

Your own consciousness of being involved in this plan will become more vivid and more blissful, and your duties in it more imperative and more delightful. "I will hide you in a cleft of the rock," said Jehovah to his servant, "and cover your face as I pass." That is, you shall not see my face, but you shall see my train after I have passed along. You shall see me in all past history if you will read it, though you shall not see me before you so as to overwhelm and repress your own free and spontaneous agency. Glorious faith! that the whole past of the world, including our own little world of to-day, from the heights of the future shall be revealed as the bright train where the Infinite Father has passed along.

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REBECCA AMORY LOWELL.

We can imagine that to many of that wide circle who have associated some of the best memories of their lives with this venerated woman, just now taken from our midst, the first thought as they read her name upon our pages will be that we are doing her a wrong by so public a mention; for, perhaps, the most conspicuous trait in her character was that peculiar delicacy and modesty which made her shrink from publicity and almost refuse the grateful deference which her rare gifts and graces irresistibly commanded in the intercourse with society. But, on the other hand, they will remember that her constant desire always was how she might best serve others, and there is a power of service in the record of such a life which she would hardly decline to render. We feel that few things are more helpful, and more appropriate to the purpose of this Review, than the memorials of those who have so adorned and illustrated our Christian faith.

Miss Lowell was born in Boston, Nov. 13, 1794. Her father was John Lowell, son of Judge John Lowell, appointed by Washington Judge of the United States District Court. Her mother was Rebecca Amory.

At the age of nine years she accompanied her parents to Europe, and, during their three-years residence abroad, was placed by them in a school in Paris, where she surprised her schoolmates by her intelligence and the rapidity of her acquisitions. She, of course, acquired the French language and always spoke it with facility. Even at that early age she read Racine and Fenelon with delight. When a mere child she evinced a strong love of letters, and soon developed an enthusiasm for the beautiful and noble in literature, united to a delicate critical taste. But, along with this fondness for study and this intellectual development, was a no less remarkable development of character. Her sweet, gentle disposition made her universally beloved.

She completed her school education in Boston, and at the age of eighteen she undertook the education of her younger sister, then four years old, and of a little cousin. To their education she devoted the best portion of her time for twelve or thirteen years. After that she taught several of her nephews and nieces, as opportunity occurred, and a few other pupils. Her method of teaching was most systematic and painstaking. She attended to every branch of scholarship, writing for her pupils volumes of abridged histories, philosophies, &c., in French and in English, adding, by way of wholesome variety and stimulus, the reading aloud of poetry and romance and the best selections of light literature. There was a charm in her voice and in her enthusiasm which could not fail to inspire the young minds with a desire for culture and knowledge.

At a later period she was in the habit of receiving classes of young ladies at her home for the study of history and literature, and it was her delight besides to lend to young people from her rich store of books on every subject, and foster in them the love of useful learning.

Her care for the religious culture of her pupils was as constant as for their intellectual culture, and her influence in this direction was very great. In 1832 she began to teach in the Sunday-school, first at King's Chapel and then at Dr. Putnam's, in Roxbury, and continued this service without interruption till she had completed her seventieth year. She kept her classes five or six, and sometimes eight years, till the minds of her pupils became

mature, adopting, as in her secular instructions, thorough and systematic methods, bringing in illustrations from every department of literature and life, and seeking to train them to habits of accurate and conscientious thought on moral and religious questions and to stimulate their higher spiritual sentiments and desires. Very often young men continued in her class till they left for college or for business life, and some men now in the ministry can refer to her as one of those to whom they owe the most.

Since the death of her parents, in 1842, Miss Lowell has lived with her sister in Roxbury, and it is in connection with this portion of her life that she is chiefly known by the large portion of those who will read this notice. It was an attractive New England home, furnished without ostentation, but on a generous scale, and with tokens everywhere of culture and refinement, and the visitor was sure, not only of hospitable welcome, but of instructive and profitable occupation. She was ready to be interested in every subject. On all the topics of the day, political or social or literary, she had clear and decided opinions, and was ready to support them by argument or by illustration. Her memory was very remarkable, and her references to history and literature were accurate and full of value.

In questions of politics and moral reform she was very liberal. She was an early opponent of the system of slavery when such a course was unpopular with many with whom she was associated; but along with the intensity of her feelings and convictions there was such sweetness of temper and such tender sensibility that in her discussions she never wounded another's feelings, and she won by the contagion of her sympathy as much as by the force of her argument.

Her active benevolence was manifested by her generous participation in all the charitable and philanthropic and religious movements of the day. During these many years there have been few benevolent undertakings in this community to which she has not contributed, of counsel or money or of actual service, and she was ready to give her aid to causes or to individuals of whatever name or nation, with a sympathy as wide as humanity. One who knew it well fitly describes hers as "a life shared in just proportion between good deeds and good books, between the activity

of kindness and the repose of culture," "such a life as does not go out in darkness, but leaves a long trail of blessed influences behind." If we could summon the many men and women, now adorning society, who could testify that they have been indebted to her or to that home for much of what is most valuable in their character, we should realize how great and abiding the influence has been.

It remains only to speak of her religious character. She was a devoted Unitarian. Her interest in this form of faith began in the days of Dr. Freeman, for whom she had a great veneration. Afterwards she enjoyed, greatly Dr. Channing, and shared in his opinions, and she was always earnestly watchful of everything that pertained to the interests of this denomination. She was liberal and open to every new phase of thought, and her convictions were all grounded in reason; but nothing could disturb the clearness and serenity of her faith. God was indeed her Father, and Jesus was her Master and her guide and her most loved Friend. She had a humble, childlike piety, and she cultivated it by daily devout reading and meditation, and it pervaded her whole being. In her activities and in her studies and in her conversation she seemed to carry with her the air of this communion with the unseen. It shone in her countenance and it gave her a peculiar sweetness and charm. She retained to the very day of her death perfect vigor of mind and freshness of feeling, with her last words testifying to the glad assurance of her Christian faith.

We have tried only to give in simplest outlines a sketch of her character, striving not to offend that sense of delicacy which would forbid words of eulogy, and all the while, as we have remembered how all this rare excellence kept itself from observation, we have rejoiced to think that there is much of this highest type of Christian living, nestled, fair and perfect, beneath the showy life of our time — as the lily of the valley, of which she was always peculiarly fond, hides its fragrance and beauty under its broad, green leaves.