

Literature, &c.

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From Hogg's Instructor.

THE SCOTTISH MORAVIAN BOY.

'Must we part with him! must he be separated from my home and my heart?' said the wife of the tailor, as she clasped her little boy of about six years of age in her arms, and looked wistfully at her husband.

'God's will be done,' said the husband meekly.

'True, true,' replied the wife softly, while the tears started into her blue eyes, and she kissed the lips of her son. 'Yet oh! it is hard to part with him and he is so young.'

'He is older than Samuel was when he was led by Hannah to Eli,' replied the husband; but his voice visibly trembled as he spoke, and he bent his eyes to the ground like one who was attempting to be a comforter, but one who needed comfort.

'This is a harder trial, my husband, than leaving the humble home of our early married life,' said the wife in a trembling voice. 'I sighed to leave its walls deserted, and its hearth cold and cheerless; but to leave my blue-eyed, sunny-haired boy—oh, it will kill me.'

The tailor looked thoughtfully at his wife for some time; any one who would have looked at him would have easily observed that he was not unaccustomed to think; then slowly rising from his seat apart, he drew close to her and gently took her hand. 'He is not ours, my dear wife,' he began, gently; 'he is the Lord's who gave him. I have reason to think the boy blessed with talents superior to Robert or Ignatius, and I think he cannot employ them better than in the service of his master.'

The mother did not answer; she parted the beautiful yellow ringlets from her oldest son's brow, and looked into his eyes, which were so soft and blue; and as the tears gathered into her own, she saw the answering moisture in the child's, she clasped him in her arms and sobbed aloud.

'Why do you weep mother?' said the boy weeping because his mother did so. 'are we going away from this place too?' He paused a moment, wiped away his tears, as a thought struck him, and then hastily exclaimed. 'Ah we shall go back to Scotland, mother, and see the hills and streams where I was born. You have often told me of it, and you have sometimes sung its songs. We shall go back to it and be happy.'

'You may revisit it, my dear child, I never shall,' replied the mother sadly. 'duty calls me to far other scenes, and subjects me to greater trials than even forsaking Scotland forever. I must part with you.'

The child looked first at his mother's sad countenance, and then at his father's thoughtful face. There was an expression on each that chilled the warm and buoyant aspirations of his young and fresh spirit, and yet that expression was neither unkind nor repulsive. The cloud came over the sunlight of his soul, however; the sense of loneliness and sorrow began to dawn upon his awakening spirit, and this little fair-haired, blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked boy felt the expression on his heart of a first grief. His mother's eyes that were so bright and beaming, his father's smile that went to be so full of love and joy; alas! he began to feel that his youth and these—youth summer and its suns—were not eternal.

'You shall go to school, Jamie,' said his mother in his ear, 'and you shall be a good and useful man; and when I come back from the distant Indies, I shall be proud to hear you read and teach the people, and if I never come back,' she added, sighing, and looking upwards with a calm countenance, 'the spirit of your mother's love shall always hover round your path of life.'

'Oh! when you come back,' said the imaginative boy, his young mind quickly forgetting the realities of the hour in the brightness and joy of the future, 'we shall have the tables spread with a love-feast, and the voices of the brethren shall mingle in praises and glad songs.'

The father and mother both smiled at this burst of their son, and, looking fondly at each other, a calm satisfaction and feeling of resignation settled on their minds.

The tailor and his wife were Moravians—they were of that small but loving brotherhood who claim to have existed since sixty years prior to the Reformation, and who adhere to the confession of faith which Melancthon subsequently drew up and presented to the early reformers at Augsburg. Professing to adhere rigidly to the life and practice of the apostles and first Christians, they do not set apart a portion of the brethren to preach or minister to the people, as did the Levites of old; but like Paul of Tarsus, their teachers labour with their hands for bread. The tailor then, in addition to his humble worldly employment, preached the faith of Jesus according to the light which was in him; and the mildness of his spirit and earnestness of his zeal blessed and quickened his labours for good. The lots had been cast in the council of the brethren, however, and it had fallen to him to forego home, kindred and even his children, in obeying the mandate of the Master—he must go to the island of the western continent to those who sat in darkness for it had fallen to him to do this work. The Moravian missionary was a father, and nature

had blessed him with one of the kindest and warmest of hearts. He did not hesitate to leave his home and his country and the society of those he loved, but he felt all the regrets and pangs of a sensitive and loving heart; and he rejoiced that he felt them, for he said that the sacrifices of his affections was the most precious oblation which he could offer up upon the altar of duty to the Lord.

'Farewell, my own native land,' he exclaimed, as the blue hills of Britain were swallowed up by the approaching night. 'Farewell, the home of my sweet and precious boy,' sighed his wife, as she clung to the missionary's arm and laid her head upon his shoulder.

They were on shipboard ploughing the mighty face of the heaving and shrinking Atlantic—they were leaving all behind them they knew, but not all that they loved—the dark and degraded children of Ethiopia were precious to their hearts, as the children of the Almighty Father, and they had left their own dear child to God and their brethren in the faith, while, illumined by the hopes, promises, and requirements of religion, they had gone forth into the wilderness of the world to scatter the treasures of the Word. They were crossing the mighty ocean as soldiers of the cross. Now they sleep among the islands of the west, beneath the palm and the cedar shade; and when the sun throws his noonday brightness on the white crested waves, the halo of his glory falls shadowless upon their graves. They are gone away from earth, and the scenes of their youth and infancy will see them no more for ever. Their fair-haired boy may sit and dream of them in the solitudes of nature and in the lonely watches of the night, but they shall never come again, for father and mother both are sleeping beneath the lion star on distant and foreign shores.

In Yorkshire, near to the city of Leeds, there is a beautiful and peaceful little village, called Felneck, where many of the most eminent Moravians dwell; connected with this little community is an educational establishment, and thither was the little Moravian boy sent. He was a sweet and gentle lad, and soon ingratiated himself with all connected with his new home. He studied the mystic symbols of learning with all the avidity and diligence of a scholar according to Ignatius Rimius's own heart, and he excelled in agile manly exercises, although he was neither very robust nor forward. He was kind and generous to his compeers, and he was obedient and respectful to his seniors. Everybody loved him that knew him—they could not help it, and yet though surrounded by—ay, bathed in—the sunlight of generous affection, strange retiring, musing moods would come over the boy, and he would sit and dream of the little cottage where he was born, of his own native Scotland, and of his father and mother until the tears would start into his eyes from the deepest fountains of his heart, called forth by the strength and intensity of his feelings. He used to absent himself for days from the school, and to roam solitarily among the beautiful scenery near which he dwelt, much to the fear and anxiety of old M. Latrobe; but when evening and hunger would send him home, he would listen to the admonitions of the elders and his old master with so respectful an air that they could not find it in their hearts to punish him, but would allow him to pursue his musings and wanderings almost without censure, spite of harsher previous determinations.

Time however, did not work any change in the habits of the boy, but rather tended to confirm them; and he had arrived at fourteen years of age with his predilection for roaming amongst nature and solitude grown into a confirmed and imperative habit. M. Latrobe, his kind indulgent teacher, loved the boy. He had taken to him with all the partiality and strength with which virtuous, intelligent age clings to quickness of intellect in youth; and like a fond and devoted father who was desirous of leaving his son all the wealth of knowledge and experience which he had acquired during life, the old man sought with fond assiduity to enlighten the boy's mind, and he also sought to shield him from the wrath of the managers. It would not always do, however, the Moravian missionary's son must become a Moravian preacher, or the purpose for which he had been sent to Felneck was not fulfilled; it was therefore determined by the elders of the community to admonish the youth, and if he did not listen to their instructions, to send him to one of the brethren that he might acquire a trade.

The Scottish boy had gone forth with the lark one morning; but the birds had ceased to sing, the clouds had gathered over the face of the sky, and the lights had been gleaming for an hour from the windows of Felneck before he had returned. M. Latrobe was distressed, and the other dignitaries of the council looked grave, when, weary and thoughtful, he was brought before them, but they all declared that 'it would not do.'

'Are you not afraid to stay so long away alone?' said M. Latrobe, in a kindly tone, when the graver faces and questions of his brethren had made the sensitive boy's tears to fall.

'Alone,' said the boy, looking earnestly in the old man's face, while at the same time he caught his hand; 'ah my dear M. Latrobe, I can never alone. Amongst the spray of the waterfall, I see my mother's eyes like stars glistening upon me. In the soft wind that sighs among the trees, I hear her voice come back like music to my spirit, from our dear old home; and in the songs of the birds,

I hear the warbling voices of my brothers. I am never alone; for has thou not told me that God is everywhere?' said the lad with charming simplicity 'that he is ever with me, I know. I have seen the reflection of his glory in the mellow sunlit sky, and I have seen a portion of his beauty in a thousand tinted wild flowers; and I have listened to his voice in the thunder and in the torrent,' continued the enthusiastic youth, whilst the awe which he felt overspread his speaking countenance. Alone! I am most alone among the haunts of strange unknown men.'

M. Latrobe looked wistfully around upon the brethren, but he saw no sympathy in any of their faces; he therefore sighed and turned to the boy and said, 'Yes James, it is beautiful, it is even profitable to look upon nature and to know it; but it is now demanded of you that you forego these wanderings, or else you must forego the purpose of your father's heart.'

'And must I cease to roam among God's glorious works?' said the boy. 'Must devotion to my calling bring a surcease of all my heart loves! It cannot be—it will not be,' he cried with flashing eyes. 'I shall go to the hills and fields while there is life in my bosom; they revive the memory of my country—they keep my parents alive in my heart; I should die unless I were permitted to see and converse with nature.'

The elders looked at one another and spoke for a few seconds together, after this outburst of boyish feeling, and then it was determined that James should leave Felneck and become an apprentice to one of the brethren.

On the morrow the lad in company with his future master, was trudging along the road, hopeful and happy; for although to one of his temperment the disruption of social ties was productive of severe and keen sensations of sorrow, his hopes and dreams of the future were more than ordinary bright. In the shop of his old friend, however, the every day routine of a quiet business soon dispelled all his visions of bliss; and while the merchant of Mirfield was counting over small change, and weighing or measuring out goods to his customers, his apprentice was sighing over his hard fate, or sitting in the back shop conning over books.

'I cannot conceive where he procures these trashy volumes,' said the grocer to his wife; 'but that boy contrives to have books, while I through his negligence, lose my customers; There was yesterday, no farther gone, he gave old Mrs Buret coffee instead of snuff, and he charged only four shillings for the calico which he carried to mother Stripton. I cannot put up with him; he cares for nothing but rhymesters and such like cattle.'

'He brought me a beautiful bouquet from Moorfields, two days ago,' said the grocer's wife, 'and I saw the tear in his eye when he presented it. I am sure he has a kind heart.'

'Oh! that to be sure,' said the grocer gruffly; 'but kind hearts, you know don't pay my accounts at the year's end, I cannot put up with him unless he mends his ways.'

'Hillo you James,' he would cry, 'unless you give over reading these ballads and nonsense you must shift your quarters; reading behind the counter won't do for me.'

'Odd moments are precious things, Mr Dykes,' the boy would reply; but Mr Dykes thought particles of tea and sugar far more precious things than moments, and he so constantly kept dunning this fact in the ear of his apprentice that the lad grew tired of his theme and voice, and with staff and bundle set off alone, and with three and sixpence in his pocket, for the great Babylon of London.

'Good morning, Mr Dykes,' cried the youth as he stepped into the bright morning sunlight 'I shall stand behind your counter to listen to your scolding no more. I shall to London and win poetic bays. You have laughed at rhymesters and mocked my devotion to the muses; but neither the elders of Felneck nor all the grocers in Mirfield could extinguish the fire for poetry. I am of Scotland; I am of the land of Burns,' cried the youth dancing along with light and airy tread. 'Ah, who knows but that the cottage where I was born may become the goal of many a pilgrimage! Who knows but the land of Coila may become classic ground for my sake.'

'Ay, who kens what wierd ye may dree, my braw callant?' said the old equestrian interrupting him. 'Ye are of Scotland say ye! then may Scotland ne'er be ashamed of ye.'

The old man whom he addressed was mounted on a stout squat Galloway, which bore his square and somewhat bent form with great apparent ease. A long queue hung down his back, and his well-powdered hair was surmounted by a three-cornered hat; his legs, which were encased in black silk breeches and top-boots, hung loosely by the side of his steed. In his right hand he carried an enormous whip, as if he intended not to chastise but extinguish 'Homer' on his first indication of refractoriness, and in his left hand he held a book, on which his keen, piercing eyes were fixed with an earnestness that showed he had every faith in old Homer's uniformity of trot, notwithstanding the enormous ferule which he swung mechanically over his head.

'Yes I am o' Scotland,' said the eccentric stranger, in a kindly tone, as he eyed the boy keenly. 'Ye hae the fair locks, the blue o'een, and the proud looks o' my countrymen,' he added; 'fair fa' ye, my bonny lad-die.'

'Do you know of Ayr?' said the youth, laying his hand on Homer's crupper, and looking up in the stranger's thoughtful yet kindly face.

'Know it! ay, lad, and him who has made it the Mecca of the young poet of every land. Hast thou not heard of Burns?'

'Yes, yes!—of the peasant bard!' said the youth his breast heaving with proud emotion and his eye flashing with the reflection of his own poetic soul; 'I have heard of him.'

'Then read in this his wayward dream his bright fancies, and his proud assertions of the peasant's birthright,' cried the old man as he threw the boy the book which he had been reading and trotted on his way.

The truant Moravian lifted the volume and read upon the blank leaf the name of Barn's friend, the eccentric Lord Monboddo.

'I shall keep this book as a talisman,' he exclaimed. 'It shall be my *vade mecum* the solace of my weary hours.'

High in hope, and full of the young and vigorous strength of health, James walked for London. Visions of fame and honours danced on before him, and lured him on, if they had been stray beams from Paradise and although his limbs were weary and his eyes heavy when he reached Wentworth, he sat down in the little taproom of the village and threw his bundle on the table with the air of one who knew the world and was not afraid to face it. Grouped around the table were several rustics, whispering their ideas of liberty, and listening to each other's notions of government and politics. They were men with honest, red faces, which were full of the intelligence of beef and bacon, and shined with the reflection of lard and dumplings. They were men whose hands had been trained to labour, but whose minds had been allowed to grapple with little more than twenty-six propositions called the English alphabet. They knew little of the world beyond them, and what little they did know was to that poor world's disadvantage. Liberty they believed to be the bugbear which the lord of the manor interpreted it; politics Pandora's box to all who openly breathed their proscribed name.

'And dost thou say my lad, that maister Fitzwilliam is a good un?' said a rustic across the table to an open faced youth, who was evidently unknown to him.

'One who is friendly to the oppressed and to the poor, and a lover of liberty, cannot be anything else,' was the lad's reply.

'Oh, art thou art one of the liberty boys?' cried the countryman with a loud laugh; 'here here comrades, here is one of them some abouts; a fine spirit of a leveller he looks like; continued the peasant sneeringly. 'Ode but I could snap him in twain himself.'

'But you will not,' interrupted the young Moravian, soothingly; 'Englishmen were never meant to quarrel with each other, or they would not have been placed upon the same green sward. 'Come friends,' he said 'I am young, but I have read many books, and he have told me that liberty is a beautiful thing that brightens and cheers the darkest lot; his limbs make light toil; and free laws make willing subjects; but free or bond we are brothers and let us agree.'

'Oh, ho!' shouted the peasants in chorus as they turned towards the boy, 'here here handsome parliamenter come amongst us. Here man drink, and let us hear what he has to say.'

'I never drink,' replied the boy proudly 'none who truly love liberty ever do. I have come into this room to rest, and to ask lodgings for the night.'

'Though shalt go with me,' said the young man whom the countryman had first addressed, 'and my father shall share his own bed with thee before thou wastest one.'

He rose as he spoke, and lifting the young Moravian's bundle, led him to the inn door amid the cheers and sneers of the beer drinkers, and holding him proudly by the hand conducted him to the village of Wath.

Again tossed by chance or circumstance into the path of trade, the youth found himself once more retailing dry goods for a subsistence; but the father of his young friend whom he now served, unlike Mr Dykes, encouraged him to pursue his studies, and often when he spoke to him of his customers, he would declare that the world would hear about him.

'Very lively' was the invariable reply of old Isaac Rathbone, the Diogenese of Wath; 'he may help to ring great Tom of Lincoln or he may become our town drummer; and then the world will hear him and of him no doubt.'

Did they who saw the roses fade from the young Moravian's cheek know to whom he had offered them as an oblation? Did they, when they saw his eyes sparkle with a thousand dazzling scintillations, as his founts became illumined by a thousand intelligences, know whence they were derived? Ah, no! gentle held converse with him night after night in his little bed-room, and whispered in his ear even when the yellow streaks of morning lighted the sky; but he was unnoticed and unknown, and walked among his compeers the object of admiration than pity.

Years sped on, however, and his bright blue eye was still fixed upon the purpose of his youth. He had realised his loneliness and he had identified the loss of his mother. He still home and friends, and a native land full of warm, holy sympathies, filled his vision; they had been born of his own glowing, ardent imagination, and they chastised and sweetened his life of care and toil. Often tired and sickened with the coldness and heartlessness of the world, he had sat him down in sorrow and disgust, but the world within him would pass like a panorama before his mind.