

## CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

Price \$ 2 per Ann.) Printed by JOHN WARROCK. (Paid in advance.

VOL. II.] Richmond, (Va.) Saturday, December 21, 1816. [NO. 8.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

## SUNDAY AMUSEMENTS.

You have undertaken the duty, Mr. Monitor, of reproofing us for our faults. And this you are to do without fear, but not without affection. It is indeed, when properly executed, the most benevolent part of your office. I believe you have an observant eye, as well as an impartial hand. But no one man can see every thing which deserves animadversion. Suffer me then to tell you how a good many people, and some of them professing Christians, habitually spend the afternoon of *the sacred day*.

In the first place, they make parties, either beforehand, or at church, to go somewhere else than home. This practice, except in extraordinary cases, gives us a sure but melancholy prognostic of what is to follow. The party, having set off at a brisk, dashing gait, employ themselves either in a kind of soft, half-way courting chit-chat, or in criticising the sermon they have heard. The weighty, edifying parts of it are voluntarily forgotten. Nothing is recollected but the defects in matter or manner, and upon these the critics display, for the very useful and honourable purpose of disparaging the preacher, all the powers of argument, and all the turns of sarcastic wit which they may happen to possess. A laugh at the expense of the evangelical orator, for some blunder in grammar, or some awkwardness of gesture, is deemed a capital acquisition. Having amused themselves in this way for a suitable length of time, they close with consigning the message of the Most High to perpetual oblivion.

To such people, the hearing of a new preacher now and then, is exceedingly interesting. It opens afresh all the sluices of petty controversy and malignant entertainment. But the best of all is to have a number of preachers together, proclaiming the gospel for several days in succession. Here one can be pitted against the other most delightfully. A favourite can be extolled to the skies, so as to make out the conclusion that nobody else is worthy of the least attention. And finally even the favourite can be brought down a few pegs lower than his first station.

Next comes, either on the road, or at the place of rendezvous, a vast uproar of remarks on every body's appearance at church; how such a one, or such another, was arrayed; whether it was in a new or an old dress; in what colours and taste, and how far all was becoming, or the contrary. Envy sometimes prompts the cutting observation, how absurd this or that person looked, in attempting to look fine; and that if people would take care to pay their debts, some people would not be able to hold their heads so high, and make such a

parade, but have to go as plain as other people. These personalities naturally introduce the whole system of fashion, in all its minutiae. The discussion runs upon hats, cravats, coats, pantaloons, boots, canes, bonnets, corsetts, capes, veils, combs, curls, ear-bobs, and a hundred other things of equal importance. And here are materials sufficient, especially with the aid of some separate corner amusements, such as tender sheep's-eye glances, wooing intreaties, and squeezing of hands, to pass away the longest Sunday afternoon that was ever seen in our climate. The old folks, in the mean while, experience a few twinges of conscience about having all these merry doings under their roof. However, they conclude that young people *are* young people, and must be indulged in a little *innocent pleasure*. So instead of reproving the giddy profaneness of God's Holy day, they retire to another room with all becoming gravity, either to pore over a chapter in the bible, or to lie down and go to sleep.

If you believe, Mr. Monitor, that my facts do really and extensively exist, what sort of emotions does the representation excite in your breast? How *must* a devout Christian feel, when he thinks of the sanctity of the Sabbath, the house, and the worship of God; of the privilege of hearing the glorious gospel; and of the pure and exalted joys which are to be found in communion with the father of our spirits; and then compares these high objects with such frivolous and impious conduct as I have described!

But I will give you a pleasing, cheering fact, by way of contrast. A neighbour of mine, *an Israelite indeed*, makes it his steadfast rule to take his family from the church directly home; strictly guarding them from idle conversation by the way. In all this he finds no very great difficulty; for they have been accustomed to this order from their childhood. After a Sabbath day's dinner, prepared on the day before, he examines his children on the discourse they have been hearing. He expects the substance of it to be given by the elder ones, and the text at least by the youngest. To this examination he adds his own affectionate, solemn admonitions, deduced from the exercises of the sanctuary. The afternoon is spent by the family in reading the scriptures, and other religious books, so selected as to be at once engaging and instructive; or in learning the catechism of the church of which my friend is a member. Having closed the evening with domestic worship, he writes in a volume provided for the purpose the heads and principal ideas of what he has heard at the house of God; concluding with earnest petitions that the whole may be blessed to his own edification and that of his household; that his fellow professors may grow in grace, and sinners be converted; and that the labours of his pastor may be crowned with abundant success. You will readily conceive, Mr. Monitor, how I was affected some months ago by an accidental sight of this volume. It roused me, like a cordial, from a dull, desponding frame. I said to myself, while I have one such praying supporter as this,—and I trust he is by no means the only one,—I will not yield to the gloomy, dispiriting thought that I am preaching the gospel in vain.

PHILANDER.

FOR THE CHRISTIAN MONITOR.

## ON THE GENERAL NEGLECT OF RELIGION.

If we take the declarations of the bible as decisive on the condition and prospects of mankind, we shall inevitably be led to the conclusion that many, very many, are in the high road to eternal misery. It is easy to say that this is an uncharitable judgment. Do you mean that I judge erroneously? I certainly do not wish to do so. Convince me of my error; and I will retract it with pleasure. Do you mean that my opinion springs from a harsh, malignant temper? My conscience absolves me from the charge. No, it is neither a false nor malevolent sentence, that those who live without repentance for sin, without faith in Jesus Christ, without prayer, without the love of God and the love of their neighbour as their governing principles of conduct, are under the wrath of the Almighty, and in danger every moment of sinking into Hell. What proportion of the community are actually spending their days "without God, and without hope in the world," let every man who reverences the book of God examine and pronounce. That heart must be made of stern materials indeed, which does not mourn over the scene presented by such a scrutiny.

How is it to be accounted for that the multitude of careless sinners go on in their fatal course so free from remorse, so destitute of anxiety about the event? Is it because they have an assurance from Heaven of a long continuance of life, to give some colour of excuse to their forgetfulness of their latter end? No such thing. It is not more certain that we must all die, than it is that, for aught we know, we may die to-morrow; nay, to-day, or even this very hour. None but a madman will deny this awful truth. Can you plead then that the doctrines and precepts of Christianity are too abstruse for you to apprehend, so as to have your hearts and actions influenced by them? You cannot support such a plea. What we are to believe, in order to serve God and enjoy his favour, is laid with sufficient plainness before every honest enquirer. Neither great genius nor profound learning is essential to the Christian character. Have you by a course of investigation and reasoning satisfied yourselves, I say not others, but yourselves, that religion is an empty fable, unworthy of your submission or serious regard? Have you demonstrated that there will be no important difference hereafter between the righteous and the wicked; that all alike shall either rise to the same felicity, or sink down into the same horrible annihilation? No surely, you have not taken pains to explore the subject, nor convinced yourselves that the course which you pursue is as good and wise as any other. Not one of an hundred of you pretends to justify his practical irreligion upon any such grounds. Finally, can it be said that those who live in opposition to the authority of God have deliberately made up their minds to meet him as their enemy, and, for the sake of the forbidden pleasures of this world, to abide the effects of his vengeance? No, this is not the case. Such hardihood belongs not to man. The devil himself trembles when he thinks of God. And the servants of the

devil tremble also, whenever any thing compels them to think of appearing before their holy and final Judge. If these things are so, the question recurs, as a very interesting one, how it is that thousands and tens of thousands live at ease in their sins, without feeling any permanent alarm about the consequences? I answer, the grand secret lies in the spirit and habit of *inconsideration*. Sinners give themselves up to earthly pursuits and indulgences with such ardour, with such exclusive devotion, that there remains neither time nor disposition to meditate upon the objects which are unseen and future. No sooner do they open their eyes in the morning, than the world rushes in, and occupies the whole extent of their minds and feelings. And if the world, in one shape, leaves the soul, it is only to enter it instantly in another. Thus the day is consumed. And at night, no leisure is allotted for recollection, and for seeking peace with God. The last waking thoughts, perhaps encroaching upon the hours of necessary repose, are still chained fast to this trifling and transient ball of clay. If an idea of death and judgment be now and then forced upon the mind, it is repelled, driven out of doors with all practicable despatch, as an unprofitable visitant, or rather as a troublesome and most unwelcome intruder. Time passes away; but its flight is forgotten. Eternity, with its overwhelming realities, draws nigh; but its approach is disregarded. The heart grows more hard and insensible by perseverance in sin; the conscience is rendered more blind, dull and inactive by long opposition to its remonstrances. This wretched state of things is not confined to those whose irregular appetites urge them on incessantly in the pursuit of coarse and guilty pleasure. Besides these slaves of sense, and besides the young and giddy, who devote the prime of their years to light and injurious amusements, we see numbers of grave, sober, orderly people, heads of families, advanced far in age, who are equally characterized by habitual thoughtlessness respecting their highest concerns. They are engrossed with the cares of life, tormented with solicitude to lay up large fortunes for their children, and to advance them in the world. Thus we see not only youth neglecting religion, but old men, tottering on the brink of the grave, still eagerly grasping after an increase of the possessions which they must leave so soon, and as heedless as the merest boys and girls in reference to that eternity in which they are just about to take up their unchangeable abode. By and by, "in an hour when they think not," death comes and hurries them away, either totally stupid, or unavailingly agonized with terror, to the bar of an unreconciled God. Dreadful close of a thoughtless life! In such ways the children of men rush down to utter perdition; not because the means of salvation are far removed out of their reach; not because they resolve to barter Heaven for the vanities of a fleeting moment; not because they have argued themselves into any settled disbelief of divine revelation; but simply because they do not consider what they are doing, and where the road in which they travel must terminate. O that they could be prevailed with to pause, and lay to heart the things which belong to their everlasting peace!

Christian friends, whether in or out of the ministry of the gospel, look at the situation of those who are ready to perish around you.— See the perils which threaten their immortal souls; and let your feelings of compassion prompt you to fly to their rescue. Upon your exertions, under God, or your negligence, it may depend, whether your neighbours shall be eternally saved or lost. Warn them affectionately and faithfully to escape from the wrath which is to come upon the ungodly. Allure them by every winning motive to contemplate the gracious, ever-blessed “Lamb of God who takes away the sin of the world,” and to seek refuge and boundless happiness by faith in his name. “Pray without ceasing,” pray with an importunity not to be refused, that the Spirit of awakening and conversion may be poured out from above to render the gospel successful. Will it not be a sufficient reward for all your labours to find that you have been instrumental in saving one soul from destruction? Perhaps you may contribute to the salvation of many.

PHILANDER.

— 223310 —

RICHARD REYNOLDS, *the Christian Philanthropist.*

We feel it our duty to leave out a quantity of interesting intelligence lately received, in order to gratify and edify our readers by the following account of a most remarkable Philanthropist of Bristol, England, whose character and alms-deeds, shed a distinguished lustre, not only on the country which had the honor to give him birth, but also on the whole human family, every part of which he cordially embraced in the expansive affections of his benevolent soul—and especially on the Christian religion, of which he was an exemplary disciple and a shining ornament. He departed this life the 10th of September last. We extract the following from *the Bristol Gazette* of 10th October, giving an account of a public Meeting held at Guildhall, for the purpose of paying a tribute of respect to his memory, and establishing a Society which should perpetuate his name, relieve the wants of the numerous pensioners upon his bounty, whom his death hath left destitute, and afford assistance to the several charitable institutions of that city.

The Rev. W. THORP addressed the Chair in nearly the following words:—

Mr. Chairman,

Sir,

Never surely were the inhabitants of Bristol convened upon a more solemn or a more affecting occasion than the present,—to render a grateful tribute of respect to one of the best of men, and to perpetuate the memory of a Philanthropist, of singular and transcendent excellence. Thousands can testify that he was an ornament of our nature,—an honour to our city,—the glory of the Society to which he belonged,—and a blessing to the Empire and the World.—When the eye saw him, it blessed him,—when the ear heard him, it bore him witness; he was eyes to the blind, and feet to the lame; *the cause which he knew not he searched out; he made the Widow's heart to sing for joy; and the blessing of the outcast Orphan, ready*

to perish, came upon him. He is now gone to that country from whose bourne no traveller returns: and while Bristol, with her Widows and her Orphans, are weeping over his ashes, the whole nation has reason to lament his departure. That departure however was attended with many alleviating circumstances, which, although they may deepen our sensibility, are calculated to assuage the violence of our grief. We sorrow not for this righteous man, as those that have no hope. We entertain the faith of Christians, and cannot give place to the despair of Heathens. He hath rested from his labours, and his works shall follow him,—not to procure his title, but to prove his RIGHT to the Tree of Life, and to enter within the Gates of the Heavenly Jerusalem. We adore that kind and indulgent Providence, which spared his valuable life for so many years, and thus permitted him to mature those plans which he had projected for the relief of misery, ages after his discease. We congratulate our fellow-citizens on the honour they have done to themselves, by assembling on this day, to embalm his memory with their tears,—to catch with his falling mantle the sacred flame that glowed with such fervour in his bosom,—and to do what within them lies to give immortality to a name, so dear and so venerable. That we may be enabled with more facility to transcribe his virtues and copy his example, let us review the character of that benevolence by which he was so eminently distinguished.

The benevolence of Richard Reynolds, Sir, was of the highest order. It was liberal, diffusive, universal.—Not narrowed by party prejudice, nor bounded by the limits of party connexions, it embraced the Family of Man—yea the whole circle of living beings, endowed with a capacity of pleasure or of pain. In its contemplation of the vast, however, it did not overlook the minute; in its comprehension of the whole, it did not, like the modern philosophy, neglect the parts, of which that whole is composed. Its operations were regulated by the respective claims of nature, of gratitude, of friendship, of consanguinity, of religious connexions, of moral worth, and of the various degrees of wretchedness amongst the unhappy objects upon whom his bounty was bestowed.

Proceeding, in the first instance, from compassion, it was afterwards purified by religious principle,—and strengthened by a sense of his awful responsibility, to the great Lord of All for the talent with which he was entrusted. Compassion, improperly cultivated, degenerates into an useless sensibility. The pleasure that attends it, soothes and deceives the heart. An interesting account of human wretchedness excites its pleasurable sympathetic emotions; the tongue utters the law of kindness; the man exults in his own virtuous sensibility, and thus becomes the dupe of self-deception. But to enter the abodes of the wretched,—to examine into debts, and wants, and diseases,—to encounter loathsome sights, and endure offensive smells within the very sphere of infection; to give time, and thought, and talent, and labour, and property,—this is the substance and not the shadow of virtue; the pleasure of sensibility may be greater; but greater also is the danger of self-deceit. Death bed scenes, eloquently

described, delight the imagination; but they who are most delighted, are not always the first to visit a dying neighbour, and sit up all night, and wipe away the cold sweat, and moisten the parched lip, and remove the phlegm, and contrive easy postures, and bear with fretfulness, and drop the pious thought, and console the departing spirit! Ah no! These boasted children of sentimental benevolence, may often repair to the temple of virtue, but not to sacrifice. Extreme sensibility is a mental disease; it unfits us for relieving the miserable, and tempts us to turn away, like the cold-hearted Priest and Levite. It avoids the sight, and suppresses the thought of pain,—stops the ears to the cry of indigence, passes by the house of mourning, and abandons the nearest friends, when sick, to the care of the nurse and the physician; and when dead, to those who mourn for hire.—And all this under the pretence of delicacy of feeling, and a tender heart! Such was not the benevolence of the Bristol Philanthropist. Those acts of bounty which flow from the influence of sensibility, soon fail: like the good seed fallen on stony ground, they soon spring up, and as soon wither. But the benevolence of Richard Reynolds, purified, strengthened, and animated by Christian principle, was steady, uniform, and persevering. Neither ingratitude, nor imposture, nor opposition, nor even the frost of age, could chill its ardours nor relax its exertions.

It was active and industrious. His eloquence was not that of words, but of deeds. He said little, but he did much. He left others to define benevolence; he studied the practice of it. While the sickly child of sensibility was weeping, HE was extending relief. While philosophers were disputing whether philanthropy arise from selfishness, or instinctive tenderness, or modes of education, or the force of early and local associations, or from the combined influence of all those causes,—heedless of their contentions, he exemplified in real life, privately, and before the world, the character of the true philanthropist. Their speculations he reduced to action—their abstract notions he embodied; and to their airy nothings he gave not only a local habitation, but a reality, a substance, and a form. Like his beloved Master, whose spirit he had imbibed, and whose example he closely copied, he went about continually doing good.

His beneficence was guided by wisdom and discretion, it was not scattered promiscuously and at random, but bestowed upon such objects, and in such a way, as he deemed, (and he was a most excellent judge,) the most effective in promoting the individual and the general good. To furnish employment for the healthy and the strong; to supply the wants of the really indigent and necessitous; to ease the aching heart of the father, who after toiling the live long day, finds, instead of rest at home, that he is called to bear, what he is least able to bear, the cries of a numerous family demanding bread, when he has none to give; to assuage the sorrows of poverty, overtaken by sickness or overwhelmed with misfortune; to smooth the furrowed cheek, and make the winter of age wear the aspect of spring; to act the part of a father to helpless orphans, on whom no parent of their own ever smiled; to supply the want of sight to the blind, feet to the

lame, and speech to the dumb; to rescue vice from guilt, and infancy, and ruin; and during the season of reformation, afford a shelter from the fury of the storm; to relieve the distress and yet spare the blushes of those who have known better days, by administering that bounty, which they in the time of their prosperity were ready to administer to others—*these* were the employments of Richard Reynolds—*these* the objects of his beneficence—*these* were the offices of mercy in which he delighted! His heart told him what to do: his conscience, as the Vicegerent of Heaven, reminded him of the claims of moral obligation, and insisted that it must be done. His head devised the means, and arranged the plan of action; and his hands, obedient to the dictates of his heart, and the mandates of conscience, were ever ready to execute the plans which his head had formed. Thus his **WHOLE EXISTENCE** was consecrated to the cause of benevolence! If we love the modesty which concealed the hand that bestowed the princely donation, we revere the courage which occasionally stepped forward to avow himself the donor, when his design was to stimulate others to follow his example. His whole conduct was marked by the most consummate wisdom; and left us at a loss whether to admire most the benevolence of his heart or the powers of his understanding—the deeds of mercy which he performed, or the manner in which he performed them.

All this prudence and benevolence was adorned with modesty and humility. So far was he from being inflated with the pride of wealth, that he spoke the genuine sentiments of his heart, when he said to a friend who applied to him with a case of distress, "My talent is the meanest of all talents,—a little sordid dust; but the man in the parable, who had but one talent, was accountable and for the talent that I possess, humble as it is, I am also accountable to the great **LORD of ALL.**" His bounty was not the result of fear, like the obedience of a slave who trembles under the scourge of a haughty tyrant. It was not excited by the prospect of remuneration, nor extorted by the dread of punishment, nor performed with a view to *merit* an inheritance in the kingdom of Heaven. All such sentiments he rejected with abhorrence,—placed his whole dependence for eternal life upon the Sovereign Mercy of God, through the propitiating sacrifice of his Redeemer; he laid claim to no distinctions, assumed no airs of superiority, and never attempted to catch the public eye, by an ostentitious display of extraordinary excellence. His goodness often descended in secret, and like the Providence of Heaven, concealed the hand that sent the relief. He was a burning and a shining light, and would have no man know it. But, he could not be hid. To hide goodness like his was impossible. How have I seen the good man shrink within himself, and his venerable countenance crimsoned with the blush of modesty, when the mention of his name has been hailed in this place with a thunder of applause!

He felt a luxury in doing good, and he determined to enjoy that luxury. His own experience taught him that the God of Mercy who formed the heart of man to be the dispenser of his bounty, has ordained, that like the vital fluid, which goes from the heart, to diffuse

life and genial warmth through the whole system, it should return, in the course of circulation, not impoverished, but enriched, to the source whence it flowed. His goodness might sometimes be requited with evil, but this moved him not. He knew that no deed of mercy could be wasted—that some ministering angel is stationed in every department of the moral world, to gather up the fragments that fall from the table of benevolence, that nothing may be lost. Actuated by these noble principles, he held on his glorious career, still scattering blessings around him, until he resigned his meek and gentle spirit into the hands of his Redeemer; to enjoy the fulness of his love, and to behold the brightness of his glory, in the regions of eternal day. By relieving the miserable, he made himself friends of the mammon of unrighteousness, many of whom had gone before him, and have now hailed him, as their benefactor, on his arrival into everlasting habitations.

Mr. Counsellor SMITH spoke to this effect:—

Our departed friend was a citizen of the world; his benevolence extended far and wide. No doubt many persons in this large assembly could bear ample testimony to this, and relate abundance of interesting proofs of it, if the time would allow. A particular instance having occurred under my own observation, I shall beg leave to state it. When the first subscription was opened to relieve the distress in Germany, I took some part in that institution. Being in Bristol soon afterwards, I had some conversation with Mr. REYNOLDS on the subject. He made many judicious observations and inquiries as to the nature of the distress, and the best mode of distribution, which served as valuable hints to the Committee in London. He then modestly subscribed a moderate sum with his name; but shortly after, the Committee received a blank letter, having the post mark of Bristol, and enclosing a Bank of England bill for Five Hundred Pounds. At the first report of the death of RICHARD REYNOLDS, an unanimous sentiment was felt in society, that the public loss was irreparable. However, Sir, from the appearance and spirit of this meeting, it should seem that his mantle has fallen, not on any particular person merely, but on the whole city; and we hope that although a double portion of his spirit may not rest on individuals, yet collectively, it is felt more than an hundred fold by the inhabitants at large. His example, Sir, will, I trust, excite thousands to tread in his steps, and to imitate his excellencies. I do not say that they will equal his transcendent merits; but as much as the particles of the dew, and the drops of the rain, do more good collectively than any single river, which may adorn and enrich our country—let us hope, that the many drops of benevolence, which shall be collected by this excellent Institution, will descend on the poor, and the distressed, in various streams of mercy, like the dew and the rain from Heaven, and do even more extensive good than that noble river whose source is now dried up.

Dr. POLE spoke as follows:—

Being called upon to second the resolution that we have just heard, I avail myself of this opportunity of adding a very few

remarks to those that have been already made, relative to the object for which we are this day assembled; to commemorate the name of a man honoured and revered by all who knew him. What I may say on the present occasion, considering my connexion with our departed friend, in religious society, might be deemed the result of partiality, was it not for the many concurrent testimonies of those around me. Richard Reynolds, it is well known, possessed an ample fortune, in proportion to which his private establishment was very plain and moderate: *he added frugality to charity for charity's sake.* When applied to on behalf of the distressed, he seemed to feel a dread of misapplying his bounty; he studied, not only how to discriminate between the deserving and the imposing applicant, but how he could render his charitable donations the most extensively beneficial. *When sufferers applied to him for his assistance, he inquired into their connexions and relatives; if they were capable of affording relief, he first endeavoured to awaken their benevolence, with a promise to contribute equally with them; by this judicious mode of conduct, he was often the means of the sufferer receiving double or treble the assistance he would otherwise have obtained; whilst he became the instrument of promoting sympathy and benevolence in many others; and was by these means capable of affording efficient help to a far greater number of unfortunate fellow-creatures.*

It is well known, that he made it his constant practice, from religious principle, annually to spend the whole of his income. What his moderate domestic establishment did not require, he disposed of in subscriptions and donations for promoting whatever was useful to society, as well as to lessen the sufferings of the afflicted, without regard to names, sects, or parties. At one particular time (if I am rightly informed) he wrote to a friend in London, acquainting him that he had not, that year, spent the whole of his income, requesting that if he knew of any particular cases claiming charitable relief, he would be glad to be informed;—his friend communicated to him the distressing situation of a considerable number of persons confined in a certain prison for small debts. What did this humane and generous Philanthropist do on this representation? He cleared the whole of their debts. He swept this direful mansion of all its miserable tenants. He opened the prison doors, proclaimed deliverance to the captives, and let the oppressed go free.

Dr. Stock said, that he should not have addressed the meeting, had he not happened to have heard, from what he considered good authority, the particulars of the act of princely liberality alluded to by the Rev. Mr. Cowan. Mr. Reynolds, at the period alluded to (1795,) resided at Colebrook Dale.—He addressed a letter to some friends in London, stating the impression made upon his mind, by the distresses of the community, and desiring that they would draw upon him for such sum as they might think proper. They complied with his request, and drew, in a very short time, to the extent of Eleven Thousand Pounds. It appeared, however, that they had not yet taken due measure of his liberality: for in the course of a few months, he again wrote, stating that his mind was not easy, and his

still too full. In consequence of which they drew for Nine  
 thousand Pounds more.

STEPHEN PRUST, introduced the following anecdotes:—Mr.  
 Golds having applied to a gentleman whom he thought rich, but  
 was really only in circumstances of mediocrity, to stimulate him  
 he made use of the following argument: When gold *encircles*  
 the heart it *contracts* it to such a degree, that *no good* can issue from  
 it when the pure gold of Faith and Love gets *into the heart* it  
 expands it, so that the last drop of life's blood will flow into any  
 vessel of benevolence."—Being importuned by a friend to sit for  
 a portrait, he at length consented. He was asked, "How he would  
 be painted?" His answer was, "Sitting among books."—"Any  
 in particular?" "The BIBLE."—"Open at any particular part?"  
 He opened the fifth chapter of Romans, the first verse to be legible: "*There-  
 being justified by FAITH, we have peace with GOD, through our  
 LORD JESUS CHRIST.*"

A Lady applied to him on behalf of an Orphan. After he had given  
 her advice, she said "When he is old enough, I will teach him to name  
 and thank his benefactor."—"Stop, (said the good man) you mistake;  
 do not thank the clouds for the rain—Teach him to look higher, and  
 thank HIM who giveth both the clouds and the rain."

His maxim was—"I am only a steward, and must soon render up  
 account: therefore I will make my own hands my executors."—  
 He had laid out Ten Thousand Pounds sterling in Estates, the rents of  
 which were to be divided *for ever* between seven of the public chari-  
 ties of Bristol, to supply the wants of the poor. He spent the last  
 years of his life in active benevolence, seeking out cases of dis-  
 tress, and occupying nearly the whole of his time, besides employing  
 his own hands in most of the active benevolent characters of Bristol."

A few days previously to his death, after something consolatory  
 had been ministered by an endeared female friend, he said, "My  
 Faith and Hope are, as they have long been, on the mercy of GOD,  
 through JESUS CHRIST, who was the propitiation for my sins, and  
 for mine only, but for the sins of the whole world."

During his illness, he was extremely placid, and kind to every  
 person, his countenance and conduct indicating that all within was  
 at ease. No alarm, no regret at leaving a world in which no one per-  
 ceived more of its real blessings to relinquish,—the love, the veneration  
 of all around him; but on the contrary, a willingness to yield  
 up his Spirit to him who gave it, and had sanctified it by the blood  
 of his Redeemer.—*Chr. Herald.*

MISSIONARY ROOMS, (LONDON) Sept. 10, 1816.

The following most pleasing intelligence, just received from  
 the South Seas, is transmitted to you, by order of the Directors, for  
 your information. I am, Sir, your's truly,  
 GEORGE BURDER, SEC.

*Letter from the Missionaries in Eimeo.*

EIMEO, Sept. 6, 1815.

Honored Fathers and Brethren,

By the PROVIDENCE favouring us again with an opportunity, we think it  
 our duty to acquaint you briefly with our own circumstances, and

those of the Mission since the date of our last, which was January 1815; a duplicate of which accompanies this.

But before we enter particularly into the state of the Mission, of affairs among the islanders, we shall mention some particular things among ourselves. Tho' 3<sup>rd</sup>, at all times, we look upon the state of our abode among mortals as most uncertain, yet the many deaths around us, our own frequent illness, and various afflictions since our residence on this island, tend still more to call our attention to the subject; and under these impressions, we have in our last, as we have twice before, entreated the Directors to "take the state of this Mission into serious consideration; and, if possible, to provide for its wants by sending some suitable Missionaries to our assistance before we are sent into the grave, leaving our poor people destitute of instruction."

We have now to inform the Society, that a melancholy event, which took place very soon after the above was written, appears to us to be a request with peculiar energy: for it hath pleased the Lord, in his mercy yet to us mysterious providence, to make another breach among us by unexpectedly removing from us to the eternal world our late brother Scott. The immediate cause of his death was a bowel complaint to which he had often been subject before. He was taken ill on Friday evening, and died on the Thursday following, the 9th of February. On that day, in the afternoon, he quitted his station among mortals and went to join, we hope, the glorious company above. We did not and apparently he did not himself, apprehend his end was so near that he was, till Thursday morning, in more dangerous circumstances than he had been several times before. On the day of his death he spoke but little, and took but little notice of any thing; only now and then he dropped a few words expressive of his reliance, as a helpless guilty sinner, on the All-sufficient Saviour. He was, apparently, often in prayer, and repeated "Guide me, O thou great Jehovah," "Jesus sought me when a stranger," &c. This is another afflictive dispensation; and, as we view things, a serious loss, not only to his bereaved partner and two orphan children, but also to the Mission, in which he had attained such a knowledge of the language of these islanders as enabled him to convey instruction in a plain intelligible manner, which is a more difficult attainment for an European than many are aware of.

Thus our number is lessening, while the call for instruction on the part of the natives is daily increasing. Others of us are often taken ill, and the heavy work at our vessel (for such it is, in our circumstances and with so few hands,) is still unfinished. We have lately thought that the circumstances of the natives, and of the islands, call for the establishment of three or four Missionary stations, including as many large schools; but we are altogether insufficient, even to attend to the concerns of the vessel and of other matters relative to our temporal affairs entirely off our hands; we therefore again intreat the Directors to take into consideration our circumstances and those of the Mission, and the request we make, which is also now the request of hundreds of these poor islanders. A delay in this matter will be probably of pernicious consequence to the Mission; a Mission

th the Lord hath been pleased to bless so abundantly, notwithstanding all former discouragements and disappointments.

At the beginning of May, we had the satisfaction of receiving by Queen Charlotte, colonial vessel, a case of books and papers, together with various private letters and several public ones. We acknowledge with gratitude our obligations for the abundant and encouraging information which is contained in them.

From the last letter of the Directors, we understand there were medicines and other supplies sent for us, but nothing of the kind has reached us; nor have we heard of any thing being in the colony.— However, our need of medicines and other articles is very great, there being so much sickness among ourselves, and among the people around who are continually applying to us for relief in their distress. We have also received from the colony near 400 copies of our New Testament history, and 900 catechisms, with 100 copies of a hymn book that were composed for the use of the natives. These books came very opportunely, and were most gladly received by our people, hundreds of whom now can make use of them. We learnt that the Old Testament part of the Scripture History was in the press at Sydney, but could not then be finished for want of paper.— Another Crook has been of great service in correcting the press, and getting these books done as well and as soon as the state of things in the colony would allow; the Rev. Mr. Marsden being absent on his voyage to New Zealand, on the affairs of the Missionary settlement at that place. We send again by this conveyance a small spelling book to be printed at Sydney; this we are in much need of, those spelling books which were printed in London being all expended, and the natives making many applications for more. For the expenses attending these little publications we must refer to Mr. Marsden, and hope there will be no difficulty about the payment of them, as it will be money well employed.

But to be a little more particular concerning the state of the Mission since the date of our last. From January to the end of June, it appeared to prosper greatly: our congregations were large, and the attendance on the means of instruction constant and encouraging.— The school increased rapidly, and prospered; and those who renounced heathenism, and became the professed worshipers of the true God, were increasing daily in different parts of this island, and also at Taheite. The priest of Papetoai (the district where we reside) renounced heathenism; joined us, and publicly committed his god to the flames. Others followed his example both here and at Taheite; idols were destroyed, and the altars overthrown, and the wood of them used to dress common food, of which different classes and sexes partook at one common meal, in direct violation of ancient prohibitions and customs.

In the month of May, the queen and her sister called Pomara Mabine, went over to Taheite. The latter having lately come up from the Leeward Islands, had never seen Taheite, but intended now, in company with a number of her people, to make the tour of the island. In the mean time the king who had resided for some time in

our neighbourhood, thought, while this party was absent, of going himself on a slow journey around Eimeo, stopping awhile at different places, to see if he could persuade the chiefs and principal people to cast away their idols, &c. When he had proceeded in this manner as far as a small district called Maatea, he sent us the enclosed letter, to inform us of the state of religious affairs in that part of the island. During the month of June, we received also several letters from the party at Taheite; giving us an encouraging account of the state of things there. This party had not proceeded on their journey as they intended, but were still in the district of Pare where they had landed, and where the king's daughter, Aimata, resided with her nurse. We were informed that considerable parts of the district of Pare, and of the neighbouring one, Matavia (our old residence) had cast away their gods, and embraced the true religion. When the queen went over, the king had sent a book for his daughter. This was looked upon as a public testimony, that she was to be brought up in the new religion. This, together with the rapid increase of the "Bure Atua;" or "praying people," for so are the people called, excited in the idolatrous chiefs a violent spirit of persecution. They thought these things ought not to be endured any longer, but crushed altogether in time. The idolatrous chiefs of Pare, and the chief of Hapaiano, got some of the chiefs of Matavia to join them in a conspiracy against the *Bure Atua*, and it was proposed to cut them off entirely, root and branch. But thinking themselves unequal to the task, those of the new religion being already formidable, both in number and respectability, they acquainted the chiefs of Atahura and Papara with their views and intentions, and invited them to join them. These, though their ancient rivals and enemies, came most readily into the measure, and prepared to unite with them without delay; and on the night of July the 7th, these combined forces were to fall, without mercy, on those who had renounced heathenism, and exterminate them; but some of the parties being rather dilatory, and secret intelligence having been conveyed to the party whose ruin was determined upon, and they happening to be that evening most of them together, by the sea side; they quickly got on board their canoes, and set sail for Eimeo, where they arrived, and were safely landed the following morning. The disappointed chiefs then quarrelled among themselves; and the Atahuruans, &c. fell upon the Porionu party, that is, upon the party who began the affair and had invited them. They fought; the Porionu were defeated, and a number of men killed, among whom was one of their principal chiefs and a promoter of the war. The Atahuruans, and those of Papara being joined by Tairabu, burnt, plundered, and cleared away before them, the whole of the N. E. part of Taheite, from the borders of Atahura to the Isthmus. The question about religion seems now quite forgotten; and the different parties fought to revenge old quarrels that happened many years ago. Some time after, the Tairabu people quarrelled with those of Papara and Atahura; fought with them, but were defeated and driven to the mountains.

When, or how, these things may end, the Lord only knows; but

we cease not to pray, and do hope that these commotions will, in the end, be the means of furthering the good of the Mission. A great number of refugees are come over from Taheite, and still continue to arrive. The king has repeatedly sent messages of peace to the chiefs of the conquering party; and they have repeatedly answered that there is peace between them and him; though they have not yet settled old affairs among themselves. But though the king and our people have no desire to meddle with the commotions at Taheite, except to promote peace, and do not intend to act, but as neutral, or in self-defence, should it prove necessary; yet the affairs of Taheite have thrown things in this island into great confusion for some weeks past, and we have not been without our fears and alarms.—The Lord, however, hath been pleased hitherto, to control and overrule these affairs in a wonderful manner. They have taken a turn, entirely undesigned, and unexpected by the first projectors of the war; and our people, whose destruction was aimed at, have hitherto escaped; this is a matter for praise and for thankfulness.

Brother Crook has written to us, expressing his desire and intention of coming to join us; and this, in one point of view, we should be heartily glad of, as we are so much in want of assistance, and he would be able immediately to manage a large native school; but on the other hand, the present commotions, and his large family, are considerations of such importance, that we do not well know what to say; however we wrote both to him and the Rev. Mr. Marsden on the subject, representing our want of assistance, and also the present state of the islands. We do not wish to discourage him, yet we apprehend the present commotions likely to have that effect. The consideration of his numerous family, is of great weight; for should he come and be soon removed by death, what is to become of them?—And this leads to a subject nearly a-kin; which we would submit to the consideration of the Directors, viz.—In case of any of the Missionaries dying, and leaving his wife behind him, or wife and family, as is the case now of Mrs. Scott and her two children—we ask, how is the widow, or widow and family of such Missionary to be supported? What dependence has she on the Society for necessary support? either in case she remains in the Mission, or chooses to return to New South Wales, or to England.

We would again remind the Directors of the great desirableness of sending assistance to us speedily, whether Brother Crook should join us or not; and that it would be of very great service to this Mission to have a printing-press, and a person who knows how to manage it; and next to this a person having a good share of medical skill, if also of a true Missionary spirit; this would be to the Mission a most valuable acquisition.

Yesterday morning being our usual Missionary Prayer Meeting, at the close of which thirty-nine more natives requested their names to be written down, which was done: the number is now about 362, not including some who were put away for bad conduct, and others who died, some with very hopeful appearance of their dying in the Lord. The school has also increased to upwards of 660, but we cannot admit more for want of books.

With this we send a friendly and kind letter, which we have just received from his Excellency Governor Macquarrie, to whom we are under many obligations, and we submit it to the Directors, whether it would not be well for them to send him a friendly letter.— He takes a warm interest in the prosperity of this Mission, is well acquainted with us and our proceedings, and on all occasions has shown a readiness to serve us—but not to add any more to this already long letter, we shall conclude, subscribing ourselves, honoured Fathers and Brethren, yours in the bonds of the Gospel.

HENRY BICKNELL,            HENRY NOTT,  
JOHN DAVIES,                CHARLES WILSON,  
JAMES HAYARD,             SAMUEL TESSIER.  
WILLIAM HENRY,

*To the Directors of the Missionary Society, London.*

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NOTIFICATION.

Communications in relation to the Christian Monitor, must be addressed to the Printer, postage being paid—otherwise they will not be taken out of the Post Office. The reasonableness of this notification, will appear by the statement of this fact, that every week brings letters, for each of which very often, we have to pay one-eighth part of the subscription money for a whole year's Series of the Monitor. This is a trifle to a Subscriber, it occurring only once a year to him—It is a serious matter to the Printer, who receives so many notes in relation to his business.

☞ The PRINTER of the CHRISTIAN MONITOR, respectfully informs Subscribers, that this work is published by him at great expense; that paper, and all printing materials are purchased only with CASH; and that the hands employed in the office, must be paid at least once a fortnight—this being the case, it is hoped, that none will take it amiss, that they are requested, to pay their subscription money either to the Printer, or to the Agents for this paper, on as early a day as possible.

☞ *The Gentlemen whose names follow are Agents for the Christian Monitor. Payments made to them will be equivalent to payments made to the Publisher or Editor. Subscriptions will be received by them and forwarded to JOHN WARROCK, Publisher, Richmond:*

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