

## **A memoir of Thomas Harrison Burder, M.D. / by John Burder.**

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3

MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS HARRISON BURDER, M.D.



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1847

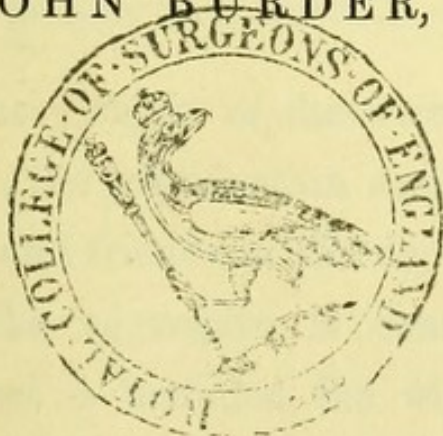
# A MEMOIR

OF

THOMAS HARRISON BURDER, M. D.

BY

JOHN BURDER, M. A.



LONDON:

T. WARD AND CO.,

PATERNOSTER-ROW.

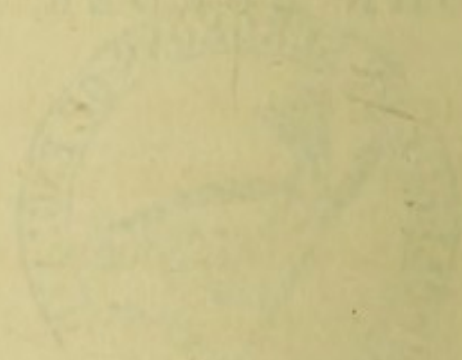
1844

A MEMOIR

THOMAS HARRISON BURDER, M.D.

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JOHN BURDER, M.A.



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LONDON

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## PREFACE.

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It is desirable that not merely readers and critics, but authors themselves, should never lose sight of the rule :

“ In every book regard the writer’s end.”

The primary object of the writer of this memoir has been, the gratification and instruction of the relatives and friends of the deceased, whose number, in the aggregate, is considerable: and in this object is included the wish that they may be led, by what they read of him, to give glory to God for all that was good in him, to copy his excellencies, and to avoid whatever in him was defective or faulty. A secondary object of the

writer has been to raise a humble monument to the memory of a much-loved brother; and it gives him great pleasure to think that by this means the memory of this just and good man will be, in some degree, rescued from oblivion.

Although the deceased was not an every-day character, the writer does not suppose that this memoir will attract the notice of any large number of the great public; but he requests those who had no personal knowledge of the deceased, into whose hands these pages may come, to bear in mind the consideration, that details, in which a stranger may feel but little sympathy, may not be uninteresting to relatives and friends; and that, as a straw may indicate the course of the stream, so incidents, trivial in themselves, may be valuable as manifestations of character. Believing that, next to the contemplation of the character of God, and in close connexion with it,

“The proper study of mankind is man,”

the writer dissents from the opinion, that the history of no man is worthy of being preserved, whose life does not include many extraordinary events. In fact, extraordinary events constitute



but a small part of the life even of an extraordinary man. Life, in every case, consists chiefly of small incidents; and by such incidents, chiefly is character both moulded and manifested. It is interesting to know *in what condition* a man was; but it is far more important to know *what* he was, and the main interest attaching to his condition, arises out of its influence on his character.

There are two faults, against which the writer was particularly desirous of being on his guard, from knowing that many persons similarly situated with himself have fallen into them; one was making the book too large, and the other giving a flattering portraiture of the deceased. While the author will not be surprised, if impartial observers shall judge that the memoir might have been advantageously abridged, he has to state, that to prevent its being larger than it is, it was necessary to omit much that might have been inserted. But he deemed it sufficient to give prominence to the principal features of his brother's character, and to print such letters and parts of letters as might be not only samples of his correspondence, but illustrative of the man. Some touching parts of some letters have been necessarily omitted on



account of their containing such references to the author as it would have been an obvious violation of propriety for himself to publish.

The natural tendency of a brother's mind to exaggerate a brother's excellencies has been counteracted, not merely by the love of truth, but by the solemn consideration, that whatever value the writer of the memoir may attach to reputation, and whatever value the subject of the memoir may once have attached to it, the latter is now where the applause of the universe would be utterly worthless, except in so far as it might be connected with "the praise that cometh from God only."

The author wished and requested his surviving brother, as the elder, to write this memoir. One of his principal reasons for declining to accede to that request was, his having written the memoir of their venerated father. The author will be well content should this biographical sketch be deemed a fit appendix to that memoir.

JOHN BURDER.

Bristol, June 5th, 1844.



MEMOIR  
OF  
THOMAS HARRISON BURDER, M.D.

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CHAPTER I.

THOMAS HARRISON BURDER, the youngest son of the Rev. George Burder, author of "Village Sermons," was born at Coventry, on the 13th of August, 1789. His father's father was Henry Burder Esq., of Islington, a deacon of the congregational church, at Fetter-lane, London. His mother's maiden name was Sarah Harrison, a lineal descendant, on the maternal side, of the Rev. John Machin, an eminently good man, who was ejected by the Act of Uniformity in 1662 from his parochial charge at Whitley, near Congleton, in Cheshire. Mr. Machin's ancestors had resided for many generations on their estate at Seabridge, near Newcastle-Under-Line.

When about a year old, my brother was brought very near to death by small-pox, although the disease had been received by inoculation; a circumstance which



perhaps induced both his father and himself, a few years afterwards, to hail with additional gladness the admirable discovery of vaccination by Dr. Jenner.

In the summer of 1797, Thomas was placed for a while, chiefly for the benefit of his health, under the care of Mr. T. Smith, of Long Buckby. The first letter of the dear child, written in an excellent hand, for a boy of eight years old, is still extant. On the fly leaf his tutor says, "Thomas is remarkably cheerful, and appears so sprightly and roseate that I have no fear of his health." Thus early, however, did his ailments begin.

One of the few things relative to his childhood which are remembered, is his talent for conversation. In the year 1799 his parents lived at Foleshill, a mile from Coventry; and Thomas, when walking to and from a school in the town, would occasionally, of his own accord, accost officers of the army and other persons on the road, conversing with them coolly and intelligently, while they were looking with admiration on the little inquisitive, though well-behaved boy. Throughout his life his manners were extremely pleasing, and his conversation universally acceptable. In a letter, dated Coventry, June 28, 1800, the commencement of a correspondence which continued more than forty years, is the following paragraph, which evinces the care his father took to preserve him from the love of theatrical amusements:—"The examination of Mr. Week's scholars was last week. On Tuesday the classes were examined in grammar, &c., and one of the classes, that which I am in, spoke their orations. I did not speak at all, because papa understood



there was to be a play acted, which was performed on Wednesday."

His next school was Mr. Comfield's, at Northampton.

His letter to me, dated Northampton, March 28, 1801, is as follows:—

"DEAR BROTHER.—Till I see you, nothing will afford me greater pleasure than a correspondence with you by letter, for that as it were brings you present, and makes me fancy myself really talking with you; but no sooner is the letter finished, than all again is void, and I find myself far, far distant from my dear brother. I am extremely happy in acquainting you with the pleasure I experience in my present situation. Such are the number, variety, and interesting nature of our studies, that were it even possible I might not be disposed, I am conscious I could not fail to make proficiency; but when united with the ardent efforts I hope to use, I trust I shall, before I leave school, acquire a fund of useful and important knowledge."

The beautiful penmanship of that letter is its lowest recommendation. Its value mainly consists in the depth of fraternal affection which it expresses, in no commonplace language. Nor can we overlook its aspirations after knowledge and improvement. The style in which the school is described is so different from that which most boys employ, that I should have supposed that part of the letter to be not his own, but for having found



a letter addressed to his father, written about five weeks afterwards, which begins thus :—

“ DEAR FATHER.—You are anxious to know whether the last letter I sent was totally my own production. I am happy, if it met with your approbation, to say it was ; and I hope by improving my time to the best advantage, to make proficiency not merely in my penmanship, but in every thing to which I apply myself.”

Mr. Comfield was a very ingenious man, much given to the study of natural philosophy, and especially of astronomy, on which, many years afterwards, he delivered lectures in Cheltenham, and elsewhere ; and Thomas derived considerable advantage from the year which he spent under his instruction. There is cause, however, to believe, that my brother's mental application at that time was excessive. It is now more generally admitted than it was forty years ago, that without adequate time for air and exercise, a good *physical* education is unattainable, and, that without such an education, intellectual attainments are comparatively useless ; the strong probability being, not only that life will be shortened, but that the power, both of enjoyment and of usefulness, will be diminished even during that shortened life.

That he retained a favourable impression of Mr. Comfield, and that a good feeling subsisted between them, appears from the following sentence of a letter, written six years after he had left the school. Adverting to his having been ill, he says, “ It is judged proper to try the country air, and I expect next Tuesday to go down to



Northampton, where I hope to spend a day or two in the company of my late intelligent preceptor."

Throughout life, no feature in my brother's character was more strongly marked, than his grateful remembrance of those who had shown him kindness. His own kind services to others were not always requited, with even such verbal acknowledgments as were due to him ; but, while his uniform habit of cherishing, as well as of expressing gratitude, made him alive to every case in which the absence of that disposition was apparent, the disappointment which he felt arose, not so much from the love of commendation, as from his delicate sense of what was honourable, generous, and just.

A sentence occurs in a letter to his parents, dated July 22, 1801, announcing his safe arrival at school after the holidays, which is worth preserving : "Mrs. W. and myself went to see the hospital, and it was a very grand sight to see so many poor afflicted creatures so well provided for."

Whether his visiting that hospital induced trains of thought and feeling which had any influence on his subsequent choice, many years afterwards, of the medical profession, is not known ; but at all events, in the circumstance of a boy of twelve years of age, calling it "a very grand sight, to see so many poor afflicted creatures well provided for," we see the germ of his future benevolence.

When he says in the same letter, "I am, as you may suppose, uncomfortable at first, but hope soon to be more



composed ;” he says, only what most children at boarding school are disposed to say on the first day of the half year. But such words from Thomas, meant more than they expressed. Not every boy has so happy a home, nor has every boy whose home is equally happy, an equal degree of sensibility, rendering the company of his parents, brothers and sisters, proportionably delightful, and separation from them proportionably mournful. His pensiveness at that time was increased, by his having left his sister Eliza labouring under an indisposition which proved to be the commencement of a rapid consumption. Never perhaps were sister and brother more strongly attached to each other. She was his elder by only sixteen months. They were much alike in person, and although in one respect different, the sister having been far more timid and retiring than the brother, yet in more important respects their dispositions were alike ; and, until about two years before, when he went to boarding school, they had been constant companions. His feelings, on receiving his father’s letter, about three weeks after his return to school, announcing her death, are expressed in the following letter ; and when it is considered that children, though very eloquent in tones and gestures, in smiles and in tears, are usually utterly unable to do justice to their feelings in words, it will be reasonably concluded, from the little that is said, that this dear boy suffered no ordinary grief. The word “awful,” as used by him under those circumstances, was full of meaning.



“ Northampton, August 10th, 1801.

“ DEAR FATHER,—I received the awful intelligence your letter contained, yesterday ; it was the greatest shock I had ever experienced ; it is impossible for me to find words to express my feelings, but *you* may easily conceive what they are ; for, if the feelings of a brother are so bad, what must the feelings of a beloved parent be ! Though it is certain we shall always have some trial to mar our pleasures in this vale of tears, that we may not set our affections too much on transitory objects ; yet we never need divine support and resignation so much, as when such trying circumstances as these occur. O that all of us may feel great resignation under this affliction, for surely it is the Lord’s will ; ‘ he hath done what seemed to him good,’ and may this ‘ teach *us* to number *our* days, so that we may apply *our hearts* unto *wisdom* ; for we have a promise, that ‘ All things shall work together for good, to them that are called according to his purpose.’ ”

That at this early age he was not without serious thoughts, is evident, both from the above and from the following extract of a letter, written to me, December 20th, of the same year ; but how far the religious sentiments expressed in these letters were the almost inevitable result of education, on a boy of good capacity, and of an obedient disposition ; and how far they were the result of conviction and of feeling, or, in other words, the work of the Spirit of God in the soul, cannot be ascertained. In my brother’s case, as in the case of thousands



of persons similarly brought up, "the rise and progress" of piety were so gradual, that not only cannot the day and hour of conversion be ascertained, but even the year is unknown.

In the letter last mentioned, he says : "Dear brother, while we look at things seen which are temporal, oh, may we not forget those that are unseen and eternal ; for what will profit us on a dying bed, what will afford us consolation, but 'a good hope through grace,' that we have an interest in Christ—that whenever this house of our tabernacle is dissolved, we may have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens, where the inhabitant shall never say, I am sick. I hope you, together with myself, have derived great advantage from reading 'Doddridge's Rise and Progress of Religion ;' I am now reading it through, la seconde fois, and hope and pray that, if God has begun a good work in either of our souls, he will carry it on."

## CHAPTER II.

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IN the year 1803, Thomas was many months at home, suffering under severe illness, being for some time confined to his bed. In the summer of that year his father and the family removed to London; and no sooner was this measure resolved on, than the anticipation produced a most powerful and beneficial effect upon his health and spirits. Possibly his illness had not been so serious as it seemed to be; and the pleasurable excitement occasioned by the prospect of going, not merely to visit but to reside in the great city, his father's native place, so roused and invigorated him, as to make him almost insensible to what little malady remained.

After receiving further instruction in languages and other studies from a private tutor, he applied himself to business, in the house of an eminent chemist and druggist; but after a while, having felt a growing inclination for the medical profession, his father complied with his wishes and placed him under the care of William Blair Esq., Surgeon, of Great Russell Street, a man of con-



siderable science and learning—a philanthropist and a christian. Mr. Blair at one time delivered a series of very excellent lectures on Anthropology, to which, though attached to the established church, he liberally and gratuitously admitted the students of Hoxton Academy, of whom the writer was then one. It is generally allowed by those who knew Mr. Blair, that had his pursuits been less multifarious, and had he addicted himself chiefly to such studies as had a direct bearing on his profession, he would have risen to very considerable eminence.

Perhaps no period of my brother's life was happier than that now before us. He had in prospect the profession of his choice, and he was conscious, not only of possessing great advantages, but of a disposition to profit by them, whilst he had the pleasure of residing at home, and thus of enjoying intercourse with his beloved relatives.

The following letter, written to me at Glasgow, shows that he was no idler.—

“ Hatton Garden, Dec. 10th, 1807.

“ DEAR JOHN,—As before, I go to Mr. Blair's at nine; there I am very busy until a quarter and sometimes half-past ten, with patients; at that time I proceed to Mr. Carpue's, where I am dissecting, till half-past one or two, except on Tuesday's and Saturday's, when I am called off from twelve till two, by dispensary business. Mr. Carpue begins lecturing at or before two, and seldom finishes till half-past three; I then return



home to dinner. About three times a week I have to go again to Mr. Carpue's to examinations, which begin at six in the evening and end about eight; the intervening evenings, and the little portions of time I can catch up after supper, etc., are fully taken up with latin, and with preparing for Mr. Carpue, who gives the class as much to learn as he thinks they can accomplish by the next day; this I have to do in common with the others of the class, who can give their *whole time* to anatomy, so that I am very much fagged. My mind is so much upon the stretch throughout the day, that for about two months I have been able to get very little sleep in the night."

His next letter, part of which I am about to quote, consisted of seven quarto pages, rather closely written. The letter shows that he worked hard,—too hard for his health. Indeed, the examination of his letters has convinced me that excessive mental exertion, for several successive years, was a chief cause of his health, which had been previously delicate, being still more impaired, and of his comparatively early death. A very strong man might have done what he did without injury, but his strength was not equal to the exertion. His adding to his labour by writing long letters to absent relatives was quite characteristic of him.

"Hatton Garden, Feb. 9, 1808.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am nearly confined to the house by an indisposition which is termed the influenza, but may be defined a catarrhal epidemic fever; this has



been exceedingly prevalent in town lately, and Dr. Pinckard informs me, has in some instances proved fatal. My symptoms have been a peculiar sense of weight on the eye-lids, considerable pain in the head, chest, &c., difficulty of breathing, distressing cough, and, withal, considerable fever; in short, I have been seriously unwell. Through mercy the fever and the pain in my head have nearly left me, but the cough and oppression of the chest are still very troublesome. Mr. Blair thinks there is considerable inflammation of the lungs. I think I must have caught this cold in our dissecting-room, which is very damp, and comfortless, and in which I am generally sitting from eleven till half-past three. Mr. Blair wishes me to keep away from Dean Street till I am quite recovered, and (to use his own words) 'not to pursue my anatomical studies with quite so much fervour, while the weather is so cold.' This, from Mr. Blair, I consider a great compliment, as he is himself so very severe a student. I believe I may say without a breach of truth, that I have attended to anatomy with as great diligence as circumstances would permit; and though I still feel many things attending a dissecting-room to be very unpleasant, yet it has not prevented my attending to this important part of medical knowledge with some degree of spirit and interest. A thorough knowledge of anatomy is of such great importance to me, that it is worth while fagging hard, and making considerable sacrifices to attain it. I sow now, in hopes of reaping at some future period. Mr. Blair seems very much pleased with the progress I have been able to make, and frequently says he used



much to fear that I should feel such disgust at dissecting, as not to be able to pursue it with a sufficient degree of ardour.

“My evenings are almost entirely occupied, when at home, with Latin. I am now reading Celsus, who wrote in the Augustan age, and was one of the first writers on Medicine. Celsus is very improving to me, as I meet with a great many new Latin words (that is, new to me), and words which are chiefly used in medicine; his style is truly elegant and classical, and differs very widely from modern Latin medical books. I manage a considerable portion of Celsus at a time now, and begin to feel my way. You will say, ‘it is time I should.’”

At Mr. Blair's, Thomas had the privilege of becoming acquainted with the celebrated Dr. Jenner, the discoverer of vaccination, who was much pleased with him, and presented him with a copy of Kett's *Elements of Knowledge*, then recently published, as a token of his esteem.

About this time the benevolence which distinguished my brother through life, manifested itself in the trouble he took to procure the patronage of householders of his acquaintance, on behalf of a chimney-sweeper who was one of the first to make use of machines for cleaning chimneys. Since that time the public generally have become interested in the cause of chimney-sweepers' apprentices, and the legislature has interposed on their behalf; but it augured well for my brother's subsequent career, that at a time when the subject was new, and when many persons were incredulous, both as to the hardships those



poor friendless lads endured, and as to the efficiency of the method proposed, he, a youth in his nineteenth year, should have taken the course which humanity dictated.

Not every youth of nineteen would express himself as follows, with regard to education :—

“ Hatton Garden, Dec. 16th, 1808.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am very happy to find that your studies yield you so much satisfaction and interest. The business of the moral philosophy class must be peculiarly agreeable to a reflecting mind. You are perfectly right in supposing that hitherto I have had very little opportunity of attending to this subject. I have as yet been attending to those subjects which are more immediately connected with my profession, and must, for some time to come, do the same. Anatomy and languages have taken up a good deal of my time this winter, but I hope to attain such a knowledge of the first by the beginning of spring, as will enable me to devote more time to some other subjects. My attention of an evening is more particularly directed to French, the study of which I find very pleasant, and find, to my great satisfaction, that I make sensible progress in it. Latin I also read with Mr. Racine. As I do not get home to dinner till late, I have no time, or very little, to attend to Greek, but I hope to do something in it in the summer, although I fear it will be a very superficial acquaintance with it that I shall be able to attain. I frequently lament that my long illness prevented my acquiring that elementary knowledge which I certainly should have done, and which would



have been so extremely useful to me. However, as I cannot bring back the time, I can now only improve what I have, and endeavour to make up for the loss by as great diligence as my health will allow. You obtain three hours every morning, which I am not able to do. It is in vain for me to attempt getting up long before breakfast, as I not only feel unable to do any thing, but a head-ache is the consequence, which unfits me for the business of the day. Not being very strong, I find that the hours I am able to employ for the purpose of study in the course of the day, are as much as I can well stand, for when I go beyond the mark, I am unfitted by indisposition for doing any thing.

“The education of the greater part of medical men is far too superficial. In the short time I have been at Mr. Carpue’s, I have seen several successions of medical students, who have received their diplomas from the college, and have entered upon important situations, whilst their knowledge was very scanty, and their experience inconsiderable. It is certainly of the greatest importance to a medical student to lay a good foundation in anatomical knowledge, when scores of lives may be lost for the want of it, and when it is certain he can never practice with satisfaction and success without it. Many students seem to think that the great end of acquiring this anatomical knowledge, is to pass their necessary examinations, and to receive their diplomas, and not to relieve the pains and to save the lives of their fellow-creatures.”

As this memoir would be incomplete without some



reference to a beloved mother, the following extract from a letter to her, may be inserted here.

“ Henley-on-Thames, May 5th, 1809.

“ MY DEAR MOTHER,—Your first letter filled me with agreeable surprise, although I was persuaded it was your intention to write to me during my absence from home. Judge, then, my astonishment at receiving a second epistle. Perceiving the direction to be the writing of my dear mother, I was alarmed, and almost afraid to open the letter; ‘for surely,’ said I to myself, ‘nothing less than the sudden illness of my father, or some calamitous event, could occasion a second letter so soon!’ Well pleased was I to find myself mistaken, and to read, instead of misfortunes, the good wishes and prayers of an affectionate mother! I am much obliged to you for them, and hope the good advice you give me may not be thrown away. The holy scriptures which have been too much neglected by me, will, I trust, be read with more attention and with a more earnest desire for instruction in the things of God. A time of affliction is well calculated to lead the mind from the world, to the consideration of things which belong to an eternal state. At such a time, the most flattering prospects appear scarcely worth a thought, and an interest in the mediation of Christ as much to be preferred to all earthly enjoyments as a kingdom to a hovel; but when health and vivacity return, how often does the world recover its interest, and withdraw the mind from the consideration of eternal realities! Surely none but He who has the



hearts of all men in his hands can raise a worm, so fond of grovelling in the dust, to *life and immortality*."

In May and June of 1809, he spent several weeks for the benefit of his health at Mr. Allnutt's, Henley-on-Thames. There the writer met him and spent a few days with him, after having been absent from him for a year and a half. A pleasant house and garden in a beautiful country, fine weather, an agreeable and hospitable family, relaxation from severe study, returning health, leisure for reading, renewed intercourse with a brother after long absence, with the prospect of an honourable and useful profession before him, combined to render that visit one of the most pleasurable seasons my brother ever enjoyed. The pleasure and advantage of his journey were also much enhanced by his brief sojourn at Reading, of which he sent to his father the following description ;

" Henley, June 2, 1809.

\* \* \* " I perfectly agree with my dear father, that six weeks is a long time to sojourn at a friend's house ; and if the wishes of this kind family for my continuance here had not been expressed in the most unequivocal terms, I should have considered so long a stay an intrusion. This, however, I could not do, after such pressing, and I believe sincere solicitations, as I have received.

" In Mr. Blair's very kind letter, he desired that my inclination to assist him might not bring me home one day sooner than my health permitted, and urged me, while



I had the advantage, to make a full trial of country air. This also induced me to remain longer than was at first intended.

“John no doubt informed you that I was paying Mr. Ring a visit. I returned on Tuesday afternoon much gratified, and, in some respects, I hope benefited by it. Mr. Ring is certainly a very clever, lively man, very successful, and much respected in his profession. I accompanied him in his visiting circuits, and was delighted with his animated and instructive conversation. What a peculiar facility he finds in speaking *to any person whatever* on religious subjects! Mr. R. has rekindled within me a kind of medical enthusiasm or ardour, which, I hope, will not be soon extinguished; and has dropped some excellent hints, which, if duly attended to, may be very useful to me through life. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ring received and entertained me very kindly, and insisted upon my staying till Tuesday, though I had intended to return on Monday morning: indeed they pressed me to remain a week longer, and when I resolutely refused, Mr. R. said, ‘It shall not be so next year, if I can help it, for you shall come to visit *me*, and I’ll be *commodore* then.’”

In March, 1810, he says, “I have been for the last three months attending the lectures of Sir W. Blizard, and Mr. Hume, at the College of Surgeons, on anatomy, comparative anatomy, and surgery. These lectures, though from their number they can be but outlines, are still very interesting, as they are illustrated by the noble and truly scientific collection of the late illustrious John



Hunter. These lectures are gratuitous, to surgical practitioners and students. Five or six hundred are generally present, besides noblemen, &c., who hold honorary tickets."

About this time he was called to witness the last hours of his cousin, Charles Forster Burder. The esteem and affection in which that excellent man was held by all who knew him, make me the more willing to insert the following account of the solemn scene, which vividly recalls to my mind my dear brother's own death. Let neither the writer nor the reader forget, that the time cannot be very distant, when each will be in the same condition.

"Camberwell, March 2nd, 1811.

"MY DEAR JOHN,—My solitary apartment in Everett Street is now the place destined to receive your welcome epistles! Another letter has found me in this peaceful retirement, where I have been sojourning for the last four days. I was scarcely able last week to resume my usual studies; and on Saturday evening, perceiving symptoms of uneasiness in my chest, was about to retire early to bed, when a messenger was announced requesting my immediate attendance at Oxendon-street, whither I instantly repaired; and found my dear relative and friend gasping for breath. I had the melancholy satisfaction of watching around his dying bed, and of catching the disjointed sentences which fell from his quivering lips. It was a most awful and affecting sight. Never did I pass such a night. His brother Samuel\* having sat up

\* The late Dr. Samuel Burder, Lecturer at Christ Church, Newgate-street.



the two last nights, was obliged to take a little rest, to enable him to preach twice on the ensuing sabbath. I was the only relative with him. Poor Charles, during most of the night, talked incoherently: he would frequently begin a sentence with propriety, but soon wandered, and lost himself. He frequently imagined that the house was falling—that something inflammable was contained in the corner of the room, &c., &c., but upon my assuring him that there was no cause for alarm, and that nothing should hurt him, he would generally become placid. He told me several times, in answer to my inquiries, that he was in no pain, and I really hope that he suffered very little towards the last, the difficulty of breathing excepted.”

. . . . . “During the night he expressed his ‘reliance on a crucified Saviour,’ and several times answered my inquiries, by saying that he was ‘perfectly happy. Our dear father called about two in the afternoon of Sunday, and whispered a few suitable and consolatory sentences in the ear of our dying friend. Charles repeated parts of several of them, and spoke a few words concerning the immortality of the soul—soon relapsing into incoherent expressions. . . . . Towards the last he seemed perfectly calm and collected; but his clear and (till near the last) brilliant eyes, became dim; the cold perspiration ran down his face in large drops; his breath gradually failed, till the lungs collapsed, and refused to admit any more of the vital fluid. No convulsive spasm distorted his features; and not even a groan could be heard. He died in peace, and is now with the Lord!



“It was painful to behold the grief and anguish of the widow, the mother, and the sisters. They are now more composed, and will, I trust, be supported under this heavy trial.

“I was so ill on Monday as to be obliged to come to Camberwell, and to send off in haste the letter you received. I seize this opportunity of sending you some particulars before the post goes out; having only received your favour an hour ago.

“I am, my dear John,

Ever most affectionately your brother,

T. H. BURDER.”



## CHAPTER III.

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THE manner in which he left Mr. Blair was equally honourable to preceptor and to pupil. On the 5th of April, 1811, he writes thus :—

“I am to leave Mr. Blair on the 1st of June. It was agreed (as Mr. B. and myself conceived), that I should become house surgeon to the Lock Hospital at midsummer, 1812; but Mr. Pearson, who arranges these matters, put my name down by mistake for next midsummer.

“Mr. Blair, feeling that it will be for my interest to go at once to the hospital, very kindly assents to my leaving him seven months before the stipulated time. He frequently mentions the sacrifice he thereby makes, in a way agreeable to my feelings.”

The next extract from his correspondence not only shows that he studied hard, and continued to sustain an irreproachable character, but that at the age of twenty-three, as ever afterwards, his inclination leaned towards the sacred office in which his father, brothers, and other relatives were engaged.



“Lock Hospital, January 6, 1812.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I have been anxiously looking forward to the termination of our course of lectures, which, with my other engagements, have entirely prevented me from answering your letter of Sept. 17. You will allow that I have had some extra work to do, when I mention, that I this morning completed between three and four hundred quarto pages, containing notes of one set of lectures delivered during the last ten weeks ; and to accomplish this, it has been frequently necessary to sit up until the morning. I seize the first opportunity of thanking you for so pleasing an account of your pastoral duties, and of the encouragement you meet with in your congregation.

“There must surely be in our family some hereditary disposition towards the pulpit, since two out of three sons now occupy it, and the third continues to feel so strong an inclination to be engaged in the same way, that if he felt the power of religion upon his own heart, and could ascertain that his motives were pure, he would feel almost constrained to relinquish all other pursuits for the greatest of all engagements. Indeed, my brother, this is not a transient feeling, but is the habitual bent of my mind ; and nothing gives me more pleasure than to hear those about me prophesying that one day they expect to see me so engaged. It is curious enough that there is scarcely one individual in the domestic department of our hospital, who has not to some one or another expressed this opinion ; though this may perhaps arise merely from knowing that several of my connections are in the



ministry, and imagining that there is a little difference in the outward behaviour between myself and some of my predecessors.

“ After all my wishes, I fear the desire must only be considered as a phantom, occasionally amusing the mind, since there is too much reason to apprehend that I am deficient in the *sine quâ non* of ministerial qualifications.”

On the same subject he thus writes, half a year afterwards.

“ You rightly conjecture that I have given up, for the present at least, all thoughts of exchanging professions. Every day convinces me how improper a person I am for the sacred office; and every conversation with clerical friends impresses upon my mind the necessity of an entire devotion to the work, an eminent degree of personal religion, and the absence of ambition and a worldly spirit, in one who dedicates himself to the service of the sanctuary. *My own* is also, in point of utility, inferior only to *one*, and if it should please God to give me the desire and ability of improving the favourable opportunities which occur, I may, in the exercise of it, live to some purpose.”

July 16th, 1812, he writes thus:—

“ I have been seriously inquiring of my medical friends whether I might not expect more encouragement in practising as a physician than as a surgeon; since, if there were much probability of success, my father, I think, would not object to the expense and protraction of time thereby incurred. I yesterday conversed with



Dr. P. and Mr. B. ; and really such difficulties were set forth, both in the practice of physic and in that of surgery, separately, that I have been almost filled with despair. I believe the best way will be to begin as a surgeon only, and if that should not succeed, I must be content to join pharmacy, etc., with it. God, I hope, will direct."

After much deliberation and consultation with his father and other persons, it was at length determined that he should spend the ensuing winter in Edinburgh, it being thought that this would be advantageous to whatever department of the healing art he might ultimately devote himself.

His situation and plans in Edinburgh are thus described :—

" 33, Hanover-street, Edinburgh, October 29, 1812.

" MY DEAR BROTHER,—You must have heard from my father respecting my passage and safe arrival.

" My good friends Mr. and Mrs. Payne, as well as Mrs. P.'s mother, are very friendly and accommodating. I take my meals with them ; and have a room, with a fire, entirely to myself. . . It is in Elder-street, and has the advantage of being nearer the old town, it being only a quarter of a mile from the north bridge. I shall be able to walk to the College in eight or nine minutes. The situation is airy and pleasant ; but the height of the ' flats ' makes them rather tiresome. The ascent to the lowest of the two floors is seventy-two steps, and sufficiently steep.



“ Medicine and chemistry being my principal objects, I yesterday entered upon the following course of lectures :—practice of Physic, by Dr. Gregory, at nine ; Chemistry, by Dr. Hope, at ten ; and Anatomy, (chiefly for the sake of valuable physiological matter,) at one. From twelve till one is taken up in attending the physician’s practice at the infirmary. In the evenings of several days in the week, clinical lectures are given on cases then in the infirmary ;—these are highly instructive. These engagements, with the necessary reading, will be amply sufficient to occupy as many hours as my health will enable me to spend in study, and I do hope they will be well filled up.

“ Dr. Campbell and all my medical friends here advise me to remain and graduate.

“ My friends here think it a pity that after an expensive education, I should not close it by taking a degree, which might be used or not, as convenient ; and which would enable me to profit by any fortunate change of circumstances at any future time.

“ My excellent friends, Dr. Pinckard and Mr. Brodie, gave me letters to Drs. Wright, Duncan, Thomson, and Gordon ; and to Messrs. Scott, George Bell, Russel, &c. &c. ; most of whom are professors or lecturers : Dr. Wright kindly introduced me to the great Dr. Gregory and to another professor, Dr. Rutherford. By all these I have been favourably received, and have already breakfasted with Dr. Wright and Dr. Thomson, and dined with Dr. Gregory, Dr. Duncan, and Mr. Scott. My kind London friends spoke of me in a partial and too



handsome a way, and so have procured me the friendly offices of several distinguished men. I much fear that my numerous deficiencies will prove discreditable to the judgment of those gentlemen who favoured me with recommendations. Upon calling at Dr. Thomson's, the other day, I was surprised to see on his table my notes of Mr. Pearson's lectures, which I had been at some pains to take down fully and correctly. Dr. Wright had been looking over them, and had called on Dr. T. in order that he might glance over them, and particularly some parts which were considered 'original and curious.' These gentlemen were pleased to express themselves in a very flattering manner respecting them; and Dr. T. (regius professor of surgery) desires to look over them and my case-book, before he enters upon that part of the subject in his lectures;—a subject on which he has read and thought deeply.

"I am, my dear brother, most affectionately yours,

"T. H. BURDER."

During part of his stay at Edinburgh, he lived with his brother Henry's attached friend, Dr. Payne; and had for fellow-students Dr. Conquest, John Sheppard Esq. of Frome, and several other estimable young men. From Dr. Abercrombie, Dr. Stuart, and the Rev. Drs. Campbell and Davidson he experienced much kindness.

Yet, much as he was loved and esteemed, it appears by the following sentences, that the state of his mind in reference to personal piety, was not to himself satisfactory.



“Edinburgh, December 29, 1812.

“MY DEAR BROTHER.— \* \* \* It is impossible to foretell what changes may take place before the end of the winter; and until that period it is not necessary for any determinate steps to be taken with respect to future proceedings. I would desire to leave this in the hands of Him who knoweth the end from the beginning. But indeed it is perhaps too much to expect that that gracious Being will condescend to be my guide, unless I unreservedly and entirely commit myself to his direction. This I trust at times is the wish of my heart, and appears to be the predominant wish; but alas! professional and other pursuits, and a worldly spirit, often prevail to the exclusion of all serious and suitable reflections. I wish I could say any thing on this point that would tend to relieve your fraternal heart from anxiety with respect to my religious interests, but at present this is not in my power, and I should be sorry to deceive myself and others on this point.”

From what follows, it appears that he was almost equally dissatisfied with himself with regard to his literary attainments.

“How glad I should be to have some time for reading works of general literature! When I mix in society with intelligent, well-informed people, I am almost dispirited at finding my own mind so barren and ill-cultured. But this is not at present in my power, for of the time from 7 a. m. to 11 or 12 p. m., I can scarcely obtain one hour for any other than professional reading, parti-



cularly as I cannot refuse *all* the invitations of my friends, and I am of course liable to occasional interruptions. If I should spend the summer here, however, I may hope to have a little leisure for that purpose."

A letter written to his sister Sophia contains reflections on domestic intercourse, which are remarkably characteristic of the writer, together with reflections on the world and on religion, which will probably lead most readers to form a more favourable opinion of his religious character than he himself entertained.

"Cummings's, 60, George Street, Jan. 1, 1813.

"MY DEAR SOPHIA.—When I was favoured with your very interesting poetical epistle, it was my full intention to answer it immediately, or at least as soon as I could find half an hour's leisure. Accept, my dear sister, my best thanks for so pleasing an expression of your affectionate feelings and good wishes. I assure you the sentiments which were expressed, not unfrequently with much delicacy and propriety, as well as with good evidence that they were the language of the heart, were in such perfect unison with my own, that I read them again and again with real pleasure. I will not flatter you; indeed I am not a sufficient judge of poetry to render my commendation of the least value; but I must say that several of the verses pleased me exceedingly, and made me augur very favourably of your future essays.

"It is impossible, my dear Sophia, even for you to conceive, or at least to appreciate fully, the value of the



endearing society and daily intercourse of one's nearest and best friends. The absence of such delightful communications has been most sensibly felt by me during the last twelve months, and in a degree increasing as the time has advanced. I have abundant reason to be thankful for the kindness and disinterested friendship which I have experienced from two or three friends in this northern metropolis ; but to these the heart cannot be completely laid open ; many circumstances which, in themselves, may appear trivial and unimportant, but in their influence upon the mind of the individual, are highly interesting—can only be explained to the parent, the sister, the brother, or the bosom friend. How often have I most ardently wished that such a privilege were mine. Frequently have I longed for the affectionate counsel of my dear and honoured father and mother on subjects of a transitory nature, but on which I have been more than once obliged to judge and decide, after putting this question to myself, ' How would my valued parents advise me to act in this case ? ' but especially on those occasions when time and its concerns appeared light and vain, and eternity claimed my earnest attention ! At length I have nearly learned from observation the difficult lesson, that happiness is not to be attained from the possession of riches, fame, or any outward and worldly distinctions. For several years I have been completely deluding myself with vain hopes of unsubstantial enjoyment. On the discovery, which has been gradual and progressive, my mind has received a kind of shock which a painful disappointment will always give. The world has lost



most of its charms ; and my expectations, instead of being high and towering, are rather humbling and depressing. These feelings I attribute in part to the precarious state of my health, which every day reminds me of my unfitness for active, or at least laborious employment of mind or body.

“ I trust I have sought for the peace which the world cannot give, but am grieved to say that I have at present possessed but a small portion of that inestimable treasure. To the purifying, sanctifying, and peace-speaking blood of Jesus, I desire alone to have recourse, conscious that every other application must end in bitter disappointment.”

Studious young men at college, will have a fellow-feeling with my brother in the following sentiments respecting visits and company ; while his classification of the medical students, copied from a Scottish periodical of that day, and verified by his own observation, may be considered as a descriptive sketch of that department of the college for the session of 1812-13.

“ Edinburgh, Jan. 9, 1813.

“ MY DEAR SOPHIA.—The kindness of friends in not only giving a general invitation, but also invitations for large dinner parties, is really often perplexing. Whenever I can with propriety decline these, I do ; and at least endeavour to run away early in the evening. Even these engagements I find inconvenient, as they oblige me to encroach a little, perhaps an hour or so, on my



sleeping hours. The lectures and the infirmary take up the whole morning ; and if I cannot get five or six hours in the evening for private reading, I cannot help feeling disappointed and uncomfortable.

“ I have been somewhat surprised and pleased to find so many real students in Edinburgh. The proportion of such is very large. In a late critique, the medical students have been divided, and not altogether improperly, into three classes :—first, the idle and gay, who sit in the class-room, but scarcely ever hear a lecture, and employ a good part of the day in strutting about the town, or drinking wine. The second class is supposed to comprehend a more considerable number, who most scrupulously attend the college lectures, and employ the other part of the day, and indeed the night, in poring over volume after volume, estimating their quantity of knowledge by the number of pages they wade through !

“ The third, and I hope the largest class, consists of the diligent and scientific students, who are attentively observing the history and progress of disease, and deriving all the lights they can obtain from the observations of living and dead authors ;—carefully examining for themselves the doctrines delivered, and in short, connecting true theory with genuine practice.”

A letter, written towards the close of that session, gives so exact an account of the morbid state of feeling, which he not unfrequently experienced, during the last thirty years of his life, that it must not be withheld from the reader.



“Edinburgh, March 11, 1813.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—Even though you may see occasion to blame, you will sympathize with me when I inform you that my spirits have been gradually suffering a degree of depression to which I was formerly a stranger. An inexplicable and unaccountable weight of anxiety hangs over my head. If I were asked the occasion of this, I could only answer, that a combination of causes seems to have produced, and still to maintain it. The principal of them are the following :—The consciousness of my very low attainments in classical knowledge and general literature ; a conviction of a scanty, if not superficial acquaintance, with medical science, notwithstanding I have devoted so much time to its acquirement, and have now nearly perhaps reached the end of my preparatory studies ; the uncertainty of my future steps with respect to completing my education ; want of memory, even after application to any subject, and of vigour of mind while prosecuting it ; frequent and almost constant indispositions ; and though last, yet not least, the conviction that the chief end of life is not sufficiently kept in view, or by any means answered. To such a degree is this morbid state of sensibility or irritability carried, that even occasional commendations from my brethren serve only to remind me of my own heartfelt, though sometimes hidden deficiencies, and superficial attainments. The company of wise and good men leads me to turn my eyes upon myself, and thus to observe my own ignorance and want of mental cultivation. Part of this arises from my state of health probably, and more from pride and ambition, though it seems the result of



humility. Inconsistent as it is, I long and aim at situations of importance and respectability (as well as of usefulness), though conscious of being at present by no means qualified to fill them with propriety and satisfaction.

“But why should I distress you by such a detail of uncomfortable feelings? I must endeavour to struggle against them, but am aware that nothing but true and vital religion will be effectual in calming the mind and enabling the individual to look upon the morrow without foreboding anxiety, or needless and useless anticipation of evil.”

Let not the reader infer from the above lamentations, that my brother was always a stranger to enjoyment. The following, written on the first day of May, is more cheerful :—

“The session, I am happy to say, ended yesterday; and I thought the first hour of this morning could not be more pleasantly employed than in scribbling a page or two to one of my best friends.

“Your kind endeavour to raise my drooping spirits was not entirely fruitless. It led me into a train of thought which tended to allay needless anxiety, and to promote that most desirable but (to me) rarely enjoyed state of mind—tranquillity. You rightly conjectured that bodily indisposition had a large share in producing depression of spirits; added to which, the painful uncertainty and suspense in which I remained during most of the winter with regard to graduation, certainly contributed largely to increase it. Happily, of late, my mind has been somewhat relieved, though my health has not been materially improved.



“I know you will be pleased to learn that my very kind and indulgent father has consented to my remaining in Scotland another year, so as to enable me to graduate. This is very gratifying, and you will perhaps think me unreasonable when I inform you, that by the advice of Dr. Campbell and many of my friends, I had previously petitioned to be allowed to remain here during two other sessions, including one summer.

“I am assured from all quarters, and without the most distant solicitation or intimation on my part, that it is very probable I shall be elected one of the four annual presidents next winter, if I should remain in Edinburgh. From these repeated assurances, and from the large majority I have lately had in the election of several committees, I am constrained to suppose the matter probable, though I can truly say, with a consciousness of my unfitness and unsuitableness in many respects. This is the only distinction which a student can obtain in the university, and it is one which is supposed to stamp some respectability upon a man's character for life—one which Fothergill, Willan, Gregory, and others thought desirable. You will not wonder then that among other reasons this should be one inclining me to regret not remaining in Edinburgh.

“This is my only day of vacation. The summer classes commence on Monday the 3rd, when I shall have Botany at eight in the morning; Materia Medica at eleven; Infirmary at twelve; Physiology at three. These, with three or four hours for medical reading (in English, French, and Latin), and two for general reading, with exercise, &c., will be enough for the day.”



## CHAPTER IV.

OCTOBER 14, 1813, he writes thus :—

“I shall now perhaps surprise you, my dear brother, by telling you that the best of fathers has consented to my remaining in Edinburgh to graduate!! I was preparing to remove to Glasgow, when Dr. Campbell expressed, in very strong terms, his regret that I should leave this university. He had known so many men who were even somewhat advanced in life and had families, and to whom, of course, an additional year was of much greater consequence than it can be to me, and yet were willing to remain here three years to graduate, that he considered it a great pity I should not, at the conclusion of an expensive education, have that advantage. He urged the propriety of once more addressing my father on the same subject, and declared his intention of writing himself on the subject. I performed my part with much hesitation, fearing to grieve our honoured parent, and to appear ungrateful for so much kindness. But the result was better than my fears, and my dear father consents to my staying a third winter, on the reasonable condition that I should then commence general practice, unless



unexpected and advantageous circumstances should warrant my acting as a physician. Indeed, I ought to feel very thankful for this exceedingly great kindness, and I hope I shall show it by improving, as far as health and strength allow, my advantages.

“ With respect to the plan of study this winter, I may mention, that besides three medical classes, I wish to attend Dr. Brown’s Moral Philosophy. But if I attend them, it will not be in my power to devote much time to reading on the subject; and without this, can much benefit be derived? I should gladly enter Professor Playfair’s class of Natural Philosophy, but I know scarcely anything of mathematics: and I understand, that in order to comprehend his lectures, it is absolutely necessary to be acquainted with the first six books of Euclid, with a little algebra, and also with conic sections. Now I presume that to attain this preparatory knowledge, one must give up two hours a day for three months. Should I do this? And if I do it, would it not be better to defer it until the summer, when I shall have more leisure?

“ A consciousness of my ignorance almost sinks me into the earth. It depresses me exceedingly. I know that this is wrong, and trust I seek that wisdom which cometh from above, and which, if possessed, would lead to a calm and persevering use of the means of improvement, with a firm and steady reliance on the divine blessing. Of late, however, I have thought that ‘ He who knoweth the end from the beginning’ may in mercy allow such feelings to predominate, in order that I may see the vanity of worldly things, to which I appeared too



much attached. At present these appear to me absolutely insignificant, compared to the furniture of a well-cultivated mind. At length, after deceiving myself year after year, I feel persuaded that nothing less than a sense of reconciliation to the divine favour can afford true and permanent satisfaction to the mind ; and I enjoy less and less the company of those whose conversation would rather tend to efface than to deepen any serious impressions. These are indeed but too transient. I feel so much that is wrong, and have so many fears of inconsistency of conduct, that I can only say, '*meliora peto.*' 'Hold *thou* me up, and I shall be safe.' Dr. Campbell has been extremely kind to me, and his excellent advice is much prized."

The next letter mentions his having become a private tutor.

"Cummings's, 60, George-street, Dec. 18, 1813.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—My life is full of changes. Since writing to you, some circumstances have occurred which have considerably altered my winter plan. In short, I am all at once metamorphosed into a tutor ! In vain have I sought for an opportunity of answering your last kind and interesting letter ; for until this evening, I have not been able to find a single half-hour ; and even now, the lateness of the evening, and a severe head-ache (from which I am scarcely ever free) will prevent my enlarging so much as I could wish. Good Dr. Davidson spoke of me in a handsome way to the friends of a young gentleman of property, who is



destined for the Church of England, but wishes to obtain some share of medical knowledge, previous to devoting himself more immediately to theological studies. He is now seventeen. He appears to be very seriously disposed, and possesses an amiable disposition. He is an orphan, and under the care of several guardians. His property is in the Orkneys; one of the islands belonging to him. Not to trouble you with the preparatory measures, I will only mention, that Mr. T. and I board together, and live in handsome apartments in George Street. Mr. T. attends chemical and anatomical lectures, and accompanies me when I visit poor sick people, whose cases I endeavour to explain to him. I also read with him on the subjects of the lectures some time every evening. Such is our plan; and for the time and attention, I am, of course, to be remunerated. But the plan is not without its inconveniences: my time is not so much at my own disposal, and more time is necessarily taken up at meals. Besides, so many invitations are sent, and some of them of so pressing a kind, and from such persons, that I am obliged to visit more than I could wish, though I endeavour to confine myself to once a week. Were my health tolerably good, so that I could sit up a little at night, I could do very well; but as it is, my progress this winter will be very slow. However, I was anxious to lessen the expense to my father, and I hope it may please God to remove indisposition and to strengthen me for the duties of my situation. This new connection has at once introduced me to several families of distinction. It is not amiss,



perhaps, particularly for a medical man, to have a specimen of the manners and conversation of such persons; but in truth, I feel no anxiety to be much acquainted with persons in high life. I am happy, however, in having been introduced to two delightful families, those of the Wades and Erskines, who are not only refined and accomplished, but decidedly serious people. But I am not at all fit for company. My spirits are low, and a consciousness of barrenness of mind paralyzes most of my efforts at conversation.

“The Royal Medical Society have done me the honour to elect me one of their presidents; and yesterday, and the preceding Friday, I had to preside in that respectable and venerable society—the society in which the Boerhavian doctrines were first overturned! How strange that ambition should co-exist with an overpowering consciousness of ignorance and imperfection. The above honour was however the more valuable, as it was perfectly unsolicited.”

If a man's character may be judged of from that of his chosen associates, a favourable opinion must be entertained of my brother's piety while in Edinburgh, as appears in the following extract from a letter to his father, dated Feb. 18, 1814.

. . . . . “It will give you much pleasure to learn that the number of intelligent seriously-disposed young men increases in our university. Our little society on Sunday evenings became so numerous that we were obliged to divide it into two. Each meets at half-past



six, and separates at half-past eight. The person at whose house we assemble, asks a blessing on the reading of the Scriptures; he then reads a chapter in order, and afterwards verse by verse, leaving time for remarks to be made by any present; after which, he concludes with prayer. Most find this method a very instructive one. Several are good Greek scholars, and two or three of them, though at present medical students, are ultimately intended for the church.

“Two of them were sometime ago quite destitute of religion. They are both presidents of the Medical Society, and eminent for professional attainments. . .

“I have written too much. My head will not suffer me to proceed. Two days ago I was cupped, and found a little benefit. Careful attention to the stomach, &c., does not remove the pain. It is becoming habitual. I am, however, trying a variety of means, and trust shall be directed in my choice. My dear friend Dr. Abercrombie does all in his power for me. If it should become worse, I shall undoubtedly let you know; so I pray you, my dear father, be not in the least apprehensive about it. This is, doubtless, intended to answer some important end. May He who sends it be pleased abundantly to sanctify it.”

May 6, 1814, he thus writes :

“At length the session is closed. It has been a trying session to me. Scarcely a day has been passed without pain, and scarcely any exertion of mind has been continued, even for a moderate time, without inconvenience



and suffering. Had I been aware of all, I should not have dared to incur additional labour and anxiety. But I was very desirous of lessening the expense to my parents, and hoped, at the same time, to be of some little use to my friend. The first purpose, at least, will be in a considerable degree answered. And though my own advancement has been far from what I anticipated, still, I believe, there was rather the want of health and strength than of inclination. I would not wish to murmur. The duties of my presidency have also (for this session) expired; and if I take the judgment of some esteemed friends rather than my own opinion, I may hope that my humble exertions have not altogether failed. Small as they were, they were often made with difficulty, and subsequent uneasiness.

“ You will perhaps inquire, ‘ what do you now intend to do with yourself?’ In a week or two I expect to accompany my friend T. to the Orkneys. We shall then, I hope, proceed to Inverness, pass along the line of the Forts, and visit Mull and Staffa, returning by Loch Lomond, and the Falls of the Clyde. Thus I hope my health will be benefited, and my friend accommodated. I only lament that I shall be delayed about two months from visiting my dear relations. When this is accomplished, my kind father invites me to meet him at Manchester, and to return through Shropshire with him. This would indeed be delightful. Much of the comfort of journeying will depend on the state of my health, which, at this time, is far from good. The head-aches are sometimes more than distressing. With these jour-



neys I know not how I shall find time to write my thesis, and two medical essays during the vacation. But respecting these, I must keep my mind at rest ; health at present being the grand object. I have just finished writing out Dr. Brown's Lectures on the Philosophy of Mind, from which I have derived no small pleasure and instruction. They seem to have enlarged my mind, and awakened susceptibilities, of which I was not before aware. From the doctor, who is a mirror of politeness, I have received much kind attention."

The account of the latter part of his tour, which was through places but little known to English people, will be read with interest. The mention made of ardent spirits having been so continually offered to the guests in the house where he and his friend were hospitably entertained, will induce the thoughtful reader to rejoice in the change of opinion and practice which in this respect is in progress. It begins to be generally admitted that, as the object of drink is to quench thirst, it is not usually desirable that persons should drink when they are not thirsty, and that for the purpose of quenching thirst, strong drink is by no means the best beverage.

"Pabdale, near Kirkwall. Orkney, June 24th, 1814.

"MY DEAR FATHER.—A week or two ago I wrote to Henry, who would probably inform you of my proceedings. Almost ever since we have been waiting for suitable weather to visit North Rolandsha, an island belonging to my friend. On Saturday last the wind changed to



S. W., and carried us in five hours and a half to the rugged and barren shores of the island. We went in a large open boat with sails, such as are used in this country for carrying corn and kelp, and the weather being unusually favourable, we sailed across the formidable firth with little inconvenience or appearance of danger. The only house in the island which could in any way accommodate us, was the bailiff's, and indeed his two principal rooms were constructed out of the ruins of a wrecked Dutch galliot, and have the sleeping apartments opening out of each, in the cupboard manner. But though the accommodations were not first-rate, hearty hospitality was not wanting ; nor would it be easy to carry the old pressing system farther than the good hostess did to us. There had been a recent importation of Hollands, I presume ; for the bailiff's wife considered every occasion the most proper for recommending a dram. Before breakfast ; after breakfast ; before a walk, and after a walk. Eggs, lobster, cheese, and even tea, rendered a wee-drop necessary to digestion ; and it required downright rudeness to keep the glass at a distance. Yet the bailiff and his wife indulge very little, and the poor people in general in the island frequently are without a drop of spirits for half a year together. Our good host, though born on the island, and self educated, is an intelligent, reading man, and I think it may be added, a good man. He has a nice little library, containing amongst other books, Scott's Bible, Hervey's Works, Witherspoon's and Erskine's Books, Doddridge's Rise and Progress, (which has in more than one instance been remarkably useful in the



island,) Newton's Omicron and Cardiphonia ; besides Shakspeare, Scott's Lady of the Lake, &c. The good man lends his books to any persons who like to read them. The clergyman, who resides on a neighbouring island, seldom visits this flock (one of three) more than twice or thrice a year ; but the people regularly attend church and hear the bailiff, who is the precentor, read a good sermon, &c. We heard one of Walker's, and it was gratifying to see about three hundred florid, healthy, and contented people heartily engaged in singing and hearing. In the evening the bailiff hears and explains the assembly's catechism to them, and distributes from his own unfilled purse little rewards to those who excel. Several children have given convincing proofs, both in life and death, of the blessing attending these humble labours. In a short time the ' Village Sermons ' will be read in the new and very neat little kirk of Rolandsha, and I have recommended to Mr. T. to form a little juvenile library under the care of the bailiff, and to send little books and tracts for the encouragement of the children.

“ Some parts of the island are fertile, and yield excellent barley, and a peculiar kind of oats ; but much remains uncultivated, the time of the inhabitants being chiefly taken up in burning the sea-weed to make kelp, a kind of barilla, of which from one hundred to one hundred and fifty tons are annually exported from the island, yielding to the proprietor from £6 to £8 clear profit for each ton. It is about one mile broad and three or four long. At this time of the year there is scarcely any night. About 480 people live with great simplicity ;



a few leaving it to enter the army or navy. On Tuesday we set sail for Sanday Island, and after dinner came over in the boat to Kirkwall, the wind having fortunately changed to the north. We have staid much longer than we intended. Mr. Malcolm Laing, the historian, and his very sensible and accomplished lady, treat us with great hospitality. We have been a good deal in company, much more, indeed, than health or inclination would dictate. From Mr. Laing, however, I derive much information. To-morrow we expect to sail for Thurso, and shall either procure horses, or get a safe vessel to carry us towards Inverness, where we hope to be by the middle of the week. In about ten days or a fortnight we may reach Inverary.

“ My health does not seem to improve materially, yet my appetite is better, and my strength is more than I could expect : but the pain in the head is still distressing, and obliges me to sit and sleep with the window open, or to go out frequently into the cold air.”



## CHAPTER V.

AT the commencement of the following session, he resumed his studies at Edinburgh. It will be seen, by a letter addressed to his eldest surviving sister, that, while he again applied himself to college duties, with a degree of assiduity which his strength could with difficulty sustain, he never lost sight of home. Strangers cannot be expected to read the account he gives of a Sabbath evening at home, with the emotions which it excites in the mind of one of the family; but even strangers, and especially such of them as have belonged to families where domestic worship was maintained, will read this account with pleasure.

“Edinburgh, December 10th, 1814.

“MY DEAR SOPHIA,—I cannot suffer another Saturday evening to pass by, without sending a few words to my dear relations in the Grove. You are fully aware, my dear Sophia, of the pressing nature of my present engagements; and, it is unnecessary for me to inform you, that the whole day is so completely occupied, that it is almost impossible to arrest a single half hour for any extra purpose. Independently of the hours engaged in the public classes, my duties at the hospital seldom take up



less than four or five in the day. This is laborious ; and I often fear in the morning, that I shall hardly have strength to proceed ; and as often wonder at night how I have accomplished the task ; if indeed that engagement can be so called, which is at once so highly interesting and improving. Notwithstanding my frequent indispositions, I am happy and thankful to say, that I go on better than could be expected. For a short time, indeed, I was obliged to procure a substitute from unusual debility and pain, but in general I bear the fatigue pretty well ; and have the comfort to know, that it may be at any time relinquished, if found to be incompatible with safety and health.

“ My father’s kind letter gave me heartfelt pleasure, and your own, my dear sister, was peculiarly acceptable. The domestic incidents you allude to, transported me at once to the Grove ; and to be with you in imagination, merely, is no small pleasure. This kind of journey I often perform, and in various ways. Sometimes I hum a tune which Phœbe has often played to me, the air of which is inexpressibly delightful. At other times, and especially on a Sunday, I repeat to myself that sweet hymn of our infancy,

‘ When, O dear Jesus, when shall I  
Behold thee all serene ?

The latter expedient never fails to succeed. In an instant I am seated at the fire-side, and make one of the domestic circle. My mother’s countenance beams with sympathy and kindness ; my father’s with benignity ; and my sister’s with attentive affection. The scene is



sometimes too touching ; and yet I love to indulge the tender illusion. When shall it be exchanged for reality ?”

In his next letter he describes his labours at the commencement of the session ;

“ Edinburgh, December 29th, 1814.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—You are probably aware that I undertook to be clerk or assistant to the clinical Professor of Medicine, in which situation I have the care of a moiety of the most acute and interesting cases in the Royal Infirmary. The clerk draws up the history of each case, and makes a minute and detailed report of the state of every patient, morning and evening, as well as accompanies the professor in his daily visit at noon. Thus he possesses favourable opportunities for improvement—but the labour, interesting as it is, is very considerable. During many days I have been engaged five or six hours daily at the Infirmary, exclusive of the time necessarily occupied in attendance at College. This you will readily suppose is rather too much employment for an invalid ; and so I have found it. One or two days in every week have been passed quietly in my room, from an utter inability to go through the fatigue ; at such times of course I have been always obliged to procure a substitute, and a very kind friend has generally been at hand. Having struggled through two months out of the three (the duration of the course) I have this week, from the severity and constancy of my head-ache, been obliged to relinquish it in toto. Having tried cupping and the shower-bath, (in the use of the latter I still persist,) without material benefit, my medical friends persuaded me to relinquish



part of my daily labour. This I have not done without some regret, particularly (*entre nous*) as the clinical professor paid such marked attention to my humble opinion in the treatment of the patients.

“I shall now have my classes to attend, and also to prepare for graduation. I am now collecting materials for my thesis, having determined not to take for the subject of it, that of either of the essays I have delivered in the Society. This year I am delivered from a good deal of the labour I had last year in the Medical Society. My office is completed, and the Society has done me the honour to grant me all the privileges of an extraordinary member before I could, in point of right, lay any claim to them. My essays are to be discussed next week and the following.”

What follows shows, that neither his studies nor his want of health prevented his listening to the claims of humanity; while the case of the young man, on whose behalf he writes, furnishes a memorable instance of the danger to which strong drink exposes even sober persons, especially young persons. One instance of intoxication, accidentally occasioned, has often been the commencement of a course of drinking, which has ended in confirmed drunkenness. The course is downwards, but the slope is at first gradual, becoming steeper and steeper till it is actually precipitous. This case also shews the sad consequences which may result from that state of high exhilaration or semi-intoxication, which many respectable people consider to be essential to enjoyment on all special occasions.



“Edinburgh, April 18, 1815.

“MY DEAR FATHER.—Having written very lately, I should have waited some time, but for a request from my excellent friend Dr. Abercrombie that I would procure a letter of recommendation to Mr. Marsden, of New South Wales, for the poor unhappy midshipman, who in a fit of intoxication stabbed one of his crew. His name is T. W., and he is at this moment, I believe, in the Edgar Hulk, lying off Sheerness, and expecting every day to be removed into a transport, for his passage to Botany Bay.

“There are some circumstances in the case which certainly appear to lessen the atrocity of his offence. His party of sailors had been put ashore with him in the morning, and he for the first time drank pretty freely of Scotch Ale, of which he did not at all know the strength, and though not actually intoxicated, he was not far from being so. With some difficulty he collected his men, and desired them to get into the boat, which they did very slowly. The time of absence from the ship had completely expired, and he was aware that every moment was of consequence. One of the sailors hung back, and seemed to disobey his orders. He repeatedly desired him to get into the boat, and on his persisting in his disobedience, W. drew out his dirk, and stabbed him! Both before and since his trial, he has been visited by good people here. Much anxiety has been felt for him, and many entertain favourable hopes of the religious state of his mind. But he is young and volatile. Since he has been in the hulks he has frequently wished that he



had been executed ; so shocking to a mind of the least decency, is the horrid and incessant din of those scarcely human beings who people such floating prisons. Lately, through the intercession of some unknown naval officer (supposed to be Sir Sydney Smith), his situation has been rather ameliorated. Do you know, my dear father, any serious person at Sheerness, whom you could request to visit him ?

“ But the principal object of this letter is to beg the favour of a letter to Mr. Marsden, who would doubtless not only be attentive to your recommendation, but be glad to pay some attention to this unhappy youth, who has just escaped the gallows. I need not say that as the transport is daily expected to take him from the hulks, an early attention to the request is particularly desirable.”

His next communication relates his having honourably passed through a formidable ordeal.

“ Edinburgh, May 13, 1815.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,—I know it will give you no little pleasure to learn that I yesterday passed my first and principal examination before the medical faculty, with a degree of credit far beyond my expectations. As it has always appeared to me a duty I owed to my first and best friends to mention the success of those plans which have been prosecuted through their kindness and indulgence, I will briefly communicate what has been said upon the occasion.

“ The examination itself has been considered by my brother students as rather unusual and difficult. It was



chiefly upon what might be called the philosophy of medicine, as well as upon the structure and physiology of some important parts of the body, and the rationale of several chemical operations. Fortunately for me, I happened to feel pretty much at home on those particular points, and therefore answered with more propriety than I expected.

“After the examination by four of the professors (all in Latin), the dean of faculty called me in again from a room to which I had been requested to retire, and expressed the satisfaction of the faculty with the specimen I had given them, ending with these words, ‘*tuâ exercitatione magnopere laudandâ*. He was also pleased to say, that he had perused my thesis with much interest, and considered it the best treatise on the subject he had seen.’ This morning, also, in calling to pay my fees, he said, ‘I cannot, sir, but congratulate you on the splendid appearance which you yesterday made before the professors. Were all our examinations like yours, they would be a pleasure rather than a task!’ These were as nearly as possible his words.

“Thus you see, my dear father, this last part of my little career at Edinburgh, (for the other examinations are little more than mere forms,) has not been altogether discreditable. I trust my heart feels some degree of gratitude to the Father of my spirit for that comparative tranquillity and composure with which I was favoured, particularly as I was labouring at that time under a severe pain in the head.



“ With the warmest remembrance to my dear mother and sisters, and John, if with you,

“ I remain, dear father, your ever affectionate,

“ T. H. BURDER.”

A few weeks afterwards he thus writes :—

“ Edinburgh, July 3, 1815.

“ MY DEAR FATHER,—I look back with thankfulness to the weeks which were occupied in preparing for the first examination ; had the period been extended another week, I must have given it up ; for though I stood it so well until within the last day or two, I have not been able since to read two hours together without severe pain and sense of fulness in the head. One of the papers upon which I am now writing is not less interesting than extensive ; ‘ Quænam progressum medicinæ olim impediverunt, et nunc impediunt ? ’ I am endeavouring to condense it into ten quarto pages. The second examination took place on the 24th ult., at which about eighty candidates presented themselves.

“ My partial friends here advise me most strongly to begin as a physician ; but it is a subject of great difficulty.

“ My thesis extends to seventy pages. One of the professors has at three different times recommended me to print it in English after my graduation, and says, *I ought to do it.*”



CHAPTER VI.

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WHILE there is reason to believe that his studies and labours in Edinburgh were injurious to his health, and that the loss of blood, which it was deemed necessary that he should then undergo, occasioned a diminution of vital energy, and an increase of nervous susceptibility from which he never fully recovered, there is good ground to conclude that, with respect to the all important subject of personal piety, his residence in that city was of great advantage to him, as his letters already quoted indicate. Still, however, his state of mind was not what he was aware was desirable, and what most persons of evangelical views and decided piety attain. He himself repeatedly intimates, that his mind was too much set on worldly things. Few individuals, even among the most consistent christians, are more free than he was from the love of money; while vice, of every kind, was the object of his thorough hatred. The world, in the form of "the pride of life," was the source of his strongest temptations; but it was in his affections rather than with regard to his actions, that the struggle was felt.



At what particular time he was brought, by the grace of God, to give that decided and habitual preference to "things above," which characterises a true believer in Christ, cannot be ascertained; but even after that time, the struggle was frequently severe. Ordinary friends were quite unaware of this, for there was nothing in his deportment that gave indications of it. He was too magnanimous to be vain. He was too benevolent to be haughty. Even his fondness for elegance was associated with much that was laudable. He highly admired distinguishing excellence of every kind, physical, intellectual, and moral; but he felt far more admiration for intellectual than for external distinctions, and for moral excellence far more than for intellectual. The care which he took, that he might be neat in his person, arose, not from the desire to excite admiration, so much as from the pleasure he felt in being aware that his dress was proper and becoming; and, although his desire to be esteemed was probably too strong, there is no doubt that he was far more anxious to *be* good than to be *thought* to be good. According to the standard of excellence which generally obtains, even among persons called christians, he had not an atom more of the love of the world than every man in his situation ought to have; and was, in fact, as near to perfection as any poor mortal can expect to be. But my brother's standard was higher—including all that is truly honorable and good in the world's code of morals, but excluding some things which the world calls good, but which the great Legislator reprobates; and including



some things, which the world rejects, but which God approves. It was the consciousness that his affections and motives and ordinary habits of mind, were much below this divine standard, that made my brother often doubt whether he was a real christian; nor, with all my admiration of him, can I forbear to give it as my opinion, that had he been taught, at an earlier period, more entirely and more habitually to give himself up to God, he would have more fully realized the joys of religion. All this was doubtless connected with weakness of faith. He was not ignorant either of the way of salvation, or of the encouragement which every one who desires salvation has to seek it, to expect it and to take comfort from it; but he failed in applying these consolatory truths to his own case; which had he done, doubtless he would not only have been happier, but would have found it easier to give up the world in every form and degree in which the world interferes with the love of God. Many a reader will agree with the writer, in desiring that the habitual exercise of such faith were as easy as it is unquestionably right and useful.

We have already observed a considerable improvement in his religious character, and we shall see farther signs of improvement as we proceed. Of this the grace of God was of course the efficient cause; and among the means which God employed for this purpose, the chief were the communication of clearer views of divine truth, and repeated acts of kind and fatherly, though painful discipline.

In the autumn of 1815, I had the pleasure of re-



ceiving him as a guest at Stroud, whence he proceeded to Bristol and Bath, not neglecting to visit, at Clifton, the grave of his "much loved sister Eliza."

In a letter, dated from Southampton Row, Bloomsbury, he says :—

"I have entered on the duties of the dispensary, and find them sufficiently laborious ; on the days of attendance I am generally engaged above three hours at the institution itself, exclusive of the time allotted to visiting the out patients, of which each physician (three in all) has generally from twenty to thirty on his list ; so that upon an average, this public duty has taken me up from four to five hours daily.

"In consulting my most esteemed medical friends, I find great difference of opinion. Many advise me to begin as a physician ; others say, Do not venture unless you can support yourself ten years without your profession. In this state of uncertainty, I neither have cards engraved with my doctorship, nor do I post up my name at the door. I go on fagging at the dispensary, and enquiring and deliberating as I am able."

These enquiries and deliberations shortly afterwards ended in his father's consenting to his commencing as a physician ; and unquestionably he entered on practice under auspices favourable in almost every respect, with the one sad and serious exception of inadequate health. Of his academic attainments and professional qualifications, the following papers furnish sufficient evidence. They were testimonials, given on occasion of his being



a candidate for the office of physician to the Westminster General Dispensary, to which office he was unanimously, after a temporary discharge of its duties, chosen.

*Extract of a letter from Alex. Monro, Jun., M.D.  
Professor of Anatomy, etc., in the University of  
Edinburgh.*

“February 4th, 1816.

“I have the highest opinion of your medical attainments, and have no doubt of your being eminently qualified to discharge the important duties of physician to a hospital, with much credit to yourself and benefit to the sick entrusted to your care; and I do not employ the language of flattery, but of truth, in adding, that I consider you to be one of the best informed men who have studied at our university, and which I know to be an opinion not peculiar to myself.”

*From Dr. J. Abercrombie, one of the Surgeons of the  
Edinburgh Dispensary.*

“I was intimately acquainted with Dr. Burder, during his residence in Edinburgh, and had frequently the benefit of his assistance both in my dispensary and private practice. I consider him as a young man of very superior talents and judgment, and very unusual attainments. In his practice I always found him remarkable for minute accuracy in the discrimination of diseases, and the most able and judicious treatment, the most unwearied assiduity in his attention to his patients, and particularly a most laudable anxiety to promote the benefit and comforts of the poor, and



I consider that he would be an invaluable acquisition to a medical charity."

*From W. Blair, Esq., Surgeon to the Lock Hospital, Bloomsbury Dispensary, etc., etc.*

"I hereby certify, that Dr. T. H. Burder, before he studied and graduated at Edinburgh, was my private pupil nearly five years; during which time he occasionally saw my private practice, and diligently attended the dispensary, where he manifested the greatest kindness to the patients. It therefore gives me peculiar pleasure to bear my testimony to Dr. Burder's general habits of study, in all the branches of his profession, as well as his incessant and humane attention to the sick poor, by which he has gained their confidence, and the affection of his tutor."

*From Dr. Pinckard, Physician to the Bloomsbury Dispensary, etc.*

"Dr. Thomas Burder having been a pupil at the Bloomsbury Dispensary, I have great pleasure in testifying, that, by his humane and regular attention, equally as by his professional ability and his general conduct, he obtained the approbation of the governors and medical officers of that institution, while he acquired the esteem and gratitude of the patients."

*From Dr. Chambers, Physician to St. George's and the Lock Hospitals.*

"I hereby certify, that I have been acquainted with Dr. T. H. Burder, for several years, both in London



and Edinburgh, during which time I have had ample opportunities of ascertaining his moral and professional character, which I have no hesitation in saying, are such as, in my opinion, fully to qualify him for the office of physician to any public institution.

W. F. CHAMBERS, M.D."

*Dover Street, March 20th, 1816.*

"SIR,—I have much pleasure in conveying to you the resolution of the General Meeting of the Governors of the Westminster General Dispensary, passed the 7th instant; and what adds much to its weight and importance is, that the same was carried unanimously by a more numerous attended General Quarterly Meeting, than has been witnessed for some years.

"I have the honour to be, sir,

Your most obedient servant,

"Percy Street, March 8th, 1816.

J. WELLS, SEC."

"Resolved, that this meeting, duly sensible of the advantages the Institution has derived from the eminent services of Dr. Burder, who has officiated (as one of the physicians to the charity) for Dr. Fothergill, during his residence in a warm climate, take this opportunity of expressing their entire approbation of the conduct of Dr. Burder, and direct that the same be communicated to him by the secretary."

It will be seen by the following extract, in a note dated March, 15th, 1816, that his considerate father had expressed apprehension lest such a profusion of eulogies should be injurious to him.



“ I feel very thankful, my dear father, for your kind and well timed caution. The approbation of competent judges is indeed gratifying ; but the deep and abiding sense of deficiencies, seems, in my own case, to prevent any permanent elation of mind from such a cause. For the last two days, my spirits have been unusually low ; I have seldom seemed less in my own esteem ; and yet this painful feeling, I fear, is totally distinct from christian humility.”

In a letter to myself he thus describes his entrance on his private practice ;—

“ 27, Southampton Row, Russell Square.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—I am happy that the plan now fully entered upon appeared so desirable to you. Most of my friends indeed regarded the risk as warrantable ; I therefore resolved to venture, and not, I trust, without seeking the direction and blessing of Him who can alone give success. My name is now upon the door, and cards are distributing among my friends, many of whom seem not indisposed to exert themselves in my favour. Hitherto I have had no reason to complain, as you will readily conclude when I tell you, that during the first two months I received what fell but little short of the flattering calculation you formed. It is too much, however, to expect that every two months will bring equal encouragement. I have had a grateful and noble-spirited patient in the person of our friend, Mrs. ———, whom I had the pleasure of conducting through a dangerous illness. She takes every oppor-



tunity of speaking favourably of her physician to our mutual friends. My engagements at the dispensary have been as interesting as they are laborious, generally consuming four or five hours daily. They have proved rather too much for my easily exhausted frame, and have been probably the means of inducing a fever, with which I have been nearly confined to the house for eight days; through the goodness of God, however, the remedies early and vigorously employed, have been rendered successful in breaking the force of the fever, although they have not yet wholly removed it.—‘*Gloria in excelsis Deo.*’”

His affability and ease of manner, which never degenerated into the familiarity bordering on rudeness, was much in his favour. Of the genus *gentleman*, there are at least two distinguishable species, the haughty, and the affable. My brother was an individual of the latter species. The benignant smile, into which, even when speaking to an inferior, his countenance often relaxed, was in him the involuntary indication of a kind heart. I must not say that he had more benevolence than a medical man should have; but unfortunately for himself, his benevolence was associated with a degree of sensibility which was excessive. A case of dangerous illness in a patient brought his own health into jeopardy; especially if, as must sometimes happen, some of the symptoms were equivocal. Keen sensibility was natural to him, but its assuming a morbid character must be ascribed to ill health, and to the remedies which, for the sake of health, were employed.



## CHAPTER VII.

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SEVERAL times, during his residence in London, he was obliged to give up practice on account of ill health, sometimes for some weeks, and sometimes even for months together. Towards the close of one of the earliest and longest of these intervals of rest, he wrote as follows :—

“ Dorking, June 26, 1819.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER. — No mention having been made in the last communication of the health of my dear parents, I hope my tender mother's health is at least as good as usual, and that the indisposition of my beloved father has been mercifully removed. For the continued, unceasing, disinterested and unwearied kindness of such parents, I desire to feel ardent gratitude to the Father of mercies, who has so long not only borne with my provocations, but loaded me with loving-kindnesses and tender mercies. I sometimes hope that if it should yet please the Preserver of my life to restore me to health, it would be my constant aim to evince, by dutiful and affectionate attentions, how deeply sensible I am of the watchful love and care of my beloved parents.



“ During the last two months I spent at Camberwell, the uneasiness about the head was generally less than it had been during the former months, but that about the face, and the susceptibility of the head to mental impressions, seems not to have diminished. I think indeed the affection of the face has rather increased. While that state of the system frequently occurs which I have often termed “relaxation,” I cannot derive much encouragement from temporary cessations, or alleviations of the uneasiness about the head. Through the tender care of my heavenly Father, this state of relaxation occurred much less frequently during the greater part of the first twelve days we passed at this place ; the uneasiness of head, and the general susceptibility of that part being also, in general, considerably less than usual. An increase of strength and muscular firmness, with much improvement in my spirits, also mercifully attended the other favourable symptoms. Perhaps the progress may not have been very apparent, since the above period. I venture a good deal ; and some occasional increase of rheumatic affection of head and face should not, perhaps, occasion surprize. My dear Sophia is unwearied in her sisterly attentions, in which there is an evident tendency rather to exceed than to fall short of what the strictest duty could require. My sisters have shewn themselves to be sisters indeed. We have received very great kindness, but especially from Mr. and Mrs. Whitehouse, and Mrs. Alexander. Our hostess and her niece are exceedingly attentive and obliging.”



Two years afterwards he was quite an invalid, as appears from the following, written Oct. 30, 1821.

“ Though I have gained considerably in strength, yet the pain of head is undiminished. This is discouraging, particularly as it renders it somewhat doubtful how far it is consistent with prudence, under so many remaining complaints, to attempt any preparation for practice. May the wisdom that is from above direct my steps. I feel strongly inclined to give some degree of attention to some of the most interesting cases in Bartholomew’s Hospital, with the view of refreshing my mind with practical knowledge, and without the oppressive feeling of personal responsibility. Under some circumstances I should not feel justified in making even this attempt, but with so much before me to make exertion desirable, the anxiety attending absolute inactivity, unless such were imperiously necessary, might be almost equally injurious. Your fraternal heart would be gratified to learn the confidence which some of my friends still occasionally express in my professional opinion. This is, indeed, to be acknowledged with thankfulness; and I trust may be regarded in some measure as an earnest of future success, should it please God to vouchsafe sufficient strength and ability for the fatigues of practice.”

The following account of the last days of his former tutor, Mr. Blair, is equally honourable to both parties, and may be regarded as a specimen of the feeling which he never failed to cherish towards esteemed persons who had shewn him kindness.



“ London, 14th Dec. 1822.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—A short reference to the last moments of my much-esteemed preceptor and friend, may be more acceptable now than at some distant period. His end was truly peaceful. A threatening malady, supposed to arise from some organic changes of the heart itself, had induced him to withdraw from the fatigues of active life, and to seek in the neighbourhood of Colchester, near a spot which contained the remains of his beloved wife, the repose and leisure which his complaint and the prospect of a no very distant departure from the world seemed peculiarly to require. The office of surgeon to the Lock Hospital and Asylum had been relinquished two or three years ago ; but it was not until the close of the autumn that he saw his situation at the Bloomsbury Dispensary occupied by Mr. Babington—a young friend for whom he felt much interested. Having secured his rural retreat, my excellent tutor came up to town, to dispose of that part of his books and furniture which were no longer useful to him ; and after presenting to the British and Foreign Bible Society a collection of bibles in different languages, as well as of other books connected with biblical literature, which he had been for many years forming with indefatigable pains, and which were supposed to be worth £500 ; he had sent, or was sending, into the country the residue for his own use ; intending to follow within a few days. On Monday, however, the 2nd instant, he returned from making a few friendly calls, much fatigued ; and felt, as he went up stairs, as though he should never walk



down again. Considerable pain was at times felt about the heart ; but his mind was kept in perfect peace. He often desired portions of scripture to be read to him, sometimes referring to particular passages with great interest. At one time, on repeating the exclamation of the apostle--‘ Oh, wretched man that I am !’ his servant expressed his hope that he was not distressed, nor his faith wavering : ‘ Oh, no,’ replied Mr. Blair, ‘ not in the least, not in the least ; I feel that I am fixed upon the Rock of Ages.’ A little before his death, he said to his servant, ‘ Charles, bring me the Bible, that I may put my hand once more on that blessed book ;’ and being assisted, for his weakness was very great, he placed both his hands upon it ; and then, lying gently down, he said, ‘ I rest in Christ ;’ and, with two soft sighs, fell asleep. Thus ended the active, laborious, and useful life of this great and good man. ‘ Diligent in business, fervent in spirit, serving the Lord,’ may be regarded as strikingly descriptive of his character. The restless energies of his mind were constantly directed to some special object ; and in general, the selected object was worthy of engaging the pointed attention of so ardent a mind. The education of the poor Irish, and the diffusion of the word of truth, most powerfully attracted him. He has been heard to refer to the hours engaged in the committee-room of the Bible Society as to some of the happiest of his life. Truly may it be said of our friend, ‘ He worked while it was day.’ And now he rests from his labours, and has his reward. Oh, that I may be enabled to imitate his Christian intrepidity, his



firm attachment to principle, his unwearied benevolence, and his improvement of that precious talent—Time !”

At Midsummer, 1820, his father had removed from Camberwell Grove, to King's-road, Bedford-row, and during his residence there my brother lived with him. Between the years 1820 and 1825, his susceptible mind was much affected by the illness and death of our dear mother and two beloved sisters. He had the satisfaction, however, of being exceedingly useful as the family physician, while his presence afforded great consolation to his father under those repeated afflictions and bereavements.

In the year 1823, his father having gone to reside near his eldest son at Hackney, Thomas again had lodgings in town, till June 1827, when he became a housekeeper. His residence was in Brunswick-square, where he continued till he finally left London, in 1834.

Early in the autumn of 1827, both his brothers were deprived, by death, of their beloved wives. His elder brother resided within a few miles of him, which will account for the absence of letters in this Memoir, addressed to him. To the younger brother, who lived at a distance, he sent the following letters; the second of which, referring both to his brother's bereavement, and to his own approaching marriage, shews that he was not only disposed to weep with them that wept, but that he knew how to “use the world without abusing it, because the fashion of it passeth away.” In the former of these letters, he refers to his father's sojourn with him.



“2, Brunswick Square, London, October 30, 1827.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—It was indeed a high privilege to have with me such a guest for five successive weeks ; and, to be enabled in some degree, though very imperfectly, to alleviate his suffering. The enjoyment was necessarily intermingled with feelings of anxious sympathy at witnessing the pains and infirmities of so kind and tender a father and friend. In truth, my spirit has for some years past been so frequently brought down by sorrow, that any additional source of grief seems almost to unfit me for active duty, as well as to rob me of that very moderate share of cheerfulness and tranquillity which I sometimes possess. This I regret for my dear father’s sake : as I much fear that my own pain of head and anxiety on his account, rendered me not unfrequently a very poor companion. Yet I tried hard to render his stay comfortable.

“I often think of you, my very dear brother, and often implore the God of all consolation to be your support and stay under your grievous load of sorrow. To one who, like yourself, has long been accustomed to “see Him who is invisible,” how different an aspect must such an affliction bear to that which it would present to a man of the world who had his portion in this life ! All below must seem to you but little in comparison with what is in store above ; and bitter as it was, and is, to be left alone, your dear Elizabeth has only been removed to a state far, very far better ! I often think, my dear brother, what an advantage also you must have in the very nature of your engagements, as being so congenial to a soul loosened,



still more than before, from earthly ties, and realizing more powerfully the value of the soul, and the infinite importance of eternity. In one sense, the more deeply your spirit is depressed in relation to the present scene, the higher will it be disposed to rise in the contemplation and enforcement of things future and eternal.

“ Pray speak of me kindly to my little nephews and nieces, and believe me, my much loved John,

“ Your affectionate and sympathizing brother,

“ THOS. H. BURDER.

“ 2, Brunswick Square, London, Jan. 5th, 1828.

“ My distant and bereaved brother has not unfrequently been the subject of conversation between my dear Elizabeth and myself. We do not feel the less for him or for Henry, in looking forward to that most tender relationship which they have now ceased to enjoy: on the contrary, we probably sympathise with them the more, while anticipating that happiness which they, until lately, enjoyed, but are now deprived of. It is one indeed of the satisfactory circumstances attending our affectionate friendship, that we are neither afraid nor reluctant to dwell on the memory of those beloved relatives, so dear to us both, who are now for ever removed from all earthly intercourse, but who still live in the heart of their sorrowing survivors. My dear Elizabeth and myself have known too much of what it is to grieve, and have seen too much of the fleeting nature of sublunary enjoyments, to view our approaching union as a season of unmixed festivity and joy. Ours, I believe, will be at



least a chastened joy ; yet our happiness, I think, will not be the less deep and intense from some admixture of pensiveness, inseparable from the recollection of past and mournful events."

His chosen companion was Elizabeth, the youngest daughter of his father's brother, Mr. William Burder. After sickness and death had deprived his father of the beloved society of wife and daughters, Elizabeth had kindly consented to do what she could to fill their place. Shortly after her marriage, the venerable man took up his abode with his son and daughter in Brunswick Square, to the great comfort of all parties concerned. To my brother it was a high privilege to have daily intercourse with such a father, and to have him constantly under his own medical care, and under the nursing care of his dear wife ; of whom, a few months after his marriage, he wrote in the following pleasant terms : " You will not wonder that I find my Elizabeth a sweet and valuable companion. Her sterling worth, her amiable and uniform disposition, her unfeigned and retiring piety, and her delicate and tender heart, offer many striking points of resemblance to your late much-loved, ever-loved friend."

It was not till some time after his marriage that he publicly avowed his reliance on Christ, and his attachment to him, by becoming a member of the church in Fetter-lane, London, under the joint care of his father and the Rev. Caleb Morris, as co-pastors. It would be foreign to the object of this memoir to state those points in eccle-



siastical controversy on which my brother's convictions did not perfectly coincide with my own. Suffice it to say, that after much deliberation and prayer, he arrived at the conclusion that nonconformists, in the main, are right, and that it was therefore his duty to identify himself with them. His becoming a member of a christian church in the way congregationalists adopt, namely, by an application to the church, spontaneous on his part and approved on their part, shews, that although his confidence in Christ and his religious joy were still below what he desired to experience, he could, notwithstanding, affirm, with far more decision than formerly, "My heart is fixed, O God, my heart is fixed."



## CHAPTER VIII.

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ON the 29th of May, 1832, the venerable and beloved parent died, aged eighty, within eight days. The attentive care which his infirmities daily required was indeed considerable, and his life was probably thus lengthened beyond the period which it might otherwise have attained. But with such admirable patience did the aged Christian bear his afflictions ; so calm and benevolent was his countenance ; so deep an interest did he take in passing events, both public and domestic ; so dispassionately yet feelingly and instructively did he converse on them, notwithstanding his bodily infirmities ; and so thankful, so humble, so fervent, and so beautifully simple in expression were his family prayers, that both son and daughter felt that they were more than repaid for all the trouble that his ailments occasioned.

It will be readily believed that the death of such a father, though at so advanced an age, made a void which could not be filled ; and though my brother Henry and myself can scarcely allow (nor indeed did our departed brother ever suggest the thought) that his affection for



the parent was stronger than ours, we most readily own that, considering how long his father and himself had been inmates of the same dwelling, and how long they had sustained to each other the relations of patient and physician, invalid and attendant, (*nurse* I would say, if that word were not feminine,) and considering also the excessive sensibility of our brother, he was, in point of tender feeling, the chief mourner. Writing from St. Leonard's, July 21, 1832, he says: "I trust this retirement will be rendered useful in deepening the more valuable part of those impressions which our late trying though expected loss produced. Tenderness of heart towards that dear, dear parent does not with me at all lessen. He was such a friend!"

My brother having never enjoyed that perfect and uninterrupted health which a medical man requires for the easy and successful discharge of the duties of his profession, was often half inclined to leave London and retire from practice; and therefore when his father's death released him from one of the principal ties which bound him to the metropolis, he began to contemplate removal at no distant period as all but certain. His views on this subject two years after his father's death are thus expressed:

"Brunswick Square, London, May 6, 1834.

"It has long been a matter of doubt whether I ought to subject my aching and exciteable head to the distressing anxiety and fatigue incident to an attendance upon cases of great danger and perplexity. Although I



have been much favoured in this respect, yet it cannot be expected that medical practice can be carried on without such occasional exposure. Within the last few weeks I have been twice thrown into a state of painful alarm by being called upon in the middle of the night. The painful dilemma shook me sadly, and I have since had intimations that I ought to take care in time. Henry and Mr. Hensley and myself went over the whole subject thoroughly on Wednesday last, (I wish we could have had your counsel also,) and the result was a conviction, that I had not health enough to meet the exigencies and irregularities of medical practice.

“We therefore think of leaving town so as to fix in the country before Michaelmas. I think of giving up practice at midsummer.”

My brother knew too well the duty he owed to God and to man for God's sake, to be content to “live to himself.” His charities had respect both to the bodies and to the souls of men; to their present and to their future state; to his neighbours, his countrymen, and mankind at large. He took pains to ascertain both the positive and the relative claims of various benevolent institutions, as well as of the private cases of distress which came under his notice. His contributions therefore were usually not the effect of momentary impulse, but were given on principle. Nor were his *negative* charities few; for not only did he decline to receive fees from ministers of religion, of whom many applied to him, but to numerous friends besides, whose pecuniary resources he sup-



posed to be small, as well as to the poor, he gave advice gratuitously.

In the summer of 1834, my brother and his wife gratified some of their relations with visits. After visiting several parts of England in quest of a suitable abode, they finally fixed on Tilford, near Farnham, in Surrey, bordering on Hampshire. The three years of his abode in that village were among the calmest and pleasantest of his life. The locality, though not distinguished by extraordinary beauty, is a fair sample of good English scenery. Tilford-house, which he occupied, was not the less pleasant to him by its being the property of his attached friend, Martin Ware Esq., who made every arrangement in his power to promote the comfort of his tenant.

In a letter to my brother Henry, Mr. Ware bears a very gratifying testimony to the usefulness of my brother Thomas, during his residence at Tilford House. He thus writes :

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—My acquaintance with your late brother Dr. Thomas Burder, commenced early in life ; and in him I invariably found a kind and valuable friend.

“ In September 1834, Dr. and Mrs. Burder accompanied me to Tilford, where they spent a few days with Mrs. Ware ; and not meeting afterwards with a house which appeared so likely to suit them, Dr. Burder agreed to take the house, but wished to be considered only as a yearly tenant. In November that year they came to reside in Tilford House, and remained there until 1837, when they removed to Tunbridge Wells.



“I cannot mention the name of Dr. Thomas Burder, in connection with Tilford, without referring to the moral influence which his character had upon the inhabitants of that village. The uniform christian kindness manifested by Dr. and Mrs. Burder towards the inhabitants, will long be remembered; and the discouragement given to every kind of evil which occasionally burst forth, can never be forgotten. Mrs. Ware and myself both considered that their residence at Tilford was a blessing to the place, and might in due time have materially improved the character of the village. Greatly did we regret when our friends left.”

Soon after my brother's going to reside at Tilford, an interesting correspondence took place between him and his esteemed friend Dr. James Hope, which is given in the Appendix to Dr. Klein Grant's excellent memoir of that eminent man. They were first presented to the public, in the pages of the Evangelical Magazine, under the title of “Letters from a Senior to a Junior Physician.” They have been read with so much interest, and they are so correct a transcript of the mind and heart of my brother, that they are appended to the present memoir.

The Tilford property belonged formerly to the Abney family, with whom, as domestic chaplain, Dr. Watts passed a considerable period of his useful life. It was bequeathed by Mrs. Abney, to the late venerable Mr. Tayler, the father of Mrs. Ware, and of Mrs. Burder, who succeeded Dr. Watts in the same office. On account of the contrast between the bustle of London and the quiet of



Tilford, my brother's enjoyment of the retirement that village afforded was the greater. Such was his love of nature, such his love of literature, such the interest he felt in religious exercises, and in beneficent actions; and such the resources of his own well furnished and well *regulated* mind (except in so far as physical ailments disturbed its order) that he needed not continual excitement from without. All that he needed, as the conditions of comfort, were exemption from strong pain of body, and the repose of retirement. In the important matter of health, though he never entirely lost his old malady in the head, he certainly derived advantage from his residence in that village. In this respect, indeed, the three years in question were probably the happiest of his life. Throughout life, there was usually nothing of the invalid in his gait, and but little in his general aspect, notwithstanding his slenderness of form; but at Tilford his friends were delighted to observe in his face the ruddy glow of health.

It is scarcely in human nature not to be gratified by elevation, in whatever degree it be enjoyed. A village is a little world of itself, and one who is regarded as the squire of the village, is no inconsiderable man. I am not sure that my good brother was wholly destitute of this feeling; but I am sure, that he felt that his chief privilege in being somewhat above most of his neighbours, consisted in his being thus furnished with the greater power of doing good.

My brother's plan of procedure on the Lord's day was extremely catholic. A small chapel was attached to Tilford House, in which for some years, ministers of the



established church, of evangelical sentiments, had officiated once every Sunday. In that place, my brother regularly worshipped, and in another part of the day he attended a chapel where a minister connected with the Surrey Mission Society preached. The officiating minister at the latter place, was then Mr. Hillyard, between whom and my brother much friendship subsisted.

Shortly after his going to Tilford he sent me the following account of his views and plans with regard to residence there :

“ In forming the decision to live here, my dear Elizabeth and myself, have allowed considerable weight to the important consideration suggested by yourself, that in a small place, the influence we may be enabled judiciously to exert, may be expected to prove of greater value than if employed in conjunction with the endeavours of many others in a place of greater population. The kindness and considerate attention we have uniformly received here from our poor neighbours, and the favourable impression which seems to be made by what they think a ‘condescending’ regard to their comfort and welfare, have tended not a little to reconcile us to rather more seclusion than is in itself desirable. Particularly have we been gratefully impressed with the fact, that the attendance at public worship at both chapels, especially at the dissenting chapel, has been perceptibly on the increase since we took up our abode here. We have thought we might include in our estimate of the degree of probable usefulness here, the additional fact, that *all* our little plans



and efforts have been well received and kindly appreciated; nor, have we thought ourselves wrong in regarding this fact, as something like an intimation of its being the will of Providence that we should remain here.

“I must tell you, that Mr. Hillyard, the minister at the dissenting chapel, being one day, though present, unable to preach, I volunteered to read a ‘Village Sermon.’ ”

The following extract of a letter to his eldest brother, has reference to some circumstances which occasioned almost the only interruption to my brother’s tranquillity at Tilford. This extract is a fair specimen of that union of perspicacity with candour, by which he was distinguished.

“Tilford House, Feb. 3rd, 1836.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—I had always been accustomed to suppose that the truly pious and devoted servants of Christ, however firmly attached to their own mode of church-government, would never allow it to interfere with the paramount interest of the Saviour. And perhaps they do not *knowingly*. But the interest of one becomes so blended and identified with the other, in their estimation, that, perhaps, at length, they scarcely recognize it in its pure, native, isolated state. I have seen more sectarianism within one year, than I had previously observed in thirty years’ residence with our now blessed father. With him, all human distinctions and details were subordinated to the supreme desire of winning souls to Christ; nor can I remember that the



pleasure of receiving tidings of the victories of the cross was ever lessened by learning that the instruments were not of his own denomination."

Four months afterwards, he writes thus :

"Our journey to town, or rather to Hackney and Hallingbury, proved a very pleasant one."

After speaking of his relatives in those places in friendly terms which, though just, they would not like to see in print, he goes on to say :

"On returning to our delightful abode, amidst all the freshness and beauty of opening summer, we were, I think, more than ever alive to its comforts and accommodations. This feeling was enhanced by the simple yet hearty welcome of many of our poor neighbours, as well as by a more lively hope that our earnest wishes for their good may, by the divine blessing, be eventually in some degree realized.

"During the last few weeks I have delivered, on two different occasions, a lecture on Vision, as a source of improvement and delight, and as displaying, in an astonishing degree, the consummate skill and goodness of the Creator. After illustrating the subject by plates and diagrams, and by a beautiful model, I dissected the eye of a sheep, &c. The first 'prelection' was addressed to the inhabitants of Waverley, and to Miss J. and her guests, (daughters of Mr. Baron P.); the second to our worthy yeoman—neighbours. My efforts were kindly received. Last Sunday I was employed in a



different way. Mr. Hillyard having been prevented from coming, I read a 'Cottage Sermon,' and ventured to conclude with prayer. I felt strongly; and the effort of mind and body produced a considerable increase of complaint for the three following days."

In another letter he says :

"I should be ungrateful if I did not acknowledge that some increase of facility in thought and utterance on the most interesting of all topics sometimes leads me to hope that I might be rendered useful as an *occasional* labourer in Christ's vineyard. But the extreme susceptibility to cold and moisture, as well as to excessive and painful excitement of brain, would impose such a limit on times and places as scarcely perhaps to warrant the attempt."



## CHAPTER IX.

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IN 1837 my brother removed to Tunbridge Wells. On some accounts that place was better adapted to him than Tilford had been, inasmuch as it combines the advantages of town and country. It gave to him and Mrs. Burder opportunities of agreeable intercourse with many friends, among whom were persons of various grades in society, and of different religious denominations. It was a great pleasure to my brother to cultivate and to enjoy the friendship of the Rev. John Pearson, one of his earliest and most valued friends, on whose ministry he usually attended on one of the services of the Sabbath.

Soon after his going to reside at Tunbridge Wells, my brother wrote a biographical sketch of a very pious and excellent woman in humble life, named Elizabeth Castleden, whose example, he justly thought, was worthy of being exhibited for the imitation of others. He was also induced to resume medical practice on a limited scale ; and in some instances he had the high gratification of conducting individuals from illness to health. Such cases as these were probably beneficial to his own health,



by the moderate and desirable degree of excitement which they produced. In some instances, indeed, his sympathies and anxieties were too intense for his susceptible and delicate frame. The following letter to his elder brother gives a touching instance of this, and will be allowed to do much honour to his feelings :

“ Belvedere, April 27th, 1838.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER,—It was indeed a most trying and anxious attendance. One is apt to consider it mysterious that Mr. ——— should come *here* to die, where he had hoped to receive advantage : and that *I*, after giving up my profession in town, and explicitly declining here all cases of urgency and apparent danger, should have the care of a friend and connexion of my family so committed to me, that in the absence of his usual medical advisers, it would have been unkind and almost cruel to retreat, when, on the second day of attendance I saw much to require vigilant attention. On that day I saw him thrice ; on Friday I was with him eight hours, and on the last day of life, five hours. But had it pleased the sovereign and all-wise disposer of events, to have rendered my anxious endeavours successful, I should have thought little of the demand on health and spirits, even though it had issued, as it has, in my own illness. I feel it deeply : it is quite a shock to me. And yet I have the consoling assurance of my judgment, that my plans were well considered, and carried out with cautious yet spirited perseverance ; and it is very healing to my spirit to find that sorrowing relatives have the



conviction, that nothing was left undone that promised either to remove or to alleviate the disease. But I can hardly describe how much affected I have been and am, at the remembrance of the considerate kindness of the deceased, soon after I had apprised him of the alarming exhaustion that was increasing upon him, to refer in such pleasing terms to my earnest endeavours.

“ I cannot but hope that our deceased friend was resting on ‘the Rock of Ages.’ With a mind so well informed and, at the time, so clear and unclouded, I cannot imagine that the quick approach of death could have been perceived without evident dread or agitation, unless there had been an humble hope and confidence that he had committed his soul to Him who is almighty to save. There was perfect calmness and self-possession while some essential truths were whispered in his ear; and when I said, I trust you are resting alone on Christ, he replied (I cannot remember the exact words) ‘That is what I am endeavouring to do.’ About the same time, after repeating some of the promises of the gospel, I asked if he would like me to repeat that hymn, ‘Jesus, lover of my soul,’ he said ‘Yes, but the words of scripture are best.’ But little was said (and who could expect much under those circumstances?) but that little was explicit and comprehensive, and, taken in connexion with his general demeanour on the bed of death, has left on my mind a good hope that Christ has received his soul.

“ How far, what appeared to be a premature decay of the digestive organs especially, may have been previously



influenced by the want of a sufficient stimulus to the exertion of a powerful and vigorous mind—of some important and regular exercise of its active powers, I do not pretend to explain or affirm ; but yet I am strongly inclined to think, that a superior order of mind does require more important occupation than a life of leisure generally affords. The duties of a magistrate, or the supervision of a large estate may materially counteract the tendency to cerebral and digestive inaction ; but I do think that a strong mind needs strong occupation of some kind ; and if it have it not, it will corrode or oppress its corporeal tenement.

“ I feel very much for the tenderly-affectionate widow. Her assiduous and devoted attention to the departed was quite exemplary. Another such scene would almost destroy me. But I recall the thought. If God were pleased to call me to it, he could support me under it.

“ I am, dear HENRY,

“ Your very affectionate brother,

“ THOS. H. BURDER.”

The last paragraph but one deserves the consideration of gentlemen who either have retired or are intending to retire from the pursuits of active life, even though they should not presume to regard themselves as possessed of “ strong minds.” My brother would probably have allowed that a mind may be *ardent* without being strong, and that individuals who *feel strongly*, require regular employment quite as much as those who are accustomed to *think deeply*.



The next is also part of a letter addressed to his brother Henry :

“ Tunbridge Wells, Jan. 29, 1840.

“ MY DEAR BROTHER.—It gave me much satisfaction to find that you had been safely and comfortably carried through your new year’s services. I thank you for enclosing the list of the subjects on which you preached. More interesting, or momentous, or seasonable, could not, I think, have been selected. Although a full attendance on such occasions must be very animating and encouraging, it is not, I presume, to be regarded as the criterion of usefulness. Mr. Scott, I observe, remarks, that the conversions which took place under his ministry, occurred in almost every instance, when the attendance was the thinnest. And I should imagine that stated hearers, not fully decided in religion, are often the subjects of deep and reiterated convictions, only known to themselves, until they are led to *avow themselves* ‘ on the Lord’s side.’ And yet each powerfully convincing sermon may have borne an important part in the entire series. It often seems to me that ministers expect too obvious an impression from their labours. Is not every part of a christian’s course, whether of a public or a private nature, to be pursued in faith? It would appear from the lives of holy and eminent ministers, that but a small part of the success of their labours was known to them on earth; or only known when bodily infirmities and the perceived approach of eternity proved more than a counterpoise to the perhaps hazardous elation of mind which even a devotedly pious mind might otherwise have



experienced. Yet amid all the anxious responsibilities and the mental and bodily labour which ministers undergo, some decisive encouragement does seem very desirable, and almost essential. You have been enabled to pursue a steady course of faithful labour, with the happy consciousness of neither desiring to attract the admiration, nor fearing to receive the frown of man. And I should think you have been so highly favoured with success as to pursue your work fearlessly, and to *leave the result* to Him whom you have diligently served in the gospel of his Son."

The following is a letter which my brother wrote to a friend on the mournful occasion of the death of a little boy, his friend's son, together with the child's nurse, both of whom were accidentally drowned. The reader will not be surprised to hear that the letter was and is highly valued.

"Belvedere, June 7th, 1838.

"DEAR SIR.—We feelingly sympathise with you and Mrs. B., in that most affecting bereavement which the providence of an all-wise God has called you to sustain. Never having experienced the loss of a child, I may not be able adequately to conceive of your heart-rent grief: yet, from what I have repeatedly suffered from the loss of other very dear and estimable relatives, I do think I can participate in that deep sorrow and desolation which the bereaved mother and yourself are now feeling. . . . We should be delighted to hear that the poor young



woman had herself given evidence of being a true believer in Him who is 'the resurrection and the life.' The tender age of your own departed little one affords you, I conclude, the happiest assurance that the same gentle and compassionate Saviour who, when on earth, said, 'feed my lambs,' has received his spirit, and will preserve it in unfading happiness, until the joyful day when it shall be reunited to that dear form which you have so tenderly cherished, (only rendered a pure and spiritual body), and thus introduced into a never-ending, but ever-increasing state of blessedness. Therefore 'sorrow not,' my dear friends, 'as those who have no hope.' *He sleeps in Jesus*, we doubt not, and is perfectly safe from all future dangers.

"But, my dear sir, if a *sparrow* cannot fall to the ground without our heavenly Father's notice and permission, may we not conclude that so momentous an event as that which now weighs down your spirit, is intended to subserve some great and important purposes? My slight acquaintance does not enable me, nor perhaps would it authorize me, to suggest any special considerations which might, under divine assistance, lead to the improvement of this agonizing stroke. But from a retrospect of my own history, of my consciousness of having *needed* much affliction in order to my *realising*, as well as admitting, the utter insufficiency of the present world to give perfect or lasting happiness; and the deep importance of being personally united to Christ by a living, genuine, operative faith, in order, at such trying seasons, to find him a *present help*, and to be cheered with an assured hope



of rejoining those who are now with Him in glory, to part no more:—the consciousness of having *needed* such afflictions in order *to bring me to a decision*,—no longer to fluctuate between God and the world, but to *determine in the strength of Christ, TO FOLLOW HIM FULLY*, and to make the care of the soul the chief care, and the attainment of heaven the *chief* object;—this painful consciousness, dear sir, has often led me to regret that I should have *required* such heart-rending discipline, and not have more readily, more earnestly, more entirely given up my heart and my life to Him who is so richly deserving, and will accept nothing less than our best affections, and our devoted obedience. I sometimes think that had I sooner turned, with full purpose of heart, to Him that smote me, I might have been spared some of the afflictions which I have since endured. You will, therefore, my dear sir, regard it as a proof of friendly solicitude, that I should be desirous that you and your endeared companion should gain all the spiritual good that our heavenly Father may see you need, from the late most trying visitation. Thus would ‘light shine out of darkness,’ and joy, unfading joy, rise out of sorrow. Then, by a bright example of decided, uncompromising piety, your other dear children may not only be spared to you, but *you may become the honoured instrument of training them up for immortality*; thus the death of their brother may issue in their *spiritual* life, their *eternal* life. And if such shall be the blissful consequence—more decided piety in the family—and life everlasting to the dear children—what a meeting will that be when parents and children



(including the dear little one now cold in death) shall ALL 'meet at the marriage supper of the Lamb.'

"That God may bless and cheer you and your sorrowing companion with his richest consolations, is, my dear sir, the sincere desire and prayer of yours, very faithfully,

THOMAS H. BURDER."

The three letters which are next given may be regarded as specimens of his correspondence with esteemed friends, in the last four years of his life.

"MY DEAR LADY,—Without relinquishing all hope of personally congratulating your ladyship on the convalescence which, I trust, is ere long to end in accustomed health, I will yet insert a line or two of cordial thanks in the parcel of books which I now return. Dr. Johnson's prayers are affectingly interesting! Deeply devotional in their spirit, simply grand in their style and diction, they strike one as the earnest effusions of a humble heart, contrite under a sense of guilt and imperfection, yet with inadequate views of the fulness and all-sufficiency of the atonement of our Lord and Saviour. As to solemnity and simple grandeur, Dr. Johnson seems to me to have approached nearer than almost any (comparatively) modern author to the sublimely beautiful style of many parts of the English liturgy. One cannot help regretting that so gigantic a mind should have viewed (at *that* time) so *indistinctly* the nature of true repentance. He evidently regarded it, not only as a means to an end, but as *in itself* meri-



torious and expiatory ; and thus, I presume, his hopes and consolations were beclouded and fluctuating. Dr. C.'s work is indeed a masterly performance. I began, my dear lady, in making here and there a slight marginal comment, but I soon found that the subject of Prophecy required much more accurate and extensive knowledge than I possessed, even to authorize a passing remark. The author evidently writes with the decision and authority of a man most thoroughly persuaded, that he possesses a master-key capable of unlocking the intricate wards which have obstructed others ; and certainly the dexterity with which he opens chapter after chapter, is near akin to legerdemain. At present I dare neither affirm nor deny his hypothesis ; but would rather keep it in view while looking into other authors. Some of his elucidations, however, appear to me perfectly convincing. And now, my dear lady, farewell, for a time. May God Almighty bless you and yours ! So prays your ladyship's most faithful, THOMAS H. BURDER."

" Dec. 12th, 1839.

" MY DEAR LADY,—In returning the letters and papers of the devotedly-pious viscountess, I beg to thank your ladyship for the interest and pleasure they have afforded us. Driven from all earthly refuges, Lady P. sought and found a resting-place on the Rock of Ages, and was enabled to value and cling to that immoveable security, in proportion as the storms of life and the billows of affliction beat upon it. It is delightful to observe the native warmth and fervour of the Irish



character engaged and controlled by the genius of Christianity. A large measure of divine grace and heavenly discipline must have been required to bend down so fine and lofty a spirit to the Publican's position, and to *keep* it in a state of entire dependence on momentary supplies of strength from on high. It is really pleasant to perceive how full the mind and heart may be of genuine piety, without destroying the innocent peculiarities of individual character. I love to hear or to see the more hidden feelings of the heart expressed in individual language, and bearing a sort of identity with the channel through which they have passed, as well as with the divine source from which they came."

" Tunbridge Wells, March 25th, 1840.

" MY DEAR FRIEND,—I esteem it no small privilege to be gladdened occasionally by such correspondents as yourself and Miss —. The epistles of these beloved sisters light up an increasing interest in this vale of tears, and, at the same time, brighten the prospect of the heavenly communion which awaits the followers of the Lamb, among 'the spirits of the just made perfect.' *How much* I feel the Christian sympathy which you express in my *bodily* and *spiritual* health, I cannot adequately describe. As to the former, I have little to report. But surely with so wise and so protracted a system of paternal discipline, I ought to exhibit—at least to be conscious of—a high degree of *spiritual* improvement. Alas, alas! I cannot discover the evidence of any *such* progress. If a deeper conviction of the exceed-



ing sinfulness of sin ; a more thorough insight into the tortuous windings, and dark corners, and delusive subtleties of my own heart ;—a deeper and more humbling conviction of the necessity of a total renovation of every power and faculty of the soul ; an increasing persuasion of the incalculable value of the great redemption, and of the purifying influence of the ‘faith that worketh by love,’ as well as of those afflictions which tend to detach the spirit from earth and *constrain* it to seek its happiness in God ;—if these convictions indicate *any* spiritual improvement, to the Great Refiner be the praise ! But I grieve to find that the heart does not keep pace with the head, and that the convictions of the judgment are too often rested in, instead of conducting the heart towards a more entire and unreserved dedication of itself to Jesus, the sinner’s friend. I seem to require, too often, extrinsic aids to raise up my spirit to ‘the things that are above.’ Towards others ; in the family ; and on public occasions, my feelings (and *apparently* of a right kind) are sometimes intense. But *why* require these extrinsic and especial props and incentives, I ask myself ? *Why* does not the silent contemplation of redeeming love, of the wondrous perfections of Jehovah as beaming in the face of Jesus Christ, of the debt of gratitude due to the compassionate Saviour, more uniformly dissolve the heart into tenderness and love ? Surely there must be something wrong. Oh, blessed Redeemer, lead me in the way everlasting. Make me *wholly* thine ! Thus, dear Miss —, I have shewn you how much I have to deplore. In truth, I find it diffi-



cult to speak of experimental religion, lest I should describe what I *ought* to feel and desire to feel, rather than what I *do* feel. On review, I have been sometimes grieved to think that I have unwittingly given an impression of a more favourable kind, as regards my own internal religion, than the reality would warrant.

“ Let me not, however, while deploring the want of a more uniform aptitude to spiritual exercises ; of that delight in the law of the Lord, on which the Psalmist so sweetly expatiates ; let me not detract from the tender mercy of my God. I would gratefully acknowledge that I am generally enabled, when looking at unseen realities, to cling to the cross of Jesus, and, in some degree, *to hope in his mercy*, and to feel a soothing measure of *peace*. And I do trust, the consciousness of my own worldliness and cleaving to the dust, has the effect of leading me earnestly to implore the quickening, softening, elevating influences of the Holy Spirit, and *that* glorious and spotless righteousness which is ‘ unto all and upon all them that believe.’

“ Believe me, dear Miss —,

“ Your attached and faithful friend,

“ THOMAS H. BURDER.”

The following, written Nov. 7th, 1840, will be allowed to express just sentiments respecting worldly greatness, and also respecting the picturesque in religion, while the observations respecting the right employment of time deserve the attention of that interesting class of persons to whom they specially refer.



“Your views, my dear brother, very much correspond with mine. I always regret when piety and moral worth are not valued for their own sakes, wherever they are recognized. For, in truth, when chiefly esteemed as associated with rank and station and intellectual cultivation, it becomes difficult to say, whether the sterling gold or its various accompaniments, prove the most attractive, especially to a youthful mind. Judging by my former self, a young, ardent, imaginative spirit is in great danger of preferring the picturesque in religion to its practical workings in visiting the sick poor, reading to the aged, and teaching the young. I think young females who are privileged to do nothing for their support, even when their brothers are working, do not generally feel how indispensable is the duty of laying themselves out—not so much for personal enjoyment, as for doing good, regarding that, in truth, as their business, (their own education excepted,) and other things as their recreation.”

Young people of both sexes, and some persons who are no longer young, would do well to lay to heart the following judicious advice, contained in a letter written about two months after the foregoing :

“There are so many occasions in the settlement of young persons, in which, from inexperience and ardour of feeling, their views may not coincide with those of their parents, that it is of immense importance, that a profound respect should be steadily cherished and maintained, *before* the supervention of these exciting circum-



stances. Without a deeply-laid foundation of respect and confidence in the parental judgment, even an affectionate child too often yields to the bias of inclination and the impulse of feeling. It has long appeared to me an object of importance, to apprise young people of the *possibility* of their being, at some future period, so intensely interested in a favourite plan, as to be really unable coolly and dispassionately to form a fair and correct judgment; and that hence, they should *previously* determine, in matters of real moment, to distrust their own partial and inexperienced judgment, under such excitement, and thankfully to avail themselves of the matured and sober opinions of their disinterested relatives."

In the same letter, he gives the following affecting account of his religious feelings, and of the longing which he still had for the work of preaching the gospel:

"In our family worship I sometimes feel intensely, even to an injurious degree. But may not the great deceiver endeavour to beguile me with a conscious solicitude about the souls of my servants, and thus keep me from duly attending to my own? 'Faint, yet pursuing,' may, I hope, notwithstanding, be my motto. The exceeding sinfulness of sin, the indescribable deceitfulness of my own heart, the fulness of the Saviour's grace, and the absolute need of the Holy Spirit's *continual* aid, appear, I trust, more than ever important to me. And debarred as I am from public labour, I do try to seize opportunities of writing 'a word in season' to my younger relatives, to



my patients, and to my medical and other friends. These humble efforts, I am thankful to say, are generally received with much kindness and indulgence. Were it the will of God, I should delight to have a few years of *ministerial* work, were it only in a secluded village ; but the increase of malady incident to over-exertion, even in our family worship, plainly says, ‘ You are not equal to it.’ I try to conjecture what is the obstacle to my being so engaged in a more active way, for I feel, that health could be readily granted, did the Great Head of the church see fit to employ me ; and I am constrained to feel that I am altogether unworthy of the privilege. Had I, years ago, been more diligent, more direct, more uncompromising, more decided in my course of action, perhaps the honour of serving Christ in his church might have been vouchsafed. But I was scrupulously afraid to express more than I felt.”

To family worship, as furnishing one of the few opportunities he enjoyed of speaking for God, he paid much attention. It was his custom to deliver an expository and practical address on the portion of Scripture which he read, having previously prepared himself for the service, by a careful examination of the passage ; and, it is hoped, that those perspicuous and pathetic exhortations were not delivered in vain.

The next extract of a letter, written on a brother’s birthday, in April 1841, is worth preserving, were it only for the apology it contains, for that rigid adherence to rules of health, which some of his best friends were sometimes inclined to consider excessively strict :



“ Few relations now surviving, either do or can feel more tenderly alive to all that relates to your well-being, than Elizabeth and myself. We *understand* you, and, by the way, how few do understand one ! As to myself, for example, not one friend in a dozen. Thus, in matters of business, I am punctiliously exact, and have a keen perception of justice and equity ; but, if I knew myself, I would spare pounds, were it needful, after I had fully asserted my right, even for the very individual whom it was needful to instruct in his duty. So again it is probable, that some of my friends think that my care of my own health renders me less regardful of the comfort of others. [It is doubtful whether any one ever thought so.] Yet it has only been from sheer necessity that I have been compelled to adopt many precautionary measures, and not until long continued and solicitous attention to sick relatives and other patients, had reduced me to the alternative of preserving, or endeavouring to preserve, the remnant of health with limited usefulness, or of shortening my life, in all human probability, and thus cutting off every hope of rendering service to my relatives and the public. In truth, my dear brother, I often try to dispense with some of the plans and precautions which long suffering has dictated ; but the attempt is generally productive of regret and disappointment, and only leaves me more unable than before, to assist or enjoy the society of those who are dear to me. I hope I do what I can.”



## CHAPTER X.

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THE spring of 1841, was memorable in the family. The three brothers and their wives had met at Stroud four years before, and now they all met again at Hackney, together with several of their beloved young relatives of the next generation. This was to be the last general gathering of the family ; but of this solemn circumstance there was no presentiment beyond those serious imaginings which are common on such occasions to all thoughtful persons, and especially to such as know that the larger portion of their life on earth has passed away. It was a happy meeting, and my brother Thomas, notwithstanding his inability to spend much time in the company, even of his nearest and dearest relations, enjoyed it much. All were delighted, not only with his instructive and cheerful conversation, but with his comparatively healthy appearance.

But not long afterwards he lost, and never fully regained, the imperfect measure of health he then enjoyed. In the ensuing summer, he experienced a serious illness, of which he wrote as follows :



“Tunbridge Wells, Oct. 18, 1841.

“MY DEAR BROTHER,—The affliction from which, through the unmerited goodness of God, I appear to be emerging, has been a trying one. The gradual disturbance of the system, which had for some time been perceived, was brought to a critical point, by an attack of either high irritation or sub-acute inflammation. But upon the whole there has been, during the last fortnight, a gradual return of more healthy and vigorous action. I probably got a little chill yesterday, though I walked in the sun. It was my second airing for about six weeks, and my first for three or four weeks. My friend Dr. Theophilus Thompson saw me with other medical friends. It was gratifying to hear him say that, on examining me, he did not think, as once he did, that there was any disease of the heart.

“It is now generally perceived that it is necessary for me, most carefully to regulate my plans so as to nurse my strength, and guard against that undue excitement which has all but destroyed me. It is judged to be indispensable to forego medical anxiety and fatigue, and so to manage my time as to avail myself of every opportunity of enjoying exercise and air before (as heretofore) my frame becomes too much exhausted, and the fine morning perhaps gone, for benefiting by the open air. May it please God to deepen and confirm the impressions my illness has produced, in reference to the importance of a life of faith and usefulness; and if laid by from even the limited degree lately attempted of some kinds of usefulness, may it please Him to open a way for



some other, or to give me patience under the trial of consciousness of mental activity and desire to do good, while the frail body, vulnerable at many points, cannot carry into effect the promptings of a willing spirit. . . . My dear and devoted Elizabeth has maintained her health with but few interruptions, though by no means strong."

The next letter was addressed to his brother Henry.

"Tunbridge Wells, March 3, 1842.

"You remark, my dear brother, on the many cares from which we are saved by having no children. Doubtless we are, but much observation and reflection have led me to ascribe less and less to outward circumstances, and more and more to the state of health and spirits, and the measure of Divine support afforded. There seems, generally, to be a certain and no doubt a requisite allotment of individual suffering in this vale of tears; and whether it is conveyed through children, pecuniary losses, professional discouragements, bodily affliction, or mental distress, does not so much affect the amount of trial as many are apt to suppose. It is to be affliction, with a special adaptation, in degree, and kind, and duration, to the individual, from whatever mediate source it may come. Such, at least, is the inference which my own afflictions, and the observation of those of others, have induced, especially during my protracted malady. Happy indeed are they in whom grace is not only equal to exigencies, but even superabounds, and converts them into positive blessings. I often cannot but feel thankful that more trials do not come at once. May those apportioned



to me be more humbly and diligently improved ! Pray for me, my dear brother, that I may not 'faint' under God's rebuke. I now often feel it difficult to prevent depression of mind. During the last eight or nine days a bilious complaint has given me some hours' pain daily, and occasions much irritability of mind and body, although I hope it does not often appear to others ; while the tone of the system is considerably impaired. This attack, and the tenderness and susceptibility which it implies, is another ingredient in 'the wearing process,' and ought to make me more solicitous for an increasing fitness for a painless, satisfying, enduring state above."

It is pleasant to find that he was still sufficiently well and cheerful to feel some degree of interest in literature, as appears from the subjoined critique on Crabbe's poems, which a young friend had lent him.

"DEAR MISS——, I now return you, with many thanks, the two additional volumes, which have furnished me with an ample variety of specimens of the author's peculiar style of delineation. One scarcely knows whether to admire or regret most. His painting is exquisite to the life, with fine touches of humane and tender feeling ; but biting sarcasm and a microscopic display of the weaknesses and inconsistencies of mankind, seem to have been the author's forte. I fear he sometimes wounds religion by holding up to scorn not only enthusiastic hypocrites, but also the poor, uneducated disciple of Jesus, in whom some disallowed infirmities may appear.



True, spiritual religion did not seem so attractive to him as one could wish."

In the summer of 1842, he endured a still more serious illness than that which had visited him the preceding year. For some days, life appeared to be in jeopardy. After some progress towards recovery had been made, a relapse occurred. As soon as his gradually returning strength allowed, he sent to me a most kind and sympathizing note of condolence and congratulation in reference to a severe illness which about that time I also suffered; the note is too kind and personal to be adapted for publication. Although the handwriting was neat, (as everything appertaining to him was), and perfectly legible, its evident dissimilarity from his former handwriting gave me sad indications of the effect of disease on his muscular powers.

The mournful task now devolves upon me of noticing his last letter, written immediately after he had received a particular account of the religious service performed by Dr. H. F. Burder, on occasion of the marriage of two young members of our family. Had my invalid brother known that his departure from the world was so near, he could scarcely have expressed himself more appropriately.

"Tunbridge Wells, 1st May, 1843.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—It was indeed a very interesting 'detail,' and would have brought the pleasing picture still more vividly before our minds, had not the heart and imagination been previously strongly engaged in



portraying the touching and eventful scene. The service seems to have been admirably managed, and must have been very impressive. Our earnest and heartfelt supplications for the dear young people accompanied them, and still follow them; especially that the endearing union may be rendered eminently conducive to social piety and usefulness in the station allotted for them.

“ With so many mementos of human fragility, it may be difficult for me to enter into the full extent of all the glowing and inspiring feelings which, in health and vigour, are naturally called forth; at least, the mind quickly falls into a pensive train of thought, in contemplating the uncertainty of retaining any earthly good; and in considering that, after all, the bearing of the interesting event is chiefly important in its relation to spiritual growth and fitness for heaven.

“ I cannot say, that upon the whole I am better than I was at the commencement of the winter, but I am now getting more abroad, and ‘*meliora spero.*’

“ Our kind love, including Ann’s, to my dear sister, yourself, and dear Elizabeth.

“ Accept our congratulations, and believe me, dear brother, always your affectionately and much attached,

“ THOMAS H. BURDER.”



## CHAPTER XI.

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THE last and fatal illness occurred in July, when his dear wife sent the following sad account :

“I have long wished to write to you, but my dear husband’s illness has much occupied me ; and my own health having also suffered, I have felt willing to decline anything I could for a time postpone. My dear Thomas’s illness has had a peculiarly depressing influence upon my spirits, for although it has not assumed so alarming a character as the severe attack this time last year, yet I cannot deceive myself in the persuasion of there being diminished strength to sustain it or to rally again. I consider him in a very critical state ; not, certainly, in any peculiar danger just now, but so fearfully weak as to keep up a constant anxiety as to the event. But we know in whose hands our breath is, and I trust all is well, whether a longer or shorter period of life may be God’s will. May I obtain the promised strength in time of trouble ; indeed, I feel assured that yourself and our dear brother do affectionately remember us both according to our present trials. Almost constant pain, though



not violent, the weariness of disturbed nights, and inability to write, read, or converse, except in a very limited degree, are trials to patience and submission. Still, how we cling to life, even when almost every way of enjoying it is cut off. I sometimes feel rebuked for the wish, so naturally arising, that my dear sufferer may yet be continued; but our heavenly Father can alone prepare us for *his will*, and enable us to say, 'Thy will, not mine, be done.' "

The next intelligence made it evident that the closing scene was near. Mrs. Pritchett, the sister of Mrs. Thomas Burder, and my brother from Hackney, arrived at the house of mourning several days before the solemn event took place. In consequence of the letter which was sent to me having been mis-directed, and myself being on a journey, I did not arrive till some days afterwards, notwithstanding that I travelled all night after preaching twice. I reached Tunbridge Wells on the morning of Monday, August 14, and never can I forget the impression which the sight of the dear sufferer occasioned, when I reached his bed-side. He did not appear to be in pain. He seemed to have much to communicate, but his power of articulation being almost gone, his speaking was little more than an indistinct whisper. When I told him who I was, his well-known smile seemed to indicate that recollection had not entirely failed him; and when I mentioned one or two simple and encouraging truths of the gospel, he appeared to have some pleasant knowledge of their import; but what little



I could understand of his speaking, showed that his mind was wandering, and that, in reference to the noblest part of human nature, I had come too late to see my brother, and should see him in this world no more. I was glad to retire and give way to the emotions which such a conviction could not fail to call forth. But I had the satisfaction of learning from my brother Henry and others, who were with him when his faculties were unimpaired, that although the dear patient had suffered much of that physical discomfort which not unfrequently attends severe illness, even when no one part of the body is in anguish ; which discomfort was connected with considerable irritability, and probably tended to prevent his enjoyment of that full assurance of hope, with which most believers in Christ are favoured in their last hours, yet he 'knew in whom he had believed ;' nor will any one of my readers probably require more evidence than has been already given of his having been "in Christ Jesus," (Rom. viii. 1), of his "having walked not after the flesh, but after the Spirit," and consequently of there being "no condemnation" to him.

For several hours before his death, there was utter insensibility to all surrounding objects. At night we persuaded his dear wife to endeavour to get a little repose ; but soon after midnight we called her into the room and the servants also. From that time we all stood around the bed, watching every breath, and some of us, I hope, occasionally lifting up our hearts to God in prayer. The breathing became softer and softer, till at length we thought it had ceased ; and on drawing nearer, found



that such was the fact. The precise moment of the departure of the spirit was not perceived, but the solemn event occurred about a quarter after two o'clock in the morning of Wednesday, August the 16th, 1843, three days after my brother had completed his fifty-fourth year.

He left no directions as to the funeral; but we were all assured that had he expressed his wishes on the subject, he would have fixed on the family vault in Bunhill-fields, especially as that was his father's grave. Thither, accordingly, we accompanied the precious remains on Wednesday, the 23rd of August. Mr. Slight officiated, offering prayer and praise, and delivering a highly-appropriate address. Several attached friends of the deceased stood weeping around the grave. He was, truly, "a man greatly beloved."

The following testimonials to his worth, and manifestations of the deep regret which his death occasioned, have been selected for publication, and are given in the order of time:—

*From the Rev. Samuel Hillyard, to Mrs. Thomas Burder, dated Runcorn, August 18, 1843.*

"To an unspeakable extent am I indebted to your now sainted husband. I became acquainted with him at a time when I most needed such a friendship, at the commencement of my pastoral career; inexperienced as I was, and placed so as to have deteriorated, had not the tendency been counteracted by the refinement, suavity, intellectuality, and piety, with which I was so happily



brought into contact. None ever gave me greater encouragement in the ministry, and none have been more kindly faithful in pointing out what needed correction ; and whatever progress I have made, is, to a great extent, owing to his judicious advice."

*From Theophilus Thompson Esq., M.D.*

" London, Aug. 21, 1843.

" MY DEAR SIR.—I do indeed deeply sympathize in the severe trial which you have been called to sustain, in the removal of dear Dr. Burder ; for in the whole circle of my friends there was not one for whom I entertained a more affectionate esteem, or on the sincerity of whose friendship I could so fully repose.

" I have always found it profitable to contemplate his character. A conscientious attention to every detail of duty, a sympathizing tenderness towards the circumstances of others, and a diffusive christian zeal, notwithstanding personal weakness and pain, which might have seemed an excuse for forgetfulness of matters beyond his immediate view, combined with many other qualities in my valued friend, to present human nature in so refreshing an aspect, as to excite one's thankfulness to the Author of all good by whom alone that nature can be thus renewed, for the grace which he occasionally permits to appear upon earth. I must endeavour to moderate my selfish regret for his loss, and to think more of that state of freedom from doubt, sorrow, and pain—that full enjoyment of perfect knowledge and holiness, which he habitually sought and has now attained.



“ Will you present with my own, Mrs. Thompson’s sincere and sympathizing regards to Mrs. Burder, and believe me, my dear sir,

“ Faithfully yours,

“ Rev. John Burder.

“ THEOPHILUS THOMPSON.”

*From John Abercrombie Esq., M.D.*

“ Edinburgh, August 22, 1843.

“ MY DEAR MADAM,—I do not attempt to express the feelings with which I have received the letter of Mr. Burder, intimating the heavy bereavement with which it has pleased your heavenly Father to visit you. It is a bereavement which will be felt most deeply by the numerous and attached friends of Dr. Burder, and by none more than myself, to whom he was endeared in a peculiar manner, both by an old and warm friendship, and by the various excellent and amiable qualities which met in his character. It seemed to those who knew his talents and his worth, a mysterious dispensation, that one so calculated for usefulness should be so long laid aside in the prime of his days;—but ‘ He, whose ways are not as our ways, nor his thoughts as ours,’ had his own great purposes to answer: and among these, we cannot doubt one was to prepare our beloved friend in a peculiar manner for the enjoyment of himself, and for occupying a high place in that blessed assembly, who have ‘ come out of great tribulation, and have washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb.’ He now understands the whole, and perceives in the clearest manner, that no one step could have been wanting. The



all-wise and all-merciful One, who has visited you with the dispensation, alone is able to give the support and consolation under it, which may enable you to say : ' It is well.' This, I doubt not, will be bestowed in abundant measure, in answer to your prayers, and to the prayers of the numerous affectionate friends, who partake in your sorrow. And while their sympathies are not useless, there is a Friend who is afflicted in all the afflictions of his people—one to whom all power is given in heaven and on earth, and there is the mighty gift of the Holy Spirit the Comforter, imparting a peace which the world cannot give. My daughters desire to unite with me in our expressions of deep sympathy and affectionate wishes and regards,

“ And I am, my dear madam,

“ Very sincerely yours,

“ JOHN ABERCROMBIE.”

“ Mrs. Thos. Burder, Tunbridge Wells.”

The following letter was addressed to my brother Henry :

“ MY DEAR DR. BURDER,—In the hour of sorrow and bereavement Christian friends can but sympathize and pray. You will believe, I am sure, how busily our thoughts follow the mourners, and how we covet any friendly office which might testify our affectionate regard for that beloved brother whose departure has left such a blank in this place. You knew our love for him, and how we venerated his Christian character and consistent



walk ! Putting away the selfish regrets which naturally belong to such a separation, how fervently do we rejoice that he who looked with lowly apprehension to the swelling of Jordan, should be safely landed on the other side.

“ The burden of the flesh was a sore burden to him ; all the days of his pilgrimage he groaned under it, and we will not be cast down because the gracious message of ‘ deliverance to the captive ’ has come at last. Will you commend us most kindly to her who was all in all to him in his appointed days of suffering. We desire to hear, that she, and those who comfort her, are comforted of God ; and with every expression of Christian fellowship, I am, my dear Dr. Burder,

“ Yours faithfully,

Thursday Morning.

“ E. B.”

*From John Sheppard Esq. Frome, Author of “ Thoughts on Private Devotion,” &c.*

“ Frome, July 15, 1844.

“ MY DEAR SIR.—You wish a few particulars from me as to the origin of my friendship with your late lamented brother. Indisposition unfits me for the task ; yet I cannot withhold with comfort, my tribute, however feeble and inadequate, of regard and respect to his memory. Our acquaintance commenced in 1812 or 1813, at Edinburgh, where your brother was then a student. It soon advanced to a degree of intimacy ; as I found in him an attachment to christian truth, as well as a general interest in intellectual pursuits, combined with great proficiency in his medical studies. He spared



me a portion of his social hours ; and we were used to look back with pensive pleasure, after the lapse of many years, on walks together in the neighbourhood of that fine city. In later life, distance prevented very frequent personal intercourse ; yet I availed myself of not a few opportunities ; and several times also resorted to my friend's professional advice, with the greatest confidence in his kind and disinterested skill. Dr. Burder's, I need not say, was an acute and refined understanding, governed by the best principles. His letters on the duty of physicians as to the spiritual welfare of their patients, appeared to me of great value ; and I am glad they have been appended to the memoir of the late excellent Dr. Hope. We may regret that your dear brother's prolonged feebleness of health did not permit longer contributions from him to christian literature ; but our ' Great Taskmaster' alone knows what measure of active service and what of submissive endurance is the best for his own exalted designs. Your loss of so beloved a relative, and mine of a friend so cordially respected and esteemed, affectingly remind us, and should remind even those on whom the scenes of life are opening, how transient and fragile are all the bonds of time, and how essential to our happiness the hope of that gospel which our departed friend so prized.

" Believe me, my dear sir,

" Yours very sincerely,

" JOHN SHEPPARD."

" Rev. H. F. Burder, D.D."



The following accurate delineation of my brother's character, is extracted from an able and interesting discourse, delivered at Tunbridge Wells, Aug. 27th, 1843, by the Rev. Benjamin Slight, whose faithful ministry and personal friendship my brother greatly valued :

“ In his *professional* character, our deceased friend stood deservedly high. The sound judgment, the diligent investigation, the deliberate thought, the clear discernment, the peculiar tenderness, the lively solicitude, and the unwearied assiduity he evinced on behalf of those who consulted him, did not fail, and could not fail to inspire them with the greatest confidence in his skill, and to induce the persuasion, that they might safely intrust their health to his care. Nor, can it admit of a doubt, that had it pleased God to allot to him a measure of physical strength, proportioned to his mental acquirements and resources, he would have risen to distinguished eminence in his profession.

“ He ever displayed a tender solicitude in relation to the spiritual interests of his patients, so that he was often acknowledged to be a physician for the soul, as well as for the body. On proper occasions he would not only speak of the things of God and of salvation, but he also often made vigorous and persevering efforts to press upon the attention of his patients, the great subject of personal religion.

“ In his *general habits and demeanour*, our deceased friend was remarkable for his love of order and regularity. He might be said to live by rule, and to act by



method. To some his habits might appear punctilious ; but they were only in keeping with the nicely-adjusted powers and tendencies of his mind, and the well-balanced affections of his heart. You might have perceived in him more than in most men, precision of thought, delicacy of sentiment, accuracy of expression, propriety of manners and consistency of conduct. Scarcely *could* he offend against the rules of propriety or politeness. He was ever most careful to avoid giving unnecessary pain to others ; and wherever he could not agree in opinion with any, he took the greatest care not to offend in the mode of stating his want of agreement. His objections to particular measures were generally put in the form of suggestions. It was not in his nature to be harsh or rude. It was the aim of his life to ‘ follow after the things which make for peace, and things wherewith one may edify another.’ There was a blending in his demeanour of suavity with dignity, which evinced at once the gentleman and the christian. You could not be long in his company without perceiving that beneath a delicate frame there was enshrined a vigorous mind and a feeling heart ; that he was one in whom confidence might be safely reposed, and from whom pleasure and instruction might always be derived. In him there was seriousness without austerity, piety without gloom, talent without conceit, cheerfulness without levity, and solid worth without ostentation.

“ In his *christian course* there were many traits of superior excellence and exemplary devotedness. For these we praise not him, ‘ but the grace of God that was



in him :’ that grace was ‘exceeding abundant with faith and love which is in Christ Jesus.’ No one doubted the reality of his christian principles but himself. Yet such were his unfeigned humility, modesty, self-distrust and self-abasement before God, that he ever appeared to occupy the place of a lowly penitent, mourning over his unworthiness and his sins ; or of a humble suppliant, seeking mercy at the throne of grace, rather than venturing to express the language of a believer confiding and exulting in the promises of eternal glory.

“ At what precise period of his life he became decided in his religious views and principles I am not aware ; but he was reared in the school of Christ from his infancy. He was the youngest son of one of the fathers and founders of the London Missionary Society, and of one with whom the Religious Tract Society actually originated. As might be expected, therefore, he felt a deep and lively interest in those great and benevolent institutions ; nor was he less attached to the British and Foreign Bible Society. He delighted not only in the grand object at which this society aims, but also in the union of good and holy men in a good and holy cause, without respect to the distinctive peculiarities of sect or party.

“ Our beloved friend was not, perhaps, what some would call, a decided dissenter. He was, however, a nonconformist. He did not object so much to the theory of an establishment, as to the constitution and ritual of the English establishment—from which, indeed, he did conscientiously dissent. He saw that there were many



wise, and holy, and faithful ministers in the established church, who had before them an extensive field of usefulness. He was prepared, therefore, to acknowledge excellencies in them as well as in other denominations of Christians. He was emphatically a man of a catholic and anti-sectarian spirit. The advancement of the divine glory and the salvation of souls, were the objects for which he wished to live. Salvation by grace, through the merits and mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ, was the exclusive basis of his hope. Holiness of heart and of character was the pursuit of his life. He had no sympathy with *ultra* views and sentiments, either in Christian doctrine or in ecclesiastical polity; but 'herein did he exercise himself, to have always a conscience void of offence, toward God and toward men.' To God, and God alone, be all the praise of his Christian excellencies, his attractive example, and his useful life."

"In his DEATH there was nothing very striking or remarkable. My own impression is that he was not aware that his end was so near. But with such a weakly frame and delicate constitution as his, it was evident to all that he could not sustain any severe encounter or violent shock; and hence he rapidly sank.

"In the last interview which I had with him, I found him exceedingly feeble, and evidently sinking in the arms of death. His mind, however, was serene. He seemed, as usual, in the depths of humiliation, lying low at the foot of the cross. There his mind appeared to find repose. 'Christ is all, Christ is all!' were the last words which I remember that he uttered. These he



pronounced with an emphasis which I shall not soon forget. After this he lingered for a few days, during which, in the moments of consciousness, he retained his calmness; and on the morning of Wednesday, August the 16th, he gently breathed his last, and entered on his heavenly rest! 'Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord! they rest from their labours, and their works do follow them.' On the same day, in the following week, his mortal remains were interred in the family vault, Bunhill Fields, where repose the ashes of his revered father, the well-known author of the Village Sermons, by which he, 'being dead, yet speaketh!'

At a special meeting of the Committee of the Tunbridge and Tunbridge Wells Auxiliary Bible Society, on Thursday, August the 31st., 1843, it was unanimously resolved and agreed:—

"That the members of this Committee, in recording the decease of Thomas Harrison Burder Esq. M.D., one of the vice-presidents of the Tunbridge and Tunbridge Wells Auxiliary Bible Society, who departed this life on the morning of Wednesday, August the 16th last, are powerfully affected with a sense of the heavy loss which this Society, in common with others of a kindred nature, has sustained in his removal. And, whilst they feel a mournful pleasure in expressing their high admiration of the many estimable qualities and christian virtues, which, through the grace of God, adorned his character, and endeared him to a large



circle of attached and beloved friends, they would offer the expression of their sincere sympathy and condolence to the bereaved widow, and to the other surviving members of the sorrowing family ; accompanied with the earnest hope and fervent prayer, that they may receive, in an abundant measure, the consolations of God in this afflictive dispensation of his providence, and that all may be animated by the contemplation of the bright example, the expansive benevolence, the kindly disposition, the catholic spirit, and the active zeal which the deceased exemplified in so pleasing a manner (notwithstanding the great bodily weakness and suffering to which he was subject), in their various works of faith and labours of love, as well as encouraged and stimulated thereby to renewed attachment and increased devotedness to the cause of God and the diffusion of the Word of life among men ; at the same time that they are enabled to bow with devout resignation and submission to the inscrutable arrangement of that All-wise and Almighty Being, who has a right to take the life which first He gave, when and how He sees fit, and who performeth all things after the counsel of His own will."

Mrs. Thos. Burder's health had been very gradually deteriorating for some years, but so great were her equanimity and fortitude, blended with much mildness of manner, and so entirely free was she from that disposition to think much of small ailments, and to assume an appearance of languor and lassitude, which is observable in some amiable persons, that casual observers might have



concluded that she enjoyed a considerable degree of health. During her husband's illness she took her full share, with the nurse and other attendants, in the cares and services of the sick-room, and contemplated the last sad scene with much apparent composure; for she was one of those whose feelings are often much deeper than the countenance and speech appear to indicate; but a few days after her husband had died, she became seriously unwell.

It was quite impossible for her to attend public worship, as she had greatly desired to do, on the Lord's day succeeding the funeral; nor indeed after her husband's death was she ever able to go to the house of prayer. In a very short, but much valued note, which I received from her about a month afterwards, she said, "This is the first day I have used my pen, and I must inform you that I have experienced much daily amendment, since you left me, but have still much remaining weakness, and cannot either walk or stand yet. Dr. Thompson (of Tunbridge Wells) kindly sent his carriage for me to take a drive some days last week, which I much enjoyed, and feel much refreshed by." She then made friendly mention of Mr. Rix, a medical gentleman, who had most diligently attended, both on her and on her deceased husband.

On the 16th of October, her niece Miss Pritchett, (who remained with her while Mrs. Pritchett was unavoidably absent) sent word that her aunt was evidently declining in strength. Early in November, my brother Henry and my sister of Hackney, paid the valedictory visit, and were greatly concerned to perceive the rapid



progress of debility and disease. Before the expiration of that month Mrs. Pritchett returned to the house of mourning.

The dear patient continued rapidly to decline, but her intellectual powers were so much impaired, that she was not aware of her approaching end; nor did her friends need the evidence of a death-bed experience, to give them assurance of her preparedness for death, as they had enjoyed the far more satisfactory evidence of a life of faith, certified by corresponding conduct. She peacefully expired on the 11th of January, 1844, at a quarter after one o'clock in the morning, aged 56; and, on the 18th of that month, my brother Henry and myself, with other relatives, again visited Bunhill Fields, for the purpose of placing her remains near those of her dear departed husband, and of other beloved kindred, agreeably to the directions she had given. As on the former occasion, Mr. Slight officiated at the affecting interment.

The following observations respecting the deceased, written by that esteemed minister of the gospel, will conclude this memoir.

“The circumstances attending the removal of our lately deceased friend, were of a somewhat marked and affecting character.

“Scarcely five months elapsed between the decease of her beloved partner and her own. His was in the month of August preceding; hers in the month of January following. And little did she think, as she stood by the side of his dying bed, and ministered to him with so much



tenderness, that she would so soon be called to follow him ;—so soon require similar attentions for herself,—so soon meet him again ! Yet so, in the inscrutable arrangements of heaven, it was ordained to be. That which, from his peculiar temperament and extreme sensitiveness, he would have been quite unable to do for her, she was permitted to do for him ! It seemed when once she had watched the last moments of her beloved husband, and consigned his mortal remains to the grave, that then her work on earth was done. For just when all this was accomplished, her strength,—not at any time very great,—suddenly gave way and entirely broke down ; and from this low state of extreme debility, of which both mind and body appeared to partake, she never rallied ; but became gradually weaker and worse, till her oppressed spirit burst asunder the bars of its mortal habitation, and her exhausted frame sunk in the cold embrace of death.

“ How little we know at what time, or under what circumstances, our Lord will send to call us home ; and summon us to his presence and his bar ! ‘ In the midst of life we are in death.’ Our mortal existence is suspended by a mere thread ; which one touch of the hand of the Almighty can snap asunder, or one breath of His mouth sweep away in a moment ! The grand thing is, to be always watching ; habitually ready ; in the position of ‘ servants waiting for their Lord.’ Then come at what hour he may, death will be to us the messenger that calls us away to everlasting bliss.

“ The character of the deceased was one which survivors may contemplate with pleasure and profit.



“There was a natural kindness of disposition and gentleness of spirit in our deceased friend, combined with a certain evenness of temper, and placidity and quietude of mind ; and withal, an air of affability and cheerfulness, especially in days of comparative health and strength, which much endeared her to a large circle of attached and beloved friends. Not only was she one of whom it might be said, that she ‘improved upon acquaintance :’ but as you found her at first, such you might expect to find her ever afterwards : true to her professions, firm in her principles, stable in her attachments, steady in her course, consistent in her conduct, quiet in her manners, and gentle in her demeanour.

“Her personal piety, moreover, was of a deep, practical, and substantial kind. She was not one to be easily moved from the ground she had taken, and had seen it right to occupy :—not one to be driven hither and thither, and ‘tossed to and fro by every wind of doctrine,’ or every startling wonder and novelty of the age. With clear, distinct, and comprehensive views of the great scheme of human salvation by the atonement and merits of Jesus Christ, and by the renewing and sanctifying influences of the Holy Spirit, there were connected strong and powerful impressions of universal depravity and sin, and of personal unworthiness and demerit. There was nothing impetuous or visionary, sentimental or impassioned in her constitution ; but there was a thoughtfulness, seriousness, and sedateness about her which impressed one with the conviction that she knew ‘the truth as it is in Jesus,’ and loved it too ; and that she was no



stranger to the humbling acts of 'repentance towards God, and faith towards our Lord Jesus Christ : ' nor yet to the enlivening and hallowed exercises of communion with God, and meditation on things heavenly and divine.

" As might be expected, from her general habits and character, she was exceedingly regular and punctual, when health and circumstances admitted, in her attendance on the public means of grace. Though she has not once been able to visit the sanctuary since her husband's decease, I do not remember to have seen her enter her pew a minute after the hour for commencing the service of God. Nor was she given to change in her religious career ; it grieved her much to witness instability, fickleness and inconstancy in others.

" Her usefulness was considerable. She felt a warm and lively interest in all that pertained to the extension of the cause and kingdom of Christ, at home and abroad ; and took an active part in various schemes of benevolence and piety. She was an efficient member of the Female British School Society of this place ; and for some time prior to the last illness of her husband and her own, she acted the part of guardian and treasurer to the day-school at Tuttie's village, whilst the interests of the school, I am persuaded, lay very near her heart.

" As in the case of her husband, there was nothing very striking or remarkable in the circumstances of her death. Such, indeed, was her distressing debility and such her total loss of energy, both physical and mental, after her illness assumed an alarming aspect, that she was quite unfit for continuous converse on divine and



eternal things. It cannot, therefore, be said of her ; Come see how triumphantly she died ! But it can be said emphatically and appropriately, Observe how holily and usefully she lived !”

The following was written by a young female relative of Mrs. T. H. Burder :—

“ Mrs. Burder was very highly esteemed and valued by all who were acquainted with her solid worth ; and especially by those who had the happiness of being connected with her in any degree of relationship. In her younger years, it was her privilege to minister to the comfort, and to mitigate the sufferings of several beloved relatives, during the last days of their earthly pilgrimage ; and they all acknowledged, in the warmest terms, their sense of her kind and judicious attentions. Towards her venerable and respected relative, the Rev. George Burder, during the last nine years of his valuable life, she acted the part of the most affectionate and devoted daughter. He feelingly alluded, several times, in his diary, to the constant, kind attentions of his dear niece ; and on the day that she became connected with him by a closer tie, he made the following entry :—

“ ‘ January 23, 1828. The greater part of my memoranda, for some time past, has related to mournful events ; but I have occasion this day to ‘ sing of mercy as well as of judgment.’ This morning my dear son Thomas was united in marriage to his cousin, Miss Elizabeth Burder. She has taken care of my domestic affairs for more than four years, and has conducted them with great propriety.



She has also behaved towards me with all the kindness of a daughter ; for which I bless God and thank her.'

"In a letter written by the same relative, on the same occasion, to his newly-married son and daughter, a passage occurs, which recent circumstances render interesting and affecting. Speaking of their enjoyment of each others' society, he says : 'I question not that it will extend to a future and happier world, and continue even where 'they neither marry nor are given in marriage :' for we cannot but indulge the hope, that the parting which mortality will make, will be but temporary ; the pure and exalted and angelic friendship of united hearts shall continue, 'when this vain world shall be no more.'

"Dr. H. F. Burder, his father's biographer, makes the following remark on the constant attentions of the late Dr. and Mrs. Thomas Burder to their venerable parent : — 'I am fully persuaded that his sufferings were greatly mitigated, and that in all probability his life was considerably prolonged, by the blessing of God on the medical and surgical skill of my brother ; combined as it was with the unwearied attentions and delicate tenderness of my sister as well as of himself.'

"To her younger relatives, her numerous nephews and nieces, Mrs. Thomas Burder, was a particularly kind and judicious friend. Having no family of her own, they stood with her almost in the place of children ; and she was regarded by every one of them with strong and grateful affection. She never lost an opportunity of offering them the kindest counsel, on the occasion of a



birthday, or any event in providence, which called for special observation, and her remarks were highly appropriate and valuable.

“The following extract from the letter of a London friend, a member of the church in Fetter-lane, will show how actively Mrs. Burder was engaged, when residing in the metropolis, in various works of charity :—‘For twenty years we worked together, (without the least shadow of a misunderstanding,) as members of Fetter-lane chapel. The Missionary Society, the Schools, the Maternal Society, engaged our constant attention; and how kindly did my loved friend aid each of these institutions, particularly the last! She sought out the cause of the poor, and the blessing of those that were ready to perish came upon her, and in her charity there was wisdom. The Friendly Female Society shared her favour, and engaged her active exertions for many years. Of her it may be truly said: ‘Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord: they rest from their labours and their works follow them.’

“Her great aim was to honour God, and in all her doings she sought the salvation of sinners. She was a living epistle of Christ, known and read of all men.”







## APPENDIX.

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It will be interesting to the reader to peruse the following sketch, for which our family feel deeply indebted to my brother's kind and valued friend, Dr. Theophilus Thompson, of Bedford Square.

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### SKETCH OF THE LIFE AND CHARACTER OF THE LATE THOMAS HARRISON BURDER, M.D. IN No. XXXIII. OF THE BRITISH AND FOREIGN MEDICAL REVIEW.

THE Subject of this brief notice died at Tunbridge Wells, on the 16th of August, 1843, in his fifty-fourth year. His ancestors, for several generations, had been remarkable for simplicity, benevolence, and wisdom; and his father, the Rev. George Burder, was one of the most distinguished christian philanthropists of his day. Dr. Burder's life was marked by few incidents calculated to attract attention; but it presents an example of self-denying humanity as well as of conscientious devotion to professional duty, which ought not to pass unrecorded.



Dr. Burder studied medicine at Edinburgh with much assiduity, and obtained the friendship of some of the best and wisest men adorning that seat of learning; where also his characteristic benevolence was evinced by the faithful and almost brotherly interest which he took in the welfare and success of those students with whom he was on terms of intimacy. In 1812 he was elected to the office of President of the Medical Society, an appointment always indicative of merit in the holder. He left Edinburgh in 1815, and shortly afterwards commenced practice in London. He soon, also, connected himself with a large public dispensary, the duties of which he fulfilled with exemplary zeal and humanity. In 1827 he settled in Brunswick-square; but his health proved unequal to the exertions which a steadily increasing professional reputation necessarily entailed.

His constitution was naturally susceptible; he had long been subject to attacks of dyspeptic head-ache, and had frequently suffered from mental application during a long and laborious course of study. A severe attack of head-ache thus produced at Edinburgh, treated by depletion, general and topical, supposed to have been excessive, increased his natural susceptibility to such a degree, that his subsequent life was but a long disease, confirmed perhaps or aggravated by perseverance in mental labour and excitement, and by a prepossession in favour of lowering treatment. The onerous nature of his duties in London brought on an increase of the pain and excitement of head. For these symptoms, general and local bleeding, mercurial purgatives, anti-



mony, and low diet were considered necessary. Under this treatment the symptoms certainly subsided considerably, but the brain and nervous system remained in a state of augmented and extreme susceptibility.

On some recurrence of pain it was judged needful to shave the head. This happened to be done on a cold wet evening, under circumstances of great exhaustion, and the ordinary covering of a thin nightcap was alone worn during the ensuing night. On awakening from sleep a severe constrictive pain was felt over the whole head, attended with heat and tenderness of the scalp, throbbing of the temporal arteries, much cerebral excitement, and vomiting. An affection of the pericranium was now considered by him to have been ingrafted on cerebral excitement; but, after the superficial tenderness had subsided, the original affection still proved intractable.

Such was the severe and various suffering which so soon disqualified Dr. Burder for the arduous duties of medical practice in London. Any case involving more than ordinary anxiety aggravated the head-ache, and this anxiety was peculiarly felt by him in relation to diseases of the chest. The introduction of the new method of exploring pectoral diseases by auscultation was materially changing the aspect of this department of medicine, and a sense of duty urged him to become conversant with the indications afforded by the stethoscope; but he found the study beset with many difficulties, and a conscientious reluctance to undertake the treatment of pectoral complaints without possessing a more intimate acquaintance



with the physical signs than his impaired constitutional energy would enable him promptly to obtain, at last determined him to leave London.

In the year 1834 Dr. Burder made a tour into Devonshire with advantage to his general health, but with no relief to his head-ache, which indeed was rather increased by the excitement of the journey. In the autumn he took up his abode at Tilford, near Farnham, and remained there four years. He enjoyed the quiet of this secluded spot, but the pain of head was not much lessened. Continual suffering, however, had not overcome his desire to be usefully employed; and having given a fair though unsuccessful trial to the plan of repose, in 1837 he settled at Tunbridge Wells, where the growing confidence of his professional brethren again placed his talents in request. But in the autumn of 1838 increasing head-ache obliged him to restrict his attentions to a limited number of patients at his own residence; and the corroding anxiety produced in his mind by hopeless cases, at last induced him to withdraw from practice altogether.

In the year 1840, after irritation of the intestines and other organs, accompanied with rheumatic pains, some œdema of the legs occurred, and his strength was considerably reduced. This state continued in the following year. The heart had also been supposed to be affected; but, on careful examination, no change in that organ could be detected. In the summer of 1842, an obstinate and prolonged attack of constipation, for which calomel, colocynth, and ultimately turpentine were ad-



ministered, was followed by pain of the arms and muscular debility, rendering it difficult to button the coat or guide the hand in writing, yet without loss of feeling. The pulse conveyed to the touch the impression of a vessel supplied with blood defective both in quantity and quality; which circumstance, and the presence of nervous symptoms resembling those commonly present in hysteria, led to the recommendation of iron as a remedy. The citrate was accordingly tried, but soon suspended in consequence of the patient's apprehension that it increased the head-ache. His general strength afterwards improved, but some weakness remained in the thumb and index-finger of the left hand. A visit to Brighton produced slight amendment, but he soon relapsed into a state of great weakness accompanied with intestinal torpor. During the early part of 1843 he perceptibly declined in strength, and in August was reduced to a state of extreme debility. On one occasion, asking for a looking-glass, and observing an aphthous appearance of the mouth, which, under the circumstances, was an ominous symptom, he calmly remarked, "I was quite right—this attack is fatal;" and within a few days afterwards made a peaceful exit from this scene of protracted suffering.

The *post mortem* examination revealed no very remarkable traces of disease. There was considerable effusion beneath the arachnoid membrane of the brain and spinal cord, but perhaps not more than frequently occurs in debilitated subjects independently of disease, shortly before or even subsequently to dissolution. The brain was firm and natural, but deficient in blood. The lining



membrane of the stomach near the cardia much injected. The lungs and liver healthy. The heart small and soft, but free from disease.

The question naturally arises, whether the protracted sufferings in the head and bowels were the result of susceptibility produced by depletion, or were occasioned by organic conditions, prevented, by active treatment, from inducing visible changes of structure. But in whatever manner this question may be solved, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that health and life were sacrificed to inordinate intellectual exertion and moral sympathies, the influence of which no physical treatment could effectually control.

Dr. Burder's mental qualities were of a superior order. His accuracy in observing facts, and caution in deducing conclusions, are evinced in an interesting paper published by him in the "London Medical and Physical Journal" for June, 1837, on the question of the cerebral origin of paraplegia ; in which he endeavours to prove, as in cases of this kind of palsy ascribed to the brain, the spine was either found to be affected or left unexamined. A habit of exact discrimination rendered his practical opinions remarkably free from empiricism. He gave a careful consideration to the peculiarities of each patient's case, and habitually prescribed for the individual *variety*, not for a *species* or *genus* of disease. His communications in the "Cyclopædia of practical Medicine," on the subjects of head-ache and jaundice, possess considerable merit ; and the former essay is particularly valuable, among other reasons, by enforcing a truth too often overlooked,



namely, that in many cases of head-ache, apparently arising from indigestion, the stomach is *secondarily* affected, in consequence of undue exertion of the *brain*.

In evidence of his intellectual activity, it may be mentioned that even when increasing indisposition rendered it necessary for him to retire from practice, he contemplated delivering a series of lectures on the circumstances which should guide selection among medicines of analogous properties; justly regarding the neglect of such discrimination as one of the chief sources of medical failure, and one of the principal encouragements to that ignorant and bold empiricism by which the public are so dangerously deluded.

During his seclusion at Farnham, he did not relinquish schemes of active usefulness; and, amongst other things, produced the "Letters from a Senior to a Junior Physician," which are distinguished by a spirit of Christian philanthropy combined with sound discretion.

In illustration of the simplicity and unaffectedness of manner which characterized Dr. Burder, it may be interesting to adduce his answer to the inquiry, to what extent a medical practitioner might be justified in studying a manner best calculated to win the public confidence.

"Doubtless," he observes, "a confident manner and an oracular expression of opinion, superficial and inaccurate though it may be, obtain from the multitude an undue degree of respect *at first*; but the more modest and more highly qualified man will ultimately surmount any real or supposed external deficiencies; while every instance of gratifying confidence will do much to give a



legitimately authoritative address. Close attention, unaffected interest and earnestness, careful investigation, and perfect candour and simplicity are qualities which almost every one can appreciate, and which will eventually command a more extensive influence than all the arts and manœuvres of self-confident boasters. At all events, a man's natural manner is the best for himself, since it accords with his mind and character ; and, being natural, will give a genuineness for which all the elegances and studied doings of others could not compensate."

Dr. Burder's mind, kept vigilantly free from prepossessions and routine, was always disposed to yield an unprejudiced consideration to any suggestion offered in a philosophical spirit.

In his general demeanour, a manner peculiarly bland and courteous, harmonized with a graceful delicacy which shrunk from wounding the feelings of the humblest individual ; whilst no amount of personal suffering suppressed the expansive zeal ever kindling within him to promote every benevolent scheme for the benefit of his fellow-men. Equally apt to applaud excellence and disinclined to censure imperfection, he was never known to sully the fair fame of a competitor, or to withhold a ready testimony to another's worth. Unflinching in the maintenance of what he conceived to be sound principles, he was yet diffident of his own judgment, and never conducted argument beyond the limits of the most delicate courtesy.

In professional intercourse he was ever ready to screen



his brethren from any discredit which the unavoidable imperfection of our art might involve ; and delighting to hear of the merited success of others, was incapable of that illiberal feeling which could apprehend in another's progress any impediment to his own. In relation to patients, it was obvious that his interest and ease were regarded by him as secondary objects, and that his anxious thoughts were directed not so much to pecuniary gain as to the improvement and benevolent application of medical resources. His conscientious and sustained attention to his patients' condition seldom failed to secure their confidence, whilst his genuine sympathy, and regard to their mental and bodily welfare, won the friendship of all those who knew how to appreciate excellence. His feeble health and ultimate retirement were indeed mainly attributable to a sense of inability to realize the high estimate which he held of the duties of a physician.

But amidst conscious imperfection his hopes rested on the cardinal doctrines of Christianity ; the light of which guided his course. That light no assumption of superiority tempted him to obtrude, but no timid reserve induced him to hide. The description he once wrote of another may be fairly applied to himself : " The doctrines of Christianity were the foundation of his hopes, and its holy precepts the invariable rule of his conduct ; and confidence in the religion of the gospel proved his solace in affliction and support in death."

Dr. Burder has left no family ; but his widow,\* long

\* Since deceased.



the soothing associate of his weakness and sufferings, awaits in calm resignation the period of reunion to one who, although withheld by delicate health from attaining the elevated position which his talents and acquirements might otherwise have secured, yet well deserves an honoured place among the worthies of our profession.



LETTERS

FROM

A SENIOR TO A JUNIOR PHYSICIAN,

ON THE

IMPORTANCE OF PROMOTING THE RELIGIOUS

WELFARE OF HIS PATIENTS.

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LETTER I.

ON THE DIFFICULTIES OF THE UNDERTAKING.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—You were pleased to desire me to send you the result of my observation and experience on the deeply-interesting subject of endeavouring to promote the spiritual welfare of the sick committed to your care. I cheerfully accede to your wish, although I can scarcely hope to offer any suggestions which have not already occurred to your own reflective mind.

“If the soul of man be immortal, and if the state of the soul, at the moment of its separation from the body, determine its happiness or misery through endless ages, with what deep solicitude should every Christian approach the bed of a fellow-creature, who, to all appearance, is



about to undergo the momentous change, yet unprepared 'to meet his God!' If we saw a human being proceeding blind-fold towards a tremendous precipice, and even already at its brink, how eagerly should we try to snatch him from the threatening destruction! And can we, my friend, remain insensible to the spiritual danger of the dying man, who seems about to 'take a leap in the dark' into the gulf of inconceivable, irretrievable ruin? How often, alas, are we called to witness the appalling scene, unalleviated by the presence of a Christian minister, or any pious relative, who might direct the helpless sufferer to him 'who is able to save to the uttermost.'

"I am aware, indeed, that those alone, who, like ourselves, have felt the weight of medical responsibility, can fully estimate the difficulties to be encountered in attempting to advance the *highest* interest of a patient, while conscientiously discharging our primary duty, in the exertion of our utmost efforts for the restoration or relief of his bodily frame. Even to those, who, by habits of early rising, punctuality, systematic arrangement, and calm dispatch, have been able to allot a sufficient portion of time to each appointment of the day,—how often does it happen that some unexpected emergency, some sudden complication of disease, the alarming sickness of another member of the family, some anxious inquiries of the patient or his friends, or other unforeseen circumstances, have more than consumed the allotted time; and, in justice to the indispensable claims of other cases, rendered an immediate departure necessary; thus affording



no opportunity of even alluding to 'things unseen and eternal.'

"Another difficulty is often found to arise from the almost exclusive occupation of the physician's mind by the diseased condition of the sufferer, the relief of which is, of course, our primary and incumbent duty. In order to give to each symptom, as well as to the whole assemblage of symptoms, a close and discriminating attention, and to adopt, with equal care, a corresponding treatment in medicine, diet, and general management; to do this within a limited space of time, requires a concentration of all the energies of the mind in a degree scarcely compatible with attention to any other subject. Under such circumstances, it is difficult, in the extreme, to dispossess the mind of the engrossing anxiety just described, so as to leave it sufficiently free for availing itself of any suitable moment for introducing, with needful delicacy and tenderness, the all-important subject of eternity. How frequently, too, have we found that by the time we have completed our medical inquiries and directions, the patient has become too much exhausted to render any further exertion safe or practicable!

"In addition to the obstacles already specified, you have probably, my dear friend, sometimes encountered opposition from the mistaken kindness of the patient's relatives, who have deemed it next to madness to endanger the comfortable serenity of one 'whose goodness of heart,' they persuade themselves, 'must secure him a happy hereafter.' Generally, however, the confidence reposed in the kindness and discretion of the medical



attendant, will soon allay such a feeling of alarm, and afford the assurance that nothing will be attempted of a doubtful or hazardous character.

“But the most formidable hindrance, I apprehend, exists *within ourselves*. I refer to the prevailing impression among us, that the religious welfare of a patient is foreign to our province; that to aim, in any direct manner, at promoting it, is superfluous, if not also obtrusive; and that the attempt might be regarded, moreover, as an unbecoming interference with the sacred office. The *sedative* influence of this opinion is often rendered still more paralysing by a consciousness of not possessing the facility and tact supposed to be essential to the success of the effort. Hence, opportunities for speaking ‘a word in season,’ are scarcely looked for, or desired. The mind at length rests satisfied with an abandonment of the matter, as hopeless and impracticable, not duly considering *whose cause it is*, nor recollecting the divine promise, that ‘strength shall be made perfect in weakness.’

“Such, my valued friend, are among the difficulties in our way; great, indeed, we must allow them to be, yet, happily, they are not insurmountable.

“Assuming, for the moment, that the duties and qualifications of the medical practitioner do not impose upon him a higher degree of responsibility, relative to the spiritual good of his patient, than attaches to every other well-informed Christian, in reference to his neighbour, I may safely assert that the profession of medicine does in no wise release its member from a duty common to



all Christians—that of embracing every opportunity to testify their gratitude to the adorable Saviour, and their anxious desire to extend the blessings of redeeming mercy to those who ‘are ready to perish.’ But the assumption itself is incorrect; for it would not be difficult to prove that the favourable opportunities and peculiar facilities possessed by the physician do proportionably *augment* his responsibility, and the consequent amount of obligation. Nor can this fearful responsibility be evaded by a general impression of our unfitness for the task, unless we can conscientiously affirm that we have tried to the utmost—that we have done all that we were able to do.

“As regards the alleged interference with the ministerial office, I may truly say that, to the extent of my own observation, the apprehension is entirely groundless. So far removed, indeed, are the judicious, well-timed suggestions of the physician, in relation to the immortal interest of his patient, from anything like interference with the sacred function, that, in the instances in which they are most needed, they may be strictly regarded as *precursory* and introductory to the more direct instructions of the minister, as opening a way for him which would otherwise be closed, as removing ill-founded objections to his assistance, and enkindling a desire for his spiritual counsel. In many other instances the Christian physician proves a powerful auxiliary to the faithful minister of Christ, especially by facilitating his visits, pointing out at what time, under what circumstances, and to what extent, the patient may be likely



to attend, with safety and advantage, to 'the things which make for his eternal peace.' I have good reason, indeed, to believe that the enlightened ambassadors of the Saviour, so far from entertaining a feeling of jealousy, do really hail with cordial satisfaction such auxiliaries, in their trying visits to the bed of sickness and death; persuaded that none can feel a deeper interest than a Christian physician, in the well-being of the whole man, bodily and spiritually, in reference to eternity as well as to time. And how can jealousy be felt? Is not the glory of the divine Master in the salvation of immortal souls, the supreme object of every pious minister's pursuit? If so, even the feeblest attempt to subserve the same cause must gain his hearty concurrence. Happily, the unscriptural, unprotestant notion of religious instruction devolving exclusively on the clergy has become obsolete. As well might the Bible itself be read and studied by them alone. The very constitution, indeed, of our most efficient religious institutions speaks a contrary language, especially that of the visiting and district societies, in which the principle of lay co-operation is clearly recognized, and the obligation thence arising is fully avowed. In truth, it requires but little sagacity to predict that, in the noble enterprise now in progress for evangelizing the world, the zealous exertions of Christians generally will be more and more called forth. Such an active and pervading influence seems evidently implied, in the prophecy of Jeremiah, as cited by the apostle of the Gentiles, alluding to the period when 'they shall not teach *every man* his neighbour,



and every man his brother, saying, 'know the Lord;' for all shall know me, from the least unto the greatest.' We have yet, indeed, to realize the happy day when, even comparatively, every man shall seek the spiritual good of his neighbour; but we are surely authorised to expect it, as well as bound to hasten it, by earnest prayer and vigorous endeavour. We are even encouraged to anticipate the more distant and glorious period, when the omnipotent Saviour shall have given complete efficiency to the universal labour of love, and when 'He shall be all in all.'

"Not to weary your patience further, I will here close my letter; hoping in a second communication, to present a few *encouragements* which may serve to cheer you under the difficulties we have been considering. I shall endeavour, also, to add some practical suggestions, in reference to the most eligible *methods* of introducing the subject of religion to persons dangerously ill. Of the power of executing the latter part of my task especially, I cannot but entertain much self distrust,

"I remain, my valued friend,

"Yours, with sincere regard,

"T. H. BURDER."

"Tilford House, Jan. 1st. 1836."



## LETTER II.

ON THE ENCOURAGEMENT TO BE EXPECTED IN THE ATTEMPT.

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—In my former communication, I placed before you the considerations which had most impressed my own mind, in reference to the importance of aiming to promote the spiritual welfare of the sick. You will have observed that, far from concealing, I fully admitted the difficulties attendant on the effort, while I endeavoured to shew that they were by no means insurmountable. I am now desirous of presenting to your attention a few of the *encouragements* which the physician is warranted to expect in pursuing ‘this work of faith and labour of love.’ Such, I apprehend, will be found to arise from *the peculiar facilities which the profession affords*, from *the divine benediction which may be humbly, yet confidently, anticipated*; and from *the success which has already crowned similar efforts*.

“1. No one who has witnessed the respect and confidence with which the suggestions of a conscientious physician are received, can doubt of his possessing an almost unlimited influence in the sick chamber. He has become in truth the attached friend of the family, to whom they freely unbosom their sorrows and their fears, particularly such as appear to be inducing or aggravating any existing or threatened disease. Hence the medical adviser, having gained an important acquaintance with the mental constitution of his patient, its individual pecu-



liarities and tendencies, and with the varying complexion of thought and feeling which bodily disturbance has been wont to excite, is already prepared to introduce with delicacy and address, such incidental remarks in reference to his highest interests as the peculiar condition of the sufferer may naturally call forth ; and in the way best adapted to interest and impress, while least likely to endanger that general quietude, on the maintenance of which his recovery may materially depend. Being aware, moreover, of the different aspect in which other topics of practical importance have at various times appeared to his patient, or to persons under similar circumstances, while viewed through the distorting medium of disease, he will not be surprised if the momentous subject of religion should also share, (so far as natural effects may be permitted,) in the obliquity or indistinctness of the mental vision. The same previous knowledge will often enable him to calculate, with tolerable precision, the degree of influence, whether exciting or depressing, which an allusion to the realities of eternity may be likely to exert on the patient's bodily frame ; and thus attemper and apportion his suggestions to the particular exigencies of the case.

“ 2. Among the *facilities* to which we have adverted, I cannot but regard as one of the most valuable, that arising from the numerous opportunities possessed by the physician of connecting, in the most easy and natural manner, some serious remark with medical counsel. So intimately, indeed, is the mind united to the body, and so generally does the one sympathize with the sufferings of



the other, as constantly to demand a considerable portion of the physician's vigilance and discrimination. He cannot but observe the baneful influence of agitating and corroding emotions, in thwarting every healing expedient; and being constrained, therefore, to inculcate the importance of tranquillity, acquiescence, and cheering hope, he is led by the most gentle transition to trace those virtues to the true source of 'every good and perfect gift,' and to the surpassing value and efficacy of the Saviour's peace, and of the 'hope that maketh not ashamed.'

" You have often, my friend, observed in the moment of danger, with what eager, anxious attention the patient listens to every word that falls from his physician. He knows that his friend and counsellor is deeply concerned for his well-being, and can have no interest apart from his. He is aware of the value of professional time, and has experienced the unwearied assiduities which have been exerted for the preservation of his life. Should, therefore, the physician appear to overstep the precise boundary of his province, while touching upon the concerns of immortality, the patient, I am persuaded, will usually regard the solicitude thereby evinced, as an additional and gratifying proof of genuine friendship. The sick man has also the tranquillizing conviction, that nothing is likely to proceed from his judicious advice, which would either aggravate the disease, or interfere with the salutary operation of the remedies. Hence, no alarm, no perturbation is produced; while two or three well-adapted hints are gaining a quiet admission into the



mind, and affording useful materials for private meditation and self-enquiry. Now, my dear friend, if such be the advantageous position of a humane and Christian physician in the chamber of sickness, and I am sure your own observation will verify the statement, how deep must be the regret that such vantage ground has ever been lost, yea, lost for ever! That when the sick man's anxious eye betokened confidence, expectation, desire, we should have allowed so fair an opportunity to pass away, without affectionately and urgently directing him to 'behold the Lamb of God!' I will not again expatiate on the serious responsibility which these facilities involve, but I respectfully entreat my professional brethren to be on their guard, lest timidity, apathy, or worldly policy, should deprive them of the exalted privilege of being instrumental in saving a soul from death, and thus adding another jewel to the Redeemer's crown. It may still be said, that the afflicted patient will not be disposed to listen to the religious advice of his physician, considering it as altogether foreign to his department. I believe, on the contrary, that such advice, when tendered with kindness and discretion, will generally be regarded the more highly, because it is not professional, because it is not a matter of course, but springing spontaneously from the lively interest which the physician feels in the entire welfare of his charge. This view of the subject seems to me quite compatible with the sincerest respect for the labours of a Christian minister in the time of sickness. His invaluable instructions have the weight and sanction of official character, while from the aptitude afforded by



kindred studies and pastoral duties, they may be expected to possess an appropriateness not otherwise attainable. They are held, moreover, in high estimation because they are regular and ministerial, whereas the religious hints of the physician, as I have before remarked, acquire much of their interest and influence from the very opposite consideration,—from the fact of their being occasional, unexpected, and spontaneous.

“ 3. The powerful incentive arising from an *humble expectation of the Divine blessing*, appears to me fully authorised. If I have adequately shown the importance of the endeavour, and have satisfactorily proved, that the peculiar facilities afforded to the physician involve a proportionate amount of obligation (in those cases at least, which have not, and perhaps cannot, have the advantage of ministerial instruction), it will follow, as a necessary consequence, that in performing a Christian duty of such moment, we are warranted to implore and to expect the special aid of Omnipotence. The object at which we aim, is nothing less than the glory of the divine Saviour, in the salvation of an immortal soul ; and how cheering are the assurances of infallible truth,—‘ I will make my strength perfect in weakness.’ ‘ Him that honoureth me, I will honour !’ ‘ He that converteth a sinner from the error of his ways, shall save a soul from death, and hide a multitude of sins.’

“ And let not my valued friend be discouraged at the difficulty of the undertaking. The cause is God’s. He hath all hearts in his hand, all events at His disposal ; and is often pleased to effectuate the greatest designs by



the most feeble instrumentality, in order to shew, that 'the excellency of the power is not in man, but in God' alone. Far be it from me to depreciate the value of prudence and discretion in an attempt of such importance ; but I am bound to confess that the danger has not generally arisen from the neglect of cautionary maxims, but from permitting them to obtain an undue and paralysing influence. Where eternity is at stake, let us not be exclusively guided by the cold, calculating axioms of worldly policy. Selfishness may whisper, 'Am I my brother's keeper?' and as the priest and the Levite, in the parable of the good Samaritan, were probably willing to persuade themselves that their spiritual functions imposed upon them no obligation to afford bodily succour to the 'wounded, half-dead man;' so, my friend, may we be in danger of resting satisfied in withholding our spiritual aid from our dying patients, on the hollow and untenable ground that our responsibility extends only to the body and to time. Oh! let us be rather, like the good Samaritan; and, without hesitation or delay, endeavour to pour into the wounded spirit the wine and oil of heavenly consolation,—thus adopting our blessed Lord's special application of the parable—'Go thou and do likewise!' Surely we may confidently hope, that in rendering this obedience, we shall experience super-human aid; and though our path may be dark and rugged, and the obstacles many and powerful, yet may we cheerfully and implicitly rely on that Almighty God, who is a 'sun and shield' to those who put their trust in Him.



“ May I not add, as a collateral encouragement, that, while thus aiming to promote the honour of the Divine Emanuel, we may humbly hope that he will be ‘*with us,*’ in granting efficiency to our strictly professional exertions? When it is considered that the skilful or unskilful decision of a moment may save or lose a valuable life, and that even a well selected remedy may prove salutary or detrimental, as the Divine benediction is vouchsafed or withheld, how inconceivably important must we regard the guidance and the smile of Him, ‘in whom we live and move, and have our being,’ and in whom are all our springs of intelligence and of usefulness! By ‘seeking the kingdom of God and his righteousness,’ in the way we have described, we may be rendered the happy instruments of giving occasion to our grateful patients to unite with the sweet singer of Israel, in ascribing from their inmost souls, blessing and praise to Jehovah, for having not only ‘forgiven all their iniquities, but also healed all their diseases.’

“ One especial ground of encouragement yet remains—that which rests upon *the actual success with which the God of all grace has been pleased to crown similar efforts.* He, who hath all power in heaven and on earth, has given efficiency to such exertions; and while, with a ‘single eye to His glory,’ they are begun, continued, and ended in Him,’ we cannot doubt that the ardent desire and persevering endeavour to rescue immortal souls from endless perdition, will be accompanied by those gracious influences which can at once direct, and animate, and bless. Thus, our ‘labours shall not be in vain in the Lord.’



“ It has already been remarked that, in aiming to subserve the spiritual as well as temporal interests of our patients, we shall usually retain, if not increase, their confidence and regard. Sometimes, however, it may prove otherwise ; especially in reference to the relatives and friends of the sick. This was strikingly evinced in the experience of an aged and eminent, but now deceased physician, then practising in Westminster, as communicated by him to the writer of this letter. The veteran practitioner was called to the bedside of a young lady, whom he found passing to her long home, yet destitute of hope, unacquainted with the way to Christ, and peace, and heaven, and surrounded by relatives equally ignorant with herself. He placed in the hands of her attentive (and as it afterwards appeared) pious nurse, a volume of the ‘ Village Sermons,’ requesting that a portion might be occasionally read to the youthful patient. On getting out of his carriage at the next visit, he was met by the mother, and thus abruptly accosted,—‘ I will not trouble you, doctor, to go up stairs ;’ assigning no motive for so unceremonious a dismissal, except such as might be read in a countenance of high displeasure. My sagacious friend at once penetrated her mind and retired. After some time had elapsed, the nurse informed him, that the young lady lived but a few days after this visit, yet long enough to afford a delightful evidence of having obtained pardon and peace through a crucified Redeemer. The very volume, it appeared, that excluded the physician from the family, was rendered instrumental in introducing the dying patient into spiritual life. And never can I



forget the pious elevation, and the grateful emphasis with which my venerable friend closed his affecting narrative ; ‘ cheerfully,’ said he, ‘ would I lose the best family in my professional connection, if by my feeble instrumentality I could be the means of saving another soul from death.’

“ Thus, my dear friend, I have endeavoured to set before you the principal encouragements for the endeavour. I have still to accomplish the most difficult part of my task—that of submitting to you a few suggestions on the *mode* of communicating serious counsel to the sick. This I must attempt in a future letter.

“ Believe me, with esteem,

“ Your very faithful friend,

“ T. H. B.”

“ Tilford, Jan. 28, 1836.”

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### LETTER III.

ON THE MOST ELIGIBLE METHODS TO BE PURSUED.

“ MY DEAR FRIEND,—In accordance with your request, I now proceed to offer a few suggestions derived from personal observation, on the methods which appear to me best calculated to secure the important object of our present correspondence. You will remember that, even at a distance, I doubted my ability for properly executing this part of the undertaking ; and I candidly own, that my consciousness of inadequacy has not diminished on a nearer view of the attending difficulties. Should, however, the plain remarks you are about to



receive possess little value in themselves, they may, I am willing to hope, prove indirectly useful, by engaging your own attention more closely and continuously to the subject.

“ You are too well aware how deeply the feeling of medical responsibility has pressed upon myself, to suppose, for a single moment, that I would inconsiderately superadd to a similar burthen upon you any unnecessary weight of obligation as connected with the spiritual condition of your patients. I cannot, indeed, relinquish the opinion I have deliberately formed, and which has been before avowed, namely, that the peculiar facilities afforded to the medical practitioner entail upon him a proportionate responsibility; yet am I very solicitous not to endanger the peace of a conscientious mind by incautious or exaggerated statements, or by urging the adoption of any doubtful or impracticable measures. On a subject of such manifest delicacy, as well as difficulty, it is highly important that our views should be well defined, and our opinions of the duties and obligations involved, most carefully guarded and qualified, otherwise we may not only inflict a needless wound on a pious mind, but may actually defeat the very object we desire to promote, by the disheartening influence of plans of operation unfeasible in themselves, or inconsistent with our proper, indispensable, and untransferable duties. Allow me, therefore, to request your attention to two preliminary observations.—

“ First,—I would remark that the desire of promoting the patient’s religious welfare should never be allowed to



interfere with the thorough performance of medical duties. These cannot be superseded by any other claims. Under this decided impression, I would suggest, as a general rule, the propriety of giving your sole, undivided attention to the relief of the patient's malady, as well as to every circumstance and arrangement which his bodily condition may demand, before you permit yourself to advert to his spiritual exigencies. You will kindly observe, that I recommend this as a *general* rule, which may possibly admit of some exceptions. For example, I can conceive that some highly-gifted individuals may have the power of interspersing, in an unobjectionable manner, a few religious hints among their medical inquiries and directions, and without materially distracting their attention, or endangering the temporal well-being of their charge; yet, even with such facilities, there would sometimes, I apprehend, be a risk of dispersing those energies of mind which the physician ought assuredly, in the first place, to concentrate on his patient, in the earnest, persevering endeavour to remove his disease and preserve his life, consequently, the talent referred to should be used with much judgment and caution. But I foresee that your habits of discrimination will lead you to doubt whether the example I have supposed really constitute an exception to the rule. It certainly is not foreign to the *spirit* of the rule, which I think may be thus expressed:—that no attempt should be made by the physician to promote the religious welfare of the sick, which is incompatible with the full, efficient, satisfactory discharge of his medical duties and obligations.



“The second preliminary relates to the distinction which it is important to mark between that *general* responsibility which, in my humble opinion, requires the physician to be always on the alert to profit by every incidental opportunity of employing his influence for the spiritual good of his patient; and that *special* obligation which may sometimes devolve upon him (in consequence of the total absence of religious instruction), to attempt, in a more particular manner, to rescue the sinking soul from perdition, and direct it to Him, ‘who is able to save to the uttermost.’ This distinction leads one to propose, as a second general rule, that, inasmuch as religious instruction forms a part of ministerial and relative duty, it would be highly inexpedient for the physician to add to his already onerous engagements, that of undertaking the spiritual supervision of his patient, except under circumstances of imperious necessity. Whenever, therefore, the aid of a christian minister, or a pious relation can be obtained, the medical practitioner may, I conceive, regard himself as free from any special obligation of that nature.

“These limitations obviously imply that, in by far the greater number of instances, the religious influence of the physician should be exercised in an occasional, rather than in a stated and formal manner. If alive to the spiritual welfare of his patient, such opportunities of usefulness will not be wanting. Perhaps, nothing could so essentially contribute to the furtherance of the object, as the offering up of earnest supplications to the ‘Father of lights’ for His especial guidance and help, before the



physician enters upon his daily engagements, that he may be enabled both to discern and improve every suitable opportunity, which, even in the ordinary exercise of his profession, may be presented, of doing good to the souls of his patients.

“In seeking and humbly expecting thus to employ your influence in the sacred cause, I feel the most encouraging persuasion that ‘your labours will not be in vain in the Lord.’

“It may be convenient to arrange the few thoughts which have occurred to me in reference to the mode of offering ‘a word in season’ in a few leading particulars ; premising that, next to the divine blessing, the secret of usefulness will be found, I humbly anticipate, in the careful, discriminating adaptation of advice to the particular circumstances of the case. Age, sex, degree of intellect and cultivation, particular habits of body and of mind, the actual stage of the disease, the hopes and fears of the patient in relation to futurity, the religious knowledge already possessed, the presence or absence of spiritual instruction, and many other circumstances, will, I am persuaded, appear to you deserving of special consideration : I can, therefore, only hope to suggest a few general principles which may be indefinitely modified and applied, according to the varied and ever varying circumstances of each individual case.

“My first suggestion has already been anticipated. I refer to the importance of recommending and even urging the assistance of a christian minister or a pious friend, in cases of serious and dangerous illness. I am



aware that the very mention of the subject is sometimes productive of considerable alarm, and certainly requires much prudence and caution : with skilful management, however, the exciting of any injurious degree of apprehension and foreboding, may generally, I would hope, be avoided. One may say, for example, in the course of conversation, to a patient apparently unconcerned or uninstructed in reference to eternity, ‘ You must find the change from active life to the confinement of this room rather irksome. Yet some time for calm reflection is really needful for us all. When withdrawn from busy life we can look upon the world at a distance, as well as come into closer contact with ourselves ; indeed, serious consideration can never be unsuitable. Human life itself is confessedly uncertain, and of course, under disease, still more so : should you not find a little conversation with a pious minister interesting under your present circumstances ?’ In this familiar way (pardon its homeliness) one may sometimes introduce the subject without abruptness. From having had much personal illness, I have been able to press the matter further, by assuring the patient that such assistance has repeatedly proved very consolatory to my own mind ; thus presenting a living instance of the incorrectness of the popular opinion, that to propose the visit of a minister to the sick, is tantamount to a death-warrant.

“ Should the recommendation prove entirely fruitless — should the unhappy patient, notwithstanding our utmost professional efforts, be so rapidly hastening into eternity as to afford no opportunity of procuring more



efficient spiritual aid, the case will then present one of those *special* occasions before alluded to, which call for our more immediate and devoted attention, in reference to the immortal spirit. And who, that values his own soul, would not, under such circumstances, endeavour, with all possible earnestness and affection, to exhibit to the dying man the compassionate and almighty Redeemer as able to save, even at the eleventh hour.

“ I may next suggest that the allusions of the physician to the subject of religion should generally be *incidental* and conversational ; arising spontaneously from a solicitous regard to the particular situation of the sufferer. When such occasional advice appears naturally to flow from the heart, partaking of the disposition and character of the speaker, and having an evident bearing on the special circumstances of the patient, there will be little risk of its being regarded as superfluous or obtrusive. On the contrary, I believe, it will usually be welcomed as a gratifying proof of disinterested friendship. In this incidental way, one may sometimes refer to the experience of great and good men under similar sufferings, and to the signal support vouchsafed to them, and to the happy results of their afflictions. On some occasions, it may be useful to adduce the remarkable fact, that some of the brightest ornaments of the church and of the world have ascribed much of their success in life to the discipline they were once called to endure in the chamber of sickness and seclusion.

“ May I add, that the occasional hints of the physician should also be *brief*? A single sentence well-timed,



well-directed, appropriate, and expressive, will possess the great advantage of not wearying the attention of the sufferer, while it may, notwithstanding, supply ample materials for reflection during the succeeding hours of solitude and silence. ‘A *word* spoken in season, how good is it!’

“Nor is it less important, I conceive, that such advice be expressed with *clearness and simplicity*, in a few plain words and short sentences, bearing a direct and obvious meaning, and free from ambiguity and circumlocution.

“Allow me also to suggest that the advice should be *considerate and kind*; the evident effect of genuine sympathy and tender concern. No word should be dropped that might seem to imply an unmindfulness of the suffering, helpless, unresisting state of the patient, or oblige him to attempt a lengthened and laborious reply. One kind sentence delivered in a tone of kindness, and accompanied with a look of kindness, may, and often will, *juvante Deo*, penetrate the heart.

“In certain states of disease, in which high excitement, or extreme debility prevails, it may sometimes be expedient to address a passing hint to a relative or friend who may be present, rather than to the patient himself; thus leaving to the option of the latter, whether or not to reply to the observation.

“Yet should the hints be *faithful*. Any approach to temporizing would be cruel in itself, and might prove fatally delusive in its consequences. It would be, in effect, to administer a moral opiate, from which the helpless victim might awake—only in eternity.



“Permit me also to remark that, whenever the circumstances of the case will permit, our allusions to spiritual subjects should be *attractive and encouraging*. Doubtless, the torpid insensibility of the sinner may require to be roused by an alarming representation of the direful consequences of transgression and unbelief; nor can we reasonably expect that mercy will be sought until it be felt to be needed. In general, however, I apprehend, that a cheering exhibition of the Almighty Saviour, as ‘full of grace and truth,’ as ‘ready to forgive,’ and ‘plenteous in mercy to all who call upon him,’ will be found most effectual in softening the heart, and in exciting those earnest desires for pardon and acceptance, which are emphatically described in our Lord’s own test of sincerity, in the case of Saul,—‘Behold, he prayeth!’ Let us, my friend, never forget that ‘he who *winneeth* souls is wise.’ The promises of the gospel are, indeed, peculiarly adapted to meet the exigencies of the afflicted and distressed. The blessed Redeemer was pleased to describe himself as having come purposely ‘to seek and to save that which was lost.’ Were we even restricted to the use of a single sentence, as a scriptural *vade-mecum* in the sick chamber, we should still have a volume of encouragement and consolation in our Lord’s assurance,—‘Him that cometh to me, I will in no wise cast out.’

“Upon the whole, my dear friend, the best preparation for speaking ‘a word in season,’ will be found in carefully studying the example, and seeking to imbibe the spirit, of the incarnate Saviour, that all-perfect phy-



sician of the soul and of the body. What a lovely union of simplicity and sincerity, of faithfulness and tenderness, pervaded *His* addresses to the sick and afflicted! How much is comprised in that short sentence, 'The gentleness of Christ! He did not break the bruised reed, nor quench the smoking flax;' but 'came to bind up the broken-hearted,' and to heal their every wound. May we be enabled, by grace from on high, though necessarily in a very humble measure, to tread in His steps!

"In truth, *the Christian-like deportment* of the physician comprises within itself a sphere of very important usefulness, affording ample scope for the development of those graces and affections which characterize the sincere follower of the meek and forbearing, the benevolent and sympathising Saviour. And even should my friend find it sometimes difficult or impracticable to offer a word of spiritual counsel as he could wish, he may yet, in his habitual demeanour, present to the patient and the surrounding relatives, a living 'epistle' which they can read and understand, and which, by directing them to the source of every good gift, may issue in the attainment of true and saving wisdom.

"In concluding this letter, I must not altogether omit to refer to *the season of convalescence*, as peculiarly favourable to religious impression. If ever the mind and the heart be open to the feelings of gratitude, love, and praise, it is under the circumstances of returning ease and health, and in the hope of being again permitted to enter on the duties and enjoyments of life.



It is then that the physician, in my humble opinion, is more especially bound to avail himself of the grateful attachment of his patient, by referring any skill or care he may have evinced, to the God of all grace, and thus endeavour to give a right direction to those kind and gladsome emotions which are bursting from a full heart. It is then, I conceive, that the rescue from the grave should be held out as a signal warning, and as a powerful incentive. Then, also, by adroitly following out the convalescent's own suggestions, a powerful appeal may be made to his best feelings, and an affectionate plea presented for an immediate and entire surrender of himself, 'body, soul, and spirit,' unto an Almighty and most merciful Father, who 'hath redeemed his life from destruction, and crowned him with loving-kindness and tender mercies.'

"At such a period, too, we may often recommend, with great advantage, some interesting volume adapted to our patient's state. Biography and easy letters, as being both interesting and not requiring much effort of attention, will often be found peculiarly acceptable. Indeed, the judicious recommendation of books and tracts may be regarded as an important mode of employing our influence during every period of illness, but particularly during the season of convalescence.

"Such, my dear friend, are the few imperfect hints which have occurred to me. I might, indeed, have availed myself of the assistance of some valuable writers on the subject of affliction, particularly of the highly interesting work of my pious and intellectual friend,



Mr. Sheppard, '*On Christian Encouragement and Consolation*;' and the excellent '*Thoughts in Affliction*,' by another able friend, the Rev. A. S. Thelwall. I might also have enriched these humble letters by a reference to the '*Essays to do Good*,' of the eminent Dr. Cotton Mather, which contain some admirable suggestions on the same subject. From these several works I have formerly derived much instruction and pleasure, but was unwilling to have recourse to them on the present occasion, as well from the wish of not unnecessarily extending these letters, as in compliance with your particular desire that I would send you the result of my own observation and experience.

“With every kind wish,

“Believe me, my dear friend,

“Ever faithfully yours,

“T. H. B.”

“Tilford, March 1st, 1836.”







