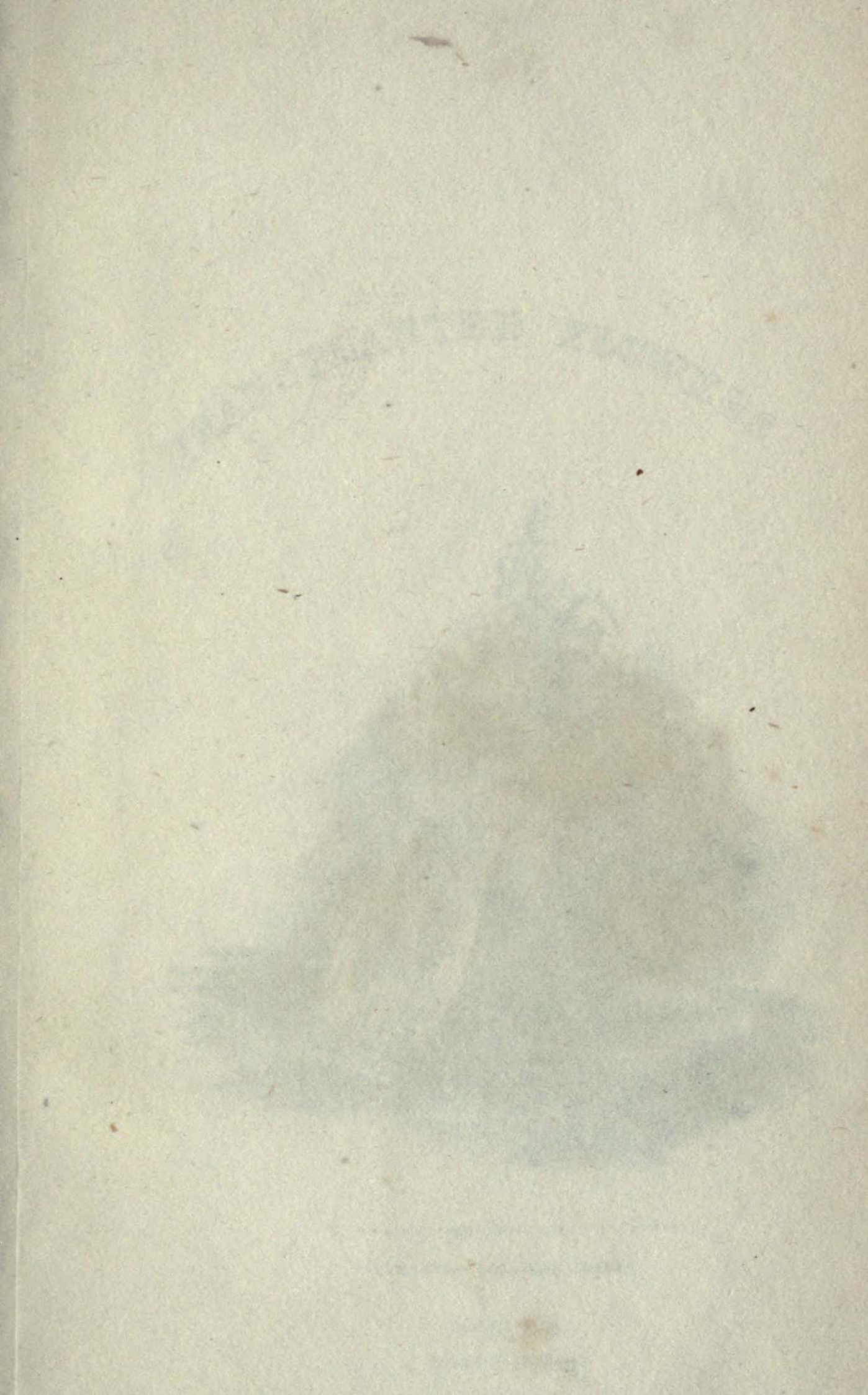
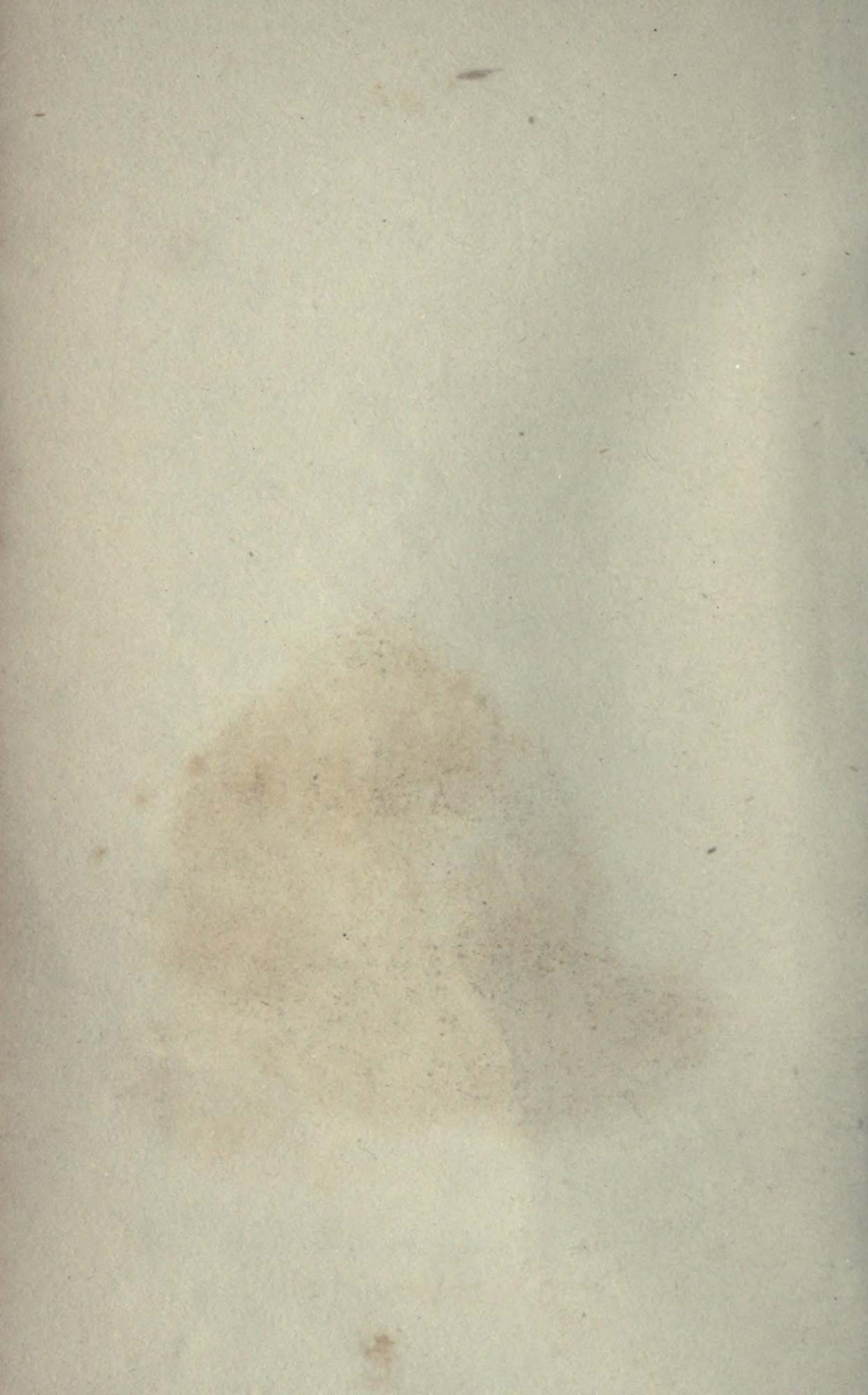




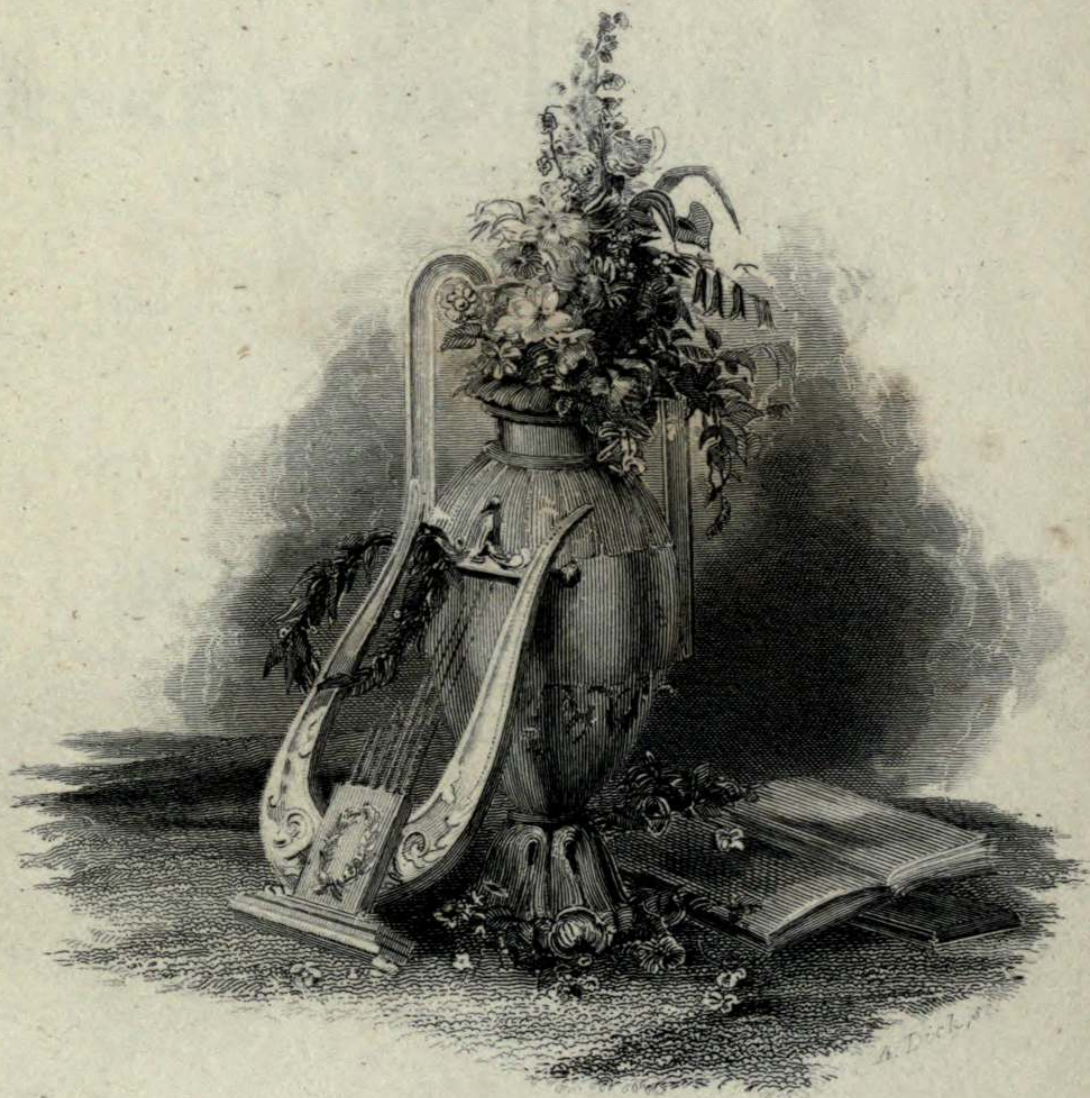
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TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.



"There everlasting spring abides.  
"And never withering flowers.

NEW-YORK,  
JOHN S. TAYLOR.



TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS,

OR

MEMOIRS

OF

MRS. RUMPF, F,

DAUGHTER OF JOHN JACOB ASTOR ESQ.

AND THE

DUCHESS DE BROGLIE,

DAUGHTER OF MADAME DE STAËL,

WITH

AN APPENDIX,

BY

ROBERT BAIRD.

The only amaranthine flower on earth  
Is virtue ; the only lasting treasure, truth.

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NEW YORK :

JOHN S. TAYLOR,

Juvenile and Sunday School Bookseller, Corner of Park  
Row and Spruce Street.

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1839.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1839,  
BY JOHN S. TAYLOR,  
in the Clerk's office of the District Court of the South-  
ern District of New York.

Gift of Prof. C. A. Kofoid



## TRANSPLANTED FLOWERS.

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There's many a flower, that proudly springs  
Amid the gaudy world's parterre,  
Still fann'd by Fashion's painted wings,  
To Folly dear,

Whose flaunting metals woo the sun,  
Fearless of Beauty's transient lot,  
But wither ere the day is done,  
Unwept, forgot.

Yet some there are, that bloom apart,  
With meekly consecrated charm,  
Whose gifts of fragrance cheer the heart,  
Like healing balm.

O'er the blest spot, where once they grew,  
The eye of Love, its tear doth shed,  
And Pain and Penury bedew  
Their funeral bed.

But 'neath an everlasting beam,  
They smile—where no dark cloud descends ;  
Their's was that hallow'd incense-stream  
Which heavenward tends.

Unfading, lo!—they live,—they bloom,—  
Transplanted by His culturing hand  
Who bids us seek, beyond the tomb,  
A better land.

L. H. S.

MEMOIR

OF

MRS. RUMPF.

MEMORANDUM

MEMORANDUM

## PREFACE.

It is now almost a quarter of a century since the present general peace which prevails throughout Europe, and, we may add, the rest of the world, commenced its reign. This auspicious era dates from the memorable and decisive battle of Waterloo. During this period of peace,—almost unparalleled, for its length, in the history of modern times,—the wars which have occurred have been, with few exceptions, short in duration; and all have been of very limited extent.

The blessed fruits of this protracted and widely extended tranquillity in Europe have been manifold. In almost every country on that continent, very perceptible progress has been made in extending the benefits of education, in advancing the useful arts, in ameliorating oppressive laws, in promoting morality, and in elevating the masses of society. We are far from saying that anything more than a *beginning* has been made. But what we do most confidently affirm is, that a beginning has been made.

Still more and better; true religion, the pure Christianity of the Bible, has certainly begun to revive in almost every part of the continent. Through the increased diffusion of the sacred Scriptures, which has been effected, to a greater or less extent, in almost every country on the continent, a decided

impulse has been given to the cause of evangelical piety. Here and there, the seeds of divine truth, which have fallen from the hand of the sower, are beginning to vegetate. Some germs have even become visible. And though a moral desolation, wide and deplorable, still prevails, and affects the hearts of those who love God and the souls of their fellow men, yet the few and scattered flowers which now appear throughout its extent, are fragrant and beautiful, and like the violets and their companions of the opening spring, are the precursors of the nearness and the glory of the summer and of harvest.

In no country, however, on the continent, has a more pleasing, or a more extensive resuscitation of evangelical religion commenced than in France. And yet France is one of the last countries, perhaps, in which we

should expect to see this happy regeneration take place. For it was in France, that for two hundred and fifty years, with few intermissions, exterminating persecutions raged; and so many Protestants suffered death for Christ's sake, that it is matter of wonder that any who bear that name should be found there in this day. It was in France that, within the last one hundred years, infidelity became so universally diffused by the writings of Voltaire, Diderot, D'Alembert and others, and where the awful events of, what is, by emphasis, called, *the Revolution*, occurred, and which filled all the world with astonishment.

This increase of true religion in France is perceptible in the growing soundness of doctrine, zeal, and fidelity, among a very considerable number of that portion of the Protestant



clergy of the kingdom who preach in the churches maintained by the State; in the daily augmenting number of chapels which are springing up in different parts of the country, by means of the efforts of the Evangelical Society of France, and other similar societies; as well as in the multiplied exertions of Bible and Tract, and other religious Institutions which have been established within the last twenty years.

And although the number of the truly pious in France is still small, and the greater part of them among the poor of this world, whom God still chooses,—as He has generally in all ages done,—to make them his people, yet we can bear record, that their zeal is most ardent, and their liberality in every good work, not only great but even extraordinary. They are to be found in small numbers, in

insulated and still widely separated groups throughout the kingdom. In no one city, town, or village, is their number great, or their force considerable. Even in Paris, and in Lyons, and in Nismes, and in Toulouse, and in Orleans, and in Rochelle, where there is more evangelical religion, perhaps, than in any other places in that country, the entire number in each place, of those who are truly interested in the kingdom of God hardly exceeds a few hundreds, and by far the greater part of them depend, under God, upon their daily labour for their daily maintenance.

It is not inconsistent with the general representation which has just been made, to state that, though the mass of the truly pious in France, at this time, are persons who possess but little of this world's wealth or

influence, God has, in mercy, raised up some men in Paris, and in other places, of much intelligence, sound judgment, devoted piety, considerable influence, and a few of some wealth, whose joy and whose honour it is to consecrate their talents, their influence, and their property to the service of God their Saviour. Still more: He has raised up some very pleasant, though small, circles of influential ladies who hesitate not to employ their influence, their time, and their means for the promotion of the same blessed cause. It was to be expected that, in a land distinguished, and even proverbial, for its chivalrous deference to female influence, God, who knows so well what instrumentalities to employ, in any and in all circumstances, and in all countries, would not neglect to call into requisition, for the advancement of his king-

dom in that country, an element of power from which so much was to be expected.

The largest of these circles of distinguished and influential Christian females is that which is to be found in the capital of the kingdom. But it is with the deepest sorrow that we are called upon to record, as the following pages will show, that that lovely circle has been, within the short space of a little more than two years, most seriously diminished by the inroads which death has made. Within that period, Mrs. Rumpff, the Duchess de Broglie, Mrs. Grandpierre, and Mrs. Frederick Monod have been called away from their labours on earth, and from their sorrowing companions in the service of Christ, to enter, we doubt not, into the employments and enjoyments of heaven! How useful their lives were, during the years which they

spent in the service of God, after they had known the power of the Gospel, it will be the aim of this little work to demonstrate. That the attempt may meet the approbation of our blessed Lord and Saviour, and contribute to the advancement of his glorious cause is the sincere prayer of the

AUTHOR.

*New-York, May, 1839.*



## MEMOIR.

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Mrs. RUMPF was the youngest daughter of John Jacob Astor, Esq. of this city—a gentleman most extensively known not only in America, but also in Europe, for the boldness of enterprize, the soundness of judgment, and the untiring perseverance with which he, for a long period, pursued the fur business; for the very prominent part which he took in the foundation and sustentation of the American Fur Company, (which in fact owes its existence to his efforts;) and for the distinguished affluence to which his industry, his integrity, and his energy, under God's blessing, have conducted him.

The subject of this memoir was born in New-York, in the year 1801. Her childhood and early youth were spent under the parental roof. She enjoyed the best instruction which the female seminaries, of her native city, at that day afforded. In addition to this, she spent some time at school at Philadelphia, and also at Middletown, in Connecticut. Her character, during that interesting period of life, was chiefly distinguished by a sweet, amiable, retiring, benevolent disposition. Her understanding was good, her taste pure, and her sensibility deep and delicate. Unaffected simplicity, and modest reserve were very strikingly displayed in her conversation and deportment.

She attended chiefly the services of the Episcopal church, and was from her earliest years, not without a sense of the importance of religion, and sincere respect for those who consistently professed it. But it is not intended to express more, by what has just been said, than that she was favorably dis-



posed towards religion, and at times felt the importance of possessing it. At a later period, when she had known fully the nature and power of religion, by a heart-felt experience of it, it was her own judgment that, at the time to which reference is now made, she was living, as all do until brought to the saving knowledge of Christ, "without God," and without a well-founded "hope" of eternal life.

In the year 1819, she accompanied her father to Europe, and spent some months in Germany, France, &c., and passed a few weeks at the charming Moravian village of Neuvied, on the Rhine, where an uncle of hers, a brother of her father, and a member of that excellent Society of Christians, resided. In the year 1823 she again visited Europe, with her father, and spent two years in France, Switzerland, Germany, &c. It was during this visit that she became acquainted with Mr. Rumpff, who was then, and still is, the Minister Resident at the Court of the Tuileries, for

the Hanseatic Towns, or Free Cities, of Germany. To this gentleman she was married in 1825, at Paris, and it will not be affirming too much to say that few marriages have ever been more felicitous. The writer of this memoir has had abundant evidence to satisfy his mind, that she never ceased to admire, and most devoutly and thankfully to acknowledge, the kind providence of God which led to their union—a union of uninterrupted happiness, until it was dissolved by her death, after thirteen years' duration. In Mr. Rumpff she found a gentleman of the most amiable dispositions, of the most polished and agreeable manners, possessing an understanding highly cultivated, and occupying an elevated and most honourable position near to a distinguished court, at which he is a favourite, and in every sense qualified and disposed to make her happy.

With her marriage commenced her permanent residence in Europe; which, with the exception of two visits made to the United

States, was uninterrupted until her death.— The first of these visits occurred in 1827–28, when she accompanied her husband, who came to this country for the purpose of making a treaty of commerce between the Free Cities of Germany and the United States, and which he effected with Mr. Clay, who was at that time Secretary of State. In the summer of the year 1830, she visited this country a second time, for the purpose of seeing her sister, Mrs. Langdon, whose health had become such as to occasion much concern to her friends. After staying a few weeks she returned to Europe, taking Mrs. Langdon and her family with her. Whilst they were on the voyage, the Revolution of July occurred; and, upon their arrival at Paris, they found the country still in a very disturbed state, and that Mr. Rumpff, whose official duties had not permitted him to accompany Mrs. Rumpff to America, had been in no little danger, during some of the occurrences of the Three Days, and especially in

some of those which took place a few days after that memorable epoch.

With the exception of the time spent in the two visits to her native country, mentioned in the preceding paragraph, Mrs. Rumpff passed the portion of her life which succeeded her marriage, in Europe. Her winters, together with the latter part of autumn and the early portion of spring, were spent in Paris, where the official duties of her husband required his presence during those portions of the year. Whilst her summers, from May until November, were passed in Switzerland, at the delightful country residence which her father had given her, near to Genthod, a small village on the northern shore of the lake of Geneva, within the Canton of Geneva, and only five or six miles from the celebrated city which gives name to the Canton, and the capital of which it is.

Dividing thus her time between the most splendid, attractive and frequented city in the world, and one of the most lovely spots, the

vale of Lake Léman,\* the earth presents, she passed year after year. She seemed literally to possess all that this world could give to render her happy. She was blessed with a husband whose entire love she possessed, and whose tastes were congenial with her own. They had ample resources, from his salary and the princely fortune of her father, to meet every want. Whilst the elevated and enviable position in society, which Mr. Rumpff held, gave them every facility to enjoy the intercourse, on the most advantageous terms, not only of the most distinguished people of the Capital and the kingdom of France, but also that of the most illustrious strangers who, from all parts, of Europe and indeed of the whole world, visit Paris. If happiness *could* be found from this world, Mrs. Rumpff seemed really to have such a chance for obtaining it as rarely falls to the lot of humanity. And yet

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\* The proper name of the lake which is commonly called the lake of Geneva.

it was her testimony in after years, that with all that heart could desire of what this world can give, she often felt a void,—the want of something which this world cannot give to an immortal mind. That void could be filled with nothing but the love of an Infinite Being. The sufficiency of this source of perfect happiness she afterwards learned by the most blessed experience.

For several years, however, after her marriage she tried what happiness the splendid scenes of the Palace of the Tuileries, the music and amusements of the opera and theatre, and the excitement and fascination of Parisian Saloons could afford. During this period, it is not known that her mind was specially interested, at any time, in the subject of religion. She attended the religious services, with greater or less regularity, which were then held, and which continue to be held, in the chapel of the English Embassy. Her respect for religion was marked and sincere. She was charitable to the poor. And

in all her deportment there was much that was in the highest degree interesting. But she had not yet experienced that "grace of God which bringeth salvation." And every thing short of this ever fails of giving the happiness which we so earnestly desire, and so fruitlessly seek in the enjoyment of this world.

But at length the time arrived when it pleased God to call her attention effectually to the great subject of religion. The means by which, under his blessing, and through the agency of his Spirit, this was accomplished, were very simple, and such perhaps, as will seem to those who know nothing of the various ways which God employs to call mankind to the knowledge of himself, quite improbable. And yet there was nothing in them which ought to seem unreasonable. I shall state the case just as it was received from her own lips.

The reader will recollect that it has already been stated, that Mrs. Langdon and her family accompanied Mrs. Rumpff on her return

to Europe in the summer of 1830. After having staid some days at Havre and at Paris, until the country had become somewhat recovered from the disorganized state into which the Revolution, which had just occurred, had thrown it, they all went to Genthod in Switzerland, where they spent, at the house of Mr. Rumpff, the remaining part of the summer and the Autumn. In the family of Mrs. Langdon there lived at that period, and still continues to live, a most faithful, pious, and excellent woman in the capacity of a nurse or governess, to whose care the children of the family have been greatly entrusted, and whose singularly prudent, exemplary and eminently consistent deportment as a Christian, has been of great advantage to them. This woman accompanied Mrs. Langdon and her family to Europe, and remained with them during their sojourn there of nearly four years. For this woman Mrs. Rumpff, in common with all the family connexion, had the most sincere respect. Of this, as



well as of the natural benevolence of her heart, no better proof could she have given than that which the fact affords, that she often employed her leisure hours, which, as she had several excellent servants to whom her household was greatly entrusted, were many, in reading to this woman in her room, from the Sacred Scriptures, from volumes of sermons, and other religious books, as well as from the beautiful religious tracts which have been so eminently useful in many countries in these days. It was the reading of the Scriptures and other religious works, in the manner and circumstances just stated, accompanied by the simple and judicious remarks, which her humble and excellent friend, who sat sewing beside her, occasionally made, that, under God, was the means of leading her own mind, in the most gradual manner, to realize the transcendent importance of religion as a personal concern.

In the latter part of the autumn of 1830, Mrs. Rumpff returned with her husband to

Paris, and there remained, as usual, during the winter and succeeding spring. But though separated from her humble and faithful spiritual friend and teacher,\* who re-

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\* As the readers of this little work may be desirous of knowing something more of this excellent and pious woman, I will briefly state that she is a native of the United States, and was born, I believe, in the city of New York. Her name is Phœbe Maybee. She has long been a member of the Rev. Mr. Stilwell's church,—a most worthy Methodist minister who preaches in Christie street. She accompanied Mrs. Langdon's family in their travels and residence in Europe, during nearly four years, the last winter of which, that of 1833—34, was spent at Paris, which enabled her once more to see much of Mrs. Rumpff, whom she rejoiced then to find fully resolved to follow Christ. She returned with them to this country, and has continued to live with them ever since. She has resided in Mr. Langdon's family more than twenty years, and has been greatly esteemed by every member of it. Indeed, she is looked upon in the light of a friend and companion, rather than merely as a hired person. Her consistent christian conduct, and her judicious and faithful counsels and religious instruction, enforced by her never-failing kindness of disposition, have been of

mained with Mrs. Langdon and her family, and with them spent two or three years in Switzerland, Germany, &c., and did not come to Paris until the expiration of that period,—yet the good work which had been commenced did not cease to make progress. A severe attack of the cholera, too, in the year 1831, was greatly sanctified to the increase of her religious impressions. It was not, however, until the year 1834, I believe, that she ventured to make a public profession of religion, by uniting herself to the French church which worships in one of the chapels at Paris. For a considerable time before that epoch arrived, she had made, and greatly enjoyed, the acquaintance of several Christians in Paris who proved to be, under God, very useful to her, in promoting her growth in religious know-

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great usefulness to the children, who have been the subjects of her special care. To say more than this would be out of place in this work; and to say less would have been unjust.

ledge, and who encouraged her in every step of that divine life which she was striving to pursue. Among these persons may be reckoned Mr. and Mrs. Henry Lutteroth, who resided in the same house in which Mr. Rumpff lived, and the Rev. Mark Wilks, who has long been labouring at Paris for the best interests of the French, as well as of the English who sojourn from time to time in that city. Of these persons she always spoke with the greatest respect and affection. Even before she made a public profession of religion, she had become a member of several Female Religious Associations, and was thus brought into contact with the Duchess de Broglie, Baroness Pelet, the Countess St. Aulaire, Mrs. Grandpierre, Mrs. Frederick Monod, &c. As the work of God gradually advanced in her heart, she relinquished more and more every thing which she learned from the word of God, or her own experience, to be incongenial to true piety. The theatres, the operas, the balls, in a word,

every worldly amusement inconsistent with a strictly religious and spiritual life, were all abandoned. But let me not be misunderstood. Mrs. Rumpff did not become a recluse, or disagreeable in any way in her manners, and in her intercourse with society. No: on the contrary, religion seemed, as it did in reality, to develop and strengthen every lovely feature in her naturally amiable and benevolent character. It elevated and ennobled every sentiment. It added new charms to every trait. Her benevolence, her disposition to render every one a service who needed or desired it, her remarkable sweetness of manners, were all augmented and illustrated by the holy religion which she embraced, experienced, and openly professed.

From the commencement of her religious profession until her death, Mrs. Rumpff's course was a beautiful instance of consistency. She was truly an ornament of the holy cause which she espoused. She maintained, amid the great temptations and allurements of Pa-

ris, her steadfast course toward that "city which has foundations, whose builder and maker is God." From this heavenly course, neither the smiles nor the frowns of a world that knows not God could cause her to deviate.

It was a most cheering sight to contemplate this excellent woman, surrounded as she was, in the elevated and honourable position in society which she held, invariably exhibiting a deportment which "becometh godliness." In her manners, in her conversation, in her dress, in her actions, whether she mingled in the crowds which frequented the splendid halls of the Palace, or appeared in the saloons of the distinguished citizens of Paris, there was ever that beautiful sense of propriety which manifested itself in all that she did. Her *example* was in all respects a brilliant light, in the midst of a city of great spiritual darkness.

Her manners were simple, as those of a child. There was an air of self-diffidence in

all that she said and did, which, whilst it hindered not her energy, nor impaired her composure in action, gave to her, in all circumstances, somewhat the appearance of timidity. This, united with her native, unaffected modesty, rendered her extremely interesting to all who knew her. No countenance could be further removed from haughty, or proud, or scornful looks, than was hers. Her habitual appearance was meekness, cheerfulness, love. All who knew her were ever ready to acknowledge her uncommon goodness. *Elle est très pieuse*,\* was the remark which, I know not how often, I have heard made respecting her, by distinguished French people of the world who were acquainted with her.

From the high place which she occupied in society, it resulted that she was often at the Court. She was greatly respected, I have every reason for believing, by the King

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\* She is very pious.

and Queen, and other members of the Royal family. She was also well acquainted with a great number of distinguished people of the metropolis, as well as of other parts of France, and with many distinguished strangers from every part of the continent; and all who knew her were deeply impressed by her uncommon goodness.

She was neither ashamed nor afraid to be called a Christian. There was, indeed, no ostentation, no parade of religion with her. Nor yet was there any shrinking to avow herself a follower of Him who is still to very many, the despised "Nazarene," nor any hesitation in attempting to defend His name and His cause, whenever assailed within her hearing.

Humility and meekness are as essential to good manners and good breeding as they are indispensable elements of Christian character. In this respect, what a contrast did she, in her exalted situation, and flattered by the hopes of a princely inheritance, furnish in



her conduct and appearance, when compared with those persons,—and their number is not small,—whose pride, whose selfishness, whose contempt for others, appear at every moment, and render them objects of hatred to their fellow men.

There was nothing gloomy, either in her religion, if I may so speak, or in her natural temperament. She rightly thought that a Christian, just in proportion to the closeness of his walk with God, ought to be happy and cheerful. Affected moroseness, and studied severity of look and of manner, were what she very properly considered to be wholly unworthy of any one who entertains a “hope full of immortality.” Accordingly she was invariably cheerful, and highly enjoyed the society of her friends, as well as the bounties of God’s providence. Indeed, she had naturally an almost habitual playfulness of manner, and a disposition to indulge in inoffensive wit, which was extremely pleasant, and which even after her conversion remained, and ren-

dered her a most agreeable companion. And yet there was no unbecoming levity; there was no trifling conduct. Her conversation was always such as became a woman "professing godliness." She was beloved by every one. But no one had a doubt about her being a truly pious person. She belonged not to that class of professing Christians, which is, alas! a very great one, whom it is impossible to distinguish, either by their habitual conversation or their conduct, from those who make no pretensions to religion.

Mrs. Rumpff's piety was not only real; it was deep, it was mature, it was active. Religion was in her estimation emphatically the "one thing needful." She daily applied herself, with diligence, to its maintenance in her own heart, and she was also deeply and constantly solicitous to see others embrace it. She was not one of those who think that it is an easy thing to be a Christian, or to live a Christian life. Hers was a life of watchfulness, of self-distrust, of prayer. She read

the Scriptures not only daily, but much every day. She read them in connexion with the excellent commentary of the Rev. Thomas Scott. This was her chief book. And, by diligent and constant study, she attained to a very clear and extensive knowledge of the sacred oracles. As has just been said, she was a woman of much prayer. Here was the well-spring of her spiritual strength. It was from prayer, or rather in prayer, that she derived those supplies of gracious aid which enabled her so beautifully to adorn the profession of religion which she had made, and that too when surrounded, in the gay and ungodly city in which she resided, by many things calculated to ensnare the heart, and lead it away from God. She lived by faith. She believed in God. She received as realities the things which God has spoken respecting the mysterious future which lies before us. And believing what He has revealed respecting the coming judgment, and the awful retributions of eternity, she lived daily with a wise reference to

them. She rested, too, with a simple, humble, but firm faith, upon the invitations which Christ addresses to all who feel their sin, and their need of a Saviour, to come to him. She believed these invitations to be sincere, she ventured her all upon them, and she was enabled, generally, to do it without distressing fear. If at any time doubts arose in her mind respecting her hope of eternal life, she always resorted, (where alone peace of mind, and assurance of God's favour are to be found) to the throne of grace, by earnest, importunate prayer. Thus she lived. And her progress in religious knowledge, as well as in the elevating and transforming influence of the Gospel, was noticed by all her Christian friends. It was often a subject of grateful remark amongst them, that she was most manifestly "growing in grace." Her religious course was like the "path of the just, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day." I know not where I have ever seen a more perfect Christian. Her whole character was

beautifully symmetrical. There was a sweet and singular consistency in it. There was no eccentricity about it. All was harmony. It was this which gave to her religion such beauty and power. This was seen, felt, and acknowledged by all. Mrs. Rumpff's life, from her conversion until her death, was one of singular beneficence. Even before she attained to a full hope of the pardon of her sins, she had begun to take a lively interest in everything that was doing to advance the great interests of true religion in France. She liberally patronized the various benevolent Associations whose object is to promote the distribution of the Sacred Scriptures, the circulation of religious Tracts, or by other means to advance the kingdom of Christ in that important country. She afterwards became an active member of several of the committees of the Ladies' Associations in the city of Paris, and continued such until her death.

There were few persons, if any, in France during her day, who gave as much money as

she did to the furtherance of every undertaking, by which the interests of true religion could be promoted. I have no certain means of knowing how much she actually gave each year, nor would it be necessary to state it, if I did know. But this I do know, that the amount was very large. Her name always appeared amongst those of the highest contributors, in every good cause. And in addition to this, she gave large sums to the promotion of these same objects in such a manner that no one, but the person through whom they were given, knew the source from whence they came. Of this fact, I have had most convincing proof. She gave, unsolicited on my part, at various times, several hundred dollars, through my hands, to the promotion of several very important religious objects. The task, I need hardly add, was cheerfully undertaken by me, and in every case, I can truly say, her wishes were strictly complied with. And yet no individual, during her life, ever knew from whom the anonymous bene-

factions came which were made through my intervention.

I should not have gone so fully into this particular topic if the facts here stated did not teach a beautiful lesson, and one so much needed in these days of display, and, it is much to be feared, of too much ostentatiousness in giving, and in the mode of bequeathing. In this way, large sums were bestowed by her to aid every good undertaking. In addition to the "pin-money" which her father sent her annually, and which she once told me she appropriated wholly to the promotion of religious and charitable objects, she studied economy in her dress, and in her style of living, as much as her very sound judgment deemed proper for her in her public station, in order to have the greater means for doing good. In this she did not act fitfully, as too many persons do, but systematically and constantly. She was a woman of uncommon system, and strictly pursued order in every thing. I need not add that her death is a

most serious loss to all the benevolent and religious societies with which she was connected.

In addition to patronizing, and most liberally aiding, the larger religious and benevolent Societies and Associations, she was always ready to engage in every good work, however humble its object, provided it met the approbation of her judgment. For this purpose she took an active part in the efforts which the little circle of pious ladies in Paris made every year, by a public fair, conducted on the most strictly Christian principles, to raise the means needed to maintain the schools, for the education of poor children and adults, in the Faubourg du Temple. At these schools, nearly one thousand persons are receiving instruction under excellent teachers, who are themselves decidedly religious, and who inculcate, in very simple and proper ways, the elementary and fundamental truths of the Gospel. There is not in all Paris a more beautiful and effective charity than this. There



ought to be a dozen such establishments in that city, and there might be, if the means to support them were in the possession of those excellent persons who are engaged in this beneficent work. This is the true panacea for the violent disorders and commotions, to which that great city is subject, from the turbulent masses, of an ignorant and degraded population, which are there to be found in the lowest strata of society.

For the benefit of the children and young persons belonging to American and English families, residing or sojourning in Paris, she established a library of Juvenile Literature, which she ordered chiefly from the United States, and which was wholly maintained at her expense. This library comprised several hundred volumes. Its catalogue was the production of her own hands, and every thing in relation to it was regulated by her almost daily supervision.

In addition to this, she caused to be imported from the United States several hundreds

of volumes, published by the American Sunday School Union, and other Sunday school Societies, which she formed into seven or eight small libraries for Sunday schools established, for the benefit of English children, in Havre, in Nantes, in Brussells, in Naples, in Florence, in St. Petersburg, &c. One of these libraries, or rather the foundation of one, was presented to the school under the direction and instruction of the members of the Wesleyan Chapel at Paris :—for she was neither actuated, nor restricted, in her charities, by a narrow sectarian spirit, but comprehended every good work, by whomsoever undertaken.

Nor were the sick and the poor forgotten by her. No one could feel more sincerely than she did for the destitute, and no one could be more ready to contribute to the relief of their wants. She gave largely of her means to this class of mankind. Many calls were made upon her purse by the indigent, for she was exposed, from her situation in

society, to very many applications of this sort. And, when she was satisfied that the applicant really needed her aid, it was readily rendered. Nor was she content merely to give her money. Too many rich people are willing to make a compromise in this matter. They give their money willingly, if they may be excused from making any personal effort, to relieve or console the suffering.— No inducement can make them visit the haunts of poverty, or the beds of the sick and the dying. It was not so with Mrs. Rumpff. Exalted as was her situation, and numerous as were her faithful servants, through whom she might have contributed to the alleviation of the sorrows of the sick and the disconsolate, she preferred, whenever it was possible, to minister personally to them. And she was often seen visiting the abodes of poverty, and by the bed-side of the sick and dying, like a ministering spirit, to alleviate their distresses.

— As has already been said, Mrs. Rumpff

accompanied her husband every summer to Switzerland, at as early an epoch in the season as his official engagements would permit. Thither she loved to hasten, in order to pass the beautiful months of summer and autumn in the peaceful solitude of the country, far from the excitement, the noise, the turmoil and the temptations of the metropolis of France. In the stillness of that sweet retreat she delighted to dwell. There, at a country-seat of surpassing amenity, on the borders of Lake Léman, with its beautiful expanse and its gliding boats, just at the foot of her extensive garden, amidst the delightfully cultivated country which borders that lake, she passed day after day, in the continually recurring duties of life, and in the contemplation of nature. In the distance, towards the south, the Alps rear up their lofty heads, Mount Blanc over-topping, with his hoary front, the surrounding summits. On the north, the Jura-range stretches its course, a vast and eternal barrier between France and Switzerland.—

Down at the outlet of the lake, the city of Geneva, with its venerable spires is just visible across a promontory projecting from the shore. Whilst to the east, or rather north-east, the mountains which bound the lake at its upper extremity, at a great distance, are distinctly seen. In this delightful abode, surrounded by the grandeur and the beauty of nature, she did not pass her time in luxurious idleness. No; her heart was ever planning, and her hands ever executing, some labour of love. Her agreeable and condescending manners won the affections of the inhabitants of Genthod, Versoix and Burcins, and other Swiss villages in her immediate neighbourhood. There was no effort which she could make, by which the best interests of the inhabitants of those villages could be promoted, which she was not ready to attempt. She encouraged them to educate their children. In fact, she and her husband established and maintained, at their own expense, three schools, in three of the villages, for small and poor children.

The teachers whom they employed were the best that they could find, and were all hopefully pious. These teachers were eminently useful in holding meetings for prayer, and for reading the Scriptures among the villagers.

It may not be improper to relate here a fact which shows how ingenious Mrs. Rumpff was in devising plans for doing good, and how persevering in carrying them into effect. Finding that several poor families could not enjoy the advantages which her schools afforded, on account of the long distance which their little children had to go, she employed daily a servant who went from village to village in the morning, with a small wagon—a sort of infants' omnibus—with a mule, and gathering up the children carried them away to the schools; and, in the evening, going round again, he carried them home to their parents. Nor should it be omitted that she actually entered into a school, established in her vicinity by a lady of her acquaintance, and taught it daily for weeks, in order to allow the teacher,

who was employed, a little season in which to render himself more competent for his work, by attending another school of a higher order. So eager was she to do good, that she cheerfully passed weeks in that school, enduring, in her infirm state of health, the labour, and heat, and noise, and surrounded by children who were often disagreeable and troublesome. But this was endured for the sake of the object. No luxury was, in her estimation, to be compared with that of doing good. In her schools many children were receiving the rudiments of a useful education, and instruction in the Sacred Scriptures. And in future years it will appear, I doubt not, that her labour has not been in vain in the Lord.\*

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\* It gives me great pleasure to state that her venerable father informed me, when speaking to him about these schools, a few days since, that he is resolved to have them sustained, and in fact he has given directions to that effect.

Another of her benevolent efforts, for the promotion of religion among the people around her in Switzerland, interested me much. It was this: She assembled many of the women of the villages around her, at her own house often—I believe on the first Monday of every month—and spent hours, each time, in giving them information respecting what is doing by Christians in England and America, and other countries, to make known the Gospel to the heathen nations, and to bring about the conversion of the world. To collect this information, and write it in French, (the language of these people,) and prepare it to be read to them, cost not a little time and labour. Few ministers of the gospel take equal pains to prepare themselves for the monthly concert of prayer for the conversion of the world to God. But all this labour and care she cheerfully undertook for the purpose of interesting some humble, and most of them very poor women, in the work of God. Some of these women were pious, and the interest



which they, as well as the others, took in the progress of Christ's kingdom, was, in her estimation, a sufficient reward for the toil which the task demanded.

It was thus in good works, that her summers were delightfully spent in Switzerland, enjoying the refined society of her affectionate and excellent husband, and occasionally that of friends of congenial spirit, who visited them from Paris, or other parts of the continent. And not only had she the satisfaction of knowing that her husband approved of her benevolent plans and efforts, but that he also became every year more and more enlisted in the work of doing good himself. In the summer of 1836, he translated, whilst enjoying the repose which his retirement to Switzerland afforded, the *Life of Washington*, published by the American Sunday School Union, into the German language. This work he caused to be published at Hamburg, with an appropriate Introduction, addressed to the youth of his native city. A work more im-

portant than that of holding up the life, the virtues, the example, of that great and good man to the youth of his native country, I hesitate not to say, is seldom done by any Ambassador, in his season of vacation from the perplexing duties and labours of his office. In the summer of 1837, he translated into German the work of Mr. Harris, of England, on Covetousness, entitled *Mammon* :— a work which, notwithstanding some serious errors and defects, is, nevertheless, calculated to do much good, in arousing professing Christians to consider, and forsake, the very great sin of which it treats.

But whilst Mrs. Rumpff was greatly occupied in efforts to promote the salvation of others, she did not neglect that of her own family, including the entire circle of her relatives. On this subject, the writer of this work had peculiar advantages for knowing her feelings and her efforts. He went to Europe in the early spring of 1835, and spent three years there, chiefly at Paris, where his

family was located, and which was his as well as their home for that period. Owing to the important mission on which he was sent to that country, he soon had an opportunity of making the acquaintance of Mr. and Mrs. Rumpff. A most intimate intercourse betwixt his family and theirs subsisted, during the whole period which he spent in that city, or rather in Europe. At his house, during almost the whole of that period, there was held every Saturday evening, a meeting for reading the Scriptures and prayer, for the benefit of such Americans and English as might feel disposed to attend. After an hour and a half had been spent in reading and familiarly expounding, in order, some portion of Scripture, and in prayer, &c., the remainder of the evening was spent as a religious soir ee, a few simple refreshments being served, and the company staying as long as it suited them.

In this way Christians were brought together, strengthened in the faith, and many

young men were made to feel that there were some who felt an interest in them, and cared for them. At those meetings, during less than three years, several hundred persons attended. And very seldom was Mrs. Rumpff absent from them, when she was at Paris. Indeed, it is not remembered that this occurred more than two or three times, and then owing to illness, or some other uncontrollable cause. Besides this, occasions every week occurred which brought him and his family into contact with her. On very many occasions she came or sent to consult him on those subjects on which she supposed that his position, or opportunities, enabled him to give a correct opinion.

It was thus that he had abundant opportunity of knowing her mind on almost every subject. And he can truly testify to the deep solicitude which she felt for the salvation of her family, for her dearest friends, and above all for her immediate relatives; and the very great prudence with which she

attempted to call their attention to the subject of religion. Remembering well how gradually she had herself been brought to the knowledge of the truth, and that it was by receiving here a little, and there a little, of impulse in the good work which went on in her heart, rather than by any thing sudden and violent, she seemed to leave no opportunity unemployed of saying something which was calculated to produce some good impression. Of this, her correspondence with all her friends abundantly shows. Every little circumstance or event, which could do good in creating or deepening serious impressions in the minds of those who were dear to her, was eagerly seized, and employed in the kindest manner possible. Of this, perhaps, it would not be invading the sacred privacy of family feeling too much, to state an instance which will fully illustrate what I mean. On one occasion, a small parcel was sent from Mrs. Baird to Mrs. Rumpff, enveloped in a religious newspaper. It happened that that

paper contained a sermon, or an extract from a sermon, preached in the city of New-York some year or two before the time of sending the parcel. Curiosity led her to cast her eye over the paper, and particularly over the sermon, or extract, in question. She was surprised to meet in it the name of her father. She read with eagerness what was said of him. The preacher, desiring to make his hearers comprehend what the Faith, which God requires of us, is, employed the following illustration, in something like this language:—"Suppose," said he, "that Mr. John Jacob Astor were to give a note, promising to pay a certain sum of money to A. B., or bearer. There is not a man in this city who would hesitate to take that note, if he were satisfied with the genuineness of the signature. And why? Because every one knows that Mr. John Jacob Astor is a rich man, and that he always fulfils his promises. His ability and his integrity are undoubted. Therefore a promissory note from him is

received with entire confidence, and is considered just as good as the money itself. This is *faith* in the promise of Mr. Astor. Now let us put the same confidence in the promises of One who is infinitely greater and more perfect than any human being, and who cannot lie. His word is truth itself, and all His promises are sure." This forcible and appropriate illustration of the nature of Faith, Mrs. Rumpff cut out of the paper, and enclosed it in a letter to her father, not only that he might be gratified by it, but also profited by the very forcible manner in which the most important exercise of the understanding and the heart, which a sinner is called upon to perform, and without whose performance salvation is impossible, was exhibited.

I have related this fact for the purpose of showing with what diligence she improved every opportunity of doing good to her friends, as well as the delicacy which she displayed in the manner of doing it. Let no one undervalue such attempts. It is not

possible to estimate the good which may result from such simple methods of making a good impression on the minds of others. Indeed, it is by little things, and by little causes, that more good is done in the world than we are commonly aware of. It is by "line upon line, and precept upon precept, here a little, and there a little," that men are usually brought to the knowledge of salvation. Nor should any one neglect, even the most simple and the most humble means of interesting others in the subject of religion, for he cannot foresee what good may come of it.

Mrs. Rumpff felt a deep interest in her family and friends. Her affection for them was ardent. For them she prayed much. Her correspondence with them displays a most touching solicitude for their best, their highest happiness. And yet that solicitude was manifested in the most respectful manner. There was no harshness, no denunciation. Hers was the sweet language of love and persuasion. She seemed to neglect no proper occasion of



saying some good thing to encourage them to choose "that good part" which she had chosen, and which could not be taken from her. The beautiful description which the poet gives of his Village Pastor, might be well applied to her :

"And, as a bird each fond endearment tries,  
To tempt its new-fledged offspring to the skies,  
She tried each art, reprov'd each dull delay,  
Allured to brighter worlds, and led the way!"

Mrs. Rumpff had no children of her own. She adopted, however, the only son of her oldest sister, the late Mrs. Bristed, and a daughter of her other sister, Mrs. Langdon. The former is a promising young man, who is now prosecuting his studies in Yale College, and gives very pleasing evidence of piety. The latter is a fine little girl, eleven years old, who has recently returned from Europe to her father's house. Both shared very largely in her love and in her prayers. May those prayers be abun-

dantly answered in their temporal and eternal happiness! She has set them a blessed example; may they be enabled to keep it ever in view, or rather, that of the Saviour whom she followed.

She was a woman of much prayer. She seemed to have a habitual, a heart-felt conviction, that the blessing of God was essential to the success of any of her plans for doing good. She did all, therefore, in a very simple and humble reliance upon His blessing. I had once a very pleasant proof of this. She came to me on a certain occasion, and stated that she was extremely desirous of having an evangelical minister of the Gospel appointed to a Church, in the vicinity of her residence in Switzerland, which had become vacant by the resignation of the former incumbent. And she desired that the prayers of a few Christians might be united with hers, in behalf of this object. I asked her what was the prospect in the case? She replied, that it was not favourable, that the authorities,

which had the power of appointing to that vacancy, were known to be opposed to evangelical religion, and that, to human view, there was little to hope. "But," said she, "a very good young man, every way suitable for the place, has been recommended by us, and we shall do all that we can to secure his appointment. But after all, my hope is in God. He can do great things, and things which to us may seem very improbable." Within two or three weeks she came, with great joy, to tell us that the appointment had actually been made! "Now," said she, our "villagers will hear Christ preached again."

In the early part of last summer she accompanied her husband, as she had formerly done, to their quiet retreat in Switzerland. Instead of passing the season at their country-seat at Genthod, they passed it at St. Vincent, another which Mr. Rumpff had recently purchased, and which is distant some ten or twelve miles from their former place of residence. The first two or three months passed

pleasantly away, in the prosecution of her various benevolent labours.

It was in the midst of these occupations, at once so agreeable and so useful, when her domestic happiness was most complete, and when she was enjoying all that this world could offer, and forming new plans of charity, that this rare felicity was troubled by long, severe, and mortal anguish.\*

She seemed, from the commencement of her sickness, to have a presentiment of her approaching end. But this presentiment did not proceed from the source from which it often proceeds, in the case of those who perceive that their life is in danger, viz. the fears which they experience. Death, which formerly had been to her the "king of terrors," no longer inspired dread; and in the assurance of her reconciliation with God, she waited in peace the moment when He might

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\* The following account of her last sickness and death, is taken chiefly from an article which appeared in the *Archives du Christianisme*, a few weeks after her decease

see fit to call her to Himself. Nevertheless, if death had lost for her its sting, her faith, her patience, her love were tried as by fire. The malady soon assumed an extraordinary character, and its malignity manifested itself by pains and sufferings of which no one can form an idea. During the eight weeks that her sufferings lasted, which often drew from her heart-rending cries and groans, never,—thanks be to Him who had permitted the furnace to become so heated,—never, did a murmuring word escape her lips. Once, after having asked the physician if he had still any hope of a cure, and having received an affirmative answer, she said: “Oh! it is impossible; it cannot last long; I suffer too much; but no, it is not too much, since God does not think it to be too much. But it is very sad! Oh God, have pity upon me, according to the greatness of thy mercy!”

Her terrible sufferings having caused her to speak with impatience to one of her nurses, she was greatly afflicted by it, and although

she soon afterwards asked her forgiveness, she requested a pious woman, who was present, to pray that God would forgive this fault, and as soon as the prayer was ended she sent to ask anew the nurse to forgive her. The latter was astonished to find so much delicacy of conscience and humility in a sick person who suffered so greatly.

In her calm moments, or rather when her sufferings were less violent, she expressed herself with much clearness upon her condition and what she experienced. "I see," said she, "without concern, the approach of death: and yet who could have more to regret than I? I have all that I could desire, so happy am I with a husband such as mine is. Oh that my God could give him strength to bear this stroke, and to follow me! I have all that one could desire here below, and yet you see that I quit this earth without regret." Some days before her death, she addressed some exhortations to one of her domestics, and among other things said: "Oh, seek the

Lord Jesus whilst you are in health, and have strength. For if God should take away your health, and you should be laid on a bed of suffering, as you see me, you could not always think and pray." At another time, addressing herself to the person who watched by her side; "Tell me," said she, "as a Christian, what you think of my state, and if my sickness be unto death?" "Madam," replied the latter, "If I must judge according to human view, I believe you are nearer to your end than towards restoration to health. But God is all-powerful: He can make alive, and He can kill." "Yes," replied the patient, "but I do not fear death. I shall be happier with God. May the Lord render me entirely submissive to His will!"

She conversed also, in these moments of calm, with her husband, with that spirit of order which was so remarkable with her, on the arrangements to be made for her funeral, requesting that she might be buried with the greatest possible simplicity. She spoke also

of the continuance of her schools after her death. In a word, she occupied herself with all the objects dear to her heart, and requested the prayers of pious persons who were around her. Alas, these moments of calm were very rare. During the latter part of her sufferings, she was often in a state of delirium. But even then, the celestial tendency of her soul still manifested itself. In that state, she sang sometimes entire hymns, with a loud voice, and with a most touching expression. She sang thus the hymn which commences with these words: *Du rocher de Jacob l'œuvre est parfaite*,\* and the 65th hymn in the *Chants chrétiens*, which ends thus:

Qu'il est bon de t'avoir, Jesus! pour sacrifice,  
 Pour bouclier, pour roi, pour soleil, pour justice!  
 Qu'elle est douce la paix dont tu remplis le cœur!  
 Mon âme, égaie toi! Jesus est ton Sauveur!†

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\* The first lines of a beautiful French hymn, *The work of the Rock of Jacob is perfect, &c.*

† The *Chants chrétiens* (or Christian Songs) is a beautiful collection of French hymns used in some of the French Chapels in Paris. The verse quoted above is, in



The last day of her life, the 25th of October (1838,) she appeared exhausted, and incapable of any effort. Nevertheless her dying room was never empty. All the day, her servants crowded around her, and many hearts were lifted up in prayer, that God, if such was his will, would permit her to speak once more, and to bear testimony to his grace. The agony commenced at mid-day; the struggle was long and terrible. Her forehead and hands, now becoming cold, testified that death had already commenced taking possession of that feeble body. Her mouth seemed as if it could not articulate one word more. Her husband and her attendants were bathed in tears; they did not hope more to hear that voice which they had so much loved. What then was their emotion, when a few moments before her death, they heard her distinctly ask

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English prose: *How good it is to have Thee, Jesus, for sacrifice, for Buckler, for King, for Sun, for righteousness! How sweet is the peace with which thou fillest the heart! My soul, rejoice! Jesus is thy Saviour!*

who were around her, for her sight was gone. Then, as the domestics were named in order, she addressed to each some affectionate and pressing exhortations, suited to their dispositions. But it was no longer the voice of a feeble woman. It was a voice which spoke under the powerful influence of God's Spirit! The first servant who presented himself was the oldest; to him she was much attached. "I thank you," said she to him, calling him by his name, "for all that you have done for us. Promise me that you will not leave your master." Then, placing her cold hand upon her heart, she added; "Love God with all your heart, with all your soul, and with your every thought. Live for the Lord; seek the Saviour in the Bible, and you will find Him. Happy will you be when you can say in your last hour, as I do, I go to my Saviour. Love that Saviour; attach yourself to Him; seek Him whilst He may be found. Read your Bible every day." To another she said: "I would hope much of you; but perhaps I have

counted too much upon your good dispositions." "Ah! madam, replied he, "perhaps I have not wandered as far as you think, and henceforth I will follow your counsels." She added, "But on the spot, delay not, for death comes as a thief in the night." To a third she said: "I have already spoken to you," recalling to his mind, in that solemn moment, the conversation which she had had with him, some days before. Then addressing herself to some pious women who surrounded her, she added: "As to you, you have chosen the good part, the one thing needful; pray for me." Her husband then approaching her said: "And do you say nothing to me, Eliza?" "Oh, as for you," she replied, "you are not ignorant; I speak to those who do not know."

It was now become very difficult to catch each word which fell from her dying lips; but she was heard distinctly to articulate: "I die happy, I die in Christ; I have been a stranger on the earth, but I return to my true country." She could not continue to speak,

although she made painful efforts to do so. At length, with an accent the most touching and plaintive, she said : " I am so fatigued."

Her husband, kissing her forehead, then covered with the perspiration of death, said to her : " dear Eliza, it will not be long until I shall join you ; I will try to walk in your footsteps." She responded, " Amen ! Amen !" An expression of joy appeared to diffuse itself over her countenance ; and then she added " Now Lord, give deliverance. Amen !"

These were her last words. She felt that her mission on earth was ended. But how beautiful had been that mission ! No one had a doubt respecting the good which she had done, nor respecting the discernment with which it had been done. Her disinterestedness was rare. She had been placed in an elevated position. But she had in view, for years, only the advancement of the reign of God on the earth. Her memory is blessed in all the places where her life was passed, for it left precious memorials. The impres-

sion which her death made every where in the country around, and especially in the vicinity of St. Vincent, cannot be described. Rich and poor hastened from all parts to be present at the funeral, and bedewed with their tears the ground which covers her mortal remains.

The decided appreciation of her character and piety, by those among whom she had sojourned but a few years, and their prompt, and almost universal attendance at her funeral, were at once honourable to them, and demonstrative of her great excellence.

At the mournful ceremony of her interment, the Rev. Mr. Martignier, the suffragan at Gilly, in the Canton of Vaud, pronounced a discourse, from which have been derived many of the details which relate to her death. From it are also borrowed the words which follow.

“ We are certain that we conform with her feelings in endeavouring less to recall to mind that which might contribute to her

glory, than that which may serve to glorify Him whom she had chosen for her Master, and whose power manifested itself in her weakness.

“That which she loved in this world was the country,—where she found herself in the presence of the majestic works of God,—and, above all, the domestic life in the bosom of her family. There, she divided her cares between the husband whom she loved, and the education of a niece whom she brought up as her daughter, and whom she endeavoured to lead to the Saviour. Although one might remark in her a mind serious, occupied with the great interests of eternity, yet she was always serene, and often indulging in her natural gaiety of disposition. Her conversation was animated; and when she spoke of the things relating to salvation, it was with an admirable simplicity of heart and of mind. It was out of the abundance of the heart that her mouth spoke. Every where she made

the influence of a Christian spirit to be perceived and felt.

“The preaching which she loved was that in which the Gospel was presented entire; in which the misery of man, and salvation by faith constitute the corner-stone of the edifice. She did not demand of a preacher either pomp of style, or oratorical movements, but a profound knowledge of the Scriptures, a development, both natural and felt, of the truths of salvation.”

We have now arrived at the close of the narrative of the useful life and happy death of this excellent woman. I need scarcely add one word to the unvarnished and faithful statement of facts which is here given. These facts constitute a better eulogy than any thing which I can say. And yet, perhaps, a few brief reflections might be suggested, not enlarged upon, which are worthy of our consideration.

1. This Narrative *most impressively reminds us of the VANITY OF THE WORLD, as shown in its insufficiency to make us happy, and the uncertainty of its continuance.*

The experience of the wisest and best of men, in all ages, has led invariably to this conclusion, that the enjoyments of this world are vain and unsatisfying. The subject of this Memoir often admitted, as she reviewed the past, that she never, during the years which she spent in all the gaiety and splendour of the world, possessed that true happiness which the heart demands, and without which it cannot be satisfied. And few persons were more favourably situated than she was, for enjoying this world. She had every thing that heart could desire, so far as it relates to the things of this world,—a husband whom she loved, and who adored her; riches; high rank in life; the best of servants; and a large number of friends. And yet all this could not fill the heart. And why? Because the heart of man was made for God. No-



thing but the infinite God can fill its vast desires. And as to the uncertainty of this world, what an illustration we have of it in her case ! At the age of thirty-seven, amidst all the advantages of her position, and even engaged as she was in doing so much good, she is cut off in the midst of her days, and of her usefulness ! Verily this world passeth away like a shadow !

2. This Narrative teaches us *the transcendent excellence of true religion.*

In our fallen, ruined estate, we need an atonement for our sins, and the renovation of our depraved nature. The Gospel reveals the method by which both may be attained "Repentance towards God, and faith towards the Lord Jesus Christ," constitute the simple and indispensable terms of salvation. And he who has attained to the reconciliation with God which the Gospel offers to mankind, has found that which fills the soul with peace. But religion not only gives peace to the troubled breast, it transforms, and purifies, and

adorns the whole character, correcting evil dispositions, and rendering that which was lovely in nature, still more lovely, and thus not only secures to us eternal life, but also fits us to be more agreeable, and happy, and useful in this world. So true is it, that "godliness is profitable unto all things, having the promise of the life that now is, and of that which is to come."

"I envy," says Sir Humphry Davy, "no quality of the mind or intellect in others; be it genius, wit, or fancy. But if I could be allowed to choose what would be most delightful, and, I believe, most useful to me, I should prefer a firm religious belief to any other blessing; for it makes life a discipline of goodness, creates new hopes when all earthly ones vanish,—and throws over the decay, the destruction of existence here, the most gorgeous of all lights; awakens life even in death, and from decay, and destruction calls up beauty and divinity; makes an instrument of torture and shame the ladder of

ascent to Paradise; and, far above all combinations of earthly hopes, calls up the most delightful visions of palms and amaranths, the gardens of the blest, the security of everlasting joys, where the sensualist and the sceptic view only gloom, decay, annihilation and despair."

3. This Narrative *exhibits a beautiful and impressive example to those who are distinguished for their riches, or their elevated station in society.*

The subject of this memoir was the daughter of one of the most opulent men, as is commonly believed, that our country has ever numbered among its inhabitants; and, by her marriage, she was brought into a most elevated and distinguished position, at the most splendid Court in the world. And yet she did not think it beneath her to be a professor of the religion of the meek and crucified Saviour. On the contrary, she considered it to be her highest honour. Nor did she think it a degradation to be found actively engaged in

promoting his kingdom. She hesitated not to do any thing that she could for the best interests, for time and for eternity, of mankind. She gave liberally of her money to every good undertaking. She accomplished a vast amount of good, in the few years which it was the will of her Heavenly Father that she should remain on the earth, after she had obtained religion. She was a benefactor to the poor around her. Let our rich people imitate her benevolence, and win for themselves, as she did, "the blessing of many ready to perish." It is a privilege to possess wealth, if there belongs to its possessor a heart to employ it liberally, for the promotion of the happiness of his fellow-men. And how rich is the reward which such a man gains, even in the love and the respect of all who know him ! The rich sometimes think that they are hated by the poor. If it be so, it is their own fault. For nothing can be more certain than that if the rich manifest in their conduct, benevolence of spirit, sincere respect

for their fellow-men, of every condition, courteousness of manners, freedom from pride and superciliousness, and readiness to take the lead in all works of charity, it is not possible for them not to be esteemed by every one. But if their conduct be the reverse of all this, and they and their families treat with scorn the labouring classes, it is unavoidable that they should be hated. In no country is a rich man long unpopular who is benevolent, kind, and unassuming. Of this truth our own country has furnished not a few striking instances, in such men as the late General Van Rensselaer, Divie Bethune, Robert Ralston, and many others, to say nothing of those who still live. What a blessing to a neighbourhood, and even to a country, may wealthy men be, if they have a heart rightly to employ the advantages which God has given them!—And how can greater happiness be found on earth, than in the exercise of a God-like benevolence? They who do so, and “are rich in good works,” being

“ready to distribute, and willing to communicate, lay up for themselves a good foundation against the time to come, that they may lay hold on eternal life.” They who do so, are, however, not “high-minded,” nor do they “trust in uncertain riches, but in the living God, who giveth us richly all things to enjoy.”—And here, it may not be improper to call the reader’s attention back to what was, perhaps, the most striking, as it certainly was the most beautiful trait in the character of the subject of this memoir,—her great benevolence of heart. How beautifully this was displayed in the fact which led to the commencement of her religious impressions, which went on increasing and deepening, until they issued in her conversion. What could better illustrate this than her going up, in her times of leisure, to the room occupied by a hired woman, living in her house, and there sitting down and reading by the hour the Sacred Scriptures, and other good books, for the gratification of that hired

person? And this she did before she herself had known what religion is, by experiencing its blessedness. How few rich people, how few people in any circumstances, manifest such regard for the persons whom they employ! And, after she had become a Christian, no one could be more kind and faithful to domestics than she was to hers. And what was the consequence? She seldom failed to have good ones. She took the deepest interest in all their welfare. She thought it to be of the utmost importance to have servants who feared God. Such domestics are a real blessing to the families in which they live, and ought to be esteemed as such. And those people who are themselves not pious ought, by all means, to have truly pious domestics, for the sake of the happy influence which they might exert upon their children.

4. And finally. This Narrative teaches us *the great importance of making preparation*

*for death in the season of health, and of being habitually ready to die.*

The subject of this memoir rejoiced on her dying bed, that she had not postponed, till the time of her last sickness, the work of preparing for death. No: this great work had been attended to years before, or rather it was the business of the last several years of her life to become prepared for that solemn event.

And did the possession of true religion prevent her from enjoying this world? It certainly did lead her to "use this world so as not to abuse it;" but it did not render her less happy. On the contrary, she enjoyed a most delightful serenity of mind, and possessed uniformly a cheerful spirit, and was a most agreeable companion. Still she looked forward, with hope, to the glorious scenes of a heavenly state, and lived in expectation of that day which would give her a sweet release from this world, where our happiness is at best imperfect, and an entrance into that



place "where there is fullness of joy, and pleasures for evermore."

And when death came she was not unprepared for it. She had none of that heart-rending fear, and even horror, which so often haunt the dying-couch of very many who are called to die, and who know that they are unprepared for it. Her end was peace. It is true, that for a few weeks her body endured very great pain. But her mind, when reason held its recovered sway, was always staid on God. Not a doubt respecting her salvation was permitted to trouble her; and, at the appointed moment, she sweetly entered into the joy of her Lord!

But to attain to an end like peaceful, let all who read this book strive most earnestly to enter into the kingdom of God, whilst opportunity and health last. Let us all beware, lest the "cares of this world," the snares which riches bring with them, or other hindrances to a religious life, prevent us from seeking *first* the "kingdom of God." It is a great

thing to be a Christian ! How few, comparatively, seem truly to realize either the importance or the difficulty of being such !

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OF THE

**DUCHESS DE BROGLIE.**

Europe. They had both been engaged in promoting the kingdom of God in France. There is, therefore, a propriety in uniting their memoirs, and of presenting both, unseparated, as if they were in death, as they had been associated, in all good works, in life.

The Duchess de Broglie belonged to an illustrious family. She was a daughter of the celebrated Madame de Staël, and consequently a grand daughter of St. Necker, the famous

Madame de Maintenon. Her life, character,  
and the manner in which she conducted the  
education of the King's children.

MEMOIR

OF

MADAME DE MAINTENON

MEMOIR.

THE death of this distinguished woman occurred about a month before that of Mrs. Rumpff. They had been intimate friends, and both most actively engaged in promoting the kingdom of God in France. There is, therefore, a propriety in uniting their memoirs, and of presenting both, unseparated, as it were, in death, as they had been associated, in all good works, in life.

The Duchess de Broglie belonged to an illustrious family. She was a daughter of the celebrated Madame de Stael, and, consequently a grand-daughter of M. Necker, the distin-

gushed Minister of Finance to Louis the XVI, and to whose work, (*Administration des Finances*,) on the deplorable state of the treasury, and the wasted resources of the kingdom, as well as to his Report on the necessity of convoking the States General, it was owing, that the crisis of the Revolution of 1789 was precipitated. As the reader may feel an interest in knowing something respecting these personages, who have occupied so distinguished a place on the page of the Modern History of France, I propose to give some notices of them, as well as of some other members of the family of the subject of this memoir.

M. Necker was born at Geneva, in Switzerland, in the year 1734, of protestant parents. His father was a Professor of Law in the university of that city. In early life M. Necker went to Paris, where he was brought up in the banking-house of his uncle, M. Vernet. He soon rose to great affluence, and, eventually, attracted the notice of Louis the XVI., by some of his writings on financial

operations. About the year 1775 or '76, he was called to take part in the ministry, and a few years afterwards, he was made Controller-General. In his political career, he passed through many vicissitudes. In 1781, he retired, in dissatisfaction, to Switzerland, where he purchased the barony of Coppet, on the northern shore of the Lake of Geneva, about six miles from the city of that name, where he lived quietly, for several years, occupied with his domestic affairs, and in writing his work, entitled *Administration des Finances*. In 1788, the dilapidated state of the treasury, occasioned by the prodigality of Calonne and other preceding ministers, forced the king to recall Necker to his Council. In the year following, the king banished him from France, allowing him only twenty-four hours in which to take his departure. He was soon after recalled, and continued in office as Minister of Finance until September 1790, when, finding himself unpopular with the democratic or popular party, which had gained

the ascendancy, on account of his conservative views, (or aristocratic, as they were by many called,) he resigned his post, and withdrew to Coppet, where chiefly he lived the remainder of his days, occupied with his pen. He died in 1804, at Geneva. During this period of retirement, he wrote five or six different works, which were considerably read in their time. Of these, his *History of his Own Administration*, his *Reflections addressed to the King*, his treatise on *Executive Power*, and his *French Revolution*, are well known. But his two works entitled, *Importance of Religious Opinions*, and *Course of Religious Morals*, are not so well known. And yet they are remarkable productions for that period, and show that M. Necker was one of the few great Frenchmen of that day, whose regard for religion was not swept away by the floods of infidelity, which then, and for years afterwards, raged over France.

In the year 1765, M. Necker married a



Mademoiselle Curchod, daughter of a Protestant clergyman, in the Canton of Berne. This excellent lady died in 1794. She was a woman of great merit. She wrote a number of works, which were a good deal read in their day. Her time and means were greatly devoted to philanthropic efforts, and throughout life she maintained a character distinguished by great goodness.

The only child of M. and Madame Necker was a daughter, who was born in 1766, and at the age of twenty married to the Swedish Ambassador, resident near the Court of the Tuileries, Baron de Staël-Holstein. Mademoiselle Necker shared, from her childhood, that unbounded love of her parents, which an only daughter, of the most brilliant talents, ever enjoys from affectionate parents of cultivated minds. Her father, in particular, whose disposition she seems to have inherited, was extravagantly fond of her. She shared his society, in all his leisure moments, and her studies were greatly directed by his

judgment and taste. Her education, of course, rather partook of a masculine character than of that feminine mould which more befits her sex. As she was born in Paris, and grew up whilst her father was rising into the possession of great power and influence, or when he had reached the zenith of that influence, her mind and character received their peculiar type from the mind and character of the distinguished men, such as Thomas, Raynal, Marmontel, &c. who frequented her father's house, and who were favourites with her parents. In this way, she not only attained those extraordinary conversational powers, which made her, as she has been called, "the greatest converser in Europe," in her day, but also that love of free institutions, which she ever afterwards retained, and which made her so obnoxious to the dislike of Buonaparte. At an early age, I believe before she attained the age of twenty, she began to be an authoress. Her first published writings were two or three tragedies and com-

edies, and *Letters on the Works and Character of J. J. Rousseau*, which attracted considerable notice. The Revolution of 1789 occurred three years after her marriage. Her liberal principles caused her to espouse the cause of the people. During Robespierre's ascendancy she exerted herself, however, even at the hazard of her life, to save the victims of the popular rage, and published a powerful Defence of the Queen, who had shown much dislike of her. At length she was compelled to leave Paris, and with great difficulty escaped the fury of the people, and reached her father's house at Coppet. In 1795, when Sweden had acknowledged the Revolution, her husband returned to his post as Ambassador at Paris. She accompanied him, and soon began to make her influence felt in politics, through Barras and Talleyrand, who were her friends, and the latter of whom owed his elevation to the office of Minister of Foreign Affairs to her exertions. She remained in Paris until 1798, when she ac-

accompanied her husband on a journey, made for his declining health, towards her father's residence in Switzerland; but he did not live until the journey was completed. She afterwards returned to Paris, and for three or four years, her saloons were the centres of attraction to the literary and political world of that great metropolis. At length, Napoleon, who had long dreaded her influence, and who had become offended at a work of her father, entitled his *Last Views of Politics and Finance* published in 1802, in which the venerable author predicted the assumption of regal authority by Buonaparte, who was then Consul, ordered her to quit Paris. She left the city, at his order, and returned no more openly (and, but once privately, it is believed) until her great enemy was driven into exile in 1814.

In the meanwhile, living in exile, she travelled in Italy, where she wrote her *Corinna* or *Italy*, and in Germany, on whose *Manners, Literature* and *Philosophy* she

wrote a work, which, with that on Italy, have perhaps been the most read of all her writings. In 1812, to avoid the wide-spread march of Buonaparte's armies, she fled before him to Moscow in Russia, and afterwards to St. Petersburg. She then returned by way of Stockholm and Copenhagen, and visiting England, remained there until the downfall of Napoleon, when she returned to Paris, with the Allies. At Buonaparte's return from Elba she betook herself to Switzerland. It is said, but there is good reason to doubt the truth of the story, that Napoleon invited her, during his reign of one hundred days, to return to Paris, and assist in the preparation of a new constitution, but that she refused, adding, "He has dispensed with the constitution and me for twelve years, and now he loves neither of us." After the battle of Waterloo, and the consequent complete downfall of Napoleon, she returned to Paris where, with the exception of a temporary absence, she passed the remainder of her days, in the

society of her children, and of her husband (a Monsieur de Rocca a young man, whom she had privately married a few years before,) employing her time in writing. She died in 1817.

Madame de Staël has been considered the most distinguished female writer of her age. Her works have been printed in 17 volumes in octavo, as well as in various other forms. And notwithstanding that there is much in the productions of her pen that is very erroneous, much that is contrary to good taste, and clothed in an inflated style; yet her writings have long been read, and will continue to be read, for the original thought, the great acuteness, the brilliant wit, the philosophical investigation of literary and political subjects which they display.

By her first marriage, Madame de Staël had two children, a son, Augustus de Staël, who inherited the title of his father, (but is more commonly known by the title of the younger Baron de Staël, or Baron Augustus

de Staël,) and the subject of this memoir, Mademoiselle de Staël, afterwards the Duchess de Broglie. By her second marriage, she had a son who is still a young man, and who is more commonly called the Marquis de Rocca.

It has been commonly supposed, that Madame de Staël adopted the opinions of the infidel philosophers of the eighteenth century. Some of the French have even accused her of having been an atheist. It will appear hereafter, that neither of these two charges respecting her religious views was correct, according to the opinion of her daughter, as expressed to the writer of this memoir. It is certain, however, that if her writings show that she possessed some respect for Christianity, she did not comprehend its fundamental doctrines. Her life was a worldly one; her most intimate friends were chiefly distinguished authors and politicians, who were destitute of piety; her whole intellectual and moral powers seem to

have been exclusively devoted to the things of the world. That she was far, very far from being a Christian, in the true sense of the word, may be affirmed, without the slightest ground for being charged with rashness, or uncharitableness of judgment. That she found happiness in her career of worldliness and of sin, cannot be supposed for a moment. Sir James Mackintosh, one of the most accomplished men, and elegant writers of modern times, and who was intimately acquainted with her, has well observed of her : “Placed in many respects in the highest situation to which humanity can aspire ; possessed, unquestionably, of the highest powers of reasoning, emancipated in a singular degree from prejudices, and entering with the keenest relish into all the feelings that seemed to suffice for the happiness and the occupations of philosophers, patriots and lovers, she has still testified that, without religion there is nothing stable, sublime, or satisfactory ; and that it alone completes and consummates



all to which reason and affection can aspire." What a remarkable confession from one whom the greatest military ruler that the world ever saw, both feared and courted, and then banished from France, and who had tried what happiness the applause and the flattery of the brilliant and rare constellation of minds, which in the day of her greatest glory surrounded her, could yield. She, too, found, as all do who make the experiment, that there is nothing beneath its great Creator, that can satisfy the desires of an immortal mind.

As has already been stated, Madame de Staël had two children, a son and a daughter, by her marriage with Baron de Staël-Holstein. They were both born in Paris, if I have been correctly informed. But they spent their youth, and the latter, even her childhood, almost exclusively at Coppet in Switzerland. I am not certain whether they remained all the time, from 1795 until 1802, at Coppet, or whether they did not spend a

portion of that period with their mother, at Paris. I think, however, that they spent even that period at Coppet. From 1802 until 1814, they remained wholly at that place and Geneva, during a part of which time their mother was with them; but during the chief part of it, she was away, in Italy, Germany, Russia, England &c., for it was the period of her banishment from France.

Madame de Staël spared neither money nor pains in the education of her children. Whatever may have been her own indifference towards the subject of religion, as a personal affair, she desired most sincerely to have her children grow up under a good moral influence. She employed the best of teachers for them, in all branches of a useful and accomplished education. And they grew up giving the most convincing proofs that her care was not in vain.

At the age of about twenty-one or two, Mademoiselle de Staël, as the subject of this memoir was called, came to Paris, when her

mother introduced her to the gay world. I think that it was not long before the death of her mother that she married the Duke de Broglie. She was a highly accomplished woman, had much reputation for wit, possessed great beauty, and was of an illustrious family. It is not wonderful that she had suitors. She had but little fortune, however, as her mother bequeathed all her most valuable possessions to her son Augustus.

Her marriage with the Duke de Broglie was every way happy. It was a marriage of affection on both sides. Her husband was a man of vast hereditary wealth. And although he was a Roman Catholic, yet he never interfered with the religious opinions and preferences of his wife. On the contrary, he often accompanied her to the Protestant churches, and listened with attention to the truths which he there heard.

The Duke de Broglie is at the present time somewhat less than fifty-five years old. He is descended from a line of very distinguished

men, and few of the noble families of France are more respected. His family originally came from Piedmont, and their name was formerly written Broglio. His grandfather, and great grandfather were both Marshals of France, and distinguished in arms, especially the former. His father, espoused the popular side in the revolution of 1789. But he gave offence to the prevailing faction in 1794, and was soon summoned to appear before the revolutionary tribunal, and received its condemnation, and was put to death by the guillotine in June of that year. His son, the present Duke de Broglie, received an excellent education. For a considerable time, he devoted himself to study and to literary pursuits. But, afterwards, entering into political life, he rose to distinction, and held several important posts under Napoleon. In 1814, upon the first abdication of Buonaparte, he took his seat in the chamber of Peers, where he soon gave splendid proofs of his intimate knowledge of the state of things in the king-

dom, and of the legislation which was then needed. He was prominent in the work of settling the government after the revolution of July 1830. And under the present monarch of France, whom he assisted to place over the people, he has been repeatedly Prime Minister, or President of the Council. He has great influence because of his reputation as an honest man. He is not distinguished as an orator, yet few men command more attention in the chamber of Peers, when he speaks, because it is firmly believed that he honestly speaks just what he believes to be true. His private character has been above reproach. He has been an excellent husband and father. He is much respected by the King, and whether in office, of which he seems to have but little desire, being a man of domestic dispositions, and in no way needing its emoluments, or out of it, he will have great influence on the affairs of the kingdom.

It is unnecessary to remark that the exalted

rank, and official elevation of her husband, together with the reputation of her own illustrious family, must have given the Duchess de Broglie such an influence as few ladies in any country can hope to possess. Besides this, she had a mind of the first order, her knowledge was most extensive, and her manners were most accomplished and agreeable. She was intimately acquainted with the King and Queen; and the circle of her friends was immense. During several months of the winter and spring, she and her husband received, once a week the company of the most distinguished Frenchmen, who were in the Capital at that season, and of distinguished strangers, from various countries, who might be visiting it. At these soirées might be seen peers, deputies, ministers of state, ambassadors, diplomatists, learned men, and foreigners of merit, in great numbers. All, of course, made the acquaintance of the Duchess, whose vast information, and extraordinary powers of conversation, united to most affec-

tionate and agreeable manners, rendered her extremely respected, and even beloved, by all who made her acquaintance. In this way, her acquaintance with the influential men of the nation, as well as with many of those in other countries, could not fail to become very great. Indeed, I suppose that there were very few men in the kingdom, of much influence, with whom she had not some acquaintance personally.

Now, when we take into consideration that she was not only a Protestant, but a truly religious woman, and deeply interested in every thing that had even the most indirect bearing on the advancement of the kingdom of Christ in France, we cannot fail to appreciate the vast importance which attached to the life and efforts of this distinguished woman.—It was the influence which she could exert on those in power, and on those who control the opinion of the nation, that was so important in her case. She could not give very much money to the promotion of reli

gion. She often regretted,—she more than once expressed such regret to the writer of this memoir,—that she could not give as much as many might expect of her. She had little property, or patrimonial inheritance, of which she had the control. And she felt it to be a delicate thing, and doubtless feared that it might be injurious to him, to importune her husband, who was a Roman Catholic, to give her considerable sums of money to build up, what is usually considered an antagonist faith. She unquestionably acted with great prudence. She gave as much to the various religious Associations as her peculiar circumstances allowed. Her name was always among those of the most liberal contributors to every good work. But the greatest talent which God had committed to her to employ for his glory, was, without doubt, the vast influence which she had with distinguished men in and about the Government, or scattered throughout the kingdom, and which might be employed in the most direct and important



manner for the promotion of the extension of the Redeemer's reign in France. And that she nobly employed this talent is most certain. She informed herself respecting every thing that was doing, in all parts of the kingdom, for the advancement of religion. She informed herself respecting the difficulties of every kind, whether arising from the influence of Roman Catholic priests, or from infidel and arrogant magistrates, which the colporters, the evangelists and ministers, and the other labourers of the Protestant Societies had to encounter. And whenever her intervention could be shown to be needed, or to be useful, she never hesitated a moment to do all that was in her power with the proper authorities, to have those difficulties adjusted. Her active mind was ever on the alert, to ascertain what could be done for the best interests of mankind. It was not only the subject of religion that occupied her mind; every scheme of benevolence by which human misery could be alleviated, claimed, as she conceived, and

received her approbation and support. For instance, she was for years, most intensely interested in the plans which philanthropists in France were attempting to carry into operation, for the diminution of the horrors of slavery in the French Islands; and still more, for the removal of slavery itself from those portions of the French possessions. Nor were her labours, and those of her distinguished husband, in vain. A decided impression has been made on the public mind in France, and the day cannot be very far distant when the abolition of slavery, either gradual or immediate, will take place, in the French Islands.

She took also a very deep interest in every thing relating to the amelioration of the condition of those who are in the prisons in France. I shall not soon forget the manifestations of the interest which she took, in the winter of 1837-38, in the visit of Mrs. Elizabeth Fry to Paris, to inspect some of the prisons. It was just such a work as was

calculated to move her benevolent heart. The abolishing of Lotteries, and the closing of the Gaming Houses, two years ago, were also measures which gave her the greatest delight.

The account which she once gave me of her religious history is a most interesting one, and illustrates in a very striking manner the importance of early and judicious religious instruction. "My mother," said she to me, "was not an infidel, as many have believed, and as some have asserted,—much less was she an atheist. She believed in the Sacred Scriptures as being a Revelation from God. From our earliest years she taught my brother Augustus and myself to pray. One of the earliest recollections which I have is that of repeating on my knees, at her side, *Our Father*.\* At a very early period, we

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\* The striking fact has often been published, I believe, of Madame de Staël's having said that she needed no other evidence of the truth of Christianity than what the Lord's prayer furnishes.

were placed under the religious instruction of the late excellent Mr. Cellérier, Sen., one of the pastors of Geneva,—of the last generation,—a most pious and devoted old gentleman, who, for many years came to the Château, at Coppet, two or three times a week, to give us instruction in the Bible. We passed almost the whole of our youth under his pious and excellent supervision, during much of which period, our mother was away from Switzerland, on her journeys in Italy, Germany, &c. It was owing to his faithful instructions that impressions, of a saving character, as we hoped, were made upon our minds. In my brother's case, these impressions developed themselves more decidedly at a later period. As to myself, I cannot recollect the time when I did not love God. From my earliest years, I took delight in reading the Scriptures, and in committing myself to the Saviour." She then added, "It sometimes gives me much anxiety when I think that I cannot recollect the time of my

conversion, nor any previous distressing feeling respecting sin. I often fear that I have never known what it is to have found the *change of heart* spoken of in the Bible, because I cannot recollect when it occurred." I told her that it was of but little consequence, provided she *now*, and habitually, possessed the evidence which the Scriptures require of having "passed from death unto life." On that point her mind had no distressing fears, I believe. She gave good evidence of being a sincere Christian, in the whole course of her life, even from the days of her youth. Those who knew her best had great confidence in her piety, and it will appear, in another part of this sketch, that she died giving the most unequivocal evidence of being prepared for that solemn event.

It is probable that the work of divine grace, in her heart, was rather gradual than otherwise. The death of her mother is said to have had a very salutary effect upon her mind, in deepening the religious feeling which

she had, and augmenting her diligent attention to her own salvation. It is certain that the older she became, the more mature did her religious character become. Increase of years seemed to bring with them an increase in the interest which she felt in the kingdom of God. From the time of her marriage she may be considered as at the head of the little company of evangelical Christians in Paris. She was consulted on almost every good undertaking, and no one could take a more lively interest in the Bible cause, or in that relating to missions, domestic and foreign. And as her husband rose from one post of honour to another, her field of duty and of labour became greater, and her efforts to cultivate it proportionably increased.

From the time of her marriage until her death, she lived as the Christian head of a family should. She devoted herself to the religious instruction of her children most assiduously. Although she saw much company, as has already been remarked, yet no

circumstances made her intermit the duties which she owed to her family. She superintended personally the affairs of her household, and especially the education of her children, who were six or seven in number, several of whom are still small. The eldest, a daughter, was married about two years ago. A few years since, the Duchess lost a most lovely daughter, her second, at the age of about fifteen years. This child had, for years, lived much of her time with her aunt, the widow of Baron Augustus de Staël, at Coppet. She gave very decided evidence of being a Christian, and made a sweet confession of confidence in the Saviour in her last moments. Her death was much sanctified to her mother, as well as to her aunt, who felt almost a mother's love towards her, and who had indeed taken her to fill the place of her own child, whom God had called to Himself.

The Duchess de Broglie, from the moment when she had a family of her own, erected

the domestic altar. Daily she collected her children and her servants, and read the Scriptures to them, and prayed with them. Her husband was seldom absent from these sweet ministrations. Even distinguished strangers, when staying at her house, were always invited, to unite with the household on these occasions. At first, and perhaps for a few years, she used written forms of prayer. She even composed a considerable collection of prayers, which have been pronounced, by those who have read them, to be very beautiful. She was not ashamed to avow that she feared God. Standing in the very highest rank of the nobility of the nation, she hesitated not to profess herself an humble follower of the Lamb, and taught her household to pay the homage of their united devotions before the throne of the Eternal. Earth can present few spectacles more noble.

She had strong faith in the efficacy of prayer. Of this I had some very striking proofs. When I called upon her a day or



two after Fieschi had made his attempt on the King's life, on the 28th of July 1835, her feelings almost overcame her for a moment. The first words which she uttered were, "Oh, there must have been much praying on the part of some of God's people, or it would have been far worse with us than it was." And after speaking much on the subject, in a most truly Christian spirit, she begged me to call upon as many of the English and Americans in Paris, who were pious, as I could, and request them to unite their thanksgivings to God for the preservation of the King's life. She also requested that we would not forget in our prayers, in the little circle of Christians who met at my house every Saturday evening—and of which some notice has been taken in another place—nor in those of the more public service on the Sabbath, to supplicate the God of nations to bless France, to preserve the people from all excesses, and to render successful the efforts of the government to maintain

public order and tranquillity. It is, probably, unknown to the most of those who may read this book, that the Duke de Broglie, at that time President of the Council of the King, accompanied his Majesty, with many other gentlemen of distinction, on the occasion just referred to, and very narrowly escaped death. A musket ball passed through the front part of his coat, and cutting slightly the skin on the collar-bone, passed along to the upper part of the sleeve on the other side, and there lodged, having spent its force.

Who can tell how much the prayers of even one such woman as the Duchess de Broglie may avail on such an occasion? Her husband, during the nine or ten years that he has been, from time to time, in the highest offices of Government, has often been made to feel that nothing but the hand of God could extricate from the accumulating difficulties which, at times, rose up, and threatened the most serious consequences. And what did he do in such circumstances? I fear almost that I

invade the sacred precincts of his family-affairs too greatly. But the fact is too honorable to him, and too noble an example to men in office, who feel themselves similarly situated, to be concealed. He has often gone to his wife—he has done the same thing to his excellent sister-in-law, the present Baroness de Staël, a most pious and lovely woman of whom I shall speak more presently—and requested her to retire to her closet, and kneel down with him, and beseech God to interpose!—Would to God that every man in authority felt a similar sense of dependence on Him who is Lord over all, and who “rules in the armies of heaven, and does his pleasure among the inhabitants of the earth.”

Nor was the confidence which her husband reposed in her excellent judgment small. It is said, and I have no doubt with truth, that he was in the habit of consulting her on almost every important step which he took, when he occupied any important post in the government. The documents which

he prepared for submission to the government, it is said, were commonly first read to her, for the sake of having her very judicious opinions respecting them. For she was a woman of a very sound and clear judgment, and her mind was well informed on almost all subjects.

The Duchess de Broglie was a most beautiful writer. Her letters, and even the most casual notes which she wrote, display exquisite taste. She might have won great distinction as an authoress, if she had been an ambitious woman. But she preferred the performance of her duties as a wife and a mother to all literary fame. Perhaps, also, she had seen so much of the insufficiency of this species of worldly renown, to render its votaries happy, that she had no desire to seek it. Be that as it may, she wrote but two books, both of them translations from English into French. They were the two works of Mr. Thomas Erskine of Scotland, entitled "Internal Evidences of Christianity,"

and "An Essay on Faith." To the latter work she wrote an Introduction, in which she discusses, in the most able manner, several important points in Revealed Religion. This Introduction is pronounced by the venerable Professor Staper, to be one of the most remarkable productions of modern times—one which causes all the Friends of religion in France to regret, that the gifted and noble authoress did not oftener employ her pen in the cause of Truth.

Perhaps it may be interesting to know what was the opinion of the Duchess respecting the religious character of her mother. I shall state all that came within my own knowledge, so far as I can do it with propriety. In the many interviews which I had with her from time to time, during the three years which I spent, with my family, in Paris, I adverted occasionally to her mother, her writings &c. One day I ventured to ask her, whether she thought that her mother had ever turned her attention seriously to the

subject of religion? And what opinion she had on that deeply interesting point? She replied, with deep emotion, that her mother, in the latter part of her life especially, was in the practice of reading the Bible, and that she had sometimes found her engaged in prayer in her room. "But," said she, "one does not know; one tries to hope for the best in such cases." It was easy to perceive that her heart often reverted, with intense feeling, to that overwhelming topic. More than once, when speaking of her mother, her eyes became filled with tears. For she could not have been unacquainted with her whole character. How painful it must have been to her mind, to reflect that her mother, with all the literary fame which she acquired, lived "without God" and, it is to be feared, died without giving much evidence of a well-founded hope in the mercy of God through Jesus Christ.

Her brother, Baron Augustus de Staël, was an excellent man. I have already stated

that he and his sister were brought up in Switzerland, spending their time at Coppet, or at Geneva, chiefly, however, at the former place. He was about twenty-four years old when his mother returned to Paris, in 1814, after her long exile from it was ended. After the marriage of his sister, he spent much of his time at Paris, especially the early parts of the winters. He often visited Italy, and frequently travelled in Germany. He also visited England, where he spent some time. His *Letters on England*, a work which he published not long after his return from that country, are distinguished not less by its correctness of information, than by the excellent spirit in which it is written.\* His summers were spent chiefly at his patrimonial estate at Coppet. How he employed himself when there we may learn from the following extract from the "Tour" of the Rev. Daniel

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\* He also wrote another work, on the character &c of his grandfather Necker.

Wilson, (now Bishop of Calcutta) "on the continent," a book of much interest, and containing much information respecting the state of things at the time when it was written.

"About six miles before we came to Geneva," says Mr. Wilson, "we passed through the beautiful village of Coppet, celebrated as the residence of M. Necker, and of his still more distinguished daughter, Madame de Staël. The Baron, with his noble and amiable sister, are blessings to the neighbourhood. Their benevolence and piety are such, that they acquaint themselves with the circumstances of all the poor families around them, and administer relief to their bodies and minds. It is quite delightful to think that the descendants of one of the greatest statesmen of France, and of perhaps the most brilliant writer of her age, should be devoting all their talents to the diffusion of the truest philosophy, the illumination and moral elevation of their fellow-creatures, by the knowledge of the Holy Scriptures, and of the



blessings of real Christianity, as purchased by our Lord and Saviour."

It is not known when it was that Baron Augustus de Staël became truly pious. The work seems to have been very gradual in his case. Probably it was not until as late as 1822, that he ventured to consider himself a child of God. Although it is certain that he gave good evidence of piety long before that date. I well remember hearing the late excellent and eloquent Mr. Summerfield, say that the young Baron de Staël was converted whilst he was in England, and I think that he stated that it occurred whilst he was a member of the University of Oxford. But I am inclined to think that this was a mistake. But it matters little where it took place. What is enough is that we know the fact that he became a most devoted and zealous Christian, and one of eminent usefulness. In his day it was not as it is now. Then, there were very few men, either at Paris or at Geneva, among the ranks of influence, who

were truly pious. Indeed there were so few, that, in forming the Protestant Bible Society, in 1819 I think it was, it was not possible to find men enough, of the proper spiritual qualifications, to appoint on its committee. Men had to be chosen, the greater part of whom manifested but little interest in real, spiritual religion. Now, thanks be to God, there is to be found a considerable band at Paris, and a larger one at Geneva, of intelligent and influential men of piety, who are at the head of every good undertaking.

Baron Augustus de Staël, at the period of his death, which occurred in November 1827, at Coppet, was only in his thirty-seventh year. He had been married but a few months. He enjoyed good health, and far more happiness than ordinarily falls to the lot of humanity. He was occupied with plans of usefulness, not only in relation to his own estate, but also to the country of his illustrious ancestors. He was devoted to all the institutions of benevolence and piety which had been formed, the

last few years preceding his death, in France and Switzerland: and may be said to have been identified with their prosperity. What a noble sphere of usefulness, exertion and responsibility! It will give some idea of the magnitude of his engagements, and of his exertions to promote the glory of God and the best interest of his fellow men, to state that, at the time of his death, he was the Secretary of the Protestant Bible Society of Paris; an active member of the Paris Missionary Society; of the committee of the Religious Tract Society; of the Paris School Society for Mutual Instruction; a member of the council of the Helvetic Benevolent Society; the President and first Secretary of the Society for Christian Morals; a member of the Consistory of the Reformed Church of Paris; and one of the editors of the Archives du Christianisme, to say nothing of numerous other works of benevolence and piety, in which he took an active part. In its day, the Greek cause in France and Switzerland

was greatly indebted to his zealous efforts. But no cause enlisted his feelings more deeply than that of the suppression of the slave-trade, and the mitigation and final removal of slavery so far as it concerns the French possessions. For this purpose he visited, in 1825, the city of Nantes, and the other seaports, which were supposed to be still concerned in the slave-trade. The account which he gave, in the public meeting of the Society for the Promotion of Christian Morals, in the April following, of what he learned on that tour, and, above all, the presentation which he made of "bars" and "chains" and other instruments of this infernal traffic, which he had collected, accompanied by his explanations, made an impression on the assembly which has not yet been forgotten.

But in the midst of his usefulness, death came. He had just returned from a visit to Nice, in Italy, where he had been with his lovely bride. He was carried off by a brain-fever, after a few days' illness. The evening

before he died, at the accustomed hour of the devotions of the family, in a moment of comparative alleviation of his sufferings, he requested that the domestics might be assembled around his bed, and then his lips, soon to be sealed in death, offered for them, and for himself, the most fervent and humble supplications, to the Friend of sinners and the Saviour of the lost. In the morning he was no more! Thus ended the valuable life of this young man, whose piety and philanthropy have given new splendour to a name whose lustre it was difficult to increase, by the exercise of a charity ever fearless and uncompromising, but always Christian. His wife was a daughter of Professor Vernet. She still lives his widow, devoted to the service of that God whom he served. She resides most of her time at the ancestral chateau at Coppet, where she is greatly beloved, and where lies the chief field of her labours of charity.

But to revert to the subject of this memoir.

The Duchess de Broglie, pursuing a career of the same active benevolence that so distinguished her excellent brother, whom she survived almost eleven years, had at length filled the measure of the days which her Heavenly Father had assigned to her existence on earth. She had but just reached what may be called mature age; her health was generally vigorous; her usefulness had never been greater; nor had her co-operation ever been more important to every good work in France. All were hoping that she might be long spared to assist in the work of God by her counsels, her prayers, and her influence. But such was not God's will. She spent the last summer chiefly at her country-residence at Broglie. She made, however, a visit to Paris to attend the distribution of prizes, among the students of the colleges. Her son, a very promising youth, had obtained several of these prizes, to the great satisfaction of his parents. Upon her return to Broglie, she was seized of the same malady which had carried off her brother,

Baron de Staël. In vain were all the aids of human skill, and all the tenderest affection employed to prolong her valuable life. After a few days of great suffering she died. During the intervals of calm, which she at times enjoyed, and in which reason was restored, she discoursed in the most satisfactory manner respecting the prospect of death. A brief extract of a letter from an excellent friend, written the week after the death of the Duchess, will give an account of the closing scene. "Our friend, M. Grandpierre, was at Broglie, on a visit of several weeks, when the Duchess was taken ill. He has given us some very touching details of the sentiments which she expressed. Her malady was a nervous cerebral fever, which deprived her of reason during the last days of her life. But she prayed, even in the delirium occasioned by the fever, and the name of Jesus Christ was the last word which she spoke. You will comprehend, without difficulty, how great is our sorrow. After the various afflic-

tions which we have of late suffered, this is an augmentation very severe."

"The loss of the Duchess de Broglie," says the Rev. Mr. Félice, in a letter to the Editors of one of our most valuable Religious Journals, "is deeply felt, not only by Christians, but also by eminent political and literary men in France. One of our most celebrated writers, M. Villemain, has written an interesting Essay upon her intellectual and moral qualities. He testifies to her noble character, her superior mind, her charity, and even her piety. The memory of this noble lady will not perish. Less illustrious than her mother, she has left a purer name, more endearing recollections. Who would not prefer the esteem and affection felt for the Duchess de Broglie to the celebrity of Madame de Staël?"

I conclude this notice of the Duchess de Broglie by giving the beautiful article on her death which appeared in the *Archives du Christianisme*, immediately after the occur-



rence of the mournful event to which it refers.

“The ways of the Eternal are not our ways, nor his thoughts our thoughts! Here is one of those words of truth which God has spoken, which the Christian, the most confirmed, has need to repeat when he sees disappear from this world, in a manner sudden and unexpected, those who are still young, whose prolonged sojourn on earth would seem to be so useful, and so precious for their families, for their friends, for the church, for the poor, for that society entire, of which they were both the edification and the ornament. Endowed with all that which inspires love, as well as that which excites admiration, and consecrating all that she had received to the glory of Him who had been pleased to load her with his gifts, it seemed to us that the Duchess de Broglie would be permitted to make ‘the light of her good works shine’ a long time in the midst of us. And yet He who knows all things, and who can do all things,

has judged it good to call this dear Christian to her true country. And there remains to those who loved her, and who mourn her loss, no other consolation than to say: God has willed it! That which is for us an irreparable loss, and the subject of profound sorrow, is for her, for whom we mourn, a precious gain, the entrance into joy both perfect and eternal. Let us weep with those whose hearts are rent, let us pray for that desolated family, for God alone can heal such wounds, He alone can sound their depth. But let us rejoice, also, with her who is now in full possession of that treasure which she esteemed above all others, of that communion with God, which was her greatest happiness on this earth, and which will be her blessedness for ever in heaven.

“The Duchess de Broglie was taken away from this world, on the 22d. of September, (1838,) by a sickness to which she yielded at the end of fifteen days. She was one of those persons, rarely to be met with, in whom one does not know which to admire

most, the variety of gifts and graces which they have received, or the profound humility which fixes their view habitually, not upon what they possess, in view of men, but what they want in the view of God. Her elevated position in the world, her fortune, her influence, her distinguished understanding, the charm of her manners, all these advantages, which readily become snares to souls less simple, less upright, were to this truly Christian woman only talents, which had been entrusted to her by the Father of the human family, and which it often afflicted her to think that she did not employ with sufficient zeal and fidelity. It is sweet to think of all the good which this excellent woman has done, without knowing it, without believing it, by the example of her piety, of her simplicity, of her charity, of the integrity of heart with which she sought to spread the knowledge and the love of the Saviour, who had become her life and her only hope. With what zeal she gave the Holy Scriptures, in

which she had sought and found that Saviour, to the poor whom she aided, and, what is far more difficult, to the rich, who received them with respect from her hand! What interest she felt in the labours of the Bible Societies, and of the Societies for Missions among the heathen! One of the last of her gratifications was the visit of Mrs. Fry to Paris. The calm activity, the zeal and serenity of that remarkable Christian reanimated and rejoiced her soul, and, accompanying her in her visits to the prisons, she discovered a new means of doing good. She has been taken away by the same malady which carried off her brother, Baron de Staël, whom she has rejoined, never to separate from him, in the bosom of that Saviour whom he also loved, and faithfully served here below."

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A few brief remarks will bring to a close all that we purpose to say in reference to the Duchess de Broglie.

1. No one can fail to have been impressed, whilst reading the preceding memoir, with the goodness of God in raising up such a woman as the Duchess de Broglie, and sparing her to labour more than twenty years, for the promotion of his cause in France. The amount of good which she accomplished, in her high station, and by her commanding influence, can only be comprehended by Him who knows all things. Her example, her elevated position, her distinguished name, her fine intellect, and her various acquirements gave great respectability to the cause of Evangelical Religion, and made even those who were most opposed to it feel its influence, when they came into her presence. The importance of this can only be estimated by those who have seen the deep degradation into which true religion had been reduced in France, by the prevalence of infidelity, which, for half a century and more, had disseminated its poisonous influence through the masses of society. But at the present time,

a decided change is going on, amongst the most elevated classes at least. Through the influence of the example of a few distinguished Christians, together with the conviction which the horrible effects of infidelity have forced upon the more thinking portion of the people, that Religion is indispensable to the happiness of nations and the stability of good governments, a rejection of Christianity is far less common among the highest classes in France than it was some years since. Infidelity in France is at this time much more prevalent among the lower than the higher classes. The same thing is true also in our land, as well as some other countries. And probably, if the whole truth could be known, it would be found that the same causes have produced these results in all cases.

2. The loss which the cause of religion and virtue sustains in the death of such persons as Mrs. Rumpff and the Duchess de Broglie, would seem to us irreparable, if we did not know that even their death may be

made, and, indeed, is almost certain to be made, the means of promoting what their lives were consecrated to accomplish. This is one of the operations of Him, who alone can bring good out of what is in itself an evil. "He is infinite in wisdom," and his works are wonderful. And, however sad the hearts of God's people in France, amid all their feebleness and their discouragements, may have been rendered by the afflictive dispensation which has removed these two influential ladies, at a time when, to human view, they were more than ever needed, yet they will doubtless see before long, that this was a most direct way of advancing that very cause which has seemed to suffer so much by their removal. Should it please God to bring, through these dispensations, the husbands of both of these excellent women to the knowledge of Himself, and give them the same ardent zeal which they felt, it is clear that the cause might gain rather than lose. And of this, there is much reason to entertain

hope. The letters of one of them indicate a decided change in his feelings, and a determination to walk in the footsteps of his now sainted wife. The other has himself commenced ministering at the domestic altar, in the place which his wife lately occupied, and uses, I am assured, the same sweet prayers which she composed, and for a long time used in the devotions of the family.

Still more, since it has become known in this country, what a loss the Religious Institutions in France have sustained by the death of our own excellent and lovely country woman, pious ladies in a number of churches in New-York, Philadelphia, Boston, Newark, Hartford, and other places, have resolved to see that loss made up. And already they have raised a very handsome amount to aid the Societies which she loved to aid, so that thus no good work which she patronized may fail, or even suffer, by her death. In this way, whilst many hearts are becoming enlisted to give, many more prayers will be secured to call



down the blessings of God upon that important country, and upon all its best interests.

3. The example of these excellent ladies should teach all who contemplate it, that there is but one way of access for all sinners to the favour of God. These distinguished persons felt that they were, in the sight of God, only poor sinners. Neither their wealth, nor their high station, nor their great influence in society, was of any avail in the matter of their justification before God. And whilst wealth, elevated station, talents, distinguished birth, are all advantages which may be so employed as greatly to advance the glory of God, in the promotion of his kingdom on the earth; and whilst it is a high privilege for those who possess them to consecrate them to the service of God, yet the first and most acceptable offering, and for which nothing else may be substituted, is the *Heart*.

“Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,  
Odours of Edom, and offerings divine?  
Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,  
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?”

“Vainly we offer each ample oblation :  
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure ;  
Richer by far is the heart’s adoration ;  
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.”

In the Preface of this Volume, the names  
of Mrs. Gunning and Miss Fisher  
have been mentioned as having been  
of the same family. It is  
to be understood as having been  
by birth, with the last two or three  
A very great number of them may not be  
proper in a volume which contains  
of two of their very intimate and  
esteemed friends.

**APPENDIX.**

In the Preface of this Volume, the names of Mrs. Grandpierre and Mrs. Frederick Monod were mentioned, as having been members of the little circle of excellent ladies in Paris, and also as having been called away by death, within the last two or three years. A very brief notice of them may not be improper in a volume which contains memoirs of two of their very intimate and greatly esteemed friends.

## MRS. GRANDPIERRE.

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MRS. GRANDPIERRE was the first of the four ladies named in this work, that was called away by the Master. She was the wife of the Rev. J. J. Grandpierre, one of the most distinguished preachers in France. He was a native of the Canton of Neufchatel, in Switzerland, and was pastor of the French Church in Basle, for some years. For several years past, he has been at the head of the Missionary Institute or Seminary established at Paris, for the preparation of missionaries for the work among the heathen.

This Seminary belongs to the Society for

Evangelical Missions among the Heathen, and is under the direction wholly of its Committee. The origin of that Society is interesting to us as Americans. It occurred, under the blessing of God, in this way. The Rev. Mr. King (now the Rev. Dr. King) who is at present in Athens, in Greece, was prosecuting the study of the Oriental languages at Paris, with the view of becoming a Professor in the College at Amherst, Massachusetts, when the Rev. Mr. Fisk, who was labouring in Palestine as a missionary, wrote to him, to inform him that Mr. Parsons, his colleague, had died, and that he was left alone in the field, and begged him (Mr. King) to come and help him for three years. Mr. King showed the letter to the Duchess de Broglie, Madame Pelet, Baron de Staël, Mr. Wilder, and some others, who all told him, that if he would agree to go, they would form a Society for his support. He agreed to do so. The consequence was, that an Association was formed, which has since ex

panded into the Society for the Promotion of Evangelical Missions in countries which are Pagan, which is one of the most important, and probably the most dear to the hearts of the truly pious Protestants in France, of all the Religious and Benevolent Societies which exist in that country. After Mr. King had completed the three years, which he agreed to spend in the service of the French Society, he returned to America, by way of France and England, and afterwards went back to Greece, in the service of a Female Missionary Society in the city of New-York, but has been, for several years past, in the employment of the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. He was the first missionary employed by the French Missionary Society. Encouraged by the favour with which their efforts were viewed by their brethren in France and Switzerland, the Committee of that Society established a school at Paris, for the education of suitable men, whom God might call to his service in the

foreign field. The Rev. Mr. Galland, now a Professor in the new Theological School in Geneva, was the first Director or Head of the Mission School at Paris. He was succeeded by the Rev. Mr. Grandpierre, who is not only the Head of that School, and gives, as such, almost the whole instruction in Latin, Greek, Hebrew, Mathematics, Theology, &c. &c., but is also the Corresponding Secretary of the Society, and the Editor of its Monthly Journal. Besides all this, he preaches much in the Chapel in the Rue Taitbout. He is a man of great eloquence and uncommon piety. He has published four volumes of most excellent sermons, which, I am happy to say have had an extensive circulation in France.

His wife, the subject of this notice, was an excellent woman, possessing the most amiable dispositions, and sincere piety, and much zeal. She was cut off at the early age of perhaps less than thirty-two or three, in the autumn of 1836. She suffered long from a complication of maladies, greatly affecting the



nerves, and aggravated by the birth of a child, which lived but a little time. And soon the mother followed it, as well as another lovely little one, of some four or five years old. Her death, which was so afflictive to her friends, and, above all, to her husband, was gain to her; for she was well prepared for it. To the young men who belonged to the Institution, and who all resided in Mr. Grandpierre's family, her death was a great loss; for she was a mother to them, their counsellor, their friend. And in her final sickness, her prayers often ascended, not only for those who were the members of it, but also for all who had gone forth from it, and who are now labouring in South Africa.

Perhaps, some may wonder that thirteen pious young ministers should go forth from France, and others prepare to follow them, to carry the Gospel to the heathen. They may be ready to find fault with this. But such should remember that "they who water shall themselves be watered," and that the reflex influ-

ence of these missionary efforts upon France may be one of the most certain means of reviving evangelical piety in that country. It is unquestionably so. And what can be a better indication in relation to the religion which is increasing in France, than that it is the religion of missions, that is, that it breathes the spirit of missions? And no other sort, we may rest assured, is worth much in these days, when there can be no excuse for not attempting to carry the Gospel to those who have never heard it.

## MRS. MONOD.

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THIS excellent lady was the second of the circle of which I have spoken, who was called away by death. She died within less than a year after Mrs. Grandpierre, and about a year before the Duchess de Broglie and Mrs. Rumpff. She was the wife of Mr. Frederick Monod, who is one of the Pastors of the Reformed Church at Paris, and editor of the Archives du Christianisme.

Mr. Monod belongs to a family which is greatly respected by the Protestants in France; and he himself is much beloved by all the evangelical Christians in that king-

dom. His father, the late Mr. Monod, Sen., was, for many years, one of the Pastors of the Reformed Church in Paris, and in the latter part of his life, his son was one of his colleagues. In the earlier years of his ministry, this venerable old man—who died in the spring of 1836—was pastor of a small French Protestant Church at Copenhagen, in Denmark. This was during the days of the First Revolution, when the churches were shut up in France, the Sabbath abolished, and the ministers of the Gospel, of all communions, either slain or banished. Whilst Mr. Monod, Sen., was living at Copenhagen, the present monarch of France, then Duke of Orleans, visited that city, in his exile, about the years 1795 and '96, and enjoyed, for some time, the hospitalities of his house. And to his honor it should be said, that he has ever since manifested the most lively interest in the family, and has long since requited the kindness which he received at Copenhagen. When he ascended the throne of

France in 1830, he found his ancient friend and benefactor one of the Pastors, as has already been said, of the Protestant Reformed Church at Paris. And no minister of the Gospel was ever more welcome at the Palace of the Tuileries than this venerable man. And upon his death, in 1836, the king sent for his son Frederick, and sympathized with him in the most affecting manner, on that mournful occasion. When the Protestant ministers in the city pay their annual visit of congratulation, in a body, to the king, which occurs at the commencement of the year, it is Frederick Monod who is now most commonly selected to discharge the important duty,—which his father had for years executed,—of making the address on the occasion. The fidelity, the propriety, and the touching Christian simplicity with which he executes the task, is such as to affect deeply the heart of the Sovereign. May that Sovereign long have such servants of God to address him, and to pray for him, and for his family!

Mr. Frederick Monod is the eldest, I believe, of seven or eight brothers, and three sisters, all of whom, or nearly all, give evidence of piety. They owe much to his influence and example. Four of the sons of this family are in the ministry. They are, Frederick, William, Adolphus, and Horace. Frederick is at Paris, as has already been stated; William was formerly settled at St. Quentin, but is now, and has been for the last few years, in bad health. Adolphus,—who is one of the most eloquent of the Protestant preachers in France,—is now a Professor in the Theological School, of the Reformed Church, at Montauban; and Horace, a very promising young man, has just entered the ministry, and is not yet settled, I believe.

Mrs. Monod, the subject of this notice, was born in Copenhagen, of a French family, which has since removed to Paris, where they now reside. She was a most lovely woman, and was cut off, like Mrs. Grandpierre,

and the other ladies mentioned in this volume, in the flower of her age, and in the midst of her usefulness. She had not probably, reached the age of thirty-five. She was eminently beloved by the poor, indeed by all classes in the churches in which her husband preaches. She took a lively interest in the education of the orphans and poor children of the Protestant Communion in Paris. And she was abundant and untiring in all good works. She was followed to the grave by a large number of the most distinguished Protestants of the city, who met to sympathize with the bereaved husband, and with his motherless children. Before the procession left the house, which had been the earthly dwelling-place of the deceased, for a number of years, Mr. Monod read, standing at the head of the coffin, the xxiii Psalm. Never shall I forget the new light and force, which the mournful circumstances of the occasion seemed to give to the noble expression

of confidence in God, which that exquisite portion of the Sacred Scriptures contains.

The procession moved through the streets of Paris, and at length arrived at Père-la-Chaise. It was a most beautiful Sabbath morning in October. There, at the grave, the Rev. Mr. Juillerat-Chasseur, one of Mr. Monod's colleagues, made a most appropriate address and prayer. As the scene was closing, Mr. Monod advanced near to the vault in which the body of his wife was deposited, his little son leaning on his arm, and there delivered the most thrilling address that I have ever heard. He spoke of the support, the consolation, the assistance which he had received from his dear wife, during the fourteen or fifteen years which had passed since their marriage; of her unwearied efforts to do good; of the loss which he and his children had experienced in her death,—but all in sweet submission to the will of his and her Heavenly Father. There was that victory which faith gives in every gloomy hour! At



the close, after a solemn pause, he said, contemplating the vault where the remains of his wife lay : “ *Ma chère femme ! vous êtes là ! Mais, non votre corps est là : votre âme est en haut.*”\* With this he raised his eyes to heaven, and after a moment of silent prayer, the ceremony terminated, and the assembly dissolved, to return to their homes, with renewed impressions, I dare say, of the importance of the consolations which religion alone can give, in such affecting circumstances.

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\* My dear wife ! You are there ! But no : your body is there ; your soul is on high.

## NOTE.

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IN the memoir of Mrs. Rumpff it was stated, that, from her childhood, she had always manifested the most amiable dispositions, and very great respect for Religion. She was from very early years fond of reading a large Bible which belonged to her mother. This Bible was greatly prized by her mother, on account of the size of the type. During the last two years of her life, that book, and Doddridge's Rise and Progress were the books which her mother daily read. And upon her death,—an event which may be mentioned as one of the means which, with God's blessing, greatly contributed to the promotion of those religious impressions of the daughter, which finally brought her to the knowledge of the Saviour,—the old Bible was sent to Mrs. Rumpff at Paris, at her request, and was highly valued by her, not only for her mother's sake, but because it was the book which she had so much loved in her childhood.

MEMOIR  
OF  
MRS. SARAH LOUISA TAYLOR.  
PUBLISHED BY JOHN S. TAYLOR,  
BRICK CHURCH CHAPEL,  
*Corner of Park Row and Spruce streets, New York;*  
BOSTON, WEEKS, JORDON & Co. ;  
PHILADELPHIA, JOSEPH WHETHAM.

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NOTICES.

From the Christian Mirror.

MEMOIRS OF MRS SARAH LOUIS TAYLOR; *or an Illustration of the work of the Holy Spirit in awakening, renewing, and sanctifying the heart.* BY LOT JONES, A. M., New York: John S. Taylor, 1838, pp. 324.

Memoirs of individuals have become so common, that not a few may be ready to ask, Why publish another? And we might ask, in turn, why *not* published another? After all the objections that can be urged, it is a kind of reading which interests, and will continue to interest the mass of society. Nothing scarcely arrests attention, like personal history—the workings of individual minds, or has more influence in forming character. And why should we not as readily welcome a new book in this department of literature, as a new edition of an old one? Every person whose history is worth reading, has some individuality of character, which distinguishes him from others; or some peculiar relations or circumstances in his existence; which call for modifications of inward exercises or external conduct, more or less peculiar: and it is interesting to see how perfect

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a regulator religious principle is—how admirably it will adjust the feelings and the conduct to the demands of the case, whatever be the peculiarity of natural temperament, or of the personal relations.

We have no fears that the above question will be asked by any one, *after* reading this little volume. If he does not feel 'reproved, corrected, or instructed in righteousness,' it will be because he has made pre-eminent attainments in scriptural knowledge and holy, useful living; or else because his conscience has lost its susceptibillity. In Mrs. Taylor religion appears with dignity as well as grace, in power as well as beauty. Hers was the faith which "works by love, purifies the heart, and overcomes the world." Its fruits were choice and abundant. Nor were her virtues cancelled, or their influence more than destroyed by gross defects and blemishes. She had uncommon symmetry and harmony of character. With a uniform and controlling desire to do good, she never lacked the means and opportunity; and did much, in the best and highest sense of the expression. She won not a few to righteousness. Her religion was a religion of diligence and energy, rendering her "steadfast, unmoveable, always abounding in the work of the Lord;" and her labor was "not in vain."

We see in Mrs. T. the same religion, in its essential elements, and in its more important developements, which glowed in and beamed forth from the "great cloud of witnesses:"—the same faith, the same humility, the same dependence on atoning blood, the same susceptibility to the constraining influence of Christ's love: "We thus judge, that, if Christ died for all, then all were dead; and that he died for all, that they who live should not henceforth live unto themselves, but unto him who died for them." We see deep religious experience, but no extravagance—strong feelings, but no fanaticism—absorbing devotion, but no cant—firmness of principle, but no party bigotry. We have here, not only holiness in its principle, but the *beauty* of holiness adorning and perfecting the character.

Mr. Jones was greatly favoured in the subject of his narrative; and he has wrought up his materials with great skill and judgement. Nothing has been inserted, which would have been better omitted; and nothing appears to be wanting, which was necessary to a just appreciation of her character.

We unhesitatingly commend this Memoir to all females, in all ranks of society. The most refined and best educated will rise from its perusal, improved in literary taste, intellectual ex-

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pansion, and correct thinking ; and the less favored will learn from it what it is in their power to become by diligence, by prayer, by studying the Scriptures, by a whole-hearted devotedness to the duties which they owe to God and their fellow men.

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### From the Boston Recorder.

It is not possible to do justice to this captivating and instructive volume, within the compass of the few lines to which our notice must be confined. And perhaps it is best to desist altogether from an *attempt* to convey a correct impression of it to our readers ; for it must be confessed that our own emotions on the perusal of it are too strong to permit the exercise of the most cool and deliberate judgement as to its intrinsic merits. To follow a lovely youth through the scenes of childhood and ripening years ; to mark the various traits of intellectual and moral character, as they are developed in all the relations of the child, the sister, the friend, the wife, the mother, the teacher, and the disciple of Jesus : and then to group the whole, and contemplate the triumphs of faith over natural affection, and the heart's corruptions, and the power of death itself ; cannot fail to excite very strong emotion in any bosom not petrified, even though the execution of the work were marked with many imperfections. But Mr. Jones has not failed in the fulfilment of the task he has assumed. The simplicity and clearness of his delineations ; the richness and fulness of evangelical sentiment diffused through the whole, and arising naturally from his subject, the dignified tenderness of his style, and the accurate discrimination made between spurious and genuine religion in his incidental remarks, show him to be a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, and leave an impress on the volume, that will render it very precious to every evangelical reader. Any Christian who desires above all things to grow in grace ; to learn the nature of the Christian conflict, and to use successfully the weapons that shall give him the victory over his spiritual enemies ; or, in one word, to learn "the mind of the Spirit" on these points, will do well to study this volume.

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### From the Episcopal Sunday School Visitor.

We commence our brief notice of this excellent book, with an appropriate extract from its pages: "You ask my opinion of religious biography, and of the emulation it excites. It certainly has a powerful effect. I think the perusal of well-written narrative, and especially memoirs of females, has a happy influence, and is calculated to inspire with confidence on the one hand, humility on the other." P. 157. With this opinion we perfectly agree. We think that *well* written narrative, or biography, is well calculated to profit the reader, *who reads it in order to profit*. The trials and misfortunes, the failures and short comings of others, may all serve, as beacons, to save us from the shipwreck of *our* faith; whilst the providential mercies and blessings which have been the comfort and support of others, may encourage us to put our trust in the LORD. In too many instances, however, the fond partiality of friendship, gives an eulogy instead of a simple relation of facts, and thus diminishes the power with which the simple truth might (and with which it generally does) affect the mind.

Sometimes the usefulness of religious biography is lessened by a redundancy of ornament in the style: by too many digressions, which are continually breaking into the interest which the reader feels in the narrative, and driving away the profitable reflections which it suggests to the mind.

It is very seldom that we meet with a book so entirely free from blemishes of this kind, as the one before us. It is the simple portrait of an amiable, enlightened, and devotedly pious Christian, drawn by a most judicious and faithful hand.

The young Christian who is just commencing his course, and whose temptations and trials are sometimes leading him to despondency, will read this book with thankfulness; and those who are yet strangers to vital religion may be induced, from this lonely instance of its powerful effects in sustaining the soul, under the heaviest afflictions of life, and in the hour of sickness and death, to seek, for themselves, an interest in the LORD JESUS CHRIST.

Mrs. Taylor evidently possessed a fine and cultivated mind. Of this the beautiful fragments of poetry, which are given in the course of the book, and the extracts from her correspondence, are an evidence. Had those talents been cultivated, for the world and its approbation, she might, perhaps, have attained *all* that this world can give,—fame—applause—and

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celebrity. But what would they avail her now? She has chosen the *better* part, which cannot be taken from her.

It would be injustice to the publishers not to notice the beautiful manner in which the work has been executed. The paper and type are excellent, and the engravings good: but still the matter of the book is its main recommendation.

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### From the Episcopal Recorder.

This is a new work just issued from the press, and well worthy the attention of Christians. It describes, mainly from her own writings, the character of a Christian, whose experience of the power of sin and of the power of grace, was deeper than is usual, and whose example of usefulness to others gives beautiful evidence of the reality of her own principles of character. We have been much interested in looking over this volume, and rejoice to recommend it to our readers. They will find it an uncommonly interesting and instructive biography, worthy of its excellent author, and adapted to be eminently useful to themselves.

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### From the Christian Intelligencer.

This a well written biography of an amiable and devoted Christian, who pleasantly and beautifully exhibited the Christian character in the different relations of life and in her early death. The reader will be pleased with the spirit and sentiments of her correspondence introduced and scattered throughout the volume. It is calculated to be useful and edifying, and we freely commend it to our readers. It is published in a beautiful style.

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### From the Christian Watchman.

The interesting subject of this memoir was born at East Haddam, Conn., January 18, 1809, and died August 2, 1836. Books of this description are sure to obtain readers, and therefore we sincerely wish they always combined as much solid

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salvation," no one can doubt; and yet she was, for many years, the subject of its anguish and mental agony, before she received the "spirit of adoption," or had the "witness in herself" of which the apostle speaks. Subsequently, her enlightened piety, her growth in grace, and her experience of the fulness of the blessing of the Gospel of peace, made her a "burning and shining light." In these days of degeneracy, her memoir is a most timely publication, showing, as it does, an eminent example of Christian experience and practice, unsophisticated by any of the dogmas of scholastic divinity.

Mrs. Taylor was an humble, sincere, fervent, and consistent Christian, in sickness and in health, living and dying, exemplifying the truth, power, and preciousness of our holy religion. Intellectually, she was a woman of high order; and her early and devoted piety, her patience and resignation in affliction, her victory over death, all demonstrate that she was a witness of the washing of regeneration and the renewal of the Holy Ghost.

Would that our young ladies would read her memoir; imbibe her spirit; share her enjoyments, and participate in her blessedness here and hereafter.







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