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Gloria to God in the highest, peace, good will toward men.

SAINT JOHN, SATURDAY, JUNE 27, 1829.

BIOGRAPHY.

LEGH RICHMOND.

[CONTINUED.]

We now proceed to unfold the more secret recesses of his heart, as developed in a diary, commencing January, 1804, and continued to August of the same year. It is much to be lamented that it never seems to have been regularly resumed, and that there are only occasional and interrupted documents of this kind found among his papers.

Jan. 1. A new year is begun, but where is the new heart, and the right spirit? Oh, weakness and wickedness! Preached from *Rom. xi. 28, 29*; and *Job xvi. 22*. Felt much satisfaction after the morning service, from J. — and his wife proposing to become members of my society. He shed tears of penitence and joy. May God work all for good. In the afternoon, felt something of the fear of man; but found, as I proceeded, more freedom. O Lord, save me from fear of censure, and love of praise! Went in the evening, to my society at Arreton: few, but meek, humble, and hopeful. Another member proposed—an infirm old widow.

Jan. 3. Uneasy at not having completed another part of the review of Daubeny.* I am very deficient in steady, persevering diligence. Let me think much of this, and learn to set a right value on time. Oh! how precious ought every hour to be, when each may be the last. Thought much of Cowper's description of preaching: (Task, Book ii.) God impress it on my heart. B. is buried to-day; how dreadfully unprepared to meet his God! How far am I responsible? Alas! how great is the burden of the pastor! Lord give me grace to see it, and feel it more and more, and enable me to bear it with a good conscience. I have been delighted, and I hope profited, by Bidulp's funeral sermon on Mr. Drevitt; oh! that I were like him! I now wonder that I had not more correspondence with that holy man. I shall ever think with pleasure, of my introduction to him. God bring us together at the last. I trust my resolutions gain strength. O God in thy mercy strengthen me! May my thoughts now close with blessed Drevitt, and sink to peacefulness with a blessing on the meditation.

Jan. 4. Received the 'Christian Observer'; my fourth letter on Kipling, there; surely it is conclusive, yet what will not prejudice distort? Preserve me, O my God! in the wiles of controversy, from the neglect of practical religion within. It is not Calvin nor Arminius, nor Craumer; but Christ, who is the Saviour, and his name only be adored.

Jan. 6. A beautiful frosty morning. Teach me, O Lord! from the beauties of nature, to learn the beauties of grace. Every returning morning reminds me what a mercy it is I am still alive—and have space and time given me to repent and believe. Take my heart, O God! into thy keeping, and then it will be safe. If it be thy good pleasure to rescue me from temporal perplexity, let my gratitude appear; if not, let it be ground for submission and patient resignation. With thee, I cannot do ill; without thee, I cannot do well. Heard Nugent's morning prayers. May he learn early the lesson which I for so many years neglected, and now perform so unworthily. Prayer is the breath of faith.

Jan. 7. Surprised by a letter from Hannah More, to invite me to succeed Mr. Drevitt, at Cheddar, or to recommend a curate. Oh, I am unworthy, could it be brought about. Yet what a field to act upon. Lead me, O God, to that which is right. Shall I make any overtures to remove there or not? It has filled me with mingled contemplation and solicitude. Is it a call from God, or ought I rather to do his work here? Direct my

heart, O God, from doubts and wanderings, into thy paths.

Jan. 8. Sunday. Snow and sleet. How cold are my affections! like this season. Warm my heart, O Lord! till it burn with the flames of devotion. Compose my thoughts into holy meditations, and let not the events of the day destroy them.

Preached on the Epiphany, and on Christ among the doctors in the temple.

My heart heavy in reflecting how unworthy I am to think of succeeding Mr. Drevitt: to be placed in such a parish, with such neighbours and friends as that country would afford, might be an unspeakable benefit to me, and my dear M. —; but I hardly dare think of it. Lord, direct me for the best. I am a poor, weak, irresolute, sinful creature; without thee I can do nothing.

Jan. 10. What an awful idea is eternity: am I prepared to encounter it? Oh, spare me a little, that I may recover my strength, before I go hence, and be no more seen! Settle my opinions steadfastly, and above all, my affections on thyself, O Lord! Have mercy on the dear children whom thou hast given me, and may I give them back unto thee in Jesus Christ, their and my Saviour. I fear I have not taught N. all I ought, and of which he is capable. Let me lay this to heart, and recommend him to God in prayer.

Much perplexed what to say to Mrs. More. Surely if vanity wanted food, it is here—solicited by a Hannah More, to supply the place of a Drevitt! But a sense of unworthiness, thank God, represses emotions like these.

Jan. 11. Much indisposed by a very severe cold; but, alas! how much more sick in the inner man. I have nearly finished this month's portion for the 'Christian Observer.' May I grow daily more diligent, pious, and wise unto salvation, through God's blessing on my studies.

Jan. 13. Better in body: I thank thee, O God; but there is much in my mind that wants healing. Oh! thou Redeemer of souls and physician of hearts, purchase me to thyself, and heal my diseases. I have sent off my packet to the 'Christian Observer.' The world fights against me, the flesh within me, and Satan both within and without. How shall I conquer, but in Christ Jesus? Help me to prepare, O Lord, for the service of thy sanctuary; and direct me to such thoughts and words as shall edify my hearers, and reach my own heart to a good purpose.

Jan. 14. One fortnight more, and I shall be thirty-two in years by nature, but how old in grace! Sloth, detested sloth, how does it injure my advancement. Would to God I might now break all bonds, and fly in heart and soul to the possession of my God. There are moments when all heaven seems open before me; and others when I tremble over the pile of sorrows.

Jan. 15. The sabbath is ended. I preached on the reason why Christ delivered his doctrine in parables: *Matt. xii. 10, 11*. At Yverland, read the Homily on the time and place of prayer. Went to Arreton: my excellent though humble friend, J. W., was there. I pray God I might sit at his feet in the kingdom of heaven: I know no such other Christian here. Would to God I were like him. I found much comfort with my society. Returned in thunder, lightning, and rain. Thought of death and of judgment. Oh, awful meditation! Let me examine my heart on its faith, hope, and love. Help me, O God! to pray; and so may thy blessing rest on me and mine.

Jan. 16. Another week and another mercy. Oh, teach me to number my days, that I may apply my heart unto wisdom. Why am I live? Why have I space to repent, when so many are cut off? Who makes me to differ, either in outward or inward circumstances? Oh, my Lord and my God! to thee I owe every thing; yea myself also. Let me then speedily pay the debt.

What methods shall I take to cure my spiritual slothfulness? There must be a struggle and agony—heaven must be taken with violence.

Day after day glapsds.—Oh, God! oh, eternity! In spite of sorrows, calms, and relaxations sometimes steal on me. Let me not deceive myself with a false peace. Sometimes I am tempted to doubt whether I am a real Christian. O teach me, my God to answer this question with a right conscience.

Jan. 17. I feel much uneasiness at not making more progress in the right way. The infructuous tree shall be cut down and burned. Have mercy on me, and all my family, according to thy goodness, O Lord! Help me to form a right judgment, bind my affections to the truth, and let my life shew it forth! Often as my birth-day approaches, have I made resolutions of a new life; but there has always been an enemy within and without, to prevail against me.

Much pleased with Dr. Jackson, on the Catholic church—a curious and beautiful mean, between Arminianism and high Calvinism. Give me a firm and resolute heart O God! even such an one as thou wilt except.

Wrote to Hannah More, dubiously. Lord, direct me to choose for the best.

Jan. 18. This day, with thy blessing I shall go to feed my sheep at Bombridge. Grant me to do so with a faithful and a single heart. I always look upon that society, as a humble ground for hope that the Lord means to do good through me; yet how often do I perform that duty with slothfulness. Give me, O God, more will, and strength, and grace, and power, and blessing, and success; and teach me to judge (if it so please thee) by the state of my people, of my own. Provide Cheddar with a successor of Drevitt, after time own heart; and increase the number of true pastors, and true sheep in thy pasture.

Jan. 19. How vain are all attempts to find peace in aught but the Gospel! How the world steals upon the mind, and usurps the throne of God. *Video meliora proboque, deteriora sequor.* Make me more discreet and considerate in the management of my property. Let justice and generosity be equally and forcibly remembered. I had my prayers languid and lukewarm to-day. Why is this? The fault must be within.

Jan. 20. Little Mary in a very high fever; Nugent beginning to have one. Teach me so to bear these trials, that they may be truly profitable unto me.

Jan. 24. Let me impress on my mind the value of time, and resolve and act accordingly. Let me often reflect on my wife and children's souls, as well as my own; and never forget the spiritual welfare of my flock.

Mary excessively weak—Nugent worse. Keep my heart, O God! or I shall be soon overwhelmed. Grant me thy blessing, O God!

Jan. 25. Letter from Mr. Wilberforce. How beautiful a sight is riches united with godliness; yet, who that has the latter, is not truly possessed of the former. If the weather should permit my going to Bombridge, prosper my endeavour among the people, O Lord! and may their prosperity be mine.

Jan. 27. An affecting letter from my mother to my wife, exhorting to fortitude and patience, in case it should please God to take our sweet little Mary to himself. May we find it to be for our good, which ever way the righteous God shall ordain. Let me reflect much on this matter—and be thou with me, O my God! in all my prayers and supplications.

Jan. 29. The Lord's sabbath and my birth-day. O Almighty God! sanctify this day in my heart: herein and henceforth may I rest from sin, and spiritual sorrow, except that sorrow which worketh repentance unto salvation.

I have preached on the parable *Matt. xx. 1*; and from *Eph. i. 7*, of a redemption.

Had some interesting conversation with J. W. and E. C. Went to Achton—Comfort and peace.

I see and approve the better but follow the worse. † This hamlet is sometimes called Adjeton, and at other times Achton, in the Diary. Its proper name is Arreton.

* He here alludes to his review of Daubeny's *Vindiciae Ecclesiae*, of which we shall have occasion to speak in a subsequent part. It was inserted in the 'Christian Observer.'

† This is another review, in which he was engaged. It was published in the 'Christian Observer,' for 1804, under the signatures of Academicus and a Curate of the South.