

est sort of verse. The piece on the death of her father is distinguished by justness of conception, pathos and sublimity, which remind one strongly of some of the best passages in Thomson or Pollok.

But not less from her prose than from her poetry, it may be warrantably inferred, that had she given herself up entirely to literary pursuits, she would have secured a high rank among the writers of her age. Those who question this, have either not read what she has written, or have formed a very imperfect conception of the depth and originality of her mind. But she chose a far different and a far more noble task. And who that loves the souls of their fellow men, and desires the advancement of the Redeemer's kingdom, does not rejoice, that this gifted woman chose rather to devote her great powers to the instruction of the depraved and pagan daughters of Hindostan than to afford mere literary entertainment to the polite readers of Europe. Had she devoted herself to the interests of the latter, she might have secured their admiration, and the former would probably never have heard of her name,—a name now respected in India, and at no distant day to be regarded as one of the most sacred,—when eastern mothers shall teach their daughters to lisp the language of gratitude over the graves of those who were the means of carrying to that heathen land the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ. To see a female of the most polished tastes and lofty attainments, for years going through the drudgery of a common school, and laboring incessantly to imbue the minds of some hundreds of heathen girls with the pure truths of the gospel, is a sight of far deeper interest, than to see her crowned with literary honors.

But although Mrs. Wilson was not a professional writer for the public, yet she has written a good deal in which the christian public must ever take a lively interest. But whether she wrote for Hindoos or Europeans, her simple aim seems to have been, the glory of God in the good of her fellow-creatures. Those who write for human applause, seek but the gratification of their own vanity, and prostitute the talents with which they are entrusted. If this be not less criminal in men, it is assuredly more loathsome in the other sex. We would not be thought insensible to the great good which has been accomplished through the press, by some women of genius. Our language has been polished, our stock of thought increased, and the better feelings of the heart not a little improved

by this class of writers. Yet while there are many subjects on which women may write with much advantage to all classes, and in no way compromise any one feminine grace, it is plain, there are topics, and not a few, as foreign to their character, as the profession of arms, or the pursuits of navigation. Nor will it be hastily denied, that a fondness for authorship may have a tendency to create indifference to the claims of domestic life, and may prove extremely injurious to meekness, delicacy and retiring modesty,—excellencies which no woman ought for a moment to put in peril. But she has done more than to put these in peril, who manifests a greater anxiety to secure the compliments of her Reviewers, than the good opinion of her husband; and is more cast down at the neglect of the public, on the appearance of her new work, than by the loss of domestic affection. Vanity under any form is bad. But the vanity that lives on popular applause, or greedily seeks this, is the curse of domestic happiness, and will assuredly ruin all the amiable graces in any mind.

The individual whose character we are attempting to delineate, was not more remarkable for the lofty attributes of her mind, than for the tender and amiable graces of her heart. If we admire the greatness of her attainments, her moral courage, perseverance and firmness, we are not less delighted with her tenderness, meekness, patience and simplicity. While her society was courted, and her talents admired, by persons of the greatest distinction, she was meek and humble as a little child. And when disappointed in her efforts to do good, oppressed with labors, and vexed and grieved with the sins and follies of others, her gentleness was scarcely ruffled, and her love suffered no decay. What destroys the superficial graces in worldly minds, but tended to give to the graces of this pious woman additional freshness and beauty. It is easy to labour in the midst of difficulties, and draw from pride, the worst of passions, a stimulus to perseverance; but nothing short of heavenly principles can preserve all the tender affections in full and healthy play, when labors of benevolence and charity have to be gone through, with a suffering frame, a perplexed mind, and the endurance of neglect and scorn from those we wish to serve. This has indeed been but once, or in one character, perfectly exemplified. "Ye daughters of Jerusalem, weep not for me but for yourselves and your children," was the language of the blessed Jesus, when feeble with scourging, pierced with