 20th of the month, being much engaged with domestic concerns, I saw but little of him, and do not recollect any particular remark or incident. On the morning of that day I met him creeping along under a vast burthen, having previously heard that he had set out on the preceding Monday, on a journey to Bristol, to procure a fresh stock of wire. There he had nearly expended his little all ; and, with half a hundred of wire upon his back, and three half-pence in his pocket, the sole remains of his scanty fund, he returned on foot to this place.—He had been two days on the road, and had passed the intervening night before a coal-pit fire in the neighbouring village. The snow was lying deep upon the ground, and the scene was altogether desolate beyond description. I was glad once more to see him, and accosting him, inquired if he were not very tired. “A little, a little,” he replied. Then taking off his hat, he asked if he could execute any thing for me. I gave him an order for some trifling articles, which he brought to me on the following Wednesday. He came to my house just as I was engaged on particular business ; I went out, however, for a few minutes, and, after paying him for the articles, entered into conversation with him. He repeated many admirable

adages, with which his memory appeared to be well stored, and incidentally touched upon the word *cleanliness*. Immediately I added, "cleanliness is next to godliness," and seized the opportunity which I had long wanted, but from fear of wounding his mind, hesitated to embrace, to tell him of the absence of that quality in himself. He with much good nature replied, "I believe I am *substantially* clean. I have a clean shirt every week; my business, however, necessarily makes me dirty in my person." "But why do you not dress more tidily, and take more care of yourself? You know that God has given us the comforts of life that we may enjoy them. Cannot you afford yourself these comforts?" "That question," said he emphatically, but by no means rudely, "you should have set out with. No, Sir, I cannot afford myself these comforts."

His long fustian trowsers concealed nearly the whole of his foot; but about the instep I thought I perceived considerable inflammation, and made inquiry respecting it. "Oh, it is nothing particular," said he; "it is a little tender." Perceiving that he had a miserable pair of shoes upon his feet, I asked him if he thought he could wear a pair of mine. He said he felt obliged to me for my kind intention, but he would not trouble me. I however fetched a pair, and with much persuasion made him accept them. He expressed himself much gratified; only adding, with his accustomed humility, that they were too good. I mention these circumstances, in themselves trifling, to show how very different was the conduct of this poor man from what might have been expected from a person in his destitute condition. I am persuaded that it was not apathy or pride, but a far higher principle, that thus had taught him, in whatever situation he was, "therewith to be content."

My engagements now requiring my presence elsewhere, I left the poor creature for the present, by the side of my kitchen fire, determining to see him the next day, and to have some farther conversation with him.

When I visited him, I found him in his usual station, working upon his chains. He was sitting—a posture in which he did not often indulge. I requested to look at his foot, for it was turned away from me towards the wall. With the greatest astonishment and alarm, I found the whole leg, from the foot to the knee, so prodigiously swol-

len that he had been obliged to rip up his trowsers.—It exhibited one continued appearance of black, except where it was distained by bladders and patches of blood. It was only partially protected from the extreme inclemency of the weather by the separated parts of his fustian trowsers. He continued to manifest his usual cheerfulness. “I must insist,” said I, “upon your allowing something to be done to it. The doctor is expected in the village to-day, and you must see him; I will give orders for him to call upon you.” “That is kind, *very* kind,” he replied. At this moment some ignorant prattler in the shop was exclaiming, in a very vexatious and offensive manner, that he would not have such a leg (taking off his hat) for *that* full of guineas. The old man looked up somewhat sharply at him, and said, “Nor I, if I could help it.” The other, however, proceeded with his canting, when the afflicted creature added, “You only torture me by your observations.” This was the only instance approaching to impatience witnessed by those who had the most constant access to him.

I proposed getting a bed for him, for I found that of late he had slept in one corner of the workshop upon the bare earth, without his clothes, the blanket as customary being wrapped round his shoulders. We wished to procure him a bed within some habitable abode; but he preferred remaining where he was, and requested us only to provide for him some clean straw. As he seemed fixed to his purpose, we consented to comply with his wish; and, after arranging every thing as well as we could for his accommodation, I mentioned my intention of immediately sending him some warm broth, which he declined with his usual answer, “I have had enough; it would be intemperate.” I then left him under the care of his worthy friend.

The next morning I visited my patient as early as I could, and was greatly alarmed to find that the swelling and blackness of his leg had increased, and were now extending themselves rapidly towards the vital parts of his body. The blood which had oozed from his wound had literally soaked his straw bed, and his leg was unprotected from the friction of the straw, and was exposed to the cold air; for his extremities, when I came into the shop, were entirely naked.—He was at times delirious, and his whole frame was in a degree convulsed; but he dozed during the great-

er part of the day. Nothing could exceed this picture of misery! Having attended to his immediate wants, I went up by his side, and gently inquired how he was. From his head being muffled in his blanket, he did not hear me.—Mr. S. removed the clothes, and asked, “How are you?” “Happy, happy!” was the reply. “I am truly grieved, my friend,” I said, “to see you in this deplorable condition. Are you suffering much pain?” “I am sick,” said he, “and very weak.” At this moment the arrival of the medical gentleman was announced. I ran to him, and begged that he would come and see this wretched object. He accompanied me back to the workshop, which he had no sooner entered, than I perceived by an involuntary gesture, that he had not before witnessed many such objects of misery, even in a very extensive country practice. He at once informed me there was but little hope of life. Warm fomentations, and large doses of bark and port wine, he said, were the only remedies. Of course no time was lost in administering them. I had previously provided a bed in a neighbouring house, and informed the suffering patient of my wish to remove him to it, and my anxiety that he should take the medicines prescribed. He very meekly submitted to all I proposed, saying, that he was willing to take any thing: but he added, “One night more, and I shall be beyond this world.”

The next morning, Saturday, I found him lying in the comfortable bed to which we had carefully removed him the preceding evening, in his usual calm and contented frame of mind, willing to live, but still more willing to die. I cannot describe the dreadful appearance which his whole body now assumed. His leg was again fomented, and he partook of some broth with eagerness, but his dissolution was evidently drawing near. His speech was almost unintelligible. Delirium became more frequent, and his hands were often apparently employed in the task to which they had been so long habituated, making links for chains: but, alas! it was a fruitless effort, no wire was now near him, no chains were the result of his labours. By addressing him, you seemed for a moment to recall his mind from its aberrations, and during such intervals he was perfectly collected. His respiration became more and more hurried. Finding that there was scarcely a ray of hope of preserv-

ing his life, I gave orders that he should be allowed to remain quite quiet upon his bed, being simply supplied with what sustenance was necessary.—After his attendants were gone, I sat down by his bed-side, and said to him, “I am afraid you are very ill; but I trust you have no fears respecting your future happiness, should it please God to summon you to appear before him?” He opened his eyes, and instantly said,

“Fed by his hand, supported by his care,
I scarce can *doubt*: why then should I *despair*?”

“Ah, my friend,” I rejoined, “what an inconceivable blessing it is to have the Son of God for our friend!” “It is, it is!” said he, in a tone and manner that indicated that he was accustomed to look to God through that Divine Mediator, and that he was practically acquainted with the truth of that scriptural declaration, “To them that believe, Christ is precious.”

Seeing his spectacles lying upon his pillow, I said, “There are your spectacles; but I do not think they have brought your Bible: I dare say you would like to read it?” “By and by,” he replied: “I am pretty well acquainted with its contents.”

All his fire had now expended itself. I found him articulate so indistinctly, and he appeared so exhausted, that after commending him to the protection of his God and Saviour, I took my leave of him. As I was departing, he said, “You have done your duty to me, I can say it without flattery.”

Alas! poor soul, would that I had thee here again, (if that were not to bring thy spirit from the mansions of rest and peace,) that I might show thee how deeply conscious I am of not having done my duty! I pray God to pardon my coldness, my inactivity, my general remissness! Yes, much more would I have done for thy comfort, much more might I have learned for my own.—But thou art gone! may the impression which thou hast left upon my mind never be effaced.—May I learn also more diligently to work while it is called to-day, since the night cometh in which no man can work! Oh, how many opportunities of doing or receiving good do we suffer to pass unimproved, not knowing their value till they are for ever beyond our reach!

On Sabbath morning, the knell too well convinced me that my humble friend was no more. I hastened to his chamber. His happy spirit had fled to the bosom of his Maker. He died about two o'clock in the morning without a sigh. His last word was in answer to the question, How are you? "Happy"—a happiness built upon a solid foundation; for, notwithstanding his afflictions in this world, the Saviour was his Friend, the Holy Spirit was his Comforter, and God was his portion and exceeding great reward.

I could not avoid adverting in my discourses on that day to the happy circumstances of this departed saint, who without a friend excepting those whom Providence had unexpectedly raised up in his necessity; and without any earthly comforts, had so completely divested himself of every murmur and complaint. Surely nothing but Divine Grace could have enabled him thus to triumph in tribulation. It was in the school of Christ, as I have before remarked, that he had thus learned, in whatsoever state he was, therewith to be content.

A very respectable funeral was arranged, under the management of the kind friend who at first sheltered him, nor forsook him so long as he continued a tenant of our earth. The corpse was followed by a long train of, I think I may say, very sincere mourners; for though his residence in the village had been short, and his station was very obscure, yet his character, wherever he was known, conciliated a degree of affection and esteem, which were the more unequivocal, as they were an unbought, and perfectly disinterested testimony to virtues, which a homely exterior could not conceal, nor poverty disgrace.

It has been already mentioned, that this poor man was a regular frequenter of divine worship, and a diligent reader of that holy book which was able to make him wise unto salvation, through faith that is in Christ Jesus. I add with much pleasure, what might have been anticipated, that he was also "a man of prayer." The first night of his taking to his straw-bed, being exceedingly indisposed, he retired before the men had left their work. Mr. S. missed him from the shop for a considerable time; and going into an adjoining store-room, in which no business was done, he

found him in the posture of devotion, praying to his "Father who seeth in secret." This, no doubt, was his constant practice; but as Mr. S. and his men usually quitted their work before the old man retired to rest, his habits of secret communion with God were now for the first time discovered. He was one of the last of men to sound a trumpet before him; so that it is impossible to ascertain to what extent he carried his habits of prayer and reading the Scriptures, in addition to those sacred meditations which doubtless cheered his mind throughout the day, in the midst of his solitary and monotonous employment.

In an early stage of our acquaintance, I had learned that he had a considerable taste for versification, and that he used occasionally to amuse his leisure hours by composing a poem. My first step, therefore, after his disease, was to get possession of his manuscripts, of which I found two books of considerable thickness, which appeared to be duplicates. From them I was confirmed in the opinion, if indeed I needed any farther confirmation than what my own eyes and ears had witnessed, that his religious principles were strictly consonant to that holy book which he so much valued, and which he made his companion and guide. In a blank leaf of his Bible is written, "Thomas Hogg, born in Jedburg, 1753.

"Yes—dust and ashes is my proper name,
Ready to perish—is my title clear.
From two poor rebels, I their offspring came,
My first, my native attribute is fear.
Yet, let Thy love on this dark void descend,
All shall be safe—the Three in One my friend."

The poem ends with a prayer to be "built up in wisdom and usefulness."

Upon the cover of the book in which he has entered his poems, I find the following passages:—"To you, O men, I call, and my voice is to the sons of men." (Prov. viii. 4.) "Hear, for I will speak of excellent things." (Prov. viii. 6.) "Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage." (Psalm cxix.) "And they sung a new song." (Rev. v. 9.)

I regret that an epitaph which he composed for himself cannot be found. He once repeated it to Mr. S. and prom-

ised to give him a copy of it; but death put a stop to that, as well as to many other intentions. His longest poem, which consists of nearly two thousand lines, is entitled "The Flower Knot, or Guide Post." In a short preface, he states, that, "twenty lines or thereabouts were the most I could compose in a week; and sometimes I have written none for half a year or longer." The chief subjects of his poem are thus arranged by himself: "Introduction, holiness, prudence and reason, wit, honesty and decency, sympathy, gratitude, hope, humility, temperance, chastity, passion, power, truth, wisdom, love, faith."

The particulars which I have been enabled to gather of my humble friend's history, in addition to what has already been related, are very few. He was a name-sake of the Ettrick Shepherd, and a fellow-countryman, but I am not aware that they were related. He was brought up, I find, in a religious family; and in his youth had serious impressions of eternal things upon his mind. These, however, grew feebler by intercourse with the world, although they do not appear ever to have entirely forsaken him. He left his home at an early period of life, and for some time carried hardware about the country. This business becoming unproductive, about fourteen years since he took to the employment in which I found him engaged, making scissor-chains and skewers. Twenty-nine long years had passed, he told me, since he had visited his native place; nor could I learn what had alienated him from his family and friends.—A hedge, or a stable, were to him an asylum of peace—the habitation of contentment; for he carried that tranquillity within him which was not to be ruffled by the adventitious circumstances of life. The vagrancy of his life necessarily exposed him to much hardship; and his pious soul must have been frequently "vexed with the filthy conversation of the wicked." Whether he had the habit of boldly reproving the sinner, when he daringly violated the laws of his God, I cannot affirm, not having been present on any such occasion: but judging from his ordinary freedom in expressing his mind, and from his courage in sustaining many of the ills of life, I should imagine he would suffer few opportunities to pass of reproving or exhorting, where prudence and discretion marked out the

duty. Sometimes, doubtless, his mind must have been depressed by anxious fears, or disappointed hopes. There were seasons when the "candle of the Lord" did not shine so clearly upon his path as at other times: during such periods he used to sing Addison's beautiful version of the 23d Psalm, to which he added a verse of his own composition, which I have in vain endeavoured to find. He called it the Traveller's Song. It was peculiarly appropriate to his own case, exposed as he was, solitary and wandering, with none to look up to for support or protection, but the Helper of the friendless.

Thus have I presented a faithful, though imperfect, history of a poor man, who, in the lowest depths of poverty, evinced such remarkable contentment and cheerfulness under severe sufferings, as may well excite us to godly jealousy, and animate us to aspire after like precious faith; a man who showed no symptoms of a desire to hurry from life, yet was ready at all times to obey his great and final summons, and the practical language of whose life was, "To me to live is Christ, to die is gain."

Reader! how does this simple tale call upon you to adore the Father of all mercies, who graciously furnished a poor object, in the lowest depths of earthly misery, with principles capable not barely of supporting him, but of enabling him to soar far above the afflictions of mortality? No one, I feel assured, can doubt whence this man obtained his transcendent faith. It was of no common stamp: it was not the spontaneous growth of the human heart: it must have come from heaven.

Permit me, then, to remind you, that the same faith which supported him, the same principles by which he was actuated, may be obtained by you. The Divine Spirit, who implanted them in the subject of this memoir, offers to produce them in you. And can I wish you a richer gift? Can I take my leave of you in a more affectionate manner, than by praying that the same Spirit would make you like-minded, with this humble, but exemplary follower of a suffering and crucified Saviour?

3592502

The Heart healed by Mercy.

SIN enslaved me many years,
 And led me, bound and blind;
 Till at length a thousand fears
 Came swarming o'er my mind.
 "Where," I said, in deep distress,
 "Will these sinful pleasures end?"
 "How shall I secure my peace,
 "And make the Lord my friend?"

Friends and ministers said much
 The Gospel to enforce;
 But my blindness still was such,
 I chose a legal course:
 Much I fasted, watch'd, and strove;
 Scarce would show my face abroad;
 Fear'd almost to speak or move;
 A stranger still to God.

Thus afraid to trust his grace,
 Long time did I rebel;
 Till, despairing of my case,
 Down at his feet I fell.
 Then my stubborn heart he broke,
 And subdued me to his sway;
 By a simple word he spoke:
 "Thy sins are done away."

RIPPON'S COLL.

Orders for Tracts will receive prompt attention, if addressed to "*The American Tract Society, No. 87 Nassau-street, New-York.*"

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