

A voice from the pious dead of the medical profession; or, Memoirs of eminent physicians who have fallen asleep in Jesus : with a preliminary dissertation on the cross as the key to all knowledge / by Henry J. Brown.

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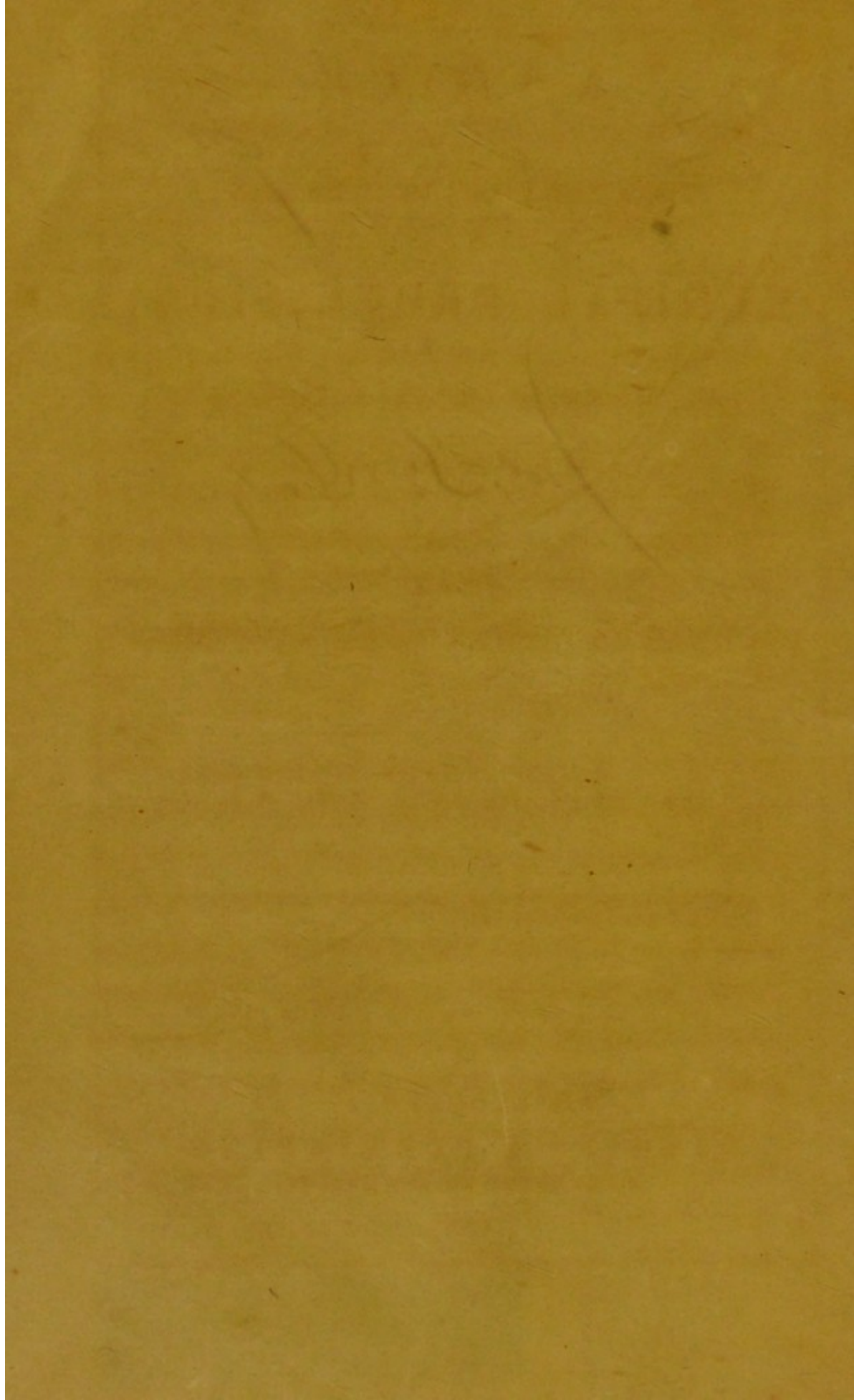
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A FOLIO

FROM THE PAPER OF DR. J. H. H. H.

MEDICAL PROFESSION:

ON THE BASIS OF THE LATEST DISCOVERIES

AND THE LATEST METHODS OF TREATMENT

BY DR. J. H. H. H.

WITH A FOREWORD BY DR. J. H. H. H.

NEW YORK: J. H. H. H.

THE LATEST DISCOVERIES AND THE LATEST METHODS OF TREATMENT

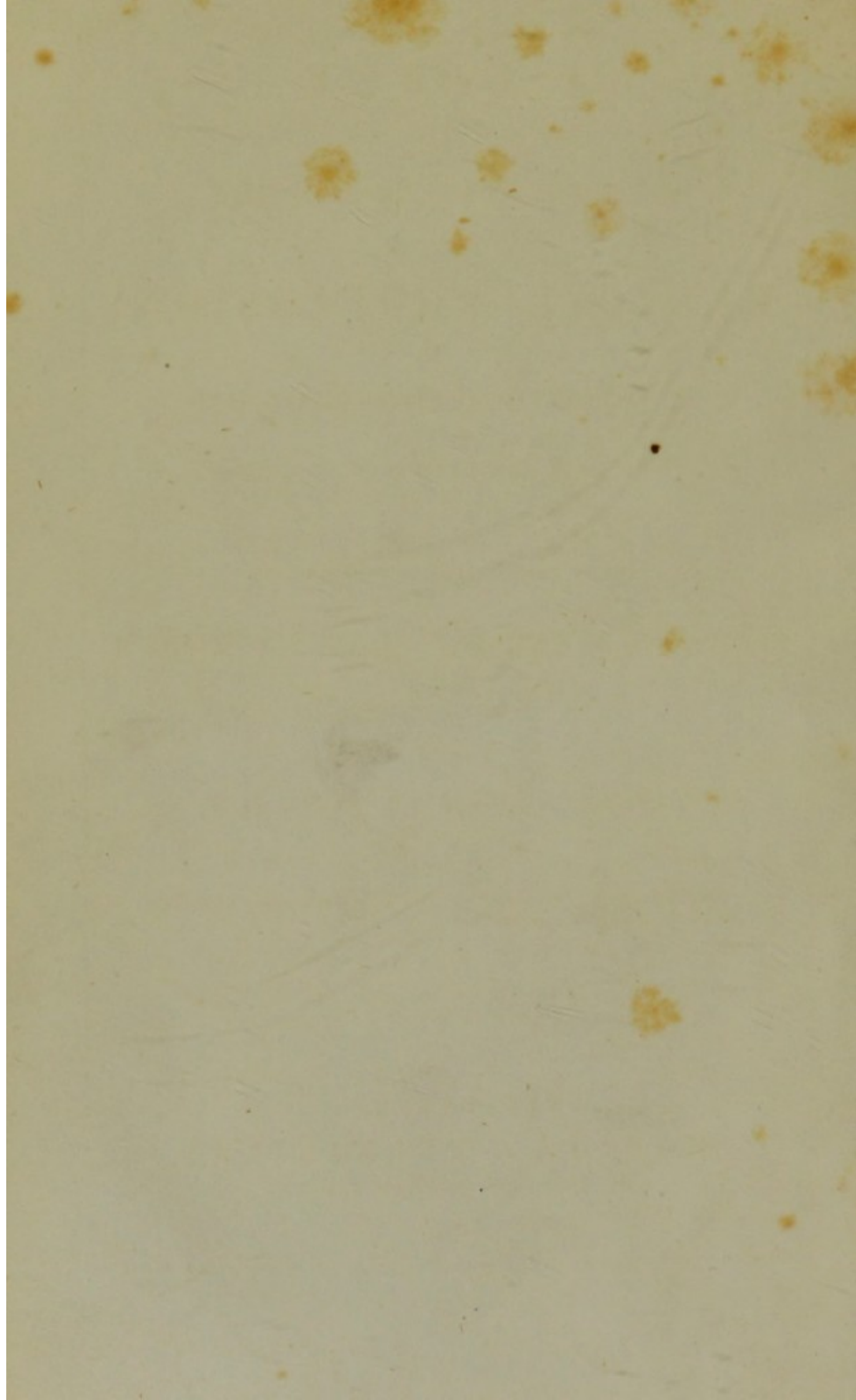
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THE LATEST DISCOVERIES AND THE LATEST METHODS OF TREATMENT



A V O I C E

FROM THE PIOUS DEAD OF THE
MEDICAL PROFESSION;

OR, MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PHYSICIANS

WHO HAVE FALLEN ASLEEP IN JESUS:

WITH A PRELIMINARY DISSERTATION ON
THE CROSS, AS THE KEY TO ALL KNOWLEDGE.

BY

HENRY J. BROWN, A.M., M.D.

*“Ὁ λόγος γὰρ ὁ τοῦ σταυροῦ τοῖς μὲν ἀπολλυμένοις μωρία ἐστὶ, τοῖς
δὲ σωζομένοις ἡμῶν δύναμις Θεοῦ ἐστὶ.”*

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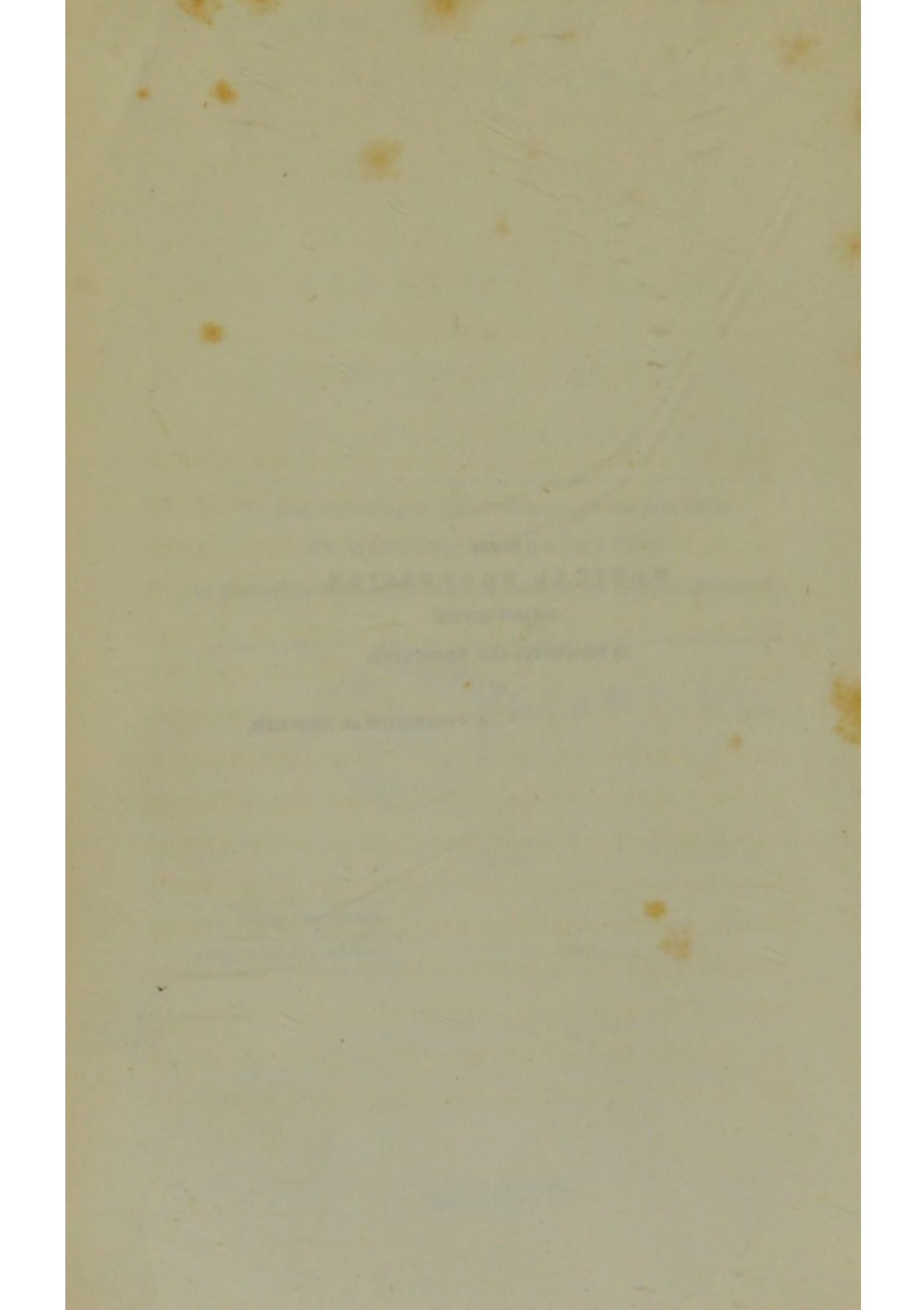
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TO THE
MEDICAL PROFESSION,
THIS VOLUME
IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,
BY
A PROFESSIONAL BROTHER.



PREFACE.

THE following pages, it is believed, will abundantly refute a charge of incompatibility between the Christian Religion and Science, sometimes made by wicked and ignorant persons. The testimony of enlightened experience is always reliable; but that of a given number of individuals peculiarly capable of its highest power, acquires uncommon force, if, whilst furnishing a brighter light, it also corroborates the religious experience of a whole race. It is more potent than mere argument, and throws an impediment in the way of infidelity which gives it far more trouble than all others combined. Of this character is the testimony furnished in this volume.

Among the following memoirs will be found the names of some of the brightest intellectual

and scientific lights of any time and country. That of Mr. Hey will arrest attention as among the most distinguished of the English surgeons of his day. No name is more widely or favourably known to the medical profession, and, indeed, to the world of general science, than that of Dr. John Mason Good. Dr. Hope's work on the heart is in the library of almost every physician. The name of Dr. Bateman is also familiar to us. Of Dr. Godman nothing need be said to his own countrymen. All of these acquired an imperishable reputation, everywhere known and acknowledged; and, they therefore represent a class of the subjects of Christian truth possessing a pre-eminent claim upon the attention of men of science, and especially on that of medical men. Not one of them can be objected to as wanting in talent, education, or opportunity for thorough examination of the claims of Christianity upon human belief; nearly all of them were sceptics; every one of them exacting of the truth to the very utmost of the pride and power of human reason; and all of them agree, and rejoice, in the triumphs of experimental truth!

Dr. Gordon is not so generally known to American physicians, but his memoir presents no common character, and the most rigid judgment will assign him no inferior position in the profession or in general science. His testimony is radiant with a glory which shines forth with an unusual brightness amid the breaking clouds of death. It is furnished as an instance of that complete triumph which the word of God declares the Christian's faith will accomplish over the terrors of the last hour. The case of Dr. Broughton belongs more especially to those of our brethren who are enlisted in the naval service; whilst that of Dr. Capadose must possess peculiar interest for those of them who claim to be the natural descendants of Abraham.

To medical men of every class these Memoirs come with singular force, involving, as they do, the modes of thought, the associations, and the difficulties common to the medical profession. Their testimony is as the united voice of brethren of the same toils, proclaiming a heavenly rest to the weary pilgrim. It comes, too, unembarrassed with any considerations of interest, or mere purpose of sect or calling.

The memoirs of Mr. Hey, Drs. Good, Hope and Bateman appear, with some alterations, consisting in some instances of abridgments, and in others of additions, as found in "Sketches of Eminent Medical Men," a publication of the London Religious Tract Society. "A Narrative of the closing scenes of the Life of the late William Gordon, M. D. &c., by Newman Hall, B. A.," has furnished the materials for this most interesting memoir. The former portion of it has been re-written, but the latter, and larger, is generally a literal transcript of the text of the Narrative, with such omissions as the want of space compelled. The desired point was, to present the daily experience of the dying Christian in his own words, and this has been done with less regard to mere literary style than is maintained in the Narrative. That of Dr. John D. Godman is from a sketch by the late Thomas Sewall, M. D., Professor of Anatomy in Columbia College, Washington, D. C. Dr. Broughton's memoir is from a publication by the American Tract Society. The account of the conversion of Dr. Capadose was written by himself, at the request of eminent

persons at Neufchatel, Switzerland. It appears nearly as abridged from the French of the societies of the Friends of Israel at Toulouse and Neufchatel.

The Preliminary Dissertation does not claim to be an *argument* so much as an *incentive to inquiry suggestive of a form*. The views which it presents are such as have grown out of the reading and reflections of the author amid the active duties of the practitioner of medicine, and are believed to be taught in the WORD OF GOD.

No other professional man has so little command of his time as the physician. His seasons of leisure are not always free from anxiety and fatigue. The mind, at such times, will not always be disposed to encounter a lengthy article on any subject: this is especially true of irreligious men with religious books. The arrangement of this volume is designed to meet a want growing out of this peculiarity of the profession. The Dissertation is presented in short chapters, any one of which is complete in itself, and yet not so disconnected from the others as wholly to destroy consecutiveness. The Memoirs will accord with the

Dissertation in this respect, so that the reader may pass at once from brief argument to experimental demonstration—the highest order of proof. In some good moment a professional brother may be induced to read a single chapter or memoir, and thus be led to further investigation of the most important of all subjects. The eye of the youthful student who has never yet properly thought of God, may, in this way, be brought to see the surpassing beauties of the Cross. This is the main purpose of the author—to arrest the attention of the medical man who has not yet found Christ as a Saviour;—to direct him to that Great Being in whom all glories of science and of grace meet! If God so please that others shall be benefited thereby, to Him be all thanks and glory.

H. J. B.

PHILADELPHIA, 1855.

CONTENTS.

DISSERTATION.

CHAPTER I.—The Cross in the Life-Union	Page 13
CHAPTER II.—The Cross in Nature	21
CHAPTER III.—The Cross in Medicine	31

MEMOIRS.

WILLIAM HEY, Esq.	41
DR. GOOD	69
DR. HOPE	93
DR. BATEMAN	123
DR. GODMAN	147
DR. GORDON	183
DR. BROUGHTON	259
DR. CAPADOSE	289

CONTENTS

Introduction	1
Chapter I. The History of the	10
Chapter II. The History of the	20
Chapter III. The History of the	30
Chapter IV. The History of the	40
Chapter V. The History of the	50
Chapter VI. The History of the	60
Chapter VII. The History of the	70
Chapter VIII. The History of the	80
Chapter IX. The History of the	90
Chapter X. The History of the	100
Chapter XI. The History of the	110
Chapter XII. The History of the	120
Chapter XIII. The History of the	130
Chapter XIV. The History of the	140
Chapter XV. The History of the	150
Chapter XVI. The History of the	160
Chapter XVII. The History of the	170
Chapter XVIII. The History of the	180
Chapter XIX. The History of the	190
Chapter XX. The History of the	200

THE CROSS OF CHRIST
AS THE KEY TO ALL KNOWLEDGE

The Cross in the Life-Union.

“Blotting out the handwriting of ordinances that was against us, which was contrary to us, and took it out of the way, nailing it to his cross.”—COLOSE. ii. 14.

“Jesus said unto her, I am the resurrection, and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live: And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.”—JOHN, xi. 25, 26.

A DISSERTATION
ON THE
CROSS OF CHRIST
AS THE KEY TO ALL KNOWLEDGE.

CHAPTER I.

THE CROSS IN THE LIFE-UNION.

PRIMEVAL man came from the hand of the Creator a perfect creature. Of his intellect we can have no adequate conception; of his body no proper understanding. He was immortal, so created or so kept by means of divine appointment. The earth was like him—perfect; adapted to his high estate; but of its real nature we can know as little as of man himself. The great design of the Creator seems to have been, a race of happy beings with an abode replete with every condition suited to their exalted nature.

The intercourse with the Creator was direct; man communed at once with the Infinite God!—no third

party intervened! The mind of Adam revelled in the constantly unfolding glories of creation and the Creator. They did not suddenly burst upon the astonished gaze of a mere feeble mortal, but, with the perfection and power of divinely enrapturing disclosure, they opened to the comprehension of mind in its primeval strength!

The tempter came and man sinned! Behold him now!—The intellect which in primeval vigour, with a rapidity greater than present intuition, comprehended the language and thoughts of God, now droops with infirmity, and has become the inmate of a dying body! The heart which bounded with love to the Creator, has now become “deceitful above all things, and desperately wicked.”

Man stands at the bar of God a convict, under sentence of death; the violated law of the Creator demands the execution of the penalty. *Who* shall save the creature from this death?—JESUS CHRIST! *What* shall bring him into favour with the Creator again?—the CROSS!

It would serve no present purpose to inquire whether human intellect has suffered in its nature or essence, by the Fall. It may be safely affirmed, that whatever remains of mind is subject to the same laws, and operates in the same way as in the primeval state, in so far as may be compatible with a total change in moral constitution. The Creator is no longer directly accessible to

man, nor is it in the power of mere human reason to find him out. But then shall mind not enter into the new method—shall the way of the Cross be without reason? Never! Just as little as mind and reason could stand apart from the act of transgression, just so little can they be excluded from the act of obedience to Christ. The religion of the Cross does not only *allow* but *demand*s the highest order of reason; but the character of the reasoner and the subjects upon which he reasons, are changed.

If then it be true that the Cross is the only means by which man may be restored to the favour of God, it becomes a matter in importance far outweighing every other claiming his attention, to understand the nature of this gracious instrumentality. But what shall reason say of the Cross? A man is suspended on Calvary, between the heavens and the earth, a spectacle of mysterious humiliation; and dies on a cross between two malefactors! What of that? How shall that bring the creature into favour with the Creator? But this was the Son of God! True; but this does but perplex reason the more: The Son of God to die!—to die a malefactor's death!—to die for man! Who can reconcile that with reason? Adam's brightest primeval morn must have left this problem veiled in darkness. Angels cannot understand it, much as they desire! The tall sons of light, as they "shouted for joy" when God spake a world into being,

may have understood it all; but the incarnation and death by the Cross challenges their closest scrutiny! “—Without controversy, great is the mystery of godliness; God manifest in the flesh.” 1 Tim. iii. 16.

The Cross addresses itself especially to the moral constitution of man, but his moral constitution is dead. The mind is still present, but it has in itself no adequate power of comprehension, for it is under the dominion of moral death. Not a death in the sense of mere disability, as if some latent power still remained, but an absolute, total death of moral constitution. A new power is therefore necessary to restore to life—that of the Holy Spirit!

The gift of this new power by the Holy Spirit is of God, and free; the order of its bestowment is through faith: Behold the cross, and hear Jesus declare, “He that believeth on me hath everlasting life.” There is a suppliant who beats his breast with anguish, but his eye is raised to the cross, and, discerning the all prevailing efficacy of the sacrifice hanging thereon, he finds peace with God! How does he discern the nature of that sacrifice? Verily, reason hath not revealed this, but the Holy Spirit to the eye of faith!

The life-union is established by the direct operation of the Holy Spirit on the heart of the believer. The manner of this union is inexplicable to mere reason, for it is a matter of faith and experience. It is the point

at which the mind ceases to act according to its ordinary laws, in so far as human beings understand them, and relies implicitly, savingly, upon the Word of God. It is God's new creation. The knowledge of the existence of this work is perfect ; but it comes through the heart. More than eighteen hundred years ago, reason asked "How can these things be?" and the only reply still is, "The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh and whither it goeth ; so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

The believing soul has now become a new creature—alive in Christ, and justified before God—redeemed by the Son, and adopted by the Father. A new life begins, with new joy, and superior delights—the beginning of an immortality more glorious than primeval blessedness confirmed ! In the primeval or immediate state, the pleasures of intellect may have predominated, but in this new creation, or mediate life through the Cross, reason and the affections have a higher bond of union ; the former may have been one pre-eminently of reason—of the mind ; the latter is one pre-eminently of grace—of the heart. Adam knew and loved the Creator ; man may now know and love the Father as revealed by the Son ! God has suspended the mode of immediate intercourse by reason, and has ordained the mediate revelation by the Cross.

at which the mind seems to act according to the law of
 nature, but in which the mind is not acting according to the law
 of God. It is in this sense that the mind is said to be
 in a state of "natural ignorance." The knowledge of the existence
 of God is not in the mind; but it comes through the heart.
 "How can we know things by the heart, and the only way to
 know them is by the heart, where it is hidden, and then honest
 the heart is true, but cannot see till it is made to see
 and which is good, so is every one that is born of the
 Spirit." (John 1:9-10) "The heart is the seat of the
 life in Christ, and is the seat of the new creature—
 God, and is the seat of the Father. A new life begins
 with new joy, and superior delights—the beginning of
 an inheritance more glorious than principal inheritance.
 contentment in the present or immediate state, the
 pleasure of the heart may have predominance, but in
 the resurrection, as justice life through the cross, the
 eye and the affections have a higher kind of vision; the
 heart may have been one of the objects of vision—of
 the heart; the latter is one of the objects of vision—of
 the heart. Adam knew and loved the Creator; and
 may now know and love the Father as revealed by the
 Son. God has revealed the mode of immediate inter-
 course by means of the Father, and has revealed the mode of
 knowledge by the Spirit. The heart is the seat of the

The Cross in Nature.

“For by him were all things created, that are in heaven, and that are in earth, visible and invisible, whether *they* be thrones, or dominions, or principalities, or powers: all things were created by him, and for him: And he is before all things, and by him all things consist.”—COLOS. i. 16, 17.

“Wherefore God hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name: That at the name of Jesus every knee should bow, of *things* in heaven, and *things* in earth, and *things* under the earth; And *that* every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father.”—PHILIP. ii. 9, 10, 11.

CHAPTER II.

THE CROSS IN NATURE.

MAN is not in the position in which he came from the hands of the Creator, nor is he in that in which sin placed him; his position is in the order of restoration, placed there by the Cross; under grace, magnified to them only, however, who believe. Human life is simply a reprieve, during which the Cross manifests its power. The being who controls that life is he who erected the Cross. Its history is that of Christ's great plan of redemption. All present knowledge, whether in nature or science, is of grace, and pertains to this plan. The truths in nature cannot be separated from those of redemption, nor is it possible to understand the former without the aid of the latter. There is not an element, law, or fact, in all the wide range of physical nature that does not belong to the same plan. The earth was adapted to man's primeval condition of holiness and perfection, and was therefore not suited to him after he had fallen; the ban of destruction was necessarily placed upon it too;—God cursed the earth. All physi-

cal nature is therefore only a part of man's fallen estate. The discovery of a new fact is not an advance in the knowledge of creation, according to the original plan of development; it is simply an advance in the knowledge of fallen physical nature. There is not a fact or law in nature that understandingly exhibits to mere reason the intelligence and power of the Creator; for the facts and laws of nature are just as much a perversion of God's power and wisdom as sin is of his purity; and we might with equal prospect of success, endeavour to find out and understand the attributes of Deity involving directly our moral constitution by the power of mere reason, as by it to understand his unclouded intelligence! This is not due to a want of intelligence in these facts and laws, but because they form part of a great plan of mercy above the comprehension of reason, although not contrary to it; a plan which places all dominion and power in the hands of Jesus Christ.

The government of the world is not now that of the Creator, as in Eden, but of the God-man—the Redeemer! Whatever properly belongs to the nature of the Creator is essentially permanent—eternal, and does not tend to destruction; just as his *Holiness* is essentially eternal and does not tend to *Sin*; but all that relates to physical nature must be temporary, and finally destroyed. This earth continues in being by virtue of the same reprieve extended to the body of man, but it is under the ban of death, and all

laws and conditions under which it exists must work out that result! God hath spoken it: "But the heavens and the earth, which are now, by the same word are kept in store, reserved unto fire against the day of judgment and perdition of ungodly men—in the which the heavens shall pass away with a great noise, and the elements shall melt with fervent heat, the earth also and the works that are therein shall be burned up." 2 Peter, iii. 7-10.

But the omnipotent power of the God-man will redeem even this earth from all dominion of sin and death, and make it bright and glorious, suited to man's glorified immortality, possibly, nay probably again to become his residence. It shall descend into a grave of fire—to rise again; for "we, according to his promise, look for new heavens and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness." 2 Peter, iii. 13.

Throughout all nature there is a moral aspect which finds an explanation only in the Cross, and human reason in vain attempts to understand it. If it departs from the Cross, and ventures to rely upon its own resources, after wandering through a world of curious and laboured speculation, without a ray of true light, it becomes lost in the question of the final cause; and, if it be true to itself, it will interpret the character of that final cause, by that of its effects: these effects constitute the phenomena of nature. Now, *considered in relation to hu-*

man happiness alone, are the phenomena of nature in harmony with the character of a being of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness? What is the influence of malaria on human health? Do the vicissitudes in weather, incident to all climates and seasons, contribute to the personal comfort and happiness of mankind? Why should any malign influence exist, or why should any one of the numerous causes of human misery exist? What is the influence of death upon human happiness considered apart from the future existence which the Cross secures? But aside from all physical evil, there is a world of moral suffering; what shall be said of that? How does the moral evil of human existence agree with human happiness? It is clear that if the *happiness* of man be the *purpose* of his being, there is a signal failure in its execution, and that due to the impotency or malignity of the final cause! Reason, in very confusion, cries out, "THERE IS NO GOD!"

The objection that if the laws of nature are carefully studied and obeyed, man may be happy, is without the slightest foundation in mere reason, to say nothing of fact; but if it were otherwise with reason, it is refuted by the experience of *universally suffering humanity*. Human reason has accomplished all it can accomplish, but has not yet succeeded in securing even *comparative happiness*; for the very best estate of man is one of *suffering*. But if even reason could modify this con-

dition, it would accomplish nothing unless it could procure absolutely perfect happiness, both moral and physical ; for less than this would only impair the character of its author. Reason cannot avoid a judgment of the character of the cause by that of its effects ; for the efficiency of the cause must always explain the nature of the cause itself ; and on the admitted imperfection of this state of existence, the imperfection of the final cause inevitably follows.

But if it be objected that human existence is not the highest state of happiness which the final cause can confer upon a race, a worse result follows, which impugns its goodness. If human happiness is not as great as it might have been made, then it is so from mere choice in its source. Human reason *must* have an impotent or malign deity, or one combining both qualities ; its history records this very necessity, as seen in the numerous theories, both heathen and enlightened, to account for the origin of good and evil. Ages might fitly be regarded as one continuous effort at the elaboration of reason's deity, but alas ! the true God is yet afar off !

Now, the only means of reconciling these contradictory phenomena in nature with an infinitely pure, wise, and powerful being, is by the Cross ;—that man is a fallen being—that physical nature has fallen with him ; and that human existence is a plan, or part of a plan, under the absolute control of Deity, for the higher development

of the divine attributes, and the consequent greater ultimate happiness of the creature : not a means to increase the primeval power of mind, so much as to enlarge and beatify the primeval heart !

We have hitherto spoken of reason *alone*—as it was left by the Fall, *before it became the subject of grace*. Whatever the nature of the primeval love may have been, of the creature for the Creator, it ceased to exist when man sinned and fell ; so that whatever feeling of admiration, reverence, or love, unregenerate man may now have for God, is due to an influence which belongs to the mediate revelation of mercy by the Cross. It is an influence which belongs to that measure of gracious light enjoyed by all men in order to produce such a regulation of human society as to render it tolerable for God's people, and adapt it to their state of trial. The wicked must be restrained, or the followers of the Cross could not exist ; and hence in Christian countries there prevails a reflected light or restraining power of Christianity, whilst in the heathen world, the same or an equivalent power operates, modified so as to be suited to that state of society. It may be called the moral sense of mankind, which directs the thoughts up toward a supreme power. But human reason is sure to confound this light with its own native powers, and seizing upon certain phases of natural and scientific phenomena, it would run directly up to a being of infinite wisdom, power, and

goodness, as the *God of reason*; when, in point of fact, it is not reason's god at all, but the *God of grace*;—not *found*, but *inadequately conceived* of!

But even the conceptions of God which common grace prompts in human reason, are such as to render the phenomena of nature and science unworthy of him, if separated from the Cross. Reason, conscious of this, is driven into the necessity of reconciling these phenomena with the character of a perfect being; and this must result in *constructing a being to suit them*. Here, then, is a most fruitful source of those “profane and vain babblings and oppositions of science falsely so called; which some professing, have erred concerning the faith.” 1 Tim. vi. 20.

Great men, even professing Christians, sometimes strangely misapprehend the true province of human reason, in attempting to “reason from nature up to nature's God,” without including the Cross! They do find a being of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness; but the deity whom they thus find is a mere *mental or scientific abstraction*! The Infinite God can only be known as He is pleased to reveal himself through the Cross. Jesus Christ is the great centre and sum of all knowledge, power, and worship. He exists as the Almighty God everywhere in nature, but is nowhere discernible but as seen through the Perfect Man who died on the cross!

All reasoning, therefore, which excludes this gracious key to Divine knowledge, finds a mere God of the fancy.

There can be no natural theology only as it stands related to Christology. The truth is, there is no such thing as mere natural theology; it is a misnomer; it should always be Christology. There is no discord between the God of nature and of revelation; there can be none, for they are the same—Jesus Christ! Nature is but a confirmation, nay, an *irrefragable demonstration* of the truth of revelation; and, therefore, all schemes of theology and philosophy, which reject or pervert the latter, end in PRACTICAL ATHEISM.

Deism is a solecism in human reason. It antagonizes cause and effect, is lost in the attempt to explain, and then staggers and gropes its way to a conclusion which leaves a deity so laden with crime and impotency, as that reason itself refuses to worship! Truth to say, reason will have no god, and, therefore, it finds none: it yields obedience to no god, for it would be a god itself! In Paradise it disputed the claim of the Eternal to the prerogative of Deity; and God cast it forth into a world of sin, in which it is permitted to strut, assuming a thousand forms of vanity and specious delusion;—but godless still! The very zenith of its light is shrouded with the gloom of starless midnight, and to it there remains no day, until the glorious “Sun of Righteousness arise with healing in his wings!”

CHAPTER III.

THE CROSS IN MEDICINE.

(31)

“Howbeit, when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth : for he shall not speak of himself ; but whatsoever he shall hear, *that* shall he speak : and he shall show you things to come. He shall glorify me : for he shall receive of mine, and shall show *it* unto you. All things that the Father hath are mine : therefore said I, that he shall take of mine, and shall show *it* unto you.”—JOHN, xvi. 13, 14, 15.

CHAPTER III.

THE CROSS IN MEDICINE.

REASON discerns in the human skull an admirable arrangement for defending the delicate organ contained within. It delights in contemplating the perfect adaptation of the principle of the arch to a purpose at once so intelligent and wise, and exclaims, "This is the production of a being of infinite wisdom, power, and goodness!" But hold!—Professional duty brings the surgeon to the bedside of a patient who has fractured that same skull, and irreparable injury has been done to the brain! And now reason is confounded: The arch, admirably as was its power applied, was not strong enough; it did well until opposed by superior force; it accomplished the manifest design of its framer up to a certain point, and then utterly failed; it was perfect only within certain limits! Whence this imperfection? Is not God perfect in power and wisdom?

The eye is an astonishing organ of intelligent design, not only as it regards the function which it is to perform, but also with respect to the arrangement for the

defence of its most delicate structure. It would seem indeed to be complete; and yet the little gnat that plays in the soft breath of a calm summer's eve, will mock it all! An atom gives rise to disease that shuts out the fairest scenes of nature, and utterly confounds the wisdom and benevolence which purposed to make the organ of sight the medium of vast enjoyment! Whence arises this conflict between the purpose of Deity and its accomplishment?

A small punctured wound is inflicted upon the tip of the finger. Nature immediately makes an effort to repair the injury. She sends an additional supply of blood to the wound, and the finger becomes red, gently heated, with some pain and swelling—lymph is poured into the injured part, and the damage is speedily repaired. Admirably done! A wise and benevolent provision of nature,—a cure worthy of a being of infinite intelligence and goodness! Just enough blood is added to furnish the requisite amount of lymph—the pain quite tolerable, and the swelling not excessive: the process is perfect!

But it is not always so. The same kind of wound may occur again, in the same place, in the same individual, and nature begins the same work of reparation, but utterly fails! Look at that little punctured wound again—a pin may have been the instrument, a needle, or a minute splint;—the blood flows gently to it, the

parts redden and begin to swell, and are moderately painful; all good and healthy symptoms: but observe,—the redness and swelling become more extended—the whole finger is implicated, and still nature labours to restore: the hand is now involved, and finally the whole arm! The finger mortifies; the hand and arm follow; nay, life itself is the demand of that little puncture which at first scarcely arrested the attention of the sufferer! Now what does reason say to all this? Nature did well at first, but with how little success did she continue her labour? It was a most benevolent purpose to heal the wound, and nature began to execute it wisely, but with what sad disaster did she overwhelm the sufferer! Upon that very arm a helpless family may have depended for support!

What is true in this instance is true of all nature's healing powers. They are wisely directed and benevolently ordained, but are effectual only within certain limits; beyond these limits they utterly fail; and that failure is absolutely inexplicable to mere human reason. All attempts to trace the cause of failure serve but to confuse and bewilder.

The science of medicine is subject to all the weight of difficulty attending the general question of mere reason in nature. If we regard the facts and phenomena of medical science as those of mere developments in creation, without regard to the scheme of Love and Redemp-

tion by Jesus Christ, we shall search in vain for a deity consistent with these facts and phenomena. The Cross stands between mere reason and them as the only adequate exponent of what is worse than mystery—a stupendous system of contradictions, without any satisfactory ground for rational conjecture! It is true, it may not fully explain, so as to bring within the ready comprehension of even *savingly* enlightened reason, all the contradictions which *mere* reason, or reason *under the light of common grace*, finds, but it will blessedly harmonize them with the character of a perfect Deity—perfect in wisdom, power, and goodness, nay, love!—mysterious in its very strength, but satisfying and blissful, even in its mystery, to the believing soul!

Christ is the God of science, and (if distinctions may be drawn) pre-eminently of medical science, for it is one of peculiar mercy to suffering humanity. Although belonging to the great scheme of mercy, it stands out in prominent identification with the new dispensation of the Cross. The healing art belongs only to the Cross. It formed no part of primeval knowledge, just as mercy was no condition of the first creation. Mercy is made manifest in the new revelation by Jesus Christ—the God-man—and mercy and medicine go together in the great mission of redeeming love to sinful and dying humanity!

But human reason rejects this scheme of mercy, and means of divine knowledge, closing its eye to the great

truth everywhere presenting itself, that man is not now in his proper or natural state of existence. It does not understand that this scheme converts this mode of human existence into a system of means, having a new spiritual power operating on and in the heart; and that these means are so connected with moral and religious life, as to place them in the light of cause and effect in working out the eternal felicity of man, as the "born again" and finally redeemed creature; nor does it discern that other vital truth—that the value of man's rational and immortal soul is so great as that all physical nature is placed under a law contributing to its final and permanent restoration to the full image of its divine original! It fails to distinguish between man's present state, as one of trial in the line of restoration, and the primeval state. Overlooking entirely his great defection from the original estate, with its terrible moral and physical consequences, it most blindly takes the phenomena as found in the order of restoration, and treats them as though they belonged to the order of primeval development. In this view of medical science, reason must for ever remain confounded.

Nothing can bring human reason into the proper order of investigation but the Cross. Divine revelation can alone furnish the explanatory facts, and only the Holy Spirit, in His gracious influence, can render a knowledge of these facts efficient. Simple theory here

is worse than simple theory in the discharge of professional duty at the bedside. In the Word of God there is a spiritual life which must find a lodgment in the heart, and then reason finds an answer to it in all the varied and seemingly interminable ramifications of medical facts and phenomena. *Only then* does the science rise to its proper dignity ;—then it opens before admiring reason, replete with beauty, consistency, and wisdom, and assumes its proper place in the great plan of human redemption by the Cross !

It has already been admitted that all things are not brought within the full comprehension of reason, even when fully enlightened by grace, for there are some truths necessarily above it. This very fact gives strength to the claim of the Cross upon human confidence. What would man say of that God whose plans he could thoroughly understand ? If the Infinite God of the Christian permit but a single ray of light to come from his ineffable glory, human intellect, in the very perfection of its power, can only look at it through a veil !

If the finite cannot comprehend the infinite, and, therefore, the Christian physician cannot fully understand his God, even in the truths of his own profession, mere reason should be the last to object. It need but look at the acknowledged mystery which it everywhere meets in the scientific and natural world. The truth is, reason proceeds upon this very ground, differing in this

—that the highest probability of natural truth is substituted for truth itself, and is received as the *understood* part of a great whole which is above comprehension: Who has explained the nature of attraction and repulsion?—and yet reason can see no other way in which the physical world could be maintained in its present form of existence. Disturb that duly adjusted antagonism of forces on which that existence depends, and all physical nature goes into confusion. Here a fact is supposed to be perfectly within reach of reason—the world exists by virtue of certain forces; the manner of the fact is regarded as equally plain—by a proper adjustment of opposite forces; but what does reason know, or even claim to know, of the propriety of that adjustment, or of the real nature of the forces? Now does reason reject that which is comprehended because of that which is involved in impenetrable mystery? A theory is embraced as a whole, because one part of it seems to be consistent with the light which patient investigation and the best aids of science have thus far shed upon it, whilst the other side is left in confessedly total darkness!

The mysteries of the Cross occupy far higher ground than those of nature. That which it leaves unexplained has a widely different claim upon the Christian's faith, for it is always joined with some positive declaration of the word of God, the truth of which has been confirmed by the experience of His children; so that the uniform

testimony of the Christian world sustains it: The resurrection of the body stands directly in the face of natural laws; but God has declared that it shall take place, and the true believer is made to feel the resurrection power in his own heart! Herein is the great test of the truth of the Gospel scheme. The plan of redemption by the Cross comes to man as God's great proposition, and challenges to the test;—if the power which it claims to exert over the heart, and over human suffering, be not realized in the present experience of the seeker according to its conditions, then it has failed. This is the very pivot upon which the whole claim of the Cross is made to turn. God has put His own truth upon the very highest ground of possible demonstration—that of personal experience! To this purpose are all the promised revelations of the Holy Spirit. Jesus himself hath said, “If any man will do his will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.”

The mysteries of Divine truth, necessarily above human comprehension, are so modified by what is *known*, already *proved* in Christian experience, that the difficulty does not consist in *receiving*, but in REJECTING them! On its own principles, therefore, upon premises which nowhere in science or nature equally obtain, human reason is bound to raise no objection; nay, more, is bound in all consistency with the exalted pretensions which it makes to supremacy, to entertain, examine, and prove this Divine proposition.

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William Hey, Esq.  
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“The influence of the mind on the structure of the frame is very remarkable, and serves to show the principle that God has given to us for *purposes so very different from those ordinarily required* by the NATURAL MAN; for who can help being struck with the *power and grace of God*, and that *Divine influence of the Holy Spirit*, when he contemplates the lives of those martyrs who were led to the burning stake? No change was observed in them, in regard to the external man, whilst the power of spiritual holiness gave them strength and grace to die unflinchingly in the cause of their God and Redeemer. SUCH IS THE DIFFERENCE OF LIVING IN THE FLESH, AND DYING IN THE LORD!

“I do not know what my medical friends think of me; but they need not fear to tell me their opinion. I have not left it to this hour to make my peace with God.”—SIR WILLIAM KNIGHTON, Bart., M. D. Physician to Geo. IV.

MEMOIR OF
WILLIAM HEY, Esq., F. R. S.,

MEMBER OF THE ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN LONDON; HON.
MEM. OF ROYAL COLLEGE OF SURGEONS IN IRELAND; OF THE ROYAL
MEDICAL SOCIETY OF EDINBURGH; OF THE LITERARY AND PHILO-
SOPHICAL SOCIETY OF MANCHESTER; AND SENIOR SURGEON OF THE
LEEDS INFIRMARY.

MR. HEY was born at the village of Pudsey, near
Leeds, on the 23d of August, 1736. At the age
of four years, he received an irreparable injury. As he
was cutting a piece of string, the edge of the penknife
being directed upward towards his face, on dividing the
string, the point of the knife entered his right eye, and
totally destroyed its power of vision. His father was
much affected by the simplicity of his reply to a ques-
tion respecting the sight of the injured eye. "He saw
light," he said, "with one eye and darkness with the
other." The sight of the left eye was, however, remark-
ably good even to a very late period of life—so much
so, that he was always able to read small print without

the aid of glasses. We may readily imagine that he speedily gave indications of that singular vivacity and mental vigour which added a charm even to his declining years. Into every branch of science he made early inquiries, and some lectures which he heard at school on natural philosophy, are said to have riveted his attention in a particular manner. After the usual routine of a school education, he was placed, at the age of fourteen, as an apprentice with Mr. Dawson, a surgeon and apothecary, at Leeds.

The parents of Mr. Hey had carefully trained him, from his earliest years, in habits of strict attention to moral principle, and a regard to the outward duties of religion. From the commencement of his apprenticeship, he never omitted prayer on rising in the morning and retiring at night. This exposed him to the scoffs and ridicule of his fellow-apprentice, who would introduce the servant boy into the bedroom to join in his mockery of this religious service; but he was not to be thus intimidated, and his firmness and perseverance induced them at length to desist. As yet, however, he had acquired no correct notions of the leading doctrines of the Bible, for in conversation with a young friend, who was pressing on his attention the necessity of disclaiming all merit and relying solely on the mercy and grace of the Redeemer for salvation, he exclaimed, with some surprise, "What! are we not to do our duty?"—

so little perception had he then of that inward change of mind, which the blessed doctrine of justification by faith only in the righteousness and atonement of the Lord Jesus invariably produces, if it be but simply and sincerely embraced:—"With the *heart* man believeth unto righteousness." But this doubtful mental twilight was about to yield to the dawn of a brighter day: "Then shall we know, if we follow on to know the Lord." He was at this period in the habit also of retiring at convenient seasons to study the holy Scriptures; and on one of those occasions, while reading the 5th chapter of the 2d Epistle to the Corinthians, his attention was forcibly arrested by the 17th verse, "If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature: old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." In reflecting on these words, a series of considerations arose in his mind, in the course of which, doubtless under the teaching of the Holy Spirit, he was led to a right knowledge of himself as a sinner—of the only way of salvation—of the necessity of an entire renewal of the inward man. Scenes of worldly gayety and amusement began forthwith to lose their accustomed attraction. His thoughts were now chiefly occupied, and his affections engaged, by invisible and eternal realities. At first, as he once remarked in conversation with an intimate friend, his mind was not so deeply impressed by a sense of the great evil of sin, as attracted

by an apprehension of the beauty and excellence of holiness. What chiefly affected him was the love of God manifested in the redemption of a sinful world by Jesus Christ, and the Divine wisdom displayed in the dispensations of providence and grace. Certain it is, that, at this time, he entered upon a course from which nothing afterwards ever induced him to turn aside. He became the willing and consistent and unflinching disciple of Divine truth, daily growing in grace and in the knowledge of his Lord and Saviour. His religious views and habits did not escape the notice of Mr. and Mrs. Dawson, who considered him unnecessarily precise, and suspected that the tenets he had adopted were not a little tinged with enthusiasm. On one occasion, Mrs. D. undertook to expostulate with him on the subject of his religious sentiments. The reply he made was calm and conciliating. He frankly avowed his views of the nature of true religion, and on this, as on many following occasions, referred to the Articles and Liturgy of the Church of England, as sufficient evidence that the principles he maintained were exactly those for which the reformers contended as the pure doctrines of the sacred writings. These conversations convinced Mrs. D. that his sentiments were not without foundation. He read to her several religious works, no book engaging more of their attention than the "Rise and Progress of Religion," by Dr. Doddridge; and Mrs. D. became finally, not only

a convert to his opinions, but an imitator of his piety, and continued his steady and affectionate friend to the end of life.

In the autumn of 1757, Mr. Hey went to London to complete his professional education, and became the pupil of Broomfield and Dr. Donald Monro, of St. George's Hospital. Attached to his studies, actuated by an ardent thirst for knowledge, and steadily determined to become master of every subject to which he applied, it was, at the same time, a matter of conscience with him, to acquire a thorough acquaintance with the profession he was to exercise. "I would spare no pains to qualify myself for that state of life to which the providence of God has called me, and then trust him with the success of my endeavours:"—Such was the maxim by which he was actuated. His first winter was devoted to anatomy, and seldom did he employ less than twelve hours daily in the lecture and dissecting-rooms. But this unwearied application qualified him for deriving many superior advantages from his subsequent attendance on hospital practice. His youthful companions in study would treat his seriousness with mockery, and sneer at the correctness of his conduct; yet they were constrained to allow the soundness of his understanding, and his superior attainments in professional knowledge. They frequently applied to him in matters of difficulty, and ever found him as cheerfully ready as he was able,

to assist them in their inquiries, and to aid and encourage them in their several pursuits.

It is said to have been during the period of his studies in London, that Mr. Hey undertook the very difficult task of systematically governing his thoughts, and laid the foundation of a valuable habit, which remained with him to the end of life. He determined that he would *meditate on a given subject*, while he was walking to a certain distance, and that *then* he would turn his attention to *some other topic*; and he was thus accustomed to pass through the streets of London, investigating the various subjects to which his thoughts had been directed by the lectures or other professional occupations. He found this acquirement of the greatest use, not only in preserving him from a swarm of vain thoughts, but in enabling him to form a correct judgment on many points of Divine and human knowledge. The same kind of accuracy was observed in his conversation. He would often discuss a subject with a friend as they rode in his carriage. In the midst of the conversation, Mr. Hey would alight to see a patient; and, although this circumstance occurred frequently, he never failed to resume the subject at the very sentence where it had been broken off, and so continued the argument. While yet a student, Mr. Hey likewise accustomed himself to the observance of certain rules for the distribution of his several employments and the improvement of

his time. He rose early, and so arranged his occupations that a particular portion of the day was appropriated to each. *On the Sunday, he never went to the dissecting-room,* nor would he accept any invitation to visit, that he might experience no interruption in the "holy duties" and "holy pleasures" of that "sacred rest." He has been often heard to say, that his sabbaths were the happiest of his days during his residence in London, and that the complete suspension of all secular pursuits prepared him to resume his studies with renewed ardour and activity. On leaving London he reflected, with emotions of gratitude, on the goodness of God. His health had suffered no interruption by constant and intense application to study. His religious principles had not been impaired; and he had been preserved from falling by the various temptations to which his situation had exposed him. Hence he was induced to express himself in the words of the Psalmist, "He hath showed me his marvellous kindness in a strong city." Psa. xxxi. 21.

Shortly after Mr. Hey's return from London, he entered upon practice as a surgeon and apothecary at Leeds and was united in marriage, on the 30th of July, 1761, to Miss Alice Banks; a connexion which was the source of a large amount of domestic happiness. From the time he first entered upon the duties of his profession, he treated the most serious accidents; and, con-

trary to the custom of the medical practitioners of Leeds at that time, performed all surgical operations that were necessary, never declining any cases which presented themselves on account of their difficulty or danger. Yet he was no stranger to the usual struggles of early professional life; his progress was very slow; his range of practice narrowly circumscribed; and nearly ten years elapsed before the regular emoluments of it were equal to the expenses of his family. Very little was he then disposed to anticipate the reputation which he afterwards acquired, and the long and successful career that awaited him. No public institution for the relief of the sick existed at that time at Leeds. In the year 1767, an infirmary was established, in the formation of which Mr. Hey took an active part, and of which he was immediately appointed one of the medical officers, and, in a few years, became the senior surgeon. This establishment opened a wide field for the exercise of his professional talent.

The intellectual powers of Mr. Hey were of a high order. He was capable of profound investigation; was acute in discerning the differences of things; patient and diligent in his researches; possessing an ardent thirst for knowledge, combined with a sincere and sacred love of truth. Whatever object of study he deliberately took up, he pursued with resolute assiduity, until he had thoroughly made it his own, and had attained clear, com-

prehensive, and correct notions of it, in all its parts and relations.

As an operator he was firm, steady and collected; circumspect and deliberate in forming his determination, and not easily disconcerted by any unexpected occurrence that might present itself. Few provincial surgeons have been called to perform a greater number of the most important chirurgical operations, and perhaps none has been more successful; yet the greatness of his reputation and his acknowledged skill never seduced him into rash and hasty decisions, into presumptuous confidence, or criminal negligence: he was thoughtful, considerate, humane, and attentive, to the latest period of his life. He possessed, in fact, all the qualifications necessary to constitute a good surgeon. He invariably retired to a room to offer prayer to the Divine Being, previous to his performing any operation; and he attributed his success in the use of the knife to this circumstance.

Many records of the professional labours of Mr. Hey have been left behind. His surgical writings evince a strong, comprehensive, and enlightened view of those subjects which he undertook to illustrate, and will be read by the Faculty as long as true knowledge of their profession is desired. His "SURGICAL OBSERVATIONS" is still a standard work.

Mr. Hey's memory is not without some written testimony for religious truth. In reply to Dr. Priestly, who

was distinguished as a man of science, but in religion was a Socinian, he wrote "A DEFENCE OF THE DIVINITY OF CHRIST," and "A SHORT DEFENCE OF THE DOCTRINE OF THE ATONEMENT."

His chief studies out of his profession, were the principles of religion, and the best mode of propagating Christian knowledge and promoting Christian practice; and he spared no pains (as those who knew him best know) to enlighten the faith, and to nourish the piety of every person who came in his way; and many can testify how well he succeeded. His well-tempered zeal for religion was founded on a solid conviction, drawn from an intimate acquaintance with its evidences, and fortified by long experience of its consolations, and a constant practice of its precepts.

At the age of eighteen Mr. Hey united himself with the Methodists, under the superintendence and direction of Rev. John Wesley, and continued in connexion with them for more than twenty years, and participated actively in their efforts for the spread of religion. He did not conceive that his admission as a member of the Methodist Society, implied a secession from the Established Church. It appears that subsequently, when forced to decide that question, he remained with the Establishment.

In the year 1773, Mr. Hey received an injury in his knee by striking it against the stone work of a bath, the

effects of which accident were aggravated, soon after, by his horse falling with him. These injuries laid the foundation of a lameness which continued during the remainder of his life. But about three years afterwards he received a stroke upon the thigh of the weak limb, which, for a time, threatened to terminate his professional labours. He was now, when in the full tide of prosperity and reputation as a surgeon, totally disabled from using all bodily exertion, and it appeared probable that he would never regain the power of walking. Deeply was he affected by this afflictive dispensation, but he was enabled to sustain it with a meek acquiescence in the Divine will, and reliance upon the gracious declaration of his heavenly Father. "If it be the will of God," said he, to an intimate friend, "that I should be confined to my sofa, and he command me to pick straws during the remainder of my life, I hope I should feel no repugnance to his good pleasure." After a long residence at Bath, he was, however, able once more to resume his practice, with the assistance of a carriage; but from this period he was never able to walk without a crutch, and could not bear the fatigue of standing more than a few minutes at a time.

But other trials now awaited Mr. Hey, calculated yet more keenly to exercise his faith and patience, as a parent as well as a Christian. His eldest son, Mr. Richard Hey, had just completed his medical education,

and commenced assisting his father in the anxieties and fatigues of his now very extensive practice, when he was attacked with symptoms of pulmonary consumption. The progress of the disease had been so silent and insidious, that the day of his marriage had been fixed, and preparations made for its celebration, before the indications of actual danger were apparent to himself or others. The disease proceeded with unrelenting rapidity, and he fell a sacrifice to it, in the twenty-fifth year of his age. Miss Alice Hey, Mr. Hey's third daughter, was, within a few years after, attacked by a pulmonic complaint, which terminated fatally. About this time, his two sons, John and Robert, both intended for the church, were pursuing their studies at Cambridge. John took a seventh wrangler's degree, and was elected fellow and tutor of Magdalen College. But his ministerial duties, to which he devoted himself with unwearied diligence, proved too much for his strength; the insidious approaches of consumption undermined his health, and, just when he was about to be united to the object of his early affection, it was but too apparent that he also must soon be summoned to relinquish every earthly connexion. He perceived his danger, and, adopting the language of his Saviour as the expression of his heart, "The cup which my Father hath given me, shall I not drink it?" he died, deeply lamented by all who knew him, January 14th, 1801, in the twenty-fourth year of his age. Robert

Hey was an amiable young man, and endowed with no mean talents; but a long series of ill health interrupted his progress in learning. He was but just able to support his examination in the senate-house, when he was seized with spitting of blood, which terminated in a consumption, on May 14th, 1802, when in the twenty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Hey experienced all that a parent could feel under these successive disappointments of his hopes and expectations; but he was at the same time cheered and refreshed by the persuasion that to his children might be applied those consoling words heard from heaven, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord;" and he was wont to say, that his ultimate end respecting them was answered, inasmuch as he had trained them up to become inhabitants of that kingdom into which, he trusted, they had been mercifully received. On the gravestone of John he inserted these words, "O death, where is thy sting?" On that of Robert, "O grave, where is thy victory?" The following extracts from a memorial, composed on the morning of the day on which the remains of his son Robert Hey were committed to the tomb, present a striking and affecting view of the state of Mr. Hey's mind under that affliction:—
"O most holy and glorious Lord God, who hast declared thyself gracious and merciful, long-suffering, and abundant in goodness and truth, permit thy guilty creature to approach thee through the mediation of thy Son Jesus

Christ. When I consider *myself*, I can draw near unto thee with no other language than that of the publican, 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' and with no other plea, than that Jesus hath died for my sins, and is risen again for my justification." . . . "But at this time I would offer my most hearty and solemn thanksgiving for the mercies shown to my dear children. Four of them thou wast pleased to call out of this dangerous and sinful world during the state of infancy, and I humbly hope thou didst receive them to glory. Concerning other four, whom thou hast called hence in adult age, thou hast graciously given me the most solid hopes. Though by nature children of wrath even as others, thou wast pleased to awaken them to a sense of the odious nature of sin, and to grant them true repentance. They were early taught by thy grace to flee for refuge to the Friend of sinners: and thou didst prolong their lives till they had given clear proofs of a sound conversion. Though prepared, as I hoped, to glorify thee on earth, thou didst dispense with their services, and remove them hence in the beginning of their usefulness. But thy grace was with them. In their sickness and at the approach of death, they were enabled to rejoice in thy salvation. The last of them I am about to commit this day to the silent grave, but in sure and certain hope of a joyful resurrection to eternal life. What shall I render to thee for all thy mercies? O that my future life might more

abundantly show forth thy praise! I commit those of my children, who yet remain, to thy fatherly care. O Lord, watch over them, and preserve them from the evil that is in the world! Enable them to glorify thee in the midst of a crooked and perverse generation. And whenever they shall be called hence, may they join their deceased brothers and sisters in the world of holiness and bliss, there to magnify the wonders of redeeming love for ever!"

But Mr. Hey's cup of sorrow was not yet full. He was, not long after, deprived by death of his daughter-in-law, Mrs. William Hey, who left a young family to mourn their irreparable loss. And to conclude the mournful detail, before many years more had passed, symptoms of consumption made their appearance in his daughter, Mrs. Jarratt, who was likewise removed from her afflicted husband and seven children, some of them very young. The following interesting and affecting letter, written to Mrs. Jarratt, very shortly before her death, forcibly depicts those sources of consolation which sustained his own mind as well as that of his beloved daughter:—

"My dear Margaret,

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither be afraid; your Redeemer is gone to prepare a place for you: and he will shortly take you to himself, that where he is

there you may be also. In his presence is the fulness of joy, and at his right hand are pleasures for evermore. Take up the words of the prophet, and say, 'I will trust and not be afraid: for the Lord Jehovah is my strength and my song; he also is become my salvation.'—'The Lord taketh pleasure in them that fear him, in those that hope in his mercy.' You may, therefore, cheerfully join the Psalmist in his song of praise: 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil: for thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' The state into which it has pleased the all-wise Disposer of all events to bring you, calls for entire submission to his will, and a patient enduring of all that you may suffer. But the promise is faithful and sure, that all things shall 'work together for good to them that love God.' Whence comes the desire to please and the fear to offend him? Doubtless from love. Whence the desire to be assured of his favour? From love assuredly. We are careless about the favour of those for whom we have little regard, but dread the frown of a friend whom we most affectionately love. But let us remember, that often

'Behind a frowning providence,—He hides a smiling face.'

May the richest blessings of the Almighty be with you!
May his everlasting arms surround and support you!
Soon, I trust, it will be said of you, by the angelic host,

She hath 'washed her robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb: therefore she is before the throne of God, and shall serve him day and night in his temple:—therefore shall she be led to living fountains of water; and God shall wipe away all tears from her eyes.' Your mother and sister join me in most affectionate regards; and assure yourself that you are daily remembered in our private addresses to the throne of grace. I remain your afflicted, but affectionate father,

“WILLIAM HEY.”

It is scarcely necessary to remark, that Mr. Hey hailed with great delight the establishment of the British and Foreign Bible Society, and was a zealous supporter of the Church Missionary society. He subscribed likewise to the Moravian, Baptist, and Wesleyan Missions. But it deserves to be noticed, that, upon the first establishment of Sunday schools, he not only promoted the introduction of those useful means of instruction, upon a very extensive scale, in the town of Leeds, but himself superintended them, and even until the age of eighty years, continued to be a regular and diligent teacher; and the general intelligence and superior Scripture knowledge of his class, were a striking evidence of the judicious and successful mode of his instructions. On one occasion, when a gentleman was detailing to a number of teachers the method adopted in another

school, about which Mr. Hey felt a lively interest, the narrative was interrupted by his sudden indisposition. The company expressing much uneasiness at the occurrence, he remarked, "My spirits are just as buoyant as they were fifty years ago; but nature reminds me that I am an old man. I exerted my voice too much yesterday, while leading the singing of the scholars, and I am suffering for my imprudence."

With the exception of his lameness, and a serious illness of some weeks, in the year 1808, Mr. Hey generally enjoyed good health till within two years of his death, when he sustained a most alarming attack of a very painful and dangerous disease in the bowels, from which it was scarcely expected that he would recover. The following extracts from notes made by one of his intimate friends, give an interesting view of his feelings and prospects during this affliction: "When the violence of the complaint had so much abated that Mr. Hey was able to speak a little, he said, 'I was perfectly sensible of my situation; my mind was as collected as it is now. I was fully persuaded, that, unless it should please God to check the violence of the disorder, I must in a very short time stand in judgment before his throne. I found no support or comfort but in believing views of the atonement made by Jesus. On this foundation alone, rested all my hopes. I had much consolation from regarding the Saviour as interceding for me. Oh! there is no

support, no comfort, but in a reliance on the atonement and intercession of the Lord Jesus Christ.' He adverted to the corruption of nature; observing that, whatever men may say about the effects of the fall, there is no one truth in the Scripture more evident than this, that a complete and entire change must take place in us, before we can truly relish the holy and pure joys and employments of the heavenly world. This the apostle declares, when he says, 'if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature,' or a 'new creation.' We must be made different from what we were before. God alone can effect this great change in the soul. He then spoke in most fervent and elevated strains, of the blessedness of the beatific vision. 'Oh!' said the venerable saint, 'who can conceive the happiness of seeing God, of beholding Him who is infinite beauty, infinite perfection; and not only beholding Him with a rectified and refined intellect, but in beholding to be transformed into His glorious image! Surely, it is the highest bliss of heaven to see God as He is, and to be made like him! What poor low conceptions we have of that God, who is all beauty and love! Who can conceive the blessedness of seeing Him face to face!' When I next called upon him, 'Oh, what a blessed thing,' said he, 'is it to be looking unto Jesus, and resting upon the promises of God in Him! Where can a poor sinner look but unto Jesus? In Him he finds all he wants. My prayer is

that of the poor publican, "God be merciful to me a sinner." This prayer ever was, and ever will be, graciously answered. *I rest all my hopes on the promises of Christ.* If this foundation sink, I am willing to sink with it; but, added he, with a holy fervour, 'I am sure it cannot sink: it is firmer than earth or heaven! What a delightful declaration is that in the third chapter of the first Epistle of St. John! "Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!" But observe the connexion between the believer's hope of glory and its purifying effect. "Every man that hath this hope in Him purifieth himself, even as He is pure." He then recited this favourite text: 'These things write I unto you, that ye sin not. And if any man sin, we have an Advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous: and He is the propitiation for our sins; and not for ours only, but also for the sins of the whole world.' What a free offer is here made to the whole world! If we are not saved it is because we will not come to Christ, that we may have life. The fault lies in ourselves. Then, speaking on the blessedness of seeing God and being made like Him, 'This, this,' said he, 'is heaven! I know no other. Oh, how I long to be like Him!'

It pleased God once more, however, to restore his servant, after a confinement of more than three months, and although he never perfectly recovered from the in-

jury inflicted on his constitution by this long and severe indisposition, his strength was not remarkably impaired nor his vigour abated. Hence he would often remark that he was obliged to bring in the aid of reason to tell him that he was an old man. At the advanced period of eighty-two, he moved about with much alertness and agility: the sight of his single eye was remarkably good, and his handwriting was firm and distinct. When mentioning, in conversation, about six months before his death, the words of the Psalmist—"The days of our years are threescore years and ten; and if by reason of strength they be fourscore years, yet is their strength labour and sorrow," he added with a smile, "But I have not found them either labour or sorrow." Much of this freshness and vigour may be ascribed, under the blessing of God, to his early rising, his strict habits of temperance, the equanimity of his temper, and that internal peace and composure which resulted from his humble but steadfast faith, and his habit of continual communion with God. Mr. Hey was enabled to live constantly in the spirit of prayer. "It is a very desirable thing," he says in a letter to Miss Hey, dated October 24, 1799, "to be enabled to hold a kind of secret communion with God in our minds, while engaged in the common scenes and duties of life. I can remember some seasons when I was young, and had not a multitude of cares to distract me, that I have been enabled to keep my mind much occupied in

the contemplation of Divine things. A multitude of important concerns now press upon me, yet I find much refreshment and strength from secret ejaculations. When this is neglected, my mind grows dry and uncomfortable.” “The cheerful and happy state of Mr. Hey’s mind in the latter years of his life,” says one who knew him well, “may be easily accounted for. He had no time to be unhappy. His life was usefully employed, and he was conscious that he lived for valuable and useful purposes. His views of the gospel of Jesus Christ were remarkably clear and distinct. He was deeply sensible that his own righteousness could never justify him before God; but he had likewise learned that there is forgiveness with him, and that mercy is freely and fully bestowed on every repenting sinner who has fled for refuge to the hope set before him in the gospel. He did not esteem it presumptuous to believe that God was his reconciled Father in Christ Jesus; that all things under the direction of infinite wisdom and boundless goodness were contributing to the final salvation and everlasting happiness of himself and of all who truly loved and feared God. This assurance of hope he endeavoured to maintain firm to the end. Perhaps few persons lived under a more abiding sense of the Divine favour than Mr. Hey. He loved God, he delighted in His service, he walked with Him, and here was the prime source of all his happiness. *The spirit of adoption, which was the prevailing*

temper of his mind, shed a bright lustre on the surrounding prospects of life, and opened a vista through which the eye of faith already caught some beams of that light which shall shortly pour an eternal day of joy and gladness on the people of God."

The closing scene of Mr. Hey's life is thus recorded by an old and affectionate friend:—

"It hath pleased our Heavenly Father to call the happy spirit of our beloved friend, to that 'rest which remaineth for the people of God.' About a quarter before six o'clock in the evening of the 23d of March, 1819, he took his flight to those bright regions of which he was already a citizen (Philippians iii. 20), on which his affections had long been placed, and towards which he had been enabled, through grace, to tread with steady steps from early youth to a venerable old age. His end was peace.

"During a great part of his illness, which was attended with much weakness, he slumbered, or was affected by slight and interrupted attacks of delirium. These were of short duration, and his friends had the relief of witnessing many lucid intervals. On Sunday morning, March 14th, he wrote the following note to his beloved pastor and friend, the Rev. Miles Jackson:—

"My dear Friend:

"With unfeigned gratitude, I desire to inform you

that I am free from pain (though extremely weak), except when the hiccough comes on, which is generally excited by an exertion. I desire to be *as clay in the hands of the potter*, and to have the Lord Jesus for my strength and stay.

WILLIAM HEY.

“On Saturday forenoon, March 20, about twelve o'clock, as he came out of a slumber he inquired, ‘Is it day or night? What o'clock is it?’ When told, he said, ‘I should like to know my real state; but I am not anxious about it, I would truly wish to lie *as clay in the hands of the potter, from the ground of my heart.*’

“I saw our dear friend on the Monday morning, before his death, for the first time; he was in a kind of slumber. Miss Hey mentioned my name. He just said, with a faint voice, ‘My friends are all very kind in coming to see me.’ He then sunk into his previous state of stupor.

“The Rev. Mr. Jackson called upon him about half past twelve the same day;—he moved his hand out of bed, and pressed Mr. Jackson's with his usual warmth of feeling. Mr. Jackson said, ‘Shall I offer up a short prayer?’ He replied, ‘By all means—by all means. During the commendatory prayer he repeated *Amen* several times with considerable fervour; and then added, ‘*O God of Love, make me more—make me more—!*’ and was unable to finish the petition. He

said, directing himself to Mr. Jackson, 'Be with thy servant!—Be with him who hath prayed for me!'

"After I left him, he revived a little, and said to his daughter, Miss Hey, 'My love,—you are my love, I must take my leave of you. Farewell! Farewell!' She said to him, 'Is the Blessed Jesus precious to you?' After a pause, he replied, 'My trust is in Christ—He is my Saviour—He is my Redeemer!'—repeating the expressions more than once.

"After a short pause had elapsed, Mrs. Hey came and took hold of his hand. He looked at her and said with a pleasant voice, 'What are you come for, my dear love? To see me before I die?—My dear wife, you see your husband laid upon his death-bed;—you see him dying.'

"At intervals he was heard to say in broken accents, 'To worship God; to worship the Lord Jesus Christ—' These expressions were connected with other words, which could not be collected from the weakness of his voice.

"Some time after twelve o'clock, he said to Miss Hey, 'O let us awake from sin! My dear love, awake to righteousness! I die very soon.'

"On one occasion, as he was lying with his eyes open, Miss Hey heard him say, 'Glory—praise—glory—!' as if his soul had been wrapt in holy meditation, and he saw the Heavenly Canaan near!

“About twenty minutes before six o'clock on Tuesday evening, March 23, Mrs. Hey came to the bedside. She had been informed, I believe, of the nearness of Mr. Hey's departure. Feeble and trembling, I took her by the hand to conduct her to her chair; whilst I was leading her from the bedside, Mr. Hey made a peculiar kind of shrill noise: I thought that it was, probably, the last effort of expiring nature. When I had placed Mrs. Hey in her chair, I returned to the bed, looked for a minute or two, but perceived no heaving of the breast: The silver cord was loosed—the happy spirit had taken its everlasting flight!”

MEMOIR OF
JOHN MASON GOOD, M.D., F.R.S.

Dr. John Mason Good.

(69)

“This maxim, however, I wish to abide by, living or dying:—
‘THAT ONLY IS BEST, AND ALONE TO BE DESIRED, WHICH IS PERFECTLY
AGREEABLE TO THE DIVINE GOODNESS AND MAJESTY.’”—BOERRHAAVE.

“It was his constant habit to devote the *first hour* of every day to
prayer and meditation on the WORD OF GOD—a practice which he
recommended to others, declaring that he derived from it a vigour
which carried him through all the toils of his profession. A friend,
seeing him unmoved by great provocation, asked whether it was by
nature or by art that he maintained such equanimity. He attributed
the conquest to the above habit alone.”—Sketch of HERMANN BOERR-
HAAVE, M. D.

MEMOIR OF
JOHN MASON GOOD, M. D., F. R. S.

FELLOW OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF LONDON, MEMBER OF THE AMERICAN PHILOSOPHICAL SOCIETY, &c.

JOHN MASON GOOD was the son of the Rev. Peter Good, and, on his mother's side, was nearly related to John Mason, the author of "Self-Knowledge." He received the rudiments of his education in a seminary conducted by his father, and early evinced those mental feelings and capabilities which contributed to the ultimate development of no ordinary character. Delighting in intellectual pursuits of every kind—blessed throughout life with corporeal vigour, and the highest degree of mental elasticity—endowed with a memory extraordinarily retentive, from the ample stores of which he could draw at any time with the greatest promptness, he excelled alike in acquiring, retaining, and imparting knowledge. Combining the opposite attributes of contemplation and activity, he attained unusual eminence, not only in his profession, but as a man of general

science—not in one department of literature merely, but in many at the same time. Benevolent, communicative, and habitually cheerful, there was a charm in his society which delighted all who were privileged to enjoy it, and in every relation of life he was esteemed and beloved in no ordinary degree.

At the age of fifteen, young Good was apprenticed to a general practitioner at Gosport, in whose employ his time was necessarily much occupied, but he still found leisure to increase his already ample literary and scientific store of knowledge, as well as to exercise his powers in original composition. At this early age he wrote many poems, and his taste as well as diligence was exemplified by a volume of extracts, in which he laid nearly one hundred authors—Greek, Latin, French, Italian, and English—under contribution. The winter of 1783–4 was spent in London. He was now in his twentieth year, and, meeting with a few associates of kindred minds, we may readily imagine how ardently he would pursue his professional and scientific inquiries. No sooner was the session finished, than we find him, with strong recommendation from his hospital friends, entering at once into partnership with Mr. Deeks, a respectable surgeon at Sudbury, in Suffolk; and, within the short space of a few months, that gentleman left the entire business in his hands.

At this juncture Mr. Good appeared to have reached

the very summit of earthly happiness. Engaged in pursuits congenial to his taste, and possessing cheerful and engaging manners, combined with a disposition ready to evince the liveliest sympathy in cases where it was most needed, many proofs of his surgical skill soon were given, which imparted a solidity and extent to his reputation, beyond what could have been anticipated. He was, moreover, united to a highly accomplished and amiable young lady, to whom he was affectionately attached. But alas! there was a worm at the root of this felicity. In little more than six months after their marriage, his youthful bride died of consumption, and it was his bitter lot to experience that

“Chords which vibrate sweetest pleasure,
Thrill the deepest notes of woe.”

After Mr. Good had remained for four years a widower, endeavouring, by professional avocations, scientific pursuits, and the soothing influence of society, to recover his native cheerfulness, he again married, and the object of his choice was a daughter of Thomas Fenn, Esq., a highly respectable banker at Sudbury.

In the year 1792, either by becoming legally bound for some friends, or by advancing them a large sum of money, as to the expected repayment of which he was disappointed, Mr. Good was brought into circumstances of considerable pecuniary embarrassment. Mr. Fenn

cheerfully stepped forward to remove his difficulties, and would have rendered him more effectual aid, had not Mr. Good resolved that perplexities, resulting from his own want of caution, should be removed principally by his own exertions; and he forthwith entered upon a course of literary activity, which, though interrupted by repeated disappointments, did ultimately issue in the desired end. He forwarded numerous contributions to periodical publications; he wrote plays; he composed poems; he prepared a series of philosophical essays; and at length determined on removing to London, where, in the early part of the following year, he accepted a proposal to go into partnership with a Mr. W——, a surgeon and apothecary in extensive practice, and who had likewise an official connexion with one of the prisons. But in this connexion he met with nothing but perplexity and trial. Mr. W. became jealous of his talents and rising popularity, and had recourse to the basest means to injure his reputation; the business failed; the partnership was dissolved, and Mr. W. died in the Fleet prison. All these circumstances, however,—the defeat of projects on which his hopes had been fondly fixed, and an increasing family,—did but supply Mr. Good with fresh incentives to professional activity and extended literary research. Again he shrank from a full reception of the aid once more offered to him by his kind relative at Sudbury, and, concealing his anxie-

ties from those he most loved, still continued to rely upon his own exertions for success, till he was at length placed by them, under God's blessing, in reputable and easy circumstances.

It was not long before he was enabled to obtain that distinction amongst medical men which he eagerly sought. In February, 1795, he gained a prize—a premium of twenty guineas—from the “Medical Society,” for the best dissertation upon the question, “What are the diseases most frequent in workhouses, poor-houses, and similar institutions; and what are the best means of cure and of prevention?” which he was requested to publish immediately. And he also became an active member of a society, formed in the year 1794, under the title of the “General Pharmaceutic Association,” the object of which was to preserve the distinction between the apothecary and the druggist, which it was feared, unless some special efforts were adopted, would soon be altogether lost. Not only in London, but throughout Great Britain, men of the most illiterate character, and grossly ignorant of the science of medicine, did not hesitate to combine the practice of it with the business of retailing drugs, to which, in the country, the department of “grocer” was occasionally added. Engaging very warmly in the objects of this association, at whose suggestion he drew up a “History of Medicine, as far as relates to the profession of the Apo-

thecary," and in others connected with his profession, Mr. Good still continued to pursue his literary inquiries, and, as heretofore, to soothe his mind by the delights of poetry. Translations from the poets of France and Italy now occupied much of his comparatively leisure hours. In a letter to his friend Dr. Drake, in October, 1799, he speaks of "having just begun the German language, after having gone with tolerable ease through the French, Italian, Spanish, and Portuguese;" and, not very long after, he informs him he had been "sedulously studying Arabic and Persian." About this time he commenced, and, in two years, completed, a translation of Lucretius, "On the Nature of Things," an undertaking in which he engaged, according to his own statement, that he might bring himself under a moral necessity of becoming thoroughly acquainted with the utmost possible variety of subjects upon which men of science had been able to throw any light. This translation was carried on in a way not very usual with works of such magnitude—it was composed in the streets of London, during the translator's extensive walks to visit his numerous patients. His practice was to take in his pocket two or three leaves of an octavo edition of the original; to read over a passage two or three times as he walked along, until he had engraven it upon his ready memory; then to translate the passage, meditate upon his translation, correct and elaborate it, until he had satisfied himself; and,

after he had returned home, and disposed of all his professional business, he would go to his standing desk, and enter upon his manuscript so much of the translation as he had been able to prepare satisfactorily. During several following years, in addition to the task of compiling elaborate notes and a running commentary in connexion with the above translation, Mr. Good contributed largely to the *Analytical and Critical Review*, the *British and Monthly Magazines*, and, besides smaller pieces, published a "Memoir of the Life and Writings of Dr. Geddes." Nor was this all. In a letter to the friend above mentioned, dated January 29, 1803—when, notwithstanding these engagements, he was in the habit of walking from twelve to fourteen miles a day to visit his patients—adverting with thankfulness to the state of his practice as a surgeon (which then produced more than 1400*l.* per annum), he proceeds thus: "I have edited the *Critical Review*, besides writing several of its most elaborate articles. I have every week supplied a column of matter for the '*Sunday Review*,' and for some days have had the great weight of the '*British Press*' upon my hands; the committee for conducting which having applied to me lately, in the utmost consternation, in consequence of a trick put upon them by the proprietors of other newspapers, and which stopped abruptly the exertions of their editor, and several of their most valuable hands." It should also be mentioned, that a

work which Mr. Good undertook, in conjunction with Dr. Olinthus Gregory and Mr. Newton Bosworth, entitled "Pantologia; or, a Universal Dictionary of Arts, Sciences, and Words," and which was published in twelve thick and closely-printed volumes, royal octavo, occupied much of his time between the years 1804 and 1812. It seems difficult to imagine how he could, with any degree of efficiency, have pursued such a variety of occupations; but such, it is said, was the "energy of his mind, and such his habits of activity and order, that he carried them all forward simultaneously, suffering none to be neglected, left in arrear, or inadequately executed."

Hitherto it might emphatically be said of Mr. Good, "But one thing thou lackest;" that one, however, by far the most momentous of all. But the early dawn of a brighter day was now approaching. At first, an almost imperceptible, but gradual, change took place in his religious views and prospects. The "dayspring from on high" visited him, enabled him to emerge from the darkness even of Socinian heresy; guided his feet into the "way of peace;" and shone with increasing brightness upon his latter years, till it conducted his happy spirit to that city which "the glory of God" doth lighten, "and the Lamb is the light thereof."

In consequence, probably, of early associations, Mr. Good always expressed, and no doubt felt, a high respect for religion and religious men, and appears never to

have called in question the genuineness and Divine authority of the sacred Scriptures; but before he left Sudbury, he avowed his belief in materialism, and the doctrine of Universalists with regard to future punishment, and selected for his principal associates some gentlemen who maintained the soul-destroying tenets of modern Socinianism. On his removal to London, he was, unhappily, induced to join the most celebrated Unitarian congregation of the day, and he continued in connexion with it for fourteen years. During all this time, the Bible was always a favourite book with him, but it is to be feared he turned to it rather as a source of literary amusement or critical speculation, than for any higher purposes. But his mind, as he afterwards confessed, was ill at ease. Early recollections of better sentiments often assailed him. Numerous engagements, and the delights of the literary society into which he was introduced soon after his removal to town, enabled him, in a great measure, to stifle such convictions, but without the possession of inward serenity or peace. Still he was, in a measure, preserved from some of the worst tendencies of the system; and when his teacher, the notorious Mr. Belsham, used language in the pulpit which Mr. Good regarded as equivalent to the recommendation of scepticism, he at once wrote a note to him, stating that he felt compelled, with much reluctance, to discontinue attendance at his chapel, and to break off connexion with his

society. *This circumstance led him to a re-examination* of all the sentiments held by them in common, and the consequence was, a gradual surrender of all the leading tenets of the Socinian creed, and a corresponding adoption of sentiments more and more in unison with the great fundamental doctrines of scriptural Christianity. As yet, however, he looked upon them as little more than speculative opinions, simply preferable to those he had just abandoned. It was still a considerable time before they assumed the character of principles of action, and issued, by the teaching and blessing of the Spirit of God, in the transformation of his heart and affections. This great change was brought about in so very imperceptible a manner, that the precise epoch of it was not known to his nearest friends—probably not to Mr. Good himself; but its reality was indisputable. One thing was evident to all, that whereas he “was once blind,” he subsequently obtained the sense of spiritual sight; and it was with no small emotions of joy, that some who had mourned over the midnight darkness of such a mind, now witnessed the light which was in him, shining “more and more unto the perfect day.” “When you are weighing things in the balance,” says Baxter, “you may add grain after grain and it makes no turning or motion at all, till you come to the very last grain, and then suddenly that end which was downward is turned upward. So is it (not unfrequently) in the change of a sinner’s heart and life;

he is not changed (but preparing towards it) while he is but deliberating whether he should choose Christ or the world. But the last reason which comes in and determineth his will to Christ, and maketh him resolve and enter a firm covenant with him, this makes the greatest change that ever is made by any work in the world. For how can there be a greater than the turning of a soul from the creature to the Creator? so distant are the terms of this change. After this one turning act, Christ hath that heart, and the main bent and endeavours of the life, which the world had before. The man hath a new end, a new rule, a new guide, and a new Master." Thus it was with Mr. Good; furnishing one instance among many of that striking diversity of operations wherewith the same Spirit worketh all in all. However long there might continue an uncertain suspense, the "last grain" was at length mercifully applied, and the indications of the balance were no longer doubtful. In accomplishing and confirming this change, several afflicting dispensations of Providence seem to have been in a great measure instrumental. Among these was the death of his beloved son-in-law. In relation to it he writes to Dr. Drake, August 18, 1823,—“The conflict is now over; he has entered into his rest, as you may have probably seen by the newspapers, on Friday the 8th instant. He suffered much at times, and the pain alone was sufficient—and especially towards the close of the struggle—to throw

him into severe perspiration ; but his remark was, ' My Saviour sweated drops of blood for me,' and this upheld him. It was a severe conflict to break off his strong attachment to his beloved children, and his still more beloved wife ; and yet, at last, he was enabled to make a total surrender of himself to the will of God, and for months had his conversation in heaven far more than on earth. . . . During the night before his departure, it was observed by Mrs. Good, who sat up by him, that she was fearful the night had been tedious to him : he replied, ' I shall have a long and glorious day.' He spoke prophetically, and the prophecy was fulfilled. What, my dear friend, are all the splendour and the pageantry in the world, compared with the sublime and solemn scenes to which I have thus been an eye-witness ? Surely these are foretastes of that ' fulness of joy,' and those ' pleasures for evermore,' which are reserved at the right hand of God, for those who are favoured with so beatific a vision. They give, if it were wanted, a fresh and energetic stamp of reality to the glorious manifestation of the gospel, and show us for what we were born, and the more important lesson how this high destiny may be obtained. My earnest prayer is, that the lesson may be lost on no one within its sphere ; and, with the feeble powers of my own pen, I would enlarge that sphere, if possible, throughout the universe ; and I would address

it to you, my dear friend, as importunately as to myself."

Mr. Good now earnestly cultivated the acquaintance of pious men. After the breach of his connexion with the Unitarian congregation before mentioned, he was, for some time, an attendant at the Temple Church, and afterwards at St. Dunstan's, Fleet Street; and his private intercourse with Mr. Lloyd, the rector of the latter church, was of much use to him in the best of senses; but during the latter years of his life, a cordial esteem for the minister and his doctrines led him almost constantly to worship at St. John's Chapel, Bedford Row, where he availed himself of the successive ministerial labours of the Rev. D. Wilson, the present bishop of Calcutta, and the Rev. C. Jerram, until he passed from all worshipping assemblies here, to join "the general assembly and church of the first-born, which are written in heaven."

It should be mentioned, that, in the year 1820, by the advice of several medical friends, and the earnest entreaty of others, Mr. Good had entered upon the higher department of the profession. His diploma, which is dated July 10th of that year, was from the Marischal College, Aberdeen. In a letter to the friend already mentioned, dated February, 1821, after speaking of various professional topics, he adds: "I have now tried my new fortune for nearly six months, and only wish I

had felt it prudent to have commenced earlier; for it has succeeded beyond my best expectations. All my old circle of patients are, in turn, patients still, without a single exception, so far as I know; and I have added very considerably to the number, as well as have to reply to a tolerably extensive range of advice from the country; so that my hands are pretty full still." From the period of Dr. Good's assuming the practice of a physician, he did not cease to study, but gave to his leading literary occupations an appropriate direction. At the close of the year 1820, he published his "SYSTEM OF NOSOLOGY," a work which had, more or less, occupied his attention, since he first laid down the plan of it in the year 1808. No sooner was this work issued from the press, than its indefatigable author commenced a still more extensive and elaborate performance, which was published in 1822, in four large octavo volumes, entitled, "THE STUDY OF MEDICINE." And in the spring of 1826, Dr. Good found time to publish some Lectures, which he had, several years before, delivered at the Surrey Institution. They are contained in three volumes, entitled "THE BOOK OF NATURE." Other literary pursuits, which still more engaged his heart and affections, he carried on simultaneously; but the results of these he did not live to lay before the world.

During the greater part of his life, Dr. Good had enjoyed excellent health. His constitution, as already

intimated, was naturally robust, and the cheerfulness of his disposition, and activity of his habits, contributed to its preservation. But, about this time, his friends began to notice, with concern, that the corporeal vigour which had carried him, almost unconscious of fatigue, through so much labor, was now beginning to give way, and, during the three last months of his life, his strength declined rapidly. On the arrival of Christmas, 1826, he expressed much anxiety to visit his daughter, Mrs. Neale, and her children, then residing at Shepperton, in Middlesex. This journey he accomplished; but it was to enter the chamber of death. His illness—inflammation in the bladder—was short, but exceedingly severe. From Sunday, Dec. 24th, to Thursday, the 28th, it was found requisite to administer frequent doses of opium, which produced occasional confusion of thought—of which he was fully aware; but this was temporary. All the statements which he gave of his views and feelings, during his illness, were made when entirely collected and self-possessed. A very interesting account of these is contained in a letter from a member of his family to Dr. Olinthus Gregory, of which the following is an abstract:—

“On the evening of Saturday, Dec. 30th, the Rev. W. Russell, rector of Shepperton, was sent for. On his entrance, Dr. Good put out his hand, saying ‘You are the very person whom, next to my own family, I am

most anxious to see.' Mr. Russell replied, 'I am come for the purpose of imploring the blessing of the Redeemer upon you.' Dr. Good then inquired, mentioning their names individually, if all his family were present? And each answering, he said, in almost his usual tone of voice, and with much composure of manner, 'I cannot say I feel those triumphs which some Christians have experienced; but I have taken what, unfortunately, the generality of Christians too much take—I have taken the middle walk of Christianity; *I have endeavoured to live up to its duties and doctrines, but I have lived below its privileges.* I most firmly believe all the doctrines of Scripture, as declared by our church. I have endeavoured to take God for my Father and my Saviour; but I want more spirituality, more humility; I want to be humbled.' Here he became much agitated, but yet went on: 'I have resigned myself to the will of God. If I know myself, I neither despair nor presume: but my constitution is by nature sanguine in all things, so that I am afraid of trusting to myself.' Some remarks being made about the righteousness of Christ, Dr. Good replied, '*No man living can be more sensible than I am, that there is nothing in ourselves; and of the absolute necessity of relying only upon the merits of Jesus Christ:* I know there is a sense in which that expression of St. Paul's, "of whom I am chief," is applicable to all; but there are some to whom it is peculiarly ap-

propriate, and I fear I am one. I have not improved the opportunities given me; I have had large opportunities given me, and I have not improved them as I might; I have been led astray by the vanity of human learning, and the love of human applause.' Mr. Russell asked, 'But is there anything in particular that you wish me to pray for?' Dr. Good answered, 'No, I have endeavoured to give you, not as a matter of form, but in the sight of God, a transcript of my feelings.' 'But,' repeated Mr. R., 'is there nothing in particular that you wish me to pray for?' The reply was, 'I want to be more humble under a sense of sin; I want more spirituality, more humility.' Mr. Russell accordingly knelt down to pray, but after this testimony to the truth—this statement of his feelings, in which all the powers of his soul and body seemed summoned up and concentrated, nature was exhausted.

"Sunday, Dec. 31st, was a day of intense agony and frequent wanderings of mind; but, in the intervals of composure, and when not suffering from extreme exacerbations of pain, some of Dr. G.'s family endeavoured to repeat occasionally short texts of Scripture, to which he always listened with pleasure; appearing, however, much more struck with some than with others. On one occasion, without any suggestion or leading remark from those around, he was heard to repeat distinctly, with quivering, convulsive lips, 'All the pro-

mises of God are yea and amen in Christ Jesus.' What words for dying lips to rest upon! At another time, as one of his family was sitting by, he uttered some expression, not accurately remembered, of deep sorrow for sin. This text was then mentioned: 'If we confess our sins, he is faithful and just.'—He repeated, 'Faithful—yes, nothing can be more suitable!'

"Everything that medical skill could suggest was attempted for Dr. Good's relief, by his friends, Mr. Cooper, Dr. Hooper, and Mr. B. Travers, but in vain; and on Monday, Jan. 1st, it was but too evident that life was ebbing fast away. He still listened with manifest pleasure to texts which were repeated at intervals throughout the day, and his quivering lips were continually re-uttering the words of Scripture, at times, when intense agony occasioned such convulsive motions that the bed shook under him. His youngest daughter, who was holding his cold hands, said to him, 'Do you remember your favourite hymn, "There is a fountain filled with blood?" &c.' He had repeated it in the earlier part of his illness, and told Mr. Russell, that, sometimes when walking through the streets of London, he used to repeat it to himself. In one instance, he altered it unintentionally, but still strictly preserving the sense, in a manner which showed that his mental powers were yet vigorous. Instead of

‘When this poor lisping, stammering tongue
Lies silent in the grave,

He substituted

‘When this decaying, mouldering frame
Lies crumbling in the dust.’

And a text on which he dwelt with much earnestness and delight, was, ‘Jesus Christ, the same yesterday, and to-day, and for ever;’ circumstances which evinced, in no slight degree, how totally changed were his religious views and feelings from those that he formerly possessed. Another text, which, without any suggestion or leading remark, he repeated several times, was—‘Who art thou, O great mountain? before Zerubbabel thou shalt become a plain; and he shall bring forth the headstone thereof with shoutings, crying, Grace, grace unto it’—dwelling with peculiar emphasis upon the words, ‘Grace, grace unto it.’ He also listened with much apparent comfort to that portion of the *Te Deum*, ‘When thou hadst overcome the sharpness of death, thou didst open the kingdom of heaven to all believers.’ On the afternoon of this day he was constantly convulsed, and uttered but one or two connected sentences. But his power of comprehension appeared to last much longer than his power of articulation or expression. His hearing now became greatly affected. Mr. Russell called to him with a loud voice, ‘Jesus Christ the Saviour.’ He

was not insensible to that sound. His valued clerical friend then repeated to him, in the same elevated tone, 'Behold the Lamb of God.' This roused him, and with energy—the energy of a dying believer—he terminated the sentence, 'which taketh away the sin of the world;' and these were the last words he intelligibly uttered, being about three hours before his death, which occurred Tuesday morning, January 2d, 1827, aged 63 years."

Dr. Gregory, his biographer, says, "Dr. Good's mind was deeply imbued with a devotional spirit, which he carried with him through all the transactions of life. *When prescribing for his patients he was in the habit of praying for divine direction;* or administering a medicine himself, he was often known to utter a short ejaculatory prayer: and in cases where a fatal issue was inevitable, he most scrupulously avoided the delusion, too common on such occasions,—announcing his apprehensions with the utmost delicacy of feeling."

Amongst Dr. Good's papers was found the following, which we here transcribe, as evincing the spirit of prayer in which, during the latter years of his life, his practice was conducted:—

"July 27, 1823. Form of prayer, which I purpose to use among others, so long as it may please God that I shall continue in the exercise of my profession; and which is here copied out, not so much to assist my own

memory, as to give a hint to many who may perhaps feel thankful for it when I am removed to a state where personal vanity can have no success, and the opinion of the world can no longer be of any importance. I should wish it to close the subsequent editions of my 'Study of Medicine.'

“ ‘O thou great Bestower of health, strength, and comfort, grant thy blessing upon the professional duties in which this day I may engage. Give me judgment to discern disease, and skill to treat it; and crown with thy favour the means that may be devised for recovery; for with thine assistance the humblest instrument may succeed, as, without it, the ablest must prove unavailing. Save me from all sordid motives, and endow me with a spirit of pity and liberality towards the poor, and of tenderness and sympathy towards all, that I may enter into the various feelings by which they are respectively tried; may weep with those that weep, and rejoice with those that rejoice.

“ ‘And sanctify their souls, as well as their bodies. Let faith and patience and every Christian virtue they are called upon to exercise, have their perfect work; so that in the gracious dealings of the Spirit and thy providence, they may find in the end, whatever that may be, that it has been good for them to have been afflicted.

“Grant this, O Heavenly Father, for the love of that adorable Redeemer, who while on earth went about doing good, and now ever liveth to make intercession in heaven. Amen.”

Dr. Hope.

“If there is one condition in life more than another, (subordinate indeed to the sacred office) in which a knowledge of theology, natural and revealed, is of personal and relative importance, in combination with all other qualifications for an efficient performance of duty, it is *that profession which is appealed to and confided in when the body is racked with pain, life jeopardized, reason disturbed, or a bereaved family are looking for solace.*

“Some even appear to dread the inferences that may be drawn by thoughtless neighbours, that frequent attendance in the house appropriated to divine worship, is incompatible with much professional occupation. It has, however, often been shown, that by good management, *a medical man in full practice can occupy his place in the house of God, twice on the sabbath, with considerable regularity.*”

WM. COOK, M. D., M. R. C. S.

Ed. of Morgani, &c.

MEMOIR OF
JAMES HOPE, M.D., F.R.S.

PHYSICIAN TO ST. GEORGE'S HOSPITAL; SENIOR PHYSICIAN TO ST.
MARYLEBONE INFIRMARY; PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL SOCIETY OF
EDINBURGH, &c.

DR. HOPE was the son of Thomas Hope, Esq., of Presbery Hall, Cheshire. He was born February 23, 1801, and was the tenth child of a family of twelve. It is remarkable, that he felt in early life, an apparently almost invincible aversion to that profession in which, at a comparatively early period, he rapidly obtained such distinction, and for which his naturally close and reflecting intellectual habits so well qualified him. It was his father's wish that he should be a merchant; his own to attain eminence at the bar. At length, after a period of much uncertainty, he yielded to the persuasions of a leading physician at Manchester, to make trial of the practice of physic, upon one condition only—that he should be allowed to practise in London; a wish

prompted by a secret consciousness of his talents, and by that proud ambition which, till overruled by higher and better principles, seems to have been the master-spring of his conduct, leading him to scorn success in every field except where he should have to compete with talent of the highest order.

He commenced his studies at Edinburgh, in the autumn of 1820. From the extreme aversion he felt for practical anatomy, his first year was one of disgust and unhappiness. Still he determined to persevere. Having now made up his mind that the medical profession was the sphere in which all his ambitious dreams were to be realized, he relied on the power of habit to overcome his disgust. But he *dissected in gloves and with forceps, so as never to touch the body*; and so strongly rooted were his feelings, that it took two years to overcome them in any tolerable degree, and they continued to affect him slightly, even six or seven years afterwards. Dr. Baillie was at that time at the head of the profession in London, and he was the model which young Hope proposed for his own imitation. He soon discovered that that celebrated physician owed much of his eminence and success to his knowledge of morbid anatomy, and therefore at once determined to concentrate all his powers on this most essential, though least agreeable part of his studies, and he speedily planned a work on the morbid anatomy of the whole body, illustrated by

engravings. At that time there was no similar work in existence. Before leaving Edinburgh, Dr. Hope successively filled the offices of house-surgeon and house-physician to the Infirmary, and was one of the presidents of the Medical Society. The two years he spent in the Edinburgh Infirmary, he has been often heard to say, were the most valuable of his life—he literally lived at the bed-side of his patients, and the sphere for observation was nearly unlimited. He graduated on the 1st of August, 1825. At the commencement of the following year, Dr. Hope went to London for the purpose of studying surgery, for although he restricted himself exclusively to the practice of medicine, he determined from the first to study the two branches equally, and was accustomed to observe that his knowledge of surgery was ever afterwards of the greatest use to him, and that it gave him a confidence which he could never otherwise have enjoyed. He therefore proceeded so far as to pass his examination before the College of Surgeons. Mr. Cline was his only examiner, and he soon dismissed him with the remark, “You know your profession, Sir; we need not detain you.” The next year was spent at Paris, and it proved to be one of the most laborious of his life. A grand difficulty confronted him in the outset. Although he had a good knowledge of French and Italian, as far as mere reading went, he found it by no means so easy a thing as he imagined, to profit by the

lessons of professors, or to converse with the natives of the country. Of this he soon met with a humiliating proof. He went to engage apartments at a private hotel, but after a pantomimic performance of some twenty minutes between himself and the landlady, it was found that neither could, in the slightest degree, understand the other; and after laughter and reciprocal bows, he retired in despair. He now determined to devote twelve hours a day to the mere practice of speaking French. He engaged a master, and made him go through the drudgery of reading three words at a time, while he mimicked them as closely as he could. He exercised himself by means of Wanostrocht's Grammar with a key to it. He went to dine daily at a small and crowded restaurant, frequented by the *garde-du-corps*, where the company was so densely packed, that he could not avoid overhearing the conversation of two or three contiguous tables. In this way his ear got familiarized with all the sounds of the French language, and having a fancy for the rooms of the private hotel, to which he had originally gone, he again waited on the landlady. On entering, he addressed her in fluent French, explained his wishes, &c. The landlady, meanwhile, with uplifted arms, and an air of utter amazement, exclaimed, "*Viola! un miracle!* You cannot be the same gentleman who called here a month ago, and could not speak a single word of French!" "The same, not-

withstanding." The rooms were then duly taken, and he continued to occupy them during his residence in Paris. He now began his attendance at the hospitals at the early hour of five in the morning, visiting the most important, but settling at La Charité, where M. Chomel was professor of clinical medicine. Chomel soon singled out the diligent Englishman, and proposed to make him one of his clinical clerks—an offer which was gladly accepted.

From his earliest childhood Dr. Hope had manifested an unusual facility in the use of the pencil and the brush. During his residence in Edinburgh he began to carry into execution his design, already alluded to, of a work on morbid anatomy embellished with plates, and he had now ample opportunities of prosecuting such a work. From specimens of morbid anatomy, procured from various sources, he compelled himself to make three or four drawings a week; one of the most irksome tasks, he was accustomed to say, that he ever performed. His repugnance to anatomy was not totally subdued, and it was only by the strongest mental effort that he was able to proceed. Notwithstanding, he thus occupied himself five hours daily. On the 6th of June, 1827, Dr. Hope quitted Paris, and in company with a friend, took a delightful tour through Switzerland and Italy, making a stay of three weeks at Venice, in the family of the late estimable British consul, Mr. Money. His remarks

on this family, in a letter to an intimate friend, considered in connexion with the subsequent change in his religious views, is worthy of mention. "The extreme kindness of this amiable and estimable family has almost domesticated us with them. The prominent feature in the character of the family is an ardent and sincere piety, and it is a most impressive lesson to see how happy they are under the influence of such feelings. Whatever the world may say, my dear George, it is a clear case to me that the saints have the laugh on their side. If wishing would add me to their number, I would get enrolled to-morrow."

Preparatory to settling in his profession, Dr. Hope spent some months in visiting his family and friends in England and Scotland. His father had now nearly attained the eightieth year of his age. A series of afflictions had bowed down his naturally high spirit, and been the means of leading him to seek "that peace which the world cannot give." Having been himself blessed through life with excellent health, which he was in the habit of attributing to his having "always kept out of the doctor's hands," it so happened that he had a supreme contempt of medicine and of medical men. Being proud, however, of his son, he hoped he would prove an exception to the general rule, and to this end did not fail to recommend a book of no ordinary quack receipts, which was received with all deference. But,

what was much better, he promised to give him a few words of good advice. This promise was often claimed, but never fulfilled, till the day before his departure, when the old gentleman invited him to take a walk in the neighbouring park, and suddenly stopping, he delivered himself to the following effect. "Now, James, I shall give you the advice I promised, and if you follow it, you will be sure to succeed in your profession. First: Never keep a patient ill longer than you can possibly help. Secondly: Never take a fee to which you do not feel yourself to be justly entitled. And, thirdly: Always *pray* for your patients." A short time before his death, Dr. Hope said that these maxims had been the rule of his conduct, and that he could testify to their success.

Fully aware of what was required to attain what he considered the sole object worthy of his ambition, to be at the head of the profession in London, he was now resolved not to shrink from the ordeal through which he had to pass. He turned a deaf ear to various solicitations that were made him to settle in other places where he had connexions, determining either to be nothing or to be the first physician in the first metropolis in the world. He lay under two disadvantages, which would alone have been sufficient to deter any one of less determined energy than himself. He had not taken his degree at an English university, and was, therefore, in-

eligible to a fellowship of the College of Physicians—a circumstance which was a serious obstacle to his obtaining those appointments to which he aspired; and he had no private connexion. The sole advantages which he possessed were his natural powers of mind and his superior education. To these alone he could look, under Providence, for success, but they proved amply sufficient. He had formed, however, it appears, much too favourable an estimate of his profession, and believed that the wealth which rewarded those who attained eminence in it, was both greater and more easily acquired than he afterwards found it to be. On arriving in London, Dr. Hope was led into the belief that the first twenty physicians in the metropolis divided about £80,000 annually between them, and that a successful physician might hope to be established in good practice in five years. To be one of so large a number as twenty seemed no difficult task, and therefore he ignorantly hoped that, if he succeeded at all, he should be receiving £4000 per annum. But he soon found that, notwithstanding the extraordinary reputation which, in a very short period, he acquired, his practice made very tardy approaches indeed towards anything like this amount. Often did he try to discover wherein lay his fault (for such he thought it must be), until he was relieved by the observations of two of the first physicians in London. Dr. Chambers told him that it was absolutely impossible for any man who did not keep a

carriage to find time to obtain more than £500 per annum at the very most. Sir H. Halford, while congratulating him on being of the number of the successful few of his profession, told him that if he made £1000 per annum by the time he was forty, he might feel certain of attaining the first eminence that the profession could offer. Dr. Hope's career terminated at this age, and he was then receiving more than four times as much as Sir Henry had led him to expect. But he did not consider himself as a fair criterion of professional success, as he was universally considered to have attained very early eminence, and his own observation led him to believe that this opinion was not unfounded.

Dr. Hope had long assigned to himself the execution of two works—"A Treatise on Diseases of the Heart," and that already mentioned on "Morbid Anatomy, illustrated by plates;" and, for the completion of them, he allotted seven years. The materials for the latter work were nearly prepared, and the only difficulty he had to encounter in its publication was the enormous expense of the engravings. But the subject of "Diseases of the Heart" was not then very well understood. He intended to introduce a good deal of original matter; and although he had bestowed much thought upon it, from the period of his medical studies at Edinburgh, there were many points on which his judgment was not fully formed. It

appeared essential that he should continue his studies at some large hospital, and he selected St. George's as the one to which his ambition prompted him to hope he should one day be physician. Here he soon became conspicuous for his regular attendance and unvarying application. Never was he to be seen without his stethoscope, his book for taking notes of cases, and a small ink bottle attached to his button. At that time there was much prejudice in England, and especially at St. George's, against "*auscultation*," (the use of the stethoscope,) in the examination of diseases of the chest. This Dr. Hope determined to remove, and he adopted the most judicious course, that, namely, of leaving facts to speak for themselves. He took the most minute notes of them all, wrote down the conclusions to which he was led in as great detail as possible, and, before proceeding to a post mortem examination, publicly placed his book on the table that it might be read by every one. He was invariably correct. Attention was soon drawn to him. His accuracy silenced every objection, and all intelligent and candid men became convinced of the utility of the stethoscope. In connexion with this subject, Dr. Hope entered upon a series of experiments relative to the various sounds of the heart in a healthy and morbid condition, and satisfied himself upon so many points that had remained unexplored, that he now felt justified in presenting his discoveries to the public. He

accordingly set about his projected work, and wrote with such diligence that he completed it in one year, though it was an octavo volume of about six hundred pages. Being favoured with a good constitution, it had long been his custom to work, with little intermission, from seven in the morning till twelve at night. In consequence, his name is to be added to the list of victims who have ruined even robust health, by over-tasking their powers of body and mind, till they have practically found, in the emphatic language of one of the most learned and accomplished of the human race, that "this also is vanity." Once thoroughly engaged in any work of interest, and not feeling at the time any extraordinary fatigue, he seemed not to know where to stop. When writing this book, he frequently sat up half the night. When completing it, he often rose at three in the morning. On one occasion, he rose at three, wrote without cessation till five the following morning, then went to bed, and at nine o'clock Mrs. Hope, to whom he had been married a few months before, was at his bed-side writing to his dictation while he breakfasted. The work met with a most favourable reception. He now directed his attention to publishing the "Morbid Anatomy." In the course of the summer of 1832, he persuaded Messrs. Whittaker & Co. to undertake it on terms which experience had taught him to consider advantageous. These were, that he was to provide all the drawings and litho-

graphy, and they were to be at the expense of the printing and the colouring of the plates. After having paid all their own expenses, Messrs. Whittaker agreed to divide the profits with him. After a lapse of three years Dr. Hope received between £60 and £70 for his share, a sum which would not have remunerated him for the expense of the lithography, if he had been compelled to employ a regular artist, but much more than was mutually anticipated. No other respectable bookseller would hear of the publication, except on the stipulation of Dr. Hope's making himself responsible for the whole expense. This work met with a reception no less favourable than that on the "Heart."

The ruling principle in the mind of Dr. Hope, which had led him to use all this diligence and unwearying perseverance, to practise remarkable self-denial, and to control his natural tastes and feelings, was, as already hinted, what, in the phraseology of the world, would be called a laudable and truly noble ambition; but no feeling, it has been justly observed, which has self for its ultimate object, or which extends only to the brief space of this life, when viewed in the light of revelation, can be denominated either laudable or noble. It was Dr. Hope's happiness that this principle was, at first, almost imperceptibly, but gradually and certainly superseded, by a far higher and better one. He did not then leave the sphere in which Providence had placed him, but it

henceforth became the first object of his life to glorify God by the use of every talent committed to his charge.

It was in Paris, 1826-7, that he was first led to hear evangelical preaching, being induced by his friend Dr. Nairne to attend at the chapel of the Rev. Lewis Way, with whose sermons he was much interested. His judgment, now first exercised on this subject, and aided by the guidance of the Spirit of truth, made him perceive that, if religion were anything, it must be everything. His progress was slow. He did not *say* much on the subject, for with the humility natural to him, he feared, by his unworthy conduct, to do injury to the pure religion which he professed. But the result was that religion gained a steady ascendancy over him, and his conduct answered to the scriptural definition of the kingdom of heaven, in the comparison of it to a little leaven which leaveneth the whole lump. A few days before his death, when referring to this early period, he spoke of the "craving" which he had then felt, and which never left him, "to be permitted to be Christ's soldier militant." An observation which he made to Mrs. Hope, very soon after their marriage, gives a clue to what was his mode of governing his feelings. Mrs. Hope was speaking of the difficulty of evangelical religion, because she believed that it required the feelings to be constantly worked up to love God. "Do not trouble yourself about that matter," answered he; "do not think whether you love

Him or not, but only endeavour to keep your thoughts fixed on the individual and collective blessings which He has bestowed on you, and then you will not be able to do otherwise than love Him." On Dr. Hope's first arrival in town, he had been introduced to Dr. Burder, the son of the pious and well-known author of "Village Sermons." A similarity in mind and character drew these two excellent men together, and when they discovered in each other a unison of religious opinion, these feelings kindled into warm affection. In death they were not long divided. With reference to the early period of their acquaintance, Dr. Burder observes, "Some years ago, before I was aware of Dr. Hope's religious principles, I had sometimes said to Mrs. Burder, after observing him narrowly, 'Well, if Dr. Hope is not a pious man, he is the most perfect man without religion that I ever met with.' But the more I knew of him, the more anxious was I to discover whether *any* principles short of those which teach repentance towards God, faith in our Lord Jesus Christ, and an unreserved consecration of heart and life to His service, could have yielded such transparency of conduct, such humanity, disinterestedness, humility, guileless simplicity, and undeviating integrity, as I observed in him. At length I learned that he lived 'as seeing Him who is invisible.'" Some very valuable letters from Dr. Burder to Dr. Hope, entitled "Letters from a Senior to a Junior Physician on

promoting the religious welfare of his Patients," were first published in a periodical work, and have since been appended to the interesting memoir of Dr. Hope, by his widow, from which we have drawn largely in the present sketch.

It should be mentioned that, not very long after Dr. Hope had settled in London, he obtained the appointment of physician to the Marylebone Infirmary, which he retained till November, 1834. In order to lighten the duties of the physicians of St. George's, it was at that time proposed to create a new office, that of assistant physician, and, after an arduous struggle, Dr. Hope was elected. On this occasion, he gave a decided proof of the strength of his religious principles. After having canvassed for several days with little prospect of success, a party of very influential medical governors sent to offer him their support. The communication was made at ten o'clock on Saturday night, these gentlemen stipulating that he should canvass most actively under their guidance, and they proceeded to point out his work for the following day, Sunday. To observe the Sabbath was a principle from which he could not swerve. He preferred risking the offered support to offending his God. He urged that, without the Divine blessing, his election could not prosper, and that he could not expect that blessing while acting in opposition to the Divine commands. It was in vain that his new friends argued, en-

treated, and even threatened to withdraw their support. Dr. Hope was inflexible, and they finally yielded the point.

In the year 1839, Dr. Chambers resigned the office of physician to St. George's. Dr. Hope had now discharged the very laborious duties of assistant physician for above four years. He had likewise succeeded Dr. Marshall Hall as lecturer on the practice of physic at the Aldersgate-street school. Under the pressure of these and his other engagements, his health had seriously given way. On these accounts, the comparatively easy post of physician to the hospital was one of no small importance to him. As already hinted, it had been the object of his ambition from the first; and, inasmuch as it was the established custom at other hospitals, that the assistant physician should, as a matter of course, succeed to the higher post, on the occurrence of a vacancy, he expected to be appointed without any opposition, on this first vacancy which had occurred since the creation of his present office. But in this he was disappointed. He found that Dr. Williams was a candidate, not for the assistant physicianship, to be vacated by himself, but for the office of physician; and he received a communication from Dr. Seymour, to the effect that the medical committee had come to a resolution not to give their collective support to any candidate in particular. Nothing could exceed Dr. Hope's astonishment at this unexpected

turn of affairs. He immediately imagined that some accusation was about to be brought against him before the board of governors, which, even if refuted, might leave a stain upon his reputation. He saw that to Dr. Williams a defeat would be merely the loss of an election; to himself he conceived it would be the loss of character, of fortune, and of fame—of all that he had worked so hard to attain. The shock was too much for his already enfeebled frame. He was attacked with a spitting of blood, and while his family sat up through the night, occupied with preparations for the election, he himself was obliged to go to bed. Every imaginable exertion was, however, made by his friends and connexions, both in the profession and out of it. The students crowded to his house, and intreated, if they had not influence to canvass, they might write, transcribe, seal letters, act as clerks, &c. In five days, three thousand letters left the house, besides those sent privately by friends. On the 26th of June, Dr. Williams retired from the contest, and on the 5th of July Dr. Hope was elected without opposition. He reached the original goal of his ambition. He attained the post of honour upon which, as a Christian man, his mind had perhaps been far too inordinately set; his friends congratulated him at the result—but what was the price he had paid? it cost him no less than life! Well may we repeat the often iterated apothegm of “the preacher,” “This also

was vanity and a sore evil." The spitting of blood with which he had been attacked, the agitation and excitement of the ensuing week, the fatigue of the election, which caused him to work almost without cessation for five days and nights, were what he never could recover. From this time, he dated the final breaking up of his health, which thenceforth progressively and rapidly declined.

It now only remains to take a glance at the state of Dr. Hope's mind during the remaining months of sickness and decay.

It was a remarkable circumstance in his moral history, that it was very much through the instrumentality of his reasoning powers that his heart became affected by religious subjects. He was slow in forming a conclusion on any subject, nor was ever disposed to do so till he had fathomed depths, and probably unravelled many intricacies, which, to a more superficial mind, would have been scarcely apparent. But, being once satisfied of the evidence on which any fact or doctrine rested, he received it as settled and acknowledged truth, as to which there was no room to doubt. With the same calm and deliberate investigation did he examine every religious doctrine; but, being satisfied of the evidence on which it rested, it henceforth formed part of his mind, and there, like a "tree planted by the rivers of water," it brought forth "its fruit in due season." He paid little

attention to occasional feelings of depression, which he conceived to depend mainly on the physical temperament, and was backward to converse on the subject of religious feelings, or what is sometimes termed "Christian experience." Simple faith, and unwavering hope, formed a striking part of his religious character. He knew that Christ died for sinners; he acknowledged that he was a sinner; he read the invitation to all who were willing—he was willing—why, therefore, should he doubt? This confidence in the word of truth was united to the deepest sense of his own unworthiness. Had he trusted, in the least, to himself, his unworthiness might have depressed him, but while resting exclusively on the righteousness and atonement of Jesus Christ, and on promises to which the Divine power and truth were pledged, no fear or doubt could shake him. It cannot, therefore, be matter of surprise, that, in the prospect of death, and its lingering approaches, Dr. Hope should have been greatly supported. Calculating from his medical experience, he concluded that he should not, in all probability, survive above nine months, after the abscesses in his lungs had burst; and requested Mrs. Hope not to mention to him the possibility of recovery, for such conversations tended to unsettle his mind, while his spirits were more cheerful when he took an opposite view of the subject. On his bed-room chimney-piece he kept a strip of paper, with which he used to measure the

size of his leg; and as it diminished inch by inch, he used to smile, and to speculate on the probability of his going before or after the time he had first named.

His family could find no more appropriate manner of describing his conduct, throughout the last seven months of his life, than that it resembled that of a man who, expecting to set off on a journey, puts everything in order before his departure, and makes arrangements to supply his absence. His own preparations for the journey he was about to take had indeed been completed long before. When in health, he had frequently spoken of the folly of deferring preparation for death to a bed of sickness. Even supposing, he used to say, that a man could be sure of having a long illness, few have any idea how much illness disqualifies the mind for thought, how many diseases, even at a early stage, take away the senses, and how very commonly a stupor precedes death. This subject had long dwelt on his mind, and it was his intention to write a book on the different modes of death, illustrating this religious view of the matter. During his illness he often exclaimed, "How could I now prepare for death?" And yet his was a disease peculiarly fitted for such a preparation, and his mind was, to the last, so clear, that he, if any, could have done so.

One day, he met Dr. Chambers in consultation at the house of a patient, and, having alluded to his approaching death, Dr. Chambers endeavoured to cheer

him by saying that there was no occasion to despond, for that he might do well yet. Dr. Hope stopped him with the assurance that he needed not to be thus cheered, for he was well aware of his condition; that, besides, the nature of Dr. Chambers's communication was not pleasing, for he should be sorry to be detained long from his heavenly inheritance, and to exchange its prospect for the toils of his profession.

The last time Dr. Latham saw him, he inquired if he felt quite happy. "Perfectly so," was Dr. Hope's answer; "I have always been a sober thinking man, and I could not have imagined the joy that I now feel. My only wish is to convey it to the minds of others, but that is impossible. It is such as I could not have conceived possible."

When asked whether he found that illness enabled him to realize spiritual things in a greater degree, he answered, "*Yes, when we approach the invisible world, it is astonishing with what intensity of feeling we desire to be there.*" Adding, after an interval, "When we consider, too, what we now are; how continually we sin—pollution is in every thought. When we analyze our motives, we see sin in them. I did this from such a motive—that, from such another.—Charity is given with a feeling of self-complacency.—The only way is to bring the burden to the foot of the cross, and tumble it down there, saying, 'Here I am.' It is surprising how pre-

minently the promises come out." Were a reprieve given me, I should acquiesce in the will of God, but I must confess it would be long before I could rejoice."

With all this joy and peace—this "desire to depart and to be with Christ"—there was no enthusiasm or excitement visible in his words and demeanour. Nothing, it is said, could have exceeded the sobriety of his mind. He drew his hopes and conclusions from the Bible alone. From that source he derived the sure and joyful belief, that, in another world, his renewed faculties and purified nature would enable him to love God more singly, and to serve him more actively, than he had hitherto been enabled to do, and therefore he could not but rejoice.

During the early part of the last winter of his life, 1840–41, Dr. Hope still continued the practice of his profession. He saw patients at home from ten o'clock till twelve or one. After which he visited St. George's, and drove about seeing patients till five or six; and preferred this employment to the feverish restlessness of a day spent at home. In his carriage, he usually took some devotional work, or he selected some texts, which furnished him with ample meditation during his drive.

Towards the end of February, he listened to the solicitations of Mrs. Hope to retire altogether from practice, and, on the 30th of March, he left town for Hampstead, with the certain knowledge that he never should return. Thus ended his professional life. Such

was the termination of all those dreams of wealth and honour in which he had once so ardently indulged. What, then, was the feeling with which he relinquished all? It is said, by one who knew him best, that the only feeling of which he was conscious was that of unalloyed pleasure. He was going to enjoy repose—imperfect indeed—but preparatory to that perfect rest to which he was hastening, and for the rapid approach of which he earnestly prayed. Did he not regret the change on account of his only son? The only remark that he appears to have made as to this, was to the effect that his son, had he lived, would probably have been independent of a profession, adding, “But I am not sorry for the change, for then he would probably have been more a child of the world than I trust he may now prove to be.” Yet this is the same individual who, filled from his earliest years with bright visions of fame, and wealth, and honour, had sacrificed every consideration to gain the treasures he now prizes so lightly. It is well observed by his biographer, that “the Christian alone can discover the cause of so extraordinary a change. In the book of God he finds, that, through the Divine agency, man becomes ‘a new creature; old things pass away, and all things become new.’ Joyfully did he resign the blessings of this world, because he found, within his grasp, ‘richer treasures, surpassing honours, purer joys, which shall never fade, never cloy, but endure for ever and ever.’”

Mrs. Hope, who was the only witness of his last few days, wrote an account of them for his family; from which we cannot refrain transcribing a few extracts.

Sunday, May 9th—"On this subject"—that deep conviction of sin which alone can make a sinner prize Christ as a Saviour—"a painful doubt flashed across my mind; for though I had frequently heard him insist on the general depravity of human nature, I could not remember to have heard him speak of his own individual sins, and lament them; except on one occasion, when he was indeed humbled. I explained how great would be my satisfaction at hearing him express his feelings on the subject. He looked up for one moment, and then casting down his eyes and his head, he remained silent for a few minutes, during which time deep, strong, and painful emotions apparently struggled in his breast. At length, in a voice scarcely articulate from agitation, he said, 'I always begin my prayers with the mention of my sins, and generally with tears. I always have a deep sense of my own unworthiness. Even now I find all sorts of worldly thoughts and feelings carrying me away from God, and polluting my mind. I cannot say what a grief this is to me; and it shows me more than ever, that all my righteousness is but a filthy rag. And when I think, on the one hand, of the numberless offences which I have committed; and, on the other, remember the blessings which I have enjoyed, oh, it is enough to

bow one down to the earth!’ These words are, in themselves, strong expressions; but the earnestness and deep feeling with which they were uttered made them doubly so. He added, ‘I have often taken a practical chapter of the New Testament, and have determined to act up to it during the day; but alas! I have often forgotten it altogether; and when I did remember it, how miserably did I fall short of it! This, more than anything, showed me the original sin in my nature, and threw me on the promises of Christ. I found it was useless to rest too much on details, but I took fast hold upon the grand leading truth, that Christ is an all-sufficient sacrifice for sin. I think, also, that I had a great fear of God, but I feared him as one fears a parent.’ On hearing him speak so decidedly, I expressed the pleasure that I derived from it, adding, that when I remembered how fully he had looked to Christ, especially since Christmas, 1839, and what peace he had enjoyed in the anticipation of death, I could not think that Christ would have allowed him to remain in error on any vital point. He immediately answered, ‘Long before the time you name, I think I was in the way of salvation, even so long as ten or twelve years ago. When I attended Mr. Howels’ chapel, I learned the saving truths of the gospel; and although I was a most imperfect creature, I believe I might have come within the pale of salvation, because I had then the evidence of the Spirit working a change

within me.' After some farther conversation, he added, 'I cannot express my grief and humiliation at not having been able to keep my attention fixed at church. If Satan had a malicious or wicked thought to suggest, he chose that time. An exciting sermon might, indeed, rouse my attention; but the prayers—oh! the prayers. And when I think of the blessings that I have enjoyed, is it not enough to grind me to the dust?' He then spoke with much warmth and gratitude of the many blessings that had been vouchsafed to him.

"On the evening before his death he said, 'I will not make speeches, but I have two things to say.' The first was an affectionate farewell to myself. In reply, I reminded him of the superior satisfaction which he possessed of having promoted my happiness, not only in this world, but also, as I trusted, in the world to come. He answered meekly, 'It was not I.' Here he was interrupted by coughing. When he was again quiet, I reminded him that he had another thing to say, and begged him to take the earliest opportunity of doing so. He then added, 'The second is soon said. *Christ is all in all to me, I have no hope except in him. He is, indeed, All in all.*' I quoted, 'Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death,—thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.' He said, '*They do comfort me. There is no darkness. I see Jordan, and the heavenly Joshua passing over dry-shod.*' Throughout the night,

when awake, he was perfectly calm and collected. At his request I read the 15th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and, at a later period, he begged me to repeat texts, which I did from time to time. He frequently asked whether I was cold or tired, made inquiries as to whether I was adequately clothed, and proved, in various ways, that he retained his faculties and his characteristic solicitude for others. *He also directed me what medicines to give him, how to prepare them, altering the quantities, and making medical observations from time to time on his state.* Day beginning to dawn, he looked out of the window, and I remarked, 'What a glorious day is dawning on you, my dearest!' He assented with a look of joy. I said, 'There will be no sun and no moon there, for the Lamb will be the light thereof.' Looking fixedly before him, he murmured, '*Christ! angels! beautiful! magnificent! delightful!*' and then turning to me, with a look as if re-assuring me, 'Indeed, it is.' At one time he said, 'This suffering is little to what Christ suffered on the cross.' I quoted, 'But our light affliction,' &c. A few minutes after he said, 'I thank God!' and these were the last connected words that he spoke. * * He continued to breathe till twenty-three minutes past four (May 13, 1841), when he slept in Jesus."

when awake, he was positively calm and collected. At his request I read the 12th chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians, and at a later period he begged me to repeat texts which I did from time to time. He frequently asked whether I was cold or tired, made inquiries as to whether I was adequately clothed, and poured in various ways, that he retained his faculties and his characteristic solicitude for others. His words directed me what machines to give him, how to prepare them, altering the quantity, and making constant alterations from time to time as his state varied. At the beginning of June, he looked out of the window, and remarked, "What a glorious day is dawning on your way!" He entered with a look of joy, "I shall be there!" There will be no gun and no moon there for the lamp will be the light thereof. Looking steadily before him, he murmured, "Christ! my Christ! my Christ!" and then turning to me, with a radiant smile, "and then turning to me, with a look as if reassuring me, "Indeed, it is! At one time he said, "This suffering is mine to what Christ suffered on the cross." I asked, "But our light affliction, for a few minutes after he said, 'I thank God!' and then were the last connected words that he spoke. He continued to breathe till twenty-three minutes past four (May 18, 1811), when he slept in Jesus."

MEMOIR OF
THOMAS BATEMAN, M.D.

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Dr. Bateman.  
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"In all large bodies of men, many will undoubtedly be found who entertain very erroneous notions concerning religion; but we utterly repudiate the assertion, that the Medical Profession, more than any other body of professional gentlemen, are open to the charge of infidelity and scepticism.

"MEDICINE, OF ALL PROFESSIONS, SHOULD BE THE LEAST SUSPECTED OF LEADING TO IMPIETY."

DR. JAMES GREGORY,
Prof. Prac. Med University of Edinburgh.

MEMOIR OF THOMAS BATEMAN, M.D.

DR. THOMAS BATEMAN was born at Whitby, in Yorkshire, on the 29th of April, 1778, at which place he died on the 9th of April, 1821. He was, from infancy, of a delicate constitution, and being naturally silent and reserved, manifested but little indication of the talent and ability which afterwards distinguished him. When not at school it was a constant practice with him to sit on the top of a gate near the house, for great part of the day, lost in thought, without seeking either employment or amusement; so that his father, who was engaged in an extensive medical practice at Whitby, and had little time to spend with his family, used to lament continually to his mother, when he saw Thomas upon "his old seat at the gate," that "that boy would never be good for anything"—"a very common prediction," it has been remarked by Mr. D'Israeli, in

his Essay on Literary Characters, "of the friends of such men in their childhood, and which is soon falsified when they are placed in situations favourable to the development of their particular talent." So it was with young Bateman. In his twelfth year, he was placed in the school of the Rev. M. Mackereth, at Thornton, a village twenty miles from Whitby. Here, from the first, he distinguished himself, and took the lead in every branch of learning, with an ardour altogether different from his former habits. He pursued his studies even in his hours of leasure: and almost his only relaxations were music, drawing, and botany. Astronomy and electricity were also among his favourite pursuits; and without having seen either a planetarium, or an electrical machine, and with great disadvantage as to tools and materials, he made both, as well as an Æolian harp, from the descriptions in Chambers' Dictionary, cutting out all the wheels of the former with his penknife. His teacher used to observe that his most remarkable faculty was a sound and penetrating judgment, that he was not so much distinguished by quickness, as by the unceasing energy and vigour with which every power of his mind was kept in full and active employment, and brought to bear at once upon every object presented to it.

At the age of fifteen, he lost his father. His profession had been already determined by his own choice; and, by the advice of Dr. Beckwith, who had commenced

his career as a physician, at Whitby, but was then in practice at York, he was taken home that he might acquire a knowledge of pharmacy, whilst he completed his general education. At nineteen, he went to London, well furnished with the knowledge, classical and scientific, proper to his future profession, and trained to habits of industry, observation, and research, which he was subsequently enabled to direct to subjects of high practical value. Being intended to graduate at Edinburgh, Mr. Bateman's chief objects, in London, were anatomy and the practice of physic. He entered, therefore, to the lectures at Windmill street, and as physician's pupil at St. George's Hospital, for the winter of 1797-98. Thus prepared, he went to Edinburgh in the following winter, where, after having pursued his studies with the greatest assiduity and attention, he graduated in June, 1801.

Dr. Bateman was now to enter upon a new and important field. He settled in London for practice, being admitted as a licentiate of the College of Physicians. Here he diligently carried forward his pursuit of improvement, under Dr. Willan, whose high and merited reputation had induced many young physicians to enter as his pupils at the Public Dispensary. Dr. Bateman's assiduity at that institution, led to his being appointed assistant physician, under a temporary pressure of business, and, subsequently, to his becoming the colleague of Dr. Willan and Mr. Pearson in 1804; and he was

elected physician to the Fever Hospital, in the same year. His ardour in these offices was unabated by any difficulties so long as his health enabled him to discharge their duties. Those of the latter very important charity were wholly committed to him, and he sustained them for many years without any assistance. He soon likewise became a contributor to the diffusion of medical knowledge by his pen. His "Dispensary Reports" in the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal, first introduced him to the notice of the public as a writer, to the establishment of which periodical he gave efficient support, by contributing a considerable number of very valuable articles. He wrote also most of the medical articles in the Edinburgh Cyclopædia, and the medical portion of the article on "Imagination" in that work, as well as most of the professional biographies. But he principally distinguished himself as an author, by his "Synopsis," and his "Delineations" of cutaneous diseases. In these he followed up the design which Dr. Willan had commenced. The plates are in part those of Dr. Willan, retouched and improved by the engraver, and partly original. Several characteristic representations among them are from Dr. Bateman's own pencil. Altogether they furnish a standard work of most essential importance in facilitating the acquisition of a discriminating, or what in technical language is called a *diagnostic*, tact in these diseases. Dr. Bateman now

succeeded Dr. Willan, as the principal authority on all questions relating to affections of the skin. The "Synopsis" was soon translated into the French, German, and Italian languages, and was well received throughout the continent of Europe, of which Dr. Bateman had the gratification of receiving evidence from the highest quarter. The emperor of Russia was pleased to desire that a copy might be sent to him, through the hands of the imperial ambassador in London. And on the command being carefully fulfilled, his majesty farther condescended to convey to Dr. B. by the same channel, a ring of a hundred guineas value, with an intimation of his pleasure, that any future works written by Dr. Bateman should be transmitted in like manner to St. Petersburg.

But amidst his various labours, Dr. Bateman's health, originally delicate, began to give way. To derangement of the digestive organs, and successive attacks of periodic headache, was superadded a gradual failure of the sight of his right eye, which was considered to be of the nature of amaurosis, and the vision of the left eye was to a certain degree likewise affected. It was thought requisite to have recourse to mercury, which unhappily produced a most exhausting and distressing train of symptoms, the result of "mercurial erethism," of which he himself published an interesting sketch in the ninth volume of the "Medico-Chirurgical Transac-

tions." From this time he no longer enjoyed good health, and derived little or no benefit from some journeys he was induced to take into the north. In the month of April, 1817, he recommenced his attendance at the Fever Hospital, when scarce equal to the duties he had to perform. But an epidemic fever had then appeared in London, and his zeal was not to be restrained. From that time, till the beginning of the following February, he spent from an hour and a half to two hours and a half, daily, in the wards of that hospital, having under his care, during this period, nearly seven hundred patients. He was then himself attacked by fever, and, after his recovery, never gained any tolerable degree of strength, but went on rather declining than improving, until in June, 1819, he was taken ill on the road from London to Middleton, in Durham; being again attacked with alarming languors, in which he was thought to be dying, by himself, and by all around him, and which continually returned if he attempted to make the least exertion. Finding it impossible to proceed to Whitby, as he had intended, he removed to a temporary habitation at Bishop Burton. He now determined to give up his appointment to the Public Dispensary; he had already resigned the office of Physician to the Fever Hospital, after having discharged it faithfully for fourteen years, and was, in consequence, appointed consulting physician. During the ensuing winter he gradually im-

proved in strength so as to be able to take gentle exercise on a pony or in a gig almost daily : but on the return of warm weather, early in April, he had a severe attack of languor after a short ride, and ultimately became the subject of a progressive affection of the digestive organs, accompanied with great exhaustion of strength, without fever or any manifest structural disease, of the fatal tendency of which he had himself the strongest impression.

And now we arrive at the last eventful year of Dr. Bateman's life : the ever memorable era to him, of the commencement and developement of the most momentous change which can possibly affect the human mind. This remarkable event, and its attending circumstances, have been so faithfully and so well detailed by a near relative, that we cannot do better than relate them in the writer's own words. It may be sufficient only to premise, that although Dr. Bateman's moral character had been unimpeachable, and he had always retained a high sense of "honour," and a desire to avoid everything that the world esteems discreditable, he had hitherto not merely remained an utter stranger to the power of vital godliness, but had gradually become *more and more confirmed in his leaning to the wretched doctrine of MATERIALISM.* This lamentable tendency, first acquired during the course of his studies at Edinburgh, had been unhappily increased by the society of some men of considerable talent, who had espoused all its unphilosophical and un-

christian tenets; and, although never able fully to embrace those opinions himself, he was sufficiently influenced by them to become sceptical respecting the truth of Divine revelation. Of course, he was a stranger to the hopes, as well as negligent of the duties of Christianity.

“It was on Sunday, the 9th of April,” says the writer just referred to, “that he first spoke to me on the subject of religion. He had passed the whole of the day in a state of extraordinary suffering, from languor and a variety of nervous feelings, which he always said it was impossible to describe, further than that they were inconceivably painful and distressing; and he went to bed at night with a firm persuasion that he should never again quit it; and, in fact, he did confine himself to it for the following three weeks, from the mere apprehension of the consequences of exertion. Religion was a subject which, for many reasons, had never been discussed between us. Though the tenor of his life had made me but too well acquainted with the state of his mind, he had always avoided any declaration of his opinions, knowing the pain it would give me to hear them. He was habitually fond of argument, and skilled in it; and I knew that I was quite incompetent to argue with him. I considered, too, that the habit of disputing in favour of any opinion, only serves, in general, to rivet it more firmly in the mind; men commonly finding their own arguments more convincing than those of their ad-

versaries. And, above all, I knew that this was a case in which mere argument must always be insufficient,—for it is ‘with the heart that man believeth unto righteousness:’ and in most, if not all, cases of scepticism, the will and the affections need to be set right even more than the understanding; and upon these, argument can have no influence. On the evening of the day I have mentioned, Dr. Bateman had been expressing to me his conviction that he could not live much longer, and complaining of the dreadful nervous sensations which continually harassed him; and then he added, ‘But all these sufferings are a just punishment for my long scepticism, and neglect of God and religion.’ This led to a conversation, in the course of which he observed, that medical men were very generally sceptical; and that the mischief arose from what he considered a natural tendency of some of their studies to lead to materialism. I replied, that the mischief appeared to me to originate rather *in their neglect to examine into the evidences of the truth of the Bible, as an actual revelation from God*; because, if a firm conviction of that were once established, the authority of the Scriptures must be paramount; and the tendency of all inferior studies, in opposition to their declarations, could have no weight. He said he believed I was right, and that he had, in fact, been intending to examine fully into the subject, when the complaint in his eyes came on, and shut him out from reading. Our

conversation ended in his permitting me to read to him the first of Scott's 'Essays on the most Important Subjects in Religion,' which treats of 'The Divine Inspiration of the Scriptures.' He listened with intense earnestness; and when it was concluded, exclaimed, 'This is demonstration! complete demonstration!' He then asked me to read to him the account given in the New Testament of the resurrection of our Saviour; which I did from all the four evangelists. I read also many other passages of Scripture, with some of which he was extremely struck; especially with that declaration, that 'the natural man receiveth not the things of the Spirit of God: for they are foolishness unto him: neither can he know them, because they are spiritually discerned.' 1 Cor. ii. 14.

"For two or three days, he showed increasing interest in the subject of religion; and I read to him continually the Scriptures, and other books which seemed to me best calculated to give him the information he thirsted for. When I went into his room a few mornings after, he said, 'It is quite impossible to describe to you the change which has taken place in my mind: I feel as if a new world were opened to me, and all the interests and pursuits of this have faded into nothing in comparison with it. They seem so mean, and paltry, and insignificant, that my blindness in living so long immersed in them, and devoted to them, is quite inconceivable and astonish-

ing to myself.' He often expressed in the strongest terms, and with many tears, his deep repentance, and his abhorrence of himself for his former sinful life and rebellion against God; but he seemed to have, from the first, so clear a view of the all-sufficiency of the Saviour's atonement, and of the Christian scheme of salvation, as freed him at once from that distrust of forgiveness which is so apt to afflict persons at the first sight of their sins, and of the purity and holiness of him 'with whom they have to do.' The self-abasing views which he entertained of himself, necessarily enhanced his sense of the pardoning love and mercy of God in Christ Jesus, thus graciously extended to him: and which he felt so strongly, that he was filled with the liveliest emotions of gratitude and joy, and in this happy state continued for several days.

"He soon, however, experienced an afflicting reverse of feeling. One evening I left him to visit a near relative, at that time confined to her room in a precarious state of health; and his mother, who had been in attendance upon her, took my place at the bed-side of her son. Dr. Bateman told her, that I had been reading to him various detached portions of Scripture, and that he now wished to hear the New Testament read regularly through from the beginning. She consequently began to read, and had proceeded as far as the tenth chapter of St. Matthew, when he suddenly exclaimed, that he could not believe in the miracles of the Saviour, and that

therefore he must perish for ever.* This suggestion of his spiritual enemy threw him into a state of the most dreadful anguish, and I was immediately sent for to his bed-side. On my arrival he had become a little more composed, but was still in great agitation; and was praying in agony to be saved, and not to be given up to this dreadful state of unbelief. To comfort his mind, we said what we could from Scripture, and from the experience of other Christians: and he was a little relieved by hearing some passages from an essay in the volume before mentioned, 'On the Warfare and Experience of Believers;' finding that his was not, as he had supposed, a case of new occurrence; but that the author of that work was already acquainted with its symptoms, and augured favourably of them, as often accompanying the progress of religion in the soul. Still the idea that his death was fast approaching, and that there was no hope of his mind being convinced before it arrived, quite overwhelmed him. Feeling ourselves to be very inadequate guides and comforters in these afflicting circumstances, we gladly adopted the suggestion of a friend that we should request a neighbouring clergyman of piety and judgment to visit him. Dr. Bateman himself grasped

* It needs scarcely be pointed out, how much more properly this might be called temptation to unbelief, than unbelief itself. While the difficulty of believing was felt, the awful consequences of not believing were fully admitted; that is, were firmly believed.

eagerly at the proposal, and I wrote immediately to the clergyman in question ; but he was from home, and was not expected to return for two or three weeks. A few days after this unwelcome intelligence, Dr. Bateman told me, he had no doubt this disappointment was for his good ; and that it was better for him to be left to himself, as he did not think anything could have convinced him so fully of the efficacy of prayer, as the sensible relief which he experienced from it during those conflicts of doubt and unbelief with which his mind continued to be harassed. He added, that he now spent whole nights in prayer. He felt perfectly assured that these doubts were the suggestions of the great adversary of souls, and remarked, that they were *vividly and manifestly darted, as it were, into his mind, instead of arising from his own reflections, or resulting from any train of reasoning ;* and the absurdity of them, in many instances, was so obvious, that his judgment detected it at once, though he still had not power to drive them from the hold they took on his imagination, or to banish them, for the time, from his thoughts.

“These paroxysms of distress and conflict, which sometimes lasted many hours, he continued subject to for about a fortnight : but they gradually became less long and violent, and he experienced increasingly great relief from prayer during their continuance ; till at length they subsided entirely, and left his mind satisfied

on all those points which had before presented so many obstacles to his belief.

“About this time he received an unexpected visit from a medical friend, whose piety and truly Christian character distinguish him still more than his eminent abilities and professional skill. This gentleman, with great difficulty, succeeded in persuading him that he was by no means in that state of danger and debility which he had apprehended, and that he had the power of taking exercise if he could but exert sufficient resolution to attempt it. Experiment convinced him that this opinion was correct: he was prevailed upon to leave his bed, and in a very few days, was able to be some hours daily in the open air, and to take considerable exercise; and it is remarkable, that, from this time, he had no return of languor after fatigue, except in one instance. Thus was he delivered, by the gracious providence of God, from those overwhelming apprehensions of immediate death which had been so instrumental in bringing him to Christ, as soon as they had effected that blessed purpose.

“He now rarely spoke of the state of his mind and feelings; for such was the extreme reserve of his character, that it could only be overcome by deep and powerful emotions; and when no longer agitated by these, he returned to his natural habits, and was silent on the subject that mostly deeply interested him. Still it was abundantly evident that it *did* interest him. The avidity

with which he listened to the word of God—his eagerness to attend public worship (which for many years he had entirely neglected), and the heartfelt and devout interest which he obviously took in the service—his enlarged and active benevolence—the change which had taken place in his tastes, inclinations, and pursuits—all testified that he was indeed brought out of darkness into ‘marvellous light:’ old things had passed away, and all things had become new.

“In the course of the summer, his health and strength were considerably recruited: but towards the close of it, a little over-exertion in walking brought on an accession of fever, and a great aggravation of all the symptoms of his disorder; but still he continued able to take a little exercise. While he remained in the country, he had much leisure, which was devoted entirely to religious reading; for every other subject had now become insipid and uninteresting to him; and never did the pursuits of science and literature afford him such vivid enjoyment as he now received from these hallowed studies. In November, he removed to Whitby for the winter: and his health continued in much the same state till a short time before Christmas, when a walk, rather longer than usual, again produced increased fever and debility; and from that period his strength and appetite visibly declined, while his spirit was as visibly ripening for heaven. His faith and patience were strengthened;

his hope was increased ; his charity enlarged : yet he was naturally so extremely reserved in the expression of his feelings, that he rarely spoke of them till within the last month of his life, when he rejoiced 'with a joy unspeakable and full of glory,' which bore down all opposition ; for he experienced a happiness to which all the accumulated enjoyments of his whole previous life could bear no proportion or comparison, even that 'peace of God which passeth all understanding,' and which must be felt, or, at least, witnessed, in order to form any just conception of its nature and effects. What a striking example did our dying friend now exhibit to us ! From his early youth he had devoted himself with delight and industry to the acquisition of knowledge and the pursuits of literature and science ; and he had 'had his reward' in the honour and reputation which his success had procured for him,—a reward which he keenly enjoyed and very highly prized. Those who have known only the pleasures which arise from worldly gratifications, surely ought to recollect, that, being confessedly ignorant of the spiritual enjoyments which they despise, they cannot be competent to decide upon their reality or their value : it belongs only to those who have experienced *both*, to appreciate either. And how did Dr. Bateman appreciate them ? In contrasting, as he frequently did, his present happiness with all that he had formerly enjoyed and *called* happiness, he seemed always at a loss

to find words to express how poor, and mean, and despicable, all earthly gratifications appeared to him, when compared with that 'joy and peace in believing,' which now filled his soul: 'one particle of which,' he sometimes said, 'ten thousand worlds would not tempt him to part with.' And it should be remembered, that this was not the evidence of a man disappointed in his worldly pursuits: he had already, as before observed, 'had his reward' in this world—he had experienced the utmost success in the path which he had chosen—he had been keenly susceptible to intellectual pleasures; and of these, as well as of all inferior amusements, he had enjoyed more than a common portion; but when the only object that can satisfy the affections, and fill the capacities of a rational and immortal being, was revealed to him—when he viewed by the eye of faith that life and immortality which are brought to light by the gospel—earthly fame, and honour, and pleasure, sank into the dust; and, in reflecting upon his past life, the only thing that gave him any satisfaction was the hope that his labours might have been beneficial to his fellow-creatures, for whom his charity had now become unbounded. He often said, that 'the blessing of his conversion was never out of his mind day or night; that it was a theme of perpetual thanksgiving; and that he never awoke in the night without being overwhelmed with joy and gratitude in the recollection of it.' He always spoke of his long

bodily afflictions with the most devout thankfulness, as having been instrumental in bringing him to God; and considered his almost total blindness as an especial mercy, because, by shutting out external objects, it had enabled him to devote his mind more entirely to spiritual things. Often, latterly, he expressed an ardent desire to 'depart and to be with Christ;' but always added, that he was cheerfully willing to wait the Lord's pleasure, certain that if he were continued in this world it was only for his own good, and to make him more meet to be a partaker 'of the inheritance of the saints in light.'

"He bore his bodily afflictions with the most exemplary patience, and even cheerfulness, and continually expressed his thankfulness that they were not greater; sometimes saying, 'What a blessing it is to be allowed to slip gently and gradually out of life, as I am doing!' He would not allow any one to speak of his *sufferings*, always saying, 'they did not deserve a stronger name than inconveniences.' He neither complained himself, nor would permit others to complain for him. Once, when the nurse who attended him said, 'Oh, that cough! how troublesome it is!' he replied, 'Have a little patience, nurse: I shall soon be in a better world; and what a glorious change that will be!' Indeed, the joy of his mind seemed to have absorbed all sense of his physical sufferings. I once remarked to him, that he appeared to have experienced no intermission of these

joyful feelings; and he answered, 'For some months past, *never*, and never the smallest rising of anything like impatience or complaint.' *His mind, naturally active and ardent, retained all its powers in full vigour to the last moment of his life:* and was never once clouded or debilitated, even in the most depressing nervous languors. Indeed, after the whole current of his tastes and affections had been turned into a new channel, its ardour and activity rather increased than diminished, from the deep conviction which he felt of the superiority of his present views and pursuits to all that had hitherto engrossed him. During the last week of his life, especially, the strength and clearness of his intellect and of his spiritual perceptions, were very remarkable; and on its being one day observed to him, that as his bodily powers decayed, those of his soul seemed to become more vigorous, he replied, 'They do, exactly in an inverse ratio: I have been very sensible of it.'

"He conversed with the greatest animation all the day, and almost all the night, preceding his death, principally on the joys of heaven and the glorious change he was soon to experience; often exclaiming, 'What a happy hour will the hour of death be!' He dwelt much on the description of the new Jerusalem in the Revelation of St. John, and listened with great delight to several passages from Baxter's 'Saints' Rest,'

and to some of Watts's hymns on the same subject. Once in the night he said to his mother, 'Surely you are not in tears! *Mine is a case that calls for rejoicing, and not for sorrow. Only think what it will be to drop this poor, frail, perishing body, and to go to the glories that are set before me!*' Not more than an hour before his death, when he had been expressing his faith and hope in very animated terms, I remarked to him, how striking the uniformity of faith and of feeling expressed by believers at every distance of time and place, and spoke of it as an indisputable evidence that these graces are wrought by 'one and the self-same Spirit,' and as a *proof of the truth of the Bible*, the promises and descriptions of which are thus so strikingly fulfilled and exemplified. He entered into the argument with his accustomed energy, and assented to its truth with delight. It seemed remarkable, that though he had, during his whole illness, been very sensible of his increasing weakness, and had watched and marked accurately all its gradations, yet he spoke, in the last moments of his life, of going down stairs as usual (he had been carried up and down for several days), and said, 'it could not require more than a very few weeks now to wear him out;' not appearing to be at all aware that his end was so very near, till about half an hour before his death. Finding himself extremely languid, he took a little milk, and desired that air might be

admitted into the room; and on being asked if he felt relieved at all, said, 'Very little: I can hardly distinguish, indeed, whether this is a languor or drowsiness which has come over me; but it is a very *agreeable* feeling.' Soon after, he said suddenly, 'I surely must be going now, my strength sinks so fast;' and on my making some observation on the glorious prospect before him, he added, '*Oh, yes! I am GLAD to go, if it be the Lord's will.*' He shut his eyes, and lay quite composed, and by-and-by said, '*What glory! the angels are waiting for me!*'—then, after another short interval of quiet, added, '*Lord Jesus, receive my soul!*' and to those who were about him, 'Farewell!' These were the last words he spoke: he gradually and gently sunk away, and, in about ten minutes, breathed his last, calmly and without a struggle, at nine in the morning of the 9th of April, the very day on which, twelve months before, his mind had first been awakened to the hopes and joys of the ever-blessed gospel!"

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 Lord's will." He shut his eyes, and lay quite composed,
 and by and by said, "What day! the angels are waiting
 for me!"—then, after another short interval of quiet,
 added, "Lord! and receive my soul," and in those words
 were about him, "I know it." There were the last words
 he spoke: he gradually and gently sank away, and in
 about ten minutes breathed his last calmly and without
 a struggle, at nine in the morning of the 21st of April,
 the very day on which, twelve months before, his mind
 had first been awakened to the hopes and joys of the
 ever-blessed Gospel!—

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Dr. Godman.  
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"I am not surprised that men are not thankful to me; but I wonder that they are not grateful to God for the good which He has made me the instrument of conveying to my fellow-creatures."

JENNER, a few days before death.

"Incomparably great, however, as was the temporal blessing [vaccination] which Jenner was enabled to confer, he knew its comparative importance; he was well aware that there was an instrumentality in operation of a higher order, because it respects that imperishable part of man's nature, concerning which, He who could look through the destinies of a coming Eternity, Himself declared, 'What shall it profit a man if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?'"

"Rev. Rowland Hill once introduced his friend to a nobleman in these terms: 'Allow me to present my friend Dr. Jenner, who has been the means of saving more lives than any other man.' 'Ah!' replied Jenner, 'would I, like you, could say, souls!'"

SKETCH OF EDWARD JENNER, M. D.

MEMOIR OF
JOHN D. GODMAN, M. D.,

PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN THE MEDICAL COLLEGE OF OHIO; ANATOMICAL LECTURER AT PHILADELPHIA; PROFESSOR OF ANATOMY IN RUTGERS MEDICAL COLLEGE, NEW YORK, &c.

DR. GODMAN was born in the year 1798, in the city of Annapolis, state of Maryland. His mother died before he was a year old, and his father did not survive long. On the death of his mother he was placed under the care of an aunt, then residing at Wilmington, in the state of Delaware:—a lady who, from the superiority of her intellect and education, as well as the sweetness of her disposition, and her elevated piety, was eminently qualified to unfold, impress, and direct the youthful mind. Under such culture he received the first rudiments of his education and his earliest moral impressions.

At the age of four his aunt removed from Delaware to

Chestertown, upon the Eastern Shore of Maryland, and here she first placed the interesting orphan at school. He had already become the idol of the family, but now he manifested such a precocity of intellect, such a fondness for books, and an aptitude to learn, and withal evinced so much sensibility, frankness, and sweetness of disposition, that he gained the affection and excited the admiration of all. His reverence for truth was such, even from his infancy, that he was never known to equivocate. At the age of six his aunt died, and he was left without any suitable protector or guide, exposed to the adversities of fortune, and the snares of an unfriendly world. It appears, however, that the moral and religious impressions which had already been made upon his mind, though obscured for a time, were never wholly obliterated. During his last illness he was often heard to speak in raptures of his aunt, and say, "If I have ever been led to do any good, it has been through the influence of her example, instruction, and prayers." His father had lost the greater part of his estate before his death, and that which remained never came into the hands of his children. Young Godman, therefore, was early taught to rely on his own talents and industry. In this situation he was indented an apprentice to a printer in the city of Baltimore; but the occupation was not congenial to his taste; and after a few years he left the business in disgust, and at the same time entered as a sailor on board

the flotilla, which was then, the fall of 1814, stationed in the Chesapeake Bay. At the close of the war, having arrived at the age of fifteen, he was permitted to pursue the inclination of his own mind, and he immediately commenced the study of medicine. He first placed himself under the instruction of Dr. Luckey, of Elizabethtown, Pennsylvania, but soon removed to Baltimore, and entered the office of Dr. Davidge, at that time professor of anatomy in the University of Maryland. Here he pursued his studies with such diligence and zeal as to furnish, even at that early period, strong indications of his future eminence. So indefatigable was he in the acquisition of knowledge, that he left no opportunity of advancement unimproved, and, notwithstanding the deficiencies of his preparatory education, he pressed forward with an energy and perseverance that enabled him not only to rival, but to surpass all his fellows.

As an evidence of the distinguished attainments he had made, and of the confidence reposed in his abilities, he was called to the chair of anatomy in the university some time before he graduated, to supply the place of his preceptor, who was taken from the lectures in consequence of a fractured extremity. This situation he filled for several weeks with so much propriety,—he lectured with such enthusiasm and eloquence, his illustrations were so clear and happy, as to gain universal applause;

and at the time he was examined for his degree, the superiority of his mind, as well as the extent and accuracy of his knowledge, were so apparent, that he was marked by the professors of the university as one destined at some future period to confer high honour upon the profession. Upon this occasion a prize medal was awarded him for the best Latin thesis.

After he graduated he settled at New Holland, in Pennsylvania, but soon left this situation, and repaired to a small village in Anne Arundel county, in his native state, and established himself as a practitioner of medicine. Here he entered on the active duties of the profession with the same energy and diligence which had distinguished him while a pupil, devoting all the hours he could spare to professional and other studies. It was at this time that he commenced the study of natural history, a science in which he became so distinguished an adept, and for which he ever after evinced so strong a passion. But the place was too limited for the exercise of his powers; and not finding those advantages which he wished, for the cultivation of his favourite pursuits, he removed to Baltimore, where he could enjoy more ample opportunities for the study of anatomy, which he justly regarded as the foundation of medical science.

About this time he formed a connexion by marriage; an event which contributed equally to his domestic happiness and literary advancement. Soon after his mar-

riage he removed to Philadelphia, but had scarcely settled in that city when he received a pressing invitation to accept the professorship of anatomy in the Medical College of Ohio; an institution then recently established. During his western tour he encountered difficulties which would have broken down a spirit less energetic than his own; but he bore up under his accumulated labours and privations with unshaken firmness and steady perseverance. He, however, remained but one year, and returned to Philadelphia;—and here commenced that career of research and discovery which laid the foundation of his future eminence.

More ambitious of fame, and more eager for the acquisition of knowledge, than the accumulation of wealth, Dr. Godman, on settling in Philadelphia, rather retired from the field of practice, that he might employ all his time, and exert all his powers, in scientific pursuits. He there found himself at once removed from the pitiful rivalries and jealousies of the profession, and placed in a situation in which he could enjoy the friendship without alarming the fears of his brethren.

His main object was to make himself a thorough anatomist, and to qualify himself for teaching the science. To this end he opened a room, under the patronage of the University of Pennsylvania, for giving private demonstrations; and the first winter he drew around him a class of seventy students. He now found himself

occupying a field which furnished ample scope for the exertion of all his powers, as well as for the gratification of his highest ambition; and it was while engaged in the discharge of the duties of this situation, that the foundation was laid of that fatal disease of which he died; for so eager was he to acquire knowledge himself, as well as to impart it to those around him, that he would not only expose himself to the foul atmosphere of the dissecting room during the whole day, but often subject himself to the severest toil for a considerable part of the night; and the moments which were spared from his anatomical labours, instead of being spent in relaxation, or in exercise in the open air for the benefit of his health, were employed in composing papers for the medical journals, in copying the results of his anatomical and physiological investigations, in preparing parts of his natural history, or in carrying on other literary and scientific studies. It was impossible that a constitution, naturally delicate, could long remain unimpaired under such strenuous and unremitting exertion.

After Dr. Godman had prosecuted his anatomical studies in Philadelphia for four or five years, his reputation as an anatomist became so generally known, his fame so widely extended, that the eyes of the profession were directed to him from every part of the country; and in 1826 he was called to fill the chair of anatomy in Rutgers Medical College, established in the city of New

York. There could scarcely have been a stronger testimony of the high estimation in which he was held, or of his reputation as a teacher of anatomy, than his appointment to this station; an institution around which several of the most eminent professors of the country had already rallied; and which was called into existence under circumstances of rivalry that demanded the highest qualifications in its instructors. This situation, as well as every other in which he had been placed, he sustained with a popularity almost unparalleled. He never exhibited in public, but he gathered around him an admiring audience, who hung with delight upon his lips. But the duties of the chair, together with his other scientific pursuits, were too arduous, and the climate too rigorous for a constitution already subdued by labour, and broken by disease; and before he had completed his second course of lectures, he was compelled to retire from the school, and seek a residence in a milder climate. He repaired with his family to one of the West India islands, and remained till the approach of summer, when he returned and settled in Germantown. In this place, and in Philadelphia, he spent the residue of his life.

From the time Dr. Godman left New York his disease advanced with such a steady pace as to leave but little hope, either to himself or his friends, of his final recovery. He, however, continued almost to the last week of his life to toil in his literary and scientific em-

ployments; and this, too, with all that ardour and enthusiasm which distinguished the more youthful part of his career. Not for the acquisition of wealth, for this he could not enjoy; not for posthumous fame, for this he did not desire. It was, as he affectingly tells us, for the more noble purpose, the support of his family, and the good of his fellow-creatures.

The productions of Dr. Godman's pen, and the fruits of his labour, are too numerous to be specified. Among them will be found "Anatomical Investigations, comprising a Description of various Fasciæ of the Human Body;"—"An Account of some Irregularities of Structure and Morbid Anatomy;"—"Contributions to Physiological and Pathological Anatomy;"—"A System of Natural History of American Quadrupeds;"—"An Edition of Bell's Anatomy, with Notes;"—"Rambles of a Naturalist." Several articles on natural history for the American Encyclopædia, beside numerous papers which have appeared in the periodical journals of the day. At one time he was the principal editor of the "Philadelphia Journal of the Medical and Physical Sciences." Some time before his death he published a volume of Addresses which he had delivered on different public occasions. Most of these admired productions have been before the public for a considerable time; have been received with high approbation, and several of them have been republished in foreign countries.

Those of his works which are purely medical have been read with great interest by the profession, and contain much new and valuable information. His investigations of the fasciæ of the human body, and his description of the intricate part of the animal structure, while they disclose some important discoveries which he made, exhibit the whole subject in a manner so plain and simple as to divest it of its obscurity, and bring it to the comprehension of the youngest student;—a subject which, till his researches were made known, was but little understood even by the best anatomists. His contributions also to physiological and pathological anatomy, though but the scattered fragments of a great work which he had designed, contain discoveries and observations which will be read with the deepest interest by the inquirer after truth. Of this works not immediately connected with the profession, his *Natural History of American Quadrupeds* is the most elaborate, and is published in three volumes. This production will long remain a splendid monument of the genius and industry of its author, and be regarded as a model of composition for works of this description. It should have a place upon the table of every family, and be put into the hands of all the youths of our country. Among the latest productions of his pen are his essays, entitled *Rambles of a Naturalist*, which were written in the intervals of extreme pain and debility. For strong, lively, and

accurate description, they have scarcely been surpassed. He always came to his subject as an investigator of facts, —one who had nothing to learn, but everything to discover; and, like the celebrated Buffon, never availed himself of the labour of others till he had exhausted his own resources. It was this spirit which enabled him to disclose so many new truths, and which gave to all his works the stamp of originality. The value which he placed on original observation, as well as the zeal with which he sought information from this source, may be learned from a single incident, “that in investigating the habits of the shrew mole, he walked many hundred miles.”

But his published works constitute but a part of the labours of his pen; and many things which he sent forth were only fragments of a great system, or the commencement of future researches. He had formed vast plans for prosecuting new investigations in various departments of science, which he did not live to accomplish. Though he wrote with great rapidity, and sometimes without much care, yet all his works bear the impress of a mind naturally vigorous, bold, and original, and much disposed to draw from its own resources; and most of them are written in a style of great elegance and beauty.

Dr. Godman's intellectual character was very extraordinary. He possessed all the characteristic features

of a mind of the highest order. Naturally bold, ardent, and enterprising, he never stopped to calculate consequences, so far as they regarded himself; but rushed forward with impetuosity to perform whatever he undertook. Great and lofty intellectual purposes seemed to be the natural element in which he lived. His perception was quick and accurate; his memory exceedingly retentive; and he possessed an uncommon facility of abstracting his attention from surrounding objects, and of concentrating all his powers upon the subject of his pursuit. It was this latter trait of mind, no doubt, which gave such effect to all his efforts: while he was indebted to the power of his memory for the remarkable facility he possessed of acquiring languages; for although his early education had been exceedingly limited, he had acquired such a knowledge of the Latin, Greek, French, German, Danish, Spanish, and Italian languages, as to read and translate them with fluency, and to write several of them with elegance. His quick and discriminating powers of observation naturally inclined him to notice the habits and economy of animals, and gave him his taste for the study of natural history.

But the most striking character of his mind was undoubtedly philosophical imagination. It was this trait which conferred upon him such powers of description and illustration, and imparted freshness and splendour

to everything he touched. All his conceptions were strong, clear, and original, and he possessed the power of holding before him whatever object engaged his attention, till all its parts and relations were brought to view. By those who have listened to his extemporaneous discussions, it is said that, while he was speaking, a thousand images seemed to cluster around the subject, and that he had just time to select such as imparted beauty, or furnished the happiest illustration of the object he wished to explain. Yet, while he possessed all this richness and fertility of mind, taste and judgment ever controlled its operations.

He was a laborious and untiring student, and possessed in a high degree the requisites of all true intellectual greatness,—the habit of patient investigation, long-continued attention, and a singular love of labour. “How often,” says one (to whom he unbosomed the secrets of his heart), “have I entreated him, while poring half the night over his books and papers, which were to yield him nothing but empty honour,—how often have I begged him to consider his health; but his ambition and thirst for knowledge were such that, having commenced an investigation, or a language, no difficulty could stop him; and what he had no time to accomplish in the day he would do at night, instead of enjoying that rest of which he stood in so much need.”

It has been truly and happily said by one who knew

him intimately, that his eagerness in the pursuit of knowledge seemed like the impulse of gnawing hunger and an unquenchable thirst; which neither adversity nor disease could allay. Variety of occupations was the only relaxation which he sought for or desired.

He composed with rapidity, but not without a high degree of intellectual excitement, and the most abstracted attention. Under such an influence some of his best essays were sent to the press as they first came from his pen, without the smallest correction.

Considering the defects of his early education, his acquisitions, for his years, were astonishingly great. Indeed, there were but few subjects of general literature with which he was not, more or less, acquainted.

But it was his accurate knowledge of anatomy and physiology, and his uncommon power of teaching these branches of medicine, which gave him his strongest claims to regard as a man of science; and had his life and health been prolonged so as to have directed the whole energy of his mind to the cultivation of this department of his profession, he would probably have laid open new sources of knowledge, discovered new laws, and reduced to order those scattered materials already known; and the whole study might thus have been simplified and enriched by his labours.

His method of teaching anatomy was entirely analytical, and peculiar in this respect,—that he performed

all his dissections in the presence of the class, demonstrating the different parts of the animal structure in succession, as they were unfolded by the knife. But this method, however well suited to a private class in the dissecting room, causes too much confusion and delay to be practised with success while lecturing by one less dexterous and skilful than himself.

Dr. Godman, in his manners, was plain, simple, and unostentatious; yet he possessed that warmth and affability which rendered him accessible to all, and the delight of the social circle. His feelings in everything were ardent and decided. He was devotedly attached to his friends;—towards his enemies he was impatient, and felt keenly their revilings. In his conversation he was fluent, and, though unstudied, was often brilliant, and always full of point and power.

He was particularly distinguished for simplicity and directness in uttering his thoughts, which always indicated to those he addressed the absence of selfishness and concealment. No enigmatical expressions, no innuendoes, were ever heard from his lips. Dark and distant insinuations were his utter abhorrence. In whatever he said, and in whatever he did, he put forth his whole soul. He was always cheerful, and apparently happy, even amid the deepest adversity and the keenest suffering.

The following just and elegant tribute is from the pen of one who, above most others, knew Dr. Godman's

worth—that distinguished scholar and gentleman, Robert Walsh, Esq. :

“The tributes which have been paid in the newspapers to the late Dr. Godman, were especially due to the memory of a man so variously gifted by nature, and so nobly distinguished by industry and zeal in the acquisition and advancement of science. He did not enjoy early opportunities of self-improvement, but he cultivated his talents, as he approached manhood, with a degree of ardour and success which supplied all deficiencies ; and he finally became one of the most accomplished general scholars and linguists, acute and erudite naturalists, ready, pleasing, and instructive lecturers and writers of his country and era. The principal subject of his study was anatomy in its main branches, in which he excelled in every respect. His attention was much directed also to physiology, pathology, and natural history, with an aptitude and efficiency abundantly proved by the merits of his published works, which we need not enumerate.

“We do not now recollect to have known any individual who inspired us with more respect for his intellect and heart than Dr. Godman ; to whom knowledge and discovery appeared more abstractly precious ; whose eye shed more of the lustre of generous and enlightened enthusiasm ; whose heart remained more vivid and sympathetic amid professional labour and responsibility,

always extremely severe and urgent. Considering the decline of his health, for a long period, and the pressure of adverse circumstances, which he too frequently experienced, he performed prodigies as a student, an author, and a teacher ;—he prosecuted extensive and diversified researches ; composed superior disquisitions and reviews, and large and valuable volumes ; and in the great number of topics which he handled simultaneously, or in immediate succession, he touched none without doing himself credit, and producing some new development of light, or happy forms of expression.

“He lingered for years under consumption of the lungs ; understood fully the incurableness of his melancholy state ; spoke and acted with an unfeigned and beautiful resignation ; toiled at his desk to the last day of his thirty-two years, still glowing with the love of science and the domestic affections.”

But there remains another view of Dr. Godman to which no allusion has been made : his MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER. No apology is due for exhibiting one so admirable, and so worthy of imitation, and one which proved his only solace in sickness, cheered him as he approached the valley of death, and shed light and immortality around his dying couch.

It had been the misfortune of Dr. Godman, as that of many eminent members of his profession before him, to form his philosophical and religious opinions

after the model of the French naturalists of the last century; the most distinguished of whom were deists and atheists; and such is man in his natural, his fallen condition, that even while surrounded by the most magnificent displays of divine power and wisdom, and with his eyes directed to those very objects, and his attention arrested by those very laws which proclaim the existence and the presence of an almighty Power, that he overlooks and passes by the evidences they furnish of the existence of a Deity; and this, often, under the specious, but delusive pretext of casting off the shackles of prejudice and superstition, and of giving the reins to free, enlightened, and philosophical inquiry. It was the case with Dr. Godman; for while assisted by such lights as these, and guided alone in his investigations by perverted reason, he became, as he tells us, an established infidel, rejecting revelation, and casting all the evidences of an existing God beneath his feet.

It was not till the winter of 1827, while engaged in his course of lectures in New-York, that he was arrested in his career, and brought to an experimental knowledge of the truth. At this time an incident occurred which led him to a candid perusal of the gospel, as contained in the New Testament. It was a visit to a deathbed; the deathbed of a Christian; the deathbed of a student of medicine. There he saw what reason could not explain, nor philosophy fathom. He opened his Bible,

and the secret was unfolded. From this time he became a devoted student of the Scriptures. How far they were made the efficient cause of his conversion to Christianity will best appear from his own eloquent pen.

The following is an extract from a letter he addressed to a medical friend, Dr. Judson, of Washington city, a surgeon in the navy of the United States, who was at that time in the last stage of consumption:—

“ Germantown, Dec. 25, 1828.

“ In relation to dying, my dear friend, you talk like a sick man, and just as I used to do when very despondent. Death is a debt we all owe to nature, and must eventually ensue from a mere wearing out of the machine, if not from disease. The time when, makes no difference in the act of dying to the individual; for, after all, it terminates in corporeal insensibility, let the preceding anguish be never so severe. Nature certainly has a strong abhorrence to this cessation of corporeal action, and all animals have a dread of death who are conscious of its approach. A part of our dread of death is purely physical, and is avoidable only by a philosophical conviction of its necessity; but the greater part of our dread, and the terrors with which the avenues to the grave are surrounded, are from another, and a more potent source. ‘ ’Tis conscience that makes cowards of us all,’ and forces us by our terrors to confess that we dread something beyond physical dissolution, and that we are terri-

fied, not at merely ceasing to breathe, but that we have not lived as we ought to have done, have not effected the good that was within the compass of our abilities, and neglected to exercise the talents we possessed to the greatest advantage. *The only remedy for this fear of death* is to be sought by approaching the Author of all things in the *way prescribed by himself*, and not according to our own *foolish imaginations*. Humiliation of pride, denial of self, subjection of evil tempers and dispositions, and an entire submission to his will for support and direction, are the best preparatives for such an approach. *A perusal of the gospel, in a spirit of real inquiry, after a direction how to act, will certainly teach the way. In these gospels the Saviour himself has preached his own doctrines, and he who runs may read. He has prescribed the course ; he shows how the approval and mercy of God may be won ; he shows how awfully corrupt is man's nature, and how deadly his pride and stubbornness of heart, which cause him to try every subterfuge to avoid the humiliating confession of his own weakness, ignorance, and folly. But the same blessed hand has stripped death of all the terrors which brooded around the grave, and converted the gloomy receptacle of our mortal remains into the portal of life and light. O let me die the death of the righteous ; let my last end and future state be like his !*

“ This is all I know on the subject. I am no theo-

logian, and have as great an aversion to priestcraft as one can entertain. *I was once an infidel*, as I told you in the West Indies. *I became a Christian from conviction, produced by the candid inquiry recommended to you.* I know of no other way in which death can be stripped of its terrors; certainly none better can be wished. *Philosophy is a fool, and pride a madman.* Many persons die with what is called *manly firmness*; that is, having acted a part all their lives according to their prideful creed, they must die *game*. They put on as smooth a face as they can, to impose on the spectators, and die *firmly*. But this is all deception; the true state of their minds at the very time, nine times out of ten, is worse than the most horrible imaginings even of hell itself. Some who have led lives adapted to sear their conscience, and petrify all the moral sensibilities, die with a kind of indifference similar to that with which a hardened convict submits to a new infliction of disgraceful punishment. But the man who dies as a man ought to die is the humble-minded, believing Christian; one who has tasted and enjoyed all the blessings of creation; who has had an enlightened view of the wisdom and glory of his Creator; who has felt the vanity of merely worldly pursuits and motives, and been permitted to know the mercies of a blessed Redeemer as he approaches the narrow house appointed for all the living.

“Physical death may cause his senses to shrink and fail at the trial; but his mind, sustained by the Rock of ages, is serene and unwavering. He relies not on his own righteousness, for that would be vain; but the arms of mercy are beneath him—the ministering spirits of the Omnipotent are around him. He does not die manfully, but he rests in Jesus; he blesses his friends, he casts his hope on One all powerful to sustain, and mighty to save; then sleeps in peace. He is dead—but liveth; for He who is the resurrection and the life has declared, ‘Whoso believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live. And whosoever liveth, and believeth in me, shall never die.’” * * * * *

This letter, which so truly contrasts the deathbed scene of the infidel with that of the Christian, so beautifully portrays the history of the change which had been effected in Dr. Godman’s own sentiments and affections, and so clearly points the benighted wanderer to the true source of life and light, was not lost upon his friend to whom it was addressed. It described his condition, and it reached his heart.

Dr. Judson, though religiously instructed when young, having a pious clergyman for his father, and another for his elder brother, [Dr. Judson, the distinguished missionary to Burmah, now gone to his reward in heaven,] yet he had long since freed himself from what he called the prejudices of education, the shackles of priestcraft, and

was ranging the fields of infidelity. He had acquired wealth and reputation; was an estimable man in all the domestic relations of life, and a highly respected member of his profession; but the self-denying doctrines of the Saviour were too humbling to his proud spirit, and he could not submit to their influence. At the time he received Dr. Godman's letter, however, he was gloomy and despondent; looking forward with fearful forebodings to the period of his dissolution, which seemed not far distant. He had no confidence but that of the sceptic,—no hope but that of ceasing to be. Aware of the fatal nature of the disease under which he had lingered for years, he had long been arming himself to meet the king of terrors with composure, that he might die like a philosopher—"with manly firmness:" but, as he drew nearer to the grave, the clouds and darkness thickened around him, and he began to fear that there might be something beyond this narrow prison. He had hitherto refused all religious intercourse, but now his infidelity began to give way, and he inquired with solicitude, "Is there such a thing as the new birth, and if so, in what does it consist?" He was directed to the gospel for the answer. He at length consented to make the investigation recommended by Dr. Godman. He took up the New Testament, and read it in the spirit of candid inquiry. A conviction of the truth of its doctrines fastened upon him. He now solicited the advice and

prayers of a pious clergyman. Yet he could not consent to relinquish the sentiments which he had so long cherished without the clearest proof; and he disputed every inch of ground with great acuteness and ability: but the truth was exhibited by this venerable divine [*the Rev. William Ryland*] with such force and simplicity, that it overcame every argument he could produce, and he saw clearly the folly of his sceptical opinions. The clouds were dissipated, light broke in upon his mind, and he was enabled to take hold of the promises. The remaining days of his life were devoted to fervent prayer, and the constant study of the Scriptures, which filled his soul with divine composure, and enabled him to rely with undoubting confidence on the infinite merits of his Redeemer, and with his last breath to cry "Peace, peace." If he did not die with "*manly firmness*," he "*rested in Jesus*."

The exercises of such a mind as Dr. Godman's, during a long period of affliction, cannot fail to be interesting, as well to the philosopher as to the Christian, and more especially as expressed by himself. I shall, therefore, present a few brief extracts from some of his correspondence at that period.

"*Philadelphia, Feb. 17, 1829.*"

"My Dear Friend:—Since my last to you, my health has suffered various and most afflicting changes. The

unusual severity of the weather, and other scarcely perceptible causes, induced an attack of inflammation in the diseased lung, which in my enfeebled condition required more of depletion, and reduction of diet, than could be readily borne ; hemorrhage ensued on the third or fourth day, which relieved the local affection considerably, and by the aid of blistering frequently, and perfect rest, I gradually amended. Still the great suffering caused by the mental and corporeal debility was beyond anything ever before experienced by me, even after the active condition of disease was checked. But thanks to the mercies of Him who is alone able to save, the valley and shadow of death were stripped of their terrors, and the descent to the grave was smoothed before me. Relying on the mercies and infinite merits of the Saviour, had it pleased God to call me then, I believe I should have died in a peaceful, humble confidence. But I have been restored to a state of comparative health, perhaps nearly to the condition in which I was when I wrote to Dr. Judson ; and I am again allowed to think of the education of my children, and the support of my family. * *

“ Believe me truly your friend,

“ Professor SEWALL.

J. D. GODMAN.”

In answer to a suggestion which was made to him, of the propriety of leaving behind him a memoir of his life, he says : “ It has long been my intention, as my life has

been a curious one, to put a short account of it together for the benefit of my children and others." * * *

It appears, however, from some lines which he wrote at a later period of his life, that he never accomplished this object; for in a manuscript volume which he sent to a friend, and which he intended to fill with original pieces of his own composition, he writes as follows:—

“Did I not in all things feel most thoroughly convinced that the overruling of our plans by an all-wise Providence is always for good, I might regret that a part of my plan cannot be executed. This was to relate a few curious incidents from among the events of my most singularly guided life, which, in addition to mere novelty or peculiarity of character, could not have failed practically to illustrate the importance of inculcating correct religious and moral principles, and imbuing the mind therewith from the very earliest dawn of intellect, from the very moment that the utter imbecility of infancy begins to disappear. May *His* holy will be done, who can raise up abler advocates to support the truth! This is my first attempt to write in my Token;—why may it not be the last? Oh! should it be, believe me that the will of God will be most acceptable. Notwithstanding the life of neglect, sinfulness, and perversion of heart, which I so long led before it pleased him to dash all my idols in the dust, I feel an humble hope in the boundless mercy of our blessed Lord and Saviour, who alone can

save the soul from merited condemnation. May it be in the power of those who chance to read these lines to say, Into thy hands I commend my spirit, for thou hast redeemed me, O Lord! thou God of truth."

On communicating to Dr. Godman an account of the last moments of his friend, Dr. Judson, he responds in the following feeling and beautiful manner:—

"Germantown, May 21, 1829.

"My Dear Friend:—I feel very grateful for your attention in sending me an account of our dear Judson's last moments. After all his doubts, difficulties, and mental conflicts, to know that the Father of mercies was pleased to open his eyes to the truth, and shed abroad in his heart the love and salvation offered through the Redeemer, is to me a source of the purest gratification, and a cause of the most sincere rejoicing. The bare possibility of my having been even slightly instrumental in effecting the blessed change of mind he experienced, excites in me emotions of gratitude to the Source of all good which words cannot express.

"My health has been in a very poor condition since my last to you. My cough and expectoration have been generally bad, and my body is emaciated to a very great degree. The warm weather now appears to have set in, and possibly I may improve a little; otherwise it will not be long before I follow our lately departed friend.

Let me participate in the prayers you offer for the sick and afflicted, and may God grant me strength to die to his honour and glory, in the hopes and constancy derived from the merits and atonement of the blessed Saviour. With my best wishes for your health and prosperity, I remain sincerely yours,

“Professor SEWALL.

J. D. GODMAN.”

“*Philadelphia, Oct. 6, 1829.*

“My Dear Friend:—My health is, as for a considerable time past, in a very tolerable condition; that is, I can sit up a great part of the day writing or reading without much injury. My emaciation is great, and, though not very rapid, is steady; so that the change in my strength takes place almost imperceptibly. On the whole, though I suffer greatly, compared with persons in health, yet so gently have the chastenings of the Lord fallen upon me, that I am hourly called upon for thankfulness and gratitude for his unfailing mercies. Equal cause have I had for rejoicing that I have learned to put my whole trust in him; as he has raised me up help and friends in circumstances which seemed to render even hope impossible; and has blessed me and mine with peace and content in the midst of all afflictions, trials, and adversity.

“Knowing experimentally the value of implicit submission of all thoughts and desires to his most holy will,

it is no small source of distress to me to see how many of my most valued friends live in the habitual neglect of a happiness so pure, so attainable, and admirable.”

* * * * *

Dr. Godman's religious feelings, though ardent, were not bigoted. In him religion was not that cold, selfish, and narrow principle which shuts out from his confidence all not of his own faith; nor did it consist in a loud profession of a particular doctrine or creed. It was the religion of the heart, deep, sincere, and as comprehensive as the charity of heaven; embracing all the humble, faithful, and really good of every sect and denomination of Christians.

In the concluding part of the above letter, after speaking of the different religious denominations in terms of great liberality and candour, he says:—

“However, *I find all really religious persons to be of one mind.* Those who have drunk at the undefiled spring of truth, as set forth in the New Testament, without obscuration of human creeds or tradition, I have never found to differ in any respect that was of the slightest importance; and, therefore, with such persons, however called, I can always communicate advantageously.

Sincerely your friend,

“Professor SEWALL.

J. D. GODMAN.”

His strong and practical views of the authenticity

of Christianity are clearly exhibited in the following extract which he wrote not long before his death:—

“*Is proof wanting that these gospels are true? It is only necessary for an honest mind to read them candidly to be convinced.* Every occurrence is stated clearly, simply, and unostentatiously. The narrations are not supported by asseverations of their truth, nor by parade of witnesses; the circumstances described took place in presence of vast multitudes, and are told in that downright, unpretending manner, which would have called forth innumerable positive contradictions had they been untrue. Mysteries are stated without attempt at explanation, because *explanation* is not necessary to establish the *existence* of facts, however mysterious. Miracles, also, attested by the presence of vast numbers, are stated in the plainest language of narration, in which the slightest working of imagination cannot be traced. This very simplicity, this unaffected sincerity, and quiet affirmation, have more force than a thousand witnesses,—more efficacy than volumes of ambitious effort to support truth by dint of argumentation.

“What motive could the evangelists have to falsify? The Christian kingdom is not *of this world*, nor *in it*. Christianity teaches disregard of its vanities; depreciates its honours and enjoyments, and sternly declares that none can be Christians but those who escape from its vices and allurements. There is no call directed to

ambition,—no gratification proposed to vanity:—the sacrifice of self,—the denial of all the propensities which relate to the gratification of passion or pride, with the most humble dependence upon God, are invariably taught, and most solemnly enjoined, under penalty of the most awful consequences! Is it then wonderful that such a system should find revilers? Is it surprising that sceptics should abound, when the slightest allowance of belief would force them to condemn all their actions? Or is it to be wondered at that a purity of life and conversation so repugnant to human passions, and a humility so offensive to human pride, should be opposed, rejected, and contemned? Such is the true secret of the opposition to *religion*,—such the cause inducing men who lead unchristian lives to array the frailties, errors, weakness, and vices of individuals, or sects, against *Christianity*, hoping to weaken or destroy the system by rendering ridiculous or contemptible those who *profess* to be governed by its influence, though their conduct shows them to be acting under an opposite spirit.

“What is the mode in which this most extraordinary doctrine of Christianity is to be diffused? By force—temporal power—temporal rewards—earthly triumphs? None of these. By earnest persuasion—gentle entreaty—brotherly love—paternal remonstrance. The dread resort of threatened punishment comes last—exhibited in sorrow, not in anger; told as a fearful truth, not de-

nounced with vindictive exultation; while, to the last moment, the beamy shield of mercy is ready to be interposed for the saving of the endangered.

“Human doctrines are wavering and mutable: the doctrines of the blessed and adorable Jesus, our Saviour, are fixed and immutable. The traditions of men are dissimilar and inconsistent; the declarations of the gospel are harmonious, not only with each other, but with the acknowledged attributes of the Deity, and the well known condition of human nature.

“What do sceptics propose to give us in exchange for this system of Christianity, with its ‘hidden mysteries,’ ‘miracles,’ ‘signs and wonders?’ Doubt, confusion, obscurity, annihilation! Life—without higher motive than selfishness;—death—without hope! Is it for this that their zeal is so warmly displayed in proselyting? Is such the gain to accrue for the relinquishment of our souls? In very deed this is the utmost they have to propose, and we can only account for their rancorous efforts to render others like themselves, by reflecting that misery loves company.”

In the last letter ever received from him he observes: “I have just concluded the publication of the translation of Levasseur’s account of Lafayette’s progress through the United States, which will appear next week.

“My health has for the last week or two been very

good, for me ; since, notwithstanding my rather excessive application during this time, I continue to do well. My cough and expectoration are sufficiently troublesome ; but, by light diet, and avoiding all irritation, I have but very little trouble from night sweats, and generally sleep tolerably well. My emaciation does not appear to advance very rapidly, though there is no reason to believe it will cease.

“My time is so exceedingly occupied by the literary business I am engaged in, that it is with great difficulty that I can attend to any other affairs. However, I have always intended to leave behind me the sort of memoranda you wish for, which my friends may use at their discretion. I have to-day, as above mentioned, concluded one book, which leaves me at liberty to write some long deferred letters. To-morrow I must resume my pen to complete some articles of zoology for the *Encyclopædia Americana*, now preparing in Boston. It shall be my constant endeavour to husband my strength to the last ; and by doing as much as is consistent with safety for the good of my fellow-creatures, endeavour to discharge a mite of the immense debt I owe for the never failing bounties of Providence.”

He did husband his strength, and he toiled with his pen almost to the last hours of his life ; and by thus doing has furnished a singular evidence of the possibility of uniting the highest attainments in science,

and the most ardent devotion to letters, with the firmest belief and the purest practice of the Christian. But the period of his dissolution was not distant: the summons arrived; and conscious that the messenger who had been long in waiting could not be bribed to tarry, he commended his little family in a fervent prayer to Him who has promised to be the "Father of the fatherless, and the widow's God;" and then with uplifted eyes and hands, and a face beaming with joy and confidence, resigned his spirit into the arms of his Redeemer, on the morning of the 17th of April, 1830, aged thirty-two years.

A friend, who was his constant companion during his sickness, and witnessed his last moments, writes thus:—

"You ask me to give an account of his last moments: they were such as have robbed me of all terror of death, and will afford me lasting comfort through life. The same self-composure and entire resignation which were so remarkable through his whole sickness, supported him to the end. *O it was not death—it was a release from mortal misery to everlasting happiness! Such calmness when he prayed for us all,—such a heavenly composure, even till the breath left him, you would have thought he was going only a short journey.* During the day his sufferings had been almost beyond enduring. Frequently did he pray that the Lord would give him

patience to endure all till the end, knowing that it could not be many hours ; and truly his prayers were heard. 'Lord Jesus, receive my soul!' were the last words he uttered ; and his countenance appeared as if he had a foretaste of heaven even before his spirit left this world."

MEMOIR OF
WILLIAM GORDON, M.D., F.R.S.

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Dr. William Gordon.  
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(183)

"That the rejection of Revealed Religion implies *no superiority of intellect*, nor attainments in *Learning and Science*, has been *abundantly demonstrated* by the records of almost every age: for Christianity has incontestably enrolled in her registers the names of men, whose talents and acquirements, whose labours and writings, surpass all that can be adduced to support the credit of the adversaries of the Christian faith."

JOHN PEARSON, F. R. S., F. L. S., M. R. J.

Senior Surgeon of Lock Hospital, &c.

MEMOIR OF WILLIAM GORDON, M.D., F.L.S.

PART I.

HIS CHARACTER AS A PROFESSIONAL MAN AND CITIZEN.

WILLIAM GORDON was born at Fountains Hall, August 2, 1801. Some of his ancestors were distinguished for high literary attainments, and to the intelligence of his parents he was largely indebted for the ardent love of study, and the great value he placed upon sound learning, which distinguished him throughout life. He was liberally educated at Ripon, a city not far from his birth-place. On leaving Ripon, he was put as an apprentice to a general practitioner of physic at Otley. A reverse in the fortune of his father embarrassed the course of the son, but not so as to alter the purpose of the latter to obtain a thorough training for the profession which he had chosen. By the kindness of a friend, who lent him money, he was enabled to

go to London, and commence his studies ; and, after continuing there for some time, he, by the same means, entered the University of Edinburgh, in order to complete his course, and receive his medical degree. After a residence there of three years, and as he was about to present himself for the degree, he was induced to settle at Welton, about nine miles from Hull, as a general practitioner, intending to return to the University the following year for his diploma ; but this was not accomplished until several years afterwards, when, however, it was awarded with great honour.

In 1826, before he graduated at Edinburgh, he married a daughter of James Lowthorp, Esq., of Welton Hall. Having acquired a lucrative practice, many warm friends, and extensive influence at Welton, he was induced to remain there for several years. In 1841 he settled at Hull, and continued to reside there until the period of his death, February 7th, 1849.

Dr. Gordon was a man of education—of science. His mind was sound, and always actively engaged ; he was a thinking man in a double sense—ever *thinking*, and always *thinking for himself*. His whole history exhibits the Scholar, the Physician, and the Philosopher. The following “System of Study,” found among his papers after death, will indicate the character of his mind, and the range of his studies, whilst a beginner in medical practice, at Welton. The paper bears date August, 1827.

MONDAY—Natural Philosophy.

TUESDAY—Chemistry, Pharmacy, Mineralogy, or Geology.

WEDNESDAY—Zoology, Anatomy, Physiology, or Surgery.

THURSDAY—Vegetable Physiology, Botany, Materia Medica, or Agriculture.

FRIDAY—Pathology and Practice of Medicine, or Midwifery.

SATURDAY—Languages, Logic, Moral Philosophy, Political Economy, or Algebra.

About this time, a small volume on the Practice of Surgery appeared, and, in 1832, a work known as "A Critical Inquiry concerning a new Membrane in the Eye," both the product of his pen. He wrote for the various medical journals, and contributed to The London Magazine of Natural History. In 1832, he was elected a Fellow of the Linnæan Society.

After his settlement at Hull, he became, if possible, yet more abundant in labours. He was devoted to his profession, but yet not unmindful of the great questions of public interest. He soon became a member of the borough corporation of Hull. In this position, he took a leading part in the promotion of what he conceived to be the cause of popular progress. He paid earnest regard to parliamentary and financial reform, to freedom

in trade, and particularly to all questions of special interest to the labouring classes. He had the poor man's interest mainly at heart, and laboured, in various ways, to improve his condition. He delivered lectures for the working masses, on scientific and philosophical subjects, and, on all suitable public occasions, spoke in behalf of their political, social, and industrial rights. His enlarged benevolence did not only exhibit itself in the advocacy of the poor man's interests, but from his own purse the penniless were relieved, and from his table the hungry were fed.

Deeply impressed with the terrible ruin to which intemperance gives rise, wherever it prevails, he became the zealous advocate of total abstinence. This he seemed to consider as peculiarly his duty, and he discharged it with immense effect, but with no inconsiderable pecuniary sacrifice to himself. In 1845, he was made the President of the Hull Christian Temperance Society.

The moral power which Dr. Gordon, in this and various other ways, acquired over the masses, was widely extended and potent. He was everywhere known as "The Poor Man's Friend." His praise was upon the tongue of the needy, and of him it might be said, "When the ear heard him, then it blessed him; when the eye saw him, it gave witness unto him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon him, and he made the widow's heart to sing for joy. He was a

father to the poor, and the cause which he knew not he sought out."

Symptoms of fatal disease appeared in the spring of 1848. During the ensuing summer he failed rapidly, and in the fall it became certain that he could not recover. His disease was not satisfactorily understood by himself or his medical advisers. Among these were Drs. Ayre and Horner, and Messrs. Twining, Craven, and Becket. In February following he died.

Soon after the death of Dr. Gordon, a public meeting was held, which was very numerous attended, when it was resolved to erect over his grave a "People's Monument," by public contribution. The amount desired was speedily obtained, and a white marble obelisk, twenty-five feet high, now stands over his grave, bearing the following inscription:—

ERECTED BY PUBLIC SUBSCRIPTION

TO

WILLIAM GORDON, M.D., F.L.S.

THE PEOPLE'S FRIEND.

OB. FEB. 7, 1849, ÆT. 47.

One of the medical gentlemen who attended Dr. Gordon, in an obituary published in several of the provincial papers, uses the following language:

"Another great and good man has been taken away from the midst of us. The community at large, and of

Hull more especially, can ill afford the loss it has just sustained, in the lamented removal by death of Dr. Gordon.

“Connected with a profession distinguished for its broad sympathies, high intelligence, and comprehensive charities, his was, nevertheless, no merely official character; his daily walk no ordinary routine. No professional training, however severe, no educational advantages, however great, would have necessarily produced a Dr. William Gordon. Of him it was peculiarly true, that to know him was to love him; and yet (owing, perhaps, to his love of retirement, and of domestic enjoyment), few public men have been at once so much, and yet so little, known, as the deceased.

“But it is chiefly as a man, and as a physician, and a friend, that his name will be cherished and revered. The narrower circle of those who, during his brief career, shared his professional services, and still more those who enjoyed his friendship and the privilege of his society, can alone fully know what the community has lost by his removal. That nameless charm which exalts and beautifies every other personal attribute, was pre-eminently his. Naturally gifted, frank in his demeanour, approachable, patient, sympathizing, intelligent, he was eminently qualified for the duties of a physician, for which a lengthened and diversified experience, a liberal education, and, alas! a too sedulous application to study,

further fitted him. That high humanity, which almost includes all moral excellence, was conspicuous in his general deportment, and, together with a great openness, urbanity, and simplicity of character, rendered him an object of affectionate regard to all who really knew him,—especially to the poor, who have lost in him a sincere and sympathizing friend, and whose affectionate remembrance will form his best and most enduring monument."

Further fitted him. That high humanity, which almost included all moral excellence, was conspicuous in his general deportment, and, together with a great openness, simplicity, and singleness of character, rendered him an object of affectionate regard to all who really knew him, especially to those who have lost in him a friend and sympathizing friend, and whose affectionate remembrance will ever be a source of comfort and joy.

PART II.

HIS MORAL AND RELIGIOUS CHARACTER.

THE character of Dr. Gordon, up to the period of his fatal illness, had presented, even to the eye of close inquiry, some traits resembling the brightest of the Christian, and still quite in keeping with a high order of mere natural goodness. He was honest in opinion, unswerving in a continued course of unquestioned integrity, devoted to the maintenance of truth and good morals, and all this, too, with so much amiability of manner, yet steadfastness of purpose, so obliging, yet so firm, that few men, even among professing Christians, seemed to excel him in these respects. He was not rash, to be led into impulsive reformations; not opinionated, to be enamoured of some favourite plan in morals or religion driving him into its intolerant defence; but his was a steady, even light, which shone in the consistent advocacy and support of well ascertained truth. He was captivately affectionate, ardent in the practice

of the social virtues, and devoted to the promotion of domestic felicity.

The good name enjoyed by him, sustained by so many real excellencies of character, it was feared by his family might lure him into a false religious security,—that he might rely upon himself, partially, at least, if not wholly, and not alone upon the cross for salvation. He had never made any profession of religion, nor open avowal of his belief in the essential doctrines of an evangelical faith; not even to his own family. This could not fail to add to their fears. More than this, an impression prevailed to some extent, that he was sceptical in religion. However unfounded this impression may have been in the judgment of his friends, the mere fact of its prevalence at all, served by no means to allay fears already excited with regard to the ground of his religious hope.

The mode of inquiry into religious truth, to which Dr. Gordon was given, may have induced the suspicion that he was inclined to scepticism. He desired the truth, but the evidence upon which it rested must be little less than that of demonstration. It was no secret with him, that he freely examined every form of infidelity. He read books, conversed with those who professedly entertained such views, and, in short, made it a point to elicit information whenever and wherever it seemed to offer itself. His questions to individuals were of a kind some-

times to leave the impression that he was inclined to some form of rationalism. The very frankness of his nature prevented that disguise on these occasions which others less honest would feel at liberty to practise. As every man should do, he looked for some sure source of consolation which reached beyond the grave, and, Christianity proposing such relief, he promptly began to assure himself of its truth or falsehood. Objections to it grew into importance as the inquiry progressed: they demanded answers, but these answers were not at first fully satisfactory; he sought the opinion of others by interrogatories which made no effort to conceal his own perplexity, that he might compare their views with his own. Infidelity, always industriously at work to spread its poison, ever ready to pervert and distort honest opinion, would hardly fail to direct general attention to one so prominent as Dr. Gordon. "Thus it became," says his biographer, "a somewhat general impression in certain quarters, that Dr. Gordon was not a believer in divine revelation."

But the immediate friends of Dr. Gordon knew better than this. They could not easily reconcile the uniform reverence paid to the word and worship of God, and the constant preference shown for the society of Christians, with a rejection of Christianity as the result of such labour as they well knew he would be likely to bestow upon an examination of its claims to divine truth. Of

his hearty assent to its divine origin and authority, there could be no doubt; but did he understand, and had he experienced the saving power of the religion of the cross; was he relying upon *himself* or upon the *blood of Christ for redemption*? This was the point of intense interest and anxiety with his friends.

With this impression prevailing in the public mind "in certain quarters," and this fear and anxiety in the bosom of his immediate friends and relatives, let us turn to the winter of 1848-9, behold Dr. Gordon on his death-bed, and follow him to the tomb.

As the illness of Dr. Gordon increased, it was natural that his family should feel a deeper concern for his spiritual welfare; and, therefore, the anxiety to know his real condition increased daily; but nothing had as yet transpired to relieve it satisfactorily. "It was felt," says his biographer, "that to interrogate him in reference to it would elicit no information, but very probably might seal his lips for the future! He said on one occasion, to a beloved and anxious relative—'I cannot understand that religion which friends extort from people when they are dying, urging them to say, "I believe;" and thinking it sufficient if they can be induced to declare they have faith in Christ.' It was evident from such observations, that it would be injudicious to attempt to elicit anything from him on the subject by direct inquiry. On this

account spontaneous remarks were the more eagerly watched for, and the more carefully cherished."

The desired revelation of his mind came gradually, but in due time: He would say, at times when the symptoms became more alarming, "Remember, I am very happy; I've no fear of death." Again—"I am very ill, but not afraid to die." His wife repeated the words, "The sting of death is sin, and the strength of sin is the law; but thanks be to God which giveth us the victory, through our Lord Jesus Christ." He said, with emphasis, "And he has given me the victory. My views on these subjects have been changed for many years, though I do not talk much about it."

The brazen serpent was spoken of, when he replied, "I've had my eye on that brazen serpent a long time." An attendant seeing him put on a pair of "overalls," observed, "They'll think you're going a journey." Said he, "Yes: I am, and a long journey; but it's the happiest journey I ever took. It's a wonder to myself that I have no wish for this world. It's all very delightful, but I have no wish for it." At another time, "I am so happy! Indeed these last two days I've had such delight in the prospect of eternity, that I've had to put it aside. It is almost more than I can bear."

Conversing with a friend he said, in relation to materialism, "I have studied the subject deeply; indeed I have read all the celebrated writings of Deists and

Atheists. There *was* a time when I was beguiled by their sophistry. Then, I confess, some serious doubts arose in my mind; but they did not last long, and I have never been troubled with them since. Thank God, I have no doubts or fears *now*. I am not afraid to die."

But although these and other remarks fell from him from time to time, it yet remained for him to make a distinct and satisfactory avowal of the *ground of his consolation and hope*. Here it is:

Dr. G. "I very much wonder you all avoid the subject of my death."

N. "It is too distressing to us. Besides, we cannot give up all hope of your recovery."

Dr. G. "But I do not wish to avoid the subject. It is always in my thoughts. I had a happy day yesterday. Perhaps you would not think what made it so. It was the prospect of the delightful journey I am going to take."

N. "If we are trusting *only* to Christ, there is nothing in death which should make us afraid. It ought not to be terrible to a Christian."

Dr. G. "Of course not."

N. "It is but going out of one room into another, to which our friends are soon to follow us."

Dr. G. "Not so. It is far better. It is a very *pleasant* journey," (with great emphasis.) After a pause he added, "I am astonished it should ever be

spoken of as a difficult thing for men to acknowledge their own unworthiness. When I look on my own life and examine it, I see it has been a life of imperfection and selfishness. My best actions were unworthy, and a mixture of selfish motive was in my most benevolent efforts."

Mrs. G. referred to a small volume containing the experience of Dr. John Mason Good, who confessed that his righteousness was but as filthy rags.

Dr. G. "That is my doctrine. Not because Mason Good said so, but because the Bible tells me so. Perhaps you and others may have fancied I have not thought much on these subjects, because I have not said much, but I have felt deeply, and for years."

Here was a disclosure which dispelled the doubts of anxious friends, and caused hope and joy to abound. The great subject of religion had been at the heart of the dying man for many years, and he had been the subject of the Holy Spirit's work; but from motives which appear in a subsequent part of the narrative, was induced to keep all a secret.

How far Dr. Gordon may have been justifiable in his own case in failing to publicly identify himself with the professed followers of Jesus, it may not be wise to venture an opinion; but as it respects the question which it involves,—whether the duty of the subjects of converting

grace to unite with the people of God is imperative, there can be but one answer. The word of God clearly teaches the duty; and there is much danger in failing to discharge it, be the reason never so good according to human judgment.

PART III.

THE TRIUMPH OF GRACE.

CHAPTER I.

THE KNIGHT OF JANUARY 12.

DR. GORDON was supposed to be dying on the evening of January 12, in consequence of a sudden and very alarming change for the worse. The violence of the attack having passed off, he said, "If consciousness of my own unworthiness, and reliance on Christ alone, be proper ground of peace, I have it; and have long had it. But you must not think that, because I have not talked of these things, therefore I have not thought of them. I have long been feeling my way after the truth." That beautiful hymn being repeated—"Jesus, lover of my soul,"—he exclaimed, with deep feeling, "I restore thee." He frequently tried himself in bed, and lifted up his arms in great distress.

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Dreadful agony now came on. He frequently raised himself in bed, and lifted up his arms in great distress,

comparing his sensations to the effect of ten thousand screws tearing him to pieces. He once cried out, "O, my friends, my children, can you do nothing for me? O, my Heavenly Father, help me! O, my dear Jesus, take me!" Frequent vomiting, and the necessity of continually changing his position, added to his distress. But he retained most fully his self-possession, *frequently feeling his pulse, making remarks on its intermittent character, and calling for remedies as the symptoms varied*: often expressing his surprise that he continued so long. His intellect retained all its clearness; his love for others all its tenderness. At one time, from sudden feeling at the heart, he considered he was in the act of dying, for he said earnestly to those of his family present, "Come, kiss me, all of you, quick, quick," as though life might be extinct ere he had given them an individual farewell.

At intervals he would say: "Remember, this pain is only bodily. I've no fear. Is this because I've no dependence on myself, but am trusting to Jesus alone? If I come, will he reject me? And will he put those white robes on me? This is indeed agony, *torture*: but what a mercy that my mind is at perfect peace! Remember me to my friends; I hope they will keep me in mind. I wish to live in your affections. I shall be with you. I shall be there to meet you."

The hope of reunion with those very dear was a

source of great happiness to him. His love for them became more intense as the power of religion was more highly developed. All his tender human sympathies were increased by the strength of his religious emotions. Being assured that his memory would always be sacred with them, he said, "That's delightful. I wish to be missed. I should be unhappy if I thought it would not be so. You comfort me very much." Then looking upon the members of his family, who stood around his bed, his eye passing from one to the other, with beaming affection, he said, "This is what I have often pictured to myself, as I have lain awake at night. I've seen it all, just like this, and seen myself in my coffin, and you at my funeral."

Speaking of his past life, and of his present hope, he said, "My natural disposition led me to do many things of a benevolent character, but this was not love to God. Mere natural disposition will not do. There needs something better for a holy God. I am quite *unworthy, corrupt, corrupt!*"

The distinction he thus made between the impulse of mere natural goodness and principle, is most important, yet it is one generally overlooked. It is the *motive* which gives the *true quality to an action*. But alas! how many there are, who, in the absence of this love to God, trust in the efficacy of pious and benevolent acts. How often is a man's general amiability alleged as a

good evidence that he died the death of the righteous! *The very insensibility to the claims of God*, which makes men so ready to *build their hopes on their own kind actions*, is one of the most *striking proofs of human depravity*! But when the Holy Spirit enlightens the mind to understand our obligations, then, with Job, we “abhor ourselves, and repent in dust and ashes.” All who knew Dr. Gordon could testify, that if ever the hope of eternal life could be based on the foundation of a blameless and benevolent life, it might have been by him. Yet how poignant was his conviction that in all his actions, even the very best of them, he was corrupt, corrupt!

Once, and only once, a transient cloud seemed to pass over him. He said, “I don’t see Jesus as I wish. I don’t see him vividly.” But in less than an hour his countenance brightening with joy, he said, “I seem to see Jesus now. He is vividly before me, waiting for me. He is here in all his love and mercy.”

The following favourite hymn was repeated:—

“There is a happy land,
Far, far away;
Where saints in glory stand,
Bright, bright as day.
Hark, how they sweetly sing,
Worthy is our Saviour king,
Loud let his praises ring,
Praise, praise for aye!

Come to this happy land,

Come, come away!

Why will ye doubting stand?

Why thus delay?

On then, to glory on,

Be a crown and kingdom won,

Then bright above the sun,

We'll reign for aye!

Bright in that happy land

Beams every eye;

Fed by a Father's hand,

Love cannot die!

Oh, we shall happy be,

When from sin and sorrow free,

Lord, we shall reign with thee,

Blest, blest for aye!"

"I think I see it before me," said he. "I am going to Jesus. I have embraced him, and he will receive me. Our best actions are filthy rags. There is pride and selfishness mixed up with them all. I have thought, and written, and done a great deal, but it's all nothing. I feel the need of a better righteousness. It is in Christ, and so easily obtained! I have found it!"

Again:—

"Just as I am—without one plea,

But that thy blood was shed for me,

And that thou bidd'st me come to thee,

O Lamb of God, I come!

“Just as I am—and waiting not
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O Lamb of God, I come!

“Just as I am—thy love unknown
Has broken every barrier down;
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!”

He exclaimed, “O! beautiful! That’s the way I come.”

To a clergyman who had been preaching on infidelity, he said: “There is a great deal of infidelity in young men. You have many of them about you. Tell them, from me, *I have read a great many sceptical books, ancient and modern, of all sorts. It is all very fine, but very fallacious. They are very plausible, but can give no consolation in a dying hour. We can only obtain peace by casting ourselves on Jesus; putting reasoning aside, and asking him to cleanse the thoughts of our hearts by the inspiration of the Holy Spirit!*”

To another clergyman he said, “Preach with an earnestness. Tell the people of the peace, and the joy, and the happiness, and the calm. It’s no use reasoning. Preachers should dwell on the *mercies* of God. He is not a *severe* God. He is love!”

The sufferings of the patient continued so great that his death at any moment would not have been surprising.

He bade an affectionate adieu to most of those around him. To one of his nephews he said, "Seek Christ. Don't be carried away by the world. It's all vanity. It will not comfort you at death. This can only be found by trusting in Christ. You may forget this. I have heard these things often and forgotten them, but it's all true." To another nephew he said, "Good bye, my dear boy. You learn Latin. Let me tell you what Adrian said to his soul in prospect of death:

"Animula, vagula, blandula,
Hospes comesque corporis,
Quæ nunc abibis in loca—
Pallidula, rigida, nudula,
Nec, ut soles, dabis jocos?"

I will translate it for you:—"Kind little wandering soul, companion and guest of my body, into what places art thou now about to depart?" And then Adrian goes on to say, how dreary and forlorn it will be. O, my dear boy, remember what a much better hope the *gospel* gives your uncle!"

It was very remarkable to hear a man suffering severe agony, and in expectation of immediate death, so correctly quoting, and so beautifully translating, a Latin author, for the purpose of impressing an important truth upon the mind of a little boy. In all he said, he studied to adapt himself to the peculiar cases of those whom he addressed.

CHAPTER II.

FROM SUNDAY, JANUARY 14, TO SUNDAY, JANUARY 21.

THE beloved sufferer was spared to his family for more than three weeks after the trying scenes of the night of the 13th of January, during the whole of which time his mental faculties retained their full vigour. The violence of his pain abated, and he was enabled to enjoy constant intercourse with his friends. He loved to have his family always around his bed, and to spend his waking hours in reciprocation of affection, and conversation or reading on the great themes of the love of Christ and the glories of heaven.

Many, besides his immediate connexions, shared in the privilege of conversing with him on his dying bed. He saw all who desired an interview, delighting in the opportunity thus given him of commending that Saviour, who had, in so remarkable a degree, given him "the peace which passeth all understanding." He received nearly three hundred visits, during this period, from persons of all ranks; but whether rich or poor, he welcomed them with equal courtesy, saying something appropriate to each, and pointing all to "the Lamb of God,

which taketh away the sin of the world." The Rev. Dr. Dobbin, at his funeral, said of that sick room, that it was "*not at all the chamber of death, but the robing-room of heaven !*"

The relatives were anxious to preserve everything he said, as a solace for the season of bereavement, and with this view, and one more extended, if at any time desirable, his son-in-law, who is also his biographer, took short-hand notes of almost everything that Dr. G. said during the time he was confined to his bed. This was difficult to accomplish, as it was necessary to avoid the observation of his keen eye, which scarcely anything eluded, for had he known that a record was kept of what he said, the freedom of his communications would have received a great check. But, by the position in which the writer sat, he was able to secure a faithful record of what passed, without any suspicion on the part of his beloved father-in-law. This statement is necessary, in order to account for the length and number of the conversations recorded, and to correct the inference likely to be drawn from the precision and beauty with which many of Dr. G.'s sentiments are expressed, that the phraseology was the result of subsequent careful revision, and not the unpremeditated utterance of a dying man. The biographer assures the reader, that the words, as well as the ideas, are Dr. G.'s own, whose extempora-

neous expressions were usually marked by the accuracy of studied compositions.

January 14.—During the whole of this day, he seemed gradually sinking from extreme exhaustion; so that, as far as the feelings of his family, as well as his own, were concerned, it was still a dying scene. This was the case until his death actually occurred, and hence everything he said, possessed the interest of a last utterance. But though on the verge of the other world, and longing to be with Jesus, his tender heart clung to the objects of earthly affection. The sensibilities of the man shone forth the more brightly in the hope and joy of the Christian. He delighted to be reassured of the affection of his surviving friends, and to talk over the happy scenes of former years; but said, “I am going to a better country.” It was remarked, “This is a bright, sunny day.” He replied, “Yes; but I shall have a brighter one next Sunday.” Suddenly stretching out his emaciated hands, and somewhat raising his head, his countenance beaming with rapture, and his eyes gazing, as on some vision of beauty and splendour, he said, “I see that bright region spread before me, where there is no night, and where no heat scorches; and I see Jesus too; He is waiting to receive me!” Then, after a pause,—“It would not do for a worldly mind to enter. It could not enjoy heaven. There must be a change.

The way to be prepared is by *self-abasement*, and *reliance on Christ*."

Mrs. G. "Then it is reliance on Him, that has given you so much peace in all your illness?"

Dr. G. "Oh, yes! it is being found in Him. Though I have not made a profession, it was not because I was ashamed of Christ. But what chiefly deterred me was being so often shocked at the conduct of professors."

Mrs. G. "I hope you may live another night, that I may nurse you; but you experience that it is

" 'Sweet to lie passive in His hands,
And know no will but His.' "

Dr. G. "Yes! and cast everything on Him—*cast everything on Him!*

Monday, *January 15*.—Soon after waking, he asked that some Shrewsbury cakes might be sent for. At different times he said, "As I get weaker, my faith and prospects are stronger and brighter. The way to have strong faith is, to think nothing of yourself. You have come to see me; I have many friends, but there is none comparable to Jesus. I thought I should have lived many years, but how little we know! And if I were to live twenty years more, perhaps my friends might be gone, and I have no consolation like this, in having them

all around me. I have no desire to get better, except to be of use in propagating the gospel; I WOULD MIX IT WITH MY PRACTICE. If I lived, it would be my whole delight to publish Christ."

The willingness of Christ to save at the eleventh hour being mentioned, he rejoined—"Ah! but it has not been the eleventh hour with *me*." The woman being referred to who touched the hem of Christ's garment, he said, with great emphasis—"But I have *embraced* him, and wish to be *like* him."

To Sir W. L.—"I have just been thinking I shall be looking down from those happy realms on you toiling with the storms and winters of life. *I only regret I have not seen earlier that glorious Gospel as I now see it*, so as to have preached it to the multitudes of men I have addressed. If restored, nothing should I rejoice in more than this. I should never be ashamed of Jesus; I would preach him to all. An infidel once said to me, after hearing N. preach, that, if he believed such things, he could never cease praying for, and pleading with the people. That is just as I feel I should do if I were spared. My physical strength might not be sufficient, but as to the interest and delight of it, I should never tire. At Harrowgate I met a son of Mr. W.'s, and was disposed to smile at him, for relinquishing a lucrative business in order to preach the Gospel. But I could

delight to do the same thing now. I could relinquish everything for this."

Tuesday, 16. On awaking, he said, "Read to me something about heaven." Having listened to Bunyan's incomparable description of the passage of the pilgrims through the river, and their entrance into the celestial city, he said, "It is not half so beautiful as I have pictured it to myself." Various selections from the Bible and hymns, descriptive of the heavenly state, called forth frequent expressions of the delight he felt in the prospect of soon realizing it.

To a pious workingman who called to bid him farewell, he said, "You see me better than you ever saw me before, Mr. W. I have sought the Saviour you serve. I have asked him to forgive my sins, and he has done so. He will present me to the Almighty. I am going a very delightful journey, to a very happy home, where I shall meet only with the wise and good. And to be with Jesus! I would not change my present condition for all the wealth in the world! This has been a gradual thing with me, though I have not had such great joy till now. It is brighter to-day than ever. I have not had a cloud all through my illness. How great is the goodness of God! And all to be had for asking! Nothing to do for ourselves—but to take what God gives us! All made ready for us. Only to humble ourselves and receive. *It's so clear that when once seen it is impossible to doubt.*

Press on with vigour. You won't reach perfection here, but seek the Holy Spirit."

W. "I am delighted to see you thus, doctor."

Dr. G. "I am delighted to see you, Mr. W., and all who entertain such views, and are sincere like yourself. Learning, riches, fame, are all nothing in comparison."

W. "I have often prayed for you, doctor, when I've passed you in the street. There is nothing like religion for such times as these."

Dr. G. "For *all* times. In health there is no pleasure like this."

Dr. G. was much interested in listening to some of Cromwell's letters. The following extract especially delighted him: "Salute your dear wife from me. *Bid her beware of a bondage spirit. Fear is the natural issue of such a spirit; the antidote is love.* The voice of fear is: if I had done this; if I had done that, how well it had been with me! I know this hath been her vain reasoning. Love argueth in this wise: *What a Christ have I! What a Father in and through him! What a name hath my Father: Merciful, gracious, long-suffering, abundant in goodness and truth, forgiving iniquity, transgression, and sin! What a nature hath my Father! He is LOVE! free in it, unchangeable, infinite! What a covenant between him and Christ,—for all the seed, for every one, wherein he undertakes all, and the poor soul nothing! The new covenant*

is grace, to, or upon the soul, to which it (the soul) is passive and receptive: *I'll do away their sins; I'll write my law, and I'll put it in their hearts; they shall never depart from me, &c.* This commends the love of God; it's Christ dying for men *without strength*, for men *whilst sinners, whilst enemies*. And shall we seek for the root of our comforts within us? What God *hath done*, what *He is* to us in Christ, this is the root of our comfort: in this is stability; in us is weakness. Acts of obedience are not perfect, and therefore yield not perfect peace. *Faith as an act* yields it not, but only as it *carries us unto him*, who is our perfect rest and peace, *in whom we are accounted of, and received by the Father*, even as Christ himself! This is our high calling. Rest we here, and here only."*

Dr. G. "Does Cromwell say that? Read it again. It's what I've been wanting these two hours. I've been thinking, O, if I had not gone to Harrowgate, or if I had not gone to Scarborough, I might have been better. How that suits me where he writes, 'Fear says if I had done this, and avoided that: but love says, What a Christ have I! What a Father have I!'"

To Mr. K. "I have seen my own vileness, and sought the Saviour. *I cannot tell the place nor the time*. But I know it proceeds from the goodness of God. *Mine is*

* Carlyle's Letters of Oliver Cromwell. The Protector, by D'Aubigne.

a testimony which few can give. The course of my reading has been so curious and strange; I have met with so many *quibbles* and *objections*, and my mind has often been in a maze and confusion."

Mr. K. "Those things are not profitable."

Dr. G. "No! I don't regret that; it has given me a strength I could not otherwise expect. I feel now on so firm a rock, that Satan cannot possibly shake me. But I am not trusting to myself. I have been always a seeker after truth, though often bewildered in the investigation."

Mrs. G. remarked, what a mercy it was that he had no clouds to darken, no temptations to harass him.

Dr. G. "*The moment they are suggested I dash them away, and keep my eye fixed on my Saviour; I find him always near.*"

Mrs. G. "Then you feel that

'Jesus can make a dying bed

Feel soft as downy pillows are.' "

Dr. G. "Indeed I can! And what a mercy to be able to enjoy conversation, with my memory and intellect as clear as ever. And now that my pain has subsided, I can enjoy my friends. I often expressed a wish to die when my sufferings were so intense, for I had no fear. But I see how much better it was that I did not die then. He knows best."

Mrs. G. "You seem to feel the Saviour so very near!"

Dr. G. "Indeed I do! If I had not him as my friend, what a dreary departing it would be; but now I I am going to a dear, dear friend!"

Mrs. G. "You have exerted yourself to-day very much, in speaking to every one; but you are so anxious to preach Christ."

Dr. G. "Indeed I am! And I think and feel this may be my last opportunity."

Mr. K. "It is delightful to see you thus."

Dr. G. "But how delightful to *feel* thus! The only reason why I wish to live is to preach the gospel. I should not be ashamed of Christ in public or private." (To his daughter)—"I may live one or two days more; but I leave it with God, and wait His will.—I have been picturing the flowers nodding over my grave,—and when it is windy and rainy, you will perhaps think how dreary it is for me, but remember I shall not feel that."

Wednesday, *January* 17.—To the surprise of all, Dr. Gordon still survived. He expressed a wish to bid farewell to Mr. —, an elderly man, whom he had known for many years, and for whose spiritual welfare Dr. G. felt much solicitude.

Mr. —. "I am very sorry, doctor, to see you so ill."

Dr. G. "I am very *well*, and very happy. But I rest on Christ. When we pride ourselves on our own conduct—"

Mr. —. "O doctor! you have always lived a good life. Everybody respects you."

Dr. G. "But I must not think of myself; all the merits I have must be thrown aside. You don't understand that. I once did not."

Mr. —. "I know that in these moments religion is everything, though I cannot see just as you. I know I must die; and am sensible I shall live again. That future state is a serious consideration. But some think there will be annihilation."

Dr. G. "So dreadful do I think annihilation that I would rather live in pain than not live at all. There is nothing more dreadful. But I have a better hope. *It is beyond human reason—it comes without human reason.*"

Mr. —. "I am sensible that it must be happy to think so. I have been on what I thought my deathbed, as you are, and though I don't pride myself, I thought there was nothing I ever did that I wished I had not done. I never hurt man nor woman, and if that were the last of me, I could die comfortable. But, then, there was the thought of rising again. Ah! I may die easy enough, but there's some chance of being called

over to account, and then I was bothered; for I thought with Shakspeare, that if dying was a sleep, I might have awful dreams. But I can't do as some people, drop down on my knees and say, 'God be merciful.' "

Dr. G. "You said you thought you had never injured any one. Why, my dear fellow, there was not a day, when I analyzed my life, that I had not done, spoken, or thought evil."

Mr. —. "I reconciled myself by thinking, that if I had done evil, I did not know it, and therefore there was no guilt."

Dr. G. "There is a right line and a wrong, which does not depend on you. You do not make the straight line."

Mr. —. "It's awkward when there are two roads, and you don't know which to take."

Dr. G. "There is only one way. A man shows me a straight line; I say it is not straight. My knowledge of geometry proves there is only one straight line. So there is only one circle, right or wrong. So I act, kindly or unkindly. If I think an evil thought of a man, I act unkindly. Human beings cannot act perfectly; but perfection ought to be my standard; and when God requires it, and I don't come up to it, what am I to do? who is to make up my deficiencies? For if one man says he only spoke one unkind word, another

may say he only spoke two, so that you may have a world of quarrelling."

Mr. —. "Well, it is a consolation to see a man, as I never have before, say he dies in hopes of living again. I always felt miserable at such scenes."

Dr. G. "Why?"

Mr. —. "I thought they were dying without hope. One was a good man, as a member of society; he said— 'To-morrow all will be over with me, *all* over, my boy, all over, dead and gone, that's all that can be said of me.' Yet he was a man of very strong mind."

Dr. G. "Did you ever see a locomotive engine?"

Mr. —. "Yes."

Dr. G. "Do you think it moves?"

Mr. —. "Yes."

Dr. G. "I can prove that it does not, and I defy you to disprove my argument."

Mr. —. "Well, but something moves."

Dr. G. "It is a delusion. It is not a reality. May you not be deceived? A body only occupies a space equal to itself.

Mr. —. "Well?"

Dr. G. "Get that into your head."

Mr. —. "I see your meaning."

Dr. G. "A body cannot move where it is not. It is stationary where it is, and cannot move where it is not, therefore it cannot move at all."

Mr. ———. “Ah! this is good argument, and sound too.”

Dr. G. “This argument was employed three thousand years ago, and is unrefuted yet. Nevertheless this man says there is nothing after death! Is this man learned?”

Mr. ———. “In some things.”

Dr. G. “Did you ever see a straight line?”

Mr. ———. “Yes.”

Dr. G. “If you will go to Cambridge, you will find men who will hail you as the greatest discoverer of the age. Have you ever seen a circle?”

Mr. ———. “Yes, I’ve seen what was called a circle, and I thought it was.”

Dr. G. “Don’t you see how ignorant men are? Were you to calculate the radii of a circle according to those you draw, what imperfect radii would they be? Some would be shorter than others.”

Mr. ———. “But how can you prove there is no straight line?”

Dr. G. “Easily. Draw one, and take a microscope.”

Mr. ———. “Yes; there will be ins and outs.”

Dr. G. “Such men should think more.”

Mr. ———. “With all our thinking, we are very ignorant. You are a very clever man, doctor, quite a philosopher; but the best of us know very little.”

Dr. G. “Nothing! and it is that utter ignorance which gives me that blessedness now. All my reasoning brings me to this—‘*I must rest on Christ.*’”

Mr. —. “Well, I think him the best person on whom we can rest; I always did. It’s a pleasure to hear you talk, for it’s a very uncommon thing to be very strong in opinion while very weak in body. To your family it must be very delightful to see you like this. I would give worlds to be the remainder of my life in the same state of mind.”

Thursday, 18th.—On waking, he said, “I’ve had a very happy night; brighter visions than ever of the happy land.” His nurse said, “I am full of fear of not continuing faithful.” He replied, “There is nothing to fear, if you keep close to Jesus. I’ll tell you what I did, I went *fervently* to him, and took all my sins and cares, my heart full, and left all at the cross, and sweet peace followed. It’s such love! But remember, constant watching is necessary. Thus go to Christ, and you have nothing else to do. *It is all done for you.* O what a night I’ve had! Such happiness! I cannot describe it. When I fall asleep, and when I awake, it’s always there. How wonderful!”

Friday, 19th.—Baxter’s “Last work of a Believer” was one of his favourite books. The following sentence struck his mind: “Did Christ himself on the cross commend his spirit into his Father’s hands, and will he not

receive *thy* spirit, when thou at death commendest it to him?"

In conversation, he said, "I see where Christians are wrong. We do not make a *companion* of God. We should treat him more as a *friend*, but not as a *distant* friend, but as always near, close to us, so that we are never alone, but continually in his company. It is this having God with me as my companion, which has made me so happy. I dislike to sleep, because I lose the enjoyment. Oh, to think that I could ever have had a care when there was a God in the world! How wonderful! How wrong I have been! 'Behold the lilies of the field, how they grow, they toil not, neither do they spin; and yet I say unto you, that even Solomon in all his glory, was not arranged like one of these. Wherefore, if God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you, O ye of little faith!' Ah! I did not understand that before; but I do now. How false are the judgments of the world! Many would pity me. They don't know how happy I am."

Saturday, 20th.—The evening of this day was felt by all to be a peculiarly interesting season, as it recalled the alarming seizure of the preceding week, and the unexpected mercies his friends had enjoyed in such delightful intercourse with their beloved relative, during the seven days he had been spared to them. In refer-

ence to this, he said, "I thought I should have been taken from you. We have had many mercies. What a glorious week it has been! the happiest I ever spent. The world cannot comprehend it. I now understand the meaning of that passage, 'Eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him, *but God hath revealed them unto us by his spirit.*'"



CHAPTER II.

FROM SUNDAY, JANUARY 21, TO SUNDAY, JANUARY 28.

NOTWITHSTANDING the occasional rallyings which took place, it was evident that disease was steadily advancing; but while his little remaining strength became gradually less, and the outer man was perishing, it was delightful to witness how the "inner man was renewed day by day."

He wondered why Christians were not always rejoicing. He said, "To believe that God loves us, and wishes us to love Him, and does everything to make us love Him, to regard Him as a Friend, a Brother, a Father, this makes us happy. As to doubts and fears, I could not have any. I might have many, if I looked to

myself; but this is impossible, if I look to my Saviour. I have often been surprised that Christians seemed to be made so little happy by their religion. The reason is, they have looked for happiness to what is *in themselves*, instead of to what is in Christ. And looking to Him is the best source of holy living."

Being told that he looked low and dull, he said, "I don't *feel* so. I am weak, but perfectly happy." About midnight, waking, very faint, after a short sleep, his wife, children, and niece being at his bedside, he said, "I think I am sinking. I feel the powers of nature giving way." Then looking most affectionately at each, he added—"I think I've said all I wish to say." Then, after a pause—"I'm so glad they have made the cemetery a garden for my body to rest in, with all the beautiful flowers about." The conversation then turned on the meaning of the word cemetery (*κοιμητηριον*, sleeping place), and the application of this term in the New Testament to the Christian's death: "Our friend Lazarus *sleepeth*, but I go to awake him out of sleep." "Them also who *sleep* in Jesus, will God bring with him." In reference to his approaching dissolution it was observed—"This is what we must all come to." He responded emphatically, "*Must* all come to! Christians should look forward to it with joy." It was remarked that some persons dreaded death very much, because they must go forth *alone* into the eternal world, with none of

their friends to accompany and cheer them. Dr. G. "Ah! but I shall not be alone; Christ is my companion, my friend, my brother! He *accompanies* me on my journey! How wonderful to receive *me* there, one who has so rebelled against him!"

Monday, *January 22*.—"I have had such a peaceful night. I marvel at myself, that when in health I should have been so anxious about worldly things, and thought so little of what was to be had so superior. O, blind, blind, blind! *Make God your friend*, and don't look on him as *a God afar off*—but as loving you and determining that you shall be saved. *I think he has almost gone out of his way to save me!* He has given me blow after blow, and his means have been so especially adapted to my case!"

To R. and V. "The last week has been happier than I could have conceived. We must leave reasoning. I have read all books on the subject, ancient and modern. You may tell the men who pride themselves on their learning, that it's all nothing. We must come simply to Christ. Christians look too much to themselves. Look to him, and there's no fear. We must not think of God as a great Being to be gone to *sometimes*, but make him a *companion*. He wishes it. He has done everything to bring sinners to him. *But it is beyond reason*. There's a better evidence than argument. It is *HERE*. No one could shake my belief."

Of eternity, he said, "All things are incomprehensible, yet we *presume about religion*. We know not what an *infinitesimal atom of matter is*. We can conceive of its infinite division, and yet every particle of matter must have an upper and an under side. Neither do we understand *matter in its larger bulks*—the immense globes—and so numerous! We know not *the end of space* nor the *end of time*. We know NOTHING. We see with a very contracted view, and yet *we reason*! We must come to the BIBLE as *little children*; then we shall know! We must trust as *little children*; then we shall not live in dread. How strange that Christians should be afraid of diseases, accidents by railway, and such things, when God is always with them!"

Tuesday, *January 23*.—Though greatly enfeebled, and scarcely able to whisper, he exerted himself to speak to the numerous visitors who came to see him.

R. "We often talk of you."

Dr. G. "Talk of the goodness of God to me."

R. "How are we to obtain such strong faith?"

Dr. G. "It is here—we must become as *children*. I did not understand this once. Only God could make me understand it. My affliction has been sent for this. But, how I murmured! I've been a stubborn child! I wonder that Christians are not always happy."

N. "Our faith is so weak, and, as you say, we do

not make a companion of God. But in heaven He will be always near us."

Dr. G. "He is always near us *now*. Believe this, and it will make you happy."

R. "I wish I had such faith!"

Dr. G. "The way is, think nothing about yourself. Give yourself to him entirely; it is what he wishes. Then you will have perfect peace. But we must yield ourselves as children, and not reason. I have sent messages to my friends, not to trust in themselves any longer. I have read, and thought, and trusted to human wisdom, but oh, it is very foolish. I am thankful I did not first know this in the extremity of my weakness. It has been weeks—weeks! At first, I rebelled at the affliction. O, the blindness! I did not see what it was for."

Wednesday, *January 24*.—To W. L. "I wonder whether, in case I were to live, these happy views would continue? I don't understand why they should not. God is my friend. And to think Christians should be afraid of accidents with such a friend! I used to be astonished at the great affection some people felt for ministers and others who had been of use in their conversion. I'm not surprised now. I feel so much more love to all my friends. You've been helpers to me in many ways."

He was asked whether they had done right in not more personally urging the subject of religion upon him.

Dr. G. "You have done right. Mine was a peculiar disposition. Direct reference would have done harm. You have known my disposition, and acted suitably to it."

Thursday, 25th.—After a disturbed night he was much exhausted; this he regretted, as "interrupting his happy thoughts." He said, "I'm farther from earth and nearer to heaven. What joy I have had! No one can describe it! I have often told you when in great pain, that I could not have conceived that any human being could suffer so much. I am sure I may now say, I could not conceive any human being could *enjoy* so much! And to compare these pleasures with the pleasures of the world! O how foolish! I have seen all grades of life, but I never found full satisfaction, because I had not got the pearl. *I honoured Christianity*, thinking it a great and noble thing, but I did not *feel* it. What a difference! But this is not to be had by reasoning. How true that saying is, 'Except ye become as little children, ye cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.' But directly we come as little children, we obtain everything we need. *What a proof of its truth, that it can produce such a change and give me such feelings!* How its Author must have known the heart! *Is this not the*

best proof that it is from God? How could man have invented a system which could do such things?"

To his Nephew. "My boy, I love you dearly: seek Christ early. There's no happiness in anything else. Don't care about argumentative books on religion. Your poor uncle Gordon has been taken up with controversy all his life, and it won't do, there's nothing in it. Take the Scriptures as they are, and any simple religious book you like; the simpler the better."

A poor woman stopped at the door to ask after him; she was very poor,—almost a beggar.

Dr. G. "I am very much obliged to her. I like to be remembered by the poor much better than by the rich. I love my rich friends, and am very grateful for their kind attentions, but the *poor are my flock*. I never courted the rich. Love the poor. BE GREAT AND SEEK LITTLE THINGS: DON'T BE LITTLE AND SEEK GREAT THINGS."

Referring to the remark, that he had been too much taken up with controversy, he was asked whether his present feelings in religion had altered his views respecting the political engagements of his former life, and whether by the term controversy he alluded to those occupations. He answered, "Certainly not; only to controversy on the *truth* of religion, instead of *receiving it as a child*. Were I to recover I should do as I have done in those respects, only *more enthusiastically than*

ever, as in the cause of truth and human happiness. I hope nothing I have said can give any other impression." This is very important, as increasing the strength of his religious testimony, which would have been less valuable, had *all his conclusions on other topics been shaken*. It might have been said that *bodily debility had affected his mind, that he thought morbidly on every point*, and, therefore, that little could be deduced from the confessions he made of a religious nature. But the perfect composure he maintained throughout his illness, the calmness with which he always spoke, the deep conviction he retained of the truth of those principles he had so long studied and advocated, this made the more emphatic the striking testimony he bore to the great truths of the gospel, and to the necessity of receiving it as a little child. Even to within *a few hours of his death*, incidents were occurring which brought out the characteristic features of his mind, and showed them to *be illumined by exalted devotion, but not changed*.

Friday, 26th.—On awaking in considerable pain, he said,—“Pray for me that God may soon release me. It is no doubt the best that I should remain a little, but I hope it won't be long.” Then observing that it was a bright sunny morning, he said, “How glad I shall be to lie in that beautiful cemetery! How lovely it must be there this morning!”

Hearing some passages from Dr. Hope's life read, he

said—"This is as if written for me! As Dr. Hope says, 'there is peace in Christ if we go to him at once, and tumble down our sins before him.' Here I am, a poor, unworthy, wicked creature, not deserving of being looked at by the Saviour, but I can go as I am."

To Mrs. G. "What a happy life we have spent together! You will think of the many pleasant talks we have had over the fire alone. And how we've enjoyed our little excursions together! But we are going the same way, and shall meet again. It's only a separation for a short time. When you visit my tomb, don't do it with grief. Perhaps my spirit may be permitted to be hovering around you; and remember how happy I shall be. What a mercy to think that I and those I most love are all going the right way. I often picture heaven to myself, but I can't describe it. Then I shall have no more toil, no anxiety, no pain, no sin! Oh, that sin! What would have become of me now, if I had to appear before God in my own righteousness, which is indeed but filthy rags! But I shall be clothed in Christ's righteousness! I have been thinking of heaven, *wondering who will admit us, and introduce us*. But it will be a beautiful land! O, what a glorious land!"

Saturday, 27th.—"I feel I am getting worse more rapidly than you imagine. My eyes are getting dim, and my brain shakes. I should wish none of you to be

out of the way. Let me see any who call, for my end is certain, and I wish to see my friends to the last. And don't be afraid of waking me; my time cannot be long, and I wish to enjoy your conversation while I can."

To Mr. S., a temperance missionary. "I took wine for a few days, as it was urged on me. I complied for the satisfaction of my friends. I wished to perform my duty. But it did me great injury—my testimony is against it—it always was—but my friends would not have been contented, and I now feel more satisfaction myself. I am perfectly happy—anxious to go to that blessed country."

It being remarked that he would do very badly now without Christ, he replied, "O! I could not do at all. I strip off my own doings and cast them down there, all in a heap. I see the heap just before me, and I see Jesus there too—who has accepted me. Death is rather a herald of good than of evil. In most subjects when I have seen a thing once, I have no more misgivings. But I feel *this* is such *great* truth—I cannot see why Christians should have doubts; Christ comes to us, seeks us, runs after us, sends afflictions to bring us to him, and why should we doubt? I have been asking my dear wife whether I properly understand the subject, as I have no doubts, and Christians generally seem to have so many. I could not doubt. It's so plain. Can men be so anxious to be exalted to the presence of royalty,

when we may approach the majesty of Heaven! O! it's abject! it's wretched! And we may have this honour even on earth! To think that I should ever have felt flattered, had I been sent for to the palace, when I might have enjoyed the presence of Deity himself! when I might have had hourly intercourse with him. Was there ever such an imperfect creature! All the considerations of my own mind, all the analysis I can make of it, proves the truth of Christianity. It so provides for all the wants of the soul. If I were to begin to reason, I could get into a maze, but I am told to come as a little child, and then I find perfect peace. Do you think man could have made such a system? *Once receive it into the heart, and you have enough evidence there."*

Having prayed together around his bed, and his favourite twenty-third Psalm having been chanted by his request, with the hymns "Rock of Ages," and "There is a Happy Land," conversation was resumed, when he said, "Instead of my own sinful deeds, I rely on Christ. How this would purify my deeds themselves were I going to live!—a thing I never saw before. I cannot tell what Satan might do, but I feel my faith such, that I could not do a thing contrary to the will of God. It would so shock me, that I think I could not exist under it. I should wish to be like Christ himself. Thus faith and good works become united. You may be sure I have been taught

this in a way extraordinary. It seems all so clear to me."

It was remarked, that Christians do not always see these truths as clearly as he then did. He replied, "Because we begin to argue and cavil; that's where it is. We are not as little children." It was observed, that if he recovered, he would find Satan, the flesh, and the world to contend against, and would have to *fight*. He replied, "Yes, but I *could* fight. O, I feel what strength that good Saviour has given me." Being asked if he felt the least fear of dying, he replied, "I meet death as a friend. He will take me to that Saviour who has been so good to me. I feel as if I could stand up, to-morrow, in the market-place, and proclaim in a voice of thunder, to all the town, what I feel. How men can keep away from religion, or, when once they have faith in Christ, do what is against His will, or how they can be unhappy, when God is their friend, I don't know; but to me, at present, it would seem impossible. I wonder how Christians can make a trouble of anything. But oh, the pride of the world, seeking after great things; if I could see God as my friend, how great should I feel above all the world! O, what sweet converse this is, to talk of the goodness of God, and to *me*, so undeserving! There is never any abatement of it. It's love throughout!"

CHAPTER IV.

FROM SUNDAY, JANUARY 28, TO SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4.

ON awaking, Dr. G. said, "I have been thinking of God, as a shepherd. The shepherd sends his dog, when a sheep has wandered from the fold, to bark at, and frighten, and sometimes to bite the wanderer, in order to bring it back. So, afflictions and pains are the dogs which our Shepherd sends to bring us back to Him. Some of us are stubborn sheep. I was one of these, and the dog had to *bite* me; but the barking and biting are to do us good, not harm, and to bring us to the Shepherd!"

Rev. Dr. Dobbin called to bid him farewell.

Dr. G. "This affliction was all for my good, for my happiness."

Dr. D. "God sends afflictions that we may remember Him."

Dr. G. "Not only that we may *remember* Him, but that we may have *joy*. I am a miracle—an example of a marvellous interposition of God. A short illness would not have been enough. He saw I needed all this; and oh! the blessing that has attended it!"

Dr. D. "More seems necessary to be done for edu-

cated men than for others. They have pride of intellect and of heart to be subdued. But there's only one way."

Dr. G. "Only one! I trusted too much to human learning; but when I saw how to get this by coming as a little child, it burst on me in a way I cannot describe. But man could not have taught me this. It was the HOLY SPIRIT OF GRACE. Then it all rushed upon my view at once. I saw Christ my Saviour; stripped off my filthy deeds, went to the foot of the cross, and Christ presented me to God."

Dr. D. "This is the best wisdom."

Dr. G. "It is the *only* way. I could laugh to scorn the man who rests in his learning."

Dr. D. "The true wisdom is in coming to Christ. This is joy."

Dr. G. "And power and majesty."

Dr. D. "The people of God sometimes feel the truth of what some may think too strongly expressed by Dr. Watts,—

The opening heavens around me shine
With beams of sacred bliss,
While Jesus shows His heart is mine,
And whispers, I am His.

You feel this?"

Dr. G. "Yes, in the *most exquisite way*."

Dr. D. "It is God who began this work."

Dr. G. "I could believe no other. The result proves it. *I should desire no stronger proof of Christianity than my own case.* It is so adapted to me. Not that it escaped my investigation before. It was my daily study. But I trusted too much to human learning. But, oh! I am safely landed at last, and in a manner to me most extraordinary. I have attended in many sick rooms, and heard of doubt and fears, but I have no such things."

On taking leave of Dr. D., he requested him to conduct the funeral service.

In conversation with Rev. J. S., Dr. G. said, "As to seeking to be religious, I have always been doing that; but I did not seek in the right way. It must be *heart*, not *head*. Now I *feel* that 'the Lord is my Shepherd.' *I may be thought to use strong terms, but during my whole illness my head has been as clear as at any former period, and I have taken no opiates.*"

Dr. G. having expressed a desire to preach, if his recovery were possible, it was suggested to him, as that could not be, that the occasion of his funeral would furnish a favourable opportunity to give a public testimony; it was accordingly proposed to commit to paper whatever he might wish for this purpose. He replied, "Oh! I cannot find words sufficient. I am afraid I cannot convey the thing sufficiently. I should be doing injustice to my Saviour." After a brief pause, he said,

solemnly and emphatically,—“*All human learning is of no avail. Reason must be put out of the question. I reasoned, and debated, and investigated, but I found no peace until I came to the gospel as a little child; till I received it as a babe. Then such a light was shed abroad in my heart, that I saw the whole scheme at once, and I found pleasure the most indescribable. I saw there was no good deed in myself. Though I had spent hours in examining my conduct, I found nothing I had done would give me real satisfaction. It was always mixed up with something selfish. But when I came to the gospel as a child, the Holy Spirit seemed to fill my heart. I then saw my selfishness in all its vivid deformity, and I found there was acceptance with God, and no happiness, except through the Blessed Redeemer. I stripped off all my own deeds—threw them aside—went to Him naked—He received me as He promised He would, and presented me to the Father. I then felt joy unspeakable, and all fear of death at once vanished.*”

The thoughtful reader will place the legitimate interpretation on the expression, “Reason must be put out of the question.” Similar remarks occur throughout the volume. Dr. Gordon did not, of course, mean that reason and revelation were not in harmony, or that the intellect was not to be exercised on religion. He had throughout life read largely and thought deeply on the subject. His inquiries had only confirmed his convic-

tion, that revelation was in harmony with all truth. He would have been the last to discourage the freest, fullest scrutiny. His meaning, though expressed in the strong and unguarded terms of a man who feels deeply, was this: that all the efforts of reason are unavailing to produce that spiritual change of which the Holy Ghost is the author, and without which the gospel cannot be experimentally known. He was conscious of an influence *totally distinct from the result of a merely intellectual process*. He had "become a new creature."

In the evening he partook of the Lord's Supper. The circumstance of its being his first participation in this sacred ordinance, and, as we all thought, his last; together with the intense love to Christ, which so manifestly filled his breast, and the conviction that, before another Sabbath dawned, he would be in the assembly of the just made perfect, rendered this an occasion of the most thrilling interest to all present. He expressed the great delight he felt in the service, and said, "that, in answer to prayer, God had granted him a most happy day." Heaven being referred to in connexion with the Lord's Supper, he said, "Yes; it is a *feast*; a continual, everlasting feast." We then chanted his favourite Psalm—the 23d—when he fell asleep.

Monday, 29th.—"O, what a happiness, to have communion with God! Love to God produces such love to others. Since I felt what I do, I have loved you all

so much more, with a love I could not conceive of. O, my blessed Saviour! how can I serve him enough! Were I to live, the Bible should be my book!"

Tuesday, 30th.—It had been a stormy night.

Dr. G. "As I heard the wind blowing, I thought how peaceful and happy to be laid in the cemetery."

The Rev. J. G. called. He had thought the character of Dr. G.'s mind—the demonstrative proof which he required for everything, before he could receive it—exposed him to peculiar danger; and he had prayed more for him than for any other person. He said to Dr. G., "You now feel how little you can do without Christ."

Dr. G. "We can do *nothing*—poor, wretched, ignorant; He can do *everything*."

Mr. G. "This disarms eternity of its terrors."

Dr. G. "It has no terrors."

Mr. G. "You must not look within yourself, but to Christ."

Dr. G. "But I do *look* within myself; but then I cast myself on Christ. I turn to the promises at once. I could not have believed there was such joy. I have smiled at things I now understand. I love my friends with such a different love, my whole nature seems changed."

To several clergymen at his bedside, Dr. G. said, "Preachers do not speak in terms exalted enough of the

Gospel. It is *such* a book! Had I strength enough to enter a pulpit, I do not know what I would not say of it. I had long been trying to learn it by reason. Never! Never! I see what I saw not before, and feel what I never felt. When a man comes to that book like a little child, he will find wonders in it to make him marvel. The love of God is what I cannot describe. So great is it, I could have no doubts and fears. To think that gracious Being has been seeking me, and afflicting me, till He brought me to this happiness! I murmured, but I did not see what He designed—to bring me to that blessed Saviour! All the sayings of the Bible so accord with all I have experienced, that I feel it to be the most marvellous book there ever was in the world. Read every *word* of it, and take it just as it is. I feel my whole mind truly changed.”

Though the mind of Dr. Gordon was so constantly occupied with the great joys and hopes of the gospel, he was far from being indifferent to the most trivial circumstances passing around him. His room was always beautifully adorned with flowers, continually sent to him by his friends from the country, in the arrangement of which he took much interest. While he was apparently dozing, a conversation in an undertone was going on respecting the treatment of flowers, and a question arose, whether it was necessary to change the water in hyacinth glasses. To our surprise, he entered into the

subject with animation, saying, that the water should be changed, and that salt should be put into the water of cut flowers, because there is salt in the earth; that it acts as a stimulant, and preserves them longer. This is mentioned as only one instance out of many, to show how far was his state of mind from that enthusiasm, which regards with indifference everything but the one subject which unhealthily excites it. His care to have the room always preserved in the utmost neatness, his attention to the convenience of all around him, and the kind inquiries he put to his visitors, so adapted to their peculiar circumstances, were features in his case, which gave a peculiar interest to what he said on the greatest of all themes. He was no spiritual hermit, notwithstanding his spiritual fervour, but was still the gentleman, the philosopher, the citizen, the husband, the father, the friend.

To his family he said, "How can I help loving him? I seem to see him with his heavenly countenance smiling on me now. He has pardoned me, washed me, clothed me, is preparing mansions for me,—I feel I *could* not rebel against him! There are not only joys to come, but joys in this world. Having him so near, as a companion, takes from us evil thoughts, ambition, and avarice. There he was, seeking me out first and not I seeking him! And whence came this? By grace we are saved! O! think of Christ. How can any one think of himself?

Analyze any one act of his life, how imperfect, compared with that pure and spotless Being! He has forgiven me, and clothed me with a robe of righteousness. It has come to me in so mysterious a manner. I now see how full of love the whole Bible is!"

N. "You say this is not to be had by reason. Yet religion is, after all, the highest and best reason, for it is reliance on God, and he must be true."

Dr. G. "And more than that. What do men reason for? Is it not to obtain happiness? Then if what is called philosophy and learning does not produce it, but this does, this must be the highest reason."

Wednesday, *January* 31.—He exerted himself to write on the title pages of several books, which he designed as mementoes of his affection. It was observable that in these inscriptions he never omitted his literary titles, an indication that however he condemned human reason, when presuming to supersede Divine teaching, he was no despiser of learning in its proper place. This was only another illustration that he was not *unmade* as a man, in being *new-made* as a Christian.

To Mr. A. "People have said that death is *frightful*. I look on it with pleasure. I see no monsters around me. Death! I see no death at my bedside. It is that benign Saviour waiting to take me. I could not have a fear. This is not the testimony of one who has nothing to live for. I am in the prime of life, with com-

forts and friends around me, but the prospect of heaven is more than all. It is a joy man knows nothing of!" A fear being expressed that he had felt the preceding night very long, through wakefulness, he said,—“O no, not at all. I have been too happy. My thoughts have been in heaven, and in that beautiful cemetery. I fear I am sinfully impatient in so longing after heaven, but it is so *glorious!* Christ, not death, is about to take me from earth. There is no *death* to the Christian. That glorious gospel takes away death.”

To Rev. K. “Christ is mine! He has promised, will he not be faithful? Then I am safe. Christians have doubts and fears, because they look to themselves. I don’t look to myself. *I am a mass of corruption, but I revel in the atonement.* I could not doubt. To think that the Saviour descended from the throne of God, to suffer all the sorrows of humanity, and die, to save rebellious man! Can I doubt when I go to that Saviour? O, it would be most sinful! I shall never see death, that monster so often talked of. It is Christ. Ponder every verse, every word of that holy book, and in a voice of thunder pour it into their ears. Tell them to read it simply, as it is, and believe it, *to take the words as they are*, and not reason. Reason only perplexes. I reasoned, but it was in vain. It is *a proof to me that that book is divine, because reason could never have written it.*”

A very pleasant spot had been selected in the cemetery for his grave. He was much interested in a description of it. "I'm so glad you've secured such a beautiful place for me," said he. He desired that there might always be flowers growing over his grave, and that if any palisades should be placed round it, they might be kept neatly painted.

Thursday, *February 1*.—After a restless night, he was moved to a mattress on the floor, that the bed might be arranged to his greater comfort. This movement caused him much pain, yet not a murmur escaped him; and when placed on the bed he gratefully and cheerfully said, "Admirably done; I have a kind God, and kind friends."

Though in so exhausted a state, remembering some accounts which were unsettled, he called for them, and his memory was so unimpaired that he discovered a trifling error in one of them, though the transaction had occurred a long time previously. He said he was anxious as much as possible to save trouble to those who would survive him. How different was his conduct from that selfish indolence, which often passes for a renunciation of the world, when the world is already beyond the grasp! He regarded attention to these trifles which might increase the comfort of others, as by no means incompatible with his exalted spiritual joy, and the near prospect of eternity. Earth, as long as he remained in

it, had duties from which the proximity of heaven did not absolve,—and the pleasure of discharging them was not in the least diminished by his inability to derive from them any personal advantage. Religion is intended to evert nothing, but to sanctify everything; not to unfit us for earth by preparing us for heaven, but by that very preparation to qualify us for the right performance of present duties, and the right enjoyment of present mercies. *The piety which in making the saint unmakes the man, is rather to be suspected as enthusiastic and incomplete, than revered as the highest development of Christian character, which is always found in connexion with truth and soberness, and is ever in harmony with all that God has ordained.*

Friday, *February 2.*—"O, speak to me about Christ. I want to hear of *him*. No other subject interests me so much." Being asked how he felt as compared with a week before, he replied, "O, I have so little interest in my physical condition, that I don't remember. I've had a delightful night; peace unbroken and indescribable. When once we feel the love of Christ, it gives new views of everything." Suffering pain, he said to his family, "Don't grieve for me. I feel I could not murmur again. Talk about my blessed Redeemer. His marked kindness to me has been so great. This gives me peace to hear him say,—'Come unto me, all ye that labour and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest.'"

To Mr. H., who came unexpectedly in the evening,
“How kind to come and see so unworthy a creature!”

H. “You are a monument of mercy.”

Dr. G. “I am, indeed; I am as black as sin can make me.”

H. “We grieve to lose you, but the will of God must be done.”

Dr. G. “That is what you must say, what I say, every hour.”

H. “We ought not only to submit to, but *acquiesce* in his will.”

Dr. G. (Very earnestly) “I *love* it.”

H. “Don’t let me weary you, but I love to talk of the grace of God.”

Dr. G. “I should like to hear it talked of from morning to night.”

H. “I am afraid of exciting you.”

Dr. G. “It does not excite me. I love it. I have had a joy and a peace which I did not know existed. And how did I get it? There’s the kindness, the blessing! No clouds, no doubts, no fears,—peace unbroken. I am a marvellous instance of the gracious interposition of a kind God. If he sought me when I did not seek him, why should I doubt, now I have gone to him!”

H. “What a blessing that he ‘has forgiven us *all* trespasses.’ They alone know this peace who have tasted it. You have it.”

Dr. G. "I have indeed. If such an impossibility could take place as that I should be restored, nothing could give me the least trouble. I do not think fear of any kind could ever enter my breast. Had I no other evidence than my own feelings, of the truth of Christianity, it would be sufficient. If all the world were anti-Christian, I should be a Christian."

H. "This confidence is from God. Not all the books you have read could have given it."

Dr. G. "Never!"

H. "I remember once thinking it folly to talk of being born again. We knew not what it meant."

Dr. G. "But we know now. It is the strong conviction of the truth of Christianity which gives me peace and blessedness. *It has so changed my whole nature. This is the evidence.*"

H. "John Newton, when entangled by scepticism, resolved to test the truth of Christianity by seeking the Divine influence promised in answer to prayer, arguing, that if religion were true, the result of such seeking would be an evidence of it."

Dr. G. "That is the argument which weighs with me. No mere reason of man could have written that book. Reason may find *fault* with it, but could not have *made* it. O it is a book! read every word of it, and believe it just as it is."

H. "How blessed it is to feel a thrill of joy within at the name of Jesus!"

Dr. G. "To know it in the *head*, is not to know it."

H. "I have been called mad because I love Christ and delight to talk of him continually."

Dr. G. "I wish all the world were mad.—My blessed Saviour is always with me."

This conversation was the last of any length in which he partook, and very greatly exhausted him. Death was evidently not far off.

Saturday, *February 2*.—His faculty of observation continued so keen, that on awaking this morning he noticed that a vase on the mantel-piece at the extremity of the room, was not exactly even with the corresponding one, and desired that it might be arranged properly. He shaved himself with a little assistance, and settled a few accounts. He said, at different times—"What set of *men* could have written a book so adapted to our wants as the Bible, unless they had been taught by God? It must be *felt in the heart*, and not *merely understood in the head*. I did think mine a hard lot, but since this came to me, I have deeply repented of that wickedness, and thought it a blessed lot. The Lord knew what he was doing with me. It is only having Christ with me that takes away my fear. What a blessed thing to have him for your Friend and Brother! I

have much to say, but I cannot speak. Tell them what God has done for me."

In the afternoon he appeared to be at the point of death.

CHAPTER V.

FROM SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 4, TO HIS DEATH, WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 7.

DR. GORDON was too feeble to converse much. To E. "My gracious God has been very merciful to me. He has given me a joy I never felt before,—an inconceivable joy!"

E. "I hope we shall all meet in the new Jerusalem, where there will be no more dying."

Dr. G. "There is none *here*!"

E. I hope He will give you to the end, that peace which passeth all understanding."

Dr. G. "I have it."

Of the righteousness of Christ he said, "It is that which removes all my fear; every particle of fear; nothing else could." Being reminded that a few days before, he had said that he did not see death at his bedside, and being asked if he saw him *now*, he replied, "No! It is Christ, who has washed us! I have Christ by me. See death! *I see nothing but Christ.*"

The Lord's Supper was again celebrated in his room,

at his request. He enjoyed the solemn ceremony. As the night advanced his pulse became so feeble, that it was thought he would not survive till morning. In all the intervals of dozing, he requested that hymns and passages of Scripture might be read, frequently uttering an expression of pleasure, and requesting that a mark should be placed in the margin of whatever specially interested him.

Monday, *February 5*.—On awaking he asked for something to be read to him on the subject of the crucifixion. He could speak but little, and chiefly in a responsive way.

“Is Jesus precious to you?”

Dr. G. “O yes!”

“You are clothed with that white robe?”

Dr. G. “I am.”

“Do you feel any fear *now*?”

Dr. G. “Not the slightest!”

“You love us still?”

Looking round at all most affectionately, he fixed his eyes upon his wife, and said,

“My dear one!”—to his daughter, “My darling child!”

He complained of his memory failing, and of double vision. He was unable to turn himself, nor could he be moved for his bed to be made.

Tuesday, *February 6*.—He was again much revived.

Several friends called to see him, though he was unable to speak to them, except in monosyllables.

Mrs. G. "You are very weak, but you are able, notwithstanding this debility, to take pleasure in thinking of Christ?"

Dr. G. "O yes!"

W. L. "You've no anxiety—no fear?"

Dr. G. (Emphatically,) "None!"

The symptoms became very alarming towards evening; and, about midnight, as we were all watching around his bed, his daughter, taking his hand, said, "It's your child, father!"

Dr. G. (With much tenderness) "My great gem!" Then turning to his wife he said, "And is this Mater?" fixing on her a look of indescribable affection. He afterwards affectionately recognised all present individually.

N. "Christ is with you!"

Dr. G. "I feel him!"

N. "We are broken-hearted in prospect of losing you."

Dr. G. "We shall all live together in heaven; cleave close to Christ—walk with him."

Wednesday, *February 7.*—At 2 o'clock, A.M., he called for some refreshment, but the effort of eating was very exhausting to him. From a fear that the light on the tray might distress him, he was asked if it should be removed.

Dr. G. "Not while you are here:" implying his wish to look on the faces of his family.

He then said, "But when am I to leave you?"

N. "One of your medical friends told us you would not see the daylight."

Dr. G. "No, I shall live longer than that."

Desiring, but unable to speak more, *N.* said, "You cannot talk now, but we know what you would say if you could. Your heart is full of love to us and to Jesus."

Dr. G. (Very earnestly) "That is it."

At six o'clock, A. M., it was evident from the sudden change which had taken place in his appearance, that his end was at length rapidly approaching.

E. "You'll soon be in heaven!"

Dr. G. "Yes; and you'll all follow me; and I'll welcome you. We all hold the same principles."

E. repeated, "Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for Thou art with me; thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

Dr. G. responded, "Yes; if He were not with me, how dark it would be! But it's all light!"

At eight o'clock, he awoke from a short sleep, and listened with deep interest to some of Lavington's Sacramental Meditations, and closing passages from Baxter's Saints' Rest; his countenance beamed with heartfelt delight, and the most cordial concurrence in the sentiments which they expressed.

About noon, a friend calling to bid him farewell, he said, by a great effort, "Give her a chair;" so considerate was he to the last of the comfort of others.

W. L., entering his room, said, "This looks like a *defeat*, Gordon, but it's a *victory*."

Dr. G. (emphatically, though in a whisper). "It is."

W. L. "We shall all think of you."

Dr. G. "Thank you!"

W. L. "You can say, 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory?' "

Dr. G. "Indeed I can!"

W. L. "That's *your* consolation—Christ, my Saviour, died."

Dr. G. Yes, it is!"

N. "We are on this side the river; but Christ is on the opposite bank, beckoning you to Himself."

Dr. G. "He is!"

N. "We cannot bear to part; but we shall meet in heaven."

Dr. G. "Christ is there."

This was said with peculiar emphasis, as if to convey the idea, that however great the joy which the reunion of friends would impart—and none entered more fully into this than himself—yet the chief joy of the heavenly world would arise from the presence of Jesus, and resemblance to Him.

Several friends called; all of whom he kindly recog-

nised. To his man-servant he said, "God bless you, Tranmer. He will be with you, and be your friend. Persevere in godliness and purity of life." To his nurse—"You have been a kind friend to me."

When left alone with his nearest relatives, he said, after a pause, during which his thoughts were evidently intent on the heavenly city,—“Repeat that about the great army!” The quotations from Rev. vii. 9, 10, were read, and, although he said nothing, his countenance plainly manifested that he had been understood. He was, by faith, beholding “that great army,” whom he was soon to join in celebrating the high anthem of heaven. “Blessing, and honour, and glory, and power, be unto Him that sitteth on the throne, and to the Lamb, for ever and ever.”

The feast of bliss which Jesus was preparing for all his followers, was alluded to, and at which he was about to become a guest. To this he replied, in a tone of earnest desire, “I wish he would come.” He then took a most tender farewell of his wife. To his distressed daughter he said, with inexpressible tenderness, “Bless thee, my child.”

“You love me still, father!”

“Yes, dearly.” He then opened his hand, which now had almost lost its power of motion, for the purpose of receiving hers, which he tenderly pressed, together with that of her husband. This was its last act.

After a pause, he said, with considerable effort, "Bring them all." His meaning was not understood, but making one more attempt, with a desperate struggle, he whispered, "Everybody!"

These were his last words. They show how fully he was in possession of his mind, and how entirely conscious he was of his being on the point of departure. Knowing the melancholy satisfaction of being present at the actual death of a dear friend, of which they might be deprived who had kindly quitted his room, lest he should be inconvenienced by a crowd, his last effort of affection was to summon all in the house into his chamber, which was now filled with sorrowing but silent friends.

Increased difficulty of breathing was the only distressing symptom. He appeared no longer conscious of what took place around him. He gazed upwards, as in rapt vision. No film overspread his eyes. They beamed with an unwonted lustre, and the whole countenance, losing the aspect of disease and pain, with which we had been so long familiar, glowed with an expression of indescribable rapture. As we watched in silent wonder and praise, his features, which had become motionless, suddenly yielded for a few seconds, to a smile of ecstasy which no pencil could ever depict, and which none who witnessed it can ever forget. And when it passed away, still the whole countenance continued to

beam and brighten, as if reflecting the glory on which the soul was gazing. Like Stephen, he was by faith looking up to heaven, and with a clearer vision than may be hoped for, till the river of death is well nigh passed, was beholding, through the opening gates of glory, "the Son of Man standing at the right hand of God." It is not too much to say, that, as far as the expression of holy rapture could contribute to it, like Stephen's, "his face was as it had been the face of an angel."

Though his emaciated frame, propped up by pillows, was incapable of the least effort, yet such was the effect on the bystanders of his upward, outstretching gaze, that even the motionless body itself seemed to be reaching forward, as if impatient for the summons to depart. We saw as much as mortal eye *could* see of the entrance into glory. Nothing more could have been given us, but the actual vision of the separate spirit, and its angelic convoy. This glorious spectacle lasted for about a quarter of an hour, increasing in interest to the last, during which the soul seemed pouring itself forth from the frail tenement which had imprisoned it, into the embrace of its Lord. The breathing now became shorter and shorter; then, after a long pause, one last gentle heaving of the chest—and without a struggle, at two o'clock, the soul had fled!

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next breath, and it was seen that the soul was
in possession of the glory which it had won.

MEMOIR OF
DR. CHARLES H. BRINGTON

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Dr. Brington.  
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(259)

“The healing art, which Baron Haller applied with unequalled success to the diseases of the body, could not, as he experienced in his own person, reach that dissatisfaction with the present, and that awful apprehension of the future state, which will at certain seasons break in upon, and interrupt the course of business and pleasure, and agitate the bosoms of mankind.

“With the torrent of fresh images which were poured into his mind from every new contemplation, were mingled the comforts of religion. Its laws were to him a delightful subject of attention, and a joyful object of hope. *He tasted of the fountain of life, where refreshing streams so invigorated his soul, that he beheld undismayed the King of Terrors!*”

SKETCH OF BARON HALLER.

MEMOIR OF
DR. CHARLES H. BROUGHTON,

A SURGEON OF THE UNITED STATES NAVY.

DR. BROUGHTON was converted to God on board of a United States vessel in the Gulf of Mexico, sometime during the winter or spring of 1842, whilst on professional duty under the government. Of his previous history but little information is at hand.

In the winter of 1842, it pleased God to pour out his spirit in a remarkable manner upon the congregation in N——, Virginia, to which his parents were attached. The old and the young, the moral and profane, were alike made the trophies of redeeming grace. An account of the work of God was communicated to him, then in the Gulf of Mexico, by a devoted sister, who also informed him of the conversion of many of his old associates, and among them some of the members of his own family. *This intelligence* seems to have been the special

means employed by God, in arousing his attention to spiritual and eternal things. God is also the hearer of prayer, and *his Spirit* can reach at once the family at home and the youth in a distant port.

The following extracts from his letters will exhibit the interest he felt when hearing of the revival in his native place, and seem to furnish to his friends the first information of the spiritual change of which he was the subject:—

“I was deeply affected, you may be sure, by the interesting intelligence contained in your last letter; and had wealth beyond the dreams of avarice become ours, I should have rejoiced less than at the news of an awakening in our own family and town.”

In a letter dated Key West, April 15, he says, “Pleasant and sweet as the voices of those I love were the messengers from home, that came to me by the last mail. They were full of comfort, and raised my heart to the Giver of all good, that even here, where there is no sound of Sabbath bell, where the servants of the Lord are not, and where the wicked seem to strive without restraint, he has provided such rich banquets for me in the gratulations of distant friends, and in their sympathy and advice. To know, too, that nearly all the members of my family have, through Christ, been accepted of God, to know that His Spirit is still spreading and extending among the people of my native town, and that

many friends, out of the family, but still dear to my remembrance, have felt his influence and forsaken evil, to hear also that the circle of his operations is spreading farther and farther about the country—Oh what rapture, what overflowing of eyes and heart did all this cause me! What praises too do I not owe to the Judge of all the earth, that he has not suffered me to harden my heart in the midst of all these wonders, but has answered the intercessions made in my behalf with the effectual operations of his Spirit?"

The struggles and conflicts through which his mind passed, when under the special teachings of the Spirit, together with his ultimate acquiescence in God's plan of saving sinners, are stated by himself in two letters bearing date March 4, and April 15. In the former he says:

"I hasten to answer your solicitous inquiry—'Do you feel yourself a poor, lost sinner, with no hope but in Christ, and no joy but in his love!' I do indeed humbly and earnestly trust that the Spirit of God has purged my vision to the beholding of the wickedness of my own heart, and shocked and sickened me with the loathsome spectacle. By that operation I have beheld and comprehended the web of sophistry in which sin had entangled my soul, in the hour of temptation lulling my conscience into security by crying peace, peace, when there was no peace, and with all the serpent's subtlety

persuading me, 'Thou shalt not surely die,' when God had said, '*Thou shalt die.*'

"Oh how clearly did I see its treachery and deceit, its wickedness and folly, and how gladly did I turn from the Syren I had listened to, to trust in the Lord, and to wrestle with Him for the hope that is in Christ! But oh, how hard it was to turn—to close my ears to the eloquent pleadings of sin and Satan—to believe that the Saviour could pity and love a wretch who had so often witnessed the wonderful works of his Providence, yet went straightway and sinned again! Yet He remembered 'that we are but flesh—a wind that passeth away and cometh not again,' and graciously condescended to bruise the head of the serpent that had beguiled me, so that I now hope that 'old things have passed away, and all things have become new.'

"And how differently now do this world and this life appear! What to me are the cold and unsympathizing regards, the unwilling praise that might be wrung from the world by a life spent in its service, to the joy that is in heaven 'over one sinner that repenteth?' What are the cares and sorrows of worldly ambition, compared with the love, desire, faith, and hope that fill the heart in meditating upon the goodness of God, and reading his word with spiritual discernment? Surely 'the evidence of things not seen, and the substance of

things hoped for,' are joys that surpass all the joys that flow from sensual objects.

"I need no further evidence of my sinful nature than that even now I transgress daily, having cause often to grieve that the fear of the Lord is not always before my eyes, that my faith is too weak, and that I am liable to be influenced by the fear of ridicule and the habits of those around me. My eyes have been opened, however, to see that this results chiefly from the neglect of some Christian duty, and I am thus warned to *be earnest at all times*; for I find that nothing but the Holy Spirit strengthening me, can so work upon my heart as to destroy the influence of its old habits and associations: nor is this ever withheld when I seek it."

In his second letter his statements are more minute, and the exercises of his mind are given in a more graphic and interesting manner.

"The means God has made use of in drawing me to himself, are to me inconceivable. I understand but this, that 'whereas I was blind, now I see.' There was sorrow following the known commission of sin—there was the desire for reformation—there was the sharp conflict between conviction and depraved but rooted natural habits—there was the frequent triumph of the latter—there was the deep feeling of wounded pride, self-abasement, and complete humiliation, in consequence of my own will not being sufficient for reformation—

there was the consciousness that I should perish except I did repent—there was the agony with which I looked upon eternity, dark and cheerless, without joy and without even hope—there was the anxious inquiry, ‘What shall I do to inherit eternal life?’—and then, thank God, there was gushing prayer, ‘God be merciful to me a sinner’—then came answers like revelations from heaven—then did I seem to hear, ‘ME for him, life for life I offer; on me let thine anger fall; account me man. I, for his sake, will leave thy bosom, and this glory next to thee freely put off; and for him lastly die.’

“It seemed to me as if God ‘reasoned with me,’ so quickly were my questions answered, so fully were my doubts removed. Then did I feel

“‘The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.’

(Thank you for that hymn, I have it literally *by heart*.) How mysterious do my former blindness and my present light appear! I used to feel quite *secure*; imagined that I loved God, and that God loved me. I worshipped Him in the self-righteous spirit of Socrates, or as the Indian worships his Manitou, or the Turk confides in his destiny; knowing nothing of natural depravity and enmity to God, and the inevitable necessity of a Saviour; knowing not that without Christ ‘we can do nothing,’ and that salvation is not of ourselves, but the gift of

God. 'O the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!'

"And now, what a blessed thing it is to know and love this Saviour! 'Shall tribulation, or distress, or persecution, or famine, or nakedness, or peril, or sword, separate me from the love of Christ?' I trust not, with the help of God. Though troubles and trials surround me here as a fiery furnace, there is One walking with me like the Son of God, as with the Jewish youths, and the smell of fire shall not pass upon me. How beautiful is the following verse in Isaiah, 'Fear not, for I have redeemed thee. I have called thee by thy name, and thou art mine. When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee; and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee. When thou walkest through the fire thou shalt not be burned, neither shall the flame kindle upon thee.'

"These things are my comfort, my very present help in time of need. For the daily duties of a heavenly life, I have that best of guides—the *Bible*, read by the light of the Spirit; and for my commentator I have Baxter's *Saints' Rest*—a book filled with the breath of active hope and love, as if, to use his own words, 'the things written there had been engraved on his heart by a beam from the face of the Son of God.' The tracts you sent me are very appropriate and please me much,

especially those entitled 'Do I grow in Grace?' and 'Advice to Young Converts.' My companions, I dare say, think me less of a 'good fellow' now than they did; but the Christian who acts consistently with his faith, must command respect from all but fools, and the esteem of such, or indeed of any, is of small value compared with the love of God. 'I reckon that the sufferings of this present time are not worthy to be compared with the glory that shall be revealed in us.' These things, however, God has tempered to me, and I go on my course without exciting the opposition or ridicule of those around me. Generally, and I speak it in their praise, my brother officers, though caring for none of these things themselves, respect the feelings and opinions of others, and have the good sense to distinguish between disinclination for their occupations, and dislike for themselves."

The following extract from a letter, dated Key West, March 16, furnishes many pleasing evidences of the thoroughness of the change which had taken place in the heart of Dr. Broughton. It also exhibits the groanings of his soul while situated amid influences adverse to its spiritual advancement and comfort.

"It is a source of regret to me that I cannot be more alone, to indulge in pious exercises and reflections with greater ease and freedom; and to escape the conversation of the persons around me, I have sometimes

gone ashore in a savage country, with a musket to protect me, that I might be alone with God. Yet even the conduct and conversation of my messmates teaches me humility, inasmuch as I, 'knowing the judgment of God, that they which commit such things are worthy of death, have not only done the same, but had pleasure in those that do them.' Thus when I see ignorance and folly in others, far from feeling any self-complacency, I derive the lesson that the good I may have is not of myself, but from the grace of God.

"Blessed be God, too, that the new desires and impulses he has planted in me, he has not forgotten to water and increase. I felt not shame but joy, a few days ago, when appealed to to decide an argument about the propriety of some pleasurable sin, to hear its advocate exclaim, 'Oh, the doctor takes *his* morality from the Bible.' And yet, not a long time has elapsed since I should have been ashamed to have him see me with the Bible in my hand !

"I have been always fond of acquiring knowledge ; but latterly, how changed is the motive. Once, every fact that I added to my hive, every new idea that flashed upon my mind, every labour that was undertaken, and every task performed, was but a snare to my feet, a temptation in my path. Ostentatious display was the motive, and self-conceit the result. And great indeed was the barrier of pride and self-reliance with which I

had thus fortified my heart. The grace of God, however, has been greater, and the knowledge of Christ is now my highest aim, my chief hope. A mine of wisdom has been opened to me in the Gospel by the light of grace, where I had previously groped about in darkness.

“In the wonders of scientific research I now can hear the voice of God, and see His hand. In the history of the past I can watch His providence working out its own ends, and so disposing events as to make them work together for His own glory and the advancement of His kingdom. Even my imagination, that enemy to truth and heightener of sinful lusts, has, under the gentle influence of Christ, become an associate with faith and hope and love, in strengthening my convictions and quickening my perceptions of heavenly things. There are sins, alas too numerous, that do easily beset me, and which sometimes bring the fear that my ‘goodness is as the morning cloud,’ that I am still under the dominion of sin and Satan, and that the hope of eternal life with me is a mere delusion.

“I endeavour to forsake sinful pleasures, for I have ceased to delight in them. An easy disposition, however, often induces me to yield. May God forgive me, and strengthen me by His grace to hold on in ‘patient continuance in well doing’—to trust less in myself, and more in Christ—to watch and pray, lest I enter into temptation. Your prayers, my dear sister, I am sure I

have. I have written a long account of my feelings upon religion. It is a subject that engages my thoughts continually, and which has precedence of every other, so that I should not tire were I to write ever so much more. You will feel with me and for me, and can fully appreciate my situation."

When a soul is converted, it is impossible for it to be idle. Salvation may *begin* with itself, but can only *end* with *all who need it*. The feelings of Dr. Broughton on this subject are exhibited in a communication, dated Indian Key, May, 1842.

"It is the high privilege of my vocation not only to minister physical relief to suffering man, but also in the ear of him who thought to die hopeless and unpitied, to speak words of sympathy, comfort, and peace. Of what priceless value then—and at what small cost—is a simple pressure of the hand, accompanied with a whisper of that love that requires of the most hardened sinner the exercise of faith alone for salvation!

"I have for some time past been deeply interested and affected by the accounts that reach us of the revival of religion, and the progress of temperance at the North. They surpass all human conception, and ought alone to convict sinners, as the great light from heaven did Saul. How visible are the workings of God's Spirit! I look with wonder and confidence to these movements and the

missionary cause, as the setting of the tide towards the kingdom of heaven universal upon earth. Inquiries into the future, farther than depends upon the promises of God, are generally vain and useless. But these *promises* should urge Christians onward—not to ask, ‘Are all things ready?’—but earnestly to *labour*, that the knowledge of salvation may be spread abroad, and freely to *give* as they have freely received, the glad tidings of ‘good will to men.’

“I am perhaps carried beyond the humility proper for me, in thus expressing my opinion; but these are matters that I feel zealous about, and my mouth speaks out from the fulness of my heart. I feel my benevolent sympathies expand the more, the more they are gratified. Like the circle in water, that, starting from one point, spreads itself over the whole surface, so charity with me, by God’s blessing, though beginning at home, did not stop there. My first desires were for myself, then my family, my friends and acquaintances came next, then my country, then all human kind; and, glory to God, His work seems to prosper in all. Please tell Thomas, that as he is my purser I make him my almoner also, and commission him to make an offering for me at the concerts of prayer for missions, and also for Sabbath schools.”

Converted on board a man-of-war, and separated by his situation from the privileges of the sanctuary, the

heart of Dr. Broughton, like that of David, panted for the courts of the Lord's house. His feelings, together with his high appreciation of the Holy Scriptures in his temporary exile from the house of God, may be learned from a letter dated Indian Key, June 17, 1842:—

“God knows what is best for me, but I cannot feel here, while surrounded by persons whose associations and habits influence me somewhat, as if I had given my whole soul to Christ. Too often do I feel bowed to the dust with shame that, having understood so great salvation, I have not buckled on the whole armour of God to guard it against all assaults of the enemy of souls. I sometimes fear that my peace has been presumption, so liable am I to be led away from the Spirit by trusting for strength to myself. Oh, for the sympathy and companionship of Christian friends! Oh, for the benefit of pious example and conversation, for holy Sabbath days and the enforcement of the Gospel by teachings, persuasions, and alarms!

“Yet God has stood by me in the greatest straits, and every fresh conviction of sin and unworthiness has been joined with fresh conviction of the necessity of a Saviour. Like Pilate, I used often to ask, ‘What is truth?’ and like him, too often I would not wait for an answer. I used to think that truth was something that people wished or imagined to be so; that every man's notion of what was true depended upon prejudice, and

that all questions might have as much said upon one side as on the other. But how different is *Revealed Truth*! He that has it knows it, feels it, it is *his*. The combined powers of the world and of Satan cannot take it from him; it is a part of him—the sure ‘evidence of things not seen.’

“Oh, I have felt my whole frame tingle and my hands clasp in ecstasy, as in the Bible the Spirit of truth and love has revealed to me mighty and wonderful things, such as I could have never known or even dreamed of. And I have hated the flesh, whose sluggishness, whose passions have made us to see these things ‘in part’ only. Certainly nothing can be more powerful than this truth, to comfort, to exalt, to redeem. I cannot refrain in my letters from pouring out my feelings to you on this subject. They find here no other earthly vent, and you, I am sure, will be interested by them, while it is a relief to me.”

But a short time after this the vessel in which Dr. Broughton had been an involuntary exile from the means of grace, was ordered home, and without delay, he fulfilled the vow he had made in a distant land, of dedicating himself *wholly* to the service of God. On November 27, 1842, together with four others, one of them a converted Roman Catholic, he made a public profession of the faith of the Gospel, and for the first time sat down at the table of Christ among his people.

“How sweet and awful is the place,
With Christ within the doors,
While everlasting Love displays
The choicest of her stores !”

And sweet no doubt our young brother felt it to be—a day of espousals—a day of communion with Christ and his people—a day never to be forgotten.

For several months after his connexion with the church our young friend held the office of surgeon on board a ship of the line, then lying in port. He now enjoyed the privilege of attending the sanctuary regularly, and of mingling his Christian sympathies with those of his brethren. His pastor has often noticed the steady fixedness of his dark eye, and the animated glow of his earnest countenance under the preaching of the word. His ardour was amazing, and yet it was so internal, so deep as not to be noticed by any save his most intimate friends. He often visited his pastor in his study to converse about spiritual and eternal things. On most of these occasions he would replenish himself with Tracts, which he distributed among the sailors as he had opportunity. For the seaman he felt a deep sympathy. He knew his destitution, and had a heart to relieve, so far as he could, the inconveniences to which he was subject.

A judicious friend of his having suggested to the writer that his talents might probably be available for the pulpit, the Tract entitled “Call and Qualifications

for the Gospel Ministry," was put in his hands. This Tract he read carefully and with much prayer. It laid before him a field of usefulness larger than had previously occurred to his mind. Many difficulties, however, arose. He was in his country's service. He was in not only an honourable but a useful profession. Change was uncertain. He might not be qualified—he might not be *called*. All these objections arose. His desire for usefulness, however, had well nigh conquered them all when he was suddenly ordered by government to a cruise among the West India Islands. This circumstance placed his mind in great trouble. As a conviction of duty, however, he obeyed his country's call, saying to me as we parted, "I hope to have my mind made up by my return."

It appears from his letters afterwards that he altogether relinquished this idea of preaching. His humility, his consciousness of the greatness of the work, together probably with the disadvantageous situation he occupied to decide such a question, brought him to this result. Still, he "being dead speaketh;" and the writer earnestly hopes that even his *quenched desire* may excite the heart of some other of *like spirit* to fill his place in publishing salvation to a lost world.

The first letter received from Dr. Broughton after his departure was dated Nassau, New Providence, Jan. 20, 1843. In this he writes—

“I feel much ashamed of the despondency I exhibited just before leaving home. I knew that I was about to be subjected to trial and privation; and looking only to myself I felt discouraged and afraid of sinking. The Lord, however, has graciously stretched out his hand to me though of little faith, and so far I have had blessed experience that he will not forsake those who look to him for help. I am amazed at myself that I have had so little faith. If God’s ways were as our ways, or his thoughts as our thoughts, I should long ago have fallen from his favour. But while Christ *ever liveth* to make intercession, Oh who or what shall separate us from the love of God?”

The following letter, dated Matanzas, Cuba, Feb. 20, will be read with interest:—

“One could scarcely imagine a situation more unfavourable than mine for reading and meditation, and yet I am surprised to find that I can acquire and digest knowledge here as well almost as under more convenient circumstances. The frivolous conversation that is often carried on around me creates a want of occupation, and books and self-study come kindly in to supply it. My slothful flesh tries hard to wheedle me into the belief that there is ‘a lion in the way,’ and that it is useless to try to read; but I am otherwise constrained to make the effort, which is generally successful. I also find much time when the officers are asleep or keeping their watch

on deck. I have thus read Scott's 'Force of Truth,' Newton's 'Life and Letters,' 'Mammon,' several tracts, and have made progress in familiarizing myself with our larger catechism.

"Passages of the Bible are sometimes brought home to my heart with great force, though generally my conceptions are not so clear as I could wish. This, however, is an incentive to perseverance and diligence. Mammon is a very scrutinizing book, and I trust it has done me good. It has certainly opened my eyes to behold a beauty in economy, which the phlegmatic maxims of Franklin could never bring me to perceive. Newton, too, I have enjoyed much. One of his letters seemed to take scales from my eyes, and gave me a clue to understand, how, through a dark period of doubt and distress, an unseen hand had been keeping alive the fire in my heart which Satan was striving to quench. I can now bless the hand that chastened me, and own with wonder and admiration that he doeth all things well. Now I know, not because of what was told me, but because 'I have seen him and heard him myself.'

"I see the hand of God in many of the events of my past life, how he has been before me as a refiner of silver, waiting for me with compassionate forbearance, and wooing me to take his image while I have been heaping dross in the way, and my neck has been a sinew of iron, and my brow brass. And what is man's heart, that God

should love it so, and be resolved to win it? It is strange enough that he should stoop to save us; but how much more wonderful is it that he should draw us to him against our efforts!

“You would scarcely believe me, were I to tell you what narrow conceptions I had formed of God’s love, and how ignorant I was of his ways. A short time before I left home I read in *Pilgrim’s Progress* the description of the man in the iron cage, and my heart feared that the case was mine; it was so much like what I *felt*, it was so much like what I *deserved*. Like David I was afraid lest I should one day perish. But He who knoweth our frame sustained me by his word which preached perseverance in so many places that even unbelief was convinced, and I was enabled calmly to wait for him who ‘has the words of eternal life.’ Since then I trust I am prepared to say, in whatever frame I am, ‘Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him.’

“It is a great source of comfort to study the providence of God towards me, and to see in many apparent evils how much good can be extracted. He has disappointed hopes that I had formed of earthly happiness, only that I might seek and prize the more the ‘rest’ that ‘remaineth.’ He has placed me here amid trial and privation, that I may learn my own weakness, and be taught to rely solely on him. He has taken me, so young in grace, from those means and ordinances by which his

mercy refreshes others, that I might look *immediately* to him without helps and aids.

“One thing at first distressed me much, the limited sphere of usefulness in which I live. I am now sure, however, that there are few situations on earth in which a conscientious Christian cannot make himself useful. Even in the midst of worldly associations he can observe the specious arguments by which unbelief hides itself in the natural heart, and knowing himself to have been similarly deceived, he can endeavour to convince others that Eternal Life consists not in vain speculations about ‘fixed fate, free will, fore-knowledge absolute,’ nor in the adoption of the mere forms of church worship; but in repentance unto life and faith in the atonement of Christ. This, to be sure, is looked upon as puritanical; and human reason will rather delight itself in measuring eternal truth by its own standard, than in considering itself imperfect, and that faith in God’s revealed word is the only true wisdom.

“It is something, however, to tell such that they are wrong, and to have good books at hand which they will sometimes read, if from no other motive, to fill up the vacancy of their time. I have also an additional privilege. The captain has requested me to read prayers on Sundays; and then I can select what parts of Scripture I wish to read, and with God’s help I shall not be want-

ing in a word of exhortation, though not a prophet nor a prophet's son."

We have already noticed the fact that Dr. Broughton when leaving home had serious thoughts of preparing for the Christian ministry. The following letter from Pensacola, dated April 24, alludes to this subject, and also exhibits the deep interest he felt in the spiritual welfare of seamen:—

"The denunciations of the Bible against time unimproved and duty unperformed, and the promises held out to even feeble attempts, had filled my mind with the desire to devote myself to a cause in which I might hope, by the Divine blessing, to be in some humble degree useful. But my charity was unwilling to begin where it should have done. Sloth and selfishness magnified the difficulties I should encounter among those around me, till it seemed a matter almost impossible that I should be useful here; and I am ashamed while I make the confession, that the privations I must endure in my present position, and the constant need for caution and watching lest the cause of Christ should suffer reproach through my weakness, may have had some influence in clouding my understanding and directing my thoughts to the sacrifice of myself that I proposed to make.

"I had not then experienced how prone the heart is to pervert the leadings of the Spirit, by mixing with them the desires of our own foolish and fond imaginations.

Nor had I then reflected that many sailors were themselves heathen, so far as the lack of Gospel preaching, and minds darkened by ignorance and superstition, and hearts under the dominion of Satan, could so be considered. But now that Christian philanthropy has opened her heart to them, and persons unconnected with them are seeking their welfare, it certainly became *me*, from my relation to them and from the peculiar opportunities I possess, to take up *their cause* and to endeavour to help it forward by whatever means the Lord has given me."

In another letter, June 16, he says, "I have seen no reason to regret the conclusion I was brought to on the subject of the ministry: on the contrary, in a letter from Mobile, containing information that a present of the Evangelical Library had been made to the crew of the B., I have been encouraged by the expression that 'the moral advancement of the seamen around me was the noblest of all ends;' and I hope to make it my chief concern hereafter to be conscientious in the discharge of this duty."

A short time after this we find his vessel again cruising among the West India Islands. While at Havana he fell in with a congenial spirit, a young physician from the United States, who was "exerting himself as far as he had the power, to spread the knowledge of the truth around him," of whom he says, "The doctor's company

was a great comfort to me, and has strengthened and encouraged me not a little."

With the exception of a small note, the following is the last of Dr. Broughton's letters, dated Pensacola, Nov. 2, 1843.

"Ere long I hope, and believe that God will direct my way to you all, though I must say that the pleasurable anticipations I had formed of this event have been not a little diminished by the painful intelligence you communicate of the apparently declining state of religion in the church. My great desire of returning among you was, that I might have my faith increased and strengthened by the example and counsel of faithful Christians, that I might be better able to make known among men the ways of God. I trust that the hope of increasing mere selfish comfort and enjoyment was only a secondary motive, for I have learned in part to bear with contentment the privation of these, in the belief that an *eternity* of enjoyment will be sufficient to satisfy my most longing desires.

"Wherever I go, the cry of creation groaning under the curse enters my ear, and the voice within me whispers, 'What art thou, O, atom? that thou shouldest regard thyself; that thou shouldest bury God's talent in the ground, or consume his Spirit on thy lusts!' Feeble indeed have my efforts been, but God despiseth not 'the day of small things.'

“Since God has enlarged my confidence in Him, I am less perplexed with the superiority of others in natural endowments, and I can argue in a spirit of more candour than formerly, being now more desirous of elevating the truth than of exalting myself. I have so often failed when venturing in my own strength to defend the truth of God, in consequence of the greater ability of some of my associates, that I am now quite willing that God should defend His own truth, and content myself with opposing ‘the sword of the Spirit’ to the lovers of the world, trusting that its Author will cause it to smite where He willeth that they should have repentance and the knowledge of Him. There are many kinds of voices in the world which speak of God to these men, and though they have least disposition to listen to the plainest one, yet all the others are but the echoes of this, and with proper light may be known to depend upon it. It is in this way that conversation upon almost any subject may be brought home to the word of God, and thus rendered profitable.

“But let me tell you of *one* application I made of the texts you quoted in your letter. Since God has enlarged my confidence in Him, I have discovered my relationship by grace to a much larger family than that to which I am bound by nature, and although His Spirit has prompted me to pray with much earnestness for the enlargement and establishment of His kingdom upon

earth, yet I have been led to regard with *special interest* in prayer my own family and church. This I know is often with you all a subject of prayer, and we must pray *in faith*, that God may grant our requests. I believe that He does answer prayer thus offered, not only from His word and the experience of Christians of whom I have read or with whom I have conversed, but also from indubitable evidence in my own experience. I think, too, that the experience of churches is the same with that of individual Christians, and that sunshine and clouds are necessary to the perfecting of faith in both.

“We are all short-sighted, but experience has taught me, at no small cost, what I dare say it must teach all, that in the day when the candle of the Lord shines upon us, we are prone to be satisfied with ourselves, and, to use your own words, ‘to think it impossible that we should ever get back to our former cold state.’ We are apt in this condition to imagine that we have a *supply* of God’s grace, which will last us at least for some time to come, and thus grow careless about the use of the means of sustaining our spiritual life. The manna, however, that is so covetously laid up, corrupts, and we discover by sad experience that as natural life must be supported by *daily* food, equally true is it that only *daily* supplies can sustain the life and vigour of our faith. If the means are used with the belief that God will deliver

us, even our temporary decline will become a blessing, for in overcoming it we shall have greater strength and confidence than before. *Perseverance in effort* is the kind of faith that I have found to remove mountains. It is not *sighing* but *running* that wins the race. I have found no remedy for suffering and for distressing thoughts like *doing*. Active obedience is the evidence of that faith which quenches all the fiery darts of Satan. If then we, who are members of an unhealthy church, are patient and faithful, we can confidently expect that God will answer our prayers, and that bread thus cast upon the waters will return after many days.

“I am afraid, from consciousness of my youth and want of wisdom, that what I have written may have been written with the haste of presumption, and may be so considered by you; but it has been the result of experimental reading of God’s word and of prayer, and I have expressed myself thus, not because I think I know the truth more or better than others, but because I think that the ways of God to me have been wonderful, and that the experience of the humblest child of God may be read by others with profit.”

But a short time after the date of the above, Dr. Broughton commenced his voyage homeward. While stopping a short time in the West Indies, he was seized with fever. It was principally of a nervous character,

and seemed to threaten his life. He reached home, however, early in the next month. He was emaciated, and his appearance excited the sympathy of all who saw him. He survived about two weeks. On the 22d of December, 1843, he breathed his last, calmly reclining on the bosom of God his Saviour.

His exercises on his deathbed were deeply interesting, but were frequently interrupted by mental aberrations. On one occasion he said to his mother, "I saw myself all pollution and sin; and it seems to me that just a drop of a Saviour's blood fell on me, which removed all my pollutions, and gave me acceptance with God."

Just before he expired, he leaped up in the bed, exclaiming, "Where is Abraham's bosom? Where is Abraham's bosom?" The physician in attendance replied, "Doctor, Abraham is not here."—"Abraham not here!" he exclaimed with amazement—"Abraham not here!" and fell back upon his pillow, and died! Thus vanished into the light of heaven this blaze of piety, which God had so wonderfully created and sustained.

CONFESSION OF

DR. CAPADOCSE.

Dr. Capadocse.

“Reason is a rebel unto faith, and considers her propositions as absurd. There are a set of heads, that can credit the relations of mariners, yet question the testimonies of St. Paul; and peremptorily maintain the traditions of Ælian or Pliny, yet in histories of Scripture raise queries and objections; believing no more than they can parallel in human authors.”

SIR THOMAS BROWNE, M. D.

CONVERSION OF
D R. C A P A D O S E,

A JEWISH PHYSICIAN OF AMSTERDAM.

N O, my dear friends, I will no longer decline to meet your pressing demands, or to fulfil the engagement under which you have placed me, to relate to you how it pleased the God of all grace to call me to the knowledge of himself, and bring me from darkness to his marvellous light. My soul is vividly, is deeply convinced, that it has never of itself sought the Lord; but that the arm of his compassion was extended to it while in its lost condition. It would then be false modesty to refuse you that which, communicated in conversation, appeared somewhat edifying to many dear friends, who saw in it the Saviour's unspeakable love for so wretched a sinner, and felt themselves urged to glorify his name.

By birth a Portuguese Jew, I was, nevertheless, far from being a zealot in the cause of the religion of my

ancestors. My education had been moral rather than religious, inspiring me with horror of vice, and love for what the world styles virtue ; but the goodness of God alone preserved me from open impiety, somewhat later in life.

At an early age I was ardently engaged in the pursuit of literature and science : though living in society, and enthusiastically fond of the theatre, balls, and all worldly amusements, I derived even greater satisfaction from study. In my youth, also, I became acquainted with the writings of Voltaire and Rousseau ; but the insolidity, the infidelity, and, above all, the terrible consequences of their systems, unfolded to my eyes in the history of the French revolution, guarded me, through the grace that cometh down from on high, against their pernicious influence.

As I was destined by my parents for the profession of physic, I began to acquire the knowledge necessary for that vocation, although feeling a stronger attraction to the theoretical sciences and philosophical investigation. The circle of my acquaintance consisted of young persons, nominally Christians ; and our debates at the academy generally turned upon the antinomianism of Kant, or the philosophy of Plato ; in short, upon all kinds of abstract questions.

The Lord had given me a friend (Mr. Dacosta) in the bosom of my kindred. Both of us Jews, and

intimate friends from our infancy, we had similar views on many subjects, and the same circle of acquaintance. A "*savant*" of the academy of Leyden (the celebrated Bilderdeck), a man of extraordinary genius, a distinguished poet, an excellent historian, a profound philosopher, and above all, a true disciple of Christ, assembled around him at that time a few studious young men. My friend, who had long known him, and I, were among the number of his auditors. He honoured us with peculiar affection; and his conversations contributed not a little, under God, to direct my mind to serious contemplation. Though he never spoke to me of Christianity before my conversion, he, nevertheless, exercised a great and salutary influence over my heart. The vivacity and fervour of his soul, the nobleness of his sentiments, the force of his logic, the depth and extent of his knowledge, joined to an ardent desire of being useful to youth, all concurred to enrapture us. But no love of a spiritual religion had yet entered my heart.

It is true that in early childhood, at the age of nine years, I felt the need of prayer; and asked my Jewish parents for a prayer-book in the French or Dutch language, that I might be enabled to comprehend the object of my prayers. I urged my brother and sister to do likewise. This seems the more remarkable, since I had seldom observed those around me pray. From that hour I have not ceased to perform this duty, through all

the changes of life; and I may add, that this prayer formed my only worship up to the time of my conversion. This form ended with these remarkable words: "I wait thy deliverance, O Lord!"

I have retained the book, and never cast my eyes on it without being melted, and adoring the goodness of the God of my deliverance, who hath deigned to give me, in maturer age, what the child of nine years ceased not to pray for every night, though ignorant of the meaning of his request.

During the period of my studies, these moments of peculiar emotion returned, leaving very deep traces in my mind. I remember that a poor woman was in the habit of singing psalms in the street on Saturday evening, to excite the compassion of passers by. More than once I left my books, when the singing of pious hymns reached my ears, being irresistibly drawn to the window, and there I remained fixed under the weight of sensations I could not define. The same thing occurred to me when, on Sabbath morning, I heard the melody of psalms rise from under the vaulted roof of a neighbouring church.

I went frequently to the theatre. One evening, when "Joseph in Egypt" was represented, I had no sooner heard the first words of the morning hymn, in imitation of the Hebrew, than, full of patriotic emotion, I felt my tears flowing. Alas! it was only an illusion

before me ; and profound sorrow soon succeeded this sweet dream in which I had been absorbed.

At the synagogue, which I continued to attend for the sake of decorum, nothing affected me in the least ; on the contrary, those heartless ceremonies, that want of respect, those shouts, those discordant songs, and the use of a tongue unknown to more than three-fourths of the assembly—all this spiritless and lifeless display so disgusted me that I no longer attended regularly ; for I had ever abhorred hypocrisy.

Nevertheless, to give us a change, and as if he had caught a glimpse of what was about to happen some years later, the tempter put it into the heart of my friend, and mine, to alter our mode of life.. Both of us enemies to half measures, and not being able to suit ourselves with this modern Judaism, which had invented the art of taking up, or laying aside, according to convenience, the different injunctions of the Mosaic law, we firmly resolved to become true Israelites, rigid observers of every article of the law, intimidated by no authority, and compelling even Christians to respect the Jewish nation.

National pride, that sentiment which in boyhood led me to say to my good mother, on seeing her afflicted, “Be consoled, mother ; when I am grown up I will carry you to Jerusalem ;” increased amazingly at this epoch, and took the place of every other emotion.

It was in this disposition of heart, and with these resolutions, that we undertook the assiduous *reading of the Bible*. But, O disgrace! O wretchedness of the unconverted soul? we could go no further than Genesis! Incessant irony, a spirit of mockery, and often even (Lord, enter not into judgment with us!) blasphemy was upon our lips while engaged in prayer. And this was carried to such a height that I ended by saying to my friend, that it were better to renounce our reading than to conduct it in this manner.

Our plans for eminence in the Jewish religion vanished like smoke. The termination of my professional studies was at hand: this was in 1818. I took my degree in medicine, and left the academy where my time had not been altogether wasted. I returned to my native city, Amsterdam, full of high expectations for the future: a fair and honourable career seemed to open before me.

I had an uncle, one of the first physicians of Holland, a literary man, and justly esteemed by the best families. He possessed public confidence, not only as a physician, but also on account of his social relations. Without children, he took me home to be his *son and successor*. I was soon introduced to a rich circle of families; very worthy and honourable, doubtless, but with whom Christianity was nothing more than an exterior profession, attended by a life altogether worldly.

Although for some years I had been oftener in the society of Christians than in that of my fellow-religionists, I am sure that none ever spoke to me of Christianity. My friends and young colleagues, with whom I often passed several evenings of the week, did not appear to have the smallest idea of religion. I remember that once, the conversation falling on Christianity, they made a display of their infidelity, and spoke with very little respect of the Lord Jesus Christ. I expressed my astonishment; adding, that I, a Jew, did not believe in Jesus Christ; but that, in my opinion, *every Christian, who, disbelieving that Jesus Christ is God, still continued to offer prayer and homage to him, was an idolater!*

One of these young physicians was happily *converted* some years later: he recalled to my mind the conversation of that evening, and assured me how confused he had been, that so severe and yet so merited an apostrophe should be uttered by the mouth of a Jew. He is at this time one of my dear brethren in Jesus Christ, and walks with much faith and fidelity. How admirable are thy ways, O Lord! and thy judgments, how righteous!

Nevertheless, in the midst of daily increasing occupations, though surrounded by all the comforts of life, I was far from being inwardly happy. The desire of knowledge, the thirst after scientific truths, augmented

within me, as worldly pleasures daily grew more sickening. But all my researches, all my studies, all my endeavours to satisfy the internal want that tormented me, continued fruitless, and left a frightful void in my soul.

During long sleepless nights, occasioned by an oppression of the chest, from which I had been a frequent sufferer in my youth, I asked myself, in the midst of sad reflections, why I was on the earth? "What is man?" said I to myself. "Should I not be a thousand times happier if I were only an inferior creature, an inhabitant of the air, a worm of the earth? It is true I should move in a narrower sphere; but then I should not undergo what I am now suffering in mind and body." Many a time, at the close of my evening prayer, which I uttered aloud, my heart added, "would that this were the last day of my life!"

I have preserved the correspondence that I held with two of my friends: the contents of their letters vividly recalls to mind my sufferings at that time. One of these letters commences with these words: "I cannot express to you, dear friend, the shock your letter has given me. Your melancholy seems to assume the character of despair; and what must be the consequence with a constitution so feeble and a heart so sensitive as yours? No, your body cannot hold out, dear friend; I fear that you will soon succumb," &c. Then follows some advice,

which, though dictated by the kindest friendship, was yet wanting in what constitutes the spirit of all true consolation.

My mode of life dissatisfied me. Eager in quest of truth; seeking everywhere a certain principle, there was not a day of my life passed without, alas! the deplorable necessity of acknowledging the uncertainty of the science to which I was devoted. I enjoyed, indeed, the confidence of my patients; and by the grace of God, was what is called a fortunate physician; yet I passed my days in painful constraint.

My uncle, the worthy old gentleman in whose house I was residing, fatigued by the numerous occupations of the day, was not pleased to see me consecrating the evening hours to study. Impatient to give myself up to some occupation more suited to my taste, I was free only at night, and thus contracted the habit of sitting up till a very late hour. Nevertheless, all this midnight labour left still existing in my heart the frightful void which so embittered life. It was not that I felt any disquietude for my sins; assuredly not, for in that case I should have shuddered to demand death: *I was under the weight and curse of sin, without suspecting it, or even seeking a remedy.*

One day, going to see my intimate friend, who was just married, I found that he had received a letter from our celebrated professor, with whom he kept up a liter-

ary correspondence. "Will you listen to his letter," said he, "and hear with what fine verses he addresses me?" Willingly, I replied. The lines, in which he described with energy and fervour the glorious hopes of Israel, were in truth sublime: they ended with this apostrophe:—"If thou, dear friend, the Christian's name will take, contented I'll my spirit yield. My life were a small boon to give for thy soul's sake!"

At these words, pronounced in a low tone, I felt my indignation aroused; it appeared to me that my friend had not been sufficiently shocked at them. "*Take care,*" said I, "*there is a plan formed to seduce us;*" and then hastily departed.

The whole day my mind remained absorbed and lost in meditation. *I could not conceive how a man of such profound science could believe in the Christian religion; nor how one who, for so many years, had kept up the closest intimacy with me, without ever speaking to us of Christianity; who even appeared to have so much respect for the Old Testament, should suddenly resolve to speak to my friend in this tone. My heart, naturally inclined to mistrust, saw here only an adroit attempt to seduce us from our religion,* and I suffered from the thought that my friend did not partake thoroughly of my indignation.

From that day *I took up the word of God with the intention of examining it.* My friend did the same;

and afterwards, whenever we walked out together, our conversation turned on passages of Scripture that especially fixed our attention. Having begun with the Gospel according to Matthew, I was struck, in the commencement, on seeing how this evangelist, *very far from reversing the authority of the Old Testament*, RESTED UPON IT, on the contrary, as his basis, and proposed nothing more than to prove the unity of the two Testaments in the accomplishment of the prophecies.

In this way many months passed, when, more and more encouraged to pursue researches that daily afforded us greater interest, we resolved to effect what we had attempted some years earlier, though with a very different disposition of heart: it was to meet as often as possible, to read together and communicate our doubts and reflections to each other. To this effect we retired to a corner of the paternal mansion; and it is not without vivid emotion, nor without adoring the goodness and wisdom of God, that I recall the remembrance of those happy moments, those hours so agreeable and so blessed, that we passed together, as it were in the presence of the God of our fathers.

Our zeal and interest increased as we advanced. My mind, wearied with fruitless researches, beheld a vast and untried field open before it, into which it entered with an ardour and irresistible attraction that I recognised later as the expression of my heavenly Fa-

ther's love, by which He draws to his dearly beloved Son the souls he would save. This meditation on the word of God became at length the most urgent want of my heart. It was not enough that I knew the truth, I felt the need of possessing it and living on its substance.

Although I could not then discern clearly what was passing within me, nevertheless I remember to have had moments of rapture at the thought that I could perceive in my path visible marks of divine assistance and protection. One day, when my friend and I were together, occupied with our accustomed researches, my brother surprised us : he saw on the table, alongside of the open Bible, a Spanish author, the only work of human origin we perused with the word of God. He opened the book and read the title. It was "*Defense de la foi chretienne*;" ("a defence of the Christian faith,") by Professor Heydeck. He read only these words: "*Defense de la foi*,"—"defence of the faith." "What are you engaged in every day together?" asked he, replacing the book; "do you desire to become Rabbis?" Then changing the subject, he left us. Here we saw the protecting hand of God; for if my brother had read the whole title, we should have been discovered; at least, the suspicion of our families would have rested on us.

On another occasion I was in my uncle's library, and ever eager to meet with something relating to that which occupied me incessantly, I ran my eye impatiently over

a multitude of books, to find one that would tell me something in regard to Christianity. At last I discovered a large folio, entitled "The Works of Justin Martyr." Although this writer was at that time entirely unknown to me, the title of Martyr excited a hope that I should find in it something relating to Christianity. I opened it, and the first paragraph on which my eye rested was the "*Dialogue with Trypho the Jew.*" I read it hastily, and found there a succinct exposition of the prophecies relating to the Messiah, which was very useful to me. Here was very evidently another interposition of Providence, and my heart was deeply touched with it.

One night I was reading the prophet Isaiah: when I came to the fifty-third chapter, the perusal of it made so vivid an impression upon me, and showed me so clearly, and, as it were, feature by feature, what I had read in the Gospel of the sufferings of Christ, that I actually thought some other Bible had been substituted in the place of my own: I could not be persuaded that this fifty-third chapter, which may be justly styled a Gospel in brief, formed a part of the Old Testament. On reading this, it seemed *impossible for a Jew to doubt that Christ was the promised Messiah.*

Whence came so strong an impression? I had often read this same chapter, but this time I read it with the light of God's spirit. From that hour I fully recognised

in Christ the true Messiah, and our meditations on the word of God took a new turn. This was, as it were, the beginning, the aurora of a glorious day to our souls: the light continually spread more of its vivifying rays, enlightened our minds, warmed our hearts, and afforded me even then indescribable consolation. I began to solve the wherefore of many of the enigmas of life, that had occupied my mind, rather to weary and sadden, than to tranquillize and instruct me. Everything around me appeared to possess new life; the end and interest of my existence were entirely changed. Happy days, blessed by a sense of the Master's presence! I shall never forget them! It seldom happens, when I review the journey of the two disciples to Emmaus, that the recollections of those days when my friend and I met and walked together, do not come up afresh into my memory. Like them we can say, "Did not our heart burn within us while he talked to us by the way, and while he opened to us the Scriptures?"

I have remarked above, that, by the guidance of God, we had abstained from communicating to any person what was passing in our hearts; and that, limiting ourselves to reading and comparing the word of God, we neglected every other book, excepting the work of Heydeck, which we consulted regularly. This author had been a rabbi in Germany; but having embraced Catholicism, he was elected professor of the oriental

languages at Madrid, where I believe he still resides. The work we had before us, written in the form of letters, possessed much of the spirit and knowledge of the Scriptures, and contained a defence of Christianity against rationalism. The perusal of this was doubly useful to us, since we had occasion to remark how powerful the logic and how forcible the proofs were, when contending against the opinions of a Voltaire and a Rousseau; and how weak they were when defending Catholicism against the principles of the Reformation.

Whenever I had a leisure moment in the morning I always absented myself to read the word of God; for I did not dare to do so in my uncle's presence. One day I had been more particularly engaged with this passage of the eighth chapter of Isaiah: "Behold a virgin shall conceive and bear a son, and shall call his name Immanuel." I descended from the library, and found a Jewish physician, a friend of my uncle, waiting in the ante-chamber: he was turning over the leaves of a new edition of the Bible. "Here," said he, "is a fatal passage, that we can hardly wrest from the Christians." It was the very passage of Isaiah on which I had been meditating. My mind was vividly touched, and I recognised again the hand of God.

"Ah! why," replied I, "should we not acknowledge the truth?"

In the mean while my uncle entered. It was the din-

ner hour. "What question are you debating?" asked he. The physician informed him; and knowing how versed my uncle was in the rabbinical writings, he inquired what our rabbins said of this passage. "Alas! a heap of nonsense," replied my uncle, rising up. We entered an adjoining room where dinner was served. My heart beat strong, and I inwardly blessed the Lord for permitting me to hear even these words, much as they indicated his want of reverence for the Divine oracles, from the mouth of a man whose rabbinical science gave him authority among the Jews.

All these circumstances, guided by the wisdom and goodness of God, concurred to convince me more and more that *the truth was in Christianity alone*. But what, at the outset, was only the desire of my understanding, had become that of my heart. *Knowledge* no longer satisfied me; I felt the need of *love*. Then it was that the rays of the Sun of Righteousness, which rises upon us gradually, conveyed to me, with the light that illumined me, that vivifying and celestial warmth which gives us the life of God. I acknowledged that it was through love the Saviour came to seek me: I now began to feel the weight of my sins; or, to use a better expression, my total misery. But this sentiment was absorbed in that of divine love. I had found Christ my life, the central point of all my affections and all my thoughts, the only object capable of filling the immense void in my

heart; the key of every mystery; the principle of all true philosophy, of every truth—"the Truth" itself.

By degrees, as the Spirit of God confirmed my faith, I felt more unhappy in the position in which I found myself, losing in my uncle's society so many precious hours and evenings that I could have desired to employ in further researches into the only subject that interested me on earth.

Every day I felt more and more deeply the necessity of coming to an open declaration of my sentiments; but my uncle, that uncle who had loaded me with kindness, who cherished me as a son, who saw in me the support of his old age—how could I resolve to avow to him what, considering his age and choleric temperament, could not fail to make an impression and occasion a shock, the consequences of which were incalculable? I can attest to the glory of God, that the certainty there was, in case I made the avowal, of losing a considerable inheritance that awaited me, a certainty which the event has confirmed, formed no part of the grounds of my hesitation. All my fears were, lest I should compromise a life so dear to me; and the idea that, by a word, I might give a fatal blow to this worthy old gentleman, deprived me of the strength and courage requisite to unfold my sentiments. Assuredly, with more faith I should have overcome every obstacle; but in the state in which I then was, I could only sigh and groan in secret. During

these seasons of inward struggle and conflict, my sighs rose continually to the God who had called me; I conjured him to come to my aid and to open the way before me.

Acknowledge how attentive the God of compassion was to my cry, and how he listened to the voice of my supplication. My uncle was in the habit of reading the public journals aloud after dinner. One day, when I was seated at my customary place opposite to him, in a state of indescribable depression, I heard him reading a notice from a Hamburg journal, which ran thus: "We have just been witnesses of an interesting fact: a rabbi, after having publicly announced in the synagogue, that an attentive examination of the prophecies had given him a clear conviction that the true Messiah had come, has publicly confessed the Christian faith in our city, and been received as a minister of the Gospel of Christ." Whereupon my uncle added these words, which my position rendered so remarkable: "You know my way of thinking: if this man has acted thus from any interested motive whatever, he deserves contempt; if it is through conviction, he has a claim to respect."

Christians! who happily compassionate the lively emotions of the heart of a fellow-being, I will not attempt to describe to you all that passed in mine at this solemn moment! In a transport of joy, I replied, "Yes, uncle, God has given you these sentiments: know that

he whom you love with paternal tenderness, and whom you call by the name of son, is in the same position as this rabbi!"

I pronounced these words with such a tone of voice, and with so much agitation, that my poor uncle, speechless and alarmed, thought me deranged; and going out for a moment, as if to allow me time to return to myself, he re-entered and spoke of other matters. But my mind was too much absorbed and excited to listen to what he said: I was occupied with the God of my deliverance; for, on this occasion, I had felt him to be near. It was the presence of the *Adonai* (God) of my fathers that sustained me, and who from that day afforded my soul a consolation it had never experienced, a joy and energy it had never known.

Nevertheless, I saw clearly that my uncle, although troubled by this scene, had not attributed to my words the importance they merited. I resolved, then, in God's strength, to reiterate my declaration on the morrow. We were alone at the table, according to custom; my uncle appeared somewhat preoccupied; he was, notwithstanding, on very good terms with me. After dinner I began, but this time with calmness and decision, by saying, I remarked, with regret, that my avowal of the preceding evening had not been clearly understood, which laid me under the obligation to repeat it, as if in God's

presence, with the hope that he himself would one day acknowledge the truth.

There was no longer any possibility of illusion, and a most trying scene followed. He beat his breast—cursed his existence, and cried out, in the bitterness of his soul, that I was bringing down his gray hairs with sorrow to the grave. These reproaches pierced my heart ; but the Lord strengthened, consoled, and gave me grace to show this dear, venerable old gentleman, marks of love and tenderness, which calmed him a little. The next day he communicated all to my parents, and it appeared that there was an understanding between them to treat me with tenderness. Who could tell, but that, by carefully avoiding all conversation upon this topic, these ideas might pass away ? Nevertheless, my family were not slow to perceive that this was impossible ; I began even to embolden myself, sometimes preaching the Gospel to them ; and whenever occasion offered, I no longer dissembled my sentiments.

My intimate friend, who had lost his father some months previous, enjoying more liberty, was at this time a great source of consolation to me. At last, my uncle, seeing that mildness did not succeed in effacing my religious convictions, and fearing still more the open manifestation of my faith, had recourse to other means, which led, however, to results opposite to his expectation.

There was not a sarcasm, humiliation, contempt, or severity even, that I had not to endure from him.

I do not complain of these trials; on the contrary, I ought to consider this treatment, severe and painful to the flesh, in the light of real blessings from God, since it confirmed my faith, and was to me a new testimony of the truth of the Gospel, the open and full confession of which has ever been attended with every kind of persecution.

My family, also, were not in the least appeased, seeing me persevere in my resolution in spite of all that had been attempted to divert me from it, and the severity practised towards me went on increasing. This was the period of severest trial to my soul. Rarely did I meet with one of my relations, whether at my uncle's house, or in that of my parents, without enduring painful reproaches from them.

It may be conceived that this state of things could not last, and but strengthened my ardent desire to confess my Saviour. We were already the subject of public conversation. Very many of our habits were altered; we no longer frequented the same society, and were very seldom seen participating in the pleasures of our friends. The cause was at length suspected, and called forth expressions of grief and regret on the part of our nation. They set some value upon us: we were favourably known, and to national pride was added the flattery of

the idea that I possessed, as a religious companion, such a man as my friend, who, though young, *had superior talents, and was versed in many sciences*; above all, was a poet, whose effusions, at that time published, had been received with universal applause.

I will not pass over in silence an interesting interview that we had about this time with a respectable Rabbi, a man of fasting and prayer, emaciated by hard diet, and esteemed for piety by the whole Jewish nation. He desired an interview, and gave us calmly some written objections. It was not difficult to refute them. Perceiving that his arguments did not persuade us, he attempted an appeal to our feelings. "Gentlemen," said he, rising up with solemnity, "in a few days all of our religion, in every quarter of the globe, will put on sackcloth and ashes, to celebrate the great day of propitiation. Then every Israelite, who humbleth himself before our God, sincerely confessing his sins, is sure to obtain grace. I conjure you, gentlemen, to reflect seriously upon it; and if, as Israelites, you humble yourselves with remorse for the design you have dared to form, you will be pardoned by our God." We were touched, vividly touched, by his zeal; but we reminded him, that, at any rate, *the blood of the Messiah alone* could wash us from all sin.

As he was on the point of departing, he added these remarkable words: "Well, gentlemen, I have acted in

accordance with the command of duty ; now that we are about to separate, apparently never to meet again, I cannot conceal from you that I thank God for permitting me to find, even in our day, *persons who believe the Bible.*" We then separated, not without emotion on both sides.

At length the moment of final decision had arrived ; I could defer no longer. My friend, whose position was very different from mine, and who had met with hardly any opposition, his father dying before our secret transpired, desired to wait some time longer ; but my decision was taken ; he joined me, and I acquainted my family with my resolution.

They wished that I would postpone it, or at least that I would go into Germany, or elsewhere. Perhaps I might have yielded to this wish, but the fear of any appearance of shame in the step I was about to take, led me to reject every proposition of the kind ; only we promised not to join any church in the city where our families resided, and, as it were, in the face of our uncle, who was chief of a commission charged by the king to take care of the interests of the Jews of Holland.

Our choice naturally fell on the city of Leyden, which had such sweet recollections in our hearts, and where that dear and excellent professor dwelt, with his worthy spouse, whose writings and conversation had exercised so marked an influence over our minds. We

set out for Leyden in September—my friend, his interesting wife, who partook our convictions at heart, and myself. We were received with open arms, and an affection truly parental, by these worthy friends, who had taken so much interest in our conflicts. Who more deserving than they to participate in the celestial joy that flooded our hearts?

The 20th of October, 1822, was the day so ardently longed for, when we were solemnly received as members of the Christian church; there, on our knees, before the God of our fathers, the true God, the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, we had the ineffable happiness, we, unworthy, miserable sinners, to confess, in the midst of the Christian church, the blessed name of that great God and Saviour who had sought us when lost. Glory be to his holy name!

The text selected by the pastor, as the subject of his discourse, was Romans, xi. 5: "*Even so then at this present time also there is a remnant according to the election of grace.*" *Election of grace!* This is the conclusion of what you have just read; it is an abridgment of the history of my conversion; it is that of all other gratuitous grace; grace that conducts, grace that illumines, grace that enables one to suffer for the name of the Lord, grace that consoles, grace that draws to Christ, grace that gives faith, grace that justifies, grace that regenerates, that sanctifies; finally, grace for grace, and

to the glory of God, whose free and gratuitous election, made before the foundation of the world, is the only source and principle of all grace, of all felicity.

The day previous to our public entrance into the Christian Church, we took leave of the synagogue by letter. I addressed to the magistrates of the Portuguese Jewish nation a letter, in which, while authorizing them to consider me as no longer a member of the synagogue, I protested that *I remained an Israelite, but an Israelite who had found his Messiah, and who ceased not to offer the sincerest wishes that his brethren according to the flesh might speedily return to the Lord their God, and to David their king.*

A few days after my public renunciation of Judaism, I received a letter from my uncle, in which he announced to me, that, after what had passed and some new arrangements made in his household, *I could not*, on my return to Amsterdam, *dwell under his roof*; that he did not forbid my visiting him, but this was only under the express condition that I should never speak to him of my sentiments. On my return to Amsterdam I hired a small apartment on a third floor, where, alone with my God, I experienced a heavenly joy and peace that passed all understanding.

My dear brother, with whom I often conversed on the subject nearest my heart, and who weighed the considerations I urged with great seriousness, at length fell sick,

and died suddenly, crying to me in a strong voice, and with great earnestness, "Call, call my mother; call my sister; I am dying—but *I believe in God the Father, the Son, and the Holy Spirit. I believe in Jesus Christ, my Saviour. He is Master—King of kings. All must come to him. Europe, Asia, Africa, and America belong to him. He must reign over the whole earth. Announce in the synagogue that I die in his name.*"

If, by Divine direction, these lines should fall into the hands of any of the children of Abraham, but who have not Abraham's faith—of those Israelites, my dearly beloved brethren according to the flesh, who are now poor, but with the riches of the Divine word in their hands; miserable, but having the blood of the prophets in their veins; despised and wandering over the whole earth, but with the promise of eternal glory, if they should be converted; may these lines remind them that this word, these promises, this blood of the prophets, urge them to examine attentively what these prophets have spoken, and by whom their promises must have their accomplishment for them of whom this word is full.

Yes, may they speedily, by God's grace, acknowledge that this precious Bible, which they preserve, and upon which their faith as well as our own is founded, contains *prophetically the entire history of the Messiah: his origin, his nature, his birth, his life, his death, his resur-*

rection and ascension to the right hand of God his heavenly Father; his spiritual reign; his return to glory; finally his reign as KING OF ISRAEL, PRIEST, AND PROPHET.

Behold what I have been taught by my researches in the word of God. May these lines excite in them also the desire to seek after the truth! They will see that the Messiah promised to our fathers, must have been the only begotten Son of God, God eternal, one with the Father and Holy Spirit, according to the Scriptures; for He is called "God" and the "Son of God," by David: Ps. xlv. 6; Ps. cx. 1; by Isaiah, "Wonderful Counsellor, the Mighty God, the Everlasting Father, the Prince of Peace:" Isaiah ix. 6; by Jeremiah, "The Lord our Righteousness:" Jer. xxiii. 6; by Malachi, "the Lord:" Mal. iii. 1; that this Messiah was to take our nature, and be born of a virgin, according to the Scriptures; for He is called the Seed of the Woman: Gen. iii. 15; "the child of a virgin:" Isaiah vii. 14; that this Messiah was to be the descendant of Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob, according to the Scriptures, for He is called "the Seed of Abraham:" Gen. xxii. 18; that He was to be of the tribe of Judah and of the house of David, according to the Scriptures; for He is called "a Rod from the stem of Jesse:" Isaiah, xi. 1; "out of David a righteous Branch:" Jer. xxiii. 5; that He was to be born in "Bethlehem:" Mic. v. 2; that at that

time "the sceptre should be taken from Judah:" Gen. xlix. 10; that the Messiah should have Elias for his precursor, "preaching in the wilderness and preparing the way," according to the Scriptures: Isaiah, xl. 3, Mal. iii. 1; that the Messiah should accompany his preaching with many miracles: Isaiah, xxxv. 5, 6; that He should "enter Jerusalem upon an ass:" Zech. ix. 9; that He should appear poor and humble, "having no form nor comeliness, the despised and rejected of men:" Isaiah, liii. 2, 3; that one of His disciples should "betray Him:" Ps. xli. 9; that He should be sold for "thirty pieces of silver:" Zech. xi. 12; that He should be "smitten with rods, reviled, spit upon:" Isaiah, l. 6; that He should be "numbered with the transgressors:" Isaiah, liii. 12; "smitten, and afflicted of God:" Isaiah, liii. 4; but that these sufferings should be upon Him "for our transgressions:" Isaiah, liii. 5; that He should be "crucified:" Deut. xxi. 23; that they should "pierce his hands and his feet:" Ps. xxii. 16; that He should be "reviled, even on the cross," and made to drink "gall and vinegar:" Ps. xxii. 7, lxix. 21; that they should "divide his garments among them, and for his vesture cast lots:" Ps. xxii. 18; that "not a bone of Him should be broken:" Exod. xii. 46, xxxiv. 20; that his death should be violent: Isaiah, liii. 8; Dan. ix. 26; that He should "make his grave with the wicked, and be with the rich in his death:" Isaiah, liii. 9; that He

should "not see corruption:" Ps. xvi. 10; but that on "the third day" He should "rise again:" Isaiah, liii. 10; Jonah, i. 17; that He should "ascend into heaven, and sit down at the right hand of the Father:" Ps. lxviii. 18; and that thence He should "send his Holy Spirit:" Joel, ii. 28.

When you have thus united all these features of the promised Messiah, which the Almighty has traced so clearly, so distinctly, to the very minutest details, *that* Israel should not be deceived by any false Messiah; when you have placed before you, as it were, face to face, the image of Him upon whom your salvation rests, open, O my dear brethren in the flesh, open the New Testament, praying God to enable you to examine its contents with a sincere desire to know the truth, and the glorious light of the God of truth will lead you to acknowledge, with adoration, that all these characterizing features of the true Messiah are to be found, with the most scrupulous exactness, in the person, the life, and death of Jesus Christ, that Saviour blessed for evermore, who will soon come in glory with his holy angels. Then Jerusalem shall be to Him a name of rejoicing, of praise and glory among all the nations of the earth, who shall hear the good that He will do to Israel; for, "I will cause the captivity of Judah, and the captivity of Israel, to return," saith the Lord, "and I will build them as at the first. And I will cleanse them from all their

iniquity, whereby they have sinned against me; and I will pardon all their iniquities whereby they have sinned, and whereby they have transgressed against me:" Jer. xxxiii. 7, 8.

"And I saw thrones, and they sat upon them, and judgment was given them: and I saw the souls of them that were beheaded for the witness of Jesus, and for the word of God, and which had not worshipped the beast, neither his image, neither had received his mark upon their foreheads or in their hands; and they lived and reigned with Christ a thousand years. But the rest of the dead lived not again until the thousand years were finished. This is the first resurrection. Blessed and holy is he that hath part in the first resurrection: on such the second death hath no power; but they shall be priests of God and of Christ, and shall reign with him a thousand years:" Apocal. xx. 4-6.

"And the Spirit and the Bride say, Come. And let him that heareth say, Come. And let him that is athirst come. And whosoever will, let him take the water of life freely:" Apocalypse, xxii. 17. Amen!

THE END.

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