

are far from meaning one and the same thing, we think it safer in the majority of cases to have no such diaries at all. Vanity is a strong principle in the heart, and religious vanity is the worst of all; yea, it chokes the good seed of the word wherever it is found. Self-examination and prayer can all be engaged in as earnestly without a diary as with one; and as the Lord is the hearer of prayer, and has promised the assistance of his spirit to guide his people in the way of truth; yea, to write his word in their heart, and put it in their minds, we do not see that a diary is a necessary appendage to the christian warfare. We give a few extracts from the document alluded to:—

“Sunday, January 19, 1794. Heard of the death of Mr. Gibbon, the historian, the calumniator of the despised Nazarene, the derider of christianity. Awful visitation! He too was my acquaintance. Lord, I bless thee, considering how much infidel acquaintance I have had, that my soul never came into their secret! How many souls have his writings polluted. Lord, preserve others from their contagion.”

Mrs. More appears to have been the subject of much slander from diverse quarters. Although she had given the plainest proofs of her loyalty, in the tracts which she had penned and published, with the view of counteracting the effects of French principles, still it would seem the sycophants who flutter about the court have the effrontery to charge her with disaffection. But who are the disaffected? Whether those who by their infatuation would allow a nation to remain in a state of desperate and deplorable ignorance and irreligion, or those who bravely seek to stem the torrent of folly and sin, and to instruct the people? Doubtless there must be movement in this work, but so is there in all the wholesome process of nature. The purest water is always in motion—the streams roll along the sides of the hills, and the rivers roll into the sea. It is only the putrid puddle which remains motionless, and this state of quiescence is the source of disease and death—the exhalations of such a state are filthy and pestilential. But to proceed with the journal:—

“July 29. Heard today that my enemies had been undermining my character, among those of the highest rank. I am anew accused of disaffection to those whom my humble talents have heartily supported, and whom it is one great business of my life to support. Blessed be God! I heard this with little emotion. O, how thankful am I, that I can now hear such charges with patience! May I more and more learn of him, who was meek and lowly; may I with humble reverence reflect, that even that divine Being was accused of sedition and of stirring up the people.”

But though Mrs. More had secret enemies who sought to undermine her character, she had also steadfast friends who esteemed and loved her.—The following passage has a reference to such:—

“October 14, 1803. My beloved friend, Mr. Wilberforce, and his family came to pass a few days. I bless God that we were permitted to meet once more in this

tempestuous world, in tolerable peace and comfort. I hope to profit by this fresh view of this excellent man's faith and holiness; his superiority to worldly temptation and worldly censure; his patience under provocations, and his lively gratitude for the common mercies of life.”

Her journal ends in the year 1804, and it would seem that she was prevented from continuing it further, in consequence of her time being occupied with diverse publications, which at intervals proceed from her pen. We shall give one more quotation. It serves at once to shew her humbleness of mind as well as christian patriotism:—

“January 14. Blessed be God for an interval of ease for two days. I call myself to account for my late deadness, and hardness and worldliness disturbed with petty cares, and my heart much alienated from prayer by those very sufferings which ought to have drawn my soul nearer to God. ‘O wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death? I thank God, through Jesus Christ.’ A visit from Mr. A., he declares that the country is in a complete state of defence, and the foe hourly expected. Lord strengthen our arms and prepare our hearts. Alas! what preparations are the great of our own sex making! Balls, routs, masquerades; such was the preparation Belshazzar made, when Cyrus built the brazen gates and Babylon was lost in a night. O Lord, awake this sinful, sleeping land.—Death and eternity! impress these two awful words on all our hearts.”

Mrs. More's epistles to her friends form a large and interesting portion of the memoir. And here we may observe that the art of writing whereby we convey our sentiments to a friend, when removed from us, is one of the happiest which can well be imagined. Without this art, how limited would be the intercourse we held with our friends! A few miles would effectually separate us from all communication. How important and truly delightful therefore is that art which brings near to us the most distant friends, so that we can still converse with them though separated by seas and mountains. We can tell them of our welfare, that we remember them, though unseen, and far removed—that we pray with them at a throne of grace, and walk with them the same walk of faith. All these beneficent results flowing from this art favor the opinion of the best philologists, that it was not allowed to the ingenuity of man to invent, and slowly bring to perfection, but was conferred as an immediate gift by heaven, and this consideration clearly shews that it ought to be in the power of all who have either a heart to feel or a soul to understand. How melancholy then the consideration, that rulers should be so indifferent about the good of their people—that they grudge to confer on them this heavenly gift. The faculty of speech is important, but the art of writing is the following out of the same principle—it is speaking to our friends at a distance. It is not a boon therefore, which should be doled out to a people with a meagre and parsimonious hand, so that it is held enough, if the majority are able to scratch a few