

lines "in characters uncouth and spelt amiss," but the "liberal soul should devise liberal things," and all, high and low, should write with ease and elegance. We have been led to make these remarks from the numerous epistles of Mrs. More here brought before us—the communicating with her friends in this way was manifestly a work in which she had great delight. We shall give only a few more passages. The celebrated Rowland Hill visited Mrs. More—this was about the year 1825, and a lady who resided in the house at the time, gives the following narrative of the interview:—

"You cannot imagine how delighted we were with dear old Rowland; instead of a coarse quaint being, disposed to deal out his witty sarcasms against all however good, who were not of his particular genius, we found a mild mellowed christian, of a liberality which really astonished us! He quite overflowed with amiable and truly pious conversation, and this was so seasoned with point, humour, and a delightful oddity which was all his own, that we were beyond measure entertained as well as edified by his company; it made the three hours he spent with us appear no more than half an hour. * * * Upon the question being put to him, how many persons he had vaccinated with his own hand? Mrs. More said, 'I have heard as many as six thousand.' 'Yes, Madam,' he replied, 'nearer eight thousand.' We talked of every body, from John Bunyan to John Locke, and he really showed an excellent discrimination and tact in character. But the most beautiful feature of all was the spirit of love and charity, which was eminently conspicuous in this christian veteran. I cannot express to you how interesting a spectacle it was to see these two already half-benighted servants of their common Lord greeting one another for the first, and probably the last time on this side Jordan, preparatory to the consummation of a union and friendship which will last for ever in the regions of eternal felicity. I suppose that no two persons in their own generation, have done more good in their own respective ways than Hannah More and Rowland Hill. Both have exceeded four score; both retain health and vigor of intellect; both are on the extreme verge of eternity, waiting for the glorious summons, 'Come ye blessed of my father.' He concluded this very interesting visit with a fine prayer, which was poured forth in an excellent voice and manner. I really don't know upon any occasion, I have been more gratified."

The following brief epistle is among the last Mrs. M. wrote. It was penned, we are told, to acknowledge a present of a book, which she had received from a tried friend:—

"7th May 1832, (83th year of her age.)

"MY DEAR AND TOO KIND FRIEND,—

"If you could look into my heart, you would see more pleasure and gratitude at one peep, than you would find in a whole folio, full of elaborate compliments. I am delighted with, and I hope edified by, your highly finished work. I am enchanted to find powerful reasoning and profound reflections so frequently diversified by the brilliant, the sprightly, and the gay. The work is at once christian and classical."

A person who called upon her a year before the date of the above, mentions the following circumstances:—

"She pointed to a large book case, which contained nothing but her own publications, and translations from them in various languages. She said that when she began to write, she printed her first works merely for the use of her young friends and pupils, expecting nothing like the extensive sale which they obtained.—I know not, she added, how far my writings have promoted the spiritual welfare of my readers, but they have enabled me to do good by private charity and public beneficence. I am almost ashamed to say that they have brought me thirty thousand pounds."

The time, however, was come when her earthly tabernacle was to be taken down. "She talked much," we are told, "of the many mercies of God to her through her long life." And looking for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus, she breathed her last on the 7th September, 1833. That Mrs. More was an ornament to her sex, as well as for good to her poor and ignorant neighbors, in communicating to them the blessings of education, the preceding pages sufficiently prove; and when we compare those of her writings, (and they are not few), addressed to the upper classes of society, in which their faults and errors are plainly laid open, with the fantastic productions now in circulation in such quarters, we may sigh ere we see her like again.

REVIEW.

THE COURSE OF TIME; A POEM, IN TEN BOOKS, BY ROBERT POLLOCK, A.M. American edition.

In the present state of excitement between the British population and our brethren in the States, it is pleasing to find there are ties which remain uninjured by political warfare. Nothing, indeed, but an unchristian nationality, could make two such communities forget the ties which bind them to each other. They have the same language and the same bible, and the literature which the progress of ages has accumulated, belongs equally to both. Does Britain glory in her Divines, who by

the blessing of God achieved the great reformation? The American States share equally with her in the honor, for, they were the fathers of both nations, who jeopardized their lives in the high places of the field, and resisted unto blood. Does Britain glory in her poets, such as Milton and others? The American States have an equal share in the honor, for their fathers were their kinsmen and brethren. Again, does America glory in Edwards, Brainerd, and a host of illustrious names, Britain partakes in