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THE MANTLE OF ELIJAH.

BY GEORGE LEE.

FRONTISPIECE.

SNOW! Snow on the housetops, where it lies white and pure; snow in the streets, where it is soon converted into a muddy slush; snow on the trees, on the fences, on the meadows, and flying in big, damp flakes in the chilly air; snow on the hats and overcoats of hurrying pedestrians, and on the broad backs of the teamsters, who cower and shiver on their high seats as they impatiently urge on their steaming horses; snow lying white and untrodden in the narrow lane, leading whither nobody wants to go, on the wooden steps of a decayed and perishing house, in a mean little room of which is a woman and a boy. The boy is lame, and the woman is dying.

"Johnny, my darling," she says feebly, "is it snowing yet?"

"Yes, dear mamma, as hard as ever it can."

She draws a long, long sigh, then says again:

"Johnny, my darling!"

"Yes, dear mamma."

"Are you *sure* the minister said he would come to-day?"

"Real sure, mamma. He said he would be here by noon."

"What time is it now?"

The little boy climbs upon a chair, and after studying for a moment the face of the clock, which ticks on its unpainted wooden shelf, says slowly:

"Half-after 'leven; but I know he'll come."

She draws another long breath, like one who is wayworn and weary, and stretches out a pitifully thin, white hand.

He goes to her and puts his own small hand into that poor thin one.

"You will be seven years old to-morrow, Johnny."

"Yes, just seven, mamma."

"What do you think will become of you when I am dead?"

"I don't know, mamma," he says, clinging to her and beginning to weep.

"You have been a great comfort to me, my darling—a better son than your wicked mother has ever deserved. You are like your father, dear child," she continues, softly stroking his forehead. "You never saw him—not even his picture. I gave it to your sister. Poor little Maggie! I wonder if she is alive."

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NOTABLE WOMEN OF CHRISTIANITY. No. VI.

HANNAH MORE.

BY PROF. L. J. HALSEY, D. D.

ABOUT the middle of the eighteenth century, when Lady Huntingdon, in the prime of her long and useful life, was laboring in the cause of evangelical Christianity, a little girl was growing up in the parish of Stapleton, who was destined to achieve a wider and more enduring renown than any woman of her age.

This was Hannah More, whose name has become a household word throughout England and America, and whose piety, genius, and learning have wreathed undying laurels for the crown of noble womanhood. Her works, revealing a high order of intellect and eminent practical wisdom, have enriched the domain of literature, and what is more, have now for several generations exerted a powerful influence on society, and in forming the minds of the young, both in her native country and our own. As has been aptly said by an American author, "We have felt the effect of her writings ever since we began to reason, in the nursery, in the school-room, and even in college halls."

In addition to this valuable legacy of her gifted pen, her labors for the moral and religious improvement of the lower classes in England entitle her to rank as one of the benefactors of the human race.

Hannah More was the youngest but one of five sisters, daughters of Mr. Jacob More, the master of the parish school of Stapleton. Her father was a man of talent and learning. He had been brought up with higher expectations than that of filling the post of village teacher; but in early manhood he lost his mansion and estate by lawsuit, and thankfully accepted this hum-

ble position. With the good sense which characterized him, and which his daughters inherited, he soon became reconciled to his altered fortunes, and devoted himself to the duties of his calling and the education of his children. In cultivating their minds he found an ever increasing delight. Having lost his library with his estate, he was obliged to adopt a new style of teaching history. This was through the fascinating medium of conversation and story, and his own interest in the lives of the heroes of antiquity was stimulated by the eager, rapt attention of his little daughter Hannah. She early read with ease and intelligence, and displayed so great an aptitude for learning that her father soon began to teach her Latin. But with all his good sense, Mr. More had a horror of a learned woman, and Hannah's progress in the classics was so astonishing that he gave up his pupil for fear she would become pedantic. Some months after, at her earnest entreaty, he allowed her to resume her favorite study, and from this time she read and studied as she pleased.

As the family grew up their means became more straitened, and the elder sisters determined to assist in the expenses by teaching school. Accordingly the three oldest left home and established a boarding-school in the neighboring town of Bristol. Their success was greater than they had expected. Pupils flocked in, and the school soon acquired a high reputation.

At the age of twelve Hannah joined them as a scholar. The brilliant stand she at once took in every department reflected credit on the school, and

attracted the attention of the most cultivated minds of the place. Men of science and letters delighted to converse with the school-girl, scarcely in her teens. At this early period her conversational powers were unusually attractive. Illustrating this, an amusing story is told of her physician, Dr. Woodward. He one day called to see her, in his medical capacity, and so far forgot the object of his visit in the fascination of her conversation, that he had left the room and was half-way down stairs before he remembered his remissness, and hastened back, exclaiming: "Bless me! I forgot to ask the girl how she is." In her seventeenth year she made her first essay at literature. This was in the form of a pastoral drama, entitled "A Search after Happiness." So great was its popularity, that it immediately ran through three editions. Like all her after productions, it was written for the purpose of reforming abuses. To quote her own words, it was inspired by "an earnest wish to furnish a substitute for the improper custom which then prevailed, of allowing plays—and those not always of the purest kind—to be acted by young ladies in boarding-schools."

Having completed her education, the young authoress remained in her sisters' school as a teacher. And now comes the one romance of her life. This was her engagement to Mr. Turner, a gentleman of large fortune, residing on his beautiful estate near Bristol.

It was through two young cousins, who were at the Misses Mores' school, that he made her acquaintance. They spent their holidays at his house, and Hannah and Patty More, being near their age, were frequently invited to accompany them thither. Hannah's intelligence and fascinating manners soon made a deep impression on his heart. He was twice her age, but a gentleman of cultivation and refinement; and, notwithstanding this disparity, he became her accepted suitor. Had things gone on smoothly, the

world might have lost the brilliant career and valuable works of Hannah More. But she was not destined to settle down into a country lady. The world of fashion and literature was waiting for her in London. What broke the engagement is not known. As in so many other cases, something came between them and they drifted apart. Mr. Turner never lost his respect and admiration for her character, and his first toast every day, whether alone or in society, was always "Hannah More." Long afterwards they again met, and their acquaintance was pleasantly renewed. This seems to have been the only time that she seriously thought of marriage. Probably her heart was not deeply interested in this affair. We can scarcely imagine a character more devoid of sentiment than hers; and it is certain that this disappointment in love, if such it was, left no lasting wound behind.

At the age of twenty-two Miss More was introduced into London society. It was a brilliant period for a young authoress to make her *debut*. The celebrated Bas Bleu Club was then in existence, presided over by the elegant Mrs. Montague, the Queen of the Blue Stockings, and her friend and kindred spirit, Elizabeth Carter. Dr. Johnson and Garriek were in their glory; and Sir Joshua Reynolds in the full tide of successful genius. To this accomplished circle the sprightly wit and wonderful conversational powers of Hannah More proved a valuable addition. Dr. Johnson at once elevated her to the position of privileged favorite. Her friends were much amused at the warm friendship which sprang up between her and the famous doctor. Sarah More, who was with Hannah in London, gives an entertaining account of one of their witty encounters:

"Tuesday evening we drank tea at Sir Joshua's, with Dr. Johnson. Hannah is certainly a great favorite. She was placed next him, and they had the entire conversation to themselves. They were both in remarkable high spirits—it was certainly her lucky

night. I never heard her say so many good things. The old genius was extremely jocular, and the young one very pleasant. You would have imagined we had been at some comedy, had you heard our peals of laughter. They indeed tried which could pepper the highest, and it is not clear to me that the lexicographer was the highest seasoner."

While delighted with the social and literary life to which she was thus introduced, Miss More found much in society of which she could not approve. Especially did her simplicity and good sense rebel against the customs and requirements of fashion. We can not refrain from quoting her sensible comments on the extravagant style of hair dressing, which it would seem has not yet gone out of vogue. She writes to her sister in her usual lively style, "I am going to-day to a great dinner; nothing can be conceived so absurd, extravagant, and fantastical, as the present mode of dressing the head. Simplicity and modesty are things so much exploded, that their very names are no longer remembered. I have just escaped from one of the fashionable disfigurers; and though I charged him to dress me with the greatest simplicity, and to have only a very distant eye upon the fashion, just enough to avoid the pride of singularity, yet in spite of all these sage cautions, I absolutely blush at myself, and turn to the glass with as much caution as a vain beauty just risen from the small-pox, which can not be a more disfiguring disease than the present mode of dress. Of the one, the calamity may be greater in its consequences; but of the other, it is more corrupt in its cause." What would be her opinion could she see some of our modern belles!

It was during a brief visit home that Miss More determined to make another literary effort. For the past two years she had been flattered and caressed by the choicest London society, without having done much to prove to the world that the encomiums of her

friends were just. As she laughingly said to her sisters, "I have been so fed with praise, I think I will venture to try what my real value is, by writing a slight poem."

Within a short time appeared "Sir Eldred of the Bower," and "The Bleeding Rock." These met with a warm reception from the public, and increased the author's already brilliant reputation. An amusing incident is related by Hannah herself in regard to the first named poem. We quote again from her ready pen: "After dinner Garrick took up the Monthly Review and read "Sir Eldred," with all his grace and pathos. I think I was never so ashamed in my life; but he read it so superlatively that I cried like a child. Only think, what a scandalous thing to cry at the reading of one's own poetry! I could have beaten myself; for it looked as if I thought it very moving, which I can truly say is far from being the case. But the beauty of the jest lies in this: Mrs. Garrick twinkled as well as I, and made as many apologies for crying at her husband's reading, as I did for crying at my own verses. She got out of the scrape by pretending that she was touched by the story, and I by saying the same thing of the reading. It furnished us a great laugh at the catastrophe, when it really would have been decent to have been a little more sorrowful."

Of all the friendships which Hannah More formed in London, that with Garrick, the prince of English actors, and his beautiful and accomplished wife, was the most delightful. At their town house, and their rural home at Hampton, she was always welcome. It was at his request that she determined to turn her attention to the drama, and composed the tragedy of "Percy." Garrick was delighted with it, and immediately made arrangements for having it brought out. It was received with enthusiasm, and for twelve nights was played to crowded houses. The Duke of Northumberland and the Earl of Percy congratulated Miss More

on her distinguished success, and thanked her for the honor she had done them by choosing her subject from the records of their family. The authoress alone did not share in the enthusiasm. Not until the ninth night did she think of witnessing the performance. "It is very odd," she wrote to her sisters, "but it does not amuse me."

At this period, it was rather indifference than deep-settled principle, that kept her from the theater. She had been brought up to consider the drama a proper amusement. The highest dignitaries of the church frequented it, and her intimacy with Garrick would naturally bias her mind in its favor. It was not until some years later, that the change took place in her views which led her to look upon all theatrical performances as injurious and inconsistent with the profession of religion. She was now convinced of the impropriety of many representations, but thought that the stage, under certain regulations, might be purified and become a school of virtue. With this hope of reformation, which proved to be a delusive one, her own plays were composed. Two more dramas completed the list of her theatrical productions, then her connection with the stage closed.

The death of Garrick, which took place about this time, made a deep impression on her mind, and threw a gloom over the literary circle with which he had been associated. It was the first death which had taken place among them, and it startled all. They were forced to think of the transitory nature of earthly things, and their accountability to God. With many these feelings were but momentary, but they were lasting with Hannah More; and from this time she gradually withdrew from the gay world. She had drifted carelessly along on the tide of literary and social pleasure, her strong good sense and high principles keeping her from any excess; but now her character became deepened and strengthened, and she was conscious of a great life-purpose. She consecrated her talents

to God, and laid the foundation for those religious works, which afterwards appealed so powerfully to all classes in the land.

Another gap was now made in the brilliant circle which had welcomed her to the city. Dr. Johnson was dying. A warm friendship had existed between her and the great lexicographer, from the time of their first acquaintance, and his death broke another link which had bound her to London. A life of retirement was more congenial to her tastes than the exciting whirl of society, and she determined to settle down in a quiet home of her own. When her intention became known, her friends opposed it by every argument they could advance. Her decision was, however, unalterable, and she soon became the mistress of a little cottage in the parish of Wrington, ten miles from Bristol.

Previous to this, we have seen Hannah More only in the society of the gay, the fashionable, and the great. We now behold her in the calm serenity of middle age, enjoying, in company with her beloved sister Patty, the rural pleasures of Cowslip Green. From this time her views of religious duty became confirmed, and she entered on the sphere of usefulness she had marked out for herself. Up to her fortieth year she had written little of importance. For some time past she had been acquiring materials for renewed literary labors. The first work, which issued from her retirement, was a little volume entitled "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society." This appeared anonymously, and was first attributed to Wilberforce, and then to the Bishop of London. Finally, its authorship was traced to the right source. This attack on the fashions and foibles of the day, was productive of great good. It was read extensively, and many of the customs rebuked were abandoned. This was followed by an "Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." It struck another blow at the frailties of the higher classes.

The little cottage was thronged with visitors from London. Among them was often seen the celebrated Wilberforce. It was during one of his visits to Cowslip Green that a scheme was set on foot for benefiting the people of Cheddar, a forlorn and half-savage community, about ten miles from Miss More's cottage. Wilberforce became deeply interested in their welfare. He offered to pay the expenses of establishing schools among them if Miss More would do the work. She and her sister went heart and soul into the enterprise. By energy and perseverance they surmounted all obstacles, and a Sunday-school was opened by Hannah in person. To this was soon added a day-school. The good work thus begun did not stop at Cheddar. Before the year was out schools were established in nine equally destitute parishes. The difficulties attending this mission were of a very trying nature. The people were so ignorant, and so prejudiced against any effort to benefit them, that they were almost worse than the heathen. It required all Miss More's courage and resolution to keep the work in progress. She was always at the post of duty. For more than twenty years, when at Wrington, it was her custom every Sabbath to visit at least three parishes. In doing this she had to ride from ten to thirty miles, often being exposed to the weather for thirteen hours. In allusion to her labors she says at this period, "Henceforth I desire to have little to do with the great. I have devoted the remnant of my life to the poor and those that have no helper; and if I can do them no good, I can at least sympathize with them, and I know it is some comfort for a forlorn creature to be able to say, 'There is something that cares for me.' The simple idea of being cared for has always appeared to me a very cheering one; besides the affection they have for me is a strong engine with which to lift them to a love of higher things. Alas, I might do more and better; pray for me."

While thus leading a life of active

benevolence, establishing schools and visiting the poor, Miss More was not indifferent to politics, nor was her pen idle. She saw with sorrow the spirit of the French Revolution extending to her own country, rendering the people discontented and seditious. With a view to this state of affairs "Village Politics" was written, and proved to be the very thing for the masses. Its popularity was immense. One hundred thousand copies were issued. It was circulated in England, Scotland, and Ireland, and copies even found their way to France and Italy. This work, and one which followed it, entitled "Village Christianity," did much toward maintaining law and order among the laboring classes. They appeared under the signature of "Will Chip," and excited the curiosity of the public to the highest degree. Every one was on the *qui vive*. Who could "Will Chip" be! Who was the shrewd intelligent fellow who showed such a deep insight into the politics of the nation! They never thought of suspecting a woman until the secret leaked out, that it was Miss Hannah More. So great was the good accomplished by these pamphlets, that the friends of the author besought the aid of her powerful pen in behalf of temperance, economy, and morality. Accordingly "The Cheap Repository," a monthly publication, was designed. This was intended to place good religious reading in the power of the poorer classes. So great was its circulation, that two millions were sold the first year. Some of Miss More's best productions appeared in its pages; among others, her well known tract "The Shepherd of Salisbary Plain."

In the winter of 1794, she found time from her labors to make a short visit to London. Her friends welcomed her with delight. Dining at Mrs. Montague's, she says: It was two years since I had found myself in such *grande monde*; so I told them if I should be caught doing any thing vulgar, they must give me a jog. We were fourteen at dinner, and many more were added

after, most of them my old and intimate friends, who seemed to receive me with great kindness. I told them to make much of me, for their opportunities of seeing such a rarity would be few. Mrs. Montague is well, bright, and in full song, and had spread far and wide the fame of Cowslip Green and the day she passed there." Again she says: "I felt too much pleased at the pleasure expressed by so many accomplished friends on seeing me again. Keep me from contagion." The New Year of 1798 found her at her cottage home, renewing the dedication of her powers to God. "Lord, grant that my religious advantages may never appear against me," is her prayer. "Many temptations this week to vanity; flattery without end. God be praised, I was not flattered; twenty-four hours headache makes me see the vanity of all this. Am I tempted to vanity? Let me recall to mind the shining friends I have lost this year; eminent each in his different way, yet he that is least in the kingdom of heaven is greater than either."

The fame of Hannah More was now world-wide, and the cottage of Cowslip Green was too small to entertain the friends and admirers who flock to see her. Accordingly she built a more commodious dwelling, and removed to Barley Wood, as her new home was called. Her three older sisters, who had been living at Bath, joined her, and the five became one household. Here they lived in loving companionship for more than ten years; then death entered the sisterhood, and took them one by one. They were all remarkable women, but Hannah's brilliant talents eclipsed the rest, and they cheerfully admitted and were proud of her superiority. She was the queen of the household, the leader and director of every enterprise. Weak and suffering as she often was from illness, she never relaxed her labors. Her cheerful spirit and elasticity of mind met every demand made upon her. With constant company, and an extensive correspondence, she found time from

works of benevolence, to continue her admirable series of religious composition. "Practical Piety," and "Hints toward Forming the Character of a Young Princess" were written at this time. The latter was dedicated to Dr. Fisher, Bishop of Exeter, preceptor to the Princess Charlotte, "Coelebs in Search of a Wife" was one of the most popular of her works. It was translated into several languages, and travelers found it enlivening the circle round the evening fire in Iceland.

India also benefited by her labors. Portions of her writings were translated in Tamul and Cingalese, and were read with interest by the natives. So great was her popularity, that the first edition of her "Reflections on Prayer" sold, on the first day, for fifteen thousand dollars. Even, with such unexampled success, so great was her humility, that she declared, that the only remarkable thing which belonged to her as an author, was that she had written eleven books after the age of sixty.

But the delightful sisterhood at Barley Wood was to be broken up. The oldest of the band was taken first, and within five years the next two followed. For a little while Hannah was left with the youngest and best beloved, who was endeared to her by the close companionship of so many years, then she too was taken from her. At the age of seventy-four she found herself the last of the household band. Suffering in body, and bereft of her loved ones, her cheerfulness and serenity never deserted her. In the beautiful words of the poet:

"Yet, when as one by one sweet sounds
And wandering lights departed,
She wore no less a loving face,
Although so broken-hearted."

Barley Wood had now become as hallowed ground. Every tree and shrub had been planted by her own or her sisters' hands, they had laid the first stone of the cottage, and every spot was precious to her lonely heart. Here, where the spirits of the departed seemed

lingering, where she had spent so many hours of sweet communion, and had seen her sisters, each in turn, laid to rest, she had hoped to end her days in peace and quietness. But once again she was obliged to change her abode. Her servants took advantage of her age and infirmities to act so disgracefully that the neighborhood was scandalized, and by the advice of her friends she removed to Clifton, and curtailed her establishment.

By this change she escaped one evil, but met with another. Clifton was more convenient to the world than Barley Wood, and visitors crowded to see her until her strength was exhausted. In the first three weeks, nearly four hundred visited her. This so fatigued her that she was obliged to set apart two days in every week to receive general company. Her friends were admitted at any time. She still retained her remarkable conversational powers, and was now, in declining years and ill health, as much the object of admiring interest as when the friend of Garrick and the favorite of Dr. Johnson, she had charmed London circles by her wit and brilliancy. Truly, hers was the noblest kind of fame!

We have been unable to find a description of Hannah More as she appeared in early youth. In the charms of her intellect and heart, her personal graces have been overlooked. The following graphic sketch gives some idea of her attractions in old age, and also presents her character in a beautiful light:

"I was much struck," says this writer, "by the air of affectionate kindness with which the old lady welcomed me to Barley Wood; there was something of courtliness about it, at the same time the courtliness of the *vieille cour* which one reads of, but so seldom meets. Her dress was of light green Venetian silk; a yellow, richly embroidered crape shawl enveloped her shoulders; and a pretty net cap, tied under her chin with white satin ribbon, completed the costume. Her figure is singularly *petite*; but to have any idea of

the expression of her countenance, you must imagine the small withered face of a woman in her eighty-seventh year; and imagine also (shaded, but not obscured, by long and perfectly white lashes) eyes dark, brilliant, flashing, and penetrating; sparkling from object to object with all the fire and energy of youth, and smiling welcome on all around. When I first entered the room Lady S—— and her family were there; they soon prepared to depart; but the youngest boy, a fine little fellow of six, looked anxiously in Miss More's face, after she had kissed him, and his mamma said, 'You will not forget Miss Hannah, my dear?' He shook his head. 'Do not forget me, my dear child.' said the kind old lady, assuming a playful manner; 'but they say your sex is naturally capricious. There, I will give you another kiss; keep it for my sake, and when you are a man, remember Hannah More.' 'I will,' he replied, 'remember that you loved children.' It was a beautiful compliment."

The life, which had been such a blessing to the world, was now drawing to a close. She revived again and again from repeated attacks of illness, until 1832, when mind and body became prostrated. Thus she remained for ten months, then death released her from suffering. Her faith grew brighter as her strength became weaker. Such expressions were constantly escaping her as, "Jesus is all in all." "I know that my Redeemer liveth." "Happy, happy are those who are expecting to meet in a better world! Oh, the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" "It is a glorious thing to die." In this state she lingered until the 6th of September, 1833, then extending her arms and calling "Patty," the beloved sister of her youth, she passed away with the early dawn.

She was laid beside her sisters in the church-yard at Barley Wood. After her death it was found that she had realized from her works the sum of one hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Of this a large portion was bequeathed to the public institutions in which she

had been so long interested. One of the most touching tributes to her memory was shown by the long line of weeping villagers which followed her to her last resting place, all attired in such mourning as their poverty would permit them to obtain.

Such a life and character as that of Hannah More is worthy of the admiration of every Christian heart. Never has a woman wielded a more powerful influence. Even before her death the effect of her writings was apparent in the improved moral state of society. Her brilliant reputation gave her religious works an entrance into the highest circles of the land, and in this way she preached an earnest faith and practical piety alike in palace and cottage. But with all her powers of intellect and literary fame, it was her deep religious feeling which commended her to the people, and won for her works such enviable renown. Who can measure the amount of good which her single pen has accomplished? How many benighted souls have been led by her beautiful tracts to the way of life! In how many hearts have the seeds of morality and religion been planted by her hand! And the good work is not

yet ended. In the Sabbath-schools of our land many of her works are still teaching the same living and evangelical faith. The statesmen of her day bore willing testimony to the salutary and potential influence exerted by her writings on the public mind of England. In stemming the torrent of French infidelity and revolution, the brilliant and profound productions of Edmund Burke did not perhaps do a greater service.

Many editions of her writings have been circulated in our own country and in England. Fifty years ago, the collected pieces of Hannah More, in two large octavo volumes, formed a standard work in all our book stores, and in all our public and private libraries. Several biographies have also appeared containing her letters—one in four volumes by Roberts; and recently Mrs. Helen C. Knight has given an interesting account of her in a volume published by the American Tract Society. Some complain that woman has no opportunity for her powers, no adequate sphere of active labor. There are few men in history who have made and filled a more useful and honorable position than Hannah More.

SAUL OF TARSUS.

BY REV. T. HEMPSTEAD.

SAUL of Tarsus, evil-eyed,
Hates the Marred and Crucified.

Hurrying from the city down,
He hath to Damascus gone.

Hiding in the desert glooms:
Low-sung hymns in upper rooms;

Caves and shadows hear the prayer
Which may not the morning dare.

Who shall comfort, who can screen,
You who trust the Nazarene?