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BIOGRAPHY.

OBITUARY AND CHARACTER OF THE REV. SAMUEL TRAWIN.

(One of the Missionaries of the London Missionary Society,) who died at Berhampore, in Bengal, August 3, 1827.

THE following particulars are extracted from a communication to the Directors by the Rev. Micajah Hill, one of the Society's Missionaries at Berhampore; and from a Funeral Sermon, preached in Union Chapel, Calcutta, by the Rev. James Hill, on occasion of Mr. Trawin's death.

Of Mr. Trawin's death, Mr. Micajah Hill thus speaks—

Our dear Brother has felt his constitution giving way for the last two years; but he could not think of returning to England, even for a season, till we had more assistance. Mrs. Trawin's health also required a change of climate: to try if a change of air would prolong her life for another year's service, he accompanied her to our station; but told me, on his arrival, that the Lord had graciously disappointed his fears, as he did not expect that she would live to reach Berhampore. Alas! he himself was nearer than she to the eternal world. He arrived here on the 19th July; preached for me, in English, on the Sabbath following; and returned to Fendall Baugh (the residence of David Dalo, Esq.—the friend of Missions,) seven miles from Berhampore, whither Mrs. Trawin had been invited, on account of the salubrity of the place. On Monday, symptoms of a severe cold were exchanged for those of a Bengal fever; which gradually increased until Friday Morning, the 3d of August, when he rested from his labours.

On the 22d of July, his eldest child was seized with the yellow fever, and languished till the 10th of August, when she joined her Father in glory. Her last (audible) words were, *Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.* Our dear Sister, Mrs. Trawin, from these afflictive bereavements, and other causes, became so weak as not to be able to walk across the room without assistance: her infant felt the effects of the mother's grief, and we became anxious lest the mother and her infant should be soon interred in the same grave which had so lately received the remains of the father and eldest daughter. It has, however, pleased the Lord to spare them both: the child has recovered, and Mrs. Trawin is partially restored.

From Mr. Hill's account of the progress of the disease and the state of Mr. Trawin's mind, we extract what follows:—

Sunday: July 22, 1827.—Our departed friend preached his last sermon in public, at Berhampore, from Eph. iv. 30. Before the Service he complained of a cold and pains in his joints, and his voice was weaker than usual. He returned that evening to Fendall Baugh.

Monday.—A friend went over, and found him unwell: he was advised to have recourse to medicine. Feverish symptoms soon appeared, both in himself and his eldest daughter.

Tuesday.—A note from Mrs. Trawin informed us that he was rather worse.

Wednesday.—Intelligence being received of his having become worse, we lost no time in visiting him; and found him, on our arrival, in a high state of fever, and labouring under much depression of spirit. On being questioned, by one present whether he was happy in mind, he replied, "No: dark and gloomy." During the night he was exceedingly restless: frequently he requested Mr. Trawin to go and pray for him.

Thursday.—His depression of mind continued, and he inquired of Mrs. Trawin if she had any doubt respecting his state. She replied, "No: not the shadow of one." "That" said he, with emphasis, "is comfort: I trust I am safe;" and remarked concerning the danger of deceiving our own souls. Throughout the next day he was much in prayer.

In the night the fever and restlessness increased, and his disorder began to assume an alarming appearance.

Friday.—He still complained of darkness and fears, and betrayed some anxiety for the issue of his sickness. He was, however, much comforted on hearing several passages of Scripture repeated, with some verses from a favorite Hymn. He repeated these passages with much delight; and for a time seemed engaged in fervent prayer, and then fell asleep. His daughter's disease had also now become alarming, and required the constant attendance of Mrs. Trawin. Our dear Brother felt much for his beloved partner in this season of distress; and, on being assured by her that she was even better than she had been for some time, he was affected almost to tears, and fervently gave thanks to God for this proof of His love.

Saturday.—He was this morning very ill. A friend inquired of him what were his prospects for eternity, should his Divine Master call him home. He said, with earnestness, "Oh! if He will not cast me off forever!" He was answered, "Did you ever know Him to cast off any that fled to Him for refuge?" When, after a few minutes pause, he said, "Oh! my dear Brother, what a comfortable word is that! how much good it has done me!—Did you ever know!—no, NEVER!—Then I will die trusting in Him: it has been very dark for some days past, but now my fears are all removed." He meditated some time on the glorious fact, which had been so blessed to his soul, when he endeavored to testify his gratitude in every way for what he considered such kindness. From this time till the moment in which his happy spirit left its tenement of clay, not a doubt was suffered to perplex his mind, nor a fear to disturb his peace. When Mrs. Trawin entered the room, he exclaimed, "Oh! my Love! the cloud is removed! I have had such a delightful view of my interest in Christ, and such a meditation on the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, that the joy and glory appear almost too much for my frail body;" and several times he repeated the words "EVERLASTING LOVE!"

Sunday: July 29.—Mrs. Hill said to him, "My dear Mr. Trawin, do you still feel happy?" He replied, "Oh! yes; Christ is precious—He is altogether lovely. My dear wife!—my dear children!" "The Lord," she remarked "will take care of them: He has promised, and He will perform." He rejoined, "Yes, I think He will: they are included in the covenant;" and then added, "I am very ill." He was answered, "Yes; but an hour in heaven will amply compensate for a life of pain." With emotion he said, "Yes!" and then joined in repeating those beautiful lines—

"Hark, those bursts of acclamation!
Hark, those loud triumphant chords!
Jesus takes the highest station,
Oh! what joy the sight affords!
King of Kings and Lord of Lords!"

Toward the morning, his pain seemed to increase, and he said, "Oh! this perishing body! it is so weak: I am a poor creature!" It was remarked, "Yes, poor, but making many rich." He replied, "What a delightful thought! Yes, perhaps God has made me the instrument of making some few rich in faith."

Monday.—Great debility and symptoms of delirium prevented him from conversing much to day: he, however, occasionally repeated various texts of Scripture, which were mentioned by those in attendance on him: at one time, though unable to speak much, he expressed great pleasure on hearing some observations relative to the sovereignty of God, that nothing could occur without His permission, and that all circumstances, whether pleasing or distressing to us, would tend to the advancement of God's glory.

Tuesday and Wednesday.—He was frequently in prayer: but his voice was so weak, that only a few expressions could be distinguished.

Thursday, Aug. 3.—About half-past four o'clock this morning, the intensity of the fever caused him to exclaim, that he felt flames within him, and he

knew that they were the flames of death: he desired that Mrs. Trawin might be called, who, having watched all night by the side of her afflicted daughter, had just retired to rest: when she entered the room strong delirium had seized him, from which he did not recover till half-past six.

About two in the afternoon, he opened his eyes, when Mrs. Hill asked him if he knew her: he replied, "Not know you!—yes my dear Mrs. Hill, you have been very kind to me: the Lord will reward you: and tell my dear brother Hill how I love him—he has been with me all my sickness—he has given me comfort when distressed in mind: I am now going to Heaven, and will welcome him there, and will pray for you all: for my dear Mary, and for—." Here his voice failed.

The cause of the Mission lay near his heart; he frequently mentioned the different stations with peculiar feelings of gratitude and joy. A few hours before his death, he mistook an attendant for a Gentleman who has ever been a friend to the Mission Cause, and said to him, "Will you, my dear Friend, be the Father of the Mission Family? The Missionaries have much to contend with in their work. The people are ignorant, and have no desire to be instructed; but they must be taught. You, I hope, will not forsake the cause." Here his feelings overcame him.

About half-past eight in the evening, he imagined himself in the midst of a large audience of Europeans, and began to address them from—*Ye must be born again.* He continued speaking more than ten minutes; he pointed out the nature and necessity of regeneration; directed them to Christ, as the *Source of the Truth, and the Life*: and concluded by an affectionate appeal to the hearts of those whom he thought he was addressing: he then proposed kneeling down and uniting in prayer; but, overcome with the exertion of speaking, he closed his eyes and fell into a deep sleep. He spoke no more; but continued breathing regularly until twelve o'clock, when respiration became more rapid and his bosom heaved with difficulty. In this season of affliction, we assembled round the bed of the dying saint, and poured out our souls before God. Soon after we had risen from our knees, without a struggle or a groan, his spirit was ushered into the presence of its God.

Mr. Hill thus closes his narrative—

Throughout the whole of his illness, the graces of the Spirit shone conspicuous in his deportment. Acquiescence in the will of God was observable in every word and look. Humility was a prominent feature in his character: during his sickness, he cherished low thoughts of himself, and felt that he was indebted to sovereign grace for all he was permitted to enjoy. His gratitude to his friends, on receiving the least attention was almost painful to those who excited the feeling: he was constantly saying, "I shall never be able to repay you for your kindness." His dependence and hope were scriptural: the Enemy of Souls was permitted for the first few days to buffet him: during this time nothing afforded him consolation; but when the cloud was removed, and he was enabled by faith to see God reconciled to him through Jesus Christ, he rejoiced in the prospect of beholding the glory of God. During the delirium, it was no difficult task to ascertain the object which was uppermost in his mind: Christ was the theme, and the glory of God in the conversion of the world the substance, of unconnected and unfinished sentences.

From the Funeral Sermon by Mr. James Hill, we collect the following view of the Character of the deceased Missionary, and the circumstances under which that Character unfolded itself. Mr. Hill has here drawn a picture of the trials of Missionaries in India, which ought to awaken sympathy and to quicken prayer in their behalf.

Our departed friend was not a man of splendid talents, nor of extensive attainments; to these he made no pretensions. While, however, not one of this order, he was a striking and instructive exam-