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REVIEW.

MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF MRS. HANNAH MORE, BY WILLIAM ROBERTS, ESQ. London, pp. 472.

(Continued from page 293.)

It is a common remark, that a man is known by his companions, and it held true in the case of H. More. When she entered into public life, her companions were not men who sought the propagation of pure religion in the world, but men who panted for distinction by their wit and eloquence. She cultivated the society of such with enthusiasm, and when she found her wishes gratified, and she herself was the centre of a constellation of the brightest order, the excitement was too much—her spiritual interests languished, religion was little relished and the tide of folly and literary delusion was hurrying her away. It is a striking circumstance but not the less true—that men whose writings have little or no savor of revealed truth, have been the most successful in literature. Many have accounted for this by the consideration that it has so happened that those men who were distinguished for genius were uninstructed in religion, and consequently they could not be expected to introduce into their writings what they did not know themselves. But this is only a very partial view of the matter—the root of the evil is to be found in the pride of literature rather than of simple ignorance. Those themes which have been most popular in song, have not been the love of God, the excellency of a humble spirit, the glory of overcoming sin and temptation, but war, and incidents of a strange and romantic kind.

heathenism, and when the aspirant after literary glory entered its precincts it was not possible for him to return to the paths of revelation. The two codes were incompatible—and when once the man has chosen that field in which he may give wings to his imagination and make a creation of his own, peopling it with such beings as are most agreeable, it is scarcely to be wondered that he should not think of returning to the truth and realities of scripture. He preserves, therefore, a silence on these latter themes, or if he does mention them it is rather by way of allusion than of plain testimony. Mrs. More had set out on the pathway which conducts to the heathen territory, but by divine grace she was enabled to retrace her steps and choose the better way. Doubtless the scriptures and other evangelical writings which she perused were the chief means in leading her to make such a choice—but in addition to these there was the rod of affliction, and she was made to see how small a thing worldly honor was in the hour of adversity. Death had removed not a few friends on whom she doated with almost idolatrous affection, she had seen the dust of her friend Garrick committed to the grave, and as his genius had raised her fame as a dramatist, his death could not fail to be a severe trial. "I paid a melancholy visit" she says "to his coffin yesterday where I found room for meditation till the mind 'burst with thinking.'" It was shortly after this that her friend Dr. Kennicott died, a man

These latter topics belong to a region of pure