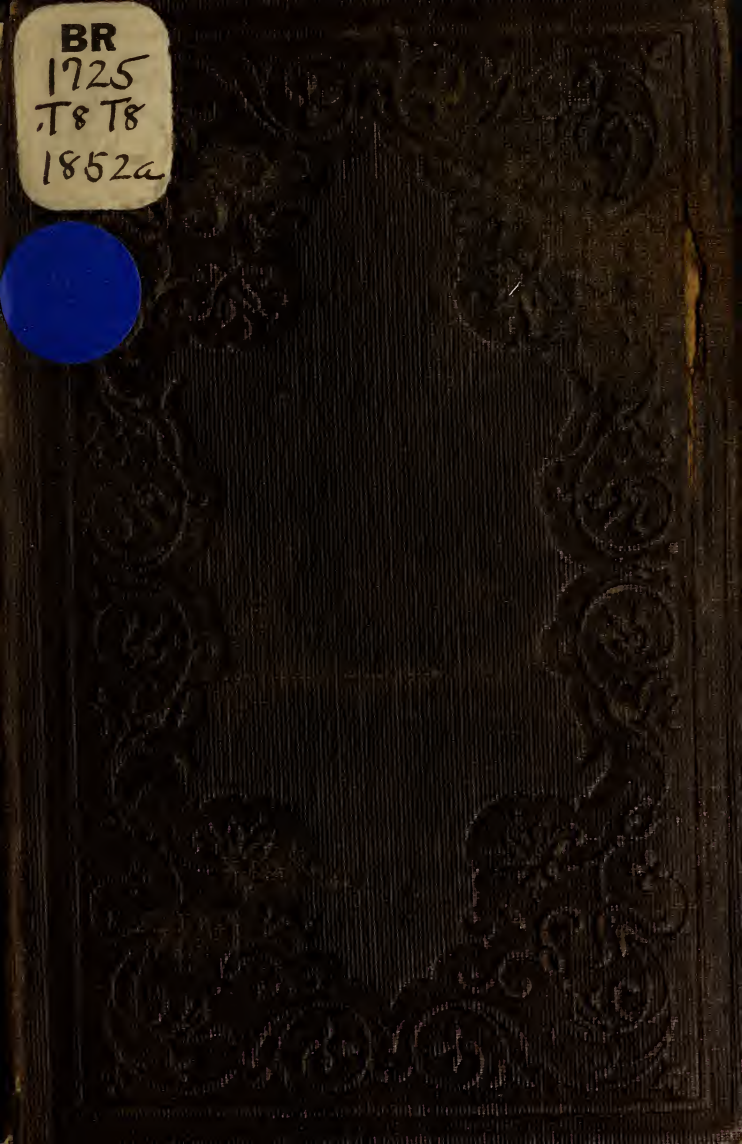


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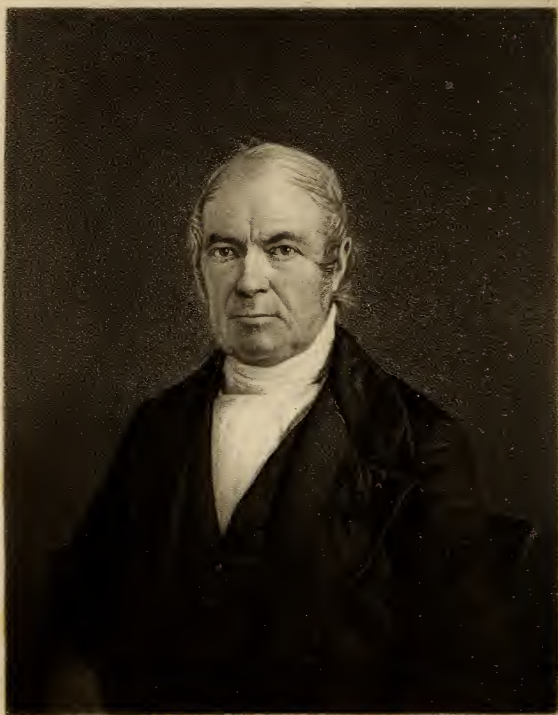
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THE
L I F E
OF
WILLIAM TUTTLE,
THE
SELF-MADE MAN
AND
CONSISTENT CHRISTIAN.

BY RER. JOSEPH F. TUTTLE,
ROCKAWAY, NEW JERSEY.

SECOND EDITION, ABRIDGED BY THE AUTHOR.

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P R E F A C E .

“A MAN is the child of his own actions,” proudly exclaimed Napoleon Bonaparte. “By the grace of God, I am what I am,” ejaculated the apostle Paul. The real Christian undoubtedly prefers the humble ascription of the saint to the boast of the warrior; and yet there is a sense in which every person should be taught that he is the child of his own actions, without disparaging the higher and nobler principle which attributes all to the grace of God.

Abstract truth is adapted to the well-disciplined intellect; but when a strong impression is to be made on common minds, especially the young, truth must become a living picture. It was for this our blessed Lord taught by parables. As he speaks, living realities move before us, seeming not so much to tell us what we ought to be and do, as to throw on us the responsibility of deciding for ourselves. Concerning the subject of these memoirs, one has said, “I honor his memory. His life shone as that of an humble, consistent, heavenly-minded Christian. There was a tenderness of spirit about him, an affectionate sympathy with

his neighbor, and an honest-heartedness that drew to him the love and esteem of his townsmen. "He was an Israelite in whom was no guile. He followed the Saviour with humble and willing footsteps. He loved his closet, and there recruited his strength for conflict. His best, unmistakable memorial, is the preciousness of his memory in Newark, where he lived and died."

Even this beautiful character, as drawn by the Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen, would not of itself be sufficient to claim the public attention. There are many whose virtues might be justly celebrated in such a tribute, and yet their public lives be comparatively useless. But when the struggles of a man from poverty to independence, from ignorance to intelligence, from obscurity to shining usefulness, are grouped in a living picture, showing to every one who looks at it that this is an example which he can follow; then it becomes a question whether that picture shall be kept enshrined in the holy place of private affection, or be reproduced for the benefit of others. If this volume shall teach the two lessons, "A man is the child of his own actions;" "By the grace of God, I am what I am:" if it shall lead one youth to imitate a good example, or comfort one of Christ's little ones, the author will have a rich reward.

LIFE

OF

WILLIAM TUTTLE.

CHAPTER I.

HIS PARENTS.

WILLIAM TUTTLE, the eldest son of Joseph and Esther Parkhurst Tuttle, was born near New Vernon, Morris county, New Jersey, August 22, 1781. His ancestors were among the earliest settlers of that county. They were prominent members of the first church which was organized in that part of the state, and were active soldiers during the revolutionary war. It is a fact of interest that his grandfather and five sons were in the service of their country during that trying period. Joseph Tuttle, the father of William, was a blacksmith of industrious habits, and by his trade was enabled to purchase a house and lot;

but unfortunately having been elected to an office, the duties of which sometimes conflicted with his kind disposition as a friend and neighbor, he lost his property. Yet, in the language of his son, "though depressed in his outward circumstances, and forced to leave his house, he thanked God for his health, strength, and a trade—bestowments of Providence, with which he might still sustain his family honestly." He was a pious man, conscientiously endeavoring to teach his children their obligations to God.

While William's father exerted a decided influence over him, he owed more to his mother than to any other earthly friend. She was a woman whose native sweetness of disposition added charms to the piety which she daily exhibited to her children. She died before William was eight years old, yet her image never lost its place in his memory. His mother did much, by her prayers and example, to mould his character; and he could say of her with truth,

"The record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced."

She left to her motherless children the legacy of her ardent prayers that God would guard and guide them through this world, and bestow upon them "an inheritance incorruptible, and undefiled, and that fadeth not away."

The misfortunes of his father were probably no disadvantage to William. The recollections of his father's "being sold out," and of the distress occasioned by that event, made an abiding impression on the boy. It is interesting to recur to the very day-book kept by this mechanic, to see how his son acquired those habits which befriended him so greatly in after-life. Entries in this book show that William was frequently employed by the neighboring farmers "to cover corn," "drive oxen," "thresh grain," "chop wood," "plough," and other kinds of work common in a farming community. The father strove to teach his children that it was both necessary and honorable to help themselves in all honest ways; and so well was the lesson learned, that when protracted and severe illness disabled him, they earned for the family a comfortable living.

After the death of Mr. Tuttle the subject of

this memoir, there was found among his private papers the history of "John Homespun," reaching to the period of his life when he became established in a prosperous business. Until his death the existence of this manuscript was unknown, even to his most intimate friends. Under this unostentatious name he has recorded his own early struggles, in a style which often reminds the reader of "Poor Richard." We are left entirely to conjecture as to the occasion and design of this autobiography; but one thing is certain, he would have shrunk from speaking even the truth concerning himself, had he supposed that his words would ever come before the public eye associated with his own name; yet the story is so simple, artless, and truthful, the incidents in it so pleasing, and the principles so valuable, that it is believed minor considerations ought to be waived in view of the useful ends which may be attained by its publication. So far as this narrative extends, and is appropriate to the design of this memoir, the author of "John Homespun" will be allowed to give his own interesting and instructive history.

“John Homespun,” he says, “was a boy of but common capacities. Though of an active disposition, and not peculiarly dilatory in his studies while at school, it required more labor and study to keep a fair standing in his class, than was necessary for most of his school-fellows. With a memory much less retentive than others’, he strove by increased hours of study to commend himself to his teacher without the ferule or rod. So diligently did he apply himself with his limited means of education, as to be accounted a respectable scholar in the elementary branches, and a lad of fair promise by the neighborhood. John’s father was an industrious man, whose means went but little beyond the support of his family, yet he took special care that his children should fully share in the benefits of the village school. As this was the chief patrimony he expected to leave them, he was intent on keeping them at school to acquire the more plain and useful branches of an English education. At all times the improvement and education of his children was a leading object with Mr. Homespun.”

CHAPTER II.

MR. STERNHEART.

IN the fall of 1796, William's father had an offer from Mr. — of Newark, N. J., to take his son, then at the age of fifteen, as an apprentice to the printing business.

“Thus passed the youthful days of John Homespun, mostly spent at school until old enough to labor. He frequently assisted his father in the shop; sometimes he aided the neighbors in the hay or harvest field. Even when at school, he made it a point to assist his father as many hours as he could. From principle, he was an early riser, and in this way did much to lighten his father's burdens.

“But the time had now come when John must think of some permanent employment for life. His father was willing to give up his services, if he could thereby secure the means of an honest and independent livelihood. It was decided that he must learn a trade. It was not long before Mr. Homespun learned

that an apprentice was wanted in a printing-office, in a thriving village some twenty miles distant. It was agreed that John should make a trial.

“With all promptness, and with such means as the limited circumstances of his parents would admit, his father having married again, arrangements were made for apparel more suitable to one who was to leave his rustic home for the more particular circles of a town. John’s homely suit of butternut and his straw hat were laid aside for the younger brothers who were still at home, and some plain clothes were purchased from the store. To wear cloth purchased at a *store* was an era in John’s life.

“At length the time for John to leave home arrived, and his feelings on the occasion may be more easily imagined than told. He was only fifteen years old, and had hardly been twenty miles from home in his life. His longest journey hitherto, had been when assisting to drive the cattle to the mountains west of his native place. As for being away from home, he had scarcely ever slept from under the paternal roof. And now to leave that pleas-

ant circle to dwell among strangers, called forth all the resolution of his youthful mind. But John knew that other boys had experienced just the same trial, and had left homes they loved just as well as he loved his. He be-thought himself, also, that if spared to man-hood he must look out and provide for himself. He was convinced—no trivial thing—that his only prospective resource was his industry, his integrity, and his hands. With such manly motives prompting and encouraging him, John bade his friends at home a tender farewell. The parting injunction of his father to be a good boy, cheerfully to do all that might be required by his new master, not to expect those indulgences abroad which he had shared at home, in short, to fear God and keep his commandments, and by industry and good behavior to *make himself a man*—this most valuable injunction was never forgotten, and was in some measure heeded by the young adventurer upon untried scenes.

“John’s first journey was made in the humble stage-wagon which plied between the shire town of his native county and the town which was

to be his future residence. For a trifling sum the boy was allowed to make his journey in a public conveyance, one in amazing contrast with the 'iron horse,' which now carries multitudes between the same towns with such astonishing rapidity. On reaching town, John was immediately introduced to Mr. Sternheart, his new master, who kindly received him. Without any delay John put in practice one of his principles, to do all he could to please his master and win his good feelings. One thing is worthy of note: as soon as he acquired a knowledge of the duties expected of him in the printing-office and in the family, he endeavored to anticipate rather than be reminded of them."

"In the new situation in which John found himself were four apprentices, and one journeyman bookbinder, a decided deist. The master, Mr. Sternheart, was a man of stern character, self-complacent, and of rather morose disposition. His authority was undisputed, his word was law, and John really feared the man. None of the four apprentices loved him overmuch, but yielded reluctantly to his authority. His lady was no more loved than her husband.

The boys were always civil in her presence, because they dared not act rudely, but behind her back nothing was too bad for them to say. Attempts to draw John into this 'opposition line' proved unavailing, and in this prudent and magnanimous course even the deistical bookbinder sustained him. The injunction of John's father, to be a good boy and do all he could to please his master and mistress, and not unnecessarily to incur even the ill-will of a dog, was too fresh in his memory to be unheeded.

“He had scarce learned the alphabetical order of the type-case, when he was placed at the press for weeks together in applying the ink to the types, a laborious task, which made his arms ache. He was often very tired, but did not yield to discouragement. Sometimes his hands were blistered, but he always found that they soon recovered by the relaxation of the night, and the repose of the Sabbath.

“Thus he continued and labored for Mr. Sternheart for months on mutual trial, the master evidently pleased, and the apprentice having no special reason to find fault. His

pleasant home, however, could not be forgotten, although it was an humble one. He was not homesick now, for that desolate feeling had been overcome; but he longed again to visit the family circle from which he had so long been absent. Accordingly a visit home was planned, and occupied much of his thoughts.

“The summer and fall business being chiefly accomplished, John applied for permission to go home. This request Mr. Sternheart readily granted, and in doing it he said with an affability quite unusual to him, ‘John, I am pleased with your industry and attention to business, since you have been with me; and my family are gratified with your attention to their wants. I see nothing in the way of your becoming a printer, and hope you will become my apprentice. But,’ continued Mr. S., ‘I shall not press business this winter; we have hands enough for what I purpose to do. Say to your father that, if agreeable to him, you can remain at home during the winter, and further improve yourself at school; or, if more agreeable to him, you may return after making a visit, instead of waiting for spring.’

“This was in the autumn of 1796. A few days after this, John was at liberty to make the visit which he had anticipated with such pleasure. This time he was not even to take the rough stage-wagon which had brought him to town. He was to take a still plainer conveyance. It may well be imagined that pleasant visions of home mingled in his dreams the night before he started. At the dawn of day he was up, and Mrs. Sternheart, who by this time had really become attached to him, prepared him an early breakfast. And then with a name as pure as when his father gave him his ‘parting injunction,’ and with the proud feeling that he had done so well as to make friends of his employer and family, with elastic footsteps he began his journey home. It was only twenty miles to walk, and what was that to a son and brother going home? Yes, that morning John, wending his way home on foot, was happier and more cheerful than if he had been an emperor or a millionaire. It is needless to speak of the affectionate welcome he received when he reached his father’s house.

“Although there was every reason to believe that Mr. Sternheart was pleased with John, and desired his return as soon as his business should recommence in the spring, yet his father’s feelings were a little wounded at the implied unimportance attached to his son’s services, which would permit him to be absent for the winter. Perhaps this arose more from pride than from sound discretion; but be this as it may, Mr. Homespun resolved not to press his son on his new situation. He therefore quietly acquiesced in his son’s remaining at home, and waiting the leadings of Providence as to his future course. Accordingly John was again entered at the village school, paying fair attention to those studies which might be useful to him in coming years.”

CHAPTER III.

HIS FIRST DOLLAR.

“BEFORE John’s return home an incident occurred, which may be recorded as interesting to lads who leave their parents without money, poor in every respect but a spotless reputation. While at his brief apprenticeship, as before intimated, he had scarce a penny to line his pocket. His fellow-apprentices had richer friends, and consequently plenty of pocket-money. It was no easy task for him to earn even a small amount. He had the privilege of doing what is called *overwork*; that is, after performing his daily labor, if he chose, he could fold books in the bindery, for which he was paid by the page. Although this was a branch of business distinct from his own trade, yet he resolved to avail himself of the privilege. Being a raw hand he could not accomplish much, and the compensation was so despicable in the view of the other apprentices as not to be entertained by them for a moment. In the

evening after his own work was done, he applied his hands to this new branch of business, and persevered in it until the proper hour for sleep. With all his tact and perseverance his earnings seldom exceeded five or six cents an evening. But he had learned the multiplication table. He calculated that if he should work four nights in a week, earning six and a fourth cents each night, it would make twenty-five cents a week. If he worked thus four weeks, it would amount to one dollar, a large sum of money for him in those days. Thus stimulated by the pleasant prospect, he worked night after night, without disturbing any one, or being disturbed; but meanwhile esteemed by his comrades a real '*green*' country lad for his pains.

“On his leaving for home, John was not a little disappointed that Mr. Sternheart did not offer to pay him his hard-earned extra-wages; still he was too modest to demand it, glad enough, as he was, in fact, to make his way home, with few or even no cents in his pocket. But John's wages were not forgotten. A month or two afterwards, he accidentally met

Mr. Sternheart in the county-town of his native county. The interview was friendly. John thought of his dues, as must be confessed, but was too timid to dun even for an honest debt. Before parting, however, he was joyfully startled by Mr. Sternheart's inquiry, 'John, did I pay you for your overwork?' 'No, sir,' was the prompt reply; upon which his employer handed him a silver dollar, a great prize for John, more money than he had ever before claimed as his own."

Mr. Tuttle often referred to that dollar as the choicest and most highly prized that he ever earned, and at that time it seemed a greater treasure than a hundred in after-life. In the perseverance which he displayed in that overwork is found the secret of his future successes. He was never a bold speculator, but through life he was the same diligent worker and economist as in "Mr. Sternheart's" bindery.

There is a casual allusion in this anecdote, which throws light on William's religious habits at that time. In alluding to his multiplication table, it will be remembered that each

week furnished him only *four* for a multiplier. On Saturday night he would not work, for he had been taught by his parents that it was proper then to prepare for the Sabbath. Still there were five nights besides, which he could have used, had he been so disposed, for his "overwork," and yet he only worked *four* nights each week. How was the remaining evening spent? His industry is proof that it was not in idleness or dissipation. In this, as in every thing else, the young apprentice had settled it as a principle strictly to be adhered to, that he ought to devote one week-day evening to religious purposes: and he was found regularly in his place at the Thursday evening meeting, which has been observed in Newark from time immemorial. Dr. McWhorter was then in that church, and his friends testify that this venerable man had no more attentive hearer than William Tuttle. His life then is a fulfilment of the promise, "Them that honor me I will honor."

William attended the grammar-school in Morristown at one time, and this was probably during the winter after his brief "apprentice-

ship" in Newark. His father at this time resided between Morristown and Mendham, three or four miles from the former place. The son boarded at home, and twice each day walked this distance, so formidable to modern effeminacy. The cost of his tuition, we may conjecture, was in part met by that precious "silver dollar," of which he has given so entertaining an account. We have also learned from his brother, that many hours of each week were spent in assisting his father. The son's principles were too high-minded, and his sense of propriety too nice, to suffer him to excuse himself from sharing the burdens of his father, by the plea that he was compelled to walk such a distance to school.

It may not be irrelevant here to learn from a contemporary the estimate which others placed upon William Tuttle at this period of his life. "He was then fond of books," says one who had the best of opportunities of knowing him. "As nearly as I can now remember, he was a pattern of industry, sobriety, and morality, always considerate, affectionate, and devoted. He possessed apparently an elevation of prin-

ciple far above the standard which governed most of his companions. This attracted the notice of all who knew him, and many even then predicted that he would be good and useful, as the event has proved. He was in all stations trustworthy.”

CHAPTER IV.

"PAY AS YOU GO."

"IN the spring of 1797, Mr. Sternheart sold his printing establishment, and John Homespun, who felt under no special obligations even to his old employer, now considered the matter entirely optional with himself and his father, whether or not to enter the service of the new purchaser. It was not long, however, before his father received a letter from another printing firm, making inquiries as to John's engagements and disposition to enter their employ. Either the proprietors of this establishment had obtained some favorable knowledge of John while in Newark the year before, or some friend in town had mentioned him as a lad of industry and good morals. Be this as it may, there was a reputation for *character*, real or fictitious, which even then called forth not only a first but a second application for his services, and that from entire strangers. Upon careful reflection, Mr. Homespun agreed that

his son should make a trial of the new situation. The result of this was his being regularly indentured as an apprentice in that printing-office.

“The new family in which John lived and worked was that of Mr. Goodheart. He was himself a working man, and as much the kind companion of his apprentices as their master. His wife was tidy, and spared no labor to manage well her domestic concerns. Both husband and wife were affable, frugal, and sympathizing. The law of kindness and not of coercion predominated. No lordly authority was manifested by Mr. Goodheart. The apprentices were also very different from those he had associated with in Mr. Sternheart’s office. Their circumstances were more on an equality with his own, and this materially increased the pleasures of his new home. It was one family. The apprentices were not boarded out, as is too common in these days; and by the judicious firmness of the master, each one was led to conform to wholesome regulations, among which was one on which he insisted: Every member of the family must be at home and in

bed at a seasonable hour. This valuable rule, thus enforced, was a shield from the various temptations which so often ensnare the inexperienced youth, and prove destructive of good morals and a character for virtue.

“John was not slack in performing the labors assigned him. He tried to be faithful. He neither grumbled nor hesitated. A prompt and cheerful compliance with duty was a prevailing mark. He endeavored to avoid the meanness of being an ‘eye-servant;’ so that, whether his employer was present or not, it made no difference as to the industry of his apprentice. When the old town-clock announced the hour of labor, he was at his post; and when business thrived, the pleasure of John was as great as that of his employer.”

When William’s indentures were to be signed by his father, he made a visit at home, and in connection with this event we have a pleasing picture of his feelings.

“With his indentures in his pocket, and in his own handwriting, he again walked home. The countenances of his friends seemed to say to him, ‘John, we are most happy to see you.

No tidings of disgrace to yourself or us have reached our ears. Welcome home; welcome home.' It was a real comfort to John to be able to look his friends in the face without an upbraiding conscience.

“The few days assigned to John for his visit passed away quickly, and not without much cheerful mirth; for notwithstanding his attention to business, no one loved to be merry with his friends more than he. The time having expired, he promptly returned, because he knew Mr. Goodheart needed his services, and because that was the time appointed for his return. It was a cardinal maxim with him, during his whole apprenticeship—and I would add, during his whole life—to make mere inclination or gratification yield to duty. In fact, he very early learned that there is no happiness aside from duty. Accordingly, with some plain refreshments in his pocket to eat by the way, he left home. It is true that now, by such industry as he had shown in Mr. Sternheart's bindery, he had a few shillings of his own; but he deemed it better to save them than spend them in riding in the public conveyance.

A penny saved was as good as two pence earned. His allowance for clothing was small, and to make both ends meet and yet appear neatly clad, the strictest economy was indispensable. He could never bear to be in debt. Then and through life he rigidly maintained the wholesome rule, 'Let not your outgoes exceed your income.'"

While some may look at this artless narrative with the feeling that it has no such importance as to warrant its publication, one thing is certain, that in this narrative is found the way by which most youth must rise to an honorable and independent station in life. How often do we see the same way followed and proved. In one of our western states we find a boy barefooted, as one describes it, living in a cabin, and working under the scourge of poverty, but animated with an honest ambition to do all he can for himself. That boy, after his day's work is done; is stretched before a blazing fire, with no candle, intensely studying perhaps a borrowed book. In a few years we find him in college. He rigidly follows the rule, "Let not your outgoes exceed your in-

come ;” and when his means are exhausted, nothing discouraged, he walks some forty miles to engage in making salt, so intent on securing the means of an education that he works day and night. Even when he has thrown himself upon his heap of straw to rest tired nature, the prevailing passion animates him, and he is seen walking in his sleep around his boiling salt-kettles. It would be strange if such a man did not make some figure in the world, and no one expresses as much surprise as admiration to find him at last occupying a place either in our national Senate or Cabinet. We do not feel surprised that this man is no more proud than his friends to hear the people with admiring affection calling him, even now, “Tom the salt-boiler.”

We look at another in the same state, an apprentice, an industrious, enterprising boy, who devotes his leisure hours to the diligent reading of books ; and in a few years we are charmed with his eloquence and learning on the platform, “the stump,” at the bar, and in the halls of legislation.

We look at another boy brought up to labor

and self-dependence by his admirable mother, a widow. On a certain morning, some forty years ago, we see him starting on foot with a small budget of clothes for New York city. He has already learned all that he can of the village blacksmith, and now is ambitious to excel in his business. At low wages he engages himself to a good workman in the city. Early and late he is at his place. His mind labors with his body, and in a year or two he becomes so great a proficient as to command any wages he chooses to ask. All this time, as an apprentice, a journeyman at low wages, and as a finished workman, he acts out the maxim, "Let not your outgoes exceed your income." That man yet lives. His efforts have conducted him to opulence, which he is using liberally in the cause of his divine Master.

Said the eccentric John Randolph of Roanoke, "When I succeeded to my father's estate, every inch of it was mortgaged nineteen dollars on every twenty of its value. In a few years I cleared off this enormous incumbrance by the magic power of four words, 'Pay as you go.'"

There is not a town in New England, and

perhaps not in the United States, which has not some man who has risen high in the esteem of society, even when the circumstances in which he began life were to all appearance unfavorable. Whether you look at the life of the "salt-boiler" or the "learned blacksmith," or the accomplished secretary of the Smithsonian Institute, it will be seen that they all followed substantially the course of the Morris county apprentice-boy, who has here so truthfully told his own story. In this country, if the young have not the energy to walk in this way, they must expect, with few exceptions, to live in poverty, which in many cases will become depressed into pauperism. Here and there one will have the gold showered into his lap, it may be, by the death of a friend, or by stumbling into some successful speculation; but the most, if they secure competence at all, must do it in this way. As for those stations which require mental discipline and acquirements, the exceptions to this principle are still more rare. These "boys of genius" and these men of indolence, who expect to rival a Marshall or a Story in the law, a Griffin or an Alexander

in the pulpit, a Hamilton or a Webster in the cabinet, without intense application and diligence, are doomed to a woful disappointment. God creates powers for us, but he has made it a universal law, that we must use those powers if they are to do us any good.

CHAPTER V.

UNPLEASANT COMPARISONS.

“HAVING resumed his station, things movea on smoothly with John. He made commendable progress in his trade. The family of which he was now a member were courteous and happy, and John did what he could to continue this state of things. Were errands to be performed, John was at hand, ready and willing to execute them. Had he accomplished his own daily labor, while yet some out-door work remained to be done, he did not meanly shrink away to escape duty. In working-hours or not, it was the same with him. In consequence of this, he was apparently much esteemed by his employer. His employer's wife was also his friend, and he endeavored to deserve this friendship. As a slight incident, it may be stated that during the first year of his apprenticeship water for family use was procured at a public inn on the opposite side of the most public street in the town. Mrs.

Goodheart had no domestic help, and in carrying water was often assisted by her husband and the apprentices. In this, John endeavored to anticipate her wants. Sometimes, when she was seen on her way to the pump, John has thrown down his work, and taken the pail from her hand to do the duty himself. Boys enough are found nowadays, who would disdain such humble acts.

“What think you? Were John’s acts of kindness to his mistress appreciated, or did they pass unnoticed and unrewarded? The sequel will answer. Mrs. Goodheart was a tailoress, and an industrious, frugal housewife, a fortune for a poor man. One day she said to him, ‘John, when you want any article of clothing made, bring me the materials, and I will make it for you. I wish to pay you for your kindness to me.’ This was a matter of some importance to him in those days, as it aided him in carrying out the principle about his outgoes and income; and in doing this, he acted on the conviction that neat though cheap clothing, and freedom from debt, was greatly to be preferred to more expensive and fashion-

able attire not paid for—a preference which the writer would suggest as worthy of the imitation not only of apprentices, but of those in every station of life.

“Don’t run in debt : never mind, never mind
If the clothes are all faded and torn :
Fix them up, make them do ; it is better by far
Than to have the heart weary and worn.
There ’s no comfort, I tell you, in walking the street
In fine clothes, if you know you ’re in debt ;
And feel that perchance you some tradesman may meet,
Who will sneer, ‘ They ’re not paid for yet.’ ”

“It might have been the second year of John’s apprenticeship, when an incident occurred further showing the kind regard which Mrs. Goodheart had for him. In those days it was fashionable for young men to wear *ruffles* on the bosoms of their linen. John procured materials for a shirt of rather finer quality than he was accustomed to wear, intending it for special occasions. Mrs. Goodheart most cheerfully offered to make it. When it was done, you may imagine John’s surprise at beholding the bosom embellished with an elegant ruffle. Mrs. Goodheart, out of pure regard to John, at her own expense, had procured it and

affixed it to his linen, thinking it would gratify him to be in the fashion. For a moment he was astounded. A ruffle to his linen! A rustic boy like him, with a ruffle in his bosom! He could not for a moment harbor so novel a stranger. 'My dear madam,' said John with his usual decision, 'I give you a thousand thanks for your kind intentions, but I must beg you to relieve my linen of this trapping of pride, or I shall have to do it myself.' The lady yielded her taste to his decided request, and the ruffle was taken off. Even in after-years, when his circumstances were independent, much more so than those of many who wore ruffles, he uniformly resisted the use of such articles, as an unnecessary appendage to his dress.

"Some months after the affair of the ruffles, John's employer removed his family from the building in which was the printing-office, to one about a quarter of a mile distant. He was still the youngest apprentice. His duty, therefore, was to sweep the office, and in winter to make the fires. He was an early riser. 'Early to bed, and early to rise,' was an habitual trait.

He always did his office-work before breakfast, and was the first of the family to rise. To relieve Mrs. Goodheart, who was still without a domestic, before attending to the office-work, he would often build the fire and hang on the tea-kettle, while the other members of the family were still in bed. No one who has not made the experiment knows how much can be accomplished by a young man, or even an old man, by early rising. In after-life, it was pleasant to John that he could not recall more than two or three instances during his apprenticeship, in which he overslept and was called up by his employer."

William was accustomed modestly to say, that among his acquaintances were lads who were in circumstances more pleasant than his own. Their anticipations were cheerful. They had friends not only to assist them with money, but to introduce them into society and business. He had no such resources to rely on. This disparity, at times, was the cause of mortification and depression of spirits, but it was a wholesome part of the discipline which finally made the man.

“He continued to occupy his leisure hours with books. He devoted very little time to society. In this way much may be gained by a young man of limited education. He considered it the very harvest season, in which every young man should be diligent in storing his mind with useful history, and preparing for the responsibilities of manhood. As he grew older, a knowledge of men, nations, and customs seemed highly desirable. To a good degree his leisure time was employed in reading history, travels, and other such books. The rise and fall of the ancient republics, the history of the mother country, the life of Washington, and the records of other eminent men whose patriotism and virtue formed a constellation worthy of imitation, shared his attention. The perusal of useful books he thought had a salutary influence on his mind; and the more it was stored with the wisdom of other generations, the better he would be able to act a responsible and meritorious part on the theatre of human life. His memory was not retentive, and this was a source of trouble through life. But to remedy this defect in part, John made

notes of interesting and remarkable events for future reference.

“It was a resolution which he formed after leaving his father’s house, not to associate with low, mean, dissipated youth. The regard he had for his own reputation, and for the feelings of his parents and friends, stimulated him to keep this resolution. Still he looked forward to the time when his rustic manners, his bashful timidity would be overcome, and when especially *his character* would introduce him to that portion of society with which he aspired to mingle. Months and even years passed away before he could overcome his timidity and gain courage enough to mingle even with youth of his own age.”

CHAPTER VI.

“CAROLINE OF LITCHFIELD.”

“Our indiscretion sometimes serves us well.”

“AT an early period of his apprenticeship John Homespun got hold of a novel entitled ‘Caroline of Litchfield.’ He read the work with the credulity of an inexperienced youth, and was foolish enough to suppose there were such angels in human form as the heroine of that story. It was the first work of fiction he had ever read, and it filled his mind with extravagant notions of happiness and love. For a short time his head was affected with that sort of bewilderment which so often comes over those who devour fictitious works. This led him into a misstep, which in the end was scarcely to be regretted. In the adjacent dwelling resided a girl of sixteen, who seemed in John’s heated imagination to be as lovely as ‘Caroline of Litchfield.’ She might often be seen at a window opposite to that where

John was working; and with her book or sewing she seemed to him an angel of beauty. Sometimes John seated himself at his own window with a book, and a sly glance towards each other seemed to speak volumes. He was certain that the merchant's daughter regarded him with such tenderness as 'Caroline of Litchfield' entertained for her lover. So sure was he of this fact, that at last he made bold to address a letter of friendship to her. By some mishap the note was intercepted by her father, and John soon learned its fate. To him it was like an earthquake; for back came the letter with her father's injunction to drop the correspondence on the spot. It was a good lesson. Now his folly was transparent even to himself. For days his feelings were greatly disturbed, not so much with regret that his bubble was burst, as that he had been led to so foolish a deed. The timely 'earthquake' not only cured him of his silly love, but convinced him that it was better for him to perfect himself in his trade than in a correspondence like this. Ever after he was very careful to abstain from two pernicious practices,

the building of air-castles, and the killing of time by reading novels.

“Now, a word to youth on the evils of reading novels and romances.”

Here the narrative breaks off abruptly, and the writer proceeds to other scenes in his life. Why he did not speak that “word to youth on the evils of reading novels and romances,” must be conjectured. A blank page is left, and he may have intended to do it at another time. We find the following paragraphs, which doubtless expressed his views, marked by him, and lying in the sheet which contains the anecdote just quoted.

“Bad books are like ardent spirits, they furnish neither ‘aliment’ nor ‘medicine;’ they are *poison*. Both *intoxicate*, one the mind, the other the body. * * * * * Books of mere fiction are bad in their influence and character. Their authors are commonly bad men, and wicked men do not often write good books. A stream does not rise higher than its fountain. Their principles are often corrupt, encouraging chivalrous notions, worldly honor and pleasure, at war with the only true code

of morals. They insult the understanding of the reader, by representing as truth what is confessedly false, and by assuming that the great object of reading is amusement and not instruction. A habit of reading for *amusement* simply, becomes so fixed that science loses its charms; sober history becomes dull and tedious; whatever requires thought and study is cast aside; religious treatises, like those of Baxter, Bunyan, Flavel, and Doddridge, though glowing with celestial fire, become insipid and uninteresting; the Bible becomes a wearisome book; sermons lose their power, or if any religious impression is made upon the conscience, the bewitching novel furnishes a ready means of stifling conscience and grieving away the Spirit of God. The gospel is thus undermined and souls lured to ruin by a pleasant and easy, but straight road. Beware of the habit of indiscriminate novel-reading. Although this may be but the fermented beverage from the literary dram-shop, it is intoxicating and poisonous, and excites a thirst for what is maddening and destructive.

“Beware of the foul and exciting romance.

All that is said above of the character and influence of the ordinary novel, will apply with tenfold intensity to this class of reading, for which it paves the way. The writer of modern romance chooses his scenes from the places of debauchery and crime, and familiarizes his readers with sentiments, characters, and events that should be known only to the police. Licentious scenes and obscene imagery are unblushingly introduced, and the imagination polluted by suggestions and descriptions revolting to the pure in heart. It was lately testified in open court by the father of one whose guilty course has brought ruin upon herself and disgrace upon her family, and death upon her lover, that all was occasioned by his daughter's 'reading the impure works of Eugene Sue and Bulwer?' To yield to such a charm, is like the voluntary sacrifice of one's body and soul on the drunkard's altar. Mental *delirium tremens* is as certain a consequence of habitual intoxication from such reading, as is that awful disease the certain end of the inebriate. Beware of it.

“Do you still need to be persuaded to be-

ware of the poison that would paralyze your conscience, weaken your intellect, pervert your judgment, deprave your life, and perhaps ruin your soul?"

Let these stirring passages, selected by a wise man as expressive of his feelings and views, sound a note of warning to every youth.

CHAPTER VII.

A SOCIAL GLASS—MR. GOODWILL.

“At the last it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder”

“ON a certain occasion, a few of John Homespun’s acquaintances, merchants’ clerks and apprentices, invited him to spend a social evening in a dry-goods store, after business was closed and the store shut up. He was one of the youngest members of the party, and, not conscious of evil intentions, he gave way to the arrangements which the others made. Besides this, the customs of the times did not forbid the practice of drinking intoxicating liquors. A small contribution from each member of the company procured the ingredients for a bowl of eggnog, with some crackers and cheese. They remained together until rather a late hour, spending the time in a social way, but without any marked effects of the liquor. But before John got home or had retired to rest, he could not but reflect on the

misspent evening, a whole evening lost from regular reading, a complete *blank evening*. There was an internal feeling of reproof which it was difficult to repress. He was ashamed that his *time* had been thus dissipated. Reflecting on it in subsequent years, John could not but condemn his conduct as altogether wrong.

“This cured him of evening sittings of this character, and during the remaining years of his apprenticeship he was not again overtaken in a similar fault. This incident is mentioned to show what an estimate he put on time, even in his youthful days; and how much more profitable it would be to youth of the present day, to recreate their minds in the perusal of wholesome standard works, than to vitiate their morals and contract evil habits by idly wasting their time in haunts of dissipation or in low associations.”

“Despise not thou a small thing for evil or for good.” Let us not be guilty of attributing too much to that unconverted youth who was saved where others fell. It was of God; and in after-years he himself took great delight in

ascribing all the glory to God. The following incident may be inserted here appropriately.

“John Homespun had been with Mr. Goodheart some three years, when he made the acquaintance of a young man whom I may call Mr. Goodwill. He was the son of a wealthy man; was possessed of a sprightly imagination, and was better educated than John. At stated seasons they met for mutual improvement of mind. They read together works of merit, and wrote compositions, indulging freely in mutual criticism on each other's performances. Eventually, they had the boldness to prepare some essays for the press on the politics of the day. Among the patriots of Rome of whom they had read, and whose characters they had weighed, was ‘*Cincinnatus*.’ This name was chosen by the friends to be signed to their articles.

“The essays, copied in a disguised hand, soon reached the editor through the post-office, and were graciously received. No one can tell the feelings of John, when, time after time, he saw the manuscripts placed in the hands of the printer to be ‘set up’ for the

paper. But so it was ; the first, second, and third numbers followed in quick succession, and even met with an occasional remark of approbation from the editor, who had not the remotest idea that his own apprentice was a large contributor to the articles he was dishing out for the amusement and profit of his readers.

“ John’s intimacy and friendship with Mr. Goodwill continued many years. Though the latter was far his superior in family connections, in literary attainments, and in polished manners, yet he seemed to appreciate John’s society. Even after both were married and in business for themselves, they regarded one another with more than ordinary friendship. Middle life had not passed when his friend, his good friend, became addicted to the use of intoxicating liquors, although at first the fact was only known to himself and the one who sold it to him. It may well be supposed that the discovery, when made by his friends, was most mortifying to them. It was a shock to the communion of which both he and John had become members.

“In a short time after this painful fact came to John’s ears, he was walking with his friend Mr. Goodwill in the public street, and he felt it to be his duty to try to reclaim him. With a trembling voice, and yet a good conscience, he told Mr. Goodwill his own apprehensions, and kindly warned him of impending danger. Mr. Goodwill appeared greatly surprised, and told his friend it was a great mistake. When informed in reply that his habits had become so notorious as to occasion remark, and that at that very time he was under the influence of intoxicating liquor, as could not be disputed, he acknowledged that on account of some bodily infirmities he did occasionally drink porter or some such thing as a medicine.

“Let me drop the veil on this painful event, and simply say that remonstrances and warnings did not avail. The unhappy victim of a terrible habit found it hard to break away from the destroyer, and only a few years passed before his charming companion became a widow, and his children were left fatherless!”

Alas, alas, this is too common a picture of

life, not only at that early day, but now. The young, especially those who are away from home, are tempted to taste a little, as was William Tuttle on the night which he has described with such pleasing artlessness; and in many cases they are brought into a circle which has such charms that they cannot break away from it. At first the society has more charms than the drink, but by and by the drink becomes a necessary part of their daily comforts. The more they drink, the more they wish to drink; until at last manhood and virtue and love, all that is dear and desirable and noble, are sunk in the appetite which consumes them. Said a distinguished member of Congress to his friend who was urging him to abandon his cups, "The difference between me and a person just beginning to drink, is this: he could give up drinking if he would, but I could not if I would!"

Said another, under the tyranny of this habit, "Were I certain that I should sink to perdition the next moment, I must drink that liquor!"

Said an enterprising mechanic, trying to

reform, "I work away at my anvil with all my might, to try and forget my hankering for rum; I try and think of the best of wives, my children, and their unhappy prospects; I try to think of the value of a good name among men, and of heaven and hell; and yet my appetite for rum increases, until I suffer such agonies as cannot be described."

Says one who had inspiration to aid his natural wisdom, in describing that which was to destroy more lives and blight more happiness than war or plague, "Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red, when it giveth his color in the cup, when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, it stingeth like an adder."

CHAPTER VIII.

“THE PLACE WHERE TWO WAYS MEET.”

WHILE rehearsing some of the temptations which this youth escaped, we may refer to another scene of a different character. It is quoted from a letter written to his brother. He here unbosoms himself to one who was very dear to him, with the generous and delicate freedom which ever characterized their intercourse.

“After leaving home for an apprenticeship, I remember with satisfaction some cardinal principles with which I started. Poor as I then was, I cannot forget the inequality I felt in company with boys whose parents were in easy or affluent circumstances. It produced in me diffidence, and led me to retirement. I resolved not to mingle with *low* company, male or female; and it was not until I could, by moral character and a fair reputation, *command respect*, that I enlarged my associations.

“Another point I assumed was this, that my moral deportment should be such, that when I visited my friends at home I could meet them with a clear conscience, neither having dishonored them nor myself. All my future prospects rested on a spotless character, united with industry and economy. With passions strong and rebellious, I had to repress and contend with them; and perhaps this was less from the fear of God, than the fear of blasting my own character.

“I recollect an instance, while an apprentice, of a young female in the family where I lived, who, by various indications which I considered improper, led me to distrust her motives. At the breakfast-table the next morning, surrounded by the family, and the girl herself waiting on the table, I said to the mistress of the house, ‘This girl must leave the house, or I will!’ The declaration was astounding to all. ‘What is the matter? what has she been doing?’ inquired the lady. I then described precisely what it was which had not only disgusted, but alarmed me. The effect was decisive, for the girl left soon after.

“I do not mention these things boastingly. If I have been restrained from sins, and preserved amid temptations and snares which have overwhelmed others with ruin and disgrace, I ascribe it to that kind Providence which has upheld us all our days, and which permits not a sparrow to fall without his notice. Experience and observation combine to make the words of the poet more impressive than they seemed to me in my early life :

“ ‘Honor and shame from no condition rise ;
Act well your part—there all the honor lies.’ ”

When at last he was brought to “the place where two ways meet,” the one the way of wisdom, virtue, and honor ; the other, “the way to hell, going down to the chambers of death,” he seemed to hear a heavenly voice saying to him, “Enter not into the path of the wicked, and go not in the way of evil men ; avoid it, pass not by it, turn from it, and pass away ;” and with a resolution and a sensitiveness to the appearance of evil which we cannot too much admire, he was “not disobedient to the heavenly vision.”

“John’s apprenticeship had hardly half expired when his original master sold out his business, and John lost the friends with whom he had lived happily. It was an interruption of friendship which he did not soon forget. After Mrs. Goodheart became a widow, John called occasionally in a neighboring city to see her. The remembrance of what he had enjoyed in former years in her family could not be obliterated.

“The new family into which he was now introduced proved to be a very kind and agreeable one. It was a family bountifully supplied with every comfort, and from this time having nothing to do except at his regular work in the printing-office, he applied himself with diligence during the hours of business, and at night took up his books. Time passed away agreeably. John had the confidence of his new master, and that confidence he was careful not to betray. The master’s interest was John’s interest.

“And here I may relate an incident or two, showing on what principles he acted. On a certain occasion John was intrusted with a

horse and wagon to distribute and sell books in a district of country some sixty miles from home. He had not forgotten the frugal habits of his early life. He started with the resolution of spending as little as possible on the trip. He was from home nearly a week. While his horse was well taken care of, John, instead of getting regular meals for himself at the public-house, saved the expense of *dining* by carrying in his pocket some crackers and cheese. After putting up his horse at night, he took a regular meal, and in the morning he did the same. This lasted him till night. He returned safe home with some three hundred dollars, and an accurate account of his expenses, much to the gratification of his employer.

“On an another occasion John was subpoenaed as a witness to a neighboring town in a cause in which his employer was plaintiff. He expected to be waiting two or three days before the case would come on. He reached the town before noon. While others sat down to rich and inviting dinners, John was unwilling to tax his master with that expense.

He meant to dine on a few crackers, and then make his supper answer for the day. Contrary to all expectation, towards sundown of the first day his employer's lawyer came to him and told him the case had either been settled or postponed, and he could return that evening or the next morning, as he liked best. He soon decided to return that night; but he was hungry; regular tea-time would give him a late start. The landlord removed this difficulty by furnishing him supper in advance. In the simplicity of his heart, John supposed a man was charged according to what he ate, so he partook sparingly. His bill amounted to about double what he expected. He then travelled fourteen miles home, and to the surprise of his employer was at work in the morning with the other hands."

CHAPTER IX.

“HONOR THY FATHER AND THY MOTHER.”

ABOUT the year 1800, when Mr. Tuttle was nineteen years of age, his father was attacked with an obstinate and painful disease. At times his sufferings were extreme, and yet, whenever he was not absolutely prevented, with the aid of a crutch he would get to his shop, and do something to keep his family from want. He was a man of great independence of character, and we have an evidence of it in the fact, that suffering as he did from his disease, he would sit in a chair between the fire and anvil, and strike feeble but noble blows for an honest and unbegged livelihood.

“John lacked some two or three years of being of age, when his father was laid up with a sore foot. For two summers he suffered excruciating pain, disqualifying him almost wholly from labor. Eventually this was succeeded by a paralytic stroke, which reduced one side of the body to entire uselessness.

“By this time John had improved his apparel, but never in violation of the sensible rule, ‘Cut your coat according to your cloth,’ or in other words, he bought nothing but what his scanty allowance would permit without running into debt. He could not but be touched by the condition of his father and family, the support and comfort of which greatly depended on the industry and frugality of his step-mother. Had she not possessed these qualities in an eminent degree, the family would have suffered much.

“Twice a year John endeavored to visit his parents ; and on leaving home, if he could hand his father a dollar or two from his own earnings, with what tearful affection was it accepted with the remark, ‘John, I am afraid you can’t spare it.’ And it is doubtful who was the happier, the father receiving such a token of love, or the son in the kind providence of God able to bestow it.”

The death of Mr. Tuttle’s father took place the 9th of April, 1802, when the son was at home on a visit. He informs us in the autobiography that his father died suddenly, when

none were present but his wife and children. "The next day the remains of poor mortality were committed to their quiet resting-place, and John never forgot the thrilling exhortation of the parish minister on the occasion, from the 90th Psalm, 'So teach us to number our days, that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom.'

"Duty to his employer required that he should return; and he would not take the advantage even of such an event to protract his absence. As soon as he consistently could, he left the afflicted family to resume his accustomed labors. His best friend and counsellor was no more, and therefore he felt more than ever the necessity of a good character, industry, and frugality, to aid him in future life. He often thought with deep feeling on that promise of God to the orphan, 'When my father and my mother forsake me, then the Lord will take me up.'"

We cannot refrain from mentioning his kind attentions to his step-mother. He was old enough when his own mother died to remember the smile which played so sweetly on her countenance, and the tears and prayers which

ascended like incense before God, as she sought his blessing upon her children. And now that another had taken her place, he sought by every attention to relieve her of care, and to make her happy. He learned to love her, and her heart fixed on him as if he were her own son. Towards the close of her life, this venerable woman leaned on him almost as much as on her own child, and her voice would tremble and her tears often flow as she mentioned his name.

She attained to the age of fourscore, but did not make a profession of religion until late in life. As though she were his own mother, he labored with ceaseless diligence to lead her hopes and confidence to Christ; and when at last, having almost attained to second childhood, she rested like a little child on the Rock of ages, his cup seemed to overflow.

CHAPTER X.

"THE BEGINNING OF WISDOM."

OF Mr. Tuttle's early religious history, we have not the materials to speak as much in detail as is desirable, and yet, sufficient may be gathered from incidental allusions to make an important chapter. To the end of life, he was accustomed to speak of his own mother, and especially of her concern for the religious welfare of her children.

While the early life of William Tuttle affords no such entertaining scene as that of the youthful Doddridge studying the "Dutch tiles," yet we have every reason to suppose that his mother instructed him diligently out of the Scriptures. There was that sort of religiousness and conscientiousness in his deportment even when a child, which we do not expect in one who has not felt the influence of decided piety at home. It was under the ministry of Dr. Johnes of Morristown that Mrs. Tuttle had spent her days, and she may be supposed to have formed

habits of parental faithfulness. "The cable of a furlong is lost through an ill-wrought inch;" and we are not wide of the truth in saying that the brief time which his mother was spared to the subject of this memoir, although but as an "inch" to "the cable of a furlong," being a *well-wrought inch*, was of incalculable importance in his future course. Had William heard no maternal prayers and seen no maternal tears, as he was borne with such affection and faith to Him who took little children in his arms and blessed them, his course might have been entirely different.

In the history of his first dollar it will be remembered that he took but four nights each week for labor. There can be no doubt but, from the first of his apprenticeship, he made it a rule to attend a religious meeting at least one evening during the week; and thus he began the formation of a habit from which he rarely varied to the end of life, and never, without a good excuse. When the books shall be opened in which record is made of that part of his life, we shall probably find that the affectionate words weekly uttered by the patriarch

McWhorter, had much to do in leading him to the foot of the cross.

It has often been remarked by close observers, that when an impenitent person has been led to form a character distinguished for pure morals and scrupulous integrity, there is great danger he will make a shield of his unblemished morals to ward off every weapon which might disturb this false repose. Mr. Tuttle did not put too high an estimate on a "good character, industry, and economy," when he alluded to these things so often in his history of "John Homespun;" nor can any youth overestimate these grand qualities, except it be in their relations to the atonement made by Jesus Christ the Son of God. He who values his good name for virtue, integrity, and benevolence, so highly as to think that he can dispense with the "blood of atonement," as the only way of salvation, has valued that good name for much more than it will bear at the judgment of the great day.

The subject of this memoir ran a narrow risk of shipwreck on the rock of morality. Let us read the account in his own words.

“While in Mr. Goodheart’s family, another incident occurred perhaps worthy of record. John placed a high estimate on the value of character to a poor boy. He not only deemed industry and economy two essential requisites to a lad in his condition, but he regarded a good moral character as indispensable as a crowning excellence to the whole. It must be frankly acknowledged that he had become rather *vain* in this particular; for on one occasion so foolish and wicked was he as to remark in the presence of his comrades, that he did not see why he was not as good as *Mr. Punctuality*, a professor of religion and chorister of the church, a man whose standing and character were respectable. But John was then but poorly acquainted with the deceitfulness of his own heart. That heart had not then been slain by the law. Rom. 7:11. He had as yet but faint ideas of the evils of sin, and that though outwardly restrained, yet the unrenewed heart is like a cage of unclean birds.

“Custom and an inward monitor seemed to impose on him the necessity of attending the sanctuary, and reading the Bible, especially on

the holy Sabbath. The birth, life, and crucifixion of the Saviour of men, the Acts of the Apostles, and the gracious admonitions and instructions found in the epistles, were not as pleasant to him as they afterwards became. These portions of the sacred volume poorly suited the taste of his carnal mind. His conscience was more at rest after reading a few chapters in the New Testament, an exercise in which he frequently engaged, because he did not dare to slight the New Testament by neglecting it entirely. The *Old* Testament, and not the *New*, was his usual resort. The history of the Hebrews, their bondage in Egypt, their deliverance from the oppressive hand of Pharaoh, the mighty and oft-repeated wars detailed in the books of Samuel, Kings, and the Chronicles, were mostly selected to beguile his Sabbath hours. The cruel treatment of Joseph by his brethren, his menial condition for a while in Egypt, and his subsequent glory, often arrested his attention. The steadfast virtue of this noble youth, assailed by the solicitations of his wicked mistress, could not be obliterated from his memory. This portion of sacred writ

at least made a good *moral* impression on the mind of John. He ever venerated the character of Joseph, and delighted in perusing his history, whether found in sacred writ, or as embellished and expanded by other writers. John's natural temperament was rather ardent, and he was therefore obliged to wage a constant war against the natural propensities of youth. When assailed by temptations or allured to that which was wrong, the reply of Joseph to his wicked mistress sounded in his ears, 'HOW CAN I DO THIS GREAT WICKEDNESS AND SIN AGAINST GOD?'

"But I fear that John, in taking heed to his ways, was more influenced by the fear of man, the loss of reputation, and the blasting of his future prospects in life, than by any feeling of the odious nature of sin, as an abominable act in the sight of God.

"It was the occasional practice of a Universalist preacher from a neighboring city, to visit and preach in the village in which John Home-spun resided. He had no affinity of feeling with this sect, nor did he believe their peculiar doctrines; but he was induced, on two or three

occasions, to hear the stranger. The last time he heard the Universalist, was on the public common, on Sabbath afternoon. Though the doctrine that all men would be saved, greatly commended itself to the feelings of his carnal mind, and was congenial with hearts, like his, unrenewed by divine grace, John was conscience-stricken that he should be there, using holy time to hear what he was certain was false. Under this feeling he left the congregation, with the petition which the Saviour has given us impressed on his mind, 'LEAD US NOT INTO TEMPTATION.' He never afterwards attended a meeting of that character. In after-life, as well as then, it appeared like 'the blind leading the blind, and that both would fall into the ditch.' The religion of the Puritan fathers, the religion of his deceased mother, in short, the religion of the Bible, even then, was deemed good enough, if duly regarded."

From what has already been written, it may be inferred that William, outwardly, was a careful observer of the Sabbath. Experience and observation prove that this trait of character is usually associatèd with "the begin-

ning of wisdom." There may be exceptions to this, as to all other general rules. Mr. Tuttle has alluded to some of his early acquaintances, whose conduct did not answer the pleasing expectations of their friends. Their misconduct he was wont to attribute to their low estimate of the sacredness of the Sabbath.

His mother had engraved the holiness of the Sabbath, as with the point of a diamond, on the heart of her first-born; and this truth was deepened by the conscientious example of his father. And when he himself once said with affecting earnestness to a young man, "To neglect or disregard the Sabbath, is to make a moral breach which is lasting in its character and its consequences," he not only repeated the teachings of his sainted parents, but the stern lessons which he had drawn from the personal history of his associates.

CHAPTER XI.

"I'M AFLOAT."

"AT the death of John Homespun's father, four months of his apprenticeship still remained. Like other boys, he was looking forward to that period when he would be free, when the labor of his hands would be for his own immediate benefit, when, in short, he would be his own man. He continued to occupy his leisure hours with books. Only a small portion of time was devoted to male or female associates. John thought it was the very harvest season, in which every young man should be diligent in storing his mind with useful facts from history, biography, and solid literature in general.

"He continued to labor in the printing-office; and thus the days and months soon glided away. He was true to the interest of his employer, and in return his employer reposed confidence in him. He was allowed to make his accustomed visit to his mother and other rel-

atives in the country, and always bore in mind the straitened circumstances of his father's widow and her family, and did what he could to relieve their wants.

“On the 22d of August, 1802, John reached his twenty-first birthday. For weal or woe, he was of age; and for which, none could say but He who knoweth all things. John gave no party, and had no ‘spree’ with his companions, on the attainment of his freedom. He kept to work quietly. His employer had plenty of work, and soon an understanding took place between him and John as to the amount of his wages. A new impulse was given to his feelings. He was now setting out for himself. The wide world was before him. His entire capital to begin with at the age of twenty-one was his reputation for industry, his character for uprightness, and ten dollars in cash, which he had saved from the allowance made him by his employer for clothing.

“And here let me say a few words on the high responsibilities of a young man on reaching the important period of twenty-one years of age. What a prospect stretches before him.

His youthful anticipations brighten every thing. His blood circulates with unimpeded rapidity. All in prospect appears as a summer's day; and yet a dishonest act, a youthful indiscretion, a giving the rein to unhallowed passion, would blast his bright prospects, and undo him, perhaps for life. Alas, that so many at this very stage of life should make shipwreck of all that is valuable in character and self-respect, and all that is prized by fond friends. With the money which his labor procures for him, perhaps he indulges in degrading and hurtful vices. Perhaps his first earnings are spent in visiting the theatre, in extravagant dress, in the tavern, or in haunts of vice. Young men ought to be warned that a misstep here is very apt to be fatal. To slide into vice is easy; to recover from its effects is no easy matter. Beware then, O young man, of the very first act of departure from duty. As you value competence, character, and usefulness in society, beware of the temptations which so easily decoy the unwary, and so often ruin body and soul.

“John Homespun, though fond of amusements, did not often indulge in them. For this

his means were too limited, and his conscience too tender. During an apprenticeship of five years, he was allured into a public theatre on two or three occasions. Like most of the young, he was charmed with the scenery, the music, the gayety, and the performances. At one time, he was led more than half to believe that amusement and moral instruction were actually combined in what he afterwards learned to regard as the demoralizing and dissipating haunts of iniquity.

“It was in a neighboring city during one of these occasions, and in a boarding-house where he was well known, that at tea-time he notified the landlord he was going to the theatre. John understood that the doors were kept open to a late hour, and that he could have access to his bed-chamber without inconvenience to any one. Judge then of his surprise, when, returning direct from the place of performance, he found the front door bolted, and every light in the house extinguished. For aught that appeared or was heard, it was as quiet as the repose of the dead. What should, what could John do? There seemed no resource but to

seek lodgings elsewhere. Away he started to a house in which he had occasionally been entertained. It was open, but every bed was taken. To another hotel he wended his way, but without any better success. Two or three other hotels he found open, but lodgings for a single individual could not be found. Every bed where he went was occupied. He was in danger of wandering the streets alone, if happily he should escape the hands of the city-watch. His present situation was in lively contrast with that in which he had been an hour before.

“Almost discouraged and still wandering from pillar to post, about midnight John noticed a light in the second story of a rather mean-looking two-story frame house, over the entrance door of which by the reflection of the lamps he most eagerly read the word *TAVERN*. A lighthouse to the sailor who has long been buffeting with the winds and waves on a dangerous coast without knowing where he was, could not have been more cheering to him than was this *tavern* to John. He was soon knocking at the door, and the window was

raised. A man asked him what he wanted. With great simplicity and honesty, John explained the dilemma in which he found himself, and earnestly asked the favor of a bed. The man yielded, the door was opened, and with little ceremony John was introduced to his lodging chamber, a mere 'cubby-hole' on the ground floor, in the rear of the stairway. It proved to be a real filthy place, so infested with vermin that he slept but little. But he was consoled with the old adage, 'any port in a storm.' Before daylight, however, his ears were assailed with all kinds of noises, male and female voices mingled, from the other end of the house. For the first time John mistrusted the character of the house. Before it was light and he could withdraw, he had time to reflect on the evils of dissipation. He arose and dressed himself before the sun was up, and in seeking for a place to wash, what was his surprise in seeing young men hastily leaving this den of shame. His suspicions were fully confirmed; and when he had paid for his night's lodging, he left with all expedition, ashamed heartily even to have slept in such a

place and for such a reason. He never got in such a fix again.

“John Homespun continued diligent at his daily employment, still boarding in his employer’s family—a family not professedly pious, but one where good morals, integrity, economy, and industry were distinguishing traits. The heads of it were themselves happy, and made all the members of their family happy also.

“John continued with the new firm, pleasant and happy. At the end of six months the junior partner sold his interest to the other, with the intention of trying his fortune in a neighboring city. The result of this arrangement was the advancement of John one step higher. From that time he acted in the capacity of foreman in the office. That he satisfactorily discharged his duties and still retained the good feelings of his employer, may be inferred from what afterwards took place.”

The young mechanic who has toiled for six years as an apprentice, to the satisfaction of his employers and with an unsullied reputation, could now fairly say, “I ’m afloat.”

CHAPTER XII.

“A GOOD NAME IS BETTER THAN PRECIOUS OINTMENT.”

“IN this new situation—as foreman of the office—John Homespun remained for an additional six months, when his employer proposed to sell the establishment to him and his fellow-journeyman, Mr. ——. The circumstances of the case were such, that it was necessary to make an immediate decision as to the offer, as otherwise the main object of it would be defeated. Mr. —— and John began to discuss the matter with great seriousness, and with the greater earnestness because the time was so limited. Mr. —— consulted with his parents, who were in a condition to help him; but John had none with whom to advise, or from whom to expect a shilling. After a year’s toil with his own hands, he had saved two hundred dollars; which sum was still in his employer’s hands. This was his cash capital when he was twenty-two years

old, and showed that in one year he had increased his overplus of ten dollars twenty-fold.

“The price asked for the establishment was two thousand five hundred dollars, of which a small part was to be paid down, and for the remainder a liberal credit was offered. The young men, after such an examination of the matter as they could give in a short time, concluded to purchase, and the bargain was made accordingly. Mr. —, aided by his friends, paid in cash two hundred and fifty dollars; but the most Mr. Homespun could raise, was the two hundred dollars which with much economy he had acquired by his labor. A credit was generously tendered for the balance.

“Under promising circumstances, the new partners embarked in business on their own account. They labored pleasantly together for a year, and their business was rather prosperous than otherwise. John stuck to his business, determined to make the most of it. He was in debt, and must therefore economize; carefully shutting down the gate on all unnecessary expenditures.

“One day Mr. —— said to Mr. Homespun, ‘What do you think of my selling out?’ ‘Why so?’ asked Mr. Homespun; ‘are we not getting along as well as we anticipated? Why back out?’ ‘I cannot say but we are, but the being tied down to business does not exactly suit me. I think I would rather ramble and see more of the world.’

“Sure enough, only a few days elapsed when, by a forfeiture of the first payment, one half of the business reverted to the original owner, and John found himself a partner, not with Mr. ——, but his old master. Such are the wonderful ways of Providence. The son of the mechanic, who came to that town a few years before penniless, is now associated with the man to whom he was indentured as an apprentice, and is in a fair way to independence.

“His new partner was engaged in another distinct business, requiring the most of his time. Besides, he had no practical knowledge of the art of printing; his business from the first having been of another kind. Though his name appeared as a partner, the manual labor, the buying, selling, and collecting de-

volved on Mr. Homespun. He increased the stock, and added to the efficiency of the enterprise in other ways; having the occasional advice of his friend and partner.

“And here, for the encouragement of young men without capital, it should be remarked, how important it is that they have the confidence of their employers. Without this, could John Homespun ever have expected to get into so prosperous a business so readily? In this case, a character for honesty and industry was capital to the orphan boy. And it ought to be mentioned, to the credit of his old master’s kindness, that he did not require security of John for his original purchase, but simply charged it *to him*. Regularly John paid his annual instalment of two hundred dollars, with interest on the whole debt, until by and by the debt was extinguished.

“Thus passed the first years of John’s business life. Having at last paid the debt contracted for half of the establishment, he made an offer for the other half; and in the course of four or five years, the business of the office had grown to such a degree, that Mr. Home-

spun readily agreed to pay nearly double the price, for the half belonging to his partner, that he had paid for the other half. By the payment of some two thousand dollars, he became the sole proprietor of an establishment worth probably four thousand dollars, and with no debt of sufficient magnitude to damp his energies.

“He continued firm in the resolution which he adopted when he began to learn his trade, not to mingle in low and degrading associations, but patiently to wait until his character should be so formed, and his circumstances so improved, as to be a passport to such acquaintances and families as would be most advantageous to him. Accordingly, even when he became his own man, he applied himself with more zeal to his business, than to the forming of new acquaintances; and his improving circumstances were not permitted to prove a snare, in leading him into extravagance and dissipation. With such principles he soon found many congenial spirits, especially among the middling classes in society. His mental improvement, and the change in his pecuniary

circumstances, enabled Mr. Homespun to overcome the diffidence which had so greatly embarrassed him at first."

Here closes this modest, truthful, and instructive autobiography. Alluding chiefly to this earlier period of Mr. Tuttle's life, his brother, who received from him assistance in gaining an education preparatory to the ministry, and additional aid from time to time, says,

"He was a brother who never deceived me, never raised an expectation which he did not gratify. Indeed his early life was so considerate, so discreet, moral, and all but strictly religious, that such golden fruits as these were anticipated by his particular friends, and generally, as I well recollect, by his acquaintances in our neighborhood. His overwork in the office, while yet an apprentice, was mostly, as I believe, devoted to aid the comfort and supply the necessities of his father's family, rendered helpless by the father's long and exhausting illness. During this period of some three or four years, until our father's death, which occurred in April, 1802, when my dear brother was yet a few months under age, he was

constantly anticipating our wants by sending us money, articles of clothing, and other comforts; and finally, at the death of father, before he returned to Newark, William paid out of his own earnings all the funeral charges.

“Since his death, I have often looked back over his life to gather up what was instructive and consoling, what worthy of imitation, and what to be avoided in my brother’s career, and I cannot refer to one act of his life, coming under my own observation, or one trait of character, that does not give me pleasure in the retrospect, instead of pain and regret. He was perfectly companionable, but his mirth and glee, when he was yet a boy, were always marked with so much consideration and kindness, as often to render him an object of admiration among his companions. Besides this, he seems early to have formed the resolution to be something himself, and to do all in his power for his family. Therefore when our older sister was married he was at the whole expense, I believe, of her outfit, making a liberal provision for furnishing her house. Some of the articles then purchased still remain in

the family to testify his fraternal generosity. The brother and sister still surviving may well say that in his death they have lost a parent as well as a brother."

From other sources we learn that, after his father's death and previous to his reaching his majority, he embraced every convenient opportunity to visit home, "always bearing in mind the straitened circumstances of his father's widow, and doing what he could to relieve her wants." From incidental allusions in his conversations and his autobiography, we know that he earned considerable amounts of money by overwork, and that the most of this he gave unsolicited to his step-mother, to aid her in supporting her fatherless family. It is a beautiful commentary on his benevolence, and again reminds us of the "first commandment with promise."

Mr. Tuttle's early friend, Rev. O. B. Brown of Washington city, says of him,

"He was a good man, with whom I was intimate in youth, and for whom I have ever cherished the highest regard. When he came to Newark to learn the printing business, I was

a youth near his own age, almost a daily visitant of the printing-office where he was employed, and of course I formed a familiar acquaintance with him. In a debating society which we afterwards formed, he was regarded by all as a youth of promising talents, quite above mediocrity, and he evinced a disposition to improve his mind by the acquisition of general and useful knowledge. In our juvenile debates, it was my lot often to come into contact with him, and we always found him well informed and ingenious in his arguments, which he not unfrequently intermixed with strokes of pleasantry which rendered him quite entertaining. He could give and receive a repartee with as much good-nature as any person, and often excite an agreeable smile with such good-humor, that the person at whose expense it was raised could not help joining in it. But his more general turn was that of gravity. I never heard him use a profane or obscene expression. In his most unguarded conversation, he would never offend the ear of modesty or piety; and had he then been a professor of religion, I should not have

doubted his sincerity. I suppose he had like passions with other men, but I never saw him angry, nor ever saw another person angry with him. Afterwards, as the editor of a political paper, he was always firm and conscientiously sincere in the principles which he advocated, but never offensive in his language or opprobrious in his epithets."

CHAPTER XIII.

“BORN AGAIN”—DR. GRIFFIN.

WHEN Mr. Tuttle went to Newark in 1796, he attended the ministry of Dr. McWhorter; and it will probably be found at the day of judgment that his prayers and teaching had much to do with the character then forming under his ministry, and destined to be a faithful laborer in the church over which that venerable man so long presided. We know from various intimations that his conscience was not at rest. There are several facts showing that the influence of his deceased parents, his constant perusal of the holy Scriptures, and his punctual attendance on the outward means of grace, were all affecting his mind. At one time he ran a narrow risk of becoming a moralist, but the Holy Spirit did not suffer him to rest there.

Although Dr. McWhorter's preaching was ever held in affectionate veneration by him, yet it was not until the powerful revivals un-

der Dr. Griffin, that he became savingly acquainted with the truth as it is in Jesus Christ. He was accustomed to speak of this great man with delight; and when he returned to Newark to close his useful life, it was one of Mr. Tuttle's pleasures to sit at the feet of the man who had been the instrument in leading him to Christ. It is pleasing to know that, dying in the bosom of the church he most delighted in, he was refreshed and encouraged by the frequent presence of this spiritual son.

To this effect Mr. Tuttle writes to his sister, under date of February 8, 1837: "Dr. Griffin and family now reside with Dr. Smith. He came last fall in very poor health, and has since appeared to be near the grave. He is much engaged for an old-fashioned revival of religion. He visits considerably, and his heart is much engaged for Zion. You and brother W—— remember him well. You seemed almost to adore the man, when you and my first companion used to attend his meetings, and had the hope of eternal life imparted. I take great pleasure in going over

and chatting with him a half-hour or so at a time, recounting the goodness of God in leading us along in the journey of life since our first acquaintance." In another letter, dated October 30, 1837, he says, "Dr. Griffin's labors of love are mostly over. He is in a peaceful and happy state of mind, unconcerned, as he told me, about the time and manner of his death." And in a postscript he adds, "Dr. Griffin died this morning, November 8."

And here the readers of this volume will pardon an allusion to the last appearance of Dr. Griffin, at the anniversary of the American Board for Foreign Missions, as narrated by an eye-witness. He had been sick, and when his once towering but now bowed form was seen advancing up the centre aisle of the first Presbyterian church in Newark, the vast audience seemed moved by a common feeling of veneration and sorrow. When he arose to speak he was too weak to stand, and was raised in his chair. The once mighty voice was not mighty now; but O, how eloquent it was when he began by saying, with the most subduing pathos, "Mr. President, and my

brethren, I feel myself standing on the verge of heaven!" It had been false to nature not to weep, as such a man, in such circumstances, spoke such words. And then he prayed; and as he approached the mercy-seat, with the simple eloquence of a little child and the wrestling fervor of a dying saint, the fountains of the great deep were broken up, and hundreds wept because they knew they should see that face and hear that voice no more. It was an impressive scene, which will never be forgotten.

There was every quality in Dr. Griffin, when he entered on his pastoral labors in Newark, in 1801, to impress the mind of a young man who, from his infancy, had been so educated as to have a tender conscience. The very presence of the man was power; but when he strove to unburden his anxieties for dying men with vehement words and action, his eye, suffused with tears, glancing rapidly from one upturned face to another, all knew that this was not the mere eloquence of talent, but that these lips had been touched with a live coal from the altar of God. Even when his sun had nearly reached its setting, the

writer, then a child of eleven years, remembers Dr. Griffin in that pulpit, from which he had so often uttered the promises and the threatenings of the gospel years before. It was Sunday evening, and the house was thronged. The majestic tones of that voice still linger with us; and his words and his manner when, near the close of his discourse, he made a most thrilling appeal to the impenitent to flee from the wrath to come, are as fresh as if they were of yesterday. The feelings of his audience had steadily risen with his own; and when he exclaimed with such exquisite pathos, "Oh, if by kneeling before you, and entreating you with tears to fly now to Christ, I could persuade you, I would do it;" and suiting the action to the words, he bowed his stately form to a kneeling posture: when he thus spoke and acted, so natural and harmonious were his words and his manner, that the vast congregation seemed bowed as before an irresistible influence.

He had amazing power not only on polished and disciplined minds, but on the yeomanry of our country churches. In 1803, meetings were

frequently held in the different congregations of Morris county; and they were so largely attended as to render it impossible to hold them, except in the open air. Such a meeting was held in a grove near the Mendham church, and is referred to with great interest by old inhabitants of the place who still survive. They say that Dr. Griffin's sermon was characterized by such pathos and power as they never witnessed in any other; and they relate particularly, that he dwelt upon the glories of *heaven* with such eloquence as took his hearers completely captive. At last, having soared higher and higher till he seemed almost superhuman, stretching his giant person to its fullest stature, and glancing his eyes upwards all glowing with emotion, and holding up his hands as though they were wings ready to bear him up to the place he was describing, he exclaimed with overpowering emphasis, "SHALL I GO?" It would be no wonder that common people should be almost beside themselves; but the Christian orator achieved a higher triumph, for immediately behind him sat Dr. Finley of Baskinridge, the founder of

the Colonization Society. This remarkable man was so completely borne away by the almost unearthly eloquence which then fell on his ear, that when Dr. Griffin exclaimed, "Shall I go?" he clasped fast hold of him, by an involuntary impulse, as if to prevent his upward flight; which, under the magic of the hour, seemed about actually to take place.

A minister still resident in New Jersey heard Dr. Griffin preach his sermon, "On the Worth of the Soul;" and he says that no language can describe the impression made by the passage which thus begins: "I return to the street. I follow another of the crowd through his round of dissipation, through many serious thoughts, many broken resolutions, until I trace him to a dying-bed. His soul is forced from the body amidst the agonies of distracted friends, and staring with wild affright, is dragged to the mouth of the pit and plunged into hell. And is not this enough? Good God, is not this enough?" When he exclaimed, "Good God, is not this enough?" such was the look, emphasis, gesticulation, and tone, all united to force the horrible

thought as a reality on the mind, that this clergyman remarked, "I was so overpowered with it, that I thought I should have died." He was not alone; but the appearance of the whole audience plainly proved that they were affected by one of the mightiest efforts of one of the mightiest orators since the days of Whitefield.

How could it have been otherwise than that William Tuttle, then a youth, should have been impressed by the eloquence and fervent piety of such a man? In common with the younger members of the congregation, he was fascinated; and the severe and discriminating doctrines which were preached by Dr. Griffin, were well calculated to drive him to the only sure refuge. It will be both relevant and interesting to quote Dr. Griffin's own words, describing one of the revivals in that church. In the history of American revivals, there cannot be found a more thrilling passage than the following, describing the commencement of the great revival in 1807: "The appearance was as if a collection of waters, long suspended over the town, had fallen at once and deluged

the whole place. For several weeks, the people would stay at the close of every evening service to hear some new exhortation; and it seemed impossible to persuade them to depart, until those on whose lips they hung had retired. At those seasons you might see a multitude weeping and trembling around their minister, and many others standing as astonished spectators of the scene, and beginning to tremble for themselves. This work, in point of power and stillness, exceeds all that I have ever seen. While it bears down every thing with irresistible force, and seems almost to dispense with human instrumentality, it moves with so much silence that, unless we attentively observe its effects, we are tempted at times to doubt whether any thing uncommon is taking place. The converts are strongly marked with humility and self-distrust; instead of being elated with confident hopes, they are inclined to tremble. Many of them possess deep and discriminating views; and all, or almost all, are born into the distinguishing doctrines of grace."

It was during the progress of this wonderful revival, that Mr. Tuttle became the subject

of converting grace. For years, nay, from the time he saw his mother die, it had been a settled matter in his mind that he must become a new creature in Christ. He felt this when the venerable McWhorter was his sole pastor; but when the stirring and searching eloquence of Griffin fell on his ear, he was agitated. It was a trying time with him, when his energies were grappling with the responsibilities of business and the burden of a heavy debt. The editing of a political paper, and the management of its fiscal concerns, crowded upon him. He is anxious to succeed, and spares no labor on his own part. The cares of this world choke the word, so that it does not bring forth fruit to perfection. Still he is not at rest. He reads the Bible, frequently offers prayer, and is punctual at religious services on the Sabbath, and during the week when it does not conflict with his business. Meanwhile, about one year and a half after he is fairly embarked in business, he enters upon marriage relations; business increases, and he is in danger of settling down into indifference to religion as a present concern, when that

powerful revival already alluded to broke his slumbers.

As soon as he was awakened, he began to examine his past history to see whether he was as guilty as was charged. He entered on this work with severe honesty, and with a zeal which despised all that is superficial. He soon discovered that his heart was altogether wicked and corrupt; and he now tried "to make himself better." In this he failed, and at last was led to cry for mercy as a sinner at the hand of God. His prayer was answered, not with ecstasies, but with *some* hope and peace. He had so diligently considered his own character, as judged by the law of God, that he was very cautious about his hope. The next step of progress is to be found in his establishing the family altar; but so diffident was he, that he had not courage to call his journeymen and apprentices together to this exercise. For this reason, he and his companion observed it together privately in their room. He had seasons of doubt, which drove him back to an examination of himself and the Scriptures. He saw multitudes coming

out in a public profession, and he was distressed that he could not see his own way clear to do the same; but he was afraid of his own heart, and he watched it with the severest scrutiny for more than a year after he hoped in the mercy of Christ. By this time he had permanently settled the matter. He had sought heavenly wisdom that he might reach a right conclusion; and at the spring communion in 1809, the last time Dr. Griffin as pastor administered that ordinance, he made a public profession of religion. Through the blessing and guidance of the Holy Spirit, his light shone steadily to the close of life. "The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth more and more unto the perfect day."

About the time he made a public profession, he was led to review his course in the matter of family worship. A brother still resident in Newark relates the fact, that being ignorant of his habit of private family worship, he came suddenly into the room one morning while he was engaged in that exercise. Mr. Tuttle seemed greatly embarrassed

by the presence of an unexpected spectator, but went forward. This led him to consider whether he was doing right, as the head of a family; and he was not long in determining to insist on the presence of all his workmen and apprentices, as well as his own family.

CHAPTER XIV.

"FAITHFUL IN ALL HIS HOUSE."

No one seriously questions the propriety of a religious education at home ; but in this age of cheap religious books, of Sabbath-schools, and other means of religious instruction, there is danger of our departing from the plan of God, which is of perpetual and binding force. We are liable, in our practice, to place the system of Raikes above that of God, and to commit to other teachers the work which belongs to the head of the household. Jehovah is perfect in wisdom, and he knew the wants of mankind as well when he instructed Moses as he knows them now. The Lord did not command Moses to organize *public* schools, in which the young Israelites should learn the dealings of God with their fathers. Such a course might have left the nation to degenerate into a horde of barbarians. Jehovah well understood the system by which the occurrences of the exodus were to be kept in lively

remembrance, and every head of a household was a divinely appointed oracle to answer the inquiries of the young, and impress upon their minds the lessons of truth.

“These words which I command thee this day, shall be in thy heart; and thou shalt teach them diligently unto thy children, and *shalt talk of them when thou sittest in thy house* and when thou walkest by the way, and when thou liest down and when thou risest up. And thou shalt bind them for a sign upon thy hand, and they shall be as frontlets between thine eyes. And thou shalt write them upon the posts of thy house, and on thy gates.” Deut. 6:4-9. This was a family school; the parent was the teacher appointed by God, who dared not at his peril resign his own duties to others. How admirable this school! How cold and lifeless any school, compared with a properly regulated home! We cannot too much admire the wisdom of this arrangement, nor too closely follow it, in the religious education of children.

In this divine arrangement, we have a teacher who is ever at his post. Fidelity here

causes the very charms of infancy, and the more elevated and refined endearments of youth, to be identified with a deep sense of obligation to God. Would that this sacred custom of family instruction were universally revived; that religion might be taught at home, and the best lessons of truth learned at the fireside; that the gentle courtesies and sweet attachments of home might engrave the words of God, and the gospel of his Son, on the heart of every child and member of the household. But how often is the parent more ready to talk on spiritual themes to a stranger, than to his own child; how often do we see whole families leave the family hearth-stone without having enjoyed any systematic means of salvation at home. The Sabbath-school, the pulpit, the casual visit of a pastor, instead of being the auxiliaries, become the substitutes for home instruction.

A son now in the gospel ministry wrote thus to his parents: "I verily believe that, had my religious training been confined to the gleanings of the Sabbath-school, instead of the steady enforcement of the Mosaic arrangement

at home by my parents, I might now be pursuing a far different course and living for a far different end. Many, very many times, as early in childhood as I can recollect, has the Spirit of God convicted me of sin as my father at home taught me out of the Scriptures; and I cannot easily forget, that the same high-priest of the home church once tore from me the hypocrite's hope. And that dear place had another to carry forward the same work, gentler but not weaker; and memory recalls a mother pressing her face close to mine, as she often knelt with me before the mercy-seat. I will not cast reproach on any institution which has been productive of good to myself and others; but with profound gratitude I may say, *home* was the place of my spiritual nativity, and my parents were principally God's instruments in leading me to Christ."

These views were practical with Mr. Tuttle. The lady to whom he was united in marriage, Miss Hannah Camp, was a subject of the great revival under Dr. Griffin, and gave undoubted evidence of true piety. They were sorely

afflicted in the loss of two children in infancy ; and this trial led them to perform, with greater carefulness, their duty to the survivors. The latter days of the mother's life were days of weary sickness and pain ; and yet, we have reason to believe that they were days of great spiritual benefit to her children. When dying, she was strong in faith, giving glory to God, especially for the confident assurance she had that her children would be converted. She died much esteemed and regretted, in December, 1824.

Let us now trace Mr. Tuttle's means of instruction as the head of a family. We have already seen his prompt entrance upon the duties of family religion. As soon as he was convinced of his duty, he set himself about its performance. The family altar was erected ; and very rarely did he fail to worship before it, and never but for the best reasons. He was by nature inclined to cheerfulness, and he sought to cast an air of cheerfulness around religion. He had but little of that austerity of manner which is repulsive, especially to the young ; and the living can now testify that he

was able to give interest to Sabbath evening instructions from the catechism. Even when called to admonish delinquents, he did it so kindly and so convincingly as to disarm resentment or prejudice.

One quality which characterized his influence in the family was its steadiness. His path was "that of the shining light," and the consequence was, the absence of every thing fitful and spasmodic in the family. Each one knew what to expect; and each one residing in his household came early to feel that the prayers at the family altar were only a part of his devotional exercises. There were with him three distinct seasons of private devotion during the day; and very often has he been found in retired places upon his knees. In fact the family, composed of his own relatives, domestics, and workmen, knew that he habitually "walked with God;" not by an austere bigotry, or sanctimonious observance of outward forms, but by his whole bearing and conversation. Here was an influence which answered the design of God in the family relation. The family were diligently instructed in the doc-

trines and facts of religion, and they had a living illustration constantly before them. This was as it should be in every family. Not that he was constantly exhorting his children and family to seek their salvation, or that he obtruded the subject on them without respect to times and seasons. He was a proficient in human nature, and knew that "King Agrippa" must not be approached like "Simon the Sorcerer;" and also that a "word spoken in due season, how good is it!" Though this was true, yet his words carried great influence in his own family, and in those circles where he was known. His anxieties for the conversion of his children were unceasing, and his way of addressing them on this subject may be seen in some quotations from letters to his two sons away from home.

"MY DEAR SON—In not writing to you before, you must not conclude that I am less solicitous than ever for your temporal and eternal welfare. They both weigh upon my mind, and both are the subject of frequent prayer before the throne of eternal mercy. I hope, nay, I expect, that you yourself seek the

same important blessings from the Father of all mercies. Oh, my child, remember that from infancy your surviving parent, and that tender mother whose remains now repose in the grave, not only taught you to pray, and enjoined it as a duty you owe to your Creator, Preserver, and Redeemer, but prayed much for you themselves, that you might be preserved from vicious ways and vicious companions, and that you might *feel* the evil of sin as an offence against God, and in early life be brought to flee to the ark of safety as provided in the gospel. Preparing as you are for activity on the theatre of human life, can you conceive me indifferent as to how your early impressions are moulded? Or think you, if the redeemed in heaven are permitted to take knowledge of things done below, that the sainted spirit of your mother does not now watch over your ways, and, for aught we know, is a ministering spirit to keep you in the hour of temptation, and to warn you to flee from the wrath to come? The value of time and the worth of the soul will not be fully disclosed, until the tabernacle of clay is broken down, and the

soul awakes in the world of spirits. When I think of young B——, and F——, and B——, and other young persons who have renounced the world as a portion, and publicly avouched the Lord Jehovah to be their God, I ask, why does not my son also? Is it because his parents have not sufficiently warned him that the way of transgressors is hard, and that their prayers have not been mingled with faith for their son? They may indeed plead guilty in this respect, and O, that the Parent of all mercies may pardon our unfaithfulness. But now that your mind is opening and strengthening in knowledge, now that a Saviour's love is presented to you from Sabbath to Sabbath in tones most inviting and affecting, you must know, and you do know, that genuine piety is a work exclusively between God and the soul: you must know that prayer is the appointed medium to draw down the divine blessing, and that the influences of the Holy Spirit are essential to the awakening and conversion of the sinner; for by nature we are carnal, sold under sin, and to be Christians, we must be born again."

He again writes to the same son, "I suppose there are some who would gladly allure you into temptation and vice. But be watchful as to both. Your father and your friends would be greatly pained were you to make a misstep. *He* often remembers you at a throne of grace; but you ought to pray for yourself. The things of eternity should never be forgotten. We live in a dying world. How long our probation will last is unknown to us; but the injunction of the Saviour is, seek first the kingdom of heaven. Your dear deceased mother in her time prayed much for you."

This son had written to him concerning a revival of religion in Princeton; and Mr. Tuttle thus responded, March 19, 1827:

"Revivals of religion, wherever or whenever they take place, are matters of congratulation among Christians, and angels too. To hear that there is a gracious work of the Holy Spirit in Princeton is good news; and my prayer is, that it may be deep, pungent, and radical, to the salvation of a great multitude of souls; and that all classes may participate in this infinitely important blessing. And I would hope that

the power of divine grace may not be limited to the citizens of the village. Are not the young men in college hastening to the bar of their Maker? Have they not souls to save or lose? Will not religion be beneficial to them in life, whatever station they occupy? Believe me it will; 'for what is a man profited, if he shall gain the whole world and lose his own soul?' Those young gentlemen in college who are contending against the convictions of their own consciences, and the Spirit of God, should pause before they come to the conclusion that they will turn their backs upon the Redeemer of men; for to some of them, this revival in Princeton will probably be the crisis in which their die for eternity will be cast. That you, my son, should be the subject of early piety, has been the often repeated petition of your father; and that it was the petition of your *mother*, you have no reason to doubt. Choose you this day whom you will serve."

These letters, which were written for the eye of his son alone, show how deeply interested he was in his welfare, and with what jealous care he watched every thing which

might affect him. The quotation which follows is from a letter to his second son, who was then in Caldwell, N. J., at school.

“You did not mention in your letter that your mind was turned to the great subject of your soul’s salvation, but I thought such might be the case. I was happily informed of this by Mr. D——, who called yesterday, who said he had conversed with you, and that you had expressed to him that you thought you felt different from what you ever did before. I have only time to say now, my dear son, that true piety is most desirable to every rational being. Without it we are wretched and miserable, enemies of God, exposed to his wrath, unprepared for life, or death, or judgment. We must be born again, or not see the kingdom of God. And why not give our hearts to the Lord in the morning of life? We cannot serve the Lord too long. This is the experience of every Christian in a dying hour, that he has served the Lord too little. But it is of the highest importance not to cherish a false hope. Remember that the heart is deceitful above all things. Be jealous of yourself, therefore, and

pray the Lord to give you those convictions which are genuine—that repentance which is unto life. I have remembered you in my prayers, and shall continue to do so. I have long prayed for my dear children; and your deceased mother! nothing could be nearer to her heart, than to see her children walking in the truth. She often prayed for this, and I hope her prayers will be heard.”

The son whom he thus addressed was the first of his children who became professedly pious; and the father not only felt joyful at such an event, but he trembled lest the work might not be genuine. Accordingly we find him writing in the following admirable strain: “If your exercises are genuine and ultimately lead you to the Rock Christ Jesus, it will be a memorable year in your pilgrimage, and not less so in eternity. What a blessing, like Enoch to walk with God! How rich the inheritance—how lasting its effects: what mind can appreciate its value?”

“As it seems inconvenient at present to pay you a visit, it would be gratifying to know something of the exercises of your mind.

Were I present, perhaps I should ask, after your mind was turned to reflect on the perilous state of a sinner, were you agitated because it exposed you to the miseries of perdition; or was it because sin appeared exceedingly sinful—that you had offended a holy God? * * * Upon what evidence is your hope founded? Is it because you have experienced some convictions for sin, were alarmed at your danger, and now *your fears have subsided*? This is but what thousands have experienced, and after all they turned back to the beggarly elements of the world. These and similar questions I should ask, to lead you to a prayerful examination of your motives and feelings, and evidences of a Christian hope. With youth of your age, it is peculiarly important to be watchful lest animal excitement be substituted for genuine repentance and the hope of the hypocrite be cherished, which will not stand the test. Besides, it is a great thing to be a Christian—not in name, but in deed. To take up the cross and follow Christ, to separate from young and thoughtless companions, to renounce the world as a portion, to be separate from sinners, and

to *live* the Christian as well as profess to do it, is a great moral change. But the Holy Spirit can effect it. Be much in prayer for the guidance of the Holy Spirit."

This searching epistle is closed by alluding to a young person, known to his son, who was suddenly smitten with fatal sickness; whose "last hour was spent in calling for mercy, mercy!" A solemn warning to the young not to postpone the work of making their peace with God."

In looking over his letters to his children, and those nephews who were in his family as children, we find him ever reminding them of their obligations to God. Even in the most trivial communications, about a text-book or an article of clothing, the same thing is to be observed.

He closes a letter full of family items calculated to interest his absent child, with the following words: "And now, dear son, I close with reminding you of your obligations to your God and Saviour. 'My son, give me thy heart.' This is a reasonable duty. They that seek me early, shall find me. Let your Maker

and Redeemer have the dew of your youth. Real religion is worth infinitely more than all other objects combined, without it. It is happiness here; it is glory and an immortal crown in the world to come. Duty to God, present comfort to ourselves, and the awful interests at stake for eternity, forbid procrastination. Now is the accepted time, now is the day of salvation. I hardly think it necessary to repeat my admonition to watch and take care of your moral walk and reputation. Your good sense must dictate this; and I must say, I have much confidence, by the blessing and assistance of Heaven, that you will prize a good character above rubies. It is easy to maintain a fair reputation, but not easy to regain it when impaired."

Mr. Tuttle's marriage to his second wife, Miss Julia Ann Tuttle, occurred in 1826. In 1834, her health was such that she spent the winter in a southern latitude. This led to a voluminous correspondence, which is still preserved. These letters are models of their kind, and well calculated to cheer up an invalid among strangers. The spirit of the writer

cannot be mistaken. Under the trial of such a separation, he is cheerfully submissive. "However, I am not uneasy or impatient," he says. "The kind Providence which has hitherto led you on in safety, I trust will still watch over and guide your steps. Let us cast our cares on the Lord. Oh, how much we are indebted to his forbearance and mercy, that we are not consumed." He was such a confident believer in the providence of God, that he could say,

"In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see;"

and for this reason, no one of his relatives or friends can recall one fretful or complaining remark made while suffering either the heaviest calamity, or the lighter but more annoying trials of every-day life. "I am not uneasy or impatient." This was his spirit; and a most admirable spirit it is. And again he says, "Separated as we are, I feel lonely, but my spirits have continued cheerful; but, my dear friend, let us not lean on an arm of flesh."

It was after a communion-season that he

wrote to his absent companion in the following chastened strain: "While at the communion-table, I could not help dropping a tear, when I looked around and found your seat empty. Though absent in body, I verily believe you were present in spirit; and that you did not forget the day or the occasion in which we were wont to renew our covenant vows to the King of kings. Oh, what a privilege it is, that 'sinful worms' may have a standing in the church of Christ; that they should thus be redeemed by his precious blood, and made heirs of an incorruptible inheritance! Let us prize our privileges, and press toward the mark of our high calling. Why were we made the subjects of grace? Not by works, lest any man should boast. If we have been made to differ, when we were no better than thousands of others, to *grace* how great a debtor! How sweet that passage of the apostle John, 'Behold what manner of love the Father hath bestowed upon us, that we should be called the sons of God!' If Christ be precious to us, and if we believe Christ to be the only Saviour, how should we exhort and pray that our un-

converted friends and relatives should be brought into the ark of safety." And he adds, with reference to two dear friends, also at the south, for whose salvation he was solicitous, "The same grace that has humbled your and my proud heart, can also bring —— and —— to the foot of the cross." Well might such a Christian say, as he does in this very letter, "I *do* think I would rather be a door-keeper in the house of the Lord, than dwell in the tents of wickedness."

His letters show the skill with which he was accustomed to approach his friends on points where he felt they were pursuing a course which they might regret. For instance, in one he gives an abstract of a sermon he had just heard, in which was a very novel interpretation of a text; the very announcement of which was well calculated to excite curiosity; and he says, as if incidentally, "Tell —— to examine Dr. Scott on this point. And is it not time for her and —— to lay aside light publications, and feast on the treasures of everlasting truth?"

We cannot forbear quoting from one of his

letters to a friend, some remarks on intemperance, excited by painful occurrences which fell under his own notice: "Oh, what a curse to man is intemperance! How many fond mothers have wept tears of blood; how many affectionate wives have become desolate and widows; how many brothers and sisters have had to lament over ruined relatives who have been infected with this curse of the human family! If God has enabled us and our family circle to differ from those who indulge in this beastly vice, this forerunner of destruction to soul and body, to His name be all the glory. When we see the awful evils which overwhelm individuals as well as families, and society at large, is it strange that the good and virtuous in every part of the land are raising their voices and hands against the use of intoxicating liquors? Is it strange that they cry aloud and spare not, 'Touch not, taste not, handle not' the liquid poison? I am persuaded that our temperance societies are right, when they endeavor to bring all to feel the absolute necessity of yielding to total abstinence."

These truthful and earnest words show that the heart of their author beat in unison with one of the most philanthropic and hopeful movements to which Christianity has given birth in the present age.

CHAPTER XV.

“THEY WATCH FOR YOUR SOULS.”

THE most successful ministers have usually been aided by discreet, pious, and devoted officers and members of the church, who have given them their cordial and efficient coöperation. Happy is that pastor who has a band of laymen full of the Holy Ghost to aid him in caring for “the flock over which the Holy Ghost hath made him overseer.” Mr. Tuttle in 1816, then comparatively a young man, was elected an elder of a prominent church of more than five hundred communicants, mingling with a circle of officers whose names are fragrant with earnest and successful labors in the cause of Christ, and endeavoring to fulfil his responsibilities as one “that must give account.” Several manuscript volumes, found among his private papers at his death, manifestly intended merely as a remembrancer of duty for himself, give evidence of his fidelity. In the winter of 1816-17, there was a powerful

revival which resulted in adding to the church "in May, 1817, sixty-nine persons, and in July, fifty-four; making one hundred and thirty-five in the space of six months: besides a considerable number on certificate." The officers of the church districted the whole congregation, and visited these districts from house to house, warning and entreating Christians and the impenitent. This was done early in September, 1816; and was carried on during the fall and winter as late as February, 1817.

Under date of October 4, 1816, Mr. Tuttle writes in his diary, "Visited Mr. ——'s family, consisting of the united head, one infant child, and two apprentices. Conversed with them on the duties of religion, and what we could do to promote a revival. Nothing particular in their late experience; admitted the general declension in the church, and were exhorted to zeal in the Redeemer's cause. Concluded with prayer." The "infant child" here mentioned now occupies a distinguished position in the church, and the prayer of that night may have been one of the means of leading him there.

"Oct. 3. This evening we spent an hour

in Mr. ——'s family. He joined us in lamenting the declension of religion in our church, and the churches in general. He was asked what Christians could and should do to promote a revival. The conclusion was, by us and him, that more personal religion was necessary, that our petitions should be more ardent, and our closets oftener visited. Concluded with prayer."

"OCT. 12. Visited Mr. ——'s family. Conversed with Mrs. ——, who admitted the low state of religion in the congregation, and that we ought to be more watchful and prayerful. Had much free conversation with Mr. ——. He respected religion, but thought some did not live up to it; which he esteemed a block of stumbling. He was reminded that though all professors did not live agreeably to their solemn engagements, religion was still the same, an institution of God; and instead of making the faults of professors an excuse for neglecting it, we should be happy if such persons should be prepared to unite themselves with the church, and by a better example and closer walk with God do more to honor religion

than we did, and when we strayed, to bring us to the discipline of the church. The whole conversation was free and friendly, and closed with prayer."

It is very pleasant to mark in this record, that these men paid an especial attention to instructing children, domestics, and apprentices. Thus Mr. Tuttle writes, "Mr. W—— particularly addressed the children of the family, as also the young man present, and two young daughters of Mrs. ——." They visited another family, in which "were fourteen boys—apprentices. Agreed to visit the apprentices the following evening, with Mr. ——'s approbation." The record of that interview is given. "Agreeably to appointment, visited Mr. ——'s apprentices. He had named our hour to them, and requested them to attend. We waited but a short time, when we had a company of twelve young immortals, including two female domestics. These were seated in the family room. Their behavior was perfectly orderly, and the sight was interesting. Mr. W—— addressed them generally for half an hour in a solemn and interesting manner. The duty

they owed to God and their own souls was explained, as well as the way to escape those snares and evils which destroy character and ruin souls. After prayer, and thanking them for their attendance, we left them, much gratified ourselves. Mr. — was present."

In the course of their visitation these brethren found some impenitent persons "tender." These were "directed to look to Christ." Many they found "deploring the lukewarm state of religion in the congregation," and such were instructed to begin the work at home. One "lamented the stupidity of her children. Her duties as a parent were pointed out distinctly, and she was solemnly exhorted to be faithful even unto death." They "found Mrs. — very free in conversation, and we hope enjoying spiritual life. Mrs. —," another lady in the family, "tender, and her mind stirred up of late to consider her ways. * * * A considerable address was made to the young people, and they were solemnly warned not to put off the concerns of religion. Concluded with prayer; being affectionately invited to visit them again."

They found some smarting under "affliction

and many trials. Such were advised to look away from temporal things, and seek a better portion." One family had but "one professor in it; but all the others are tender, and we think inquiring the way to Zion. We were much pleased to find that the morning and evening sacrifice was offered at their altar. They were asked why they did not openly profess Christ. They were afraid, not of the world, but lest coming unworthily they should eat and drink judgment to themselves. This objection was answered. After an hour and a half spent individually with those present, we concluded with prayer, with urgent invitations to come again." To another circle of young Christians in one family, they "recommended an association to visit and converse with their acquaintances on the things of the kingdom."

Another case of much interest may be cited, as showing what advice was given in a difficulty which not unfrequently arises in families. "Conversed freely with Mr. —, who seemed convinced in his judgment of the necessity of repentance and faith in the Saviour, and thought he wished to be a Christian. Appro-

priate advice was given him. He was especially admonished of his duty to bring his family to the altar of prayer. Mrs. — said she wished to know if it was not her duty to pray in the family, if Mr. — neglected it. She was answered in the affirmative, especially when it could be done without offence to the husband. It was stated that in some families a portion of Scripture was read, with prayers, such as are found in 'Jenks' Devotion.' Mr. — agreed thereafter to establish family devotion; and Mr. W—— informed him, that if he wished it and would get his family together now, or at any future time, he would inform them of his resolution, and commence the exercise for him with exhortation and prayer. Mr. — chose the present time, and the family altar was forthwith set up."

It is exceedingly interesting to find in this diary the labors of an humble man brought to bear on individuals and families whose conversion to God has been among the signal blessings bestowed on the church. Such is the following sketch: "Nov. 27. Called on Mr. —'s family. Spent near three hours in

conversation and exhortation with them. Both Mr. and Mrs. — appeared to be solemnly impressed with the importance and duty of religion, but neither of them, in the judgment of their own minds, had experienced that change of heart which is unto salvation. Mr. — conversed freely, and related what his experiences were. He had no peace of mind ; his judgment was convinced, but his heart not changed ; and at times he was tempted to relax in seeking. He was advised of his dependence on God as a sovereign ; that though God is a sovereign dispenser of his gifts, he is a God who employs means, and has promised to reveal himself to those who diligently seek him. We attempted to remove various obstacles in his mind. The visit was received very friendlily, and we hope profitably. Concluded with prayer.”

Thus they went from house to house, rebuilding the family altars which had been broken down, comforting the feeble-minded, stirring up those who had forgotten their first love, exhorting the impenitent, directing the inquirer, instructing the young, and doing all

that in them was to bring the church into such a state that the Lord might refresh it with a revival of religion.

During the year 1841, he so arranged his business that he was able from that time to devote himself almost exclusively to the work of visiting the families of the church in which he was an elder, for the purpose of religious conversation and prayer, and to the furthering of benevolent objects of a more public nature.

CHAPTER XVI.

“PURE RELIGION AND UNDEFILED.”

“——It is twice blessed,
It blesseth him that gives and him that takes.”

As Mr. Tuttle's business prospered, we find him acting with generosity for one of his means. His friends, the poor, and the church all shared in his liberality.

It is pleasing to remark his reliance on divine Providence even in little things. Shortly after he began business, when his income was needed to meet his debts, he listened to some benevolent appeal made at a crowded meeting. He had but one dollar in his pocket, and after considering the matter gave the dollar, saying to himself, “Providence will assist me in some way.” The next morning a gentleman brought an advertisement to be inserted in his paper, of a valuable article lost at that very missionary meeting. The price for the advertisement was one dollar. Providence had not disappointed him.

At a later date, he felt the deepest interest in the Bible Society, and on one occasion subscribed fifty dollars to that cause, although he said, "I do not now see where the money is to come from to meet the promise, but I believe Providence will assist me." Some would consider this as rashness, but with him it was *faith in God*. The very next day, he received the unexpected news from Trenton that his proposals to do the printing for the Legislature had been accepted. It was often so; and many other instances equally striking might be related.

There are evidences still in existence that the church in West Milford, Passaic county, is largely indebted to the liberality of Mr. Tuttle in assisting their pastor to continue in labors resulting in the hopeful conversion of some two hundred persons. When that people wished to purchase a parsonage, the same judicious friend not only contributed from his own means, but suggested a plan by which the same object might be brought to the notice of wealthy Christians in Newark and New York. He was not obtrusive in his suggestions or conduct,

and yet he secured assistance from sources usually considered inaccessible. Nor was this the only church which has occasion to remember him.

But in his own congregation he seemed to have before him constantly the words of the apostle James, "Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world." Accordingly in his diary is the frequent mention of his calling on this class of the afflicted. For instance, "April 6, 18—. We visited widow —— and daughter, both professors. Conversed and prayed with them." "May 8. Called on widow ——. Found her unwell. Conversed with her and closed with prayer." "May 13. Called on widow ——, conversed and prayed with her. Called on widow ——, and conversed with her. Called on widow —— and her daughter. Had a pleasant conversation." Almost every page has the evidence of his calling on some aged or sick widow, or the fatherless; and doing something to cheer them in their sorrows. During the

latter years of his life he was made an almoner of the church, and we find the account of his stewardship recorded with scrupulous exactness. In some cases, learning that some of the class before referred to had been accidentally passed by the elders who visited that district, he repaired the omission by calling on them himself. His life was marked with such acts as these, which evidently were recorded for the sole purpose of aiding his own recollections, and not for the eyes of other persons. "July 5. Called on ——, who is sick, and gave her three dollars I had collected for her. I had given her the same amount on a former occasion. Closed with prayer." "July 13. Called on ——," the same person, "and handed her two dollars I had collected. She remains in poor health. Recovery hardly to be expected." "July 22. I called on ——, who is sick and feeble, and gave her two dollars from Mr. ——, and four shillings from ——." "July 24. I called this morning on ——, who is very feeble, and prayed with her, and gave her three dollars and a half I had collected for her from the following persons."

He ministered to this pious woman, whose outward circumstances were very much straitened, until she died. What he did himself he did not usually record, but as the almoner of others' bounty he kept his accounts accurate. It would have been impossible for him to bear every burden he met in his extensive and frequent visitations, but he was a faithful steward in reporting such cases to his brethren, upon whom he never called in vain. Many a poor widow and orphan have thus been gladdened in sickness by his presence, and their pathway of sorrow has been lighted up by the kind and unobtrusive benevolence which he has shed.

The comfort of society greatly depends on little acts of kindness, and the talent to perform these little acts skilfully is somewhat rare; but when possessed, it secures very strong attachments. Mr. Tuttle's benefactions were usually bestowed literally on those who could "not recompense" him. It was his practice to send "something nice" to the poor, especially to aged and pious widows, on special days, such as a Thanksgiving, a Christmas, or a New-Year's day. Sometimes it would come

in the form of a load of wood or coal, or a barrel of flour, and such articles as would tend greatly to prolong the happiness of the receiver beyond the day which occasioned the gift. He delighted to surround his table with these excellent women, whose poverty in this world did not prevent their being rich in faith; and on these occasions, it would be difficult to say which was the happier, the host or his guests: and when he died, none mourned for him more sincerely than this very class, whose homes and hearts had so often been cheered by his presence.

He ever placed a high estimate on the gospel ministry, and it was a favorite wish that he might have a son worthily engaged in that calling. For this he was fitting his second son; and when his brother removed to Ohio, he generously promised to see that one of his sons should also be fitted for the same office. For eight years he carried out that promise with as much kindness and generosity as if he were doing it for his own son; and when his nephew had entered the ministry, Mr. Tuttle made out a minute account of the ex-

penses incurred in his education, and presented it to him with the following characteristic receipt:

“As a freewill-offering to the cause of proclaiming the everlasting gospel to rational and accountable men, I acknowledge payment of my nephew —— in full of the above expenditures made for him, as also for various items during his academical and collegiate studies of which I have made no record—*provided* he continues to labor in the gospel vineyard, and gives his best efforts to win souls to the blessed Redeemer, in his own or any other land, with the further provision that his life and health are continued; at the same time recommending, yet to be entirely optional with himself, if blessed by divine Providence in future life with more than a competent living, to confer a like favor on any one of our kinsmen in the flesh who may need assistance in preparing to enter the gospel ministry.”

There is good reason to believe that from the time he entered the church he made drafts on his income which amounted at least to a tenth, and during the latter years of his life

he bestowed nearly all his income, except what was necessary for the use of his family. And it ought to be remarked that these facts which have been alluded to are mostly saved by his sudden death; for had he approached the dark valley through protracted sickness, we have reason to suppose he would have destroyed the records of his own deeds. He loved the mode pointed out by the Redeemer, "Let not thy left hand know what thy right hand doeth." And so strictly had he complied with this rule in all possible cases, that his benevolent deeds were not recited even to his dearest friends.

CHAPTER XVII.

"CLOUDS AND DARKNESS."

MR. TUTTLE'S assistance of his nephew, as related in a former chapter, is proof of the estimate he placed on the gospel ministry, and of his desire to be directly instrumental in introducing young men into it; but if he had such a desire with reference to pious young men in general, that desire was intense as to his second son. This youth became hopefully pious while at school in Caldwell, in 1831. He was an apt scholar, and it was not long before he determined to devote himself to the ministry of reconciliation. About this time the Christian generosity of the father brought his nephew into the family, that he might pursue his studies for the same calling to the best advantage. While these youths were students at Nassau Hall, Mr. Tuttle watched over them with a truly paternal care.

To his son he writes, "I suppose we at home are rather neglectful in not writing to you and L—— oftener. Were you without

Christian friends, and were you unbelievers yourselves, I should esteem line upon line and precept upon precept more indispensable; and this would lead to more frequent communications. But I trust your enlistment under the banner of the Redeemer, your native sense of right and wrong, and the importance of *honoring* as well as professing godliness, will keep you from many temptations and snares. It is well, however, to mistrust our own strength, and daily seek that wisdom and grace that come from above and are alone able to keep us from dishonoring Christ in the house of his friends."

He was very much delighted with the progress made in their studies "by the lads," and writes thus: "My dear Boys—Day before yesterday I received the circulars from the Faculty, and am gratified. * * * I have no doubt your attention will still be continued to your studies, and that your conduct will be such as to reflect honor on yourselves, and credit to your parents and friends. Surrounded as you are with many temptations, and professing to be the friends and followers of the

blessed Redeemer, it is not only necessary that you should sustain a good reputation as scholars, but that your moral and religious walk be such as to reflect light and heat on all around. The heart, which the Scriptures represent as deceitful and desperately wicked, must be watched, and that narrowly. We need divine grace every hour to uphold us, and enable us like Enoch to walk with God. If we would have the smiles of the Saviour, we must live near to him; we must cultivate a spirit of piety, and meditate upon his word. We feel a deep interest in your temporal and spiritual welfare; and though you are absent from us, we often plead that the Lord would keep, protect, and lead you in the way everlasting."

Again he writes to the young men at Princeton, "We all take great interest in your welfare, and hope you will not only be prospered in your studies, but that your souls may be in health and prosperity. Be attentive to your *closets*, as also to other duties. As long as I am assured of this, I shall have confidence to hope that you will be freed from the snares and temptations that too often overcome youth in

college life. I hope that you and L—— do constantly keep in mind that you have enlisted in the service of the Captain of salvation, and how religion would be dishonored and your friends pained, should you fall into sin. The members of Christ are to be lights in the world, and I hope your example will be such to your fellow-students as to recommend religion, rather than prove a stumbling-block to them.”

To his nephew he writes, “Try, my dear nephew, to be as much distinguished for Christian graces as for mental endowments, yea, more. Your parents and other friends are hoping that, if you are spared, one day you will proclaim the everlasting gospel of the blessed Saviour to your fellow-sinners. Therefore cultivate the spirit of piety. Look constantly to the Captain of salvation for grace and strength, that the enemy of souls may not gain an advantage over you.”

He writes again, when his nephew had completed his course, “And now, it is scarcely necessary to remind you with what solicitude your whole circle of friends are watching your approach to the duties of public life, and how

necessary for their comfort that not a blot or stain should mar their anticipations. It sometimes requires years to recover from one misstep. Therefore it is wise always to be watchful, jealous of ourselves, always feeling our dependence on divine grace to keep us from errors, from dishonoring ourselves and our friends. I remember well, that when a young man, beset with strong temptations, my resolution was, not to be seen in company I should be ashamed of, and never to do an act which would make me afraid to look my friends in the face. I have sometimes thought, that perhaps the fear of dishonoring my kindred had more influence than the fear of offending my God. I trust, however, the latter consideration had more or less weight. * * * In all your intercourse with the young, gravity of deportment is expected by the pious, and when departed from, is noticed by the world. In theological students, this is expected more than of ordinary Christians."

There is much sound discretion in the following words, which show what were his views of the ministry into which he was laboring to bring his son and nephew, at great cost and

sacrifice. They were written to another nephew, who had just been licensed to preach.

“I am gratified to learn that you have set yourself comfortably to work in the station in which you are at present located. I trust God’s smiles may rest upon you, and that your present labors will only be a prelude to greater usefulness in the gospel vineyard.

“The apostle said, ‘Woe is me if I preach not the gospel.’ You will doubtless keep this object in view, not so much as a *profession*, to become rich and distinguished, but to glorify God and win souls to the Redeemer. In this preparation to become a workman that needeth not to be ashamed, you ought not to undermine your health by laying on *nature* more than it can bear. Due exercise of body is indispensable. You must look to that. The mental faculties, however richly cultivated, at the expense of a weak and broken down constitution, will illy compensate the sacrifice. As a Christian, and above all as a minister of the gospel, cultivate the spirit of evangelical piety. While you shun moroseness, gravity and sound words are most desirable traits of Christian

character. Jestings and foolish conversation are condemned by the apostle, and are to be watched against as unprofitable to ourselves and those who hear us. Young men, as well as old, indulge sometimes too much in this particular, and it often proves an offence and a stone of stumbling to others. When I first began to mingle in clerical associations, the jokes and repartees of ministers tended to lessen that high veneration I had entertained for them; and it may be so with others. I merely throw it out as a hint for general application."

Such were the views of Mr. Tuttle with reference to the gospel ministry, and to see his own son worthily filling such a station was his most anxious wish. He was not indifferent to that popularity which secures high political preferments; but these did not seem so desirable for his son as preferment to the position of an ambassador for God. By prayer and parental faithfulness he sought the early conversion of his children; and when his second son was first given to him a new creature in Christ, he consecrated him anew to God as a candidate for the gospel ministry. He spared no pains thor-

oughly to qualify him for that position, both mentally and spiritually. In his frequent letters to *Parkhurst*, and at home, he sought to impress him with a deep sense of the responsibilities he was seeking; and it was an unspeakable gratification to see that beloved son ripening into rare loveliness and spiritual strength. As a scholar, he ranked high in college; and as a Christian, no one had an unkind word to speak against him. When his collegiate course was ended, his cousin and friend, who was graduated at the same time, spent a year among his friends at the West; but he chose to proceed immediately to the Theological Seminary at Auburn. During that winter his letters exhibited a striking development of piety, and a growing likeness to the image of his Master. He spent the spring vacation of 1837 at home. During this season his friends remarked a great change in his character, which showed itself in his tender interest in the spiritual welfare of his impenitent kindred. To such he was unusually faithful, admonishing and entreating them with tears to be reconciled to God. After his return to

Auburn he was honored by his fellows in being elected to deliver an address before the Society of Inquiry, at the close of the term. But all these hopes were to be disappointed by a sudden and mysterious providence.

This thrilling incident took place on Saturday, June 24th, 1837, and can be best related in the following letter written to Mr. Tuttle by Dr. Cox, at that time a Professor in the Theological Seminary at Auburn.

“AUBURN, Sat., 10 P. M., June 24, 1837.

“MY DEAR FRIEND—When I last had the pleasure of an interview with you last month in the city of New York, our conversation turned very naturally, and very gratefully to me, on the character and promise of your excellent son Wm. P. Tuttle, of the Junior class in our institution. Little did I then think, my dear sir, while congratulating you as the father of such a son—little did I think five hours ago, that I should be called, in the providence of God, to perform such an office of solemnity and sympathy as that in which my pen is now engaged. May you be prepared by the grace of that Providence that has dictated the necessity,

to receive the tidings, which cannot be so disguised by tenderness or skill as not to strike with severity the bosom of a father. Yes, my dear sir, his heavenly Father loved him with an everlasting love, I doubt not; and has challenged his right, at your expense as it might seem for a moment, to transfer your son to his service and his presence, in his kingdom of glory. Your precious son is in a better world. 'How many fall as sudden, not as safe!' That God, 'whose way is in the sea, whose path is in the great waters, and whose footsteps are not known,' is your God, and his faithfulness is everlasting. You can trust HIM at all times, knowing that 'clouds and darkness' around his goings, are no prejudice to the light and the love in which he dwells, and in which 'is no darkness at all.'

"The circumstances of the solemn event, so far as we have been able to ascertain them, affect equally *four* of the Junior class, together ushered into the presence of God; your son, Mr. H. Smith of Johnson, Mr. Wm. Woodbridge of Stockbridge, Mass., and Simeon S. Johnson of Sweden, Monroe county. They all went

this afternoon to take a sail on the Owasco lake. They obtained a sail-boat, and as it was windy, and rather rough and showery, they put a number of stones in her bottom as ballast. When in the middle of the lake, about a mile from shore, they observed a storm of rain rising, and endeavored to make way towards the shore previously to its arrival. A squall struck their sheet; she lurched, and the stones suddenly shifted into the bow: the consequence was that the boat immediately lost its equilibrium. It filled and sunk 'in the twinkling of an eye.' * * * All that can be done under the impulse of humanity, piety, and skill, by us, rest assured, my dear brother, will be done. My soul sympathizes with you. I, too, have lost children. *Five* have been removed—four in less than six weeks—three in four days, and two in one coffin. But God is wise, good, and faithful; and 'blessed be the name of the Lord.' * * *

“It is a great shock to our seminary, and particularly to the Junior class. Your son had just been chosen by his peers, and approved by the Faculty, as one of the speakers at the approaching commencement in August. His char-

acter was lovely, regular, and honorable. His talents, attainments, and spirit, won for him the esteem of all the students and all the professors, in a degree uncommon. His memorial is fragrant, and will be cherished by us all with pious and affectionate sensibility. * * * I commend you to God. Vain is the help of man in such an hour. 'It is well.' * * * There is great sympathy universally felt. Many feel and many pray. You and other afflicted relatives will be remembered at the throne of grace in our supplications. May you be enabled to say, 'THE LORD LIVETH, and blessed be my Rock, and let the God of my salvation be exalted.' It is a solemn appeal and admonition to us all. O, may it be greatly blessed to all the youth, especially of Auburn and Newark. Grace be with you to 'glorify God in the fires.' With great sympathy and sincere affection, your friend and brother in the hope of Jesus Christ,
"SAMUEL H. COX."

On Monday about one o'clock, P. M., the body of Parkhurst was "recovered from its deep repose in the bottom of the Owasco." His watch indicated one quarter past four as the time when

he sunk; as it was probably stopped instantly by "the flooding of the water." The body of Mr. Johnson was not recovered until Saturday, about one week after the fatal event, and on Sunday those of Mr. Woodbridge and Mr. Smith. The interment of the bodies of Parkhurst and Mr. Johnson took place on Sunday at two, P. M., and that of the other two the same evening

Dr. Richards wrote to Mr. Tuttle on Monday, June 26th, "I am almost overborne by this distressing disaster. I was not at home when it occurred; and the news reached me while at Aurora, yesterday, whither I had gone to spend the Sabbath. It gave such a shock to my feelings that I could not continue the service in the afternoon; but felt it my duty immediately to return. But the will of the Lord is done, and we must not complain. It is a most painful stroke to our institution; and must be long and deeply felt by the immediate relatives of the deceased. May God support you, my dear friend, and your bereaved family."

From the address of Dr. Cox on Sabbath evening, at the graves of these regretted youths, we may take a single paragraph.

“RESPECTED FRIENDS AND BELOVED BRETHREN—This is a solemn day to us. It is a solemn place where we meet. When was the occasion paralleled? We do not dream; it is indeed a reality. We stand by the graves of four late students of the Junior class; four young, lovely, promising brethren ravished away from us as ‘in the twinkling of an eye,’ with the fulness of health, in the morning of their days, from the bleeding affections of the kindest relatives, and during the charm of the brightest prospects for a career of usefulness and honor in the present world. Since Auburn had ‘a local habitation and a name,’ has no such prodigy, or rather tragedy, of grief occurred. Nothing like it was ever known in the annals of our Theological Seminary before. And since the silver waters of the Owasco owned their present confines, its deep bosom never held a treasure so valuable and so honored as that which it has been coerced but recently to resign. This spot is consecrated in the future history and tradition of our time. Many a pilgrimage of tender and Christian sentiment, of affecting and enlightened sympathy, will

hereafter be made to it by the wise and good. Their memorial will live in the recollections and the interests of future ages and centuries. Their history will combine with that of our village and seminary; and many an inquirer will direct his footsteps to the graves of TUTTLE and JOHNSON, of SMITH and WOODBRIDGE, with a thrill profound of ingenuous feeling, and a consciousness of the incertitude of all terrestrial things, instructive and salutary, cherished and devotional. Here they rest, among the first fruits of our contributions from our seminary to this MACHPELAH of the departed; where also are deposited the remains of the late venerable PERRINE, our professor, our brother, and our friend. O, solemn indeed is the place where we stand, and sympathize, and weep, and worship. Farewell, ye well remembered, and ye tenderly beloved brethren, in the faith of Jesus. Farewell, ye friends of once sweet affection, and now sundered endearment. Your memory shall not perish with your corruptible forms. Your signal and ever affecting history we will not forget. They were lovely and pleasant in their lives, and in their death they were not divided."

Rarely is an event of such deep and thrilling interest chronicled; and rarely is the sympathizing and Christian generosity displayed by the inhabitants of Auburn and vicinity excelled. For a week, a hundred persons nobly searched the depths of the lake, and seemed to say in the admirable lines of Mrs. Sigourney, occasioned by the event,

“Restore the dead! give back those precious gems
Which thou hast ravished from us!——”

Such was the event which broke so suddenly upon friends, “whose dreams were full of hope,” concerning these lovely and promising youths, who were on the threshold of the gospel ministry. It excited the deepest feeling throughout the church, and elicited many prayers in behalf of the bereaved. Mrs. Sigourney consecrated the event by one of the most touching effusions of her pen; and withal, it stands as a marked event, which will not be forgotten for many years.

CHAPTER XVIII.

"THE FRUIT OF RIGHTEOUSNESS."

“Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace;
Behind a frowning providence,
He hides a smiling face.”

THIS intelligence fell on Mr. Tuttle with stunning power. The very circumstances of his son's death but added poignancy to his grief; and with characteristic fervor, he hastened to the mercy-seat and “told Jesus.” The interview he had there with Him who is not a High-priest who cannot be touched with a feeling of our infirmities, was not in vain; and then, instead of hurrying away to care for the lifeless remains of the departed, he went to a neighboring town where his only daughter was at school, to break to her the overwhelming sorrow which had fallen on them, and to teach her young heart how to bear it. It was just like him, and it was worthy of him. His nephews could well enough see to the sepulture

of the dead ; but who so well could tell the event to the stricken sister, and bow with her before a righteous God, in that hour of agony, as he her father ?

The spirit with which he himself met this sudden calamity is best exhibited in his own words, which will be expressive to show "the fruit of righteousness" which this grievous affliction wrought out for him. To his nephew he thus writes, under date of August 6, 1837 : "I have to acknowledge the receipt of your sympathizing letter, the early part of the past week. The sudden and unexpected exit of a beloved, affectionate, and obedient child—one whose promise of usefulness to the church of Christ, and of comfort to his parents and dear friends, had, as you intimated, excited some fond anticipations for the future, has been indeed an afflicting dispensation of Providence to me and the remaining members of my family. That four beloved youths, thus far in preparation for the ministry of reconciliation, should be snatched away in the twinkling of an eye, to the feeble ken of mortals seems to be dark and mysterious. My mind often reverts to the

melancholy scene with deep emotion ; but I dare not question the rectitude and wisdom and goodness of Jehovah, even in this painful affliction. I dare not quarrel with God, because he gave me a beloved child, and just as the bud of promise began to open, saw it wisest and best to take to himself his own precious gift. When a rebellious feeling arises, I endeavor to meet it with the armor of sacred truth : ‘Be still, and know that I am God ;’ ‘Shall not the Judge of all the earth do right ?’ and similar passages.

“But still the breach is very painful. We have had the prayers of very many friends ; and in answer to them, I trust we have experienced some of those gospel consolations which the world cannot give, or take away. Our duty is, to make a sanctified improvement of the affliction sent upon us. Our sorrows are greatly mitigated in the hope that our child was a child of grace ; that he had sincerely embraced the Saviour ; and that his immortal spirit has been carried by angels to Abraham’s bosom and the paradise of God. If so, why should we mourn departed friends ?

“Dr. Cox and Dr. Richards, in their letters to us, speak in the highest terms of the respect and esteem in which Parkhurst was held by them and his fellow-students. Professor McLean in his letter, and the Cliosophic Society in their resolutions, and indeed many others, all testify to his moral worth; and not only of our loss, but the loss which the community at large has sustained. So modest, so unassuming was he, that with all my parental feelings, I now think I did not appreciate his worth. * * * While I thus mourn over the loss of one beloved son, you will learn with pleasure, that I have some reason to hope and bless God for the spiritual life of the other.”

To his sister in Ohio Mr. Tuttle writes, October 30, 1837, “The sudden death of our dear Parkhurst, one whom you loved in common with us, was a painful trial to us. It cannot soon be forgotten. It yet weighs heavily on us; and his memory, his affectionate kindness, his moral worth, and the manner of his death, often, very often, recur with painful sensations. But we dare not doubt the wisdom, the mercy, and the goodness of this

affliction. To mortal eyes it seems a mysterious providence, that, in a moment of time, should be cut down four lovely youths looking to the gospel ministry, whose education, morals, and abilities promised much usefulness to the church of Christ; but even so, Father, so it seemed good in thy sight. We endeavor to hush our murmurings. It is a great consolation to us to indulge the hope that he sleeps in Jesus; that he has joined the happy spirits in heaven, and now unites in the song of redeeming love. Let us endeavor to make a wise improvement of this affliction—be more watchful, more prayerful, and more in readiness for our own last change.”

Under date of December 13, of the same year, he writes to his brother in Ohio, “The loss of our dear Parkhurst is still sensibly felt. My mind often turns to the affecting catastrophe with deep emotions; but I endeavor to repress all contention with God on account of this afflicting dispensation. It is all right—ordered in infinite wisdom, and well adapted to make us who survive more holy, more humble, and mindful of death. It is of the

divine mercy that any of us are spared. Our afflictions are lighter than our sins.

“In memory of our dear boy, we united with Mr. Woodbridge, brother to one of those who found a watery grave with Parkhurst, in procuring a monument in New York, and having it erected at Auburn. On the whole, it was thought best that their remains should be undisturbed, since the effect on the seminary for years, perhaps ages, might be salutary; and, we hope, more for the glory of God and the good of his cause, than the gratification of our selfishness. We had the names of all the four inscribed, with their residences and ages.”

No one can read without interest the lively gratitude with which he speaks of the same trial, and its special results in his family, in the following letter:

“MY DEAR NEPHEW—By the good hand of our heavenly Father, we are permitted to commence the cares and labors of another year—1838. The old year has passed; and while one dearly beloved has been snatched from our circle, the rest remain under cir-

cumstances of mercy. While our hearts often throb with deep emotion, in recollection of the unexpected and painful dispensation of Providence towards us during the year just closed, we have still mercies remaining for which I desire to be devoutly thankful. What are we sinners that we should be the recipients of any divine favors? Yet, are not his mercies new every morning, and repeated every evening? Shall we not, therefore, be humbled under his frowns, and thankful for remaining mercies? Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all within me bless his holy name.

“The paths of the Lord are often in deep waters. His counsels, how unfathomable! The death of one son was a great trial to me; but if, by the Holy Spirit, it has been spiritual life to the other, shall I not bow with humility to God’s holy will, and rejoice that he is on the throne, and that all things are ordered in infinite wisdom by him that cannot err?”

In the summer of 1838, Mr. Tuttle gratified his wish “to drop a tear over the grave of our dear lamented Parkhurst. I have thought it might be esteemed a parental duty,” he writes

to his brother, in July of that year; "and yet, when there are so many calls for our means, I have sometimes reflected that the expense of the tour might be more appropriately applied." In October, he writes again to his brother; and the following extract from that letter will tell its own message: "I presume L—— gave you an account of our visit to Auburn. It was a pleasant, but, in some respects, a melancholy privilege. We found many tender and sympathizing friends. We visited the lake where our dear Parkhurst found a watery grave, and the place where his remains were interred; but that kind voice, so grateful to a parent, was silent as the grave: no reciprocation of feeling, no response to the falling tear. But, blessed be God, we were sustained through all the thrilling feelings the occasion was calculated to inspire. It was enough for us to see the hand of God in the dispensation, to be humbled under it, and to be still and know that he is God. Though we mourned, it was not without hope. If his immortal spirit has entered the pure abode of heaven, why should we wish him back in this world of suffering,

care, and sin? However much he loved his friends on earth, were there not dearer friends in heaven? I think I do pray and desire that the painful dispensation may be sanctified for the spiritual and eternal good of all his surviving friends."

In December, 1838, he writes to his brother, among other things, that "the news of the explosion of the General Brown, on the Mississippi river, reached Newark last week. Two of our esteemed young men of this city were among the thirty or forty who were hurried into eternity without a moment's notice.

* * * The melancholy occurrence has created much sensibility in this city. Oh, how brittle a thread is human life; how liable to break at an hour least expected! How forcibly does this speak to the young, yea, to all ages, to be in readiness for the coming of the Son of man. It has keenly reminded us of the sudden and painful exit of our dear Parkhurst a year and a half ago. The will of the Lord is done, and blessed are surviving friends under such painful dispensations if they can acquiesce, and with the Psalmist say, 'I was

a weaned child, even as a child weaned of its mother.'”

This chapter may be closed appropriately, with an extract from a letter to his nephew, in July, 1839, at that time a member of the Auburn Theological Seminary: “Dear L——, though absent, I often think of you, and, I hope, try to commend you to the guidance and care of that Providence which suffers not a sparrow to fall without his notice. I have no doubt you feel that you are now attaining a very important and eventful era of life. If spared a little longer, you anticipate the pleasure of becoming a herald of the cross, and an ambassador of Christ; and in this, you may judge how cordially your friends unite. Your course of preparation thus far, has been by no insignificant means, and I trust they have not been misimproved. To be a gospel minister is a great attainment; and next to vital godliness and sound discretion, a thorough mental preparation is of the highest importance. A very familiar acquaintance with the whole tenor of Scripture, as well as a sound orthodoxy, ought not to be neglected. A great

display of oratorical power seems to me undesirable in the meek and humble follower of the Saviour; *the minister ought always to be behind the cross.* Plain, practical truth, instead of a pompous display of words, should be prominent in discourses from the sacred desk. But there is such a great variety in the tastes of hearers, that I am not surprised that even great and good men tremble when they attempt to speak to their fellow-sinners. The labors of a gospel minister are very arduous. The apostle seemed to view them so when he exclaimed, 'Who is sufficient for these things?' And I have no doubt every devoted minister feels his constant need of divine influence to direct, uphold, and cheer, amidst the discouragements and trials which he must encounter. Had dear Parkhurst lived and graduated this fall, a father's anxieties, as well as pleasures, would have been augmented. But it pleased God to order otherwise. While I still feel the pang of separation, I desire to be humble and submissive. I trust he truly loved the Saviour, and that now he rejoices in his smiles—his faith swallowed up in vision;

and however dearly he loved his earthly friends, no inducement could tempt him to leave the holy and happy society of heaven. He is gone a little before us; he has escaped the tempestuous sea of manhood and riper years; he has escaped much trial, much toil, perhaps much persecution for righteousness' sake. Dear, beloved child, peace to thy memory; gratitude and love for all thy endearing virtues.' ”

From the time of Mr. Tuttle's experiencing this affliction, he acted as if he felt that his principal business was, to comfort the sorrowing, visit the widow and fatherless in their affliction, provoke the brethren to love and good works, warn the impenitent, and in one word, to “watch for souls as they who must give account.” The hallowed influence of that bereavement, to which he so often alluded, and the remembrance of which was tenderly cherished to the day of his death, was to be seen in his laborious visits of mercy, in his increased longings for heaven, in his meek and benevolent face, in his fervent prayers, and in every relation which brought him in contact

with his fellow-men. He was a proof of what the apostle has said: "Now no chastening for the present seemeth to be joyous, but grievous: nevertheless, afterward it yieldeth the peaceable fruit of righteousness unto them which are exercised thereby."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE SABBATH-SCHOOL AND BETHEL CHURCH.

“Go ye out into the highways and hedges.”

FOR a number of years, Mr. Tuttle was either a teacher or superintendent in the Sabbath-school; and his feelings concerning this great cause are well set forth, in an address which he made at a monthly concert of prayer for Sabbath-schools.

“Is not the kingdom of Christ to be promoted and advanced by the instrumentality of Sabbath-schools? Yes, verily. Next to the preaching of the gospel, I know of no means more destructive to Satan’s kingdom, than well-regulated Sabbath-schools. Have we not seen, have we not heard, in a multitude of cases, of their transforming influence on the hearts of teachers and children? Have we not heard of powerful revivals of religion having their origin in Sabbath-schools? And what numbers, who now adorn the visible church of

Christ, and have become, or are becoming lively stones in the spiritual edifice, will ever remember with gratitude their Sabbath-school advantages, and reverence the name of Robert Raikes the founder of the enterprise.

“Were the object of Sabbath-schools limited to the simple idea of cultivating the minds of the thousands of the young and ignorant who swarm the streets of every village, town, and city, it would be a most worthy and important undertaking; but when we connect with it the *moral* influence it is to exert in society, the magnitude of the object is greatly increased. But these objects, however important in themselves, are as a mole-hill to a mountain when contrasted with the primary object of Sabbath-schools; which is, to impress religious truth on the mind of the rising generation; to make them acquainted with the divine requirements; to convince them that they are sinners, and totally depraved; that they must repent and believe, and be regenerated by the Holy Spirit, or perish; and that there is no other Saviour but the Lord Jesus Christ. To fit young immortals for usefulness in the church

below, and for glory and blessedness in the church triumphant in heaven, is what good men in every age have desired to accomplish; is what angels rejoice to witness; and is a most impressive echo of the prayer of our Saviour, 'Thy kingdom come.'

"Now in this great and good work, you, my fellow-teachers, are engaged; and in it you cannot be engaged too actively and devoutly. Will you shrink from the delightful and honorable employment? Will you repress your efforts to do good? Are you willing to see the youth neglected, and again roaming the streets on the Sabbath? I will anticipate your reply. I hear your unanimous resolve. 'Nay, we will go forward, we will not relax our exertions; having put our hand to the plough, we will not look back. It is a privilege as well as a duty, to be permitted to be coworkers for the kingdom and glory of our Redeemer on earth.'"

These were not idle words with their author. He was a practical man, who strove to carry out his own suggestions; but while thus actively engaged in the Sabbath-school, he never relaxed for a moment his instructions

at home. This sphere was his peculiarly ; and he never felt that his own family could be instructed adequately in the Sabbath-school, nor even from the pulpit, without his keeping in energetic operation the home-school. What he did from principle, and with his might, for this, he did for every benevolent enterprise, at home and abroad. But there was one for which he had a very special interest. This will be shown by the following letter from the chaplain of the Bethel church in Newark.

“My acquaintance with Mr. Tuttle commenced in 1837, when he became a subscriber to the Bethel cause of twenty-five dollars a year. In 1838, I had occasionally an opportunity of some Christian conversation with him, which to me was always pleasant and profitable, as there was so much of that simplicity which characterizes the truly devoted follower of the Lord of life and glory. His religion was not that of the head or tongue merely, it was that of the heart ; it was Bible religion, as it is described in the thirteenth chapter of the first epistle to the Corinthians. I have often admired his countenance when telling of some good the Lord was

doing here or there. It mattered not to him what denomination it was which was thus honored of the Lord; he could say with the apostle James, 'If any of you do err from the truth, and one convert him, let him know that he which converteth the sinner from the error of his way shall save a soul from death, and shall hide a multitude of sins.'

"In the year 1842, Mr. Tuttle aided in organizing a Bethel Union Society for the express purpose of providing for the support of the pastor of the Bethel church. He often encouraged me with his presence some part of the Sabbath, when he would be usually accompanied with one or two friends. In the absence of his own minister, he would so arrange often as to have me lecture on Thursday evening. These were refreshing seasons to me, from previous prayer and conversation at his own house, thus exhibiting to all around his Christian motto, 'Peace be with all them who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity.' In this trait of his character, you will pardon me when I say, he was no sectarian, only in the sense in which every man ought to be;

that is, he loved his own church, his own minister, his own people; at the same time that he held out the right hand of fellowship to all, believing that the children of God were to be found in every church.

“His willingness to do good I have often witnessed. When I have related any tale of distress which came under my observation, how cheerfully he would give me something to relieve their necessities; and when he would pick up ten or twenty dollars for me, he would give it to me the same day, and hand it over with as much joy as one who had found great spoil. On Thanksgiving day, or New-Year’s day, he was sure to make some provision for me; if not otherwise, he would do it out of his own purse.

“The close of his valuable life was marked by the same zeal in the Bethel cause, which had been so conspicuous in former years. By his death, I have lost a sincere, long-tried friend; and the church, one of her brightest ornaments.”

Such is the testimony of a fellow-laborer in a most difficult and trying department of Christian effort. “Blessed is that servant whom his Lord, when he cometh, shall find so doing.”

CHAPTER XX.

“BRETHREN, THE TIME IS SHORT.”

“For the shadows of the evening are stretched out.”

WE have already seen that Mr. Tuttle was a severe economist of time in early life. These habits he maintained to the last. He was an early riser ; and we find that many of his epistles to his friends were written in the morning by candlelight. As an editor and publisher of a political paper, he had as many cares as one man could well attend to. In addition to this, he had a bookstore, and transacted the notarial business of one of the banks in Newark. And yet, with all these labors, such was his rigid husbandry of time, so perfectly did every thing arrange itself into a well-considered system, that it was a rare occurrence that any business ever interfered with his attendance either at the weekly lecture or prayer-meeting. In the greatest press of business he managed to secure a little time every

week to step into some sick-room, or to make a visit of mercy to the afflicted. It is almost certain, that not many weeks during the last twenty years of his life passed, without his making some call as a Christian and an elder of the church, on some families which his catalogue told him needed either comfort, exhortation, or prayer. It is the object of this chapter to trace out his abiding impression of the shortness of time, as manifested in his letters and conduct. As far back as 1832, he thus writes to his brother :

“I think how soon our days will be numbered and our spirits be in the eternal world, even should our span be lengthened out to threescore and ten; which we have scarce a right to expect. How important that we improve the fleeting years, to fill up the measure of our days with usefulness and duty. ‘The night cometh, in which no man can work.’” And as if to show how *practical* his views were, he developes a plan to extricate a feeble church from debt, as that which must be pleasing to the Head of the church.

As might have been expected, the death of

his son produced a marked change in him; and from that period we find him gradually closing up his business, in order that he might devote the principal part of his time to actual labor in the cause of Christ. By his economy, notwithstanding his never-ceasing liberality to every good cause, he had secured such a competence as was sufficient, he says, "to afford an economical living to the family, and at the same time contribute a little to the almost weekly calls of benevolence at our doors;" and in 1840, he writes to one of his nephews, "I feel great reluctance to enter on new engagements calculated to incur debt; but wish to keep even with the world, owing no man any thing but *love*." After referring to some facts which had compelled him to step over this rule to aid a friend, he adds, "I advert to these matters, not to 'proclaim it on the house-top,' but merely that you may, in some measure, appreciate my circumstances." He had thought his nephew might need assistance, although no application had been made to him for it. He continues his letter to this young man in the following kindly strain: "I have

been pleased to hear from time to time of your advances in your collegiate course, and I ardently hope your learning will be for the glory of God and the salvation of souls. Though I intimated at the outset of your studies, that perhaps your age might render it inexpedient to commence a course of education with the ministry in view, yet after you resolved to do it as a duty, my feelings have been kind to the object, and I have all along participated with other friends in the hopeful prospect that with the blessing of God you would at some future time be inducted into the ministry of the gospel of Christ. I am now rejoiced that with your economy, diligence, and partial assistance, you are so soon to terminate your collegiate course, and with so little pecuniary embarrassment. The result demonstrates how much more can be accomplished by young men of enterprise and economical habits, than they themselves anticipate. At this point let your Ebenezer be erected to the Lord. * * * In order to do what I desired for ——, I have denied myself many indulgences; many things in the family, needful, but not absolutely ne-

cessary, to keep myself from being embarrassed. 'The *muck-rake*' has been kept too steadily in operation, until I am nearly sixty years old; and advancing age reminds me to retire as much as possible from the cares and business of the world."

It is very plain from this letter, that its author felt that the "shadows of the evening were stretched out," warning him that sunset was near. When he spoke of his being tired of his "muck-rake," although condemning himself as an unprofitable servant, he could not truthfully have carried out Bunyan's homely but expressive figure of the man over whose head there stood one "with a celestial crown in his hand, and proffered him that crown for his muck-rake; but the man did neither look up nor regard, but raked to himself the straws and small sticks and dust of the floor." Providence in a very marked manner had assigned him a position of usefulness, a part of which was "to rake up the straws and sticks and dust of the floor;" not to prefer them to the proffered crown, but because in their proper place they are the good man's instrument for

advancing the glory of God. He used that muck-rake assiduously, but as a duty to God ; and when duty to his Master permitted it, he joyfully laid it down to engage in more congenial employments.

In 1841, he writes to his brother, "With my advancing age, I am often reminded of the exclamation of the apostle, 'Brethren, the time is short;' and I feel increasingly the obligations I am under to God to fill up the remainder of life with usefulness and duty."

Notwithstanding his low estimate of his own improvement of time in visiting the members of the church and others, there is evidence that his labors were very abundant, even at that time ; and they became gradually much more so, until his death.

In 1843, he writes, "Verily it is of the Lord's mercies that we live—live under the light of the gospel, and have in prospect the joys of an immortal crown, where sin and sorrow shall no more obtrude, and where Christian friends meet, to part no more for ever. As age and infirmities advance on us, I am often reminded of the declaration of the apostle, 'Brethren, the time is

short;' and of the great importance of having our lamps trimmed and our lights burning."

In December, 1844, Mr. Tuttle addressed a letter to the Hon. Henry Clay on the occasion of his defeat at the presidential election, then just passed. The allusions to Mr. Clay's early history, etc., although well-timed, are not to our present purpose in referring to the correspondence; but other parts of it are more general, and at the same time eminently Christian in spirit, and may be here selected without impropriety. He says, "Shall we quarrel with Him whose providence is so extensive and minute that not a sparrow falls to the ground without his notice? * * * The Lord reigns: he can bring light out of darkness, order out of confusion."

With great deference the writer presents the interesting subject which more than all others occupied his mind. "In age you are ten years my senior; and yet I am accosted by those around me as *an old man*. Certainly my earthly sun is far advanced toward the western horizon; and I cannot but feel the scriptural declaration, 'Brethren, the time is short.' To

men of our age this must especially be true. Most of the companions of my youth have already reached that bourne whence no traveller returns. A new generation has taken their place. Can we refrain the plaintive inquiry, 'Our fathers, where are they?' Under such impressions, when age is causing 'the almond-tree to flourish,' and bodily infirmities admonish us that the ardor of youth is gone, is it not pleasant to retire to our own homes, there to spend what remains of life in pursuits adapted to our condition and anticipations? * * * * And in the day when the keepers of the house shall tremble, the strong men shall bow themselves, and the pitcher shall be broken at the fountain, may your end be peaceful, and may it be your unspeakable happiness to receive the greeting, 'Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord.'"

To this letter Mr. Clay sent the following reply:

"ASHLAND, December 31, 1844.

"DEAR SIR—I tender you my cordial thanks for your friendly letter. The topics of consolation for my recent defeat in the presidential

election, are kindly selected by you, and are entitled to great weight. But my personal concern in the event does not deserve much consideration. Our solicitude should be for our country; and I sincerely hope that its honor, its peace, and its prosperity may not be affected by it.

“Your interesting letter is worthy of a much longer reply than I am able to transmit; but such continues to be the oppressive extent of my correspondence that I am constrained to be very brief. I cannot conclude, however, without cordially reciprocating all your friendly wishes for my welfare and happiness here and hereafter.

“Your friend and obedient servant,

“H. CLAY.”

In 1845, he thus writes to his sister again: “We desire to record the mercies of our heavenly Father, that so many of us are still spared; but months and years are fast passing away; the sun is descending towards the horizon; we are getting along in the front ranks of those who are old, and our places must soon give place to another generation. Are we looking out for the coming of the Son of man, our lamps trimmed,

and our lights burning? Though now separated by distance, if we are among the ransomed of the Lord, a few more rising and setting suns, a few more years of cares and toils, and the heavenly Canaan will burst into view—that ‘land of pure delight, where saints immortal reign;’ whence tears and sighs and sin and separations are for ever banished.” In another letter, he says, “Is it not our heavenly Father who has kept our eyes from tears, our feet from falling, and our souls from death? Yet the wheels of time are in rapid progress, hurrying us through our mortal state to our last account. Verily our years are as a tale that is told; they fly quickly away. As we draw nearer the heavenly Canaan, does our faith strengthen, and do our joys increase in the humble hope of the rest which remains for the people of God—of being with the Saviour, and that innumerable company which no man can number, made white by the blood of the Lamb? I often think of the admonition of the apostle, ‘Brethren, the time is short.’ And how important it is, to gird up the loins of our minds, and be in readiness for the Master’s coming!”

In his frequent letters, especially to his brother and sister at the West, it is remarkable how often he repeats the apostle's words, "Brethren, the time is short." It was a becoming motto to one who wished to be in readiness for the Master's coming.

CHAPTER XXI.

“AND HE WAS NOT, FOR GOD TOOK HIM.”

“Tell me, my soul, can this be death?”

MR. TUTTLE'S diary extends to the Saturday previous to his death, which occurred on Monday, February 22, 1847, at the age of 65 years and six months. Among these records are to be found the names of widows, of the poor, the sorrowing, the careless, the aged; and almost every day has some testimony that he was feeding the flock of which he was an under-shepherd. It will be pleasing to extract a few of these records: “February 11. Visited Mrs. and Miss ——, about to remove to New York. Also called on widow ——. Conversed with her and her daughter-in-law. Also on Mrs. —— and her mother-in-law. Also on Mrs. ——. After conversation, closed with prayer. I also called on ——, whose wife is a member. Found his mind in quite an interesting state; willing to talk on the subject of religion; con-

versed and prayed with him." "February 13. Called on widow ——, and spent some time with her and her mother. Closed with prayer." "February 19. This evening met Mr. ——; had conversation with him; entreated him and his wife no longer to 'halt between two opinions.'" "February 20. Called on ——, and had a general conversation with him. Also on Mrs. ——, who is unwell, and has recently buried her youngest child. Tried to impress on her the duties of a holy and Christian life."

A meeting was held at the house of Mr. Tuttle on the Saturday previous to his death, to raise the balance due the chaplain of the Bethel church. As some few dollars were needed in addition to the collection made at that meeting, on Monday he was engaged in this work; and the money thus collected was carefully rolled up in a piece of paper, marked, "Bethel Church." This was found in his pocket that evening after death had done its work.

It now remains to give an account of his death; and this will be done by transcribing

the letter of Mr. Uzal J. Tuttle of Newark, to Rev. Jacob Tuttle of Columbus, O.

“DEAR BROTHER—I have to tell you sad news, which will cause your heart to bleed with ours—news which has come upon us like the lightning’s flash and rent our hearts to the very core ; and which will cause many hearts in the midst of us, not immediately connected with us, to mourn. Our dear brother, and, I may say, our father, is no more. Yes, brother William Tuttle is dead ! He has entered upon that rest that remaineth for the people of God, for which he ardently panted, and for which a well-spent life, a life filled up to the very last with industrious preparation for it, gave him, as he has often recently expressed it to me, an assured hope of his interest in an atoning Saviour.

“On Monday, February 22, he was about his usual business, and engaged in various calls until about half-past four in the afternoon. He then went down Broad-street ; and when on the corner of Broad and Market streets, stopped and looked in different directions for his horse and sleigh, which a young boy had taken for a

ride. Standing there only a minute or two, he spoke to one of his Sabbath-school scholars passing along; which was probably the last word he ever spoke. Then turning to go home, it is supposed that he felt suddenly unwell, and made an effort to get into the store on the corner, but fell on the door-step, and instantly expired. Physicians were immediately called, but could render no assistance; and his body was taken to his dwelling amid the tears of surviving friends, and a sorrowing community. His disease was undoubtedly apoplexy; of which he had had some symptoms, but of no serious nature as was supposed. But he has gone. We can but remember his many virtues, and take the consolations which religion affords, and wait with patience until our change come.

* * * But my heart is too full, to add any more at present. Still the thought recurs, that before you read these lines the clods of the valley will be pressing that heart, whose pulsations through life beat only to do good, and whose warm benevolence we have so often experienced."

It was not an unfitting death; nor, to one

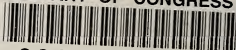
so well prepared, was it an undesirable way of passing through the dark valley. "The heavenly Canaan had burst suddenly into view." Vigorous, active, and on duty, the curtain which separated him from heaven was suddenly drawn aside, and he was at home. There was no horror of great darkness, no sinking of soul, no trembling before 'the last enemy, death.' It was as though God had sent sweet sleep upon his servant; and when he awoke, it was in heaven. "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

Such was the life, and such the usefulness, the peace, and the translation of a humble, unpretending, yet most highly-honored servant of God. Is it too much to suppose, that the gorgeous imaginings of John Bunyan were realized by this ascending Christian? "These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did, with shouting and sound of the trumpet. This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before and some behind, and some on the right hand and

some on the left ; continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high, so that the very sight was, to them that could behold it, as if heaven itself had come down to meet them. * * * Thus I heard in my dream that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, ENTER YE INTO THE JOY OF OUR LORD. I also heard the men themselves, that they sang with a loud voice, saying, *Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power, be unto HIM THAT SITTETH UPON THE THRONE, and unto the LAMB for ever and ever !*”

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