

Phila: Sept 19. 1836

My dear Sir

I was just on the point of writing to you when your letter arrived - I heard last week that you were to preach ye farewell sermon yesterday. I was not surprised, for I knew well enough that ye former Movement ended in nothing satisfactory to yourself. You asked the people to come to church, & they raised your salary. That was gratifying, but it did not meet your difficulty & I knew that you could not long remain satisfied. And now though I could cry a pint of bitter tears at the thought of your going, though it almost tempts me to throw up myself, yet I congratulate you upon your going. But let me speak plainly. Why can't you give up preaching altogether. You are not made for a preacher. I would not tell you so if I had not the fullest assurance you were made for something infinitely better as the world goes. I do not mean that you were not made to preach - God forbid. How eloquently you might preach upon a piece of canvass. You were not made (I thank Heaven for it) to be shut up in a mahogany box at the end of a church & to communicate yourself thro' a parcel of scrawled bits of paper. In God's name follow your bent. Can you not scrape enough together (I'll pay the postage of letters both ways) to keep yourself & yr wife & yr little ones & give yourself as you would - your whole soul to the Divine Art. I am not jesting. O the misery of having to adjust ourselves to the holes, round or three cornered, which society cuts for its members. You are somewhere near 40 - what of that - When did Hobbes begin to learn Greek? What is the reason I cannot have some money that I might lend you enough to be paid in that which passes money's worth - I am not talking idly. I do from my inward heart believe you to be a born genius & you yourself don't know what there is in you, & it is a thousand pities that you should be spoiled. See to it that you are not hiding a Godgiven talent in a napkin. The loss to us is more than I can tell. When we think of ourselves we know not what to think

Mr Taylor has just been here. He believes you do exactly right - I he thinks you a
prime preacher which I do not. But I will say no more - God bless you & yours -
One word more - how easily could I frame an argument to prove that you will do
more for religious truth by the pencil than a host of us with Dewey, Channing, & H
Ware at our head will ever do with our pens - I declare I believe it -

You inquire about my book. The proofs are lying around me. About one
third of it is printed 100 pages or so. It will be a beautiful book but then
it is no beauty of my making. I must get it out soon for your sake. It will
inflame your imagination so about some of the things in the New Testament that
you will not be able to resist the impulse to realize ^{them} on the canvass. Pardon with
me in my folly. I see & know that this little work of mine is imperfect
feeble in comparison with the divine realities, but still I feel there is a
thread in ^{it} the texture, coarse & jagged as it is, which is skywoven - I have
read Mr Dewey's Dudley & with my best efforts can make nothing of it - I see no end
that he was himself satisfied. He beats the air which is filled with the fragments of his
strawmen. By the way, give my love to him & tell him I should have written
thanking him for the two acceptable vols. he sent - but I had at the moment that
he had left the city - I shall be down upon him soon - His vols have been
all the go. Mrs Butler did intend to review them. Whether she holds to the intention
I don't know. She is a divine creature. How I wish you could have heard her
read Shakespeare - Antony & Cleopatra for instance. Did I tell you I went riding
on horseback with her? Don't you envy me? Our children had the whooping cough
but they have got it over. Ann's (little) is well & Horace is lovely. How near Heaven
comes to us in our children! What is at the east? Mrs T is well & busy & sends love -
I would not call a man an atheist unless he calls himself one. If as Bacon
says, God can be spoken of only in trope, we ought not to doubt that a man believes in
God because he uses tropes although different from ours. The primitive of religious
revelation - a deep intense sense of perfection certainly glows in the mind of Emerson.
There are something I dislike in Emerson's book, for instance where he says that
our friends "increase our respect for the resources of God" It reminds us of Luther's
saying that he & Melancthon got into subtleties, sometimes enough to astonish God himself.
But it is not Emerson's book a exquisite piece of English. It is like a gorgeous
antique.

It is not an insult to beg you to draw that I have spoken things of your general ministrations & of your general ministrations & qualifications.

Sir J. Browne might have written it - What I letter I am writing - I have been so much taken up with my book that I have not written so much for these two months - when I think of New England whether my letters used chiefly to take them away, a feeling of sadness comes over me that represses every inclination to write - There is no longer a paternal roof there for me, & I feel as little like writing as a man upon a journey. But I must not lose your letter - I am sure I am giving you proof enough how much I love this correspondence one side or the other - But you mean to come to see us before you go, don't you? Do.

Yours - uncle son

Wm W. Munroe

Mrs J. has just carried off this letter & now she brings it back & thanks I speak slightly of my profession. Heaven knows that every day I live a sense of its greatness grows upon my mind. Tell me, do, whether you understand me as speaking earnestly of preaching. If you do, then this letter I be assured nothing was farther from my heart. If you do not, say so for Mrs. Hume's comfort & mine. It is only when from any circumstances we are unable to enter into this great office that it ceases to appear the mighty instrument it is. If a man comes into the world gifted to act when his fellowmen the pencil, for instance, the pen in his hands, not being the weapon he was made to wield, cannot have its power. The pulpit I would name with solemn awe but then it is nothing but mahogany when one stands up in it when God has plainly designed should occupy the different position - This is all I have meant to say. Am I not right. How little are we prone to ask ourselves whether we are called, or we mistake a transient religious emotion for the mighty voice of God calling us through our whole nature - You will not doubt that I am thinking rather more of myself than of you in these remarks. When I think how much I have been brought to believe & feel by being a minister, I cannot regret being chosen my profession. And yet if the question whether I should enter it, were now to be decided - I should shrink from its duties & feel that my qualifications for any ordinary pursuit were less questionable -

Juny. 36
1779

HMS
C173



Keep -

New York

Reed St

Gen William Mearns

Wm

