

THE  
**VETERAN SOLDIER;**  
A NARRATIVE  
OF THE  
*LIFE & RELIGIOUS EXPERIENCE*  
OF THE LATE  
SERJEANT GREENLEIGH.

---



---

LONDON:

*Printed for*  
THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;  
AND SOLD BY J. DAVIS, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
J. NISBET, 21, BERNERS STREET; AND  
OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

---

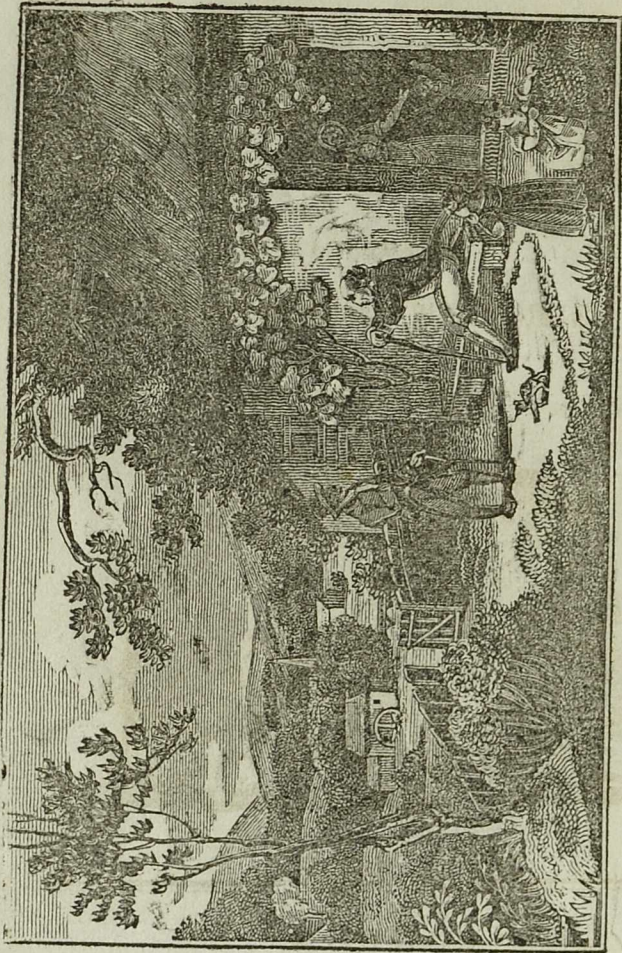
*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*  
*Price Sixpence.*

Mrs Pole

March 5<sup>th</sup> 1829







See page 14.



THE  
VETERAN SOLDIER;  
A NARRATIVE  
Of the Life and Religious Experience,  
OF THE LATE  
SERJEANT GREENLEIGH.

---



---

LONDON:

*Printed for*

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY;  
AND SOLD BY J. DAVIS, 56, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
J. NISBET, 21, BERNERS STREET; AND  
OTHER BOOKSELLERS.

*Entered at Stationers' Hall.*

VERIFICATION OF THE

ARTICLE

OF THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

ARTICLE I

SECTION 1

1787

The legislative Power shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 1

All legislative Powers herein granted shall be vested in a Congress of the United States, which shall consist of a Senate and House of Representatives.

Section 2

The House of Representatives shall be composed of Members chosen every second Year by the People of the several States, and the Electors in each State shall have the Qualifications requisite for Electors in that State.

Section 3

The Senate of the United States shall be composed of two Senators from each State, chosen by the Legislature of the State for which they so serve, and they shall hold their Offices during the Term of their respective Chosen, until their Successors be chosen.





THE  
VETERAN SOLDIER.

---

THE infinite variety that appears in the works of God, affords matter for curious investigation, and grateful acknowledgement, to every intelligent being. It is one of those sources of rational amusement worthy the employment of intellectual faculties, and is as noble in its object as it is agreeable in its pursuit. To survey the heavens above, the earth beneath, to observe the diversity of creatures that wing their way through the air, move upon the face of the earth, or swim in the waters;—to pry into the multitude of curious metals and minerals lodged in the bowels of the earth, the beautiful colours that cover its surface, and the softening shades that sweetly blend together in the forests above it;—to walk across the verdant plain, to climb the rugged mountain, to glide along the softly flowing stream, or to sail upon the tempestuous ocean;—to observe the influence of the sun that rules the day, and to gaze upon the face of the

moon that rules the night;—and from all these to extract the materials of praise and adoration, is what the wisest and best of men have delighted to do.

I am far from supposing that this is done to the extent designed, or indeed to the extent generally supposed. There is a speciousness in profession, that often leads us to give men credit for knowing and doing more than their real condition warrants. Many persons, having something of the spirit of research, make a few attainments of this description, and then comparing their partly enlightened condition with the total darkness of the great bulk of the world, conclude themselves to be prodigies of knowledge, and take care to let their neighbours know it; hence we have the boastings of scientific knowledge, in greater measure than the promotion of true philosophy.

It would be better, it is true, that persons knew but little in these matters, than be totally unacquainted with them; but it is not necessary that persons should be either quite ignorant of them, or but superficially acquainted with them. The Book of Nature is laid open to every one, and he who does not suffer the familiarity of objects to blunt his attention, or the multitude of them to create despair of knowing them, may read in it the might and majesty of his Creator, the bounty and benevolence of his God.

One would imagine that a subject so open to the examination of every body, so gratuitous in



its communications, and so delightful to survey, would be eagerly sought after by all yet, it is a fact beyond dispute, that ninety nine out of every hundred of beings called rational, have never once properly observed the structure of a blade of grass, the leaf of a tree, or a grain of sand! This is at once a reflection upon their understandings, and a dishonour to their hearts.

I shall feel myself greatly honoured, and amply recompensed for these remarks, should they induce one young person to make himself better acquainted with the common productions of the God of nature. From my own experience, I can assure him, that by attending to these things in the spirit of religion, he will greatly augment his own knowledge, and what is of greater consequence, he will powerfully cherish every pious disposition of his mind.

Another subject intimately connected with the above, is the variety of circumstances directed and controlled by the divine Providence. Not one of the creatures God has brought into existence, but he can place in an almost infinite variety of situations and circumstances. Thus the number of changes in the world is vastly multiplied, and our pleasure thereby greatly promoted. We do well, therefore, when our enquiries are equally directed to creation and Providence.

Every part of this subject deeply concerns us; but that part in which we are principally interested, is the display of Providence among the

human race. When God creates man, he does not abandon him to chance, for this would be to leave him to certain destruction; but kindly takes charge of him, fixes the bounds of his habitation, causes his sun to shine upon him, the clouds of heaven to drop fatness upon him; and as a father pitieth and provideth for his offspring, he cherishes and comforts his intelligent creatures.

It is a very pleasing and profitable employment, to notice the different effects produced under the direction of Providence by the same means. We may select two persons, for instance, from among our acquaintance, who are, as it respects this world's goods, placed in the same condition, and we shall find that the very thing which is a blessing to one, is a curse to the other. We may often notice two persons set out to make their fortune in the world; the one returns a gentleman, the other a beggar. One man may meet with patronage, and it spoils him; another improves it, and it becomes a fortune to him. One person will speculate in an article of trade, and gather riches as the sand of the sea-shore; another makes similar speculations with equally favourable prospects, and is ruined. The operation and the end of Providence in many of these things are alike inscrutable; but we may in all these instances learn to humble ourselves on account of the littleness of our knowledge, and to glorify God, inasmuch as we see that it is his "blessing that maketh rich, and addeth no sorrow



therewith." Stupid indeed must that mind be, which does not discover thus much; and let me add that it is much more pleasant, or at least much less painful, to learn by observation upon others, than by experience in ourselves. It is a lesson too, that the Divine Being requires us to learn, and if we refuse to receive it willingly, it will be taught us in a more severe and less desirable way.

I have been led to advert to the agreeable variety in the works of creation, and the proceedings of Providence, on account of some occurrences which the following pages will disclose to the reader. My object is to lead the mind to mark, in the events that happen to the children of men, the interference of infinite power and everlasting love, especially in the redemption of mankind by our blessed Lord and Saviour Christ Jesus. We all, too frequently, lose sight of these precious disclosures of our Creator's goodness. It becomes us, and especially the youthful part of us, to acquire a habit of patient and laborious attention to the dealings of God with man; thus, learning to do what is acceptable in his sight, and to avoid what is displeasing to him. But without taking up further time in reflections, I must proceed to the narrative.

It was in the evening of a fine autumn day, that I left my house for no other purpose than to gratify my mind in observing the diversified formations of the various objects of Creation. My reader will, perhaps, ere this, have

concluded that I have a relish for such things : I certainly do feel great delight in exploring the wonders of creating goodness, and frequently spend a portion of my time in meditating upon them.



That I might be interrupted as little as possible, I chose a road of the most sequestered kind. After passing some distance along a narrow lane, I struck across two or three green fields, which brought me to the entrance of a dell, rendered almost impenetrable to human foot, by the thickness of the brambles and bushes. By carefully pushing the branches aside with my stick, and thus opening a way I got through it, and finding my progress less difficult as I advanced, continued in the winding



direction of the copse, occasionally stopping to observe the easiest way, and to gather a few of the blackberries which hung around me.

I went forward in this manner, probably a quarter of a mile, when I found the termination of my labour; for the end of the shady declivity through which I had been passing, came out upon the side of a fertile valley, that ran in a cross direction to the way I had been passing. Finding myself a little fatigued with the closeness and exertion of my walk, I seated myself at the foot of a spreading hawthorn, and leaning my elbow upon the grassy couch, took a survey of the scene before me.

The valley was formed by two ranges of hills stretching east and west. About a mile on my right, they seemed to separate to a greater distance from each other, and a third hilly projection rising in the middle, branched out the valley into two parts, each of which, ended in the distant mists of the horizon.

There was nothing wild or stupendous in the scene around me. The eminences were hills, not mountains, yet hills of considerable magnitude. Their sides were not precipitous, but gradually sloping, yet by numberless undulations seemed sufficiently varied. The surface was verdant and inviting, rather than awful and terrific. Indeed, it was altogether more beautiful than grand, more suited to the lover of rural elegance, than the ardent adventurer.

A person of a reflective mind will never want

a subject to muse upon. He will ever be ready to exclaim—

“O Lord, how manifold are thy works! in wisdom hast thou made them all: the earth is full of thy riches. Ps. civ. 24.

It would be tedious to describe minutely the several beauties that in succession presented themselves to my eyes, and it would be injustice to the place itself to pass them over in total silence. Besides, people resident in towns may be pleased with that in description, which they cannot enjoy in reality; and others resident in the country, may find it profitable to be thus led to mark the distinguishing beauties of their several places of abode, and to bless God, whose wisdom, power, and goodness they so strikingly display.

It may be thought, that as I have already described the form and appearance of the valley, little else can be said on the subject; but this is erroneous, for I have not yet said a word of the woods, that here and there stretched themselves from the foot to the very summit of the hills; the chequered fields of stubble, and meadows of pasturage; the brook that rippled its clear waters along the winding channel at the bottom of the vale; the murmuring hum of wheels at the mill upon the stream; the smoke of two or three distant cottages; the rising spires of faintly discerned churches; the jocund sound from a few rustic swains loading the last waggon with the fruits of a plenteous





harvest—all gilded by a fine evening sun: but I can only thus glance at them, and say, that I could wish every one of my readers to be placed in the same spot, there to adore the bountiful Author of creative beauty and redeeming grace.

Perhaps there was some danger of my forming an inordinate attachment to the things of this world, but so it was; the monitor within seemed to whisper, “Arise, for this is not thy rest.” A tarnish too was cast upon the glory of the spot, by the recollection that all the beauty we can now behold is but the remains of primitive perfection, of perfection violated and forfeited by the transgression of our first parents. The thought struck me, What must Eden have been before the fall! A dimness appeared to shroud the prospect before me. I rose from my turf seat, blessing the Father of Mercies, that there is “an inheritance incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven for them who are kept by the power of God through faith unto salvation,”

by him "in whom we have redemption through his blood, the forgiveness of sins according to the riches of his grace."

I rambled some distance along the sloping side of the hill, when, on turning the corner of a little mount, I discovered a cottage half hid in a cluster of trees. On approaching it yet nearer, I observed an aged man seated upon a bench at the door, leaning forwards upon a staff which seemed to have been the companion of many years. His eye appeared fixed upon a little kitten that was frisking about at his feet, so that I had lifted the latch of the garden wicket before I was perceived by him.

"Will you forgive the intrusion of a stranger?" said I, as I approached him. The old man respectfully rose from his seat, and bade me welcome to the cottage. He was a venerable figure, of about three score and ten years of age, tall in his person, and unusually clean and neat in appearance. A contraction of one of his legs rendered a stick necessary to support him. His dress was what one does not expect to find in country cottages. The bosom of his scarlet waistcoat displayed his nicely plaited frill, his shoes were polished to a jet black lustre, his beard was clean shaved, and the few remaining curls of his hoary hair were bound together by a black silk ribbon down his back, while its snowy whiteness formed a striking contrast to the clean brushed blue coat over which it hung.

The few words that passed between us brought to the door a healthy looking woman of



about twenty-five, and two or three ruddy children. "Will you walk in, sir?" said the woman. "No, I thank you," I replied; "I prefer resting a few minutes under the shade of this jessamine." "Then I'll reach you a chair," said she. "That is unnecessary," I observed, "with the old gentleman's permission, I will sit by his side upon the bench." The old man took possession of one end of the seat, and I of the other. The woman withdrew into the house, and the children, too shy to shew themselves fully, stole secret glances at us round the door-post of the cottage.

"Your cottage is very pleasantly situated," said I to the old man. "Yes, sir," said he, "it is; but age has dimmed my eyes, so that I can hardly discern distant objects. Sir, your eyes are better than mine, and you can see a long way from here; but there is not a spot in sight, but I know almost as well as this garden." "You have perhaps spent your whole life in this neighbourhood?" said I. "O, no; O, no;" replied he. "My first days and my last days have been spent here, but the middle of my life was employed far from this country. When I was a lad, I led my sheep over every hill and valley hereabouts; but those days are long gone by, and God has granted me a resting place in my old age, in the place I love best of any, and I praise him for it." "Then," said I, "like a soldier after victory, you have returned to enjoy a peaceful home." "A soldier, sir! perhaps I know more of a soldier's

life than you do! I beg pardon, I hope no offence, but I served his Majesty five and thirty years, and I know something of both war and peace."

The old man uttered these words with an animation that testified that the martial spirit was not extinct; at the same time he erected his head, and drew himself up into quite a military attitude. But nature could not support the excitement for more than a minute or two: he gradually bent down to his former position, as he said, "Yes, sir, I faithfully served my king all the best of my days, and like a good master, he now supports me, and God bless him for it."

"I am very glad," observed I, "that you have not neglected in your long life to learn one lesson, and that is—a lesson of thankfulness. If I may judge from your expressions, you feel gratitude to both God and the king; to God as the giver of your mercies, and to the king as the willing instrument of conveying those mercies to you." "If I were not thankful," said he, "I should be a wretch indeed. To the king I owe much; he has been the worthy master of the best part of my life; but to God I owe every thing, and I never can sufficiently praise him. It is not often seen that a soldier after five and thirty years active service, lives to reach his seventy-fourth year; but Providence has done this for me: but, sir, though you are a stranger, I will tell you, that grace has done more, it has made me a child of God; though



a sinner, I bless God, I am a sinner saved!" "Then," replied I, "we need consider ourselves strangers no longer, but brothers in Christ Jesus, our common Saviour; as such, I give you the right hand of fellowship, and join with you in praising redeeming love." A hearty squeeze of the hand was followed by a flood of tears down the furrowed cheeks of the old soldier.

"I should like to avail myself," said I, "of your friendly christian affection, to know a little more of your history. A life, such as yours has been, must be fraught with much useful instruction. The Providence which has guarded you, the mercy which has converted you, has no doubt displayed itself in many interesting circumstances. If one of so short an acquaintance may request it, I should be much gratified by knowing what could have taken you from your native hills, what kept you so long away from them, and what brought you safely back to them again?"

"I could answer you those enquiries," said he, "in one single word—GOD. HE took me, HE preserved me, HE brought me back. But you want to know particulars. Why should I refer to events, which I wish for ever to forget? or why should I make a communication to you, that I know will put your feelings to the trial? No; I had rather let my life and my history expire together! But, sir, do not mistake me, I have no deeds of darkness I wish to conceal; a sinner, it is true, I have been, but God has pardoned me. It has

been suffering and trial that has wrung my heart. Perhaps, sir, you have a family: if so, may God render it a blessing to you!"

"My good friend," I replied, "if I had thought the subject would create the least emotion of sorrow, I would not even have referred to it; I simply thought your tale might have afforded us matter for mutual praise, I often feel it needful to have my gratitude"—

—"Gratitude! Yes, perhaps I ought! I *should* both say and do, whatever will bring glory to my Heavenly Father. Sir, a principle of duty will help me to overcome the reluctance of my feelings. I feel confidence in you; I will tell you my history, that you may learn something more of God's dealings with man, and help me to praise my Great Deliverer. But I am a poor weak old man, my heart may be too full for utterance: excuse it, and feel for me."

I now felt almost sorry I had gone so far, but it was too late to retract. I hinted as much, but without effect. I would not have pained his mind for the world! Curiosity, I confess, was roused, but I would freely have sacrificed it to the old man's comfort.

He paused a little, then pointing with his stick, he said, "Look on your left hand; at the furthest of those cottages in the valley I was born. My father was shepherd to a neighbouring farmer, and I was his only child. My mother was of a delicate habit, and as a weakness of nerve is the general companion of a



sickly constitution, so she was more inclined to indulge than control me. In that secluded valley there was no school, and the town was too distant to send me; so that my mother became my teacher, and instructed me in the rudiments of reading; but, sir, a boy without discipline is like a soldier without discipline, he will make but sorry progress; and you will easily guess I made but little out in learning.

“When I got to be six or eight years of age I felt more inclination to ramble over the fields with my father, than to attend to my books with my mother; and as I had the command of my parents’ affections, I always felt myself sure of carrying any point I wished. It was certainly an error in my dear father and mother; but in me it was worse than error, it was wickedness: many were the little stratagems I practised upon them, with too great success.

“I took so much delight in following the flock with my father that I made it my daily employ. My father finding me take to it so steadily, dismissed his hired boy, and put me in his place. I now considered myself of some consequence, the second in command, as we should say in the army; and the importance I attached to my new appointment produced the good effect of making me more diligent in my work. For my age, indeed, I laboured hard, watching the sheep by day, and folding them securely at night. However I felt a pleasure in it, and I believe those early employments gave me a love for rural life, which still

clings to me, and leads me to prefer these hills to cities.

“ At that time the country was not so generally enclosed as it is now. Many of those fields before us were then a common, and on the side of it nearest to that wood we frequently pastured our flock. At no great distance from the place was a cottage, inhabited by an old man who had been in the army, and had served at Gibraltar, where he lost an arm by the explosion of a bomb-shell. This old soldier often walked down to the place where our sheep grazed, and spent an hour or two of the day in chatting with my father upon the different things they had seen and heard. It was then as it is now, time past was always thought better than time present, and a good part of their talk consisted in bewailing the supposed change of times. It would be much better, sir, for persons to make the best of times as they are.

“ As the old man frequently spoke of his military career, I became greatly pleased with his company. It is natural for us to think things *we* have seen and done of more importance than things seen or done by others. The old soldier felt this in no common degree, and therefore he dwelt upon such subjects pretty largely, and felt an evident pleasure in speaking of his own exploits. To make his accounts more intelligible to me, he would cut in the turf the figures of the different fortifications he had engaged. In the compass of a few yards, we had our lines of circumvallation, our trenches



and breast-work, our bastions and half-moons, our sally-ports and glacis, so that the theory of besieging and storming seemed familiar to me before I had ever seen a firelock.

“ There is a glitter in the life of a soldier unknown to every other profession, and it is just suited to the aspiring vanity of a youthful mind. A red coat and polished musket, a tall cap and nodding feather, are fine things in the eye of a country stripling: no wonder I felt a wish to possess them. To be sure, the harassing marches, the short allowance of provisions, and the fury of battle, greatly damped the ardour of my mind on this subject; but against these I placed the glory of victory, the comforts of a pension in old age, and the pleasure of recounting my adventures to others, as the old man told his to me. Ah! it was an evil day to me that brought these thoughts into my mind!

“ Though I secretly wished to be a soldier, I durst not say a word upon the subject to my parents. I knew they would never consent to my leaving them. They, however, had a suspicion that I harboured a wish of the kind; for they had observed that in my sleep I often made use of expressions connected with the employments of military life. They deemed it proper, therefore, to keep me from the company of the old man as much as possible, and to take every opportunity of speaking against the profession, by lamenting its fatigues and horrors; but, like a mountain stream, the more it was opposed the more violent it became; and the nearer I

approached the age of maturity, the more I wished to launch into the world, and wear the laurels of a victorious soldier.

“Bear with me, sir; do not censure, but pity me, when I tell you that at eighteen years of age I had cruelty enough in me to ruin the peace of my affectionate parents by enlisting for a soldier! I am an old man, and many years



have passed over my head since that time, but not one but has been witness to my contrition. Oh! I deserve your contempt, wretch that I was! I knew their feelings! I knew their affection! These tears witness I have not forgotten it; no, nor shall I ever forget it!

“I had no sooner become a soldier, than I began to reflect on what I had done. I had left my native shades to brave every climate and country to which I might be directed. I had left my home, my father, my mother! Ah! there



was the dagger that pierced me to the heart. Had I left with their consent, it would not have grieved me; but to do it as an act of rebellion against their authority, was in my eye an enormous crime. The remembrance, too, that I was their only child gave additional keenness to my distress. I knew they had looked to me as the future solace of their old age, the protector of their persons, and the inheritor of their little property. But I had left them to strangers and aliens; I was too far off to comfort them in distress, or soothe them in sorrow. I thought upon the denunciations of the Bible against undutiful children, and expected the heaviest calamities to befall me.

“Alas! my sorrow could not avert the sad consequences of my inhuman conduct. My poor dear mother never afterwards lifted up her head. She lingered out a few months of sorrow, but her heart broke—and she died. My father, bereaved of the partner of his bosom, and forsaken by his only child, pined himself away till he fell into a consumption, which carried him off about a twelvemonth after my mother. They both lie under yonder spire. I visit their grave every Sabbath-day—’tis all I can now do.

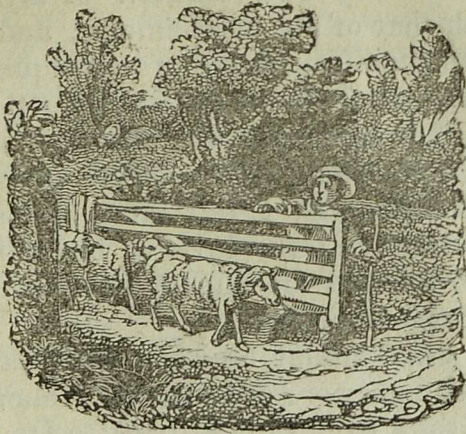
“Unkind as I was to them, they did not forget me. During their illness they incessantly prayed for my welfare; and surely God heard their prayers! They declared their full forgiveness of my disobedience, and died calling upon the Lord to save me from harm. My

mother charged the bystanders to convey her blessing to me, and declare her free forgiveness of my offence. It reached me, but it was not received as her blessings used to be: they had before filled me with joy, but now they agonised me with sorrow. I looked upon myself as the murderer of my best friends.

“ The regiment into which I enlisted was, at the time of my joining it, on its march through the neighbouring town, so that I immediately left this part of the country, and proceeded with it to Scotland. So long a march was very tiresome to me, and the fatigue of my body was increased by the distress of my mind to such a degree, that by the time the rout was ended I was fit for nothing but the hospital. I believe my illness was partly occasioned by my hard living. A soldier’s pay was but a trifle at best, and I was but a poor economist. I had never before had to provide for myself, and therefore knew not how to lay out my money to advantage however, experience taught me this lesson, and I afterwards did better.

“ In the hospital I received every attention, and was soon restored to health, but I quickly met with fresh trials. I had my discipline to learn. It is no easy task for a country lad, who has been used to an awkward sauntering gait, to bring his limbs to the active movements and sudden turns of a soldier. I found my firelock, too, more cumbersome than my shepherd’s crook; and the knapsack much heavier than my



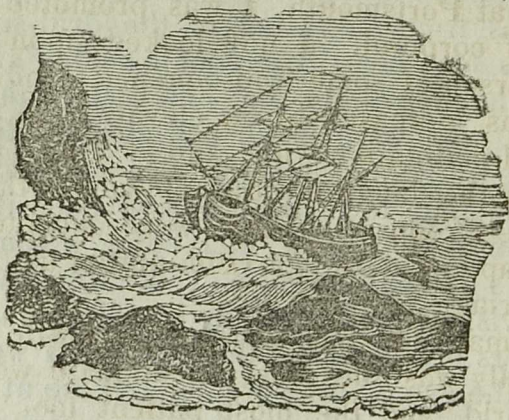


wallet. I know not whether I was more clumsy than others, or whether I felt trials more acutely than others, but I got several smart raps upon the shins from the rattan of the drill-serjeant, and was soon heartily sick of a soldier's life.

“I happened to be billeted with three others, who were much addicted to drinking and swearing, and unhappily, soon contracted habits similar to theirs. It was not without a consciousness that I was doing wrong: my mother's admonitions often came into my mind; but I wished to forget my troubles, and to do as others did, and the thought that I was from under the eye of my parents, left me at liberty from restraint; I forgot that eye which runs to and fro, beholding the evil and the good. As I sunk in sin, I rose in the estimation of my comrades; I was no longer looked upon as a clownish country bumpkin, but as a jovial fellow fit for a soldier; thus was I encouraged to add

sin to sin. My own opinion of myself kept pace with that of my companions; and I began to think myself somebody of consequence, and put in my word on every subject, though, in general, it was only to expose my own weakness and ignorance. One effect produced by this connexion was, I felt more reconciled to my new situation; the love of home began to cool, and I found the line of life I had chosen to be at least tolerable.

“ We staid about fourteen months in Scotland, and then were ordered to Ireland. The short passage from Port Patrick to Donaghadee happened to be rough, and never having been on the sea before, I was well broke in by a violent sea sickness. It was, however, of but



short duration, and we safely disembarked on the Irish shore, and marched direct to Dublin. Our next remove was to Limerick, and from thence to Cork. After a three years' stay in Ireland, we received a route for Portsmouth,



some transports took us on board at Cork, and conveyed us to Bristol, from which place we went over land by way of Salisbury to Portsmouth, where we took garrison duty.

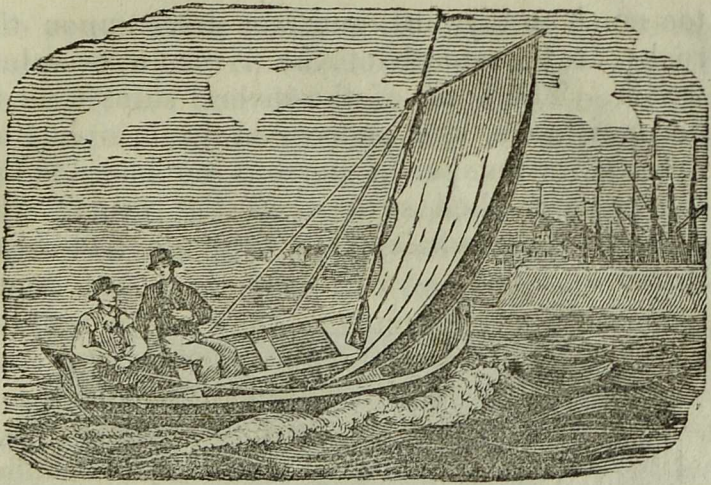
“ By this time I had become fully initiated into the duties of a soldier, and began to feel a measure of comfort in them. Occasionally, the remembrance of these hills and vallies would dart into my mind, but it was too painful to be indulged, and therefore I dismissed it as soon as possible. As I was a soldier, I determined to discharge faithfully the duties of a soldier; I therefore took care to be at my post punctually, whether it were the guard-house, or the parade. This attention was noticed and applauded by my officers; and soon after our arrival at Portsmouth, I was promoted to the rank of corporal. I now looked upon myself as a person of some consequence; and as my pay was increased by my elevation, I thought I could maintain a wife; and as I had a fondness for the daughter of a publican in the town, I made proposals, which were accepted, and the chaplain of the garrison united us together in marriage.

“ I married, and a truly good wife I got: my Polly was the most affectionate woman in the world, and the most patient too; I never heard her complain. She had much to endure, and to my shame I speak it, she had much to endure from me; but she bore it all with such meekness—but she is gone, and her dear children too, Ah! why am I left to linger so long

behind her? Sir, excuse my weakness, she was a blessed woman! she knew what life was—but she is gone! These tears testify that I loved her; yet, not half as she deserved to be loved—but she is gone!

“ We had been married about a year and a quarter, when orders were issued to fit out an expedition against the French, in North America, and our regiment was included in it. This was a sad shock to my dear wife, who now had an infant child; for though she had calculated on a wandering life, yet, now that the time arrived she knew not how to leave her parents; but there was no alternative, so she prepared to meet the trial as composedly as possible. As the transports were at anchor in the harbour, the boats pushed ashore at the point; thither the father and mother of my wife accompanied us, and saw us get into the boat and row off. As the vessels lay in the harbour two or three days waiting for a wind, they came to us on board several times, and brought us such things as they thought would be useful. At length the wind was fair, and the signal for sailing given: they stood upon the platform of the battery, to take a last look at us—my dear Polly waved her handkerchief to them, then applied it to her eyes, dimmed with the parting tear; and leaning upon my arm, with a heart too full for utterance, went down into the cabin.—It was the last farewell, for she never more set foot on English ground.

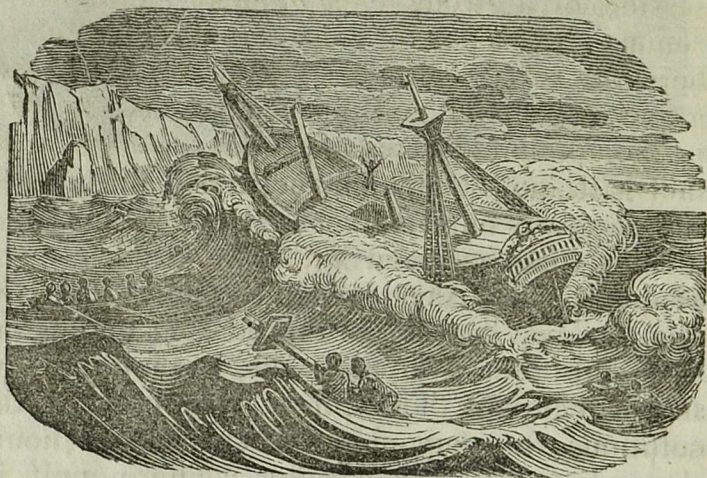




“ Nothing particular occurred during the voyage: we felt its inconveniences, and bore them patiently, knowing they could not be avoided. One good effect attending the voyage was, we had more leisure time; and as my wife had brought a few books, I employed myself in reading. The Colonel too, ordered the corporals in every ship, to spend two hours every day, when the weather would permit, in learning to write; and for this purpose, the subaltern officers gave their services as instructors. I availed myself of these opportunities, and spurred on by a desire to learn, made considerable progress. At length land was seen from the mast-head, and after a voyage of eight weeks, we safely entered the mouth of the great river St. Lawrence.

“ The whole fleet was not so fortunate however, for one of the transport brigs, not sufficiently regarding the commander’s signals, got

too much to leeward, and was driven upon the rocks at the mouth of the river, a complete wreck. The boats of the several ships went to her assistance, and succeeded in bringing off the greater number of persons on board; but the swell washed several off the wreck, who perished: the whole of the baggage and ship's stores were lost.



“The vessels came to an anchor at a fort on the river, and orders were given to disembark. The various preparations were made, and we once more set our feet upon firm ground. One man fell overboard, and sunk to rise no more; with this exception, no accident of any consequence befel the ship's complement in disembarking. My wife was well pleased to finish her voyage, and find herself upon land again; though this pleasure was greatly diminished by the remembrance of her friends at home, and



the prospect of being soon exposed to the ravages of war. We erected our tents outside the fort, and rested a week to refresh ourselves and wait for orders from the Commander in Chief.

“ When the expected orders arrived, we struck our tents, and marched to join a brigade under orders to drive the enemy from the possession of a strong encampment and battery, commanding a pass of considerable consequence between two mountains. We were very sanguine of success, and pushed eagerly forward to the appointed place of rendezvous, where we met with our companions in arms, not quite so full of spirits as ourselves; they had been for a long time harassed with long marches and frequent skirmishes, and now had more occasion for rest and peace than the bustle of war. The sight of so considerable a reinforcement, however, raised their spirits, and the settled resolution, so common to Britons, to conquer or die, animated every bosom. There was one thing that touched the feelings of many, and that was the tie of nature: we could not forget that we were connected with our fellow creatures, by the bonds of relationship. As to myself, though I had no parents on earth to feel for, nor brother, nor sister; I had a wife and child, that were dear to me as my own soul. Was it wrong to feel a conflict between duty and affection? I could not avoid it; yet I trusted to be preserved from death, to become the future guardian of my little family, and I

promised myself, if spared, a greater attention to their interests.

“ It was considered advisable to leave the women and baggage behind, and go as rapidly and secretly as possible upon the enemy, that we might attack them by surprise; and orders were issued to this effect. It may seem a little thing to sit down and talk about such matters, but it was not a little thing to bid farewell to the dearest earthly connexions, uncertain whether we should meet again or not in this world. My poor Polly wept abundantly, while I had scarcely power to pacify her; we mutually, at length, committed one another to the care of God, and separated. I took my place, and we commenced our march to the appointed place.

“ The country we had to cross was difficult; we had morasses to wade through, and forests to penetrate. Sometimes we were engaged in cutting our way through the thick brush-wood, and at other times in keeping one another out of bogs and quagmires. We succeeded in getting to within about five miles of the place of attack, and then halted for the coming of darkness to conceal us from the enemy; the interval we spent in refreshing ourselves, and encouraging each other to expect a complete victory. At length night closed in, and every man being enjoined to observe the strictest silence in his march, we moved towards the place of action, under the guidance of persons well acquainted with the country.



“ It was a fine star-light night, remarkably still and quiet—there was nothing in motion but ourselves; even the beasts of the forest seemed to leave the work of destruction to us. As we approached the encampment, the moon rose full in our faces, and enabled us to discover the place: we continued to skirt along the foot of the mountain unobserved by the enemy, until we reached the very trench of the fortification. A soldier on duty on the wall then perceived us, and immediately discharged his piece; the report circulated the alarm, and all was instant bustle and confusion within. We lost no time in attempting to scale the wall, but just as our men reached the top, a party of the enemy came up, and hewed our poor fellows to pieces as fast as they got up the ladders: we selected another point of attack, and succeeded in driving away the resisting party, but fresh troops coming to the assistance of the enemy, we were obliged to give way, and were again unsuccessful; many of the poor fellows were bayoneted on the wall, and their bodies fell into the ditch below; the great guns of the battery too, by this time, were brought to bear upon us, and a few discharges of grape-shot did terrible execution.

“ We began to feel apprehensive that our attempt would entirely fail. The General of the brigade resolved, however, to make a grand attack upon the main gate—a mine was sprung under the drawbridge, which succeeded in blowing it into the air; there was no water

in the trench, and we threw a sort of platform across it with our scaling ladders, in the midst of a vigorous fire from within; we contrived to fix two petards to the outer gate, and to our inexpressible joy, it gave way; the inner gate was carried in a similar manner. A shout of exultation was given by our brave fellows, and all rushed forward to enter the place; at this moment, a bayonet pierced our commander to the heart, and he fell to the earth a lifeless corpse.

“And now the work of carnage was at its height. All the soldiers in the place rushed to the point of attack, and resolutely resisted our entrance; while all our men, as resolutely, pushed forward to conquer or die. Horrid was the glare produced by the discharges of artillery, brought to rake the entrance to the gate; and dreadful the discordant sounds of guns and pistols, swords and bayonets, groans and shouts; the peaceful moon looked upon a scene of confusion and bloodshed. The conflict did not continue long; the enemy, unable to sustain the impetuous darings of our troops, fell back; this gave new courage to us, and we finally succeeded in completely shutting them up in the citadel, where they surrendered at discretion, and were marched as prisoners to the headquarters. We planted the British flag upon the fort, amidst the shouts of victory, and gave up ourselves to rest after the fatigues we had undergone.

“We employed the next day in burying the



dead—it was a mournful scene, and I could not but think of the weeping widows and children, that dreadful night had occasioned! though I am a soldier, sir, I know war to be a horrid evil. Happy for the world would it be, if the inhabitants of the earth went to war no more; this will be the case, when the gospel universally prevails, and not till then.

“As soon as the wounded had recovered, we were ordered to march to the part of the country we had previously left, where our baggage was; leaving a sufficient number of men behind to garrison the fort. I had soon the pleasure of meeting my dear Polly, who rejoiced to see me unhurt, after all the dangers of the expedition. Ah! how ought we to have praised the God of Providence! but we were then in spiritual darkness. We, however, were happy in being restored to each other—our pleasure too was increased, by my being promoted to the rank of serjeant.

“The loss of the place just mentioned, was a sad blow to the affairs of the French in America; this, and a succession of losses, soon led to their evacuation of the country; before they left it, however, I was engaged with them no less than seven times—once, I received a musket ball through my right arm, another time my cap was split open by the sword of a dragoon, and another time my leg was laid bare to the bone, by the grazing of an almost spent cannon-ball.

“When there was no further occasion for

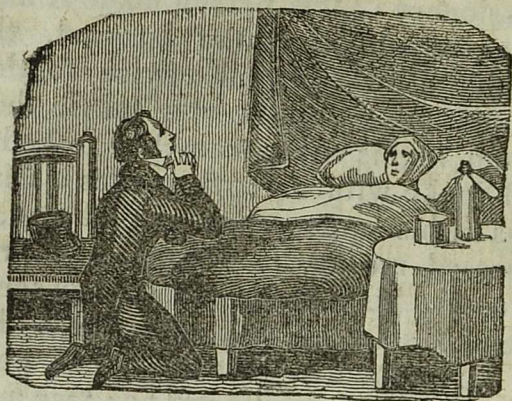
our service in North America, we had orders to proceed to the West Indies, and we sailed accordingly to the Island of Barbadoes. On our passage, my dear wife narrowly escaped a watery grave; as she was walking on the deck of the ship, a rope that hung from the rigging got round her body, and the vessel giving a roll at the time, she was thrown into the sea. A hen-coop was instantly tossed over in the hope she might cling to it, which proved of service: for a negro, an expert swimmer, jumped overboard, and with the help of the hen-coop, kept her above water until a boat was lowered which took them up. The vessel was brought to, and they were taken aboard again; thus the Lord delivered a wife and a mother from threatened death.

“We had no sooner arrived in the island, than we felt what is called the seasoning, which laid us both up for a considerable time; the children, however, escaped it. Numbers were taken off by it, and neither my wife nor I expected any thing but death for several days. However, what we then thought a severe affliction, was the greatest blessing we ever enjoyed, as it was the means of bringing us to the knowledge of ourselves, and of God. It may be interesting to you to know somewhat of the manner of this: if I am tedious, tell me so, and I will forbear; if not, you will overlook the talkativeness of an old man.

“There was on the island a gentleman, a Minister, who had been sent out from England



as a Missionary ; this person made it his business regularly to visit the hospital, that he might administer spiritual advice to the sick and dying. As soon as I was taken there, he came, and in his visits from bed to bed, stopped and spoke with me ; there was a Christian mildness in his appearance and manner, which prepossessed me in his favour, and prepared me to receive his instruction. ‘ You seem very ill, friend,’ said he. A groan was the only answer I returned. ‘ These are but perishing bodies at the best,’ continued he ; ‘ we are often reminded, that *Man that is born of a woman is but of few days, and is full of trouble* ; yet, it matters but little whether our days are many or few, full of trouble or full of joy, if we do but get safe to heaven at last, for there is *fulness of joy and pleasures for evermore*.’ ‘ I hope I shall find it so,’ I whispered out. ‘ And tell me my friend,’ said the Minister, ‘ upon what is your hope built?’ ‘ I have endeavoured, sir,’ I said, ‘ to do my duty both to God and to my king.’ ‘ And do you think you have fully discharged it?’ ‘ I trust I have.’ ‘ Alas!’ said the reverend gentleman, ‘ I fear you do not know how far duty extends ! but you seem extremely feeble at present, and I will not weary you with conversation, I will only recommend you to ponder in your heart that one text—*Whatsoever ye do, whether ye eat or drink, do all to the glory of God*.’ He then knelt down by my bed-side, and heartily prayed for me, body and soul.



“ This conversation was the subject of reflection, when I was left to myself. I began to consider what God required of man, and suspected, that if it was to ‘do justly, love mercy, and walk humbly with God,’ I had not been quite so attentive as I ought to have been. When I thought of the passage of scripture, I felt condemned, and knew I had not done all things to the glory of God. I ran over the history of the past, took a rapid survey of my life, and in every part found myself deficient; well then, thought I, what must I do? here I lie, a poor object at the point of death, and yet, I find myself unfit for death. I wish the Minister had never visited me; yet, if I was under a delusion, it was right, and it was kind to undeceive me; but if I am wrong, oh! who will put me right? I will even wait, until another visit from the gentleman shall convince me whether I find his calls profitable, or not.



“ Thus I reasoned with myself. My intention to wait for the pious man’s call, was however in vain. The distress of my mind increased so much, from the remembrance of my past sins, that I was obliged to send a request to him to have the goodness to call on me as soon as convenient. With this request he kindly complied, and immediately visited me. As soon as he came in, I said, ‘ Oh! sir, I have had no peace since you left me; I have been wretched! Sir, I am a ruined sinner, ruined for ever!’ Lifting up his hands and his eyes to heaven, he exclaimed, ‘ Thank God you know it—it was my wish that you might see your condition: God has answered our prayers. ‘ But, sir,’ said I, ‘ I am miserable! I am a dying man! yet, a sinner against God. If you love my soul, as I believe you do, tell me what I must do.’ ‘ I not only love your soul myself,’ replied he, ‘ but I can assure you, God loves it also. Yes, notwithstanding your many transgressions of his law, he loves you still. If he did not love you, why does he forbear to consume you in a moment? He so loves you as to desire your salvation; for this purpose, he has sent his Son as a Saviour for you, and is now teaching you the need you have of him.’

“ The distress of my mind was not abated by this visit of the excellent Minister; the more I entered into myself, the more I discovered my sinfulness; so much so, that sometimes I resolved to think no more on the subject; then

again the prospect of death, and the apprehension of meeting my Judge, forced the recollection on my mind, and I was obliged to cry out as one of old, *Lord, what wouldst thou have me to do?* yet, the heavens seemed as brass to my prayer, and I could get no comfort. I continued in this state eight days, reduced to a mere skeleton, expecting every hour to be my last on earth, and my entrance to everlasting torment; yet, convinced that how great soever my misery in the next world might be, I must acquit the justice of God, as it could not be greater than my misdeeds deserved.

“ It is a sad thing to leave the concerns of the soul to be transacted upon a sick bed; to be diseased in body, and distressed in mind at the same time is terrible indeed; but my folly had delayed the work, and now I was doubly distressed. If men could be persuaded in this their day of health and vigour, to seek the things belonging to their peace, it would save them from many a troublesome pang.

“ Well, sir, I found peace to my soul after eight days conflict: I can scarcely describe to you how it was. I seemed to be in utter despair, when it suddenly came to mind, Christ can save me! He died for this purpose! He will save me! He does save me! At this moment, I felt all my hope of salvation placed on him; I was resolved to trust him at all events. It was not in vain; a sudden peace sprung up in my heart—I was at once lightened of an



immense load—I felt a mighty change—my burden was gone—my peace was made—I could now say, *Though thou wast angry with me, thine anger is turned away, and behold thou comfortest me.* Prayer was changed to praise, and the oil of joy was given for the spirit of heaviness.

“What greatly increased my joy, was the information that my dear wife had been savingly converted to God a few days before. She had been brought nigh to the gates of death, and was kept in a house near the hospital, where she was visited by the same Minister who came to me. While he was praying by her bed-side, her soul was set at liberty from the thralldom of guilt and condemnation; and she was made to rejoice in the pardoning mercy of God. Deliverance from the weight of our sins contributed, no doubt, to the restoration of our bodily health, for from that time we began to recover, and it was not long before we were restored to perfect health. The first time my dear wife came to see me, we were overcome with joy and gratitude, that we were delivered from the double death of body and soul.

“From the time of my first having Christ formed in my heart, I never lost my confidence in God, I had my trials, and my seasons of darkness and trouble, but God was always my present support. With my dear Polly, it was not always so: she suffered vain reasonings to harass her, and satan took advantage of her, and tempted her to believe all was a delusion; but she recovered from the snare of the devil soon

afterwards, and from that time walked in the light of God's countenance.

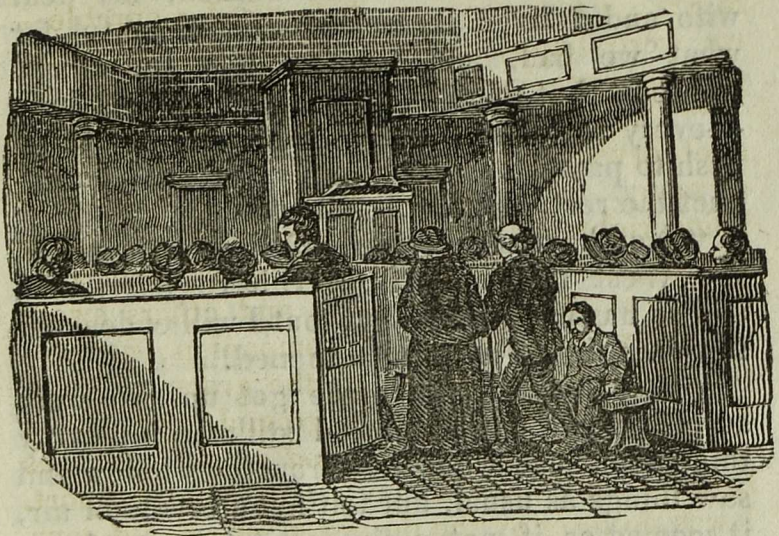
“ Nobody can describe the change religion makes in the experience of a man. I never was so happy in my life. My duty as a soldier was now cheerfully performed. I now took calmly, what before irritated me; and whereas, I always before appeared hurried, I now could find time for reading, prayer, and meditation. Marriage, too, was never before so honourable—we were happy indeed—never did we enjoy each others society so much before.

“ The change produced in us did not pass unobserved, but brought upon us the ridicule of many. Some hinted we were in danger of being righteous overmuch, others thought there was no occasion to be so scrupulous, some predicted it would soon end, and others swore that they had lost a good companion; none of these things moved me; by the grace of God, I was able to keep my ground, and go on through *evil report and good report*; it was because the Lord was my strength and support. I was no loser by the desertion of my old companions, for I found others, whose delight was in God, and who were truly the helpers of my joy. Blessed be God!

“ It may easily be supposed, that after my recovery, I was not inattentive to the public service of religion; in nothing did I feel a greater change than in this. Before my affliction, the house of worship was unpleasant, the sabbaths of the Lord were a weariness to me



necessity indeed obliged me to attend divine service with the regiment, but I should have much preferred a saunter in the plantations, or a convivial meeting with a few of my comrades; but now the sabbath was *a delight, the holy of the Lord honourable*. The sanctuary was the place where I wished constantly to be; I never was so happy as when engaged in acts of devotion.



“With other blessings, I was made to enjoy that of *contentment*. I had before frequently complained of my lot, and thought it hard to be confined to the station of a soldier, to be harassed by the commands of my superior officers, to be exposed with a wife and family to a foreign and an unhealthy climate, and many other things; but I found by

experience, that religion drives away discontent, and puts an end to murmuring; I learned with St. Paul, *in whatsoever state I was, therewith to be content*. It seemed a matter of indifference to me whether I was at home or abroad, bond or free; my soul was happy in God, and I cared for little besides—not that I was careless about my duty, but I could trust all to Providence.

“In this comfortable condition, my dear wife and I lived for some time, thankful for what we had, and trusting him for all we wanted; but there is no lasting comfort here—every rose has its thorn!—Ah! sir, I could wish to pass over all that remains; but you expect the rest, and I will tell you all.

“You have heard, sir, of the hurricanes of the West Indies: Alas! I have *felt* them; and so has my dear Polly: but I will endeavour to relate things as they happened.

“One morning, when we got up, we were surprised with the unusual stillness of every thing about us; we looked from the window and saw things as usual, but felt not a breath of air, it seemed as if not a single zephyr remained. When I was dressed I walked out to enjoy the stillness of the morning; a misty vapour seemed to hang upon the earth, and the sun, in struggling through it, appeared both larger and redder than common. What was to me matter of amusement, I soon found to be the occasion of general consternation and alarm, for these appearances were indicative of a hurricane.



People began to run about in all directions to prepare for the approaching calamity. Families collected together, all with anxiety in their countenances. The slaves were busy collecting and securing the cattle, barring up doors and windows, and propping buildings thought to be insecure. The ships in the harbour began to work out to sea; and indeed, every one was endeavouring to secure himself or his property from ruin and destruction. I immediately returned to my room and communicated what I had heard to my wife; we collected our three children together, and kneeling down, committed ourselves to God in prayer, and patiently waited the result.

“ It was not long before the sky became over-cast, and seemed to frown upon us with an angry wildness. A brisk gale blew from the east, then suddenly changed to the west; then shifted to other points, and then again appeared to blow from every quarter at once: the sea, which had before been calm, became violently agitated, and seemed to heave from its centre; a dismal cloud veiled the sky, and almost obscured the light of day; torrents of rain began to descend; the fury of the wind increased, till it roared like great guns; the earth appeared to tremble! indeed, every thing was in motion; the birds of the air were driven by the fury of the blast into the sea; the waves made encroachments upon the land; every thing was reversed; devastation and ruin rode upon every blast.

“ I may mention these things, but I cannot convey to you an idea of the horror of the scene; the husband supporting his wife; the wife fainting in the arms of her husband; the children clinging to their terrified parents, would melt the heart of any spectator, did not his own personal safety render him less mindful of every thing beside. There is at these times, no place free from danger; to go out of the house is to be carried away in the storm, to stay in the room, risks being crushed by the falling roof: the cellar too is unsafe; there you may be drowned in the waters, pouring in all directions into it, or buried in the ruins of the superstructure. Every where is danger, and no where safety.

“ The house in which we lived, braved the violence of the hurricane for some time, but at length its foundation shook and it gave way; we found it going, and immediately sprang forward; my wife seized two of the children, and darted with them into the street; they were instantly shaken off their legs by the trembling of the earth. At that moment the earth was rent asunder—an awful gap was opened in it, and—Oh! sir, horrid to relate—my poor dear wife, and my precious children, were carried into it, and instantly buried within it!

“ Dearest of women! she had been my companion for many years, and a faithful one had she been; she was the best of wives, and the kindest of mothers! If I could have been permitted to watch over her sick bed, or to follow her corpse to the grave, it would have been a



consolation ; but to have her torn from me—it was heart rending indeed ! yet, it was the will of God, and I submit. I have the happiness to know, that she was prepared by divine grace to meet her God.

“ I narrowly escaped being buried in the same grave ; but the same force which threw my poor wife and children into the chasm, cast me, and the child whom I held in my hand, under the step of a house door, where we lay almost smothered with the falling buildings, yet providentially unhurt, till the hurricane had subsided.

“ When the elements had recovered somewhat of their former serenity, what a picture of confusion was exhibited ; mounds of earth in one place, ruins of buildings in another, the wrecks of ships and boats in another ; deep holes scooped out by the torrents of rain, and the encroachments of the sea, were numerous ; but the most affecting of all, was the sight of old and young running about in search of their lost relations ; some buoyed up with hope, and others sunk into utter despair. Alas ! I had nothing to hope ; my dear partner had perished before my eyes, and her restoration was impossible.

“ Without my dear Polly, life has never had charms for me. My history is only interesting during that part of it in which she was concerned. I have lived many years since her removal from me, but all has been insipid to me ; I can run it over in a little time, and therefore, shall soon have done.

“ My pitiable case was much talked of in the

island, and excited the sympathy of all. The officers of the regiment kindly sent my only surviving girl to school for me, and shewed me every attention. Time diminished the violence of my grief, but time has not, and never will, remove it. Sometimes I fear I am too complaining, that I do not yield, as I ought, to the will of God; I wish to submit, and I think I do: may God assist me to do so fully!

“ My regiment remained several years in the West Indies, till but few of the men who first came out with it, remained. At length, we were ordered home; I felt acutely, at leaving the burying place of my wife and children, but I was obliged to go with my regiment. After a tolerably pleasant passage, we safely arrived at Gravesend.

“ In coming ashore from the ship, I met with an accident: as I was stepping out of the boat, my feet became entangled in a rope, and I fell upon the steps of the landing-place; an injury of the hip-bone was the consequence, which confined me to the hospital for six months; and when I was sent out, it was with a lameness, from which only the grave will deliver me. Thus, after having escaped a multitude of dangers, in the various countries to which I had been sent, I was at last crippled upon the shores of my own country.

“ My lameness did not allow of my doing duty in a marching regiment, so I was appointed to join a veteran battalion, and take garrison duty, in which situation I continued eleven





years. At length, after thirty-five years service, I was discharged on a pension, and came to spend the last of my days in the neighbourhood where I was born. I came down here with my daughter, but there were scarcely any that I knew; a fresh generation had sprung up: their names were familiar to me, but those names were associated with the persons of the fathers and grandfathers of those, who now possessed them. One of my first visits was to the grave of my dear parents; the recollection of their kindness, mixt with the remembrance that I had lost and left behind me, in a distant climate, a partner, and two engaging children, made me water the place with my tears. I caused a neat gravestone to be placed on the spot to mark the place of their interment, and record their names.

“ After we had been here some time, my

daughter married, and is now, as you see, the mother of three children; we all live together, and live in peace. My son-in-law is a good man and fears God, so that I am as happy as I can wish in my outward circumstances; and as to my soul, I bless the Lord, I have never lost a sense of my acceptance with him, since the time of my conversion to God in the Island of Barbadoes. Many instances of unfaithfulness I might mention, but I thank God his mercy has been my refuge, and through faith in his adorable Son, I have been able to rejoice in present comfort, and hope of eternal life. My days upon earth are now hastening to a close; there is nothing here that I can desire to live for: my child is settled in the world: I could wish, therefore, to go to my dear wife and children in heaven; yet, *all the days of my appointed time will I wait, till my change come*; I will not set God a time—while I am here I hope to live to his glory, and when I die, I trust to be in the presence of God, *where there is fulness of joy, and pleasures for evermore.*”

Thus the old soldier concluded his narrative: and thus I have delivered it to my readers as near as my recollection will serve, without interrupting the story by relating any of the observations I made, during the delivery of it. If the reader had heard it from the lips of the venerable old man, and had seen the tears trickle down his furrowed cheeks, when he mentioned his unfortunate wife, or the gleam of joy which animated his countenance, when he spoke of



meeting her in a better world; if the reader could have observed the coolness with which he led me through his military campaigns, or the energy which he displayed while relating the attack of the enemy at the pass in North America; if especially, he could have seen the hardiness of a soldier, lost in the sweetness of a Christian; in short, if the reader had heard the account from the old soldier himself, he would never have forgotten it. Certain I am, it is fixed on the tablet of my memory in a way, not to be removed till the faculty itself be overthrown.

That I felt affectionately united to the old man, is not to be wondered at; he had given me a history fraught with caution, reproof, instruction, and kindness; and while I admired the respected subject of it, I adored the Being, whose providence and grace had been so remarkably illustrated in it. In the years of trouble the old man had seen, I beheld more than ever, the sin of disobedience to parents; he had brought them to their grave; he knew it, and the recollection, even when he possessed the forgiving love of God, was matter of humiliation and self-abasement with him. Happy those children, who learn to honour their father and mother, and to fulfil the advice of the Apostle, "Children, obey your parents." In the conversion of the soul of this person, I saw the object of our Heavenly Father's chastisements; he does not afflict willingly, but for our profit. It was affliction that brought a desire of salvation to his soul,

and threw a faithful minister in his way. Surely, it was good for him that he was afflicted! Before he was afflicted he went astray, but afterwards he kept God's statutes. In the removal of his wife and two children, I perceived something of the inscrutability of God's providence. Why she was taken at that particular time, and under those particular circumstances, we know not; but we shall know hereafter. We are assured that not a sparrow falls without his permission, how much less a human being! In these cases his way is in the sea, his path in the great waters, and his footsteps are not known! One thing is not to be questioned, they were taken from the evil to come. In the midst of judgment they experienced mercy. In the steady perseverance of the old man, in the ways of religion, I witnessed the sufficiency of divine grace to support and comfort, and at a period too, when support and comfort seem most desirable. He loved his God and Saviour, and spoke his hallowed name with apparent reverence. He referred to his conversion with gratitude; and in the recollection of the past, did not lose the enjoyment of the present time. This was the finishing excellence in his character; his "grey hairs were a crown of glory, because they were found in the way of righteousness."

I rejoiced to be brought to the acquaintance of this venerable person; and therefore, on taking my leave of him, promised him a second visit. This was succeeded by many others, which I paid him in the course of the three years



and a half of my acquaintance with him, in all which my soul was profited, by witnessing his steady piety, and patient submission to the infirmities of age. At length, his long life gave way to the last enemy, and in the patient hope of a resurrection to eternal life, he sweetly fell asleep in Christ Jesus. His last words were, "Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."

His corpse was carried to the grave by six neighbouring cottagers, followed by his daughter, son-in-law, and their children, as mourners. He was buried by the side of his parents, and at the head of his grave was placed a plain stone with the name, age, and time of departure of the deceased; under which were inscribed the following lines.



## EPITAPH.

Beneath this sod, in silence rest,  
 An aged Warrior's weary limbs ;  
 His spirit, soaring 'mongst the blest,  
 Jesus, the Saviour's triumph hymns.

The valiant soldier fights no more ;  
 The widow'd husband wipes his eye ;  
 For war and grief alike are o'er,  
 And heavenly breasts can never sigh.

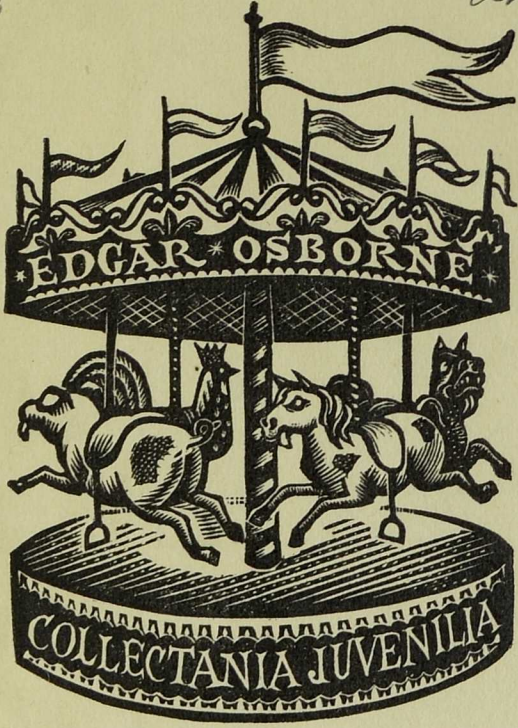
When the last trump shall call this dust,  
 To join its kindred soul above ;  
 May *his* Redeemer be *my* trust,  
 And guide me to the heav'n of love !





SB

ds



37131 05359 7 019

I, 316

# LICATIONS

OF THE

## TRACT SOCIETY,

ESTD 1799;  
56, PATERNOSTER ROW;  
NISBET, 21, BERNERS STREET, OXFORD  
BOOKSELLERS IN TOWN AND COUNTRY.

**FIRST SERIES**;—A variety of Tracts, many of them upon  
particular subjects; others are interesting and useful narra-  
tives, Short Treatises, or Extracts from larger Works.

**SECOND SERIES**;—Principally intended for sale by  
hawkers, or other itinerant vendors.

**BROAD SHEETS**;—Suitable for affixing to the walls of  
shops, factories, &c. Also Smaller Papers, or **HAND BILLS**,  
designed for circulation on public occasions, and in places of  
crowded resort.

**CHILDREN'S BOOKS**;—A great variety, both interesting  
and instructive, suited for every rank and station in life,  
printed in a neat form, and embellished with numerous Wood  
Engravings. Also a Series for Children under Ten Years of  
Age, called **SHORT STORIES**, with many Pictures.

### THE TRACT MAGAZINE, AND THE CHILD'S COMPANION.

These little works appear on the First of each Month, their  
contents are varied and interesting, and well suited for general  
and permanent distribution.—Price *One Penny* each Number.

Also a Series of **SELECT SERMONS**, price *2d.* Each.

Selections of Tracts under the following Titles:—

The Seaman's Manual.	The Servant's Friend.
The Soldier's Manual.	The Artizan's Assistant.
The Prisoner's Manual.	The Christian Armed.
A Manual for the Afflicted.	The Christian's Help.
The Cottager's Companion.	The True Catholic.
The Protestant's Manual.	The Youth's Companion.

Sets of the First Series of Tracts arranged in Twelve Parts,  
as **LEAN TRACTS**, and in Volumes neatly bound, with a variety  
of Small Publications, suitable for adults, printed in a neat  
form, 18mo. with stiff covers, or half-bound;—as

Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress.	Voice of God.
———— Holy War.	On Religious Declension.
Brookes's Precious Remedies.	Visit to the House of Mourning.
Adam's Private Thoughts.	Cottage Hymns, &c. &c.