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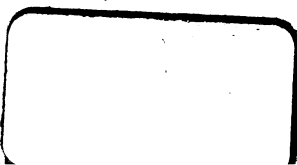
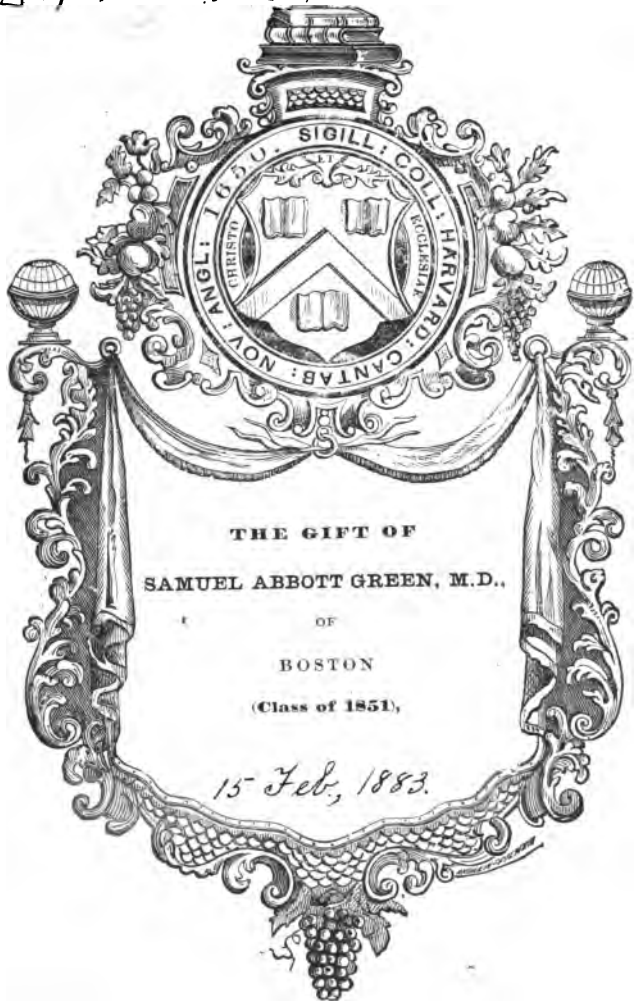
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# An Address Memorial

OF

ALEXANDER H. VINTON, D.D., EDWARD A. WASHBURN, D.D.  
SAMUEL OSGOOD, D.D., and WILLIAM RUDDER, D.D.,

*Given at the Seventh Church Congress,*

PROVIDENCE, R. I., OCT. 25TH,

1881.

BY GEORGE D. WILDES, D.D.,

*General Secretary of the Congress.*

5

NEW YORK :

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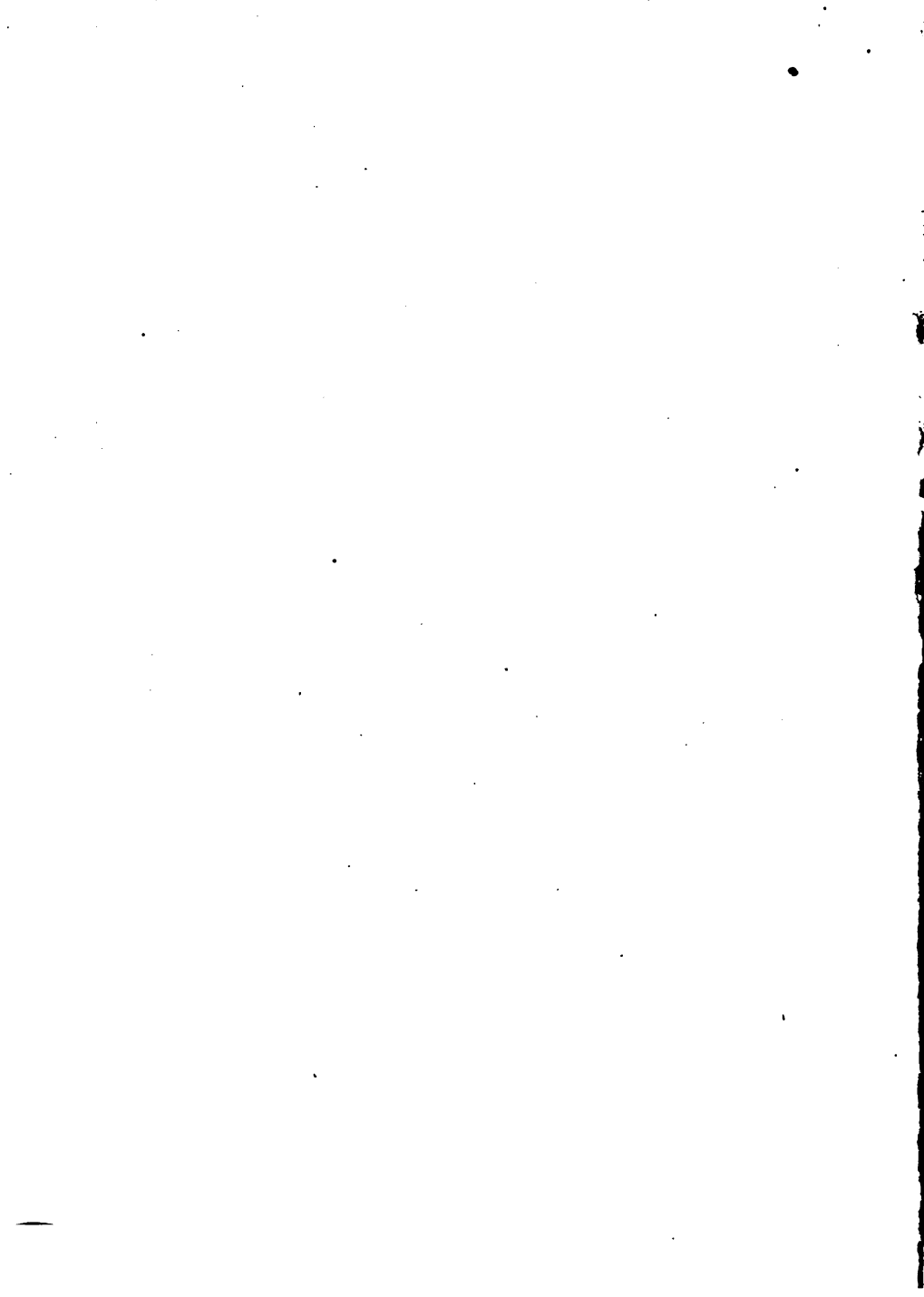
1883, 15.

*Mors sanctorum ejus pretiosa in conspectu Domini*



“Nay, Hope may whisper with the dead  
By bending forward where they are ;  
But Memory, with a backward tread,  
Communes with them afar.

“The joys we lose are but forecast,  
And we shall find them all once more ;  
We look behind us for the Past,  
But lo ! 'tis all before !”





## MEMORIAL ADDRESS.

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THE duty to which, under favor of the Executive Committee, I have been assigned, is, in some wise, extra-official. And yet, as is inevitable in the history of institutions, the office of a Secretary involves that of remembrancer. Organizations are not entities, existing, thinking, working, of themselves. Neither are they self-perpetuating. Single persons are the elements of their possibilities ; individuals, sometimes alone, signal forces in their work and growth. Still, it is but the boldest, perhaps I should say sharpest truism, nay, sarcasm, of what the old poet Shirley terms

“ Our birth and state,”

that *men die!*

The Church Congress in the United States, although less than a decade has elapsed since the conviction of its usefulness, its expediency, and its right to be, gained foothold in the minds of a few Churchmen—and notably the Rector of Trinity Church, New Haven, the Rev. Edwin Harwood, D.D.—has realized no exception to the irreversible law. Up to the sixth annual meeting at Albany, three earnest-minded, warm-hearted, and intelligent laymen had departed this life—Robert M. Mason, Jonathan Edgar, and Thomas J. Lee.

One gentle, cultured, and yet brave soul out of the North-west, affectionately recalled as a thoughtful and graceful writer at the First Annual Congress, the Rev. Edward C. Porter, but a year or more afterward, fulfilling the pale prophecy of his countenance, went to his rest in the peace of Jesus. Two of the Vice-Presidents, *ex officio*, among the Bishops, the venerable and honored Whittingham, manly and courteous in his refusal to serve, and Odenheimer, faithful in deep sorrows, and by reason of grievous illness unable to be with the Congress at any time in more than sympathy—these godly and well-learned men had ceased from their labors. Since the date of the Sixth Annual Meeting, three others of the Bishops—Atkinson, J. P. B. Wilmer, and Kerfoot—for whose good examples in life and office we give God thanks, have joined the invisible host of God's elect. "All these died in faith." The uttered and recorded minute of their worth and work is not the least among duties, at once sad and grateful, devolving upon the Secretary of the Congress.

Some one has said that pleasure and sorrow are two sisters who never live far apart. My own use of the thought is in somewhat different connection from that of its author. Coupling it to what I said in the outset, I can honestly add that, but for a confessed selfishness in reference to my own share in consecrated memories, I must have kept closely to the function of your official remembrancer. Of the life and character of men already mentioned, I can say, that while my words have been touches rather than portraitures, my heart has gone with my words. But to-day, and in a special way, those of us who have taken counsel in the affairs of the Congress come to this service of sweet remembrance in the bonds of a common sorrow. In the Committee-room, and at the several Sessions of the Congress, have any of us failed to feel how, in the furtherance of high aims,

there comes to be something for each and all of us, closer than official association? More; is not all this with emphasis, when the association is with strong men, loyal to their Lord, generous in their sympathies, catholic and noble in their aims, and in all collision of judgments—possibly of beliefs—cordial in their friendships? If as your chosen speaker, knowing, as I claim to know, much of what you think and feel and love, I fail to voice what *you* would say, I can, at the least, utter my own thought; and it is this: that into the companionship of our mutual griefs there ought to come the pleasurable consciousness of our rich inheritance of memory and hope.

*At in istis spes ; non fracta.*

In seemingly harsh aphorism indeed, one of the brothers Hare, in "Guesses at Truth," writes that "all memorials are melancholy." Yet on another page, treating of his friends, Reginald Heber, Coleridge, Niebuhr, and Sir John Malcolm, then lately deceased, it is in more than hope, nay, in the joy of an exultant though self-rebuking faith, that he practically blots out the aphorism. It is but sorry amends, he writes, that death allows us to give utterance to that admiration which, so long as its object was still living, delicacy commanded us to suppress. But a better consolation lies in the thought that, blessed as it is to have friends on earth, it is more blessed to have friends in heaven.

Haply possessed of this confidence and joy of faith, we come to this memorial of four men, recently and officially connected with the administration of the Church Congress in these United States. More than this: we come into a region and atmosphere so lately, and, in the communion of the saints, still instinct with their life and presence, that we cannot call them dead! It is a region flowering with cher-

ished associations. It teems with thoughts and feelings and purposes of other days ; nay, with the familiar faces whose very sight was wont to inspire confidence and strength. It is the region in which we seem to be learning over again with what excellent gifts the spirit of man is sometimes endowed.\* In this, which is so vividly and again about us, a good deal that was very human bespoke itself. Those whom in love and reverence we to-day recall were human. Said an old Stoic eulogist of some of his own day, " These were not gods, but men ;" men, even in what a Greek terms, ἡ θείας τινος φύσεως ἐνέργεια, disclosing *qualifying* features confessedly shared with those who could and must—albeit the commandment—covet their best gifts. And yet, when the perishable shrine has crumbled away, what can we, what ought we to see, except that alone which is imperishable ? † Those of whom we are now thinking and speaking had much of this *for* us to see !

On occasion of the Sixth Church Congress, held two years since at Albany, three members official of this body were present with us. A fourth, from the start in sympathy with these and the Congress in aim and effort, was unavoidably absent. To-day these are not, for God hath taken them ! And simply to name these four men would seem sufficient for the demands of the hour. I cannot so underrate the appeal which the mention of Vinton and Washburn and Osgood and Rudder makes to your remembrance of all that, in every instance, went to the make-up of a Christian manhood, not to doubt whether the simple utterance might not be the fitting sum and complement of the present need. When the Master called, and these his servants went forth from the watching and the waiting, in many a tearful out-

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\* In part Julius Hare.

† *Ibid.*

come of affection and respect the heart of the Church bore witness  
to its thought of men

“ fitted to dare  
Life's nobler spaces and untarnished air.”

If in the order of what, in my thinking, I cannot call their decease, I seek as briefly as possible to do what my heart, knitting itself to your appointment, dictates, I feel sure of your approval. Of the Rev. Dr. William Rudder I could have wished some one from the city of his distinguished ministry to speak. I can add nothing, however full my recollection of many and gracious occasions of personal intercourse, to that which many around me on this platform already know of one whom I knew as the friend of years. In the vigor of his manhood—with treasures rich and rare from varied fields of scholarly research ; keen and clear of judgment ; thoroughly equipped—*panoplied*—in theological and ecclesiastical learning ; in the pulpit the attractive and impressive preacher ; for civic and other public occasions the frequently chosen orator ; into the circles of culture and social life the ever-welcome comer—Dr. Rudder came also into the earliest councils of the Church Congress, infrequently indeed in person, but no less valued for his fellowship in the spirit and object of the organization. Often of the number of its appointees to papers, his opportunities limited him to the reading of but one at the meeting in Boston. The Report of that notable session bears testimony to gifts and graces which, in all that identifies the discriminating, vigorous, and graceful writer with the impressive preacher and the Christian man, rank the lately published sermons of Dr. Rudder among the foremost issues of our time.

Following in regretful order is the name of the Rev. Samuel Os-

good, D.D., LL.D. In this city, the field of his youthful ministry in another Christian body, I perhaps need dwell the less upon distinctive features of mind and character, securing honor to their possessor, and honoring whatever place might be accorded him in the fellowship of thoughtful, spiritually earnest, and well-furnished men, who, like the children of Issachar, " had understanding of the times." If, diligent student and ripe scholar as he was, his gifts were more in the line of broad and elegant culture than of the immediately practical ; if out of all studies, whether in literature, æsthetics, or problems philosophical and social, he craved occasion, more grateful to himself, for an admitted critical faculty, for the ready word and the untiring graceful pen, it is to be recorded of Samuel Osgood that in all he sought offerings for the Master. Taking Orders in this Church after long and conspicuous service in another connection ; in all high confidence in her historic claims and in all intelligent and conscientious reception of her truths of life and duty, his true heart never withheld itself from loving recollection of the ties of other days. The sweet grace of charity, the offspring and companion, may I not say, of his earlier no less than of his later faith, was never far away from his walk and conversation. Tenderly recalling all that our brother and friend was to us of the Executive Committee—his almost invariable presence at its meetings ; his genial greetings ; his large *under-work*—as is the German phrase—for the welfare of the Congress ; his not infrequent and eloquent utterances from its platform ; his well-considered and always manly assertion of its value to the Church ; the spiritual, too, so greatly the aim in his thinking and living ; the faithful so marking his journey to its close—we bless God for memories of faith, love, and noble service linked to the name and life of Samuel Osgood.

When in exquisite threnody one of our loved associates\* wrote,

“ Great hearted friend—most meet  
That thou among the kings should buried be,”

the antiphon went up, “ It is very meet and right.” That noble sonnet of lament, and yet of pious exultation, voiced myriad hearts wholly outside the ken of its author. Of Edward Abiel Washburn, one has truly said that his Christian name, like his nature, was a compound of Saxon and Hebrew. He represented what was strongest in both, being fitly called Abiel, *the father of strength*. As honored by his friendship from youth until his last hours, of what was dear to me personally, I must not speak. Not thankless am I for all the gracious influences from what I saw and knew and felt of a singularly noble nature, rendering life more real, more interesting, more the arena of elevating and soul-thrilling responsibility, by what *he*, my *friend*, thought life to be. The youthful and attractive Rector of the ancient parish of St. Paul’s—the parish of the first bishop of Massachusetts—in my birthplace and that of your President; the beloved pastor of brothers and sisters of my kindred, and, loving and beloved, bringing them into the fold; the dweller by the sea, where, could he have chosen his life-lot, hillside and river and the wild resounding shore would, as he sometimes said, have largely shaped his ideal of scholarly retirement, it was less his ambition to be in the public eye than, in quiet studies, to realize greatly more for the literature of the Church than he had effected, whether in many essays and reviews, or in the characteristic and eloquent sermons on the ‘ Social Law of God.’” The preacher who at Cambridge or Ox-

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\* William R. Huntington, D.D.

ford, or the newer Cambridge—his Alma Mater—would have been accounted a noble type of the University preacher ; the attractive and frequent speaker from the platform, even in his later years of painful and irritating chronic ailment ; the worker at his books or with his pen when healthier men were asleep ; the thinker who sometimes in the social circle, or the almost daily hospitalities of his home, was most at his thinking ; the cherished ideal to many of the younger clergy and men of this Church and day, of “ guide, philosopher, and friend,” Edward Abiel Washburn, now sleeping in Jesus at St. Johnland, almost beside the grave, as in life he lovingly sat at the feet of the venerable St. John of our modern time and charity ; for his gifts of intellect, the consecration of genius and attainment, in fealty to the Lord who bought him—Washburn, imperial even in what sometimes seemed imperious edicts of judgment and speech, must ever be to us his associates a lofty type of what one of the Brownings terms

. . . “ the manly hero heart  
In all high ventures for the truth of God.

For such as choose growth and not stagnation ; for those who, in reverence for their own nature and the idea of God within them, would win back the dreams of youth in a truer and nobler manhood, adding their realization to the steady work of manhood ; for such, the name and memory of Washburn will not cease out of their life. Out of the furnace and under the sharpness of suffering, nay of mortal disease, he wrought wondrous shapes of truth and beauty for the Great King ! His eye now “ sees the King in His beauty.”

In final approach to another name, let me say that, if I have followed the order in which in God’s Providence our brethren beloved



have, in the words of a familiar Collect, "entered into joy and felicity," it is in no forgetfulness of the place which one, whose name in this city of his birth, his early distinction, and his burial, is a household word, must ever hold in your most treasured remembrance. Recalling your choice of me as, for this occasion, less the official necrologist of the Congress than the friend, mindful for you and himself, of the strength, trust, security, and mutual tenderness of these now past earthly friendships, may I not plead pardon for the heart's outcome while the voice is that of your Secretary? In this city of Providence, and in this large audience, there are doubtless many who, with a returning glow of admiration, although "it is of the dead," almost see again the stately presence and mien which, even in youth arresting the eye, would constrain a stranger upon the street to ask, "Who is that man?" And of the then Rector of Grace Church in this city, the reply would be, "Alexander Hamilton Vinton." One of a family of five brothers, three of whom attained distinction in military service, and himself once intending the same service; what Emerson terms "the military eye, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows," was his. That "wonderful expressiveness of body," of which the same writer speaks, was also his. Balzac left a chapter in manuscript which he called, "*Théorie de la démarche*," in which he says, "The look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk are identical." If on seeing Dr. Vinton for the first time you could, as quick men do, take his measure, it would be that of a man carrying what one has termed a broad and contented expression, nature putting a premium upon its reality. Yet this man had sometimes gone down to the very depths of questioning, and his contentment was in and of a faith which storms had in vain assaulted. To my own thinking, and in the immense

scale of men, the exact place of his rank was as clearly and impressively carried in the eye, the poise, the whole bearing of Alexander Vinton, as in the instance of any whom I, at least, have ever known. Whoever looked upon him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal.\*

In this his early home, may I not be pardoned for a word personal? In a certain year and night of my own youth, and while thoughtless of things eternal, it was my privilege to see and hear this man of distinguished power—I say distinguished, because even before he spoke, his manner indicated real power. The Bishop of this Diocese, the President of this Congress, then in his first rectorship in Boston, will well remember evenings when, in succession, Edmund Neville of Taunton—after a stormy life anchored as we trust in the haven where his struggling heart would be—and Alexander Vinton of Providence, addressed crowded congregations in Grace Church, Boston, in sermons of singular impressiveness. Never can I forget the graphic characterization of sin and the sinner, the majestic movement of what seemed to me fitting phrase out of a profession which I then contemplated as my own, *battalioned logic*; the eloquent and pleading persuasives to the love of Christ, in which, in the instance of Mr. Vinton, the prophecy of his distinction was even then becoming fact. For a time, during his ministry in Boston, his pupil in theology, and later his parish assistant, what I forego saying of a permitted intimacy in both relations, with its bounty of magnificent advantage to the younger from what the elder *was*, is, in the very suggestion, a volume. To my own life, the remembered presence of the man has been a constant teaching. In this connection, what Baine in his *Essays in Biog-*

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\* Ralph Waldo Emerson.

raphy says of Hugh Miller seems most apt to my use : " In the firm, deliberate planting of his heavy step ; in the quiet, wide-open determination of his eye ; in the unagitated, self-relying dignity of his whole gait and deportment, you beheld the man who felt that without pride or presumption he might measure himself by the standard of his own manhood, and so look every man, of what station soever, in the face."

Of the ministry in great cities of our first acting President, I must omit what I could have wished to say. Indeed, its splendid record, the record not alone of sermons worthy the comment of Croly, in reference to another, when he says,

" You could have heard  
The beating of your pulses while he spoke,"

but that greater one of many souls gathered into the " One Communion and Fellowship," is not alone with the hearers of the message, but sealed forever by the Master and gracious subject of the message. For lack of time, too, I must omit more than mere reference to what all of us know, the admittedly noble share of Dr. Vinton in the formal discussions at several annual meetings of this Congress. For all that I would, but cannot now say, Lowell's lines, even in their well-recognized connection, afford ample and rich compensation :

" Cast in the massive mould  
Of those high-statured ages old  
Which into grander forms our mortal metal ran ;  
. . . A great man's memory is a thing  
To bind us as when here he knit our golden ring."

A word more, and, however poor the work, I shall have finished that

assigned me for this hour of commemoration. Eight years since, and on a memorable day in October, the first session of this Church Congress was held in the city of New York. Can any of us, then coming together under what, by some timid ones outside our ranks, was viewed as the portentous shadow of the General Convention, ever forget either the hour or the presence? In the intent of the little band who then, as courteously as has been our studied wont, claimed liberty of thought and utterance upon matters extra-legislative, no revolution in anything which is either of rightful authority or expediency, or of the integrity of this Church in her canon or ritual law, was uppermost or dreamed of. To the roll-call, had it been read, there would have been no readier or manlier response, "Here," than from the lips and out of the hearts of Vinton and Washburn and Osgood and Rudder. The first, our acting President, who assumed the chair in the absence of the Bishop of New York—the latter, for his example of the Christian life not the less beloved, in the unstained exercise of his office of a bishop, not the less respected because he then differed from us as to the rightfulness and expediency of our action as to the Congress—the first-named, Vinton, our acting President, grand in his quiet,

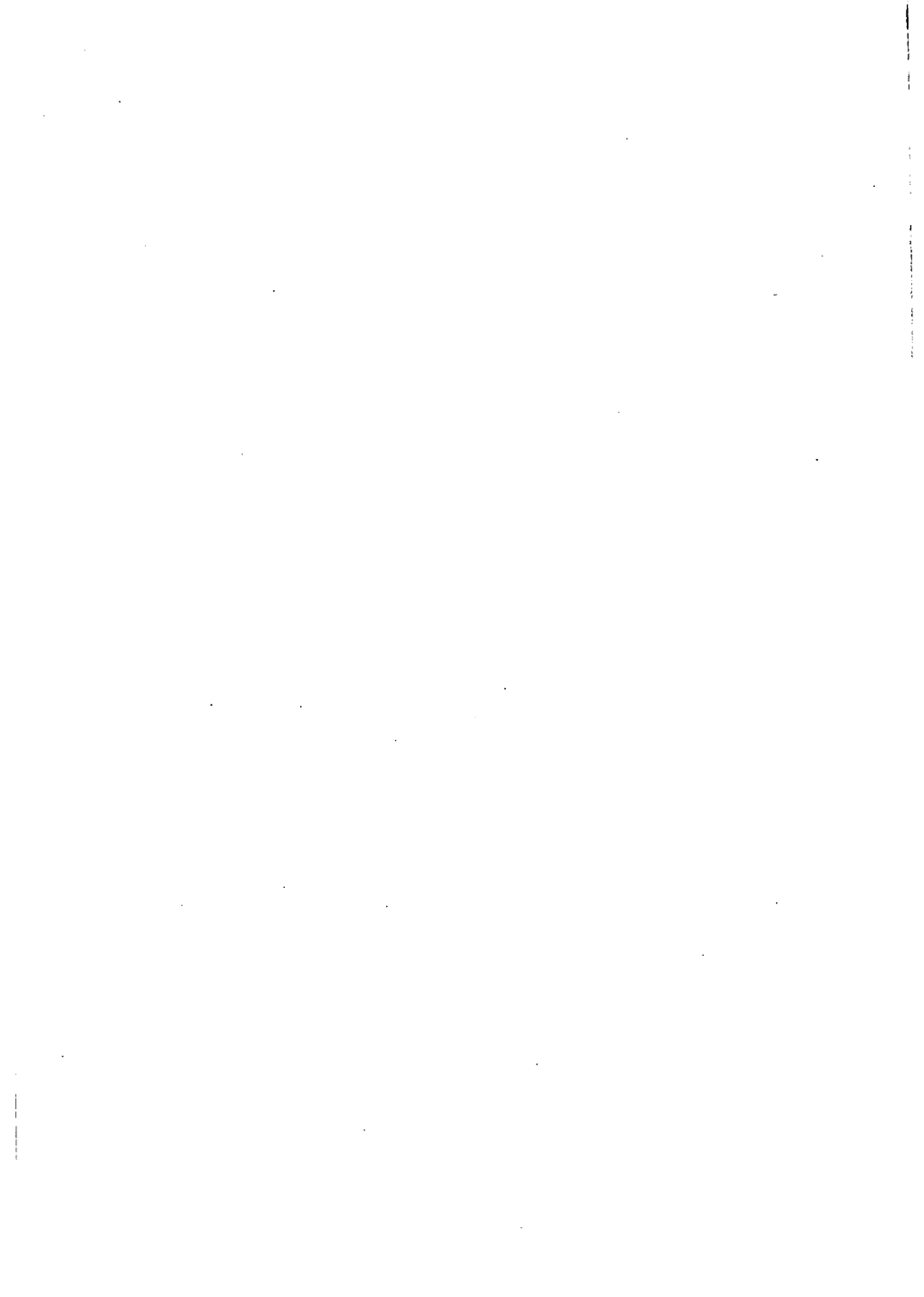
"The energetic action of repose";

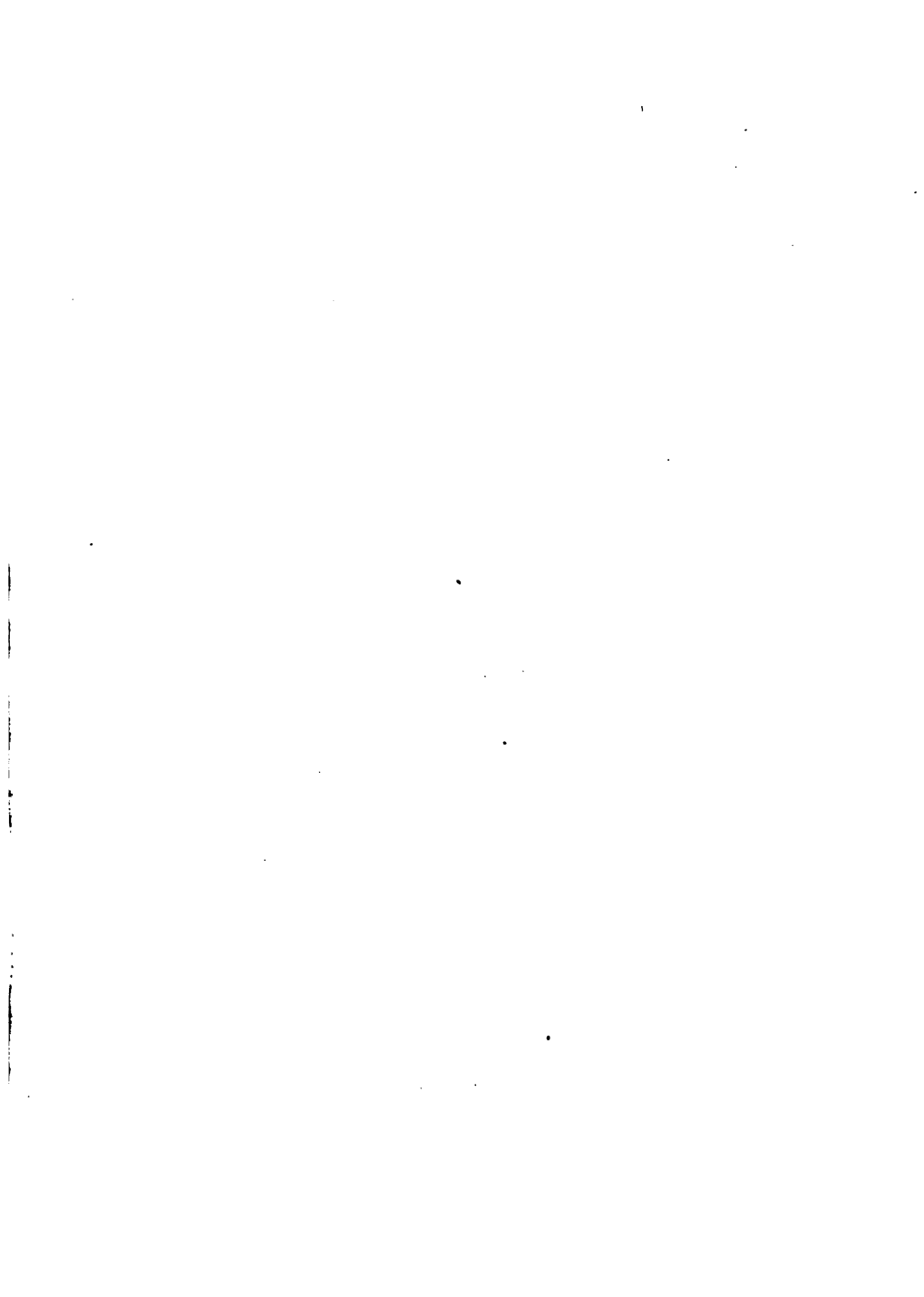
Washburn, the *gladium certaminis* in his eye; the joy of conflict in which he had so conspicuously vindicated from misapprehension what was then an experiment; Osgood, no less a valiant soldier for the right because gentle charity went with him into the fight for it; and Rudder, even out of his pronounced conservatism, welcoming the issue in behalf of what has proved to be anything but license; these, now with the saints, were almost grouped figures in a scene

which to us who survive must be ever memorable. Blessed be God that the victory, of which we make no boast, has proved itself to be that of peace and good will, nay, of large alliance of once opposing forces in the aim and wholesome influence of the Congress in this Church. The men of our memorial !

“ Not honored they, or now, because they wooed  
The popular voice, but that they still withstood  
Broad-minded, larger souled.”

Thine, Lord of us all ! the praise for what these Thy servants were. As Thine is the kingdom to which they were loyal and true, so Thine the power through which they wrought, and Thine the glory which they sought.









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