

tation, and laboured in the places where she resided: but her zeal enlarging with her success, and a great variety of persons throughout the kingdom begging her assistance, in London, and many of the most populous cities, she set up the standard of the gospel, and purchased, built, or hired, chapels, vast and commodious, for the performance of divine service. As these multiplied exceedingly through England, Ireland and Wales, the ministers who had before laboured for her labourship, were unequal to the task; and some, unwilling to move in a sphere so extensive, and which began to be branded as irregular, and to meet great opposition: yet many persevered in their cordial services, when summoned to the work, and were content to bear the cross. As the work greatly enlarged beyond her power to supply the chapels with regular ministers, Lady Huntingdon resolved to employ the same methods as Mr. Wesley and Mr. Whitfield had pursued with so much success before. She invited laymen of piety and abilities to exhort and keep up the congregations she had established.

In order to provide proper persons for the work, she now retired into Wales, where she erected a college for training up young men to the ministry. From thence she despatched the requisite supplies for the increased congregations under her patronage; and as the calls were often urgent, her students were too frequently trust forth into the harvest before they had made any considerable proficiency in the languages, or sacred literature, in which it had been her intention they should be instructed. Few of them knew much more than their native tongue, yet being men of strong sense, and real devotedness to God, their ministry was very greatly blessed, and the accounts of their success animated her to greater exertions. They were itinerant—moved from congregation to congregation in a rotation established; and her correspondence with them to regulate and provide a constant supply, was a labour to which her active spirit alone was equal.

Many of those sought a settlement, either in the Church or among the dissenters, in preference to a life of itinerancy; and as they were under no bonds but those of choice, they often quitted her connexion. I think no less than fifty are now labouring in the church, or among the dissenters, with benediction. Their places were always supplied, and others offered to fill the ranks, as death, or retirement from the service, thinned their numbers.

Though Lady Huntingdon devoted the whole of her substance to the gospel, yet it is not a little surprising how her income sufficed for the immensity of expense in which she was necessarily involved. Her jointure was no more than twelve hundred pounds a year; and only after the death of her son, a few years preceding her own, she received the addition of another thousand. She often involved herself in expenses for building chapels, which she found it burdensome to discharge; but the Lord brought her always honourably through her engagements, and provided a supply when her own was exhausted.

To the age of fourscore years and upwards, she maintained all the vigour of youth; and though in her latter years the contraction of her throat reduced her almost wholly to a liquid diet, her spirits never seemed to fail her; and to the very last days of her life, her active mind was planning still greater and more extensive schemes of usefulness, for the universal spreading of the gospel of Christ.

Lady Huntingdon was rather above the middle size. Her presence noble, and commanding respect; her address singularly engaging; her intelligence acute; her diligence indefatigable; and the constant labour of her thought and correspondence inconceivable. Never was a creature apparently more dead to all self-indulgence, or more liberally disposed to supply the calls of the gospel. I believe, during the many years I was honoured with her friendship, she often possessed no more than the gown she wore. I have often said, she was one of the poor who lived on her own bounty; but her most distinguishing excellence was the fervent zeal which always burned in her own bosom to make known the gospel of the Grace of God, which no disappointment quenched, no labours slackened, no opposition discouraged, no progress of years abated; it flamed stronger in her last moments. The world has seldom seen such a character—thousands and tens of thousands will have reason,

living and dying to bless her memory, as having been the happy instrument of bringing them out of darkness into marvellous light; and multitudes, saved by her instrumentality, have met her in the regions of glory, to rejoice together in the presence of God and of the Lamb.

But, it may be said, was she a perfect character? No. This is not the lot of mortals on this side the grave. When the moon walketh in her brightness, her shadows are most visible.

Lady Huntingdon was in her temper warm and sanguine—her predilections for some and her prejudices against others, were sometimes too hastily adopted—and by these she was led to form conclusions not always correspondent with truth and wisdom.

The success attending her efforts seemed to impress her mind with a persuasion that a particular benediction would rest upon whomsoever she should send forth; and rendered her choice not always judicious; though seldom were there ever less offences in so extended a work.

She had so long directed the procedures of her connexion, that she too seldom asked the advice of the judicious minister who laboured with her; and bore not passively contradiction.

I am the historian of truth, as far as I know it. She needs no posthumous fame to blazon her worth, and she is past far beyond all human censure which can affect her. The great Head of the Church hath, I have full confidence, decided her character, pitied her infirmities, pardoned her iniquities, and welcomed her to glory, with well done, good and faithful servant.

* I insert the following anecdotes, not unworthy preservation. The famous infidel, Lord Bolingbroke, in conference one day with her Ladyship, addressed her, "My Lady, when you please to command my pen, it shall be drawn in your service; and, admitting the Bible to be true, I shall have little apprehension of maintaining the doctrines of predestination and grace, against all your revilers."

My Lord Huntingdon, her son, unhappily was a disciple of the infidel school; yet however opposite to her Ladyship's sentiments, he highly revered his venerable mother. A great prelate one day in conversation said, "I wish, my Lord, you would speak to Lady H., she has just erected a preaching place close to my palace wall." "Gladly," said his Lordship; "but will you add me the favour to inform me what to urge, for my mother really believes the Bible."

THE TRAVELLER.

From the New York Observer.

SKETCHES IN THE HOLY LAND—THE LEPROS.

I am a leper, Lord,
The dreadful plague I feel;
Thou canst—O speak the gracious word
My guilty soul to heal.

If you take a walk up to the Zion gate, on the south side of the city, you will see some persons sitting on the ground near the gate, with a small basket or bucket placed before them. They sit there daily to ask charity of the people who pass. They are very poor, and they look so sickly and distressed that you cannot help feeling sorry for them whenever you see them. Some of them have no hands, some have lost their feet, others have their limbs and faces swollen very large, or are covered with large sores, and are so diseased, or sick, that their voices sound very hoarse, as if they had a bad cold, or had been talking for a long time. The people who pass by give them a little charity, but do not go near them. Perhaps you think this very cruel, to leave persons who are sick to themselves, and do nothing for them but throw them a few pieces of money. But there is a reason why the people do not visit them; they are lepers. These lepers have a few small houses appointed or set apart for them, where they live separate from all the people. They are near to the Zion gate, just within the walls, and are called the "lepers' huts." They cannot at any time go into the city, nor can any persons from the city visit them, because the disease is thought to be contagious; that is, one person may take it from another, and thus, if they were allowed to go wherever they pleased, they would give the disease to many people.

The leprosy has been in this country for many hundred years. It was here before the Hebrews came into the land, and has been found probably in every generation which has lived since they

came out of Egypt. It was commanded by Moses, that all persons who had the leprosy should live outside of the camp, by themselves, and that no person should go to them, except to carry food, and then it was to be left in some place where the lepers could come and get it without communicating with the persons that brought it.

They were also forbidden to enter into the temple of the Lord. When they walked abroad from their place, they were obliged to go bare-headed, to have their clothes rent or torn, and a covering upon their upper lip; and when they saw a person coming towards them, they were to cry out, "UNCLEAN, UNCLEAN!" It was this disease which the four men had who sat at the gate of Samaria, when Ben-hadad, king of Syria, besieged the city. (2d Kings vi. 3.) These unhappy men lived by themselves in the lepers' cloister, outside of the gate, and were suffering, with all the people, from the dreadful famine. The city had long been surrounded by the army of the Syrian king, and nothing could pass in or come out, to supply the wants of the people. Food became so scarce that the most loathsome and offensive things were eaten, and mothers even boiled and ate their own children. In this time of distress, these four lepers began to consider their circumstances, and to ask what they should do. They said, "If we stay here in our place, we shall die, and if we go into the city we shall die, because the famine is there. Now, what shall we do? Come, let us go to the Syrians; if they kill us, we can but die." They went, and when they came, they found that God had brought deliverance; for the Syrians had all fled.

It was with this dreadful disease also that this poor man was afflicted whom the Saviour healed as he was passing through Galilee. (Matt. viii. 3.)

And shall I tell you, my dear reader, that you are a leper? Do not startle. If you have not been washed in the blood of Jesus, the leprosy of sin is upon you. You have been affected from your earliest years, and though you may not have known it, and do not now know it, yet the awful disease is working in your heart, and will at length burst forth to your shame and grief. But your leprosy is not like that of the poor sufferer whom we see in this country. Yours cannot be cured. They do not expect a remedy; but there is a Physician who knows well your disease, and can cure it. He has healed others; he can heal you. It is Jesus. Do not sit longer in the place where you are, covered with plague-spots of sin, but arise and go to the blessed Saviour. You can only perish if you go; you will surely perish if you stay. Make the sweet language of the poet yours:

"I'll go to Jesus, though my sin
Hath like a mountain rose;
I know his courts, I'll enter in
Whatever may oppose.

Prostrate I'll lie before his throne,
And there my sins confess;
I'll tell him I'm a wretch undone
Without his sovereign grace.

Perhaps he will admit my plea,
Perhaps will hear my prayer;
But if I perish I will pray,
And perish only there.

I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try;
For, if I stay away, I know
I must forever die."

THE NUTMEG TREE flourishes in Spingapore, near the equator. It is raised from the nut in nurseries, where it remains till the fifth year, when it puts forth its first blossom, and shews its sex. It is then set out permanently. The trees are planted thirty feet apart, in diamond order; a male tree in the centre. They begin to bear in the eighth year, increasing for many years, and they pay a large profit. They are cultivated chiefly by Europeans. There is no nutmeg seasons. Every day of the year shows buds, blossoms, and fruit, of every stage of growth and maturity. The nutmeg is a large and beautiful tree, with thick foliage, and of a rich and deep green colour. The ripe fruit is singularly brilliant. The shell is glossy black, and the mace it exposes when it bursts, is bright scarlet; making it one of the most beautiful products of the vegetable world.