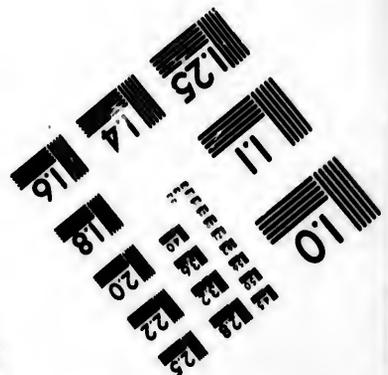
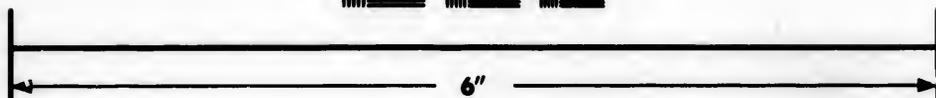
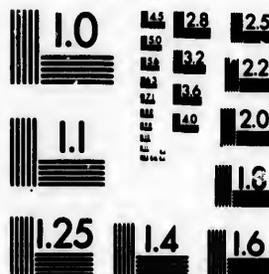


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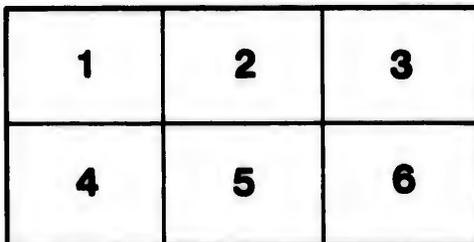
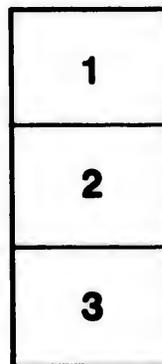
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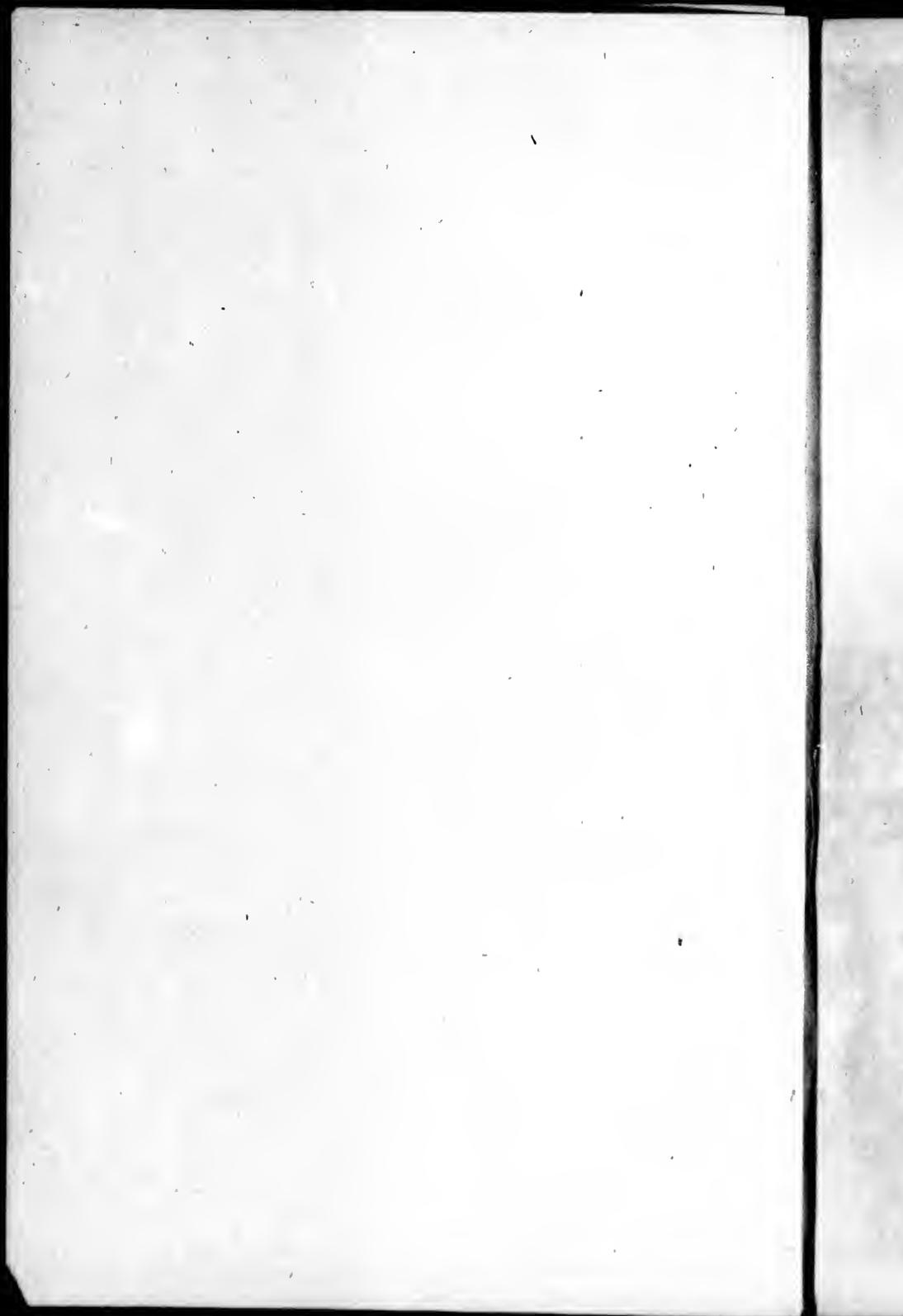
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MR. WILLIAM RUTTAN,

SON OF HENRY RUTTAN, ESQ. OF COBOURG;

BY A FRIEND.

TO WHICH IS PREFIXED

A SERMON,

**PREACHED AT THE RE-INTERMENT OF THE
DECEASED,**

BY

THE REV. A. N. BETHUNE,

**RECTOR OF COBOURG, AND CHAPLAIN TO THE LORD BISHOP OF
QUEBEC.**

**PUBLISHED AT THE REQUEST OF THE FRIENDS OF
THE DECEASED.**

Cobourg, U.C.
R. D. CHATTERTON, PRINTER.
JUNE 1837.

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SERMON.

JEREMIAH, xxii. 10. — WEEP YE NOT FOR THE DEAD.

Amidst the various trials which it is the lot of mortals to endure, and the deprivations especially of beloved friends which they are so often called upon to mourn, this, my Brethren, is a necessary admonition. Breathed, in the present instance, from the lips of inspiration, it is beautifully re-echoed by the eloquent and undaunted preacher of the resurrection, the Apostle Paul,—when he tells his mourning converts that, thro' the comforts of this doctrine, they are not of those who “sorrow without hope.” And it is a sentiment spoken, too, by one who is greater than prophets or apostles,—by him who is the very corner-stone of that consoling doctrine upon which, under such suffering and trial, we are taught to build our hopes and confidence. To Martha, distressed and weeping for the loss of her beloved brother, Jesus said, in words most calculated to dry the mourner's tears, “Thy brother shall rise again;”—but far more impressively did he speak his consolations to the anguished heart, when, in his own last hours of agony,

he cried aloud to the females whom he saw in tears and lamentation round his cross, "Weep not for me."

It is a comforting admonition and a blessed lesson when spoken by such authority; for this world is but a scene of fluctuation, a pilgrimage of trial, a place of weeping. Yet uncertain, and unsatisfactory, and unenduring as it is, many nevertheless fix their hopes too fondly, and set their hearts too exclusively upon it. The gloss and glitter of its scenes and prospects dazzle and delight the unwary eye, its pomps and pleasures allure and win the inconstant heart;—its plans of ambition, its schemes of enjoyment, its visions of glory are those which the eye, unable to penetrate beyond the glittering surface, rests upon, as the consummation of real and substantial happiness. But "the fashion of this world passeth away." In a moment, unlooked for and unexpected, those airy hopes are fled; the fabrics of worldly expectation are levelled with the dust; and the conclusion left to be verified by melancholy experience, that "here we have no continuing city,"—that "all below is vanity."

But there are severer disappointments than these to awaken the sigh and compel the tear;—worse than the demolition of the best laid schemes of human ambition; when the great ravager death, in the thick flying of his shafts, plants the destroying arrow in the bosom of those loved ones whom, with pride and joy, we had witnessed growing and clinging around us,—the props of our worldly comfort,—the stay upon which we had leaned in our days of infirmity and

sorrow. Then, when this gloom overspreads the brightness of our visions, and this cloud is thrown upon the joyousness of our earthly hopes, we are reminded of the world's character of uncertainty; and taught by a better lesson than theorists and moralists can furnish, that "we have the sentence of death in ourselves, that we should not trust in ourselves;"—that the joys of life, and life itself; are as brittle, and fading, and perishable as "the grass that withereth, and the flower thereof that falleth away."

Uncertain and unsatisfactory world! Which of you, my Brethren, has not had experience of days and hours when you found it to be so? Who has not learned by trial the mournful reality of its rapid fluctuations? Who has not experienced interruptions most sudden and sad to their worldly gladness? What parent, or child, or friend, or brother is exempt from trial, in turn, of the frightful desolations which death creates?

Be assured that, in the course of manifold and trying duty, none have more impressive and saddening experience of these vicissitudes and sorrows than the minister and ambassador of the Lord Jesus Christ. In the compass of a few years of ministerial labour, in how many cases is it his painful duty to watch the dying struggle, and to hear the dying Amen to the last spoken prayer;—how many of the loved ones of his flock does he precede, in the awful solemnities of the funeral procession, to the opened sepulchre,—there to reiterate the appalling lesson of man's mortality in the return of dust to dust and ashes to ashes! How many blanks in the rows

of those attentive listeners in the house of God, who, when he had declared his Master's counsel, and told of his Master's love, heard his words with deep and solemnized impressions! How many wanting amongst the guests who are wont to gather round their Saviour's altar, and who received from his hands the symbols of that Saviour's dying love! Believe me, these are amongst our most severe and trying duties;—and most fearfully and painfully do they add force to the lesson of the uncertainty and nothingness of the world, and point out the folly of leaning upon the empty satisfactions it can at best afford.

But what says the inspired prophet in allusion to the circumstances of trial and to the scenes of mourning amongst which we live? What says he in reference to the severest inflictions of providence that can break up the fountain of tears, and call forth the voice of lamentation?—"Weep ye not for the dead."

What then,—are we, on every occasion of affliction, to suppress our tears, to hush our sighs, and control our voice of weeping? Are our beloved relatives' remains to be consigned to the cold grave, and not one word of sorrow breathed over it, as it is filling with congenial dust and ashes? Are the companions of many of our most precious years to be yielded to the destroyer's grasp, and not one word of sadness to accompany the bereavement? Is the mournful detail of accumulated woes,—such as yonder pall, shrouding the mouldering remains of youth and excellence, betokens,—one on which the mind is to reflect and the heart to fasten without a pang?

I would fain spare you and spare myself that detail; but it is interesting amidst its sorrows,—it is instructive in its mournfulness,—yes, it is gladdening amidst its gloom. Here, then, we are reminded of the youth whom God had endued with faculties and powers of no common order,—passing through the ordeal of boyhood's trial, and stepping upon the threshold of youth with brows enwreathed with the brightest crowns of academic honors. The walk of future life is chosen, and the eye looks ardently forward to the goal. But in an unexpected moment death aims his shaft, and the arrow rankles amidst the life-springs. Human assiduitics, parental care,—all, all are anxiously employed to revive the decaying strength and recruit the shattered frame. The most devoted and most skilful efforts failing, the more genial skies and balmy airs of southern climes are thought of, as the possible restorer of the sinking energies and weakened constitution. The wide ocean is crossed; distant lands are traversed; and a retreat is sought where milder skies and softer seasons promise renovation to the declining strength. For a time hope is buoyant, and the prospects of restoration to health are inspiriting. Every message from that distant land to the loved ones of home breathes the tone of encouragement and the language of hope. But oh! the insatiate spoiler renews his fatal work; the planted shaft of death, whose sting for a time was felt not, cankers and consumes; disease, with sudden and fearful rapidity, increases; the strength is failing, the frame is sinking, and death is inevitably hastening on. But the thought of dying in a foreign land,—that the hands of strangers should close the dying eyes,—

that others than parents and friends should be gathered round the death-bed, and watch the parting breath, and impart the final blessing ;—these are thoughts too trying ; and in the hope, dimly cherished, of escaping *these* bitternesses of the last hours, the steps are fondly and anxiously directed homewards again. After many wearisome weeks upon the world of waters, land is reached ; and amidst the obvious decay of the outer man, hope is awakened,—the hope at least that, although the anxiously sought home may not be reached, those most fondly borne upon and cherished in the heart may be permitted, through the providence of God, to come to that bed-side, and soothe the dying struggle, and join in the parting prayer. But, instead of the realization of the fond hopes of those who nursed that infancy, and watched that childhood, and rejoiced amidst the bright promises of that opening youth ;—look, for your own instruction in the world's ways of treachery and deceitfulness ; look rather for an evidence of God's mysterious and all-wise dealings,—look to yonder tenement of the dead, about to be committed to the solitary grave ! Is this then, we may ask, a combination of events,—is this a picture of life's distressful uncertainties, which we are to regard with indifference ;—in the contemplation of which we are to hush the voice of grief, and dash aside the stealing tear ? No, Brethren, no : the eyes which tears bedim may be raised to heaven with as much intensity of hope as those upon which no sorrow is pressing ;—the heart which grief overwhelms may waft its better loves to the eternal world, though the load which oppresses it may partake of the dross of this one. But

though we would not pass one word of commendation upon that philosophic coldness, or that stoic insensibility which has no place in the creed of Christianity, we can,—yes, even in relation to the present instance of complicated trial, we can—with the prophet say, **WEEP YE NOT FOR THE DEAD.**

We can reiterate, heartily and fervently, the prophet's exhortation, in contemplating the future glories to which the sufferings of the present time constitute the strait gate and the narrow passage. We must be unclothed of this fragile tabernacle, before we can be clothed upon with the new and undecaying body which Christ's word hath promised, and of which Christ's own triumph over death and the grave affords the most complete assurance:—we must leave this earthly house, before we can be admitted into the mansions of our Father which await the believers above. We weep not for the dead, because, like the Israelites in the typical wilderness, they have crossed the wilderness of this world's trials, and reached the everlasting "rest which remaineth for the people of God." We weep not for the dead because we know they are not lost to sight and recognition forever;—for they who "fall asleep in Jesus" will, on the last great day when the trumpet's universal summons shall call forth the sleepers of the grave, be "caught up to meet their Lord in the air," and in the eternal world will be united with the "spirits of the just made perfect," and join with them, and with the Cherubim and Seraphim, in the never ending song of praise to God and the Lamb.

But will it be asked what there is to awaken the full assurance of hope, that death is, in this case, a subject of congratulation ;—that, at least, such evidences of faith and interest in the Redeemer's precious merits have been afforded, as to create in the survivors a more ready obedience to the prophet's injunction in the text, "not to weep for the dead" ? We have, my Brethren, reasons for that assurance neither doubtful nor equivocal in their character. It is confessed and proved in many pathetic remains,—in letters and other recorded reflections,—which during the course of his fatal illness this lamented youth had furnished. In such of these as were begotten by the strange and passing scenes of foreign lands, there is ever evinced a horror of that licentiousness and vice, and of that indifference to religion which, in most countries, cannot fail sometimes to be presented to the eye of the traveller ;—a deep-seated and lively concern for the honour of God whose rules and commands he had so often, in his career through other lands, seen violated and outraged ; and, on all occasions, a hearty and personal interest in all that pertains to his glory and to his love. But I can appeal, with a fuller confidence, to one striking and pathetic memento,—a letter written at sea in the assurance that his days were numbered, and that, in this world at least, he must rejoin no more the company of those he most dearly loved, unless through the special interposition of the merciful providence of God. It was written under great bodily weakness, as its brevity and the tremulousness of its characters would import, but evidently with a spirit composed and a religious trust unshaken ;—manifestly an effort, as far as

personal strength was concerned, which a sense of approaching death aroused him to employ, and one which he felt it necessary to transmit as a means of affording the truest consolation under the deprivation which he now foresaw to be certain ; a declaration of his confidence in the mercy of God and in the faith of his Redeemer. It is addressed to those whose anxiety he knew, would on his account be the deepest ; to those whom, in those appalling hours of approaching separation from the world, it can easily be understood that his heart would yearn with peculiar intensity of filial love ; to those whom in this brief record of his dying hopes, he terms his "dearest parents." Calm amidst his sufferings, and tranquil amidst the solitariness and gloom of his situation he thus writes : "Should I not live to reach home, this small note, which is all I am able to write, will be forwarded to you by the captain of the ship. But it will be some consolation to you to know that I die in full faith of the mercy of my God, and that I have a firm hope that through his grace I shall attain eternal rest. What a dreadful disappointment to all your fond hopes ! But God wills it, therefore we must submit." This pathetic testimonial of his Christian confidence, which is all that I shall extract from the brief letter in question, and which is pathetically subscribed "your affectionate but dying son," is assuredly enough to afford the fullest satisfaction as to his being of that blessed number who "die in the Lord." It bears the strongest internal evidence of this fact ;—a declaration, clear and firm, of dependence upon the mercy of God through his Saviour's blood, for this, the only means of acceptance he well understood ;

and what must at once strike every reader, not a word of repining, not an expression of fretfulness under what he felt to be the wise dispensations of a righteous God. And in the brief allusion to the grievous disappointment of which his premature fate would be the cause, there is not a word expressive of any such feeling as respects himself:—it is mentioned as solely to affect those who, at the very moment he was inditing this sad memorial of his true condition, would be preparing to welcome his return in the full restoration of health. There was, on his part, no expression of the desire of life,—further perhaps than to gain his parents' blessing before he died,—no leaning to those high and bright prospects, to those visions of worldly honor and satisfaction in which his earlier career might have justified the indulgence. No: all betokens the subdued spirit, the calm humility, the holy confidence of the assured Christian.

These, Brethren, are internal evidences; but they are supported by numerous collateral testimonies,—of those who witnessed at sea his gentle and Christian-like demeanor, his temper of piety, and his habits of devotion,—his conscientious and prayerful observance of the sabbath-day, and his steady and ardent perusal of his Bible, valued most of all for the precious comforts it contains, but valued too, under the present circumstances of loneliness and trial, as the parting gift of his beloved and pious Mother. We have the testimony also of those who witnessed his last moments on shore: the unrepining submission to the dispensations of his Almighty Father, the ejaculations of praise and prayer,

the repeated declaration of spiritual comfort and resignation at the final moment of parting life.— All this is consolatory to those who feel the best interest in the cherished hope of our re-union in a better world with those from whom we have been prematurely torn in this one. And if there be one word more of consolation to be expressed, it is in the fact not merely that those remains were not, through the force of circumstances, consigned to the depths of the boundless sea, but that this mouldering frame is permitted to be borne, for the last Christian rites and duties which friends and mourners love to pay, to that very house of God where he had so often knelt and worshipped; and that until the morning of the resurrection shall awaken all to the bar of our Judge, his remains shall sleep in that consecrated ground, where so many others, interesting and dear, are reposing; and where the verdure and the flowers that spring upon that grave shall as an object of daily view, afford a daily remembrancer of the rise of the mortal to the immortal life, of the corruptible to the incorruptible, of the change at last of this vile body into the likeness of the glorious body of our Lord and Redeemer.

Well then, my Brethren, is the prophet wrong, —after all the circumstances of consolation and satisfaction it is so often our joy to see mingled with those of disappointment and distress in the sudden and sad desolations which are the work of death; is the Prophet wrong in giving us this injunction,—**WEEP YE NOT FOR THE DEAD!**

Our religion is a great mystery, and “angels themselves desire to look” into its surpas-

sing wonders of wisdom and love. If this, then, be so,—is it strange that man should be ignorant of much that concerns even his own everlasting interests in this inscrutable plan and purpose of an all-wise and all-gracious God? And could we even hope to discern and understand all his intentions of love in the ordinary operations of his Providence,—to comprehend the meaning of every trial he sends,—to perceive the full intent of all his dealings with the sons of men? It is surely enough for our fullest consolation, to know that “all things work together for good to them that love him;” to know that “our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory;”—to know that “as many as the Lord loveth he rebukes and chastens;” for it is not merely by the hearing of the ear, but by the testimony of the heart and the experience of life, that Christians know these things. Feeble as our understandings are, we can see how worldly tribulation helps us to the attainment of immortal treasures. We are naturally prone to love the poor delights, to be attached to the fleeting possessions of this brief existence;—this fair and seductive world has for the best of us too many attractions; and through the force of its numerous fascinations, men are often brought to forget that our final resting-place is not here. But when adversity comes; when our sky is darkened and the tempest howls; when we feel our earthly securities tottering, our human dependencies levelled with the dust, a new and a better spirit will often come upon us. With the bitter experience of life’s uncertainties and sorrows, we will naturally turn our thoughts and hopes to a world where there is no vicissitude;

the eye will be raised from the gloom below to the sunshine which brightens unchangeably above: the heart robbed of its comforts here, will fasten upon its imperishable treasures there; the soul a wanderer from its wonted earthly rest, will seek its repose "in the bosom of its Father and its God."

These are arguments deduced from the wisdom, yes, and the love of God, which are powerfully calculated to allay the mourner's anguish when he is about to "bury his dead out of his sight." There is yet another equally calculated to quell the selfishness of our sorrows, founded upon the Spirit's solemn declaration, "Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord." If then we *believe* them to be thus blessed, why go on to weep for them? Would we bring them back, if we could, from the bright and heavenly country of which they are now inhabitants, to be pilgrims and sojourners again in this land of sin and tears?— Would we desire that they should leave the court of the King of Kings for the poor and fleeting vanities of earth? Would we wish them to forsake the choirs of the redeemed above to join in the troubles and sorrows that are so prevalent here below? Would we, after the best hopes of their reception, washed and purified in the Redeemer's blood, into the presence of his glory with exceeding joy,—would we have them live longer amidst the contaminations of this sinful world, to make shipwreck, perhaps, at last of their Christian principles upon the deceitful temptations with which it is so thickly strewed? Though "God's ways are past finding out," yet under such manifestations of his dealings, we can exclaim with

confidence in their tenderness as well as in their justice ; "It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good."

Thus far I have dwelt upon topics of consolation, such as our selected text naturally suggested ; but I cannot close my address to you without a word of warning, to those especially who are of the same interesting age with him whose mortal remains we are about to deposite in the tomb. What think you then, my younger Brethren, would be the counsel of your late gifted and esteemed companion, should he be permitted, after a glimpse of the eternity which he has entered upon, to rejoin for a time your society?— Would it be, think you, to pant and struggle onwards in the track of human ambition, without a thought upon the appalling close which every scheme and purpose and device of man is destined to experience ! Would any encouragement be given to persevere heedlessly & thoughtlessly in the walks of worldly enjoyment, to cling to the vanities and frivolities which so much and often so fatally engage the carnal, sensual nature, —to yield a free surrender to temporary gratifications, or to listen to that syren voice of temptation which would draw you into the broad road of everlasting ruin ? Think you that the converse of a spirit from the unseen world would partake of the dross of earthliness, or dwell on any other theme than the riches of redeeming love, the preciousness of time, the necessity of laying hold without delay upon the promises thro' Christ which the blessed Gospel conveys ? Or can you think that there is any one subject, or any one engagement that can justly claim precedence

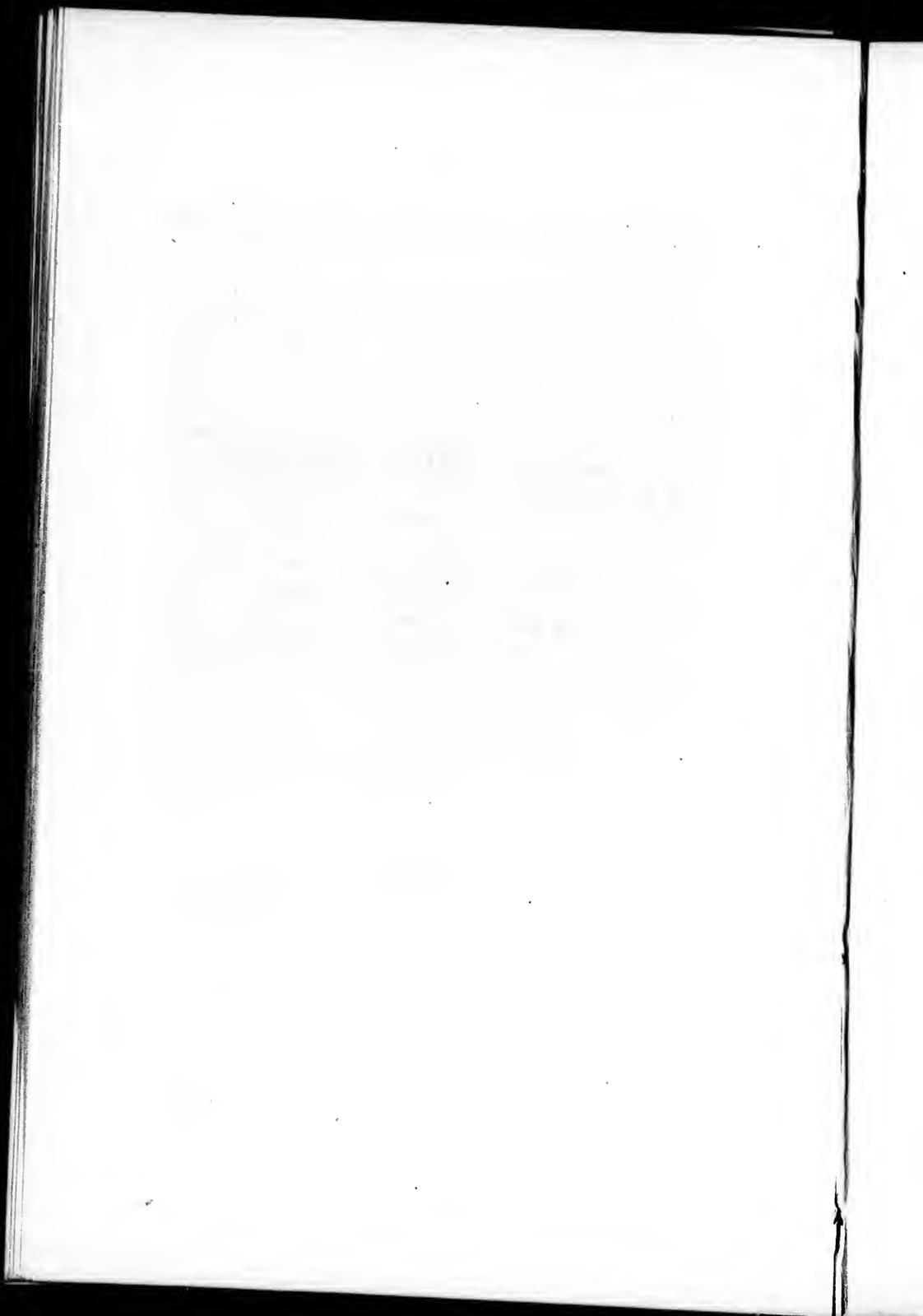
over this solemn consideration? Can you doubt that the hearty and pious services of *youth* in the cause of our God and Saviour are as much required from the candidates for immortality as those of our maturer years? No: to Christ and his cause we must be given up; nay, we *have* been devoted to him, ranged under his banner, enlisted into his service from that very moment of unconscious infancy when the baptismal sign was implanted upon our brow! Do not, then, make light of, or neglect the purpose and meaning of an engagement so solemn. Do not think you are safe in reserving for the service of God,—not the choice days of youth or the vigor of manhood, but the infirmity and decrepitude of old age, or the broken and imperfect and generally unsatisfactory duties of a death-bed repentance. Our life is, all of it, but too short for the needful preparation,—short enough indeed, even if every minute witnessed a sigh for sin committed against God, and every hour was marked by an outpouring before him of a penitent spirit. O, that you could rightly appreciate the precious opportunity and privilege that you now enjoy,—of giving up your lives and service to God from your youth! How many are there in the world who, with broken hearts and bitter tears, look back to the wasted days of youth, which can never be recalled, to give them up as a debt of gratitude to Him who bled and died for us upon the cross! And O, how many are there—we must believe it—in the gloomy portions of the eternal world who would part with kingdoms and crowns, if they possessed them, to have but the opportunity which you now enjoy of making your peace with God through the blood of his Son, and gaining

that better country from which alas! they have been excluded! It is true that God *may* spare you for some further years; and that despite your negligence and indifference now, you may hereafter become monuments of his love and mercy through Christ;—that at a later period of life you may become hearty penitents and sincere believers,—and die at last with the most blessed assurance of God's acceptance of you for our Redeemer's sake; but alas! alas! there are fearful chances on the other side. Wasted time, slighted opportunities, neglect of warning, a 'hardening through the deceitfulness of sin,' may provoke this terrible expostulation and this fearful decree: "Because I have called and ye refused; I have stretched out my hand and no man regarded; but ye have set at nought my counsel and would none of my reproof; I also will laugh at your calamity; I will mock when your fear cometh.—They shall call upon me, but I will not answer; they shall seek me early, but they shall not find me: therefore shall they eat of the fruit of their own way and be filled with their own devices."

But thanks to God,—with what fervency, my youthful Brethren, should you join in *that* thankfulness for being thus spared,—thanks to God, this dreadful condemnation may still be averted. Try, then, the reins; search the heart; cease to do evil; learn to do well;—and when you abstain from sin, when you do good, when you wait upon the ordinances of God, do all in dependence alone for their acceptance upon our Saviour's atonement, nor think it safe to dispense for one moment with a vital, consistent and constraining

sense of religion as begotten by faith in his precious blood.

Then, should it please our heavenly Father to spare you, our hearts shall be comforted in the cheering prospect that when your fathers in the flesh and your fathers in the faith shall have left this transitory world, to you will be consigned, with confidence and hope, the maintenance, support and furtherance of those holy principles of that good cause which has for its object the glory of God and the eternal benefit of our fellow-men. Or, if it shall please Him to cut you off in this career of Christian promise, even then shall our hearts be comforted ;—and though shades of sadness may cast upon our joyous visions their momentary gloom, we shall feel the force and appreciate the value of this admonition of the prophet,
WEEP YE NOT FOR THE DEAD.

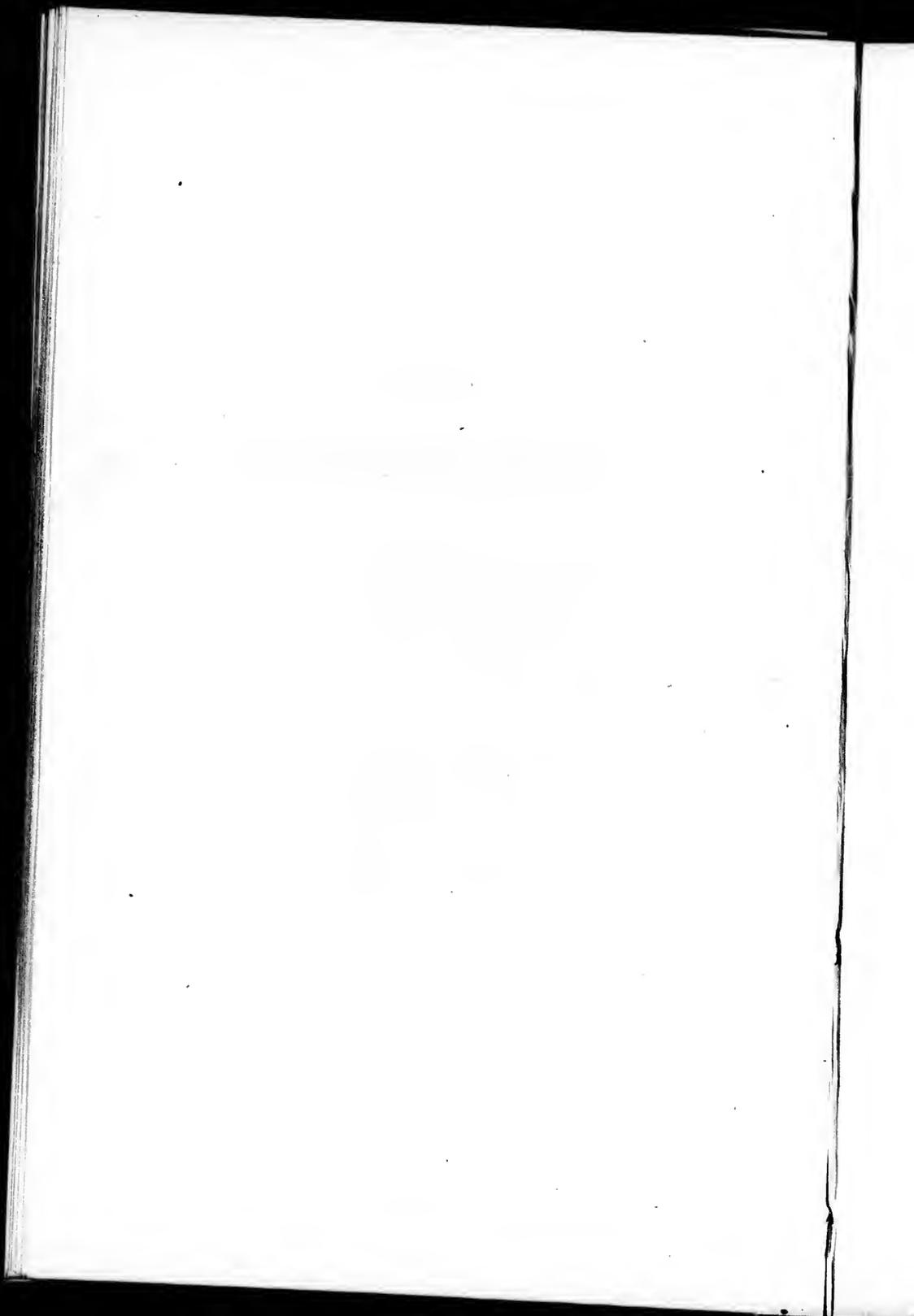


MEMOIR
OF
WILLIAM RUTTAN.

Dear as thou wert, and justly dear,
We will not weep for thee ;
One thought shall check the starting tear,
It is—that thou art free.
And thus shall faith's consoling power
The tears of love restrain ;
Oh ! who that saw thy parting hour,
Could wish thee here again ?

Triumphant in thy closing eye
The hope of glory shone,
Joy breath'd in thine expiring sigh,
To think the fight was won.
Gently the passing spirit fled,
Sustained by grace divine ;
Oh ! may such grace on me be shed,
And make my end like thine.

REV. THOMAS DALE.



P R E F A C E .

A few copies only of the following Memoir are printed, from the belief that with the public at large it can possess no particular interest ; but afford its chief gratification to the immediate friends and acquaintances of the deceased. It is from this feeling, especially, that his parents are induced to consent to the publication of the " Letter written at Sea ;"—being willing to make some sacrifice of personal feeling for the benefit of those upon whom it might have a moral and salutary influence.

Some explanation may also be requisite in regard to inquiries frequently made, why the lamented youth should have preferred so long and tedious a voyage as that from Marseilles to New York direct, to a land journey for example, to Havre and thence by Packet to America ! It appears from his letters that the journey, previously, from Paris to Marseilles had proved so extremely fatiguing as to produce in him the determination never to encounter the same hardships again ;—and moreover, his instructions upon leaving home

were, in case he found himself getting worse, to adopt the most direct and immediate opportunity of returning to his native land. Doubtless, these two circumstances produced the decision which he adopted :—and there is every evidence that it was strengthened by his belief in the salutary influence of the sea. It would, therefore, appear from all these facts that he pursued the very course which was most in consonance with his previous instructions, as well as what the circumstances of the case imperatively dictated.

MEMOIR

OF

WILLIAM RUTTAN.

William Ruttan was born in the Township of Haldimand, in the Newcastle District, on the 23d December, 1817. His father, a Member of the Eighth and Thirteenth Parliaments of Upper Canada, can claim the distinction of being the son of a United Empire Loyalist; his mother, tho' born on the continent of America, is of Welsh parentage. At an early age he was sent to a school, in which the elementary branches of education were taught, where he evinced that ardent love of learning by which his maturer years were so much distinguished.

In 1828, in consequence of the removal of his father to the neighborhood of Cobourg, upon his appointment to the office of Sheriff of the District, he was sent to the Newcastle District School in the same village, then presided over by Mr. David Ovans, and, at that time, and for about a year subsequently, personally superintended by

The Rev. A. N. Bethune, Rector of the Parish, and one of the Trustees of the School. Here he commenced the study of Latin, and his manly ambition and rapid progress frequently called forth the warmest praises from the reverend friend under whose tuition he was then in some degree placed. In July, 1829, a public examination of the school was held in the presence of several respectable inhabitants of the neighborhood, and the correct answers of William Ruttan in the various branches of learning in which he was publicly questioned, their free and unhesitating character, and his general manly, but at the same time amiable demeanour, were the theme of general admiration. Applause was particularly elicited by his delivery of certain poetical pieces, and dialogues, which it was his province to recite. Prizes were distributed at the close of the exercises, and more than an ordinary meed of honor was awarded to young Ruttan.

In the spring of 1830, to the very great regret of the reverend superintendent of the school, W. Ruttan was removed from Cobourg, and sent to Upper Canada College, then recently established at York, (Toronto,) under the auspices, and mainly through the exertions, of His Excellency the Lieutenant Governor, Sir John Colborne.

At Upper Canada College he thoroughly realized the anticipations that had been formed of him. It would be uninteresting to follow him through the different steps of his progress; indeed the testimonials of the Principal, and the Master of that institution, which will shortly follow, render such an account unnecessary. It is

sufficient to observe that he entered the Second Form in October, 1830, and retired, the head boy, from College in 1834, covered with classical honors, and no less loved for his virtues than admired for his intellectual attainments. The writer cannot recal without a pang his ingenuous and animated appearance, while delivering the recitations allotted to him on that occasion, and especially while receiving with a glowing blush of modest exultation the prizes* he had so honorably won. His pleasing features shone with intelligence and delight; and he moved before the eyes of the assembled spectators, raising feelings of gratification in all. His unsuccessful competitors envied him not his laurels, for the meekness with which he wore them; and his gentle and open disposition, reconciled them to his superiority, and in the participation of his joy made them forgetful of their own disappointment. His Masters looked upon him with a pardonable pride, as the noblest vindication of the utility of their labors that could be offered to the public; and the spectators, auguring of the future by the present, fondly anticipated the day when, in a wider theatre,—the world his arena and men his competitors,—he would carry off the palm of excellence in his profession, and rise to the most exalted station his country could confer on him. His father was present, and what *he* must have felt, none but a father can describe. An inscrutable Providence has thought fit to wring his heart with

* The following is a list of his College Prizes:—

1832.	1833.	1834.
Fourth Form Prize.	Sixth Form Prize.	Seventh Form Prize.
First French Do.	First French Do.	First French Do.
	Reading Do.	Reading Do.

the most poignant anguish ; and, instead of rejoicing in the growing goodness and worldly advancement of his son, the order of nature is reversed, and he is left to exclaim in the words of him who had experienced a similar bereavement,

Oh ! mark'd from birth, and nurtured for the skies !
 In youth, with more than learning's wisdom, wise !
 As sainted martyrs, patient to endure !
 Simple as unwean'd infancy, and pure !
 Pure from all stain (save that of human clay,
 Which Christ's atoning blood hath wash'd away !)
 By mortal sufferings now no more oppress'd,
 Mount, sinless spirit, to thy destin'd rest !
 While I, reversed our nature's kindlier doom,
 Pour forth a father's sorrows on thy tomb.

On quitting Upper Canada College, William Ruttan was articled to George S. Boulton, Esq. of Cobourg, with the intention of studying the Law. But the fatal malady which terminated his existence, soon commenced its insidious underminings ; and, after struggling against it with many fluctuations of health, he was recommended by his medical advisers to repair to a warmer climate. The Father entertained no doubt of his Son's ultimate restoration to health, and was not aware of the disease which was slowly, and almost imperceptibly, sapping his constitution. The writer of this sketch, however, on whom he called to take leave, was struck with his hectic and consumptive appearance ; and in reply to a hope he had expressed, that his young friend might speedily return with renovated strength, received an answer, accompanied by a melancholy smile, which too plainly told him that the prospect of an early death had often been intermingled with the meditations of the invalid.

Previous to his departure he procured such testimonials of character, as might be of service to him in the course of his travels. His kind and constant friend The Honourable Chief Justice Robinson furnished him with some useful directions gathered from his own experience, and certified that he was "a young gentleman of very estimable character, and good education." The Venerable Roman Catholic Bishop, Dr. Alexander Macdonell, presented him with a cordial introduction to Cardinal Weld at Rome, which city he would have visited had not the Cholera prevented him ; and the Reverend Dr. Harris, the Principal of Upper Canada College, still parentally watching over that mind on the rearing of which he had bestowed such vigilant and successful attention, after bearing witness to "his exemplary conduct, his superior talents, and unremitting assiduity," added the following excellent and appropriate remarks in a letter of valedictory advice : "I hope you will have strength and "spirits to enjoy all that you will meet with to "interest and surprise you in the old world ; and "I feel sure you will endeavour to make your "travels the source of as much improvement as "circumstances will permit. If you feel equal "to it, and have not already anticipated my advice, I would recommend your taking the opportunity of reading the general history of Modern "Europe. You will read of events, which took "place in its various Kingdoms, with more interest, whilst so near the centre of the scenes of "many of them. France especially has been the "theatre of so much that has affected not merely "all Europe, but the world. And whilst I recommend subjects of general improvement to

“you, there is one Book which I trust I need not
 “entreat you *never* to forget to study, though, I
 “fear, with too many young men it is considered
 “as a book only suited to maturer years,—as if
 “there were any years to which the Bible was
 “*not* suited. I shall be glad to hear of, and from
 “you, and I pray God to bless you!”

Every preparation for his departure being now completed, he proceeded to New-York, and from thence embarked for England on the 22nd June, 1836. His feelings on this occasion will be best described in his own words. He kept a Journal during his travels, but more as a Memorandum Book to revive his recollections of the scenes through which he had passed, when restored to home, than as a record of his thoughts, or observations. On the introductory leaf is transcribed part of a Stanza from Lord Byron, in which the noble bard gives vent to the feelings he himself experienced, on leaving for the first time, his native land:

“——It is an awkward sight
 To see one's native land receding through
 The growing waters—it unmans me quite,
 Especially when life is rather new.”

The Journal then opens with the passage alluded to, which, it will be perceived was written some time after the date, and which towards the conclusion, confirms the opinion entertained by the writer of this sketch, that William Ruttan left home with a dim presentiment of his fate.—How must he have mastered his own emotions, when he thus continued to hide from the affectionate curiosity of his friends the thought in his own bosom, which, if divulged, would have em-

bittered their every hour during his absence, racking them with suspense, or more cruelly blasting their hopes!

“Wednesday, June 22nd, 1836, was a day I shall never forget. The thoughts and feelings it excited are still fresh in my mind, and though somewhat tempered by absence, an endless variety of interesting scenes, and lapse of time, still retain sufficient force to assure me that some vestiges of them will remain. I found myself for the first time at sea. The Steamer, which had been employed to tow us out of the Harbour of New-York, had left us, and was making the best of her way back to the Town. There was no sound or object on board to draw off my eyes from the retiring steam-boat; and, as I saw her enter the narrow passage of the Harbour, more saddening thoughts passed through my mind than I had experienced in all the rest of my life put together. I longed to be once more safely in my native country; to meet again the kind regards and diligent inquiries of anxious friends, and to re-enjoy the pleasure of seeing those happy faces to which I had been accustomed. I did not consider why I was travelling to foreign lands—that the preservation of my health was the motive for my having left all I most esteemed—and that in proportion as that inestimable blessing was obtained, I should be happy in the company of those from whom I was separated, when we again met. Had such considerations come to my relief, my feelings would not have been so deeply sorrowful as they were. And as I was reflecting on what pained me more than every other thought—the uncertainty of ever again seeing my friends or

home—I was roused by the Captain's orders "to make sail." "Set the Spanker," sung out the first mate; and as this was notice for me to quit, I instantly left the Spanker boom (whither I had betaken myself when the steamer was no longer visible from the deck, and when I had watched her as long as the smoke from her chimnies was to be seen) and came down from the Round-house on deck, where all was now bustle."

With these sad forebodings, and in this cheerless, though not desponding, state of mind, he crossed the Atlantic. He arrived at Portsmouth on the 18th July; and after visiting London, Bath, and Bristol, sailed from Dover to Boulogne. From Boulogne he hastened to Paris, and, the usual visits being paid to the public Institutions, and the various spectacles which that attractive city presents, he hastened to the more genial climate of the south, and took up his abode at Marseilles with the intention—which he fulfilled—of staying the winter there. Ever since he had left Upper Canada, his health had varied, but with little visible improvement, until the middle of December. A slight change for the better then took place; and, in a Letter written to his Father about this time he says, "I am much more fleshy than when I left home, and am better as to spirits, feelings, and everything else; and by keeping quiet I hope to retain my gainings."—This was the last flickering ray that cheered his downward path. In February he felt the hand of death upon him; and, on the sixth of that month, took his passage for New-York in a Swedish ship, anxious to close his eyes amid his friends, and in his own native country. The

accommodations of the vessel were wretched in the extreme—the weather was stormy and adverse—and on the 5th of March the poor enfeebled sufferer made his last entry in the Log, which he had kept to beguile the tediousness of the voyage. In this trying crisis he was supported by a strength derived from no human source; and, as his father afterwards learned from the Captain, exhibited a tranquil, silent, cheerfulness, shedding no tear, uttering no word of despondency. Finding that he daily grew weaker, he began to look forward to the probability of his dying at sea, and in contemplation of such an event, addressed his parents in the following letter, the simple pathos of which is only equalled by its heavenly tone of resignation, and confidence in an everlasting Redeemer:

Ship Wester Norland, at Sea, }
 April 4, 1837. }

MY DEAREST PARENTS,

Should I not live to reach home this small note which is all I am able to write, will be forwarded to you by Capt. Gjostrom, a Swede. But it will be some consolation to you to know that I die in full faith in the mercy of my God, and that I have a firm hope that through his grace I shall attain eternal rest. What a dreadful disappointment to all your fond hopes! But God wills it, therefore we must submit. About three weeks before leaving Marseilles, my cough, which had been nothing before, became fearfully severe. I immediately took a passage home in the first ship I could find, in hopes that the sea would do me good, but on the contrary, the cough increased dreadfully; and has now become so bad that I have not the slightest hopes of living, and if I am able to reach home and see you all once more it will be only through the infinite mercy of my Saviour. And now farewell! May the Providence of God ever guide and protect you. Farewell my Brothers and Sisters, may the blessing of God rest upon you always. Farewell Aunt Mary, may the love of Christ ever rest with you. Farewell my dear friends and relations! wherever you are,

may you be blessed. My dearest Father and Mother once more farewell.

Your affectionate and Dying Son,
WILLIAM RUTTAN.

P. S.—I shall tell the Capt. to leave my things at the B. Consul's.
W. R.

Providence, however, though it did not permit him to reach home, or to see his parents before he died, deferred the close of his existence for a "brief space." Four weeks of suffering, borne without a murmur, were added to his trials, and he lived to reach New York on the 30th of April. He was instantly conveyed to a bed in the American Hotel, and medical attendance was procured. His first request was that his Father and Mother might be sent for;—a desire that was immediately complied with by the attending Physician. On the evening of the 2nd of May, he found himself getting worse; and evidently the sands of life were ebbing fast away. He took hold of the hands of his kind and assiduous attendant, and immediately after lifting up his own hands and eyes towards Heaven, exclaimed aloud "Oh! my God! help me!" He was now almost constantly engaged in prayer, and in reply to an exhortation from the attendant, declared that "he had trusted in God from the first." Between 11 and 12 o'clock, the Hon. W. H. Draper, then on his way to England, called to see him, and asked him if he had any request to make. He answered, or signified, "No," and grasped Mr. Draper's hand as a dying token of recognition. The Rev. Dr. Berrian, the Episcopal Clergyman, who had been sent for with his consent, came soon after this, and offered up a short prayer by his bedside. Being asked if he understood the Clergy-

man, he answered by a nod of assent. A little after 12 o'clock, he inquired of the attendant what the hour was, and also, whether it was not very cold; and requested to be covered up.—These were the last words he ever spoke. The attendant seeing that the mortal struggle was at hand, knelt down to pray. The dying youth would not allow him to move for this purpose, but held him fast by both hands, and did not relax his grasp till death loosed the silver cord at the hour of one, on the morning of the 3rd May. He expired without any motion, except a slight convulsion of his lips.

The Honorable W. H. Draper,—Mr. J. S. Cartwright, the member for Lenox and Addington—and Mr. Henry Sherwood, the member for Brockville, had previously tendered him every kind attention it was in their power to offer, and they next accompanied his remains to St. John's Church, where they were interred in a vault, so that they could be easily removed. His Father, who in one and the same moment had heard of the arrival and decease of his Son, hurried to New York, and with a natural wish to deposit the beloved relics in a spot where at some future day his own might be mingled with them, returned with his sad burden to Cobourg, in Upper Canada. On Sunday, the 28th May, the re-interment took place, attended by a concourse of more than 300 persons, on which occasion the Sermon prefixed to this Memoir, was preached by the Rector.

The compiler of this brief Memoir in discharging the task which he has willingly undertaken from affection for the deceased, and respect for

his memory, thought that those who had been the instructors and Collegiate associates of William Ruttan, could furnish the most authentic and full account of a life, which alas! knew no other season than an early spring. He accordingly applied to those gentlemen, and was kindly favoured with several communications, which, together with materials from other sources, are now introduced into the narrative.

The first communication which will be placed before the reader, is from the Revd. Dr. Harris, to Mr. Ruttan. And here it is only due to that estimable man, now that in a few short months he is about to quit Upper Canada, and lay down the cares of a situation which he has adorned by his abilities and dignified by his virtues, to pronounce the wish,—that, in his native country his health may be invigorated, and peace and happiness ever attend his path—that, besides the approbation of his own conscience, and the pleasures of retrospection on a career marked by utility and rectitude, he may ever and anon be cheered by accounts of the successful progress in life of those whose minds he has stored with the varied treasures of learning, and whose hearts he has endeavoured to imbue with the wisdom “that maketh wise unto salvation!” How much of the firmness, and the christian resignation with which William Ruttan met death, under circumstances of no ordinary bitterness, may have sprung from the seed dropped into the “good ground” of his heart by this pious and faithful instructor! The following Letter cannot be read by any one, especially by the young, without leaving a deep and salutary impression behind:

U. C. COLLEGE, June 26, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR,

Though at a late period, I trust you will accept my sincere condolence for the heavy bereavement you have sustained and which absence from home prevented my sooner offering. It has pleased the allwise disposer of events, to deprive you, in His inscrutable providence, of a Son whose disposition and talents, as disclosed during the brief career he was permitted to run, justified the fondest anticipations that he would prove no less an ornament to the community, than an honour and a happiness to yourself. To expect that you should not feel bitterly the early blight of such hopes, would be to suppose you insensible to natural affection, and to the natural pride of a parent in the superior endowments of his offspring. But whilst Christian submission to the Divine will doubtless preserves you from repining at a dispensation which you cannot but bewail; and directs you to the chief, and never failing source of consolation—you are by no means forbidden also to indulge in that solace which the memory of your lamented son is calculated so abundantly to supply. For, if superior talents, and a soundness of judgment beyond his years, added to the most indefatigable, and conscientious industry—if undeviating correctness of principle—if a kindly disposition, and a uniform propriety of conduct, which conciliated the esteem of his teachers, and the affection of his companions—be traits in the character of a son, on which a father may dwell with sad, but soothing complacency—I am sure, from my own knowledge that few parents have greater reason to console themselves under one of the heaviest of trials, than yourself, when reflecting on the memory of your departed son.

From the time that he was admitted at the College, till he left it, he was always distinguished for his resolute application to study, and, (as a consequence) for his rapid advancement. He was at U. C. College four years and a quarter, but in that comparatively short period, he passed, through six out of the seven Forms, into which the College Course is distributed; being placed on his entrance, in October 1830, in the second Form, and having left the College at Christmas 1834, its head pupil; a station which he had achieved, and maintained, by talents, and acquirements, which would have discredited the same rank of no public School in Great Britain.

During the entire period that he was a pupil of the Institution, I do not recollect his ever being reported to me for the slightest

impropriety of behaviour; and during the last year he spent with us, when more immediately, and constantly under my own tuition, he was ever remarkable for the integrity, and general exemplariness of his conduct.

I have read with much interest some reminiscences of your son, written, at the request of one of the Masters, by a schoolfellow, which are as creditable to the feelings of the writer, as they are just to the memory of his friend. I believe no pupil of the College ever left it, enjoying a larger portion of the friendship both of Masters and Scholars,—than William Ruttan.

To myself, as to the other Masters, it cannot but be very gratifying to know how warmly he felt attached to his instructors, and to the scenes of his education—though indeed this was to be expected from him—for *he* had done *his* part by assiduous, and respectful attention to profit by the instructions he received, and therefore, as he appreciated the value of the acquisition, so he cherished a generous gratitude towards those who had laboured for his improvement.

But whilst I can assure you of the deep sorrow with which I learned the intelligence of your loss, and how sincerely, though inadequately, I can enter into a parent's feelings, under such a visitation; there is one point of view in which I may unaffectedly claim to sympathize more nearly with you. In the loss of your son we *both* deplore the disappointment of hopes which we justly entertained from the developement of his early talents, and virtues;—and though it would be mockery to compare the sensations of any other with those of a parent on such an occasion; yet, next to the ties of relationship, there are few connections of deeper interest, and attended with more grateful associations, than that which exists between the master and his pupil in after life, when the former may contemplate with a pardonable self-complacency the honorable career to which he in some measure gave the impulse; and the latter, gratefully sensible of his obligations, is happy to regard the instructor of his youth, as the friend of his maturer years. The satisfaction of such an intercourse I had promised myself, among other instances, with your son, as he advanced through the more arduous stages of life—but the realization of our common hopes has been denied us; nor is it for us to say, why was it so? And here, my dear Sir, I should have closed my remarks, but that having, since writing the above, been favoured with a perusal of the last short letter which your son ever wrote, I cannot conclude

without congratulating you most sincerely, as a Christian parent, on the unspeakable comfort which such a declaration of his feelings, at such a moment, must afford you! How feeble, how insufficient, do all other topics of consolation, whether drawn from his moral virtues, or his intellectual attainments, appear, when contrasted with the simple assurance, that he "died in full faith in the mercy of his God!" In the certain prospect of approaching death, with no mistaken zeal of officious friendship to prompt him to express that which he did not from his heart *feel*; with no eye but God's to overlook him, and no word but the word of God, to suggest his meditations, surrounded only by strangers and foreigners, in the midst of the wide ocean, he was enabled to record, with calm and un murmuring resignation, his last adieus to those he loved, and the dying testimony of his faith. With this evidence of his happy state of preparation, though nature *must* grieve at the stroke, you cannot 'sorrow as those without hope'; for you have the most satisfactory ground for the happy persuasion that your dear Son has only been "taken away from the evil to come," and early called to enter into "eternal rest." May God bless this assurance to the effectual comfort of you and yours, is the earnest prayer of,

My dear Sir,

Yours with great sincerity,

JOSEPH H. HARRIS.

Henry Ruttan, Esq., &c. &c.

The following is the brief but satisfactory testimonial of the Rev. Charles Dade:

June 17th, 1837.

Wm. Ruttan was for a considerable time under my tuition, and his conduct was that of uniform propriety and attention to his studies. Had he been spared, there is no doubt he would have proved a most useful and estimable character in all the relations of life.

C. DADE, M. A.

Math'l. Master, U. C. College.

The Revd. Charles Mathews, the first Classical Master of Upper Canada College, contributes this graceful and affectionate Memorial:

William Ruttan brought with him to my class a reputation for ability and general propriety of conduct, (a rare combination of qualities) which, while under my care, he fully justified, and

greatly extended. He had advantages of another kind in a prepossessing exterior, and very gentlemanly manners. Ruttan gave his entire confidence to his instructors, and this, added to his quick apprehension, large capacity, and uncommon powers of retention, enabled him to acquire with ease whatever there was to impart. His progress throughout the College course was steady and uninterrupted; no appearance of that fatal malady which put a period to his life, having then manifested itself. In the midst of such signal success, and with such brilliant prospects he did not, as is sometimes the case, attribute the acquisitions he made to the strength of his own understanding only, but thankfully acknowledged the channel through which they flowed. The College therefore had always his filial love, and the Masters, his warmest gratitude and affection.

It is scarcely necessary to add that he cherished for the place of his education a strong attachment, and an affectionate remembrance. An active ambition of future destination, which he felt satisfied could only result from a virtuous and diligent career, stimulated even his boyish thoughts, and, as fuel to a flame so pure, his tutor did not omit to inculcate upon this conviction a love of country, and devotion of self to her good, as a legitimate motive to action, without which to animate the bosom of her children, it is in vain to think any country can ever rise to greatness, or, having risen, support it. Ruttan adopted this motive cordially, and felt the claims of his native land upon every exertion he could make—a feeling which, while it contributed to her benefit, would have powerfully aided in establishing his own fame.

Of such a youth the highest expectations were naturally formed—not, in the mysterious dispensations of Providence, to be fulfilled, as far, at least, as temporal prospects are concerned. And when these are prematurely closed, it is the purest consolation of which surviving grief is susceptible, to entertain a well-founded hope that in such a case the dawn of those of a brighter and far more enduring kind has thus only proved proportionably early, and what is lost in time, is gained in eternity.

Ruttan paid a deep attention to the *religious* instruction imparted in my class.

While his country and society, his parents, relations, and friend are deploring the stroke which has deprived them of their common hope in his promised excellence, Upper Canada College

shares as largely in the sense of the bereavement, as she would have done in the triumph of his maturer years ;

Nec ullo se tantum jactasset alumno. Heu ! miserande puer ! manibus date lilia plenis : His saltem, accumulem donis, et fungar inani Munere.

The communication of Mr. De la Haye, the very efficient French Master of U. C. College, requires no introductory remarks :

Whilst attending me in College, his conduct was most gentlemanly and respectful, and his assiduity, lively and unremitting.— From his having become a Boarder of mine, I had ample opportunity of observing his habits and disposition, and I always found him ardent in the pursuit of whatever he undertook. He entered upon his daily labours with alacrity, and, at their close, was in the habit of refreshing himself with a short walk, which, he used to say, was always a source of enjoyment to him. Those who knew him, will recollect that all his pleasures were innocent and simple, and will readily imagine the delight administered to a mind so devotional and poetical in its caste as his, by a contemplation of the commonest features of nature. When he returned from his walk, he resumed his studies until bed-time with fresh vigor and delight.

While living with me he acquired a knowledge of the French Language with such facility, that within six months he could converse with ease upon any ordinary subject; and his progress in my department, far exceeded that of any Boy in his class. At the time of his leaving College, he had made himself so thoroughly master of the language and its idioms, that he could take up the work of any author, either in prose or verse, and translate it with the greatest ease and elegance; his epistolary style also in the same Language, of which I preserve some memorials, was free and natural. In a word the quickness with which he acquired the grammatical and practical use of the French tongue is solely to be attributed to the facility of committing every thing to memory, with which he was so particularly gifted.

So close an application, together with his natural talents, could not have failed, had Providence been pleased to prolong his days, to render him an ornament to his family and country, and an honour to the Institution, in which he so highly distinguished himself,

and which he always spoke of with the warmest gratitude, after he had quitted its walls. But I have yet to mention a more pleasing trait in his character, than all these. I am happy to say, as a tribute due to his memory, that to his love of learning, and his natural ability to acquire it, he added that greatest of all blessings, a moral and religious heart. He entertained such an abhorrence of indecent and profane language, that he proposed to my other Boarders to pass this resolution, so characteristic of his pure and honourable mind; "That any Boy heard either swearing, telling falsehoods, or making use of any vulgar word should allow himself to be tried, and punished according to his guilt." His companions had the good sense and right feeling to concur in the establishment of this rule, and so long as he resided in my house, it was strictly and judiciously observed.

We now annex a letter of Mr. Kent, Master of the Preparatory School, in the same institution, which bears similar testimony to the respect entertained for the deceased:—

U. C. College, Toronto, Friday, 12th May, 1837.

MY DEAR SIR:—

I cannot refrain from offering you my very sincerest condolence on your late sad bereavement.

I never felt so deep a regret at the loss of any one, of whom I knew so little personally, as of your son. Soon after I came to this college he left it; and I never had the pleasure of meeting him, except on a few occasions, just on the eve of his quitting Toronto. I subsequently had an hour's conversation with him, when he visited this city previous to his departure to Europe, and I was then filled with melancholy forebodings, now alas! fatally realized.

The little, however, that I did see of your departed son, excited my admiration and warmest regard. Amiable in disposition, pleasing in manners, and lively and instructive in conversation, his presence brought cheerfulness and delight. He had not only drudged at the rudiments of the Classics, but had imbibed the spirit of the Grecian and Roman writers; and could discourse with much feeling and taste on the poetical authors of his own native language. I cannot stand in the large College Room, where the annual Recitations are delivered, without thinking of the ingenious flush of triumph which his face wore, when he last appeared

there, and without almost weeping over so much promise so untimely blighted.

I do not, my dear Sir, dwell on these topics to increase your sorrow. On the contrary—when you recollect that he passed through his short life honorably and happily—that his masters and school-fellows admired and loved him—that his friends prophesied his future greatness and continuing goodness—that he had seen many of the beauties of the Old World, and was daily enlarging his intellectual resources,—you must admit, that his death was happy in this respect, that he died before he had known sorrow.

If we look to what he *now* is, may we not hope, without presumption, that his immortal Spirit, which on earth was sullied by no stain visible to human eye, enjoys a happiness unlimited either as to degree, or time! May we not believe that that Saviour, whose precepts he ever kept in view, has by this time welcomed his good and faithful servant.

A life of happiness, a death without pain, and a memory that is sweet and holy, are what few deserve, and still fewer obtain.

May the Almighty bless you in your other children, and raise them up to be the comfort and ornament of your remaining years.

With the utmost sympathy for your loss, and with the hope that time may gradually diminish its poignancy, believe me, my dear Sir,

Yours faithfully,

JOHN KENT.

HENRY RUTTAN, Esq. M. P. P.

He was, as it has before been mentioned, no less beloved by his companions, than admired and respected by his Masters. Mr. James Lukin Robinson, the eldest son of the Chief Justice, and one to whom Upper Canada College looks forward as a pillar of her fame—a young gentleman endowed with many of the virtues and talents which he so faithfully paints, as forming the prominent features of the character of his departed friend, can offer no greater mark of respect to

his memory, than the following notice, couched in language of equal propriety and tenderness :

June 19th, 1837.

My dear Sir :—

The following is a brief, but I trust faithful outline of the general habits, feelings and conduct of poor Ruttan, from his remove to the seventh form, until the time of his leaving Upper Canada College. As our studies before that period were pursued in different Forms, the limited opportunity afforded of observing his disposition and abilities, obliges me to confine myself within the time of his last promotion. His successful progress, however, through the lower forms, gave me great reason to believe, that the exertion of the same talent and application he had manifested upon other occasions, would, after the first difficulties of an introduction to a new course of reading had been overcome, find him occupying that rank in the College his generous ambition so fondly coveted. The expectations I had formed, his subsequent career most fully realized. In a short space of time his object was attained; at the end of the second quarter his merit marks decided the contest, and his claim to priority was no longer disputed; at the termination of the third quarter he sustained the reputation his assiduity had already acquired; and the fourth, the conclusion of the year, saw him separate from his schoolfellows in the most gratifying and triumphant manner; the prize had been carried; he was highly complimented at the public examination, and retired from the College with the approbation of his masters, and enjoying the warm affections of all his class-mates:

To account for the unusual rapidity with which he advanced in his studies, it is necessary that I should shortly advert to a regulation he had prescribed, to lessen the burden of his tasks, and render them more easy and agreeable. It was a rule with him that pleasure must be made subservient to duty; after the close of the College on one day, he repaired without delay to his room, and devoted a certain portion of the evening to his lessons for the next; he commenced with the most difficult, finished those, and then turned his attention to the remainder.

By a rigid adherence to this management of his time, he was always prepared with the routine of the day, frequently in advance of his work, and appeared during the hour of relaxation the most happy and eager of the party.

He was persevering in his endeavours to obtain some definite notion of all that he read, he was not satisfied with a superficial knowledge, when by research and industry his deficiency could be supplied; he was quick in his comprehension, and possessed an accurate judgment, and a most retentive memory.

With so many natural endowments, united to a consistent and determined application, his competitors acknowledged his superiority, and witnessed the success of his labours with feelings of the most sincere gratification.

His amiable temper, the kindness of his disposition, the urbanity and gentleness of his manners, procured for him the esteem and friendship of all his acquaintances.

Few young persons were so thoroughly masters of their temper; the natural inclination of his mind was to forgive rather than resent. I cannot recollect a single instance of Ruttan's difference with a schoolfellow resulting in a quarrel,—he studiously avoided it, and appeared anxious to conciliate, whenever the slightest misunderstanding had arisen.

His conduct at College was in the highest degree correct and proper, he was always satisfied with the discipline of the School, and never discontented with the arrangements to which, as a boarder, he was subjected.

After leaving College he corresponded regularly with a few friends whose intimacy he had contracted; among the number I was happily reckoned. The letters I had from time to time received have been fortunately preserved, and a second perusal has served to refresh my memory with their contents. His epistolary style was easy and familiar, he generally contrived to embrace within a small compass the most interesting occurrences, and never failed to render them so amusing, that a continuation was more and more desired, the nearer you approached the conclusion.

Even at a time, when he was suffering under his disease, it was with difficulty an allusion could be drawn to his own condition; for self he seemed totally unconcerned, his whole object was the gratification of others; while in health he never hesitated at any personal inconvenience to perform the offices of a friend, and while within the very jaws of his lurking foe, rather than appear forgetful of his correspondent, he has disobeyed the injunctions of his physician.

Throughout all his letters he was most anxious to impress upon my mind the advantages I had been reaping, and the obligations I should hold myself continually under to the Masters of the Upper Canada College.

In one letter from Marseilles he says, speaking of the benefits he had derived from his knowledge of the French language:—"I shall ever feel most grateful to Mr. De la Haye for the pains he took while I was at the College to instruct me in a language which has been of such essential service to me; since one, I think Quintilian, has said next to Parents we ought to reverence and love our masters; and if so, I am sure those who teach us the

languages spoken by different nations amongst whom we may have occasion to reside, deserve as much of our esteem and gratitude as those who teach us Latin and Greek: I respect and am grateful to all my masters."— In another passage referring to the College he says, "God bless every brick of it."

From the virtues he displayed while his health remained, and the dignity and composure with which he met his appointed end, had he been spared and permitted to adorn his native country, no father could have applied with greater pride and justice the following sentence to his son, than Mr. Ruttan to his much lamented William.

"Omnes omnia
Bona dicere, et laudare fortunas meas,
Qui gnatum haberem tali ingenio præditum."

A contrary fate however has been decreed by a wise and over-ruling Providence; our duty as his friends is not to murmur at the dispensations of a beneficent Creator. The stroke that separated Ruttan from this world was but the summons to a more perfect and endless felicity: The same doom, though longer deferred, awaits us all, when it arrives let us follow his example, and be as well prepared to meet it.

Yours very truly,

J. L. ROBINSON.

JOHN KENT Esq.

Mr. W. J. Fitzgerald, another cotemporary of the deceased, at College, and who left it with the highest reputation for mathematical acquirements, as well as with a reputation for classical attainments never yet surpassed since the foundation of the Institution, enlarges our notices with these few touching remarks:

His mind was of a description not unusual—a great degree of refinement and taste, combined with habits studious and thoughtful, formed the most prominent points of his intellectual character. He seemed to prefer the graceful walks of classical study to the austere and ponderous learning of the sciences. A poet in affection if not in act, he was acquainted not merely with the productions of modern bards, but equally well with the venerable writings of the fathers of our verse. Endeared to all who knew him by the frankness and amiability of his disposition he has left many friends to lament his premature loss.

The last, but not the most perishable memento proceeds from the Rev. Henry Scadding, whose recent ordination to the ministry has been hailed with greater delight by no one, than it would have been by the subject of this memoir, had Providence assigned a longer date to their youthful and virtuous friendship :

Toronto, June 27, 1837.

DEAR SIR,

***** A friendship did indeed exist between myself and William Ruttan,—a friendship to which I shall ever recur with very warm emotions. It was a shock deeply felt by me, when, on returning to this country after a considerable absence, I was apprised for the first time, of his lamented decease. I had hoped to have renewed with him as a young man an intimacy which I believe was reciprocally enjoyed by us as school-boys. That natural elegance of mind, united with a decided capacity for the severer studies, both exhibited so early and cultivated so diligently and successfully, formed a presage in the boy, of what I am assured characterized the maturer youth ;—whilst his amiable disposition would have ever made him a beloved friend, these other qualities would have rendered him one to be highly valued and respected. I did not correspond with him :—on leaving Canada I lost sight of him until last summer, when I cannot describe the delight with which I received the intelligence from a gentleman who wrote to me, that Ruttan was coming home, and would probably pay a visit to Cambridge. Day after day with great anxiety did I watch the coaches on their entry into Cambridge, endeavouring to discover the face of my young friend. In my journal of the time, I find the entry, "July 7. It is certainly pleasant to flatter oneself with the expectation of a pleasureable event, even when there are many probabilities against its occurring. I have been thinking all the day that by every coach that came in, W. Ruttan might arrive."

School-boy associations and attachments originate in grounds, and are fostered by circumstances so minute and indescribable, that reminiscences in the way of anecdote are often impracticable ; the result remains, whilst the first cause and tributary reasons are lost. Thus it was with W. Ruttan and myself. I know not how it commenced, or how it was maintained, but there was a friendship between us which to my latest hour I shall recollect with deep pleasure, united with a solemn regret for its premature interruption.

Allow me, Sir, sincerely to condole with you on the loss of a Son of so bright a promise,—in whom not only have you been deprived of a source

of honour and consolation to yourself, but the country has lost an ornament, and consequently a benefactor.

I remain, dear Sir,

Your's faithfully,

HENRY SCADDING.

The materials for forming an estimate of the character of William Ruttan are so ample—and indeed the task is already so fully accomplished, that it seems superfluous to weaken by repetition, what has already been said with so much propriety and feeling. It may not, however, be altogether useless to place concisely before the young reader the principal features of a character which he may safely follow as a guide in the cultivation of his intellect, and the regulation of his heart.

William Ruttan was endowed by nature with an excellent capacity. Faculty of perception, quickness and tenacity of memory, accuracy of judgment, taste, elegance, and a lucid arrangement of ideas, in him were harmoniously blended. He displayed no rugged vigour, no muscular genius, that could grapple with and strangle difficulties; but he wooed learning by the softer arts of persuasion, rather than took her captive by siege. His even and well poised mind was never ruffled by any outbursts of passion, or interrupted by those irregular emotions to which more powerful intellects, less under the control of a serene and happy temper, are occasionally exposed. He was subject to none of those painful alternations of deep dejection, and unnatural exhilaration, the too frequent companions of minds of a very superior order; but was cheerful, without levity; and thoughtful, without abstraction.

He understood the Greek and Latin languages grammatically, and drank at their fountains with the feelings of a Poet. He wrote French elegantly, and conversed in it with fluency and grace. In Mathematics he did not excel. The Rev. Charles Dade, his preceptor in that department of learning, though he commends his attention to his studies, does not say that he excelled in them; and Mr. Fitzgerald remarks that "he seemed to prefer the graceful walks of classical study to the austere and ponderous learning of the sciences." Though not a poet, so far as composition is concerned, his mind was essentially poetical. He possessed the happy and divine faculty of shedding the bright hues of his own thoughts on every object around him,—to him was visible both "splendour in the grass, and glory in the flower." Whenever his modesty would permit him, and he found himself in the society of a kindred spirit, he could descant at large on the might, the majesty, and the beauty of those many immortal bards, who have reared the goodly fabric of our English Poetry, and on such occasions his intellectual gifts shone with their most brilliant and attractive light.

To his abhorrence of low and profane language was added an habitual respect for Religion, and reverence for the Sabbath. By a pious mother the seeds of infant piety were first implanted in him, and their growth was perpetually fostered by the succession of clerical instructors, under whom it was his fortune to be placed. His dearest and most constant companion at sea on his homeward voyage—his silent support and stay when wrestling with the preliminary assaults of death—

that, which to him was in the place of clergyman, parent, or friend, was the Bible,—the Bible given to him by his Mother. From that well he cooled his parched lips with the waters of salvation. From that fountain he derived the strength, which sustained his fortitude while the world was closing around him, and the disinterested and holy feeling, which induced him to regard his approaching death as *a dreadful disappointment of the fond hopes* of his parents, rather than his own personal affliction. He sorrowed for them, and not for himself. But this was consistent with the whole tenor of his existence. From his earliest years he had never been denied a wish, for he had never expressed one, which it would have been wrong to gratify. Frugal in expense,—generous in disposition,—charitable in word, as well as deed,—dutiful and affectionate to his parents, to whom “he never occasioned any grief but what they experienced at his death,”*—the tender monitor of his younger brothers,—lively and humorous without a grain of satire in his composition,—without guile, without a fault visible to human eye,—he has left a memory in the heart of every one who knew him, which will always be associated with their dearest yet most painful recollections.

Nor did his warm and grateful feelings confine themselves within his own domestic circle. To his Masters, and the Institution at which he was educated he felt a strong attachment, and displayed more enthusiasm in giving expression to

* The words of *Anthony Stokes*, Chief Justice of Georgia, in his Preface, to the *Constitutions of the Colonies*.

his feelings on this subject, than on any other. The love of Upper Canada College was entwined with his heart-strings. The delusive hopes that brightened his entrance into life, and beckoned him onward to a course of happiness and honour, he attributed to the instruction received at that Institution—"God bless every brick of it!" was his fervent and pithy ejaculation, when writing to one who had shared its benefits, and like him, reflected lustre on it. When the tide of public opinion was running strongly in favour of the Home District School then newly re-established, and many boys (almost all of whom have since returned) were removed to it from the College, he lamented in a Letter to a friend, over the changed fortunes of his "poor old College"; and in reference to the groundless charges of undue severity brought against the course of education pursued there, added that, had he all his school-days to go over again, he would not mind undergoing all the alleged hardships of the system, for the benefits it conferred. So strongly did he feel in favour of the College, that previous to his departure for Europe, and most probably impelled by a presentiment that it was his last request, he obtained a promise from his Father, which it is almost needless to say has been scrupulously fulfilled, that he would send his youngest brother there.

Whether it was owing to the circumstance of his being very early placed under the instruction of a Clergyman, or whether to a natural and inherent respect for the most sacred office that a human being can undertake, he cherished a reverential respect for the clerical character.—

When the foibles or failings of a Christian Minister were dragged into notice, or dilated on with a malicious satisfaction, he never took part in the conversation ; and if, from the age of the parties, he could becomingly interpose a rebuke, he never failed to point out to them the uncharitableness of their conduct, and the injury they were inflicting on Christianity itself by ridiculing and disparaging its teachers.

Had his life been prolonged, it is almost certain that he would not have followed the profession for which he was destined. Before he left home, he told his Mother, that in obedience to his Father's wishes, he would serve his clerkship of Five years, and endeavour to amass as much legal information as he could, but that he *could* never practice the Law. His Father was totally unconscious of such a determination, and was not apprized of it, till death had swallowed up what might probably have been a disappointment, in one far more afflicting and irremediable. William Ruttan had never been known to be guilty of the slightest prevarication from his infancy, and his minute and strict observance of truth,—incompatible, as he may have deemed it, with the duties of an advocate, who is often called upon to make truth appear like falsehood, and falsehood like truth,—and accompanied probably by a latent inclination to devote himself to a loftier and holier calling, combined to render the Law distasteful to him as a profession.

Amid the pure and generous feelings that lodged in his heart, none were more lively than his loyalty and love of country. Even had not

the bias of his education, and the political opinions of his relatives, instilled into him those public virtues, his own fine sense of right and wrong, and his reverence for that volume which bids us, "Fear God, and Honour the King," would have for ever separated him from the ranks of those, who aim at subverting a Constitution, which, under Providence, has, next to Christianity, been the greatest blessing, not only to one narrow Island, but to the whole known world. While sojourning in Europe, the contrast between the tranquillity, liberty, and piety of his own happy land, and the restlessness, anarchy, and depravity of revolutionary France did not escape his attention.* In his letters and Journal he frequently alludes to the utter absence of any thing like national principle in that mighty and extensive kingdom, the low state of religion, the insecurity of life, and the universal corruption of morals. The sunny clime of France, the "beauty of design and elegance of taste," prevailing from the highest to the lowest ranks, and pervading every work of man, from a public edifice down to the most common utensil of domestic use, her lovely and romantic scenery, her thousand historical recollections, were charms that could not reconcile him to the profligacy of her inhabitants. An observer of the Sabbath himself, he remarked in one of his letters, that, in France "there was certainly more sin committed on one Sabbath, than in ten week days." "Throughout France," on another occasion, he observes, "Marseilles is renowned for debauchery of all sorts; but so far

* The Journal and extracts from Letters of the deceased, may hereafter be printed for the gratification of his friends.

am I from partaking in the death-dealing passion of the town, that disgust most frequently, and sometimes pity, are the feelings of my mind."—Fraught with the fruits of travel, untainted by the scenes of dissipation through which he had passed, with what sensations of delight must he have hurried from a clime where, while health invigorated the emaciated frame, dissipation, with unnumbered temptations, endangered the soul. How must he have longed to breathe the purer moral atmosphere of his own less civilized, but far more virtuous country.

And now the compiler hastens to a close of his humble task, fearful that by his own remarks, he has injured the effect of the communications, which so ably and faithfully portray the character of the deceased. In after time, when years shall have revolved, and Upper Canada have advanced in commercial wealth, and national importance, perhaps, some one or other of those who then shall wield the destinies of this vast and fertile region, may trace the first direction of their footsteps into the paths of virtue to the example of William Ruttan, as here presented to them. At all events, this Memorial, will preserve the recollection of his worth more durably, more faithfully, and more fully, than marble tablet or ostentatious bust. It will be a beacon to guide his younger brothers through the wilderness of life,—a lamp to lighten their passage through the shadows of that valley, which must be trodden by us all. In the compiler himself, it has awakened many a serious and awful reflection; and he concludes with this prayer, that,—while he hopes to breathe his last amid the scenes

of his youth, and to lay his bones within the precincts of one of the Village Structures of a Church, which he loves with the affection of an Evelyn, or an Izaak Walton,—he may graciously be enabled to imitate the **HOLY LIVING AND DYING** of William Ruttan.

FINIS.

