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Cornell's Lives of
clergymen, physicians and

Rev. Dr. ...

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CORNELL'S LIVES
OF
CLERGYMEN, PHYSICIANS
AND
EMINENT BUSINESS MEN
OF THE
NINETEENTH CENTURY.
WITH
RECOLLECTIONS
OF
THE OLDEN TIME.

BY
WILLIAM MASON CORNELL, D.D., LL.D.,

IN THREE PARTS:
PART I.—CLERGYMEN. PART II.—PHYSICIANS.
PART III.—EMINENT BUSINESS MEN.

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PREFACE.

I DO NOT LIKE PREFACES much, and abhor long ones ; nevertheless, I may say a word by way of introducing this, the Second Volume of my Lives, or Biographical Sketches. I have prepared these Volumes, hoping to render some service to the present and coming generations. I find the following in a biographical sketch which is so exactly to my point that I quote it.

“The living may be benefitted by the dead. A knowledge of the histories of those whom God has raised up to serve him on earth, perpetuates their influence. It brings instruction and furnishes material for improvement. To review their lives is like looking into a glass. It shows us, in varying circumstances, the workings of minds and hearts like our own. It unfolds, also, the dealings of God with those who have gone before us,—how he has instructed, disciplined and guided them ; and tends to strengthen faith, encourage hope and excite to activity by presenting various instances of God’s kindness, faithfulness and care.”

Volume I. contains Sketches of the lives of several statesmen, teachers, presidents of colleges and ministers of the Gospel. Volume II. will be chiefly confined to clergymen. But for variety's sake it will contain a few names of eminent physicians and prominent business men.

I cannot but express my gratitude to our Heavenly Father that I have been spared to publish the first volume of this work, and now to have completed this second one, in which I have been enabled to commemorate the virtues of my fathers and brethren in the ministry. It is also a pleasure to me to be able to say that with everyone hereinafter noticed I have been more or less personally acquainted except one, namely, Rev. Samuel Tobey, the first minister of my native town, great-grandfather of our worthy postmaster Hon. E. S. Tobey.

THE AUTHOR.

CHAPTER I.

REVEREND LYMAN BEECHER, D. D.
CONGREGATIONALIST.

PASSING by the ancestral descent, the peculiar eccentricities, the adventurous enterprises, the wonderful exploits, the HAIR BREADTH ESCAPES, and all their daring schemes, of the Beecher family, I wish to give a plain unvarnished sketch of the first Beecher I ever knew, viz., Dr. Lyman Beecher. I am fully aware that I could amuse my readers with many tales of the Beechers, that I would perhaps give eclat to my book and make it sell, for nothing so suits the people as quack medicine, and nothing so feeds and pleases the public like marvellous stories and "twice told tales" and a volume of these might easily be told of the Beechers,—such as the expression, "there are three kinds of people in the world, the good, bad, and the Beecher family."

Lyman Beecher was born in Guilford, Conn., Oct. 12 th. 1775; and my readers will not concern themselves to inquire whether most of the people in that quaint old town were then called "Mr. or Mrs., or yoeman, or goodman, or goodwife, or goodyman, whether Joseph Pynchen was a wealthy farm-

er, or his son a physician." Suffice it to say, Lyman Beecher was born then and there, and being a seven months' child, was laid away for dead. But after a while one of the women thought she would see if he were alive, and finding he was, concluded to wash and dress him, but saying at the same time, "it is a pity he ha'nt died with his mother."

When he was old enough he went to school, very much as other New England boys did, and learned his letters out of Dilworth's spelling book, and his Arithmetic from Dabol's, the Cooper's Arithmetic, as the writer did. In the family they had about the same books that other old Puritan households had, namely, "the Bible, the Catechism, the Psalter, Robinson Crusoe and Goody Two Shoes."

He entered Yale College in 1793. He says, "father was then living with his fifth wife. The college was in a most ungodly state. Dr. Stiles was president. In May, 1794, President Styles died, and Dr. Dwight became president at the next commencement."

Lyman Beecher didn't study much in college. He had no part when his class graduated and he says, "of mathematics I knew nothing," so that it may almost be said of him, as President Dwight said of Dr. Nettleton, "the man of whom we expected the least while in College has done the most for Christ's Kingdom."

He studied theology with President Dwight, was ordained and installed Pastor of the Church in East

Hampton, L. I., Sept. 5th, 1799, and married Miss Rosanna Chittenden, to whom he had been engaged two years, the 19th. of the same month, by Parson Bray.

Almost immediately after his marriage, he says "a revival began like a flash of lightning and ended like a flash of lightning. News came to me that two of Deacon Shirrell's sons were under conviction. Oh! how I went down there! Whether walking, or flying or on tiptoe, I didn't know. When I got into the deacon's seat, Oh! how I preached! I spilled over. All the old folks waked up." He adds, "there was not a stove in the town, nor a carpet. All had sanded floors, in some places worn through. My wife introduced the first carpet. I had the first orchard in the town, and when the people saw me setting out trees, they laughed at me and said fruit would not grow so near the salt water."

When he had been five years at East Hampton, he had four children, Catherine, William, Edward and Mary. As his salary was small he opened a school and his wife taught it chiefly. He says "it was profitable."

The first sermon he published was a history of East Hampton, in 1806. The second sermon on "Duelling" brought out Lyman Beecher. Aaron Burr had killed Alexander Hamilton under as cruel and deceitful a pretence as Joab did Abner. The whole country was aroused; but nobody appears to have preached about it but Lyman Beecher, then

about thirty years old. In answer to the question, What led you to preach on duelling? Dr. Beecher says, "Why, Aaron Burr fought a duel with Alexander Hamilton, and killed him. There never was such a sensation as that produced through the whole country. When I read about it in the paper, a feeling of indignation was roused within me, I kept thinking and thinking, and my indignation did not go to sleep. It kept working and working and finally I began to write. No human being knew what I was thinking and feeling, nor had any agency in setting me at work. It was the duel and myself and God, that produced that sermon.

I worked at it, off and on, for six months, and when it was done, without consultation or advice I preached it to my own people, and in obscure villages on the north side of the island, to see how it would sound. Finally I preached it before the Presbytery at Aguebogue, April 16, 1806.

The brethren all stared that I should venture on such a subject in such a place, but they eulogized it in discussion, and thought it should be printed.

So I fell to work fitting it for the press. But after all it came very nigh not being printed, for wanting some one to criticise it, and having no literary man in my congregation but John Lyon Gardiner, I sent it over to Gardiner's Island, for him to read and criticise. A fortnight after I went over. When I went into the house and came up to the fire, I met Mrs. Gardiner; her husband was away.

"Have you found your sermon?" said she. "Found it!" said I, thunder-struck at the question; "I did not know it had been lost." "No!" said she; "but it is though." And then she told me that her brother John had been over about a week ago, and they sent it by him; but he gave it to a neighbor to take over who put it into his pea-jacket pocket.

In the middle of the day, being warm with rowing he threw off his coat, and the sermon fell into the water. He heard something splash as he afterward recollected, but did not notice it at the time.

So there I was. I supposed all was gone. I had all my rough sheets, and should have tried to regain it, but it was a doleful prospect, after working over it so long, and reading all the finishing-off to Rosanna and Esther, and Mary Hubbard.

I went to Gardiner's hands—he had some five hundred acres of the island farm, and thirty or forty men, and engaged them to watch the beach, and see if anything came ashore, offering five dollars to the one that found it.

One day, a month after, I was at home cutting wood, when I spied a fellow running toward me, swinging something in the air, and grinning so that I could see his teeth, fifteen rods off. There was my sermon, like Moses in the bulrushes. They had wrapped it in paper, and wound it round with yarn so closely that it was dry inside. As Providence had ordered it, a heavy storm and high tide had set in the same night when it was lost, and lodged it, high and

dry, about a hundred rods from our landing-place, above high-water mark. So I had it printed. Still it seemed destined to speedy oblivion. Its circulation was at first local, on the mere extremity of Long Island. Besides some of my people were Democrats, and fearing it might injure their political idols; for these were days when Democracy was swelling higher, and beating more and more fiercely on old Federalism and the standing order. And my publisher was a man of little capital. However some copies strayed to New York."

I have made this long quotation because this sermon on duelling, or the few which strayed to New York brought Dr. Beecher into the notice of his brethren, and put him upon the race-course, which took him from East Hampton to Litchfield, from Litchfield to Boston, and from Boston to Lane Seminary, Cincinnati, Ohio.

One or two anecdotes may be told of him while at East Hampton.

He had some pleasant rencounters on account of his Episcopal connections. Though the old clergyman of Guilford, where they attended church, was one of the dullest; this in no wise abated their ecclesiastical pretensions. Just after his marriage, passing a field where the quizzical old uncle, who had brought him up, was mowing, he heard him calling out.

"Halloo, youngster! they say you have no right to preach; you have never been ordained." "Got a

good scythe there, uncle Lot?" "First rate." "Who made it?" "Dun'no; bought it over to the store." "And if you had another that was made by a blacksmith who you supposed could trace his authority for making scythes all the way up to St. Peter, and yet the scythe would'nt cut any more than a sheet of lead, which would you take to mow with?" "Go 'long you rogue, ho! ho! ho!"

Another incident of his East Hampton life is the following:—Riding on horseback from Southampton homeward one evening, with a heavy folio, which he had just borrowed, under his arm, he saw what he supposed to be a rabbit run across the path and stop by the roadside. It was moonlight and he could not see very distinctly, but he thought to himself, "I'll have a shot at you anyhow." So, when he came alongside the supposed rabbit, he poised the ponderous folio and hurled it at the mark, receiving in return a point-blank shot of an unmistakable character which required him to bury his clothes, folio, and everything about him in the earth, in order to become presentable. In after life, being asked why he did not reply to a certain Mr.—, who was abusing him through the press, he replied "I threw a book at a skunk once and he had the best of it. I made up my mind never to try it again." He was first settled upon a salary of three hundred dollars, and his firewood, which was afterward raised to four hundred dollars. Finding this too small to support his growing family, in 1809 he received a unanimous call from

Litchfield, Conn., which he accepted on a salary of eight hundred dollars. He says, "when I started to go to East Hampton, I had but one little trunk, and when I removed to Litchfield I had four loads.

He was installed at Litchfield, May 29th, 1810.

Catherine Beecher wrote, "the first five years of father's Litchfield ministry were, I think, properly a period of more unalloyed happiness than any in his whole life.

Litchfield was first settled in 1720, and in 1723, when there were but sixty (male) inhabitants, the first Church edifice was built, together with a "Sabbath day house, a kind of vestry for the purposes of warming and refreshment, no fires being allowed in the church."

In 1777 Gen. Washington, passing through Litchfield with his staff, attended worship in the old meeting-house on the village green. The country was alarmed by the intelligence that Cornwallis was approaching the coast with a large fleet. Rev. Judah Champion, the pastor, an able and eloquent man, is said to have uttered the following prayer :

"O Lord, we view with terror the approach of the enemies of Thy holy religion. Wilt Thou send storm and tempest to toss them upon the sea, and to overwhelm them upon the mighty deep, or to scatter them to the uttermost parts of the earth. But, peradventure any should escape Thy vengeance, collect them together again as in the hollow of Thy hand, and let Thy lightnings play upon them. We do be-

seech Thee, moreover, that Thou do gird up the loins of these Thy servants who are going forth to fight Thy battles. Make them strong men, that 'one shall chase a thousand, and two put ten thousand to flight.' Hold before them the shield with which Thou wast wont in the old time to protect Thy chosen people. Give them swift feet that they may pursue their enemies, and swords terrible as that of Thy destroying angel, that they may cleave them down. Preserve these servants of Thine, Almighty God! and bring them once more to their homes and friends if Thou canst do it consistently with Thy high purposes. If, on the other hand, Thou hast decreed that they shall die in battle, let Thy Spirit be present with them, and breathe upon them, that they may go up as a sweet sacrifice into the courts of Thy Temple, where are habitations prepared for them from the foundation of the world."

Dr. Beecher's wife died, Sept. 25th, 1816. He married Harriet Porter in Nov. 1817. The ceremony was performed by the Rev. Dr. Payson, of Portland.

Mr. Beecher says—"From Portland we went round visiting among her cousins and friends where they were within reach. We spent a week or more in Boston, and then set out for home. The whole journey was made in the old family chaise.

"Her things were put up in an immense, great trunk, covered with yellow leather, and sent round by water to New Haven. Aunt Holmes fitted her

out. But winter came on and the vessel was frozen up, so that we did not get the trunk till spring. She had to patch up for winter."

Dr. Beecher removed to Boston in March, 1826.

He says—"But, though my ministry calls out Unitarians of distinction, it is not on this kind of celebrity that I chiefly rely. It is indeed, desirable to be able to create a curiosity among intelligent men to come and hear the truth, because it enables us to become the expounders of our own doctrines, and to wipe away aspersion and prejudice, and some arrows may hit and stick, even in high places. But, after all, the kingdom of God cometh not with observation; and I rely more on my vestry meetings, on Sabbath and Tuesday eve, and on my chapel meetings, on Friday eve at the North, and on my visits and labors among the middle class and poor, than upon all the eclat of reputed talents and eloquence, and all the running to hear, and all the movements and talk from this source among the mighty and the noble. My plan is to retire and go to work silently, until the results shall tell in 'souls renewed and sins forgiven.' You will not fail to pray for me, that my health and faith fail not, as I shall not cease to give thanks that I have so many and so dear children to care for, and co-operate with me in promoting the religion of Jesus Christ.

We have taken the house at the North End—new, airy, and delightful within (No. 18 Sheafe St.),

though surrounded by dreary roads to get to it. Cannot have everything in one place."

Dr. Beecher gives the following account of the commencement of his ministry in Boston.—"When I began among them they were pleased and more than pleased. I remember, one Sabbath, Anderson came smiling after sermon, and said with emotion, 'you will upset us if you are going to preach at this rate!' I shall never forget that. I knew nobody then. I took those subjects that were unquestionable but solemn, to make them tell on the conscience. I began with prudence, because a minister, however well known at home, and however wise and successful he has been, has to make himself a character anew, and find out what material is around him.

They had a church prayer meeting, which they conducted themselves. I told them they had been able to go alone, and take care of the church business, and I had tried everywhere to make the church do something in the prayer meeting, and it was the hardest thing I ever tried; if I went others would go, and if not, I never could make the weekly prayer meeting succeed. Hence I told them that they must take it, and sustain it. That went through. Oh, how well it went! T'was the best church I ever saw.

From the beginning, my preaching was attended with interest. I could take hold. There was very earnest hearing in the congregation. I saw it was taking hold. Deep solemnity, not mere novelty.

I felt in my own soul that the word went forth with power. It was a happy season, hopeful and auspicious. Not long after Dr. Chaplin began to attend. He had been in the habit of listening to a dead feeble fellow on the wrong side, but who didn't do much on any side. Shall never forget how Chaplin heard. He was of quick, strong feeling, and was wide awake to hearken. He made me think of a partridge on a dead limb, watching me, when I was trying to get a shot at him. He began to bring over his family and his patients from Cambridgeport; and as the seriousness increased, he came in with three or four carriages—some thirty persons—every Sabbath.

I kept watch from the first among my hearers.

They told me of a young lady who had been awakened. I found her out, conversed with her, and she was converted. The next was Dea. P—'s daughter, and they kept dropping in. I tell this that you may know how to begin a revival. I always took it by word of mouth, first talking with single cases, and praying with them. Went on so till I found twelve, by watching and picking them out. I visited them, and explained what an inquiry meeting was and engaged them, if one was appointed, to agree to come. I never would risk a blank attempt.

I began, early in this course, to intimate to the church the probability of more interest. I grew in importunity, and roused the church to take hold. At that time many ministers did not understand about this. I began to say to the church, 'I think

there is a work begun. Fire in the leaves—not only among us, but in the community.’ I made no attack on Unitarians. I carried the state of warm revival feeling I had had in Litchfield for years. I carried it in my heart still with great success. They came to hear; there was a great deal of talk about me—great curiosity. They would hear, and then run me down,—they would never go again. But they did come again, till they were snared and taken. many that came to scoff, remained to pray.

“Finally my soul rose to it, and I preached to the church one afternoon, explained to them the state of interest and opposition, and what an inquiry meeting was, and that they must be ready, and give out an invitation to a long list of persons who I described. There were fifteen persons the first week, twenty the second, thirty-five the third, and the fourth time three hundred. The vestry was filled. Lambert met me at the door, when I came to meeting, with his eyes staring;

“It’s a mistake; they’ve misunderstood, and think it’s a lecture. You must explain.” “No,” said I, “it’s not a mistake; it’s the finger of God!” But I made an explanation and only one person left.

I parceled out the room to ten individuals, to see every person, and make inquiries of their state, and bring back to me the report. (Oh! that was glorious! It lasted all that winter.) They brought back reports of awakenings and conversions. I talked with forty or fifty myself: and if there were special

cases, I went and visited. I said just a word, or a few—not many. I struck just according to character and state.

It was really almost amusing to see the rapid changes in language and manner, I underwent as I passed one class to another. A large portion on being questioned would reveal their state of mind easily, and being plain cases, would need only plain instruction. They believed the Bible, and they believed what I told them as if it was the Bible—as it was; and therefore the truth was made effectual by the Holy Spirit as well as if more conversation was had.”

Dr. Beecher had always been engaged in revivals in Connecticut, and we see in the above quotation, he brought the revival spirit with him to Boston.

Dr. Beecher had preached in East Hampton, and also in Litchfield, upon intemperance. So after he was located in Boston, he revised the six sermons upon this subject and preached them to his own people here. Nothing that he had ever done produced such an excitement as did these sermons. Though Dr. Beecher was careful to say in these sermons, “we must not come down in wrath upon distillers, importers, and venders of ardent spirits as none of us are enough without sin to cast the first stone,” yet the effect of their delivery was to arouse against him, feelings of strong opposition. It was reported that he drank himself, and that when he went after it, he carried his *oil can* in which to get it. This story, absurd as it was, was believed by thousands; and I well re-

member, when if a man was seen carrying a jug or a can in the street, the common salutation was, "Oh ! you are going after Beecher's oil, are you."

Dr. Beecher had so many peculiarities that his church once sent a committee to converse with him in reference to them. From the mouth of one of the committee, I had the following account of this interesting interview ; the result of which was very favorable to his religion, and his course of proceeding may be well imitated by others. "We made known the object of our visit ; when Dr. Beecher said, his face smiling all over ; "brethren, I am glad to see you ; and now, what is the matter ?" We said, "Dr. Beecher, we are requested to speak with you about some little foibles of etiquette, but have no charges to bring against you. It offends some of the brethren, that when you get within the doors of the church, you run till you get into the pulpit, and, when you are preaching, you pound the cushion very hard ; and, sometimes, in the street, you scarcely appear as we would like to see our Pastor."

The Doctor, still smiling, said, "Well, brethren, I am glad to hear these remarks. I know I am different from most men ; but I was not aware that I ran into the pulpit. I am always glad when I get there ; and, if it will please the people any better, I will try to walk ; and I think I shall succeed. Well, as to pounding the cushion, my ancestors were blacksmiths, and I was brought up a farmer. It may be, that I have acquired the habit of striking hard blows by he-

editary descent, or by laboring when young; but if it will please the people any better not to pound so hard, I will try, and I think, I shall improve. As to the appearance in the street, sometimes I am in haste to catch a baker or a fishman, and I didn't have time to dress up; and I will try to improve in this matter." The committee-man added: "We came away very much pleased, but not a little chagrined that we went upon such an errand. The Doctor was so cordial, so pleasant, and so *christian* that he afterwards became doubly endeared to us."

Mr. Arthur Tappan of New York promised to give twenty thousand dollars to Lane Seminary provided Dr. Beecher would remove to Cincinnati and take charge of the institution.

"The board assembled October 22nd, 1830, and unanimously elected Dr. Beecher, President and Professor of Theology of the Lane Seminary. The following extract from the letter of the corresponding secretary, Dr. James Warren, in which he communicated to the agent the action of the board, will show the state of feeling at that time: Your success was entirely unexpected, and it gave a thrill to the soul of every member of the board, and others whom I have seen are rejoicing with tears in their eyes. Is it possible, say they, that this western world is to be blessed with the presence of Dr. Beecher? And we give thanks to the Lord that he has made you the honored instrument of conferring so great a blessing upon us.

The resolution was passed with reverential silence ; not a word was spoken but 'Aye.'

"Early in 1831," remarks Dr. Allen, "solicitude began to be felt lest Dr. Beecher might not obtain the consent of his people to his leaving them, and Dr. Hilson, Rev. Messrs. Vail and Gallaher were appointed a committee to correspond with them on the subject.

From this letter addressed "To the Hanover Church and Congregation of Boston," we select the following : — " * * * Having presented this general view of the character, claims, and prospects of our seminary, permit us, dear brethren and friends, to specify a few of the particular reasons why we believe Dr. Beecher is called by divine Providence to this institution.

"The strong conviction of many of our wisest and best men, east and west of the mountains is, that the great interests of the church and especially of the west, require Dr. Beecher's labors at the head of our seminary. A large number of our ministerial and lay brethren have expressed their deliberate conviction, that the enterprise of building up a great *central theological seminary* at Cincinnati, soon to become the great Andover or Princeton of the West, and to give character to hundreds and thousands of ministers which may issue from it, is one of the most important and responsible in which the church is ever called to engage ; and that no man in our country, in many important respects, is so well fitted to give character,

energy and success to such an institution as Dr. Beecher."

I pass over the trial in Cincinnati between Dr. Beecher and Dr. Wilson, as one of those items which the sooner it is forgotten the better for Christianity and the world.

When, in the decline of life, the mind of this great man failed faster than his body, there were occasionally bright flashes, like the blazing of the embers, or a candle-wick before it expires, it is worth while to note a few of them.

In 1859, speaking of his first wife, he said, "I never in any instance had but one trouble with her, and then it was but a word, quickly repented of, and as quickly forgiven.

I went out one morning in East Hampton to feed the hogs and somehow they vexed me. I caught up the handiest thing, and was thrashing them, when she came to the door and said, "Lyman, don't! don't!" I said something sharply, and she turned to go in. But oh! I had not time enough to get to the door and to say, 'I am ashamed; I am sorry,' when one of the sweetest smiles shone out on her face, and that smile has never died and never will. I was forgiven, you may guess. There was another smile I have never lost. It was when she was leaving me. We supposed she was gone, and I had left the bedside, when a friend said, 'Lyman, she is reviving.' She opened her eyes and smiled, and passed away.

Dr. Beecher died January 10th, 1863, in his eighty-

eight year. His last response to his wife was —

“Jesus, Lover of my Soul,
Let me to Thy bosom fly.”

A volume might be filled with apochryphal anecdotes of Dr. Beecher ; but I choose to close this sketch with some which are well authenticated. The doctor depended on constant manual labor, for keeping up his health ; and in Boston, where he could not enjoy the luxury of a garden to dig in, he was often puzzled to find means to keep himself in good working order. The consequence was that he sawed wood. The consequence was that he sawed all the wood for his own large family, and often finding that too little, would beg the privilege of sawing at the wood-pile of his neighbor.

He was fastidious in the care of his wood-saw as a musician in the care of his cremona.

In fact, there was an analogy between the two instruments. In moods of abstraction more than ordinary, it was sometimes doubtful which the doctor imagined himself to be doing—filing his saw or sawing his fiddle. That the old saw was musical under his hand, none could deny ; and that he enjoyed its brilliant notes was clear from the manner in which he kept the instrument always at hand in his study, half concealed among results of councils, reviews, reports and sermons, or even when settling nice points of theology with his boys, or taking council with brother ministers. Looking out of his study window one day, when his own wood-pile was reduced to a discourag-

ing state of order, every stick sawed and split, he saw with envy the pile of old W.—in the street. Forthwith he seized his saw, and soon the old sawyer of the street beheld a man, without cravat and in his shirt-sleeves, issuing from Dr. Beecher's house, who came briskly up, and asked if he wanted a hand at his pile; and forthwith fell to work with a right good will, and soon proved to his brother sawyer that he was no mean hand at the craft.

Nodding his head significantly at the opposite house, W. — said: "You live there?"

B. "Yes."

W. "Work for the old man?"

B. "Yes."

W. "What sort of an old fellow is he?"

B. "Oh! pretty much like the rest of us. Good man enough to work for,"

W. "Tough old chap, ain't he?"

B. "Guess so, to them that try to chaw him up."

So the conversation went on, till the wood went so fast with the new-comer that W—— exclaimed.

"First rate saw, that of yourn!"

This touched the Doctor in a tender point. He had set that saw as carefully as the articles of his creed; every tooth was critically adjusted, and so he gave a smile of triumph. "I say," said W——, "where can I get a saw like that?"

B. "I dont know, unless you buy mine."

W. "Will you trade? What do you ask?"

B. "I dont know. I'll think about it. Call at the house to-morrow and I'll tell you."

The next day the old man knocked, and met the doctor at the door, fresh from the hands of his wife, with his coat brushed and cravat tied, going out to pastoral duty. W—— gave a start of surprise.

"Oh!" said the doctor, "you're the man that wanted to buy my saw. Well you shall have it for nothing; only let me have some of your wood to saw when you work on my street."

"Be hanged," said old W——, when he used afterward to tell the story, "if I didn't want to crawl into an augur-hole when I found it was old Beecher himself I had been talking with so crank the day before".

It scarcely need be said that from that time W—— was one of the doctor's stoutest and most enthusiastic advocates; not a word would he hear said against him. He affirmed that "old Beecher is a right glorious old fellow, and the only man in these parts that can saw wood faster than I can."

It is wonderful how small a matter leads to some great event. I will let the doctor tell his own story.

"One thing that indirectly occasioned my being thought of for Lane Seminary, I have no doubt, was a little circumstance that happened not long before. I was on one of the North River boats. I was coming down the river, when I saw a crowd, where a pert fellow, a Skeptic, was talking. I drew near the ring to hear and see what he was doing. I soon saw that his antagonist was not his match, and needed help. He

was showing up the contradictions of the Bible ; and among others that Judas hanged himself, and in another place, fell headlong.

"And how do you reconcile *that?*" said he.

"Why sir," said I "the rope broke, I suppose."

"How do you know?" said he.

"How do you know it didn't?" said I.

That dashed him. The people began to laugh. Then I stepped up close to his side, and kindly said, "I venture to say, you are a child of pious parents, and are fighting against your conscience. That is a dangerous thing, and you had better give it up! I told him, if he ever came to Boston, to call on me." "Why," said he "I dont know who you be," and half a dozen voices cried, "Dr. Beecher! Dr. Beecher."

I told this to Taylor, Taylor told brother Tappan eulogistically ; and so, when Vail, the agent for Lane Seminary, called on Tappen for funds, he offered \$20,000, on condition that I would go."

There are no little things in the Divine Government.

CHAPTER II.

REVIVAL UNDER DR. NETTLETON, CONGREGATIONALIST.

REV. ASAHEL NETTLETON, D. D., was born April 21st, 1783. He was compelled to get his education himself. Nothing has come down to us very remarkable respecting his childhood. He had the advantages of a public school in North Killingworth, Connecticut, the place of his birth.

It is not my purpose to write the life of this remarkable man ; but simply to give my recollections of him with some of the events connected with his ministry, as I witnessed them and heard them reported.

From early youth, he had serious impressions and strong conviction of his sins. He says, "from my earliest age, I endeavored to lead a moral life, being often taught that God would punish sinners ; but I did not believe that I should suffer for the few offences, of which I had been guilty. Having avoided many sins which I saw in others, I imagined all was well with me, till I was about eighteen years old, when I heard a sermon preached upon the necessity of regeneration, which put me upon thinking of the need of a change of heart in myself."

He went through all the phases of a long conviction, as was often the case in those days. He prayed and labored long to make himself good enough for God to save him, and he says, "I considered God obligated to love me, because I had done so much for Him, and, finding no relief, I wished that He might not be, and began really to doubt the truths of His holy word, and to disbelieve His existence; for, if there was a God, I perfectly hated Him.

At length this state of agony and misery was succeeded by 'a great calm.' My first thought was, that I had lost all conviction, and I searched to find it, as multitudes have since done."

After his conversion, his desire was, to go on a foreign mission. But neither was he, nor Samuel J. Mills, who was born the same year, permitted to preach the gospel to the heathen, though they both desired to do it. Mr. Nettleton was not a brilliant scholar in College. This was not because he was wanting in intellect; but, because he was a considerable part of the time, gloomy in mind and feeble in body.

My acquaintance with Mr. Nettleton commenced in Taunton, in 1823, fifty-seven years ago this autumn. The Trinitarian church at Taunton green, had been organized, had settled a pastor, Rev. Chester Isham, and he had died. So the church was destitute of a pastor.

Mr. Nettleton came first to this part of the town. He labored here several weeks, and some thirty souls were

converted. But, his preaching stirred up opposition from some of the gentlemen, who had left the old Unitarian church, because their pious wives had joined the new Orthodox church. These men had gone there for accommodation and not because they had any especial regard for the truth. Being offended at Mr. Nettleton's faithful preaching, they threatened to return to the old society; and, as they were men of considerable wealth, the little church consented rather to lose Mr. Nettleton's preaching, than these men's wealth; so the deacons requested Mr. Nettleton to leave. At the same time, Rev. Mr. Maltby came there as a candidate and was settled.

Mr. Nettleton went to Rev. Dr. Cobb's church, a small society in the west part of the town, and said to him, "Brother Cobb, I want a corner of your house, till I find out whether the Lord has any work for me to do here."

Dr. Nettleton had labored two months and a half in the congregation at the green; and, as said above, about thirty had been converted there. He labored with Mr. Cobb from the first of October, 1823, to the middle of January, 1824. My first acquaintance with him commenced here, as I was then teaching school in West Taunton.

I was boarding at one of my patrons, when some one said, "they have got a crazy man preaching down at Mr. Cobb's." So I thought I would go and hear him. I had heard much of him, but had never seen him. His appearance was singular. He was pale,

apparently feeble, with a black piercing eye, which seemed to penetrate right through you. His voice, when he whispered (and half his sermon was in a whisper) was heard in every part of the house, and, when it was in his highest key, was a perfect tornado, as piercing as the whistle of a steam-engine. He would have every one seated, and the house perfectly still, before he commenced the service. His movements in the pulpit were very slow. Everything seemed to be done with the greatest deliberation. When he read a hymn, it was at a slow and solemn cadence. In his prayer, every word seemed filled with a sense of the immediate presence of God. When he arose to preach, before naming his text, he looked over the audience for a minute or more, till all was still. When the text came, every one in the house heard it, and the solemnity, and tone in which it was spoken, was a sermon to all present. Well do I remember the first text I heard him preach from; it was, "When the unclean spirit is gone out of a man, he walketh through dry places seeking rest and findeth none. Then saith he, 'I will return unto my house whence I came out,' and when he is come, he findeth it empty, swept and garnished. Then goeth he and taketh to himself seven other spirits, more wicked than himself, and they enter in and dwell there, and the last state of that man is worse than the first." The church was filled, and still as the chamber of death; and, if the awakened sinner, who had cast off his conviction and gone back to his sins, didn't pass

before us in his worst state, then no being can be shown to be miserable. The *manner* in which he said "*empty, swept, and garnished*"—showing the preparation made to receive the unclean spirit—thrilled the souls of the hearers as though such apostates were worse than devils.

He preached a new year's sermon from the text, "Oh! that they were wise! that they understood this—that they would consider their latter end."

This was one of the most simple, plain sermons that could have been written, the divisions of which, and much of the language are remembered to this day, now nearly sixty years. The subject was man's mortality.

He bid the new converts "a happy new year." "Yes," said he, "the happiest year you ever saw."

Another text, which he preached from, was, "come thou and all thy house into the ark." When he described the fate of that wicked generation, the taunts, and jibes, and scoffing; when the rain began, as one said, "well, I guess old Noah's flood is coming now!" and another replied, "yes, we've seen it rain before this,"—when you saw from his description, vivid as life, the beasts of the field and the fowls of the air flocking to Noah, and he receiving them into the ark, how they wondered and stood aghast!—And when these wretched men, came knocking at the door, and crying aloud, "Noah, Noah, let us in!" you would have *felt* the flood about your ears.

One peculiarity of Mr. Nettleton was, he seemed

to know just what men thought. To such an extent did this idea prevail that, it was often said by one and another, "well, he shall not know what I think," and in order to prevent it, they would keep out of his way. But, ere long, he would preach a sermon which led these very persons to come and ask him, who had been giving him information about them. Beyond a doubt, his knowledge of human character, was one prominent means of his success. It astonished us all.

At a conversational meeting one evening, Dr. Cobb came to a young woman, who said, "I have been serious, but I have now got back into the world." "Dr. Cobb," said Mr. Nettleton, "here is a young lady who says she has been serious, but has now got back into the world," Dr. Nettleton said in that voice which no man could ever imitate. "Got back into the world, let her go." That "let her go" never left her. A wicked man came into a meeting one night, and almost as by force, took his two daughters away, and as he left, said Mr. Nettleton, "I wish you would call at my house tomorrow at twelve o'clock." "Thank you," said Mr. Nettleton, "I will do so." The brethren said, Mr. Nettleton, you are not going to see that man, are you?" "Oh, yes, I shall go." "Then we must go with you." "No, I shall go alone." "But he will only abuse you with a rabble of his own class." "Well, I shall go," said Mr. Nettleton. He went, and found just what the people had told him, —some dozen of the opposers gathered there. The man who had invited him, began: "Mr. Nettleton you

are doing immense evil ; you are holding night meetings, and setting the people all by the ears, and leading all the boys and girls to be out at night, and breaking up the order and peace of families, and there ought to be some law to stop such proceedings ; and I am determined you sha'n't ruin my daughters."

Mr. Nettleton sat perfectly quiet, and let him spit out all his venom, and, then addressing the company he had gathered together, said, "Gentlemen, you have heard what this man has said. You know him. He accuses me of holding late meetings, and of breaking up the order of families and such things. Now gentlemen, you know, there is not a word of truth in what he says. I have never held a meeting after nine o'clock, and you know that this man will take these same daughters and go to a party or a theatre, and stay with them till midnight."

The result was, the very men he had gathered together to hear him, saw the falsity of his position ; and, to make the story short, this man and his daughters were all members of the church before Mr. Nettleton left the place.

Dr. Nettleton's success was owing to his abiding in Christ, and was the fulfilment of that declaration, "he that abideth in me bringeth forth much fruit." Well did President Dwight say of him, "the man of whom we expected the least of any graduate of this college, has done the most."

THE MODESTY OF DR. NETTLETON.

The most objectionable feature that I have ever

witnessed among Evangelists, has been an assumption of authority and a kind of self confidence in their labors and success. In some, this trait has been so apparent as almost to neutralize the good effects of their labors and to greatly weaken, if not to destroy, the influence of the Pastor among his people.

The influence of Dr. Nettleton, was just the reverse of all this. He was the least assuming of any man I ever saw. He always referred to the Pastor, as the Moses, the leader, among his people. He never alluded in the slightest manner, to his success in other places. He never said, "I preached from such a text, at such a time, in such a place, and the effect was wonderful so many rose for prayers, so many attended the inquiry meeting, and so many were converted." There was not the least tinge of any thing of this kind,—an item so often visible and objectionable in many of our more modern Evangelists. We often heard of his success from others, but never from him.

It is a well known fact, in many of our more modern revivals, that when Evangelists have been called in to aid the Pastor, and many have been added to the church, that the pastor's labors have soon ended there, and he has removed to a new field. Indeed, so often has this been the case, that many prudent pastors have feared to call upon Evangelists to labor among their flock. Unless we are much mistaken, this has been one of the chief objections to evangelistic labors in our churches.

Dr. Nettleton always left the pastor more firmly seated in the affection of his people than ever before. This was as a garment of praise to the man, and one of the crowning excellencies of his work.

It has been already said, Mr. Nettleton went to Dr. Cobb's the first of October, 1823. The 26th of December, 1825, he wrote to a friend as follows ;

"The state of things in this society has become quite interesting of late.

Meetings are crowded and solemn as eternity. A number have called to see us in deep distress of soul. Some of them told us that they received their first impressions down at the green last summer. The fire was already kindled, and has already burst into a flame in this part of the town. The number of inhabitants in this society is comparatively small ; and yet last Saturday evening, we met about sixty in the meeting for inquiry. About thirty of these are rejoicing in hope. Of these, some are youth of the first respectability, and four or five men of influence. Old professors of religion tell us they never saw such a time before."

It will be seen that in the above, there is no boasting ; no self exaltation, no self complacency.

REV. DR. COBB'S TESTIMONY OF HIS PREACHING.

"His sermons were clear, sound, able ; full of thought, direct and simple, with unity of design. He seemed to be destined to be understood. He enlisted the hearts and hands of all the church, and especially the aged members—our fathers, who were well

informed, and who had borne the burden and heat of the day.

It was surprising to see what overpowering influence his kindness, devotion and faithfulness had upon all, old and young, saints and sinners. — As the revival progressed, he preached more and more closely, and more and more doctrinally. The great truths of the gospel were the weapons of his warfare, and were wielded with a spirit and an energy which the people were unable to gainsay or resist. He showed the sinner that absolute, unconditional submission to a sovereign God was the first thing to be done. To this duty the sinner was urged immediately, with great power and conclusiveness of argument.

There was never heard a word or a sentence in one of his sermons that a child ten years old could not perfectly understand.

HIS VISITS.

These were frequent and short. Religion was the theme he generally spoke of, and the necessity of attending to it immediately. If any had thought beforehand how they should reply to his questions, they were immediately prevented from doing so, by his simply turning their attention to their own lost condition. Often he would say, "you have no time to spend in conversation, or arguments before the salvation of your soul is secured." He never entered into an argument upon any doctrinal subject with a sinner, but would say; "let us pray together."

I remember a visit he made to the family of an

intemperate man. This man had presented himself among the inquirers. He had professed to be very religious. Mr. Nettleton smelt his breath, and upon his expressing a hope, said "you had better give it up, and seek anew your salvation in earnest."

Dr. Cobb says, "he was well versed in all the doctrinal and experimental parts of the gospel; feeling in his own heart the power of divine truth, he was qualified, before most, to judge of the character of other's experience; and though mild and conciliatory in his manner, he was faithful in his warnings, against false hopes and spurious conversions.

NETTLETON IN THE INQUIRY ROOM.

He was never there without the pastor, as a rule, and he always referred to the pastor as the *leader* and himself as an *assistant*. He never used art or cunning to entrap a sinner. He never disputed about any portion of the scripture with an inquirer. To the anxious and awakened in the inquiry room, he was short and direct in his remarks, always concluding with a short, earnest and fervent prayer, to God. In this prayer there were no flattering words, no attempt at elegant or eloquent expressions, but blessings asked for poor sinners. It was just such a prayer as Mr. Moody intended, when he said to one who was making a long prayer, praising God and telling Him many things,—“ask for something.” Mr. Nettleton always asked for something.

HIS MANNER.

It has been already said, his manner was peculiar. It was so peculiar that no man could imitate it. Rev. Mr. Judson, of Ashford, Conn., where Mr. Nettleton labored in a revival, tried it, and, perhaps, came as near to it as any man could, yet he fell far short of it. He looked as no other man did that I ever saw,—still, quiet, piercing, solemn, so that everyone seeing him felt that God was there. I used to think, as he looked around upon sinners, that he resembled the look of Christ upon poor, denying Peter, and as that look of the Savior brought Peter to repentance, so, the look of Nettleton upon sinners could not fail to make them think.

Then his speech was as peculiar as his look. He began low, slow, almost in a whisper, and from that poured forth a perfect torrent, enough almost to arouse the dead. Of all men I ever saw, he could impress his own views and feelings upon others the best.

One half of his sermon was spoken in a whisper, yet every sentence and every syllable was distinctly heard. Well has Dr. Cobb said, "his object seemed to be to have his hearers *understand* him. This is a point that needs consideration, when so much is said about ministers not being heard. That whisper of his was so distinct, so full of feeling, so potent that it penetrated every corner of the house, and his distinct pronunciation was one of the great excellencies of his preaching. If ministers generally would imi-

tate him more in this particular, there would be less complaint that they were not heard.

Nothing but the great truths of the Bible, pressed home by the Holy Spirit could have produced such effects as were manifested. Mr. Cobb well says, "he brought from his treasure the doctrines of total depravity, personal election, reprobation, the sovereignty of divine grace, and the universal government of God in working all things after the counsel of His own will. Never had brother Nettleton such power over my congregation, as when he poured forth, in torrents, these awful truths. And at no time were converts multiplied so rapidly, and convictions and distress so deep, as when these doctrines were pressed home to the conscience.—The work was still, and now, after the lapse of nineteen years, we are still satisfied that the converts were generally, truly renewed in the spirit of their minds. They appear still to believe and love the doctrines of grace by which they were begotten to the hope of the gospel; and they speak of that season as a day of divine power and grace."

Of Dr. Nettleton's preaching, it may be said, when he preached from the text, "Thou art weighed in the balance," &c. You *saw* the hand writing upon the wall, and Belshazzer trembling, and his knees smiting together. When he preached on the Flood, you *felt* the waters gathering around you; and when he preached on the text, "Up, get ye out of this place," &c., you *expected* to see the fire coming down upon

Sodom, and the audience turned their eyes to the windows expecting to witness the flames.

We close this short memoir of this wonderful man with the account which a lady gave of her own case, in Taunton. She was of good standing in society. She was awakened by hearing Dr. Nettleton preach. She attended the meeting for conversation. She said, "I am undone" to Mr. Nettleton. "I did not know I was such a sinner. It seems as though there was no hope for me. What shall I do?" Dr. Nettleton talked with her several times. She asked him to come and see her at her house. He did not promise to go. He did not go. She sent for him. He returned an answer, "I am engaged." She sent again, and a similar answer was returned. "Indeed he seemed to treat me," said she "very much as Christ did the woman to whom he said, 'It is not meet to take the children's bread and to cast it to dogs.' I felt that every body had forsaken me—that God had long since forsaken me, and now, his minister had left me to perish. My agony was terrible. My sorrow, my sins seemed unbearable. I threw myself upon my bed. I said, 'Lord have mercy on me, for vain is the help of man.' I felt this, and I said, 'Lord, make me anything—do with me as thou seest best. Jesus save me.'

Soon I felt peace. My sorrow had gone—my fearful state was changed. I was calm. I said, 'what can this be? What does it mean? My conviction is gone, and I am now lost, lost forever.' Still I was

happy. I was determined to serve the Lord whether I was saved or lost.

Now everything was changed. God was right. Christ seemed precious. All creation seemed to be singing the praises of the Most High. I wondered why I had not felt this before. I saw that it was grace, mercy, undeserved mercy that saved me, and that my conviction and all my own efforts to make me good enough for God to save me, only sunk me deeper in sin, and that all that God required was to submit myself to Him and be saved in His way, and not by works that I could do."

Soon, she appeared at the conversational meeting with a calm and pleasant face; her countenance betokening the joy and peace that reigned within.

One of the first questions she asked was, "Mr. Nettleton, why did you not come and see me when I sent for you? "Because I felt that the Lord was doing the work, and if I came, you would trust to me and not in God."

"That was just it," said she, "I felt that you had given me up, and I went to Jesus, and he saved me."

Such, and so wonderful, was his knowledge of the human heart, and of the working of the Holy Spirit.

While in college he had little taste for Physical Science or English Literature, but he had great delight in Intellectual and Moral Philosophy. His proficiency in these branches laid the foundation for that quickness of perception and accuracy of discrimination as to describe human nature so graphically

that his hearers often supposed some one had been revealing their particular cases to him. It was owing to this also that he was enabled to deal so skillfully with error and false doctrine.

REV. NATHAN LORD, D. D., CONGREGATIONALIST.

REV. DR. LORD was the 6th President of Dartmouth College, N. H. He was the son of John and Mehitable (Perkins) Lord, was born at Berwick, Maine, Nov. 28th, 1792. He graduated at Bowdoin College in the class of 1809, aged sixteen. While he was in college, Joseph McKeen and Jesse Appleton were each president two years of the institution. They were both men renowned for science and stability. Mr. Lord was a teacher for some time in Exeter Academy. He studied theology at Andover and graduated in 1815. He had been pastor of the Congregational church of Amherst, N. H., when he was called to the Presidency of Dartmouth. He was accounted a strong man in the pulpit. He had the grace of perseverance. The writer remembers in his youth being present at a meeting of the Piscataqua Association when a proposition was made to have three prayers for three different objects. Mr. Lord being present was called upon to offer the first prayer. He made one of those old fashioned long prayers, comprising

about everything that could be thought of. Rev. Mr. Dow of York, Maine, was called upon to offer the second prayer, when he quietly said: "There is nothing to pray for, as Mr. Lord has comprehended everything in his prayer."

Mr. Baxter Perry Smith who has written a very good history of Dartmouth College, says—"President Lord brought to the accomplishment of his task, a fine physique; a countenance serene, yet impressive; a voice rare both for its richness and its power; a pleading, almost magnetic, dignity of mien; a mind most capacious and discriminating by nature, richly stored by severe application, and thoroughly disciplined by varied professional labor; and a heart always tender, yet always true to the profoundest convictions of duty. A deep, rich, and thorough religious experience well fitted the graceful and earnest man, to be a graceful and earnest Christian teacher. The question of fitness for the position as an executive was soon settled beyond the possibility of a doubt. It required but a brief acquaintance with President Lord to teach any one, that he fully believed in the most literal acceptance of the doctrine, that "the powers that be are ordained of God."

A recognition of this fundamental law guided and governed him daily and hourly through all his public life. When early in his administration, he discovered symptoms of a spirit of insubordination in the college, he gave all concerned to understand most fully, that it would be his duty to maintain the

supremacy of the law. There was never any deviation from this loyalty to duty in administering the discipline of the College. No undue regard for his own dignity, or comfort, or safety, deterred him from visiting, at any hour of the day or night, the scene of disorder.

When he had been more than forty years an officer of the college he reaffirmed his adherence to this principle, in a most emphatic manner, when those to whom he did not deem himself responsible sought to point out to him the path of duty."

Dr. Lord was highly conservative and always what Abolitionists called pro-slavery. As he grew older, this principle strengthened, and when the country was involved in the civil war, in 1863, the trustees felt that the time had come, when the president of their college ought to be found on the side of the Union; so they passed the following resolution,—among others,

"Resolved, That in our opinion it is the duty of the trustees of the college to seriously inquire whether its interests do not demand a change in the presidency; and to act according to their judgement in the premises."

Upon the adoption of this resolution, Dr. Lord resigned the presidency of the college.

Thus ended his more than forty years connection with it as a trustee and president.

The cause of his resignation was his taking up, if not really against the government, yet cherishing

those higher conservative views which led him to oppose the cause of abolition, and also to oppose the war.

With his scientific research, all his renown as an instructor, and all his piety, President Lord made a complete somersault on the subject of slavery. In earlier life, he was almost as zealous in anti-slavery movements as William Lloyd Garrison, and in later life, he was thoroughly pro-slavery, and this, as has been seen above, was the cause of his resignation. What caused this radical change in him, is more than we can tell. It is evident the trustees took the right and proper course, both for the good of the college and the welfare of the country.

REV. JOHN SANFORD, CONGREGATION-
ALIST.

REV. JOHN SANFORD was born in Berkeley, Mass., Sept. 11th, 1788. He died in Taunton, Mass., July 11th, 1866. He fitted for college at Bristol Academy, in Taunton, and graduated from Brown University in the class of 1812. He studied Theology with Rev. Thomas Andros, of Berkeley. He was licensed to preach Oct. 10th, 1815. He was ordained in Fairhaven, April 24th, 1816, as a missionary to the Cherokee nation in West Tennessee. After travelling by horse and carriage as far as Lancaster, Pa.,

he was obliged by ill health, to abandon this undertaking. After preaching in Dighton, Barnstable, and South Dennis, as a supplying minister, he was installed pastor of the church at the last named place Dec. 30th., 1818. This church had been organized shortly before, under his preaching, thus like the great Apostle, he did not build on another man's foundation. He resigned the pastorate of this church in 1838, and removed with his family to Amherst, Mass., where he resided until 1854. He preached frequently while there, as opportunity offered.

In 1854, he removed to Taunton, where he remained until his death. Sept. 2d, 1824, he married Miss Sophia Loud of Weymouth. Two sons and a daughter were born unto them. The daughter died early. The second son has been speaker of the House of Representatives. Mr. Sanford was buried in South Dennis, among the people of his charge, where his son, Hon. John Sanford, of Taunton, erected a suitable monument to his memory.

Mr. Sanford had a good mind, was greatly beloved by his classmates in college, and would have held a high standing among them as a scholar, had not ill-health prevented him from study. He was all his life a great sufferer from nervous debility. With a large body, and of manly proportions, and of fine personal appearance, he had a nervous irritation and excitability almost unparalleled among men. Like Robert Hall, the great English Baptist, he endured great bodily suffering during his whole life: and, what was more

trying to him than all other things, his large, healthy looking body and ruddy countenance seemed to say to all around him that his feebleness and sufferings were mostly imaginary.

John Sanford was of a very calm and amiable disposition, rarely ruffled by any passing events, and always spoke well of his fellow men. He was a plain, faithful preacher of the good old Puritan school, and he was a good preacher. When, in the early part of his preaching, he would tell his mother, "I can't go. I am unable to go," he would go, and preach very acceptably, and return in much better spirits than he had when he went. His labors were blest, and the church which he served was greatly built up. Mr. Sanford used to say, "in the resurrection, I hope to have a body free from pain," reminding us of the text, "There shall be no more pain."

REV. JOSIAH BENT, CONGREGATIONALIST.

REV. JOSIAH BENT was born at Milton, Mass, Oct. 7th, 1797, and died at Amherst, Nov. 19th, 1839. The Northampton Gazette made a brief record of his private and ministerial character, about the time of his death, which will constitute a part of the following notice.

Mr. Bent graduated at Harvard College in 1822, where he acquired a rank in scholarship among the

foremost of his class, and was highly esteemed for his moral and social virtues. He received his theological education at Princeton, N. J., and was settled at North Weymouth, in 1824, at Falmouth, in 1835, and at Amherst, 1836.

His removal from Weymouth, and afterwards from Falmouth, was not owing to "love of change," or to any disaffection on the part of his people, but to circumstances beyond the control of man, which fully justified, (though attended in both cases with mutual regret,) his removal.

His moral character, from childhood, was remarkably correct and pure, and once he trusted in his own goodness for salvation. Considering his native firmness of character, and his conscientiousness of personal virtue, it could not have been expected that his religious views would have been easily changed. But he was "a chosen vessel;" and under the preaching of Rev. Joshua Huntington, of Boston, he became a hopeful subject of renewing grace, and a believer of those evangelical truths of which he was afterwards a faithful, devoted, and successful minister.

He was grave in manners; solemn and impressive in his preaching; serious and spiritual in conversation; consistent in his Christian character, in private as well as in public life; discriminating in his views of truth and duty, and distinguished for conscientiousness, wisdom, and prudence combined with decision and energy. The strength and fervor of his attachments, in his social and pastoral connections, were such as

secured the confidence and affection of his people, as well as of his most intimate friends. Without enumerating all his excellencies it may be said of him with great propriety that he sustained the character of a good minister and an exemplary christian.

At each of the places of his settlement he shared in the honors and joys of a powerful revival of religion. It is believed that not less than *five hundred* souls became the subjects of hopeful conversation under his preaching, during a ministry of less than sixteen years. And will not his name be kept in everlasting remembrance? If his spiritual children, hundreds of sons and daughters for whom he wept in secret places and wrestled at a throne of grace, whose feet he taught to walk in the paths of truth and righteousness—if these are true to their profession and true to God, his influence will not have ceased on the earth. It will continue to be felt, extending through the world and to the end of time. And when the monuments, which may be erected in honor of human greatness, shall have fallen equally low with the victims of an earthly ambition, *his* monuments, the seal of his ministry will continue to rise and shine with renewed lustre, in a world of glory and immortality.

Mrs. P. R. Dickinson, daughter of Mr. Bent, has sent me the following:—

"On the first day of Oct. 1824, my father completed his 27th year. On the 13th of the same month, he was ordained pastor of the Old North Church, which was founded in the year that the town was settled,

1624 ; the second colony and church in New England. On the 25th of Oct., same year, he was married to Paulina Rice of Albany, N. Y. The parsonage where my parents lived, then about 200 years old, was originally a barrack in the Indian war."

The author knew Mr. Bent well. He performed the ceremony when we were married, Jan. 18th, 1832, in his first charge in Weymouth. Mr. Bent was a good pastor, a good scholar, and a good preacher. He was settled in Weymouth in troublous times. The anti-masonic fever then raged in the community, and Mr. Bent, fortunately or unfortunately, was a mason. This was the real cause of his leaving Weymouth. He was not in fault, and he left regretted by all except those who were intensely anti-masonic.

This was one of those excitements which arise occasionally in the community, and which sweep over the land like a tornado. The present generation has no conception of the intense feeling and excitement which then raged.

Mr. Bent's removal was not caused by any failure, or lack of his not performing his duty ; nor from any dissatisfaction among his people, except as stated above, he was a mason, and in that excitement many good men said they would not hear a mason preach. That excitement, like many others, passed away, and Mr. Bent lived and died a faithful pastor.



George W. Musgrave

CHAPTER III.

REV. GEORGE W. MUSGRAVE, D. D., LL. D.,
PRESBYTERIAN.

[WRITTEN BY REV. WILLIAM T. EVA, D. D.]

A TRUE RECORD of the life and deliniation of the character of a good and great man can seldom fail to be of interest and profit. And when one has done so much for the church of God as has the subject of this sketch, and held so many positions of trust and filled them all so well, good people of whatever name will recognize him as a benefactor to his age, and appreciate any proper notice of his services.

Dr. Musgrave was born in the city of Philadelphia, on the 19th day of October, 1804. His father Joseph had come from the north of Ireland in boyhood; his mother Catherine, daughter of Frederick Schaumenkessel of Germany, was a native of Philadelphia. Thus there is united in him the blood of the Scotch-Irish and the German, the product of the union being warmth, eloquence, the firmness of a rock and the intellectual power of a giant.

The father dying in the son's infancy his "bringing up" devolved upon his mother and grandfather. The latter was a kindly, good man, of careful habits and much common sense, whose love for his grand-son was truly parental. He had been a soldier in the war for American Independence and was a great admirer of General Washington. It was at his request that Dr. Musgrave was named after the "father of his country." The mother, in the breadth of her intelligence, the gentleness of her spirit, and the symmetry of her christian character, was a model mother, who so governed, guided and impressed herself upon her son, that to this day he never speaks of her without evident reverence and tenderness. The only other member of the family was a sister, intelligent, beautiful, useful and beloved. These and other kindred ones have all passed away, and the Doctor remains as "the last leaf upon the tree."

The early scholastic education of Dr. Musgrave was received mainly at the, in its day, celebrated classical academy of the Rev. Samuel B. Wylie, D. D., where he was fitted to enter the junior class of the college of New Jersey, at Princeton. But his health failing, the thought of college had to be relinquished, and he continued his studies privately, passing however, as far as possible, through the regular college curriculum. Mr. and Mrs. Musgrave were connected with the second Presbyterian church of Philadelphia, and their son, consequently, was under the catechetical tuition of the reverend doctors Ashbel Green,

and J. J. Janeway—a fact which perhaps accounts, partly at least, for those clear views of, and staunch adherence to *Orthodox* doctrine, for which he has ever been noted. After his father's death, his mother and himself joined the first church of the Northern Liberties, then under the pastorate of the earnest and faithful Rev. James Patterson. Entering the Princeton Theological Seminary, he pursued and completed his studies for the ministry of the gospel under the direction of doctors Archibald Alexander and Samuel Miller.

He was licensed to preach by the Presbytery of Baltimore, to which city he had been providentially directed, in the fall of the year 1828, and having received a call to the third Presbyterian church thereof, he was ordained and installed its pastor, in July, 1830.

Here, side by side with the Rev. Dr. William Nevins, pastor of the first church, and the Rev. Robert J. Breckinridge, D. D., LL. D., pastor of the second church, he labored for twenty-two years; and with a remarkable degree of success. Three times his church edifice was enlarged to accommodate the ever growing congregations attracted by his faithfulness, piety and power. As a pastor he was wise, diligent and laborious: few men in the sacred office have ever been more so. And the result was that the flock was kept well together, he being enabled to refer, as he sometimes does with evident satisfaction, to the fact, that in a city where the influence of the

Roman church is so powerful, no member of his congregation was ever led astray into that superstition. In the pulpit his power was great. Preaching for the most part without notes, and possessed not only of a clear and well furnished mind which, as by instinct, took the logical view and connections and bearings of the subjects he treated, but also of a strong and well modulated voice, which never failed to be heard, and a degree of nervous electric force that was quite remarkable, he generally succeeded in securing attention and making a deep impression. The "hungry sheep" of God's elect, "looked up and *were* fed, and sinners were converted from the error of their ways.

His sermons were in large part "doctrinal" and "denominational," but were not by any means restricted to the "dry bones" of theology, or to the mere commonplaces of exposition. Argument, philosophy, practical appeal, sometimes poetry, were introduced and made powerfully subservient to the purpose of the preacher. Some of these sermons were published at the request of those who heard them, and two of them entitled, "A Vindication of the Divine Decrees," were re-published by the Presbyterian Board of Publication.

But not to his own congregation were the labors and influence of Dr. Musgrave confined. Active in Presbytery, in Synod, and in the General Assembly of the church, in which latter body he first took his seat as a commissioner in the year 1831, being then

one of the youngest members, he came to be a recognized "leader" of Orthodoxy and Presbyterianism. In 1836 he was chosen a director of the Princeton Theological Seminary, and has been uninterruptedly re-elected ever since. From the college of New Jersey (Princeton) he received the degree of D. D. in 1845. He was made a trustee of the college in 1859, and still retains the office. The University of Indiana gave him the decree of LL. D., in 1862.

In the year 1852 he was appointed to the position of corresponding secretary of the Presbyterian Board of Publication. In view of certain peculiar circumstances he could not help regarding the appointment as a providential one, and so, at his own request being released from his pastoral charge, he left Baltimore and removed to the city of his birth. The next year he was chosen corresponding secretary of the Board of Domestic Missions, then located in the same city. He entered upon his work in this important office with great energy; and with unflagging zeal and marked administrative ability prosecuted that work, until his failing sight, from a severe inflammation of the eyes, compelled him in 1861 to resign. Recovering however from the worst symptoms, though with vision much impaired, he accepted an invitation to become the pastor of the North Tenth Street Church of Philadelphia, and notwithstanding his infirmity, labored with his usual energy and success until the fall of 1868, when he was again called to the post of corresponding secretary of Domestic Missions, con-

tinued until the removal of the board in 1870 to the city of New York. His work in this important branch of service in the church was one of great usefulness. During his tenure of office, in both periods, not less than \$1,048,237 were received into the treasury, and a great army of Missionaries, many of whom were first appointed under his administration, were aided. And yet such was the rigid economy practiced and the wise forecast with which his measures were taken, that not only were all the demands of the field and the claims of the hard working laborers therein met, but the close of his terms of service showed not a dollar of indebtedness, but a working balance on hand. To this day the Missionaries call him "blessed," and contend for the privilege whenever opportunity offers of shaking him by the hand and thanking him for his careful attention to their interests, when he had those interests in charge.

All students of ecclesiastical history in our country know, that in the year 1837, the controversies which for years had been carried on between what were known as the "Old School" and "New School" parties in the Presbyterian church, culminated in the division of the church into two parts. This rupture continued for thirty years; a great sorrow to many, though perhaps upon the whole overruled for good.

But when the first movements to heal it were made, they were vigorously seconded by Dr. Musgrave. In the remarkable gathering of representatives of all schools and divisions convened in Philadelphia, in the

Presbyterian National Union Convention, November, 1867, he was a leading spirit, director and counsellor. And the minutes of that convention show that some of the wisest, most eloquent and most powerful speeches in favor of the objects of the meeting were made by him. The *basis* of the re-union of the two branches, "Old" and "New School," in the precise form in which it was ultimately adopted, viz.; "the doctrinal and ecclesiastical basis of our common standard pure and simple," (meaning the Westminster Confession of Faith, etc.,) with out the "Concurrent Declarations" forming a part of the compact he first proposed. This plan was set forth in a circular letter issued to the Presbyterians of the Central Presbytery of Philadelphia, of which body he was a prominent and honored member.

When the General Assembly of the "Old School" branch met in the city of Albany, New York, May, 1868, he was chosen Moderator of the body, the highest honor of the church, and a position which he filled with unsurpassed dignity and efficiency. Of the assembly which met the next year in the city of New York, he was also a member, and was made the chairman of *its* committee on "Reunion." The Assembly, in virtue of an understanding to that effect with the other ("New School") Assembly, adjourned to meet in the city of Pittsburg, Pa., in the month of November following. Then and there it was found that the basis had been approved of by more than the necessary two thirds of the Presbyteries; and he was

happy to see the great rupture healed, the desired re-union consummated (*Laus Deo!*). He was at once appointed chairman of the "joint committee" of the two former bodies on "Reconstruction"; and the plan and principles reported by him to the first re-united General Assembly held in Philadelphia, May, 1870, for the arrangement and adjustment of the Synods and Presbyteries, were adopted. It is a pleasure to note that in all these labors connected with re-union, he had association with and hearty co-operation from many distinguished men in both branches of the church, those of the "New School" branch being, for the most part, represented by that man of distinguished eminence as an orator, preacher, pastor, and counsellor, the Rev. William Adams, D. D., LL.D., of New York.

Since the re-union, Dr. Musgrave has continued to reside in his native city, Philadelphia, and in Assemblies, Synods, Presbyteries, Board and Committee, has been constantly engaged. Indeed he has been a member of the General Assembly more frequently than any man now living, having, about the time of re-union, had a seat in that body for five consecutive years. In the autumn of the year 1870, the Philadelphia Presbyterian Alliance, for evangelist work in the city was organized. He was elected president and has been re-elected every year since. That organization originated the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia, chartered in 1871, and opened for patients July 1st, 1872. From the beginning he has been presi-

dent of its board of trustees, and is still; and in that capacity he helped to secure from Mr. John A. Brown the princely donation of \$300,000, that assured its success. Of its finance and visiting committees he is also a very active and diligent member.

He was a member of the General Assembly of 1871 which met in the city of Chicago. Here he was especially prominent, active and useful, particularly in opposition to the proposed scheme of a "Central Treasury"; which, mainly through his influence in debate and address, was then crippled, and in the Assembly of three years following in St. Louis, was killed. It was in reference to his powers of debate, as exhibited in this Assembly in Chicago, that Dr. John Hall of New York, though championing the opposite side, said, "we are all proud of him," and also that venerable professor of theology in Princeton, Dr. Charles Hodge, over his own signature, wrote to him thus:—

"PRINCETON, NOV. 1, 1871.

My Dear Doctor: I was quite alarmed when I heard the report of your illness, but was greatly relieved when our good friend Dr. Maclean returned with such favorable tidings of your improvement.

"* * * * *. We all look upon you as our Ajax, and are frightened when anything threatens to lay you aside. You saved the church, as I think, from a great calamity at the last Assembly, and I trust you may be spared many years to do good service. I should have gone with Dr. M. to see you had I been well enough. * * * * *

"Your sincere friend, CHARLES HODGE.
"REV. DR. MUSGRAVE."

About the year 1875 the question of "life" or "term service" in the ruling eldership of the Presbyterian church began to be agitated. Dr. Musgrave entered into the controversy, and in a series of powerful articles published in the newspapers of the denomination, advocated and demonstrated the duty and expediency of granting to those churches which desired it, the privilege of electing their elders to service for a term of years, rather than for life or good behavior. And it was largely through his efforts that the measure was adopted. Then came the project of reducing the size of the general assembly which, in the judgment of many, had by the re-union become too large and unwieldy. First a plan of synodical representation was brought forward. This the doctor opposed as being unpresbyterial, and it was lost; as were also one or two other schemes.

Then a plan making the number of *communicants* and ministers the basis, and giving to the smaller presbyteries but half a representation, was proposed. Against this also the doctor arrayed himself as being unconstitutional, etc., and by an overwhelming majority of votes against it, it was defeated. The doctor's own plan is that of "the parity of the presbyteries," viz., giving them all an equal representation like the states in the senate of the nation:—this, if the assembly is to be reduced at all, a matter which in common with the great mass of the church, he is disposed to think, may as well be suffered to rest for the present. But in all the agitations on this subject

the influence of his views and the power of his logic, not only in his own presbytery but throughout the whole church, has been most obvious and commanding.

Dr. Musgrave was appointed a member of the first general council of the Presbyterian church which met in the city of Edinburg, Scotland, two years ago; but owing to his state of health was not able to attend.

He has lately been engaged in the work of the Presbyterian historical society, located in Philadelphia. As its president, and chairman of its executive committee, he has given to its interests a great deal of thought and time, and for the purpose of erecting for its use a fire proof building, has made a very generous pecuniary contribution. He is also an active member of the present board of publication and of its business committee. But the work in which he has latterly been most interested, is that which is thus sketched in a recent number of the *New York Evangelist*:—

“Two years ago on a summer visit to the town of Bethlehem, Pa., Dr. Musgrave found a little band organized into a Presbyterian church under the pastoral care of Rev. A. D. Moore. They were struggling along amid great disadvantages, having no church edifice of their own, and being compelled to worship in a little cabin at a place difficult of access, in a somewhat out of the way neighborhood. The doctor worshipped with, preached for, and became interested in them; and before he left made them an

offer of aid in purchasing a lot in an eligible site, and building a chapel thereon. The offer was accepted, a lot was purchased, the cornerstone of the chapel was laid in the month of October following, and on the first sabbath of April, the building was ready for occupancy and dedicated—a large, commodious and beautiful edifice, every way adapted to the wants of the young church and of the community in which it is located. The whole cost was about \$7,000, a large portion of which sum was contributed by the venerable doctor, and on the chapel not a dollar of indebtedness remained. It bears the inscription, “Musgrave Chapel of the First Presbyterian church, Bethlehem.”

But this was by no means all. The doctor’s interest in the church has continued and increased, and during the vacation season just ended he has given very substantial indication of the fact. With a view of providing for the future, he purchased for them two additional lots of ground, one on the north, the other on the east of the chapel, thus securing plenty of space for the building of the main church edifice, when that shall be necessary. And last, not least, he has furnished, as a free gift, the entire means to enable the church to purchase a substantial and comfortable manse for their pastor, which is now free of incumbrance, and belongs to them.

In all this Dr. Musgrave has been doing a good, a noble work; and his many friends will surely be glad to know, that the days of his advancing years are

made happy in the performance of such labors of love."

As might be supposed from his grandfather's example and teachings Dr. Musgrave has always been an ardent lover of his country and its unity. His personal appearance is striking. Above the average height he is proportionally stout, standing erect with a well set compact frame. His step is firm and his movements are deliberate. The contour of his head and face is something of the Greek order. His complexion is florid and his countenance beams with intelligence and benignity. His manners also have the frankness and simplicity, and the polish of a gentleman of times gone by.

His commanding influence and power it is not difficult to account for. A very little reflection will reveal, and a few words indicate in what they consist and wherein they lie. First of all his sincere piety, next his great gift in conversation, preaching and prayer; then his devotion to pure Calvinism and thorough yet catholic Presbyterianism; added to these must be his *faultless logical processes*, and his full knowledge of parliamentary law and practice; then further his indomitable energy, which has enabled him for years to triumph over partial blindness and other infirmities; and last, not least, *his powers of debate*, which, in the estimation of deliberative bodies, either ecclesiastical or secular, have been seldom equalled and rarely excelled. He is a born leader of men and, in a sense of course secondary to

that in which the words are used in Holy Writ, a "master of assemblies."

Such is our brief and imperfect sketch of this eminent and useful minister of God. The Rev. Dr. Montfort in the *Herald and Presbyterian* said of him: "He has had all the *honors* of his branch of the church. The only honorary degree possessed by his brethren generally to which he has not attained is that of being 'the husband of one wife': he never married. But notwithstanding this, as in the case of a more eminent servant of the church, he has not been a whit behind the chiefest modern apostle. And it may be added that though in "single blessedness" (?) possessed of a competent income he lives in a home as comfortable as most homes, at No. 40 North 11th St., Philadelphia, where with no stinted hand he practices toward all who will accept of it, the hospitality of a bishop. It cannot be said that "his sight is not dim," but his "natural force," even at the age of three score and fifteen, "is not" much "abated." His counsel is now more sought than ever by the highest and the lowest in the Presbyterian denomination; and surrounded and revered by a host of warm friends, it is earnestly hoped by thousands, that he may be spared to the church and the world, not only to celebrate his *Semi Centennial* in the General Assembly of 1881—a thing which he looks forward to with pleasant hope—but for many years of continuing usefulness.

Having had more than twenty years acquaintance

with the Rev. Dr. Musgrave, the author is prepared to say that, in the foregoing sketch of his life, by the Rev. Dr. Eva, his character and services to the church and community have not been overstated.

REV. WILLIAM T. EVA, D. D.,
PRESBYTERIAN.

[AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.]

DR. EVA is the pastor of the Bethesda Presbyterian Church in the city of Philadelphia. He belongs to the Presbytery of Philadelphia Central. He is a member of the board of trustees of the general assembly of the Presbyterian Church; of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian house; of the board of publication and chairman of its committee on periodicals; of the board of trustees of the Presbyterian Hospital in Philadelphia; the secretary of the Philadelphia Presbyterian Alliance, and chairman of its committee on hospitals, homes, etc.; and a member of the executive committee of the Presbyterian Historical Society.

Dr. Eva was born in the little rural town of Helstone, county of Cornwall, England, in the year 1827. He came with his parents to the United States in 1833, settling in Philadelphia. His early education was received in the public schools of that city. He was also a scholar in the Sabbath School of the First Presbyterian Church, Kensington. His

father had been a soldier in Wellington's army in the Spanish Campaign, and his mother, a godly, devout woman, died when he was eleven years of age. He was thus thrown upon the world to begin in earnest the battle of life. But having a thirst for knowledge, he made use of such opportunities as he had in diligent study and reading. At the age of thirteen he was made a subject of converting grace and united with the church. Immediately his thoughts were turned to the ministry of the Gospel, and he went to Harford county, Maryland, as a student of the Rev. John G. Witson of the Protestant Methodist Church. Without waiting for the completion of his studies, a quarterly conference of that denomination licensed him to preach the Gospel in the spring of 1842 when he was but fifteen years of age. The next spring he was received into the Maryland annual conference as a travelling licentiate preacher. He labored at various points in Harford, Frederick, Dorchester and Howard County, Maryland, and in Washington, D. C., preaching occasionally in Baltimore and Philadelphia.

In the years 1848 and 1849 he was the pastor of the P. M. Church in the city of Cumberland, Md. Here, coming of age, he was ordained to the Gospel Ministry with the laying on of hands by the President of the P. M. Conference, and the Rev. J. H. Symmes, pastor of the Presbyterian Church. In Cumberland a new church edifice was built during his pastorate, to collect funds for which he canvassed a

large part of the state asking only one dollar subscriptions. The President of the Conference preached the sermon at its dedication, and in a written account of the edifice afterward said, referring to the pastor, "Some men have monuments built by others, but he has built his own."

In the spring of 1850, Dr. Eva was appointed to the charge of a church in Washington City, D. C. Here, in connection with his pastoral labors, he engaged in teaching, for a time, as principal of one of the public schools, and then as assistant teacher in the Rittenhouse Academy, Prof. O. C. Wight, Principal. He had for years found his thoughts and wishes turning to the Presbyterian Church. With its polity he was already in unison and giving to its system of Calvinistic doctrine, as taught in the Westminster confession of Faith and the catechisms, a thorough study, he was convinced that it was both scriptural and philosophical, and was prepared to adopt and subscribe to it. Accordingly, making his views and desires known to the Rev. John C. Smith, D. D., then the devoted and successful pastor of the fourth church, Washington, through *his* kind officers was introduced to the Presbytery of the District of Columbia, and after examination received as a member of that body, in April, 1852. At its next commencement, he being present and making a master's oration, the college of Delaware conferred upon him the degree of master of arts.

Immediately upon his reception into Presbytery he

received an invitation to supply the pulpit of the Rockville and Bethesda church, a few miles from Washington. In a short time he was called to the pastorate, and duly installed. This post he occupied for six years, blessed with constant revivals, and adding many to the church. A new church edifice was also projected and begun in the town of Rockville; but the region being largely pro-slavery, and the facilities for the education of children being scant, he thought it his duty to leave. Accordingly in the fall of 1857 he accepted a call to the sixth Presbyterian church of Newark, N. J., where he labored for three years, receiving a call in October, 1860, to be successor of the beloved and venerable Rev. George Chandler, in the pastorate of the first Presbyterian church, Kensington, Philadelphia. There were peculiar circumstances of an interesting character connected with this call, which powerfully aided in producing the conviction that it was providential. It was of course accepted, and the pastoral relation was formed. The field proved to be a large, laborious and fruitful one—the times were eventful. It was one of those churches, which, following the lead of its pastor, did its share in those times of its country's peril. The pastor aimed to preach the gospel with such ability as God gave him. The result was that in the course of six years the 800 communicants had increased to 1100. Then the thought of "colonizing" was broached. The Presbytery (Philadelphia fourth), on the motion of the Rev. Albert Barnes, urgently

seconded it, and knowing that the pastor was ready for such a movement, passed a resolution requesting him to lead out as many as would go, and organize in a destitute locality about a mile distant, a new church. With alacrity he responded; a considerable number of the members accompanied him, and in November, 1867, the church which, according to his desire, was named *Bethesda*, was organized, he being chosen its pastor. The result is in one of the Philadelphia daily secular papers thus indicated:—

“The twelfth anniversary of the Bethesda Presbyterian church and Sabbath school of this city was celebrated last Sunday. In the morning the pastor, Rev. W. T. Eva, D. D., preached an appropriate sermon, presenting the following items: Twelve years ago the church was organized with 180 persons. Since then 800 have been received. The church property cost \$70,000, on which \$55,000 have been raised. There is no mortgage on the church, But a ground rent of \$11,000 and a floating debt of less than \$4,000; \$55,000 have been received for the current expenses of the church, and \$10,000 for missionary and benevolent purposes, making in all \$120,000. The present membership is 720, and there are 200 pewholders. The ladies and Sabbath school support a missionary among the Indians. In the afternoon the Sabbath school anniversary exercises were held in the presence of a congregation that filled the audience room to its utmost capacity.”

Dr. Eva was married in March, 1847, to Anna M.,

daughter of Roland Rogers, Esq., of Harford County, Maryland. He was formerly in connection with the branch of the Presbyterian church known as "new school." With the first movement toward "reunion" he was identified, being a member, and one of the secretaries of the Presbyterian National Union convention, which met in the city of Philadelphia, in Nov., 1867. After the reunion was consummated he was made the first moderator of the reconstructed Presbytery of Philadelphia Central. He has been a member of several general assemblies, and was one of the clerks of the general assembly in Chicago, in 1871. By a unanimous vote the trustees of the college of New Jersey (Princeton) in 1877, conferred upon him the honorary title of Doctor of Divinity. He was also appointed a corresponding member of the first general council of the Presbyterian church which met in the city of Edinburgh, Scotland, the same year, though he was unable to attend the meetings of the body.

Among the privileges of his life, Dr. Eva counts that of the acquaintanceship and kind interest of that distinguished servant of God and minister of the Presbyterian church, the Rev. George W. Musgrave, D. D., LL.D., and this sketch cannot be better closed than with the following estimate from *his* pen :

"I first became personally acquainted with the Rev. Dr. Eva in 1870, when by the reconstruction of the synods and Presbyteries of the re-united Presbyterian church, we were brought together as members

of the Presbytery of Philadelphia Central. Since then my personal relations with him have become intimate, for the more I have seen and known of him the more I have respected and esteemed him.

Dr. Eva has naturally a clear and strong mind; and as he has been a diligent and systematic student, his acquirements are both extensive and varied. He is tall in person and well made, courteous in his manners, and of a social, kind and generous disposition. As a preacher he is eminently evangelical, instructive and eloquent. His power in the pulpit is evinced by the large and interested audiences which habitually wait upon his ministry. A professional gentleman who heard him preach last summer, remarked that "it would be worth travelling a hundred miles to hear that sermon." As a pastor he has been active, faithful and indefatigable. His success and usefulness may be estimated by the multitude of professed converts he has gathered into the church.

He is a leading member of Presbytery, and in debate is ready, clear, logical and cogent. He is also highly useful as a member of the many church boards and institutions with which he is connected. Indeed he is one of the most active and useful of our city ministers, always ready to co-operate in every good work. Above all, I believe him to be a conscientious, consistent, and devoted christian. He has the best wishes of all who know him, and their earnest prayers that his useful life may be long spared to be a blessing to the church and the world."

REV. STETSON RAYMOND, CONGREGATIONALIST.

REV. STETSON RAYMOND was born in Middleboro, Mass., March 16th, 1787. He died Nov. 21st, 1864. He was the son of Samuel and Joanna (Bryant) Raymond, and maternal grandson of Rev. Samuel Fuller, first minister of Middleboro. He was prepared for college at Boscowen N. H., and graduated at Brown University, in 1814. He studied Theology first with Rev. Otis Thompson of Rehobeth, Mass. and afterwards with Dr. Emmons, of Franklin. He was licensed to preach by the Mendon Association, and ordained and installed minister of the Congregational Church in Chatham, Mass., April 19th, 1817, where he remained twelve years. In 1829 he removed from Chatham to Freetown, and was pastor of the church there for seven years. After leaving Freetown he was settled at Bridgewater until 1851, when he resigned on account of feeble health.

In 1818 he married Deborah, daughter of Eliot Loud of Weymouth, who died Feb. 7th, 1859.

Mr. Raymond was of the Hopkinsion school, thoroughly Orthodox. He was of a mild and quiet disposition, a good pastor, husband and father. His sermons were carefully prepared, and generally written out in full, as was the usual custom of Congregational ministers of his day. Like the Rev. Dr. Emmons and Rev. Otis Thompson, his preceptors in

theology, he was always opposed to slavery; and numbered among the early abolitionists. His longest pastorate, as stated above, was at Chatham; where he was esteemed and loved as a faithful shepherd. He had two sons and two daughters, all of whom are living.

REV. HENRY MARTIN DEXTER, D. D.

HE received the honorary degree of D. D. from Iowa College in 1865, Pastor, 1849-67, of what is now the Berkeley St. Congregational Church, Boston. Born in Plympton, Mass., 13th of August, 1821, and was the son of the Rev. Elijah Dexter who was the worthypastor of the Congregational church of this town for many years. He graduated from Yale college in 1840, and Theological Seminary, at Andover, Mass., in 1844. Descended from farmer Thomas Dexter of Lynn, and Geo. Morton of Plymouth. Pastor of the Franklin Street Church, Manchester, N. H., 1844-9. He has published "Street Thoughts," 1859; "Twelve Discourses," 1860; "Future Punishment," and "Congregationalism." Editor of "Church's Philip's War," 1865, and "Mourt's Relation," 1871.

Since 1851 he has been editor in chief of the *Congregationalist*. He became one of the editors of the *Congregational Quarterly* in 1858. In 1876 he published "Roger Williams, and his banishment from the Massachusetts Colony." He has just published,

1880, "The Congregationalism of the last Three Hundred Years as seen in its Literature, etc, and New Rule."

This book on Congregationalism is Dr. Dexter's great work. It contains 1,000 octavo pages. Time spent for gathering materials for such a work must have been long; and the labor of compiling it immense. It contains more information on Congregationalism than can be found in any other, indeed in all other volumes; and Dr. Dexter is well entitled to the thanks of the denomination for collecting together in one volume so much of its literature and statistics. The work has been highly recommended by the universal press.

CHAPTER IV.

REV. CALVIN PARK, D. D.

[WRITTEN BY HIS SON, REV. CALVIN E. PARK. SUPER-
VISED BY REV. PROF. E. A. PARK, D. D.]

PROF. CALVIN PARK, D. D., was born in North-bridge, Mass., Sept. 11, 1774. He was the son of Nathan and Mrs. Ruth (Bannister) Park. His ancestry can be traced back to a very remote period. His first known ancestor was Edward Park, a merchant resident in London, who probably was living during the reign of Queen Mary, the daughter of Henry VIII. The second in the series was Henry Park, also a merchant resident in London. The third in the series was Richard Park. He emigrated to this country. He probably was one of the company who came over in 1628, and settled the district around Boston. He is known to have been a land owner in Cambridge in 1636. In 1647 he crossed Charles river, and took up his residence in what is now Newton. He ultimately came into possession of a large tract of land, including the spot now occupied by the Eliot church

in that town. His house was on the present site of the church.

Dr. Park's father was a farmer in moderate circumstances. It was necessary that during his boyhood the son should be employed in the usual labors of the farm. He was influenced to attempt to get a liberal education by the example of his elder brother Thomas, who had graduated at Brown University in 1789. This brother afterwards became professor of languages in the college of South Carolina, in Columbia, where he was associated for many years with Dr. Jonathan Maxcy, the second president of Brown University. He received the degree of LL.D. at Brown University. He died in 1844 in Columbia. Before commencing his preparatory studies, Dr. Park had become a christian, and he had discovered a love of learning and an aptitude for its acquisition such as would justify him, and prompt his friends and especially his pastor, Dr. John Crane, to encourage him in entering on a student's career.

At that time there were no collegiate charitable societies. Wealthy men were not used then, as is now somewhat often the case, to aid young men not related to themselves, in getting an education. Dr. Park was not at liberty, at least during his preparatory studies which he pursued under the direction of Dr. Crane of Northbridge, to devote himself exclusively to his books. He was still under the necessity of laboring to some extent as a farmer. Once, while driving a load of wood through one of the streets of

Boston. he halted his team, and, going into a bookstore, asked for a copy of Virgil that he might verify the translation of a certain passage on which he had been busied. In a similar way he often intermingled study and business.

He entered Brown University in 1793 at the age of nineteen. When he became a member of it, it had been in existence about twenty-nine years. Its president was Dr. Jonathan Maxcy, a man of commanding intellect, of rare scholarship, and, in every way, of a very attractive character. This, indeed, must have been the case; else we cannot explain his being elected on the death of Dr. Manning, the founder of the college, in 1792, to fill the office of president when he was only twenty-four years of age. Among the professors, were Benjamin West in the chair of Mathematics, and David Howell in that of Jurisprudence. The latter was, for many years, eminent as a lawyer and a United States District Judge. Dr. Asa Meser was one of the tutors. The only building then erected served as dormitory, chapel, library apartment, and refectory. Dr. Manning described it as "an elegant brick edifice," and it certainly "commanded an agreeable and extensive prospect." Its library now contains not far from forty thousand volumes, and is lodged in a building noted not perhaps for its architectural splendor but for its spacious dimensions, and its fitness for all the purposes of an extensive library. In 1782, eleven years before Dr. Park entered college, the library is described by

President Manning, "as consisting of about five hundred volumes, most of which are both very ancient, and very useless as well as unsightly." In 1793 it had become somewhat larger, but even then it did not contain more than three thousand volumes, and was kept in a comparatively small and gloomy apartment in University Hall. As to cabinets and philosophical apparatus, they were in 1793 among the things of the remote future. The number of students was less than a hundred; a number not much larger than that of a single graduating class of the present day. It may perhaps, be regarded as a somewhat alleviating feature in this description that the tuition in 1793 was but twelve dollars a year, and board but one dollar a week.

Among Dr. Park's contemporaries in college were such men as Tristram Burgess and John Holmes, both of them afterwards eminent as lawyers and members of Congress; William Baylies and James Tallmadge, the former a member of Congress from Massachusetts, and the latter from New York. One of his classmates was Hon. Jairus Ware of Massachusetts, whose sister he afterwards married, and who was at one time a member of Gov. Lincoln's executive council, and a judge in one of the state courts.

One of Dr. Park's classmates and particular friends was Benjamin Allen, afterwards a professor in Union college, and subsequently in a college in Pennsylvania. Three others of his classmates became members of Congress, James Ervin, John Baldwin and Horace

Everett. His class consisted of only twenty-three men. The part assigned him at his graduation was an intermediate oration. Its subject was "The love of power considered as a principle of action." He took the degree of master of arts after the usual interval, and in 1818 received what was then the rare honor of a doctorate of divinity. He studied Theology under the direction of his life-long friend, Rev. Dr. Austin, at that time pastor of the Old South Church in Worcester, and at a subsequent period, president of the University of Vermont.

While engaged in his theological studies he was also employed as a teacher of a school in Worcester. The building in which he taught was situated on Main st., not far from the site of the Central church. Among his pupils was Levi Lincoln who afterwards, for so many years was Governor of Massachusetts. Dr. Park is distinctly remembered as visiting, along with Dr. Austin, in the family of Rev. Joseph Pope of Spencer, whose grand-daughter was, about fifty years afterwards, married to one of Dr. Park's sons, and is the mother of Rev. Charles Ware Park, a missionary of Bombay. After his removal to Providence, Dr. Park continued his theological studies under the care of Rev. Dr. Nathaniel Emmons, of Franklin, a brother-in-law of Dr. Austin. Probably no man exerted a more powerfully moulding influence over the young man's character as a theologian and a preacher than did Dr. Emmons. He often said that Dr. Emmons had given him his most inspiring thoughts.

In the year 1800, three years after his graduation, Dr. Park was appointed tutor in Brown University. His roommate at this time was Dr. Asa Messer. His associate in the tutorship was Moses Miller, for many years the respected pastor of the Congregational church in Heath, Mass. The president of the college was Dr. Maxcy, who resigned in 1802, becoming president of Union college, Schenectady, and ultimately of South Carolina college. His successor in the presidency was Dr. Asa Messer. Dr. Park became professor of languages in 1804, and professor of moral philosophy and metaphysics in 1811. He closed his connection with the college in 1825, having been connected with it as a teacher in different departments twenty-five years, and as a pupil four years;—twenty-nine years in all.

Brown University, although it was so far under the control of the Baptist denomination that its president and a majority of its trustees were required to be Baptists, was yet resorted to by many young men from Connecticut, and that part of Massachusetts which is contiguous to Rhode Island, who were not Baptists, and who afterwards became Congregational ministers. It was very natural that in this class of students, Dr. Park, being himself a Congregationalist, should feel a peculiar interest. He thus aided in the training of not a few men who afterwards became eminent as preachers and in this way he indirectly but powerfully influenced the religious character of New England.

Among these were such men as Dr. Joel Hawes,

of Hartford ; Dr. Jacob Ide, of Medway ; Dr. Enoch Pond, of Bangor theological seminary ; Dr. Willard Preston, at one time Pastor of the Pacific Congregational church in Providence and afterwards president of a college in Georgia ; Dr. Ebenezer Burgess of Dedham ; and Rev. Cyrus Kingsbury, one of the early missionaries to the Choctaw Indians. There may be added to the list the name of Wilbur Fisk, president of the Wesleyan University in Middletown, Connecticut ; Rev. James M. Winchell, pastor of a Baptist church in Boston, and remembered as a friend and fellow-worker with the lamented Jedediah Huntington ; Dr. Adoniram Judson, the eminent Baptist missionary in Burmah was also a student during Dr. Park's professorship, and for quite a length of time a member of his family, as was also Rev. Dr. John L. Blake, the author of the Biographical Dictionary, etc.

Not a few distinguished civilians and jurists are enumerated among his pupils. Prominent among them were Judges Marcus Morton and Theron Metcalf, the latter of whom was wont to say that he was indebted to no one of his instructors in the formation of his intellectual character, so much as to Dr. Park ; John Bailey, a member of Congress between whom and Dr. Park there subsisted a peculiarly strong attachment ; Lucas Drury and Job Durfee, both judges of the Supreme court of Rhode Island ; William R. Staples, a judge of the same court, and scarcely less eminent as an antiquarian ; Levi Haile, also judge of the Supreme court ; William L. Marcy of New York,

afterwards so distinguished as a United States Senator, and a member of President Pierce's cabinet. Among his pupils were also the eminent educators, Horace Mann, Barnas Sears, and Alexis Caswell, the last two named being distinguished as presidents of Brown University. The whole number of Dr. Park's pupils in the college was more than seven hundred.

After Dr. Park had become a professor in the college, it was thought advisable that he should be ordained as an Evangelist, and thus be qualified to perform pastoral duties for destitute churches in the neighborhood of Providence. His ordination took place at Franklin, Massachusetts, May 17, 1815. A noteworthy fact about this ordination is, that it was performed by the Mendon Association, acting simply as a body of ministers and not as pastors under the authority of churches, and in the form of a council. That Dr. Emmons, who always contended so strenuously for the independence of the churches, and was wont to frown upon everything which wore even the appearance of an assumption of ecclesiastical power on the part of the ministers, should have taken so prominent a part in this ordination is an instance of his independent spirit.

The sermon on this occasion was preached by Dr. John Crane of Northbridge. Dr. Park was one of more than one hundred young men whom Dr. Crane had prepared for college. Several of these, as Judge Theron Metcalf, obtained eminence in life. The text of the sermon was II Thess. iii, 1. Its topic was the

duty of praying for ministers. It was printed, not at the request of the association, but that of the theological society of Brown University. The charge was given by Dr. Emmons. This charge was conceived in its author's happiest vein. In respect to its literary execution, he seldom, if ever, surpassed it. One cannot but notice how the same evils over which good men now mourn as existing to a degree never before equalled existed then. Dr. Emmons says in his sermon: "Never was there a time when the Gospel was more generally despised, or more basely betrayed, or more artfully and vigorously opposed than at this moment." He says that the practice of admitting to the Lord's Table those who did not even profess to have met with the requisite change of character, "like a worm at the root of the churches is imperceptibly and rapidly destroying their peace, their purity, their visibility; and even existence."

While Dr. Park occupied the chair as professor in the college, he performed pastoral duties in East Greenwich, Johnson, and the city of Providence. The pastor of the Congregational church in Slatersville, R. I., says, in a discourse published in 1867: "Among those who, during the first nineteen years of the existence of the church, labored with special acceptance, and whose labors are still held in grateful remembrance, was the Rev. Dr. Calvin Park of Providence. He was accustomed frequently to ride out from the city after his professional labors of the week in the University, and here, upon the Sabbath,

preach and administer the ordinances of the church, laboring not in vain to strengthen the things which remained.”

Dr. Park was active in promoting the religious interests of Brown University. Students often came to his room for devotional exercises, and sometimes they crowded the room to its utmost capacity. Many of his pupils still recall these meetings with gratitude. He directed the theological studies of twelve or more of his college pupils after their graduation. Among these may be particularly mentioned the name of Rev. John Pierce of the class of 1822, who was afterwards employed as Superintendent of Public Schools in Michigan, in which station he performed very valuable educational work. Another of his pupils was Rev. John Ferguson, a Scotchman who began both his classical and theological education at quite a late period in his life. He was first settled over a church in Attleborough, Mass., and subsequently over the church in Whately. Though lacking the advantage of a thorough training, he had qualities of mind and heart which gave him more than usual power as a preacher.

Dr. Park resigned his professorship in 1825, and on the thirteenth of December, 1826, was installed pastor of the Evangelical church in Stoughton, Mass. Dr. Nathaniel Emmons of Franklin preached the sermon. He had uniformly refused for a long time to preach at ordinations, and this was the last sermon that he ever preached on any such occasion. He was

then eighty one years old. His text was Jeremiah, xxiii, 28 : "The prophet that hath a dream let him tell a dream, and he that hath my word let him speak my word faithfully ; what is the chaff to the wheat, saith the Lord." His proposition was : "Every minister ought to preach the word of God faithfully." His first two heads were : "first to preach the word of God faithfully implies that a minister understands it. Second, he must not only understand it, but know that he understands it. He must be able to distinguish it from a dream." The charge to the pastor was given by his life-long friend, Rev. Elisha Fisk of Wrentham, of whom Miss Hannah Adams said that as Methuselah was the oldest man and Moses the meekest man, and Solomon the wisest man, so Parson Fisk was the most prudent man. The installing prayer was offered by Rev. Dr. Storrs of Braintree. This prayer was characterized by an unction and fervor so great as most deeply to impress the audience and cause it to be long remembered. The right hand of fellowship was given by Rev. Dr. Burgess of Dedham, a pupil of Dr. Park in college. Dr. Storrs remarked in 1860 concerning this installation : "Since that day I have never seen wine on a table of a council of ministers. Just before dinner the host said with a loud voice : 'The members of the council will now please step to the side-board and help themselves to refreshments.' Not a member of the council rose for two minutes. At length Dr. Emmons started from his seat, went to the side-board, poured

out two tablespoons full of brandy, mixed it with water and drank it. He then returned to his chair. He had probably been in the habit of taking two tablespoons full of brandy after any exhausting labor for sixty years. He was too old to give up an ancient habit. He never gave up his three-cornered hat. The temperance reformation was then just beginning. He was a man for holding on and not for new beginnings."

The church in Stoughton was made up of members who had withdrawn from the original church in the town, which had become unitarian. Dr. Park had a marked fitness in his character as a man and preacher for such a situation. He had very clear and decided conceptions of the nature and value of evangelical truth, and would not hesitate to announce that truth with faithfulness; at the same time he would contend for the faith without bitterness. He would avoid everything in his sermons, and in his intercourse with men, which was needlessly offensive and exasperating.

His pastorate in Stoughton lasted about thirteen years. The church grew under his labors, and the cause of evangelical truth was strengthened. Though by nature conservative, fond of the old in preference to the new, he readily adopted some of the measures for the promotion of revivals which were then new. A protracted meeting took place in Stoughton in the winter of 1831-32 which resulted in quite a powerful revival, and the accession of a large number of

members to the church ; Dr. Park took an active part in meetings of this kind in other places.

He also, while in Stoughton, was often a member of ecclesiastical councils. His experience and his well known prudence gave to his opinions on such occasions much influence.

He closed his labors in Stoughton in 1840, but continued to reside in that place. He preached from time to time in neighboring pulpits. He rendered valuable service as a member of the school committee of the town. Those who were employed as teachers in the schools, were wont to allude in very grateful terms to the kind sympathy and aid which he gave them in their labors.

He died in Stoughton, Jan. 5, 1847, when a little more than seventy two years of age. His death was the termination of a disease with which he had been afflicted for several years. He had the use of his mental powers until very near the last hour : but yet as might have been anticipated from one of his temperament, he said but little. One of his last remembered expressions was a declaration of the effectual support of which he was conscious from those doctrines which he had so long preached.

At his funeral, prayer was offered by his old friend Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, of Randolph. The sermon was preached by Rev. Dr. Storrs, of Braintree, in which there was paid a high, but not undeserved tribute to Dr. Park's merits. His remains now lie, together with those of his wife, in the cemetery at Wrentham.

Dr. Park was married in 1805 to Abigail Ware, of Wrentham. She was a lineal descendant of Rev. Samuel Mann, the first congregational minister of Wrentham. She died Sept. 21, 1836, aged sixty-two years. They had three sons, all of whom became congregational ministers, and one, Edward A. Park, professor of Theology in Andover Theological Seminary.

Dr. Park, though an easy writer, and master of a good style, was not in the habit of writing for the press. He published one sermon which he preached before the Norfolk County Educational Society. For four years he was the principal editor of the *Christian Magazine*, a monthly periodical, published by the Mendon Association, in which may be found some productions of his pen. He was one of the founders of the Doctrinal Tract Society, and some of its tracts were written by him.

Rev. Dr. Storrs, in the sermon preached at the funeral of Dr. Park, thus expresses himself: "A great man, a good man, a man honored of God has fallen in the midst of you. Others, indeed, have occupied more elevated stations and stood higher in the world's esteem, and gathered around them a larger amount of withering honors. But few have possessed nobler powers or warmer affections or a more glowing zeal for the welfare of their generation; all, however, concealed from the eye of the superficial observer by deep humility before God, and an instinctive shrinking from public gaze. His was no ob-

trusive worth, no fitfully generous impulse, no ostentatious zeal. How muchsoever he might differ from those about him in religious opinions or feelings, he invaded the sanctuary of no man's heart, nor impugned his motives, nor sought his injury but labored for his welfare and rejoiced in his prosperity."

The late Rev. Jacob Ide, D. D., whose testimony alike from his well-known thorough discernment, and his peculiarly intimate acquaintance with Dr. Park as an instructor and a minister has a special worth, thus speaks of him: (Sprague's Annals of the American Pulpit, Vol. II, p. 460.) "There was much that was interesting in Dr. Park as a man. He was a man of great sensibility. No one could be long in his presence without perceiving that he had a soul that could be easily stirred. His feelings were quick and strong, but the control which he exercised over them was peculiar. As a christian Dr. Park was highly esteemed; he maintained the same modest and cautious reserve with respect to this subject which was natural to him in others. In his prayers he appeared humble, devout, and solemn; he seemed deeply interested in every thing that pertains to the religion of Christ; he loved the truth; his religion seemed to consist very much in a cordial approbation of the divine character and conduct.

Dr Park was an accomplished scholar; his mind was one of no ordinary cast; had he been blessed with a strength of nerve and confidence in himself proportioned to his real talents and attainments, he

might have been known as one of the first literary characters and divines of the age; his taste was exquisite; in the languages, he was a critic of great accuracy and judgment. Mental and moral philosophy were among his favorite studies, and the clearness and discrimination with which he conversed on these subjects showed him to be at home in them.

As a teacher, Dr. Park was well known, and is still remembered by a great multitude of pupils with respect and esteem.

As a preacher, Dr. Park was not what is generally understood by the term popular. But there was real excellence both in the matter and manner of his preaching. His sermons were full of thought, clearly, appropriately and elegantly expressed. He delivered his sermons in a clear, distinct, and solemn tone of voice. Christians were greatly instructed and comforted by his preaching, and it is believed that not a few of the impenitent were, by the same instrumentality, led to Christ."

In the history of the Mendon association, of which Dr. Park during his entire clerical life was a member, he is spoken of as follows: "As a teacher he was apt, faithful, and thorough. If any under his care were not good scholars, the fault was not in him. He possessed a clear, discriminating mind, and sound judgment. As to character and habits he was correct, stable, conscientious, pious, and devout. Although he had great sensibility and quickness of feeling yet his passions were under control. His mind was of a

meditative and pensive cast. As a moralist and divine he had no superior. He knew what, and why he believed. As a preacher, he was clear, definite, instructive, solemn, and impressive. He fully and faithfully preached what he believed. But few preachers with his compass of voice, or even with a much greater, could keep an audience more still and attentive. He was not a man of noise and display; but of sound thought, and close reasoning. He felt, and made his hearers feel."

[NOTE BY THE AUTHOR.]

Rev. Calvin Park, D. D., was my professor at Brown University when I was there. I was also his successor and preached to him four years at Stoughton; he was all that his son has said of him in the preceding sketch. I found him an excellent parishioner, always kind and tender in his remarks and a devoutly pious man. I boarded in his family for some time and was an eye-witness of his domestic life; he was modest and retiring and all that I could desire in a parishioner, who had for many years been the faithful pastor of the same flock. W. M. C.

REV. LEWIS BATES, METHODIST.

REV. LEWIS BATES was born in Cohasset, Mass., March 20, 1780. He was a descendant, in the seventh generation, of John Rogers, the martyr. In

early life he removed to Springfield, Vt. At the age of twelve years he was converted to God ; but did not unite with the church until 1802, when, at the age of twenty-two years, he with two others formed the Methodist church of Springfield, Vt. Being deeply impressed by God's Spirit he began to preach at the age of twenty-two years, and he continued for sixty-three years, an honored and successful minister of the gospel.

At the age of eighty-five years he went to his reward from Taunton on March 24, 1865. During his entire ministry, he was greatly honored of God in bringing souls to Christ. In almost all of his fields of labor, extensive revivals of religion prevailed, and many scores and in some of his charges hundreds of souls were converted to God.

His labors extended along the Atlantic coast, from the Kennebec through the midland towns and country villages to the banks of the Ohio ; from Philadelphia in the sunny centre, to the log-cabins of Canada in the snowy north ; and all along these lines many rise up and call him blessed. The gospel of Christ to him was a glorious reality.

REV. INCREASE N. TARBOX, D. D.,
CONGREGATIONALIST.

REV. INCREASE N. TARBOX was born in East Windsor, Conn., Feb. 11, 1815. He graduated at Yale

college in 1839. He was tutor two years. He graduated at Yale Theological Seminary in 1844.

To those of us who were settled in Connecticut at the time when the East Windsor theological seminary was started and who remember the excitement in that state at that time, it seemed singular that a son of East Windsor should go to the theological seminary at Yale. He was ordained and installed over the Congregational church in Framingham, Mass., Nov. 22, 1844, and was dismissed June, 1851; he was chosen secretary of the American Education Society in June, 1851, which office he still holds, [1881.]

Rev. Dr. Tarbox has been somewhat of a prolific writer and has given to the public among others the following:—"Missionary Patriots," "Tyre and Alexandria," "Buried City, or Ancient Ninevah," "Uncle George's Stories," four volumes, "Minnie and Walter's Stories" four volumes, "Life of General Israel Putnam."

This last volume was one that required great labor and much study. Dr. Tarbox has done the work well and made an interesting volume of it.

These are but a portion of his writings; he has furnished numerous articles for periodicals; he is a great antiquarian; he has given many lectures; he searches into antiquity with the zeal of Heroditus and holds on to a subject with the tenacity of a Luther

Dr. Tarbox received the honorary degree of doctor of divinity, from both Iowa and Yale colleges, the same year, 1869.

REV. BAALIS SANFORD, CONGREGATION-
ALIST.

REV. BAALIS SANFORD was born in Berkeley, Mass., in the year 1800. He was the youngest son of Capt. Joseph Sanford of Berkeley, who had four sons graduated at Brown University, all of whom became pastors of congregational churches. Baalis had every facility for acquiring a thorough education and preparation for the gospel ministry. He was graduated at Brown University in the class of 1823, and at Andover Theological Seminary in 1826. After supplying various pulpits for a year he was ordained and installed pastor of the union church of East and West Bridgewater, Oct. 4, 1827; and continued pastor of that church for twenty-two years. The society then divided and one part was organized into the Trinitarian church of which he became the pastor for eleven years; when he resigned on account of ill health. After this he preached occasionally for a few years; but for the last six or eight years of his life he did but little preaching. He worked a little on his farm and by out-door exercise restored his health to a comfortable degree.

He married Abigail Burt, March 1, 1831, the eldest daughter of Dean Burt of Berkeley, a most estimable christian lady: and well calculated to be a helpmeet for a clergyman. They had the numerous family of seven sons and one daughter.

For several years after the resignation of his pastorate, and indeed up to the time of his decease, July 28, 1880, Mr. Sanford continued to reside in the same town, and for a series of years served as chairman of the committee of public schools. In this capacity his services were very valuable, his annual Reports worthy of special attention.

His widow still survives him and his only daughter is a successful teacher in the city of Newton. His sons are all living except one, and all useful and respectable members of society.

Captain Sanford was a remarkable man. He was a mason by trade. He held many offices of honor and trust in the town. He was a school master, surveyor and town clerk. He was an excellent penman. He wrote that good, old-fashioned, round hand which one could read as well as print. After he had his four sons settled in the ministry, I was at his house one day, when he received a letter from one of them. On opening it he said, "Mason" [the name I was called by when a boy,] "I taught all my boys how to write; and now when I receive a letter from them I can't read a word of it." Captain Sanford could repeat all of "Pope's Essay on Man," "Young's Night Thoughts," and the writings of many other British poets. He was quite an astronomer; he used to say he could make an almanac all but putting the weather in and that his wife could do as well as the "Old Farmer's Almanac," did it.

REV. ENOCH SANFORD, CONGREGA-
TIONALIST.

REV. ENOCH SANFORD was born in Berkeley, Mass., in 1795. He was the third son of Capt. Joseph Sanford of that town who graduated at Brown University and became a Congregationalist minister. His father, as before said, was a mason by trade; he was a man of strong intellect and bright parts; he was a school-master, surveyor, town clerk, &c.

Enoch, the subject of these remarks, graduated in 1820, at Brown University, was a fine scholar and a tutor for several years in the university. He studied theology with Prof. Calvin Park, and was ordained pastor of the church in Raynham in 1823 where he remained pastor for several years, and where he is still living at an advanced age.

Tutor Sanford has written a very interesting history of Berkeley his native town.

Mr. Sanford married Miss Caroline White of Weymouth, in 1823. They had four sons and one daughter. Two of the sons are dead, and of those living, one is a physician in Attleborough, and the other, a lawyer in New York City. The daughter still resides at home with her father.

REV. JESSE PAGE, CONGREGATIONALIST.

REV. JESSE PAGE was born in Atkinson, N. H., Feb. 23, 1809; he labored on his father's farm

till he was eighteen years old; he entered college at Hanover in 1827; he married Miss Ann P. Little of Woodbury; he joined Dr. Dana's church in Newburyport, in 1826.

In a note written to me Mr. Page says: "From the time I made a public profession of my faith in Christ in 1826, I have felt an abiding love for the Savior, his people and his cause; I have cherished a deep interest in institutions of learning in proportion as they embrace and teach the principals of sound religion.

Knowledge is power but it is not wisdom nor virtue.

When I left Dartmouth College, in 1831, I was appointed principal of Limerick Academy, Maine, at the recommendation of Asa D. Smith, afterwards president of Dartmouth College, who had resigned for Andover Seminary.

There I remained one year and then entered Andover Theological Seminary. Then I was invited to become a teacher in Philip's Academy (before Samuel Taylor), and was asked if I would take charge of Abbott Female Seminary, if elected, both of which I declined, for I wanted to preach the gospel.

Being among the older of my class and acquainted in the region, I had much to do in supplying and recommending a supply for vacant churches; a work which I have had much to do since. (This work in the seminary gave me the appellation of Bishop.) It has been pleasant to see my judgment confirmed and appreciated.

I was the first to recommend Dr. Webb to the dea-

cons of Bowdoin street church, which led him to Boston. I was consulted before Prof. Hitchcock was appointed professor in Union Theological Seminary, N. Y. I tried to get Dr. Duryea to Park st., Boston, when he was at the Collegiate church, N. Y.; his doctor thought he could not live in the east winds, but last year he told me the Central church sent a committee, each of whom weighed 200, who said they had grown up in this east wind. I was instrumental in getting Dr. Tucker appointed professor at Andover. I think there were few, if any, who heard his inaugural address, but felt he was the right man in the right place.

I was for some years a trustee of Bradford Academy; but having started a new plan of enlargement which would require large funds to carry out, I resigned and had Samuel A. Warren, of Boston, elected in my place, who has been princely in his donations, and, with others, has made the institution one of the best in the land. I was asked to take the presidency of Rutger's Female College in New York, and likewise of an institution in Gorham, Me., but my age and other cares compelled me to decline.

In the discussion of men and measures some brethren have at times dissented from me, but it is some satisfaction to feel that time has generally decided in my favor. I have no objections to my name being recorded and going down to posterity with those whom you select.

Yours with esteem."



CHAPTER V.

REV. RUFUS WHEELRIGHT CLARK, D. D.
DUTCH REFORMED.

RUFUS WHEELRIGHT CLARK was born in Newburyport, Mass.; he was of the Puritan stock; he early went to New York and became a clerk in a store. There he was converted, and soon considered it his duty to preach the gospel. He graduated at Yale

College in 1838, and at Andover Theological Seminary and New Haven in 1841. He was first settled as pastor of the second presbyterian church at Washington, D. C. He ministered to this church but a single year, and then became pastor of the north congregational church in Portsmouth, N. H. In 1852 he was called to the East Boston congregational church, which call he accepted. In 1857 he became pastor of the south congregational church of Brooklyn, N. Y. In 1862 he became pastor of the first reformed church of Albany. These churches, both in Albany and Brooklyn, were strong and orthodox. They were long known under the name of Dutch Reformed.

Dr. Clark has a noble physique ; his voice is strong and sonorous ; his countenance cheerful, and he carries joy and sunshine wherever he goes. He has had a successful ministry of nearly forty years, and has still much of the freshness and vigor of youth. He puts forth but little bodily exercise in the pulpit, but his enunciation is clear, and without any strained effort his voice is heard in any part of the house. His words are natural, clear and full ; his preaching is like that of "the Master," generally direct and in the second person.

Though he has been nearly twenty years pastor of this ancient church, and though such churches are often supposed to be dead, yet there has not been a single communion season during all of these years in which there have not been additions to the church by profession.

Dr. Clark has labored much in behalf of the young ; his Sunday school labors have been abundant both in his own parish and elsewhere ; he has not only interested himself much in the religious education of the young, but also in the secular. The writer knew him while in Boston as an active and efficient member of the school Board.

He has been an earnest champion for the reading of the Bible in the public schools ; he has labored much in the temperance reformation, both by his pen and preaching ; he early felt and exposed the evils of slavery. In preaching he has never given the trumpet an uncertain sound, and during his long ministry he has never had occasion to retract anything that he has said, or to regret entering upon the reformatory measures he has adopted.

Dr. Clark has written many books, pamphlets, reviews, and other articles ; his book of "Lectures to Young Men" has been very widely circulated. Of his "Sunday School Question Books" it is said half a million have been sold. Another book, "Heaven and Its Emblems," has had a large sale. "Life Scenes of the Messiah" was also a popular book ; he wrote also the "Heroes of Albany," a large and valuable work, containing 870 pages, with biographical sketches of officers and soldiers of the city and county of Albany, which had a large sale. He also wrote a book, "The Work of God in Great Britain, under Moody and Sankey," which has been republished in London, and met with a large sale in both countries. Among his

other books which have been popular were "Romanism in America," "The Bible and the School Fund," "Review of Moses Stuart's work on Slavery," etc.

In 1860 the New York University conferred upon him the title of doctor of divinity; he has been honored by this ancient church, in that he has been president of its Synod,—its highest judicatory.

Dr. Clark's family are emphatically a ministerial one; he has had three brothers in the ministry, all Episcopalians,—one, the right reverend Thomas M. Clark, D. D., Bishop of Rhode Island.?

In 1843 Dr. Clark married the daughter of the Rev. William C. Walton, of Alexandria, Va., afterwards of Hartford, Conn. She was a talented woman, an excellent writer, and an active christian worker; she died May 21, 1877, aged fifty-two years. There were six children: Rev. Rufus W. Clark, jr., rector of St. Paul's episcopal church at Detroit, Mich.; Rev. William Walton Clark, pastor of the First street congregational church at Painesville, O.; Prof. E. Warren Clark, formerly of the University of Japan, now at the Philadelphia Divinity school; Rev. Fletcher Clark, pastor of the congregational church at Selma, Ala.; Francke L. Clark and Lillie Clark of Albany.

Dr. Clark now generally preaches without notes, and it is no small credit to him that he has been able to sustain himself so well and so popular for these many years in this ancient and aristocratic church. It is the oldest church in the old city of Albany, and it is one of the two oldest churches in America. The

other is the collegiate reformed church of New York city. Dr. Clark's church is known as the "two steeple" church. The first edifice of this society was built in 1642. In 1665 a new edifice was erected. In it was a bell upon which was enscribed "Anno, 1601," and an octagonal pulpit four feet high, three feet in diameter, brought from Holland, and used by eight successive pastors, in all one hundred and fifty years. Every night at eight o'clock the bell-ringer, **Mynheer** Brower, went to the church to ring the "suppaw'n bell." This was the signal for all the Dutch to eat their hasty pudding and go to bed. This good old bell-ringer was often deceived by naughty boys, who would steal into the church while he was there, hide themselves in a dark corner, and as soon as the good old bell-ringer had got home and eaten his pudding, and was nicely seated in the chimney-corner, smoking his meerscham pipe with all the zeal and energy of a true Dutchman, these wicked boys would ring the bell so furiously that the whole neighborhood would be alarmed.

Furthermore as the British made a stable of the Old South church in Boston in the Revolution so this old Albany church was once used for a fortress. The windows were high from the ground and the galleries were low and filled with young men armed and ready in case of an attack; and the old men were seated on a raised platform along the walls, while the women were in the centre out of harm's way.

This was the origin of the men's sitting at the head

of the pew that they might be ready if attacked by the Indians. Trumbull says :

“As once for fear of Indian beating,
Our grandsires bore their guns to meeting ;
Each man equipped on Sunday morn,
With psalm-book, shot, and powder horn.”

Another important article was the hour-glass, which timed the preacher, who offended if he failed to preach the full hour. The pulpit, the hour-glass, and the Dutch bible are still preserved in the Sunday-school room. The hour glass, with its sand, sits in its iron frame, and the large Bible, printed by “Pieter en Jacob Keur, Dordrecht, Anno, 1730,” with its wood and leather covers, brass corners and brass clasps, and maps and pictures, lies unused on the pulpit, which is one of the most valuable historical relics this city affords.

This building was used until 1715, when another was erected over it, so that the services might continue without interruption. Only three Sundays were lost. This new church, which occupied almost the entire width of State street, was a massive, and for that day imposing structure, with a steep, pyramidal roof, surmounted by a belfry and a weather cock. The windows bore in colored glass, the coat-of-arms of several of the families of the congregation. At each service the chapter of the Bible to be read and the psalms to be sung were indicated by large figures hanging on the walls,—a custom still observed in certain parts of Europe.

The minister would enter during the singing, and

before ascending to the pulpit, stand a moment at the foot of the stairs in silent prayer. This building stood for ninety-one years, when the site was sold to the city for \$5,000, and the materials were used in the construction of the second reformed church on Beaver street. Previous to 1753, the church had sittings for six hundred and eleven women and seventy-nine men. The seats were extended until before 1770, there were eight hundred and twenty sittings. The present church, North Pearl and Orange streets, then the finest specimen of ecclesiastical architecture in the city, was dedicated in 1799, when Albany had a population of five thousand. Its interior has been modified three times; in 1820, 1850 and in 1860, when the rear building containing the Sabbath-school room, consistory room, study, etc., was added to the main edifice. For about six years, services were held in this church, and in the old one, Broadway and State, simultaneously.

On the opposite side of Pearl street, was a small building occupied by Bocking, a celebrated cake baker. The light from his oven at night was reflected by a window in one of the steeples of the church and for a long time the origin of this illumination being unknown, the story was current that the church was haunted. The superstitious were afraid to pass it in the night, and some would not even go to the bakery after dark. In 1830, a railing, the first in the city, was put around the church. By government grants and by purchase, the church owned considerable prop-

erty, some of which was lost through a dishonest treasurer. In 1687 the "pasture" was bought. This piece of land contained one hundred and fifty acres and lay on the west side of what now is Broadway, "leading from the ferry to the town." In 1791 when the consistory directed this ground to be laid out into lots, a gate still swung across the way a little above Madison avenue and "a common road from thence to the ferry lay along the bank of the river through the pasture." These lots were sold for less than one hundred dollars apiece.

FORMER PASTORS.

Eighteen pastors preceded Dr. Clark: Johannes Megapolensis, from 1642 to 1649; Gideon Schaets, 1652 to 1683; ——— Niewenhuysen, 1675 to ———; Godfreidus Dellijs, 1683 to 1699; Johannes Petrus Nucella, 1699 to 1702; Johannes Lydius, 1703 to 1709; Petrus Van Driessen, 1712 to 1739; Cornelius Van Schie, 1733 to 1744; Theodorus Frelinghuysen, 1746 to 1760; Eilarchus Westerlo, 1760 to 1790; John Bosset, 1787 to 1805; John B. Johnson, 1796 to 1802; John M. Bradford, 1805 to 1820; John De Witt, 1813 to 1815; John Ludlow, 1823 to 1833; Thomas E. Vermilye, 1835 to 1839; Duncan Kennedy, 1841 to 1855; Ebenezer P. Rogers, 1856 to 1862.

Rev. Johannes Megapolensis, aged thirty-nine, arrived with wife and four children in 1642. For him a house, entirely of oak, was built at a cost of one hundred and twenty dollars. The conditions upon

which he accepted the call were a free passage and board for himself and family, an outfit of three hundred guilders (one hundred and twenty dollars,) a salary of one thousand one hundred guilders, (four hundred and forty dollars.) twenty-two and one half bushels of wheat and two firkins of butter per annum for three years. He preached to the Indians several years before the celebrated Elliot. After his pastorate in Albany he went to New York city.

Rev. Gideon Schaet's salary was one thousand two hundred guilders. His daughter, Anneke S., was by no means a favorite with some of the women portion of her father's congregation, who even objected to approach the Lord's supper in her company. Gossip about the dominie's character resulted in a suit for slander and the parties had to pay heavy damages. The Dominie resigned after having preached a sermon on II Peter i, 12-15. He was, however, reconciled to his flock and continued pastor until 1683.

Dominie Niewenhuysen suffered much oppression at the governor's hands because he resisted the claims of Rev. Nicholas Van Renssalaer to the pulpit. The latter was suspected of being a Papist in disguise and was finally rejected by the people.

Before Dominie Dellius there are no church records but in 1683 the registry of baptism begins and has been continued with much accuracy down to the present day.

During Dominie Frelinghuysen's ministry the English soldiers introduced light European customs, such

as balls, gayer dress and freer manners, etc. The very depth of degeneracy was a theatre; a play was acted in a barn and was well attended. One Monday morning after he had denounced these startling innovations, Dominie Frelinghuysen found within his door, a club, a pair of shoes, a crust of black bread and a dollar. It was an emblematic message to signify the desire entertained of his departure. He sailed for Holland and it is thought committed suicide by jumping overboard, as no tidings were ever heard of him. Through Dominie Westerlo, the Dutch church in this country severed its ecclesiastical connection with Holland. He began to preach part of the time in English, although the first English preaching is said to have been by Dominie John H. Livingstone who assisted Dr. Westerlo, his brother-in-law, but refused the church's call. Dr. Westerlo delivered an address upon the occasion of Washington's visit to Albany in 1782. Dominie Bassett, the first settled English pastor, was a man of extraordinary learning, and during his ministry the two steeple church was built. Dominie Johnson pronounced a eulogy upon Washington, February 22, 1800; it was a masterly oration; it produced a great sensation and was published by vote of both federal houses."

I have given this lengthy sketch of this old church because I have ever had great respect and veneration for these old Dutch churches; they have ever been true churches of Christ, maintaining the ancient faith

in its purity. When persecution raged, they always stood firmly; no threats, no kingly decrees, no fag-gots, shook their faith.

They appointed shelter and protection to our Pilgrim Fathers in Holland, and they have ever been true to the gospel in America.

The Renssalaer family alone, for its antiquity, its wealth, its influence and its piety, has been from the early settlement of the country, a tower of strength in this church, to say nothing of the numerous other families of renown.

It reflects great honor upon Dr. Clark, that he, of New England, yankee birth, and puritanic proclivities, should ever have obtained such favor with this ancient flock as to have been called by them; and especially that he should have lived and labored among them, and secured their respect, confidence and esteem for a score of years; not only so, but he has become more endeared to them year by year; when it is considered moreover, that most of the score of dominies who have preceeded him have been of their own nation, as is indicated by their peculiar names, it is still more remarkable. It is natural to all nationalities to prefer one of their own countrymen to be their ruler or pastor, as has ever been seen in the good old presbyterian churches planted in our land by Scotch and emigrants from the north of Ireland; rarely have any of these churches had an American settled over them.

How much credit and honor, then, should be given

to our New England brother Clark for securing among them this high position, and for keeping it and adorning it for such a train of years! As did Samuel, the prophet among the Hebrews of his day, so may Dr. Clark long go in and out before the people of Albany "teaching them the right way of the Lord."

Dr. Clark is worthy of special recognition and remembrance for what he has done for sabbath schools; this is evident from the great prosperity and success of the school in his present church. He has also done much for this cause elsewhere. I heard his long and interesting address on these schools in Woodstock, my old parish in Connecticut, at Mr. Bowen's gathering, July 4, 1877. It was like "apples of gold in pictures of silver."

REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS, D. D., CONGREGATIONALIST.

DR. ADAMS was born in Salem, Mass., in 1806. He was graduated at Harvard college in 1826. After graduating at the theological seminary at Andover he returned to Cambridge, and was settled as colleague pastor with the Rev. Abiel Holmes, D.D., the pastor of the first orthodox church, now under the charge of Rev. Dr. McKenzie. In 1834 Dr. Adams removed from Cambridge to Boston, and became pastor of the

Union church commonly called the Essex Street church. He was then in the vigor of his days, aged twenty-eight years. The times and the place called for a man of eminence. Dr. Adams was such a man. It may be truly said that during the present century, the Boston pulpit has had no more devoted minister, no more thorough scholar or better writer than Nehemiah Adams. He was never what would be called a popular speaker, yet in his peculiar way he was eloquent. He never strove or attempted to make a sensation. He never pandered to a vitiated taste. He never sought to please men. His style was pure, strong and elevating. Men of thought, of cultivation and refinement, were instructed and delighted with his sermons. By nature he was a gentleman, and by grace, a christian. He was very decided in his convictions and was sure to go where he believed truth and duty called. He was loyal to his own ideas and never swerved from them. The stand he took against unitarianism brought him into collision with many of the learned and wealthy men of Boston ; yet he never swerved from his purpose.

His "South Side View" rendered him somewhat unpopular as it was in opposition to the general sentiment of the community in which he lived. Though he passed through a fiery furnace for publishing this book : yet he never threatened, persecuted or reviled his opposers. He always manifested benignity, sweetness of temper and a pious spirit.

There have been very few such pastors as Dr.

Adams. In his public administration he never scolded his hearers ; but his speech was always with meekness and gentleness. Few men could clothe the truth with such polish, smoothness and delicacy as he could. The writer once attended his church with the Rev. T. De Witt Talmage. Upon leaving the house Mr. Talmage said, "In what beautiful language Mr. Adams clothed every sentence."

At the bedside of the sick and in the house of mourning he seemed almost inspired in touching all that pertained to human sorrow with the most tender expressions. One has well said of him : "Nothing could exceed the delicacy, the appositeness of every movement, when he entered with his thought, or in his person within that holy of holies, the precinct of earthly sorrow."

Dr. Adams employed his pen and the printed page to maintain and defend the sentiments which he firmly believed. I do not remember all the books which he wrote but in the language of another I give my readers the following :—"He published many works, some of a theological, others of a devotional character, "Agnes and the Little Key," and "Bertha and her Baptism," have had an especially wide circulation, and have brought comfort and peace to many a darkened home. His "South Side View of Slavery" grew out of a winter spent on a plantation in Georgia for the benefit of his health. After the close of his active ministry he took a voyage around the world in a sailing vessel, the commander of which was one of his

sons, and of this voyage he wrote and published a brief but extremely entertaining narrative. He was also the author of a "Life of John Elliot," of "The Friends of Christ in the New Testament," and of "Remarks on the Unitarian Belief"; and he was a frequent contributor to the "Spirit of the Pilgrims," a stoutly orthodox periodical published in Boston from 1826 to 1833. One volume at least of sermons by him has been published.

His son, Rev. William H. Adams, has published one volume, "Walks to Emmaus," since the decease of Dr. Adams; and, I am informed, his now only surviving son is preparing a life of his father; which, as it will be more extended and written by one more competent for the task, and who has greater facilities for it, will render this sketch briefer and of less moment to the community. I shall, therefore, cut short this memoir by giving only my personal recollections of Dr. Nehemiah Adams.

For the last ten years of his life he was mainly laid aside from all active labors, and hence, was almost unknown to the youth of Boston, and to our younger ministers. Still, during these years, I heard him preach some exceedingly interesting sermons. One of this kind, I remember, was from the text: "Where the sun goeth down on the other side of Jordan."

Another one from the text: "I *am* he that liveth and was dead; and behold, I am alive for evermore, amen; and have the keys of hell and of death." Rev. i, 18,

While Dr. Adams was thus comparatively unknown to the present generation, there still linger among us some who remember him in the days of his strength, as one of the grand land-marks of Boston. For more than forty-four years he was the nominal pastor of the union church, and for more than thirty its only pastor. It was here by his poetic taste, by the clearness of his rhetoric and logic, and by his piety, he drew into his congregation such men as Mr. Durant, the founder of Wellesley College, the silver tongued Rufus Choate, and the Rev. George Punchard.

The disease of which Dr. Adams died was a lingering paralysis, of which he had more than twenty strokes, which rendered him nearly speechless months before the end. That end was peace.

REV. ELIJAH DEXTER, CONGREGATION-
ALIST.

[WRITTEN BY REV. HENRY M. DEXTER, D. D.]

REV. ELIJAH DEXTER was the sixth of the ten children of Deacon Elijah Dexter of Rochester, Mass. His father married first, Keziah [a lineal descendant of Edward] Winslow by whom he had two daughters; second, Martha Clark, by whom he had three sons and five daughters. Elijah was born in Rochester, Sept. 1, 1786, being the fourth child, and second son, of his mother. His father was the fourth child of deacon Seth, who was eleventh child of Benjamin, who was seventh child of William, who was one of the children of "farmer" Thomas Dexter, the first

purchaser of Nahant, and whose name figures considerably in the earliest history of Lynn and Sandwich.

Deacon Elijah Dexter was a small farmer, who helped himself in days when work was slack or impossible on the farm, in a small shop where boots and shoes were made and mended, and kindred works in leather were wrought—not without a fearfully bad smell in some of the processes, which left most distinct impressions upon the memory of the present writer. Deacon Dexter was a plain, old-fashioned, godly man and was esteemed a pillar of the ancient first church in Rochester, which, when the younger Elijah was a little more than twelve years old, received Mr. [afterward Dr.] Oliver Cobb as the successor to Samuel Arnold, Timothy Ruggles and Jonathan Moore in its pastorate. The new pastor was then two years on the junior side of thirty, and it is probably to be attributed to his original prompting, as well as to his assiduous subsequent training, that the lad was by 1802, enabled a little before he was sixteen years of age, to enter Brown University, whence he graduated with a fair standing in 1806. It is believed that a weakness or disorder of the eyes in some degree interfered with the comfort and eminence of his collegiate career.

It was the custom—as it was indeed, the necessity—of those days, that such special study of theology, as supplemented the college course, be taken in the family of some pastor of active work. Mr. Dexter sought and found his ministerial training in such stu-

dies in the family of Rev. Masse Shepard of Little Compton and Rev. Noble Everett of Wareham, Mass., and with his own beloved pastor, Rev. Oliver Cobb.

The pulpit in Plympton, Mass., had been vacated in the summer of 1807 by the removal of Rev. John Briggs to New Hampshire; and probably through the commendation of Mr. Cobb, Mr. Dexter went there as a candidate.

Preaching three or four months in this capacity he proved highly acceptable, was called as pastor, and ordained Jan. 18, 1809 — less than five months after he was twenty-three; Mr. Cobb preaching the sermon which was printed. The young pastor succeeded Isaac Cushman, Jonathan Parker, Ezra Sampson, Ebenezer Withington and John Briggs, in a position which the first had occupied nearly four and thirty, and the second more than four and forty years, until their Master called them to their reward.

In the following March [28, 1809] he married Miss Clarissa Crocker of New Bedford, by whom he had one son, bearing his own name. But he was soon bereaved of both.

Not long after [Dec. 30, 1812] he married again, [Mary] one of the ten children of Hon. Nathaniel Morton of Freetown, and sister of Hon. Marcus Morton, for many years one of the judges of the Massachusetts supreme court, and for two years governor of the state. By her he had four children, viz. :

Nathaniel Morton, born Sept. 28, 1814; graduated at Amherst college, 1836; taught in an academy

at Plainfield, N. J., where he died Sept. 18, 1838, age but 10 days less than 24 years. Elijah, born Aug. 31, 1816; died next day. David Brainerd, born Oct. 18, 1817; died same day. Henry Martyn, b. Aug. 13, 1821.

Mrs. Dexter—whose uncommon loveliness, and the unselfish and missionary quality of whose christian character, seem exceptionally to have impressed all who intimately knew her—lived about fourteen months after the birth of her fourth child, dying Oct. 16, 1822, at the (for her children) too early age of thirty-seven.

More than two years after [May 28, 1824] Mr. Dexter married for his third wife, Miss Lydia, daughter of Hon. Isaac Thompson of Middleboro, who survived him without children.

Mr. Dexter's ministry in Plympton partook largely of those qualities which used to mark the pastorate of a hard-working and faithful preacher, sole incumbent in a little country town of (then) some eight or nine hundred inhabitants. He was nearly always in robust health, and he spared no endeavor to do *all* the various work which devolved upon him. He was half physician as well as preacher, and saved many a poor man many a doctor's bill. He superintended schools. He made people's last wills. He taught school. He once or twice represented the town in the legislature, —filling his own pulpit the while. He was everybody's helper and everybody's friend, while the steady growth of the church and the advancing prosperity of the town indicated that his most sacred labors were not in vain in the Lord.

But after more than one and forty years of this multifarious, always beginning and never ending work, he began to tire, to feel that he craved a little rest before he died, and to think that possibly a new voice might gain the gospel from some classes of the community, better listeners. So, on his own persistent request, and to the deep regret of the godly, to whom he had so long broken the bread of life, May 15, 1851, an ecclesiastical council severed the pastoral tie, speaking strongly and kindly of "his laborious, faithful and successful services as a minister of the gospel, for an unusually long period."

He rested however, on earth, but a little while. Going to Portland in the following September to the meeting of the A. B. C. F. M., he and Mrs. Dexter were both, while there, seized with dysentery. Getting home comfortably, he was able, with his usual unselfishness, to nurse her until she was out of all danger, when he took his bed, never to leave it. His strong constitution resisted the disease, and the struggle was protracted and his sufferings extreme. His last utterance that could be distinctly understood was: "Why is His chariot so long in coming?" He fell asleep in Jesus, 10th of October, 1851, aged 65 years, 1 month, and 10 days, after a ministry of more than eleven years longer than the lifetime of a whole generation.

It is not remembered how many lads, besides his own two sons, he fitted for college; but he certainly did that work for several; while the number where

he aided in laying the foundations of a first class business career, was not inconsiderable. At least two of the most wealthy, eminent and largely honored merchants of Boston, owe largely to him both the stimulus which rescued them from the petty engrossments of an absorbing country life, and the beginning of that intellectual culture which has made them what they are. Mr. Dexter excelled in sound judgment. He was remarkable for making money go so well so far; of an exceedingly equable temperament, and an evenly balanced mind, his apprehension of truth was apt to be exact, and his conclusions reasonable. Passion never swerved him; ambition never stimulated him; envy or jealousy never embittered him; but he kept right on the even tenor of an humble, prudent, honest and honorable life, in a way to demonstrate the law of God, and to earn the good will of men. Dr. Lyman Beecher could preach better than he could: but he could tell who, when and what to *practise*, better than most doctors of divinity. By consequence he was a much sought and a very useful member of ecclesiastical councils called to shed light and compose strife.

He never wrote a book, or published a sermon, but his children revered him, his works praise him; and as a just man his memory is blessed.

REV. JEDEDIAH MORSE, D. D., CONGREGATIONALIST.

· REV. DR. MORSE was born in Woodstock, Conn., Aug. 23, 1761. He died in New Haven, June 9,

1826. The writer was settled in this parish in 1831. He had known Dr. Morse in Massachusetts and carefully studied his geography. Dr. Morse's father was a deacon of the first church in Woodstock, and represented the town in the State Legislature thirty years in succession. When he was seventeen years old he commenced his preparations for college at the academy in Woodstock. He completed his preparation in less than a year. He entered Yale College in 1779. He graduated in 1783. The year after his graduation he taught a school for young ladies in New Haven. He was principal of this school for two years. He was licensed to preach in 1785. In 1786 he became a tutor in Yale College. He was ordained the 9th of November; and the next day set out for Midway, Ga., to take the place then left vacant by the Rev. Abiel Holmes, his townsman. In May, 1787, Mr. Morse received an invitation to preach as a candidate to the church in Charlestown, Mass. There he received a unanimous call to be pastor of the church, which call he accepted and was installed the 30th of April, 1789, the same hour that Washington was inaugurated President of the United States. On the 14th of May following he married Miss Elizabeth Ann Breese, of Shrewsbury, N. J. In 1795 he received the degree of doctor of divinity from the University of Edinburgh. In 1798 he preached a fast-day sermon, and in 1799 a thanksgiving sermon, against infidelity, both of which were published.

Dr. Morse strongly protested, in 1804, against the

election of a unitarian to fill the Hollis professorship of divinity in Harvard College; and published a pamphlet against it. In 1805 he planned and published the *Panoplist* to defend orthodoxy in New England.

For five years he was the sole editor. This magazine was afterwards changed to *The Panoplist and Missionary Herald*. Subsequently the *Panoplist* was left off, and it was published under the name of *Missionary Herald*, under which name it is still published.

Dr. Morse was one of the principal men concerned in the establishment of the theological seminary at Andover. He remained pastor of the church in Charlestown till 1820 when he resigned his charge and removed to New Haven, where he spent the remainder of his life.

He always manifested a deep interest in the Indian tribes, and labored much to civilize and christainize them. In February, 1820, he received a Commission from John C. Calhoun, secretary of war, to visit and inspect several tribes to ascertain their condition and devise means for their improvement. He spent two winters to execute this Commission; and submitted the result to the War Department in the form of Report, which in 1822 was published in an octavo volume.

From his early youth Dr. Morse was much interested in Geography, and while engaged as a teacher in New Haven he prepared a manuscript for his own use. Geography was not then taught in the public

schools. His manuscript was largely copied by his pupils. In 1784 it was first published, and made him the father of American Geography. He also published a "Gazetteer." Both the volumes went through several editions in America, and were republished in England, Scotland, and Ireland. They were translated into the German and French languages. His school geography was generally used throughout the United States and in foreign countries.

He aided in forming most of the benevolent societies of the present day; and of several of them he might properly be called the father. He published numerous sermons and pamphlets in addition to his larger books. Dr. Morse had three sons who lived to grow up. Samuel E. Finley Breese who made the brilliant discovery of the telegraph. His second son, Sidney Edwards founded the *New York Observer*. The youngest was named Richard Carey. They all three graduated at Yale College.

CHAPTER VI.

REV. WILLIAM ELLERY CHANNING, D. D.

[SELECTED FROM A SERMON PREACHED BY REV. HENRY W. BELLOWS, D. D., AT THE CENTENNIAL ANNIVERSARY OF HIS BIRTH.]

“He was a burning and a shining light; and ye were willing for a season to rejoice in his light.”—JOHN 5: 35.

It was when John the Baptist's light was fading in the glory of the newly risen Sun of Righteousness that Jesus bore this generous testimony to his predecessor's lustre. He characterized, in words that have become immortal, the flame of that stern prophet who had heralded the way for his own appearing; but at the same time intimated that its fires had paled, like a torch whose oil had burned low. The sun had risen, the torch was no longer useful.

We have come together to bless and praise a modern prophet, who, like many other saints who have been the burning and shining lights of their generation, was the herald of a new and brighter day. But it is not his memory chiefly that we recall. It is a living light that we are to contemplate, brighter than it ever was; it is not a torch that has gone out, but a star that shines on, guiding our present way, that we meet to rejoice in the light of. Of Channing, we do not say he *was*, but he *is*, a burning and a shining light; and the season has not gone by, it has not even reached its meridian, when the Church and the world are willing to rejoice in his light.

On this occasion, the centennial of his birth, and in the place of his birth, it falls to me to be the spokesman of the love and honor in which his life and teachings, his character and his services to the Church and the world, are held by his townsmen, and especially by those who have inherited and have sought to extend and perpetuate what was special in his theological opinions. It is true his birthplace was not the principal seat of his life and labors; and it is still more true that no sect or denomination has any exclusive right in his fame. He belonged to the order of Christians called Unitarians, but he belonged still more to the Church Universal; and nothing would have grieved him more than any attempt to shut him in to any enclosure that shuts out the pure and good of any name, Catholic or Protestant, Trinitarian or Unitarian. His theological opinions, in my judgment, upon a very recent careful reconsideration of them, prove much more systematic, definite, and positive than it is common to allow; but they are also much more comprehensive, inclusive, and inconsistent with the sectarian spirit or form than they are sometimes assumed to be. They are profoundly conservative and profoundly radical, holding on to all that is eternal, going down to all that is eternal, and going on to all that is eternal. In the strength of his moral intuitions and convictions, and without anticipating many results of later criticism, or using the methods which a larger learning has employed, he simply ignored and set aside all that hampered his full intel-

lectual and moral freedom, and slowly evolved a system of religious thought, which has recommended itself more and more to spiritual minds in all branches of the Church and in all Christian countries,—a system so profound, simple and lofty, so humane and natural, and yet so Christ-like and divine, that it lacks dogmatic and ecclesiastical features almost as much as the Sermon on the Mount or the personal teachings of the Savior; enters almost as little into scholastic and technical questions, and avoids, by reducing to their proper insignificance, most of the sectarian disputes of the Church.

Channing was a theologian, but not of the old pattern. He studied God, and reported his ways and his will after a manner that had not been recognized in the former schools of theology. This indeed was his chief service, that he broke with the old theological methods, and refused to settle the controversies of the Church by an appeal to Scriptures and creeds, authoritative *over* the mind and heart of man, and not merely authoritative *within* them, and by concurrence with their testimony. He was fully convinced that the prevailing system of dogmatic and ecclesiastical Christianity—essentially the same in the Romish and the Protestant Historical Church—was contrary to the teaching of the spirit of Christ, contrary to the light of natural reason and conscience (which indeed has been offered as the proof of its divinity and of man's total corruption), and that the power of the gospel could be restored only by return-

ing to Jesus' method of teaching it, a method that respected, honored, and relied upon man's essential relations to God, instituted in his rational and moral constitution.

Channing recognized no theology based upon a revelation which by interpretation separated Christianity from the general history of humanity, and placed it, and must ever keep it, in antagonism to Philosophy and Life. He did not consider theology as the study of God, within the covers of the Bible, as if that were a book foreign to human intelligence, and altogether above and aside from it. He resisted stoutly, from the irrepressible freedom of his own soul, all *compulsory* allegiance to the Church, to the creeds, to the past, to Jesus, nay, to God himself, and strove to emancipate all other souls from this prostration before mere power and authority. It was not necessary to bind him with cords to the altar, if the Being worshipped there was entitled, as he thought he was, by his holiness, justice, and goodness, to the sacrifice of his heart. Freely, joyfully, humbly, and with his whole soul, he bowed before truth, worth, goodness, purity, sacredness, and in the testimonies of his own spiritual nature he saw them, to an infinite extent, in the Great Source of his own moral experiences. But not one joint would he bend before the threats of mere power, or the assumptions of an authority not guaranteed by his rational and moral nature.

We are not left to speculate about his fundamental ideas. They are not only given with transparent

simplicity and unfaltering courage, and with a reiteration that to many is wearisome in his collected writings; but he has prefaced his own works, almost at the conclusion of his life, with a deliberate statement, in which he distinctly, and with the most solemn emphasis, calls attention to the two ideas which he wishes to be regarded as the dominant notes and the master-keys of his whole system of religious and political thinking and feeling. One is unqualified reverence for human nature; the other, boundless faith in freedom. They are easily interchangeable, and become in his writings one and the same. Human nature is worthy of unspeakable, immeasurable reverence, because God informs it, because it reveals God, because reason is the intellectual life of God and man, and conscience the moral life of God, which he dignified man by inviting him to share. Man knows God only because he is made in his rational and moral image. God is as much dependent upon our moral and rational powers for worship, communion, and filial love, as we are dependent upon his holiness and loveliness and paternal character for an object which is truly adorable. And our intellectual and moral powers owe their worth, their development, and their glory to freedom. This is God's own everlasting glory and life,—freedom. Were he not free in his holiness, his goodness, his thoughts, he could not command the love and reverence of free beings; and were they not free to offer him a voluntary, a rational, moral homage, their worship would be mechanical and

worthless. Civilization is nothing but the triumph of freedom, and that is the victory of Reason and Conscience. Unreason—the fruit of self-will, ignorance, passion, prejudice—shows itself in barbarisms of a more or less atrocious kind; and society, even now, in its least deplorable forms, is irrational and barbaric. It is not yet based upon, and is not characteristically conducted in, reverence for Reason, but rests still on force, on cupidity, on fear. Governments are not strong where they should be strong, in their reliance on what is true and right, but in their appeal to party passion, the love of power, and national animosities. Mankind do not glory in their nature as rational and moral, but in its external circumstances. They build up artificial distinctions of condition and caste; they glory in luxury and ostentation; they belittle themselves with costume and equipage and titles and state. And if Reason, in the occasional form of triumphant logic or vigorous literature, obtains respect it is often in disregard of the only element that makes Reason wholly worthy of reverence,—its subordination to Conscience. Can that state of society be regarded as in any but an inchoate condition, in which the quality that alone makes God godlike or venerable is made secondary and subordinate, and that by an immense and all-characterizing step, to what is convenient, pleasant, favorable to immediate interests, or flattering to mean and interested desires? Where is the city or community in which the right and the good are enshrined in the

inmost heart ; governing respect and affection, deciding social station, making and executing the laws? If God be moral perfection, must he not expect and demand that the race made in his image should be aiming steadily to make justice and goodness prevail and reflect his holiness? But this justice and goodness cannot be *forced*. They perish, and discharge themselves of their essence when in bondage or under force. Hence in Channing's eyes any state of commotion, revolution, or contention was preferable to intellectual formalism and compulsory decorum. No atheistic or infidel opinions were so much to be dreaded as a compulsory formalism of creed. That was the smothering of the rational and moral nature. Free, it might wander. but it would learn by its wanderings, and at any rate keep itself alive by its motion, and might some day return. But slavery of the will was moral death.

The exalted view of human nature, which Channing had, was not only not opposed, but it grew out of his sublime sense of the greatness and glory of God. Man learned God's being and his moral and rational attributes from the constitution of his own soul, not from external nature. This was the chief glory of man's own spirit, that it revealed an Infinite Spirit! Self-reverence was only the reflection of the awe which God's holiness or moral grandeur kindled in a being who found himself capable of recognizing the Divine existence and character, by the mysterious power of reason and conscience, which at once made him a par-

taker in the Divine nature, and were the only instruments of his faith and worship. That *mind is one and the same essence in God, angels, and men*, is a fundamental postulate with him. That the finite mind is of the nature and essence of the Infinite mind, he everywhere assumes as the very first condition of all knowledge of God or intercourse with him. The later or more modern difficulties, which have arisen from the recognition of the limitation of the finite as vitiating all assumed knowledge of the Infinite, he not only does not recognize, but his faith, his character, his service to humanity, are due to the utter freedom of his soul from this most fatal and ultimate form of skepticism. That the finite was cut off from the Infinite by its conditions was to him a proposition as meaningless as that the bay was cut off from the ocean, or could have no communication with the ocean, because it was a bay and not the ocean itself. The human soul was open to God, who flowed into it in man's rational and moral nature; and more and more, as the moral and rational nature grew, expanded, and became capable of receiving it. There was no pantheism in this sentiment of God's presence in man, for that involves a notion against which Channing's whole nature revolted,—the notion that man loses himself by admitting God into his soul. According to him, man is freer, the more nearly he approaches, the more truly he is possessed by, the Infinite Freedom. It is only in freedom, in the exercise of an unenslaved will, that man can form any true con-

ception of God, who is freedom itself. But it is the glory of God that his freedom is the freedom of his own *will*; and *will* exists, and can exist, only in a person. God is a Person, and as a person cannot be confused or confounded with other persons. Man is a person, --tending, however, by his weakness of will, to degenerate into a thing. This indeed is the radical evil of sin. It tends to fall, nay, it is itself a fall from that sense of moral freedom, without which moral obedience cannot be rendered. The more man becomes like his Maker, the more truly he is a Person; and God's personality lies in essence, in the fact that his truth and goodness are always matters of choice, while his choice is always truth and goodness.

Men sometimes talk of Channing's ignorance of the necessary conditions of human life; of his secluded separateness from the world; of his imperfect acquaintance with the pressure of material necessities, the spring of animal passions and appetites; the necessary preoccupation of the masses of men and women with immediate things. He seems almost like an anchorite, a hermit, a pillar saint, in the fewness of his wants, the wonder he expresses at the low pleasures men find so attractive, and in the monotonous concentration of his thoughts upon the moral and the spiritual. But the truth is, it was not that Channing did not see all this, but that, seeing it, he saw what is still more real and vastly more powerful and inviting: he saw *God*, and saw man's likeness to him, and his capacity for realizing it, and saw that men

mostly did *not* see it, and that it was his office and privilege to draw their attention to it with all urgency.

Nobody ever lived since Jesus who recognized the evil in men and the world with a deeper, tenderer sorrow, and still retained so perfect a possession and enjoyment of his own faith and hope for man and society, in God and his gracious purposes. There is no despondency in his complaints, no disrespect in his upbraidings, nay, no impatience in his enthusiasm. He had more than the optimist's content. His confidence is not in powers he does not know, in a God he blindly trusts, in purposes he cannot sympathize with! He has grasped the nature of the Divine method, apprehends its implements, uses them, and knows their temper and edge. It is because mind is at work, and is a Divine instrument; because truth and justice exist in perfection in God, and are revealed in man's conscience; because love is almighty, and has its delegates in human hearts,—that he expects results from civilization, and a stage of progress that will make our present state appear barbarous; and that he appeals so urgently, so boldly, so pleadingly, to men to keep the weapons of the Divine armory open to their use, and make successful war on the lusts, the ignorance, the moral sloth, the dull content that belate the spring of heaven on earth, and perpetuate the winter of human discontent. If other human spirits had seen the vision of God's powers and promises in the human soul and its latent capacities, as Channing saw them, he would never have seemed visionary and

extravagant. It was the glory of this burning and shining light, that the fogs of our fleshly and self-indulgent civilization — built on the urgency of what is animal and superficial — did not quench its own exalted beams. Channing was an idealist in essence. The ideal was for him the only real, and he treated it as such. So did his Master before him : so have all the prophets, and so must all those do who have the heavenly vision of God in their eyes. It is not they who are fanatics and dreamers, but we who are asleep, or with only one eye yet open. They see and know what man is, and can prove himself to be, if he will — because he is the child of God by a real spiritual generation, and has his Father's attributes at his command ; can claim and exercise his moral freedom and his rational nature.

Of his preaching, I was myself the glad and fortunate beneficiary, and am among the not too many living witnesses to its transcendent power. There is no spot in Boston so sacred to me as the profaned site of the old Federal Street Church ; for thither, a youth of twenty-one, I was wont to repair (and it was a walk of several miles) every other Sunday morning, for two critical years of my life and theological studies, to hear Channing preach ! There were excellent preachers to be heard much nearer home ; but there was that in Channing's mind and soul, in his voice, manner, and look, that separated him from them as the prophet is separated from the priest. Indeed he did *not preach*, in the ordinary sense of the

word. Gowned as he was, and obedient to all the decorums of the pulpit, it was not the preacher, but the apostle you saw and heard. Even in the pulpit, he lived the things he saw and said. The greatness of human nature shone in his beautiful brow, sculptured with thought, and lighted from within; his eye, so full and blue, was lustrous with a vision of God, and seemed almost an open door into the shining presence. His voice, sweet, round, unstrained, full, though low, lingered as if with awed delay upon the words that articulated his dearest thoughts, and trembled with an ever-restrained but most contagious emotion. He was intensely present in his thoughts, as if just born from his soul, and dressed from his lips, although he usually (always in my experience) spoke from a manuscript. But, while his individuality was inexpressibly commanding, it gave no suggestion of the love of personal influence. He used the word "I" with the freedom of the Master, but it conveyed the sense, "not I, but the Father in me; not I, but the truth I speak; not you, but the nature you represent; not you, but humanity and God in you and in us!" He rose slowly, read a hymn, and began his discourse (for seldom in my day was he able to spare much of his strength for the preliminary services, conducted by his colleague) on a plane so level to the feet of the simplest of his hearers that few noticed the difficulty of the slow but steady ascent he always made, carrying his rapt hearers with him by the power of his thought, the calm insistence of his

conviction. and the solemn earnestness of his spirit, until they found themselves standing at a height from which visions of divine things. in their true proportions and real perspective, became easy and spontaneous. There was no muscular strain or contortion in his limbs or face or voice ; no excitement of a fleshly origin ; no false fervor, or false emphasis ; no loss of perfect dignity and self-possession. And there was little in the *words* themselves to fix attention, except their purity and grace. It was the subject that came forward and remained in the memory. He left you not thinking of him, nor of his rhetoric. He had no startling figures, no brilliant fancies, no sharp points ; little for admiration or praise ; everything for reflection, for inspiration, and for illumination. There was one other peculiarity in his preaching. He preached only on great themes, and this made his sermons always timely, for great subjects are ever in order. So profoundly helpful, so inspiring was his preaching, that I, for one, lived on it, from fortnight to fortnight, and went to it every time, with the expectation and the experience of receiving the bread of heaven on which I was to live and grow, until the manna fell again ; and men of all ages had much the same feeling.

When, for the first time, I saw Channing out of the pulpit, I was as much surprised at his diminutive form as if, expecting a giant, I had met a dwarf ! He had seemed to me a large and tall man in his pulpit ; but I soon found that, slight and low as his frame

was, nearness and familiarity took nothing from its dignity, and suggested nothing fragile or weak. Indeed, his attenuated and lowly figure really increased the sense of his moral majesty and intellectual eminence. His presence was more awful, simple and gentle as he was, than that of any human being I ever saw. It forbade familiarity, silenced garrulity, checked ease, and had something of the effect of a supernatural visitor; awing levity, and making even common speech, or speech at all, difficult. He was so unconscious of this effect, so little willing to produce it, so anxious to make others free and communicative, that it became pathetic to witness the paralysis of tongue and motion that usually fell on those whom he in vain tried to set at liberty from his overpowering personality. Doubtless there were familiar and domestic friends, and perhaps men who had grown up with him, that escaped this awe, and overcame this distance, and children did not seem to feel it; but just in proportion to the sense and sensibility of young men and women was it irresistible. I have said that Channing was not the kind of preacher Boston usually made and welcomed. Fortunately he did not settle, of choice, in a congregation most characteristic of Boston,—not in Brattle street, where he was called, but in Federal street, then comparatively inconspicuous,—and so he made, by degrees, out of a less fixed and wool-dyed class of citizens, a congregation of his own, to which he communicated much of his own spirit and something of his own views.

But it was in his character of philanthropist that he had most to do with shaping a new Boston, and most to contend with; and there his personal courage and commanding individuality were most displayed. I must not go at length into the history of his relations to the politics, the pauperism, the anti-slavery agitation, the questions of free speech and free opinion, which are really the places where his character and even his views are best illustrated. But I should wholly fail in the completeness even of an outline of Channing, if I did not trace the line of his course upon these public questions.

Everybody knows how much of Channing's mind and heart, courage and inspiration, went into the application of his views, — God's glorious purpose in man's creation, the dignity of human nature and the sacredness of freedom, of will, speech, thought, and conduct, — to the working institutions of government, of business, of charity, of domestic life. He was above all things a *man*, and then only a minister, and no zeal or fidelity to his profession, incompatible with or overriding his duties as a man, could have satisfied him. Indeed, a Christian minister in his eyes was only a man, realizing under Christ's teaching the full dignity of humanity, and working for its rights and its development in the sphere of our present existence. Any effort to shut him up in the pulpit or within the clerical profession, or to cut off his right, his duty, his opportunity of making his moral and spiritual convictions forces in society at large,

would necessarily have been unavailing. He knew no distinction between his manhood and his ministry, and accepted no rules as binding on him which were not binding on all. His field was the world, his congregation the human race; his office an ordination to advance, protect, and serve all the higher interests of his kind. There was nothing strictly new in this position. All the noblest and greatest men have been distinguished by a certain refusal to observe conventional bounds, or to make their special profession or calling less than that of servant of all truth and all good. Some of the greatest poets have been also theologians; great lawyers, publicists; and great physicians, philanthropists; great artists, thinkers and reformers.

New England never lacked men in the ministry who felt it their right and duty to guide and watch over political sentiment, and Boston had had her Chauncy and Mayhew, not to speak of her Eliot and Mathers. But in ordinary times the tendency of all professions is to become special, and to have an ethics each of its own. Unprofessional, unclerical, are words of significant meaning. No doubt, too, there is a wholesome instinct which teaches men that every profession is a jealous mistress, and demands the exclusive use of the time and talents of its followers, and that a division of labor and a certain mental and moral uniform peculiar to each best favor the interest of all. Departure from this practical rule is only justified when those who break it are clearly seen to be men of exceptional

greatness and competency to larger influence and larger work than belong to any one calling in life. Channing was such a man,—a philosopher, a philanthropist, a statesman, a poet,—nothing less than the general condition and prospects of the whole race could engage his attention, or limit his sense of responsibility. He was accordingly an observer and student of other countries and their moral, social, and political prospects. He was deeply interested in all experiments for increasing popular intelligence, improving the condition of the poor, or widening political rights. He understood the relations and influence of men across national boundaries. The French, the English, the German influence upon humanity and the fortunes of Christianity closely concerned him, at a time when few could see over the fences, which, however they narrow the view, do not prevent the circulation of a common human atmosphere. And in the same way he was profoundly interested, at a time when interest was rare, in the mutual relations of the different classes of society. Singularly tempted to devote himself to his own excellent and fortunate class—refined, decorous, solid, and satisfied, and all the more tempted by the fact that his profession justified and expected a certain confinement within parochial bounds,—he could not limit his views or his sympathies or his obligation within any class lines. He reverted to the original office of the ministry, when men were not settled over congregations, but sent forth apostles of truth and mercy to all men. And although

he was precluded, by his want of health, from active missionary or active public labors, and lived a peculiarly settled and uniform life, his mind, his heart traveled widely, and his pen was a missionary and a public servant that recognized the claims of the whole world.

Few men in this country or any other have been as universal in their survey, their aims, their breadth of view, and the comprehensiveness of their purposes as Channing. With the tastes and habits of a recluse, he was mentally a cosmopolite and a publicist. The least of a partisan and a politician, he had all the feelings and all the capacity of a statesman. Limited by his physical fragility to a narrow walk of personal observation and intercourse, he went in spirit and by the aid of his intellectual and moral sympathies into the homes and shops and fields, and felt the closest and warmest interest in the trials, sorrows, wrongs, and exposures of the common people, and especially those most overlooked. Tuckerman, his most intimate friend, the apostle to the poor of Boston, found in no one so patient and so helpful a supporter and admirer as Channing, who envied his skill, his success, and his delight in this gracious service. His advice and his encouragement to the laboring classes, which reached many countries, drew forth expressions of gratitude that gave Channing more satisfaction than he could receive from the admiration of literary critics, or the crowds of cultivated people that hung on his lips. The ministry to the poor in Boston owed most of its

permanent interest to his direction and encouragement. He was profoundly concerned for the elevation, the happiness, the substantial good of the humbler ranks of the people. It was not a professional, technical interest of the ordinary ministerial kind, lest their souls should be lost, but a sad sense of what they were losing in not knowing, serving, and loving God.

There were none of the materials for a fanatic in Channing; and yet fanatics have seldom gone as far in their madness or narrowness of view as Channing went in his sobriety and comprehensiveness. He hoped and expected more of all men than perfectionists, socialists, and idealogists have looked for and demanded; but he had the most practical sense of the difficulties in the way. He had the patience of God and geologic time with the slowness of the advance. Nobody could have told him much about the obstructions and trying conditions, under the sense of which most men give up the problem. He was hopeful in full view of all obstacles, and active and earnest in spite of his knowledge how long and how much action and effort would be required for an indefinite time to come.

His course in regard to the anti-slavery movement is perhaps the best illustration of his character as an humanitarian and a citizen. By position, by taste, and by associates, he was one of the men likely to feel most what was called the violence, the narrowness, and the vulgarity of that movement, as it first presen-

ted itself in Massachusetts. Its starters and supporters outraged the taste, the ethics, the customs of the best people. It looked wild, fierce, revolutionary, impious, much as the earliest pretensions of Christianity must have seemed to devout and influential Jews in the holy city. As a rule, Christian ministers gave a wide berth to its advocates. Channing regarded it doubtless with distaste, and turned a cold shoulder upon its first apostles, from genuine doubts of its being in right hands, or advocated in a legal and Christian way. In this, he only exhibited the uniform caution of his conscientious mind, which never allowed itself to be swept off the base of its own solid judgment. It was always his judgment—which was his conscience—that had to be set on fire, not his feelings, and it did not catch prematurely, and, when it did, it burnt with a flame that could not be quenched.

When Channing began—and it was far earlier than any of the sober and weighty minds about him—to see and feel what was involved in the anti-slavery cause; what this fierce indignation was,—the cry of outraged justice and down-trampled humanity; what a holy sense of wrong done to the human soul lay at the bottom of the wrath that made religious, social, and political conventionalities, so far as they condoned or supported slavery, objects of anger and derision,—he transferred his sympathies from the conservative and popular side of Boston taste and feeling to the radical, the unpopular, the odious side of anti-slavery reformers. I do not think he *counted* the cost of this

or of any course he ever took ; but he knew as well as any man the way in which it would be received by his friends and lovers. His difficulties were never those of the politician, the sectarian, or the time-server. His slowness was always his desire to be right with God and his conscience ; his quickness, the zeal he had in the service of truth and duty, the moment he knew them. What services he rendered to the anti-slavery cause ; what he did to clarify, exalt, and make possible the views that afterwards became acceptable and potent,—the world knows and abolitionists concede. But he never would or could join any organization that compromised his least conviction, or controlled his own sense of a divine policy. He spoke for himself ; he stood for himself. He had neither the concurrence of the conservatives nor the radicals. He offended the abolitionists ; he disgusted the Whigs ; he pleased only God and his own conscience, and served the great cause of freedom with transcendent power, because his devotion to it was neither fanatical, partial, nor local, and what he wrote on anti-slavery is true for all time. His anti-slavery was a logical and moral consequent of his reverence for human nature.

Channing's course in regard to the trial of Abner Kneeland for atheism was an equal illustration of his faith in the self-protecting power of the truth, and the safety of freedom of opinion and expression. It required immense moral courage to head the petition which he also wrote for his release from prison and

punishment. But in the community, in all the world, where public opinion is most worth attending to, because rarely impulsive or extravagant, Channing had, many times in his life, to comfort it with protests or resistance, which left him open to all sorts of suspicion in the very places where his reputation was most valuable, his piety, his faith, his scrupulosity. He kept the company of publicans and sinners; like his Master, he could not judge those universally condemned. His moral courage—because it had no conceit, no superficial passion, no partisan fire in it—was truly sublime. His only cowardice was the rare and honorable fear of being left alone with an accusing conscience.

Those who think such a soul and such a thinker and spiritual force can pass by, can be repeated and improved upon, superseded and displaced, outgrown and outshined, are dull observers of the permanent place which such rare spirits hold in the uncrowded meridian, where their stars shine together forever. Religious genius is God's rarest inspiration and least common gift in any transcendent form. If we haunt and search the remotest antiquity to find and to sit at the feet of poets, artists, sages, and hang our freshest wreaths upon the spectral brows of shades whose personal history is unknown, when will the day come that St. Augustine, Borromeo, a Kempis, Fenelon, and Guion, Bossuet, Taylor, and Butler, and Channing are to be esteemed less than ever fresh fonts of Divine inspiration? Channing belongs to the Church

Universal and for all time. But he had an American birthplace, near the sea that unites all, and in a place that is more and more frequented and cosmopolitan. It is fit that on this spot his eternal memory should have its monument. Catholic, and all the more Catholic, because Unitarian, he must always wear the Unity of God, not in its vulgar sense, but in its spiritual significance, as the central jewel in his coronet of shining doctrines. He suffered for his testimony to this concealed, neglected, or perverted "Simplicity of Christ," and his disciples and fellow-christians would be ungrateful to forget that they owe him special devotion, and the devotion of publishing and proclaiming him, all the more because his fidelity to them cost him dear, and took him out of the general ranks of Christendom to be their conscript soldier. He was a cosmopolite, but he was none the less a thorough American; and the genius of America possessed him,—the hopefulness, the progressiveness, the freshness, the courage and unconventionality of the new hemisphere. He belonged in a new world, a democratic State, a country with an ample horizon. He was born by the sea, he died in the mountains. He was bred in the country, he lived in the city, he passed away in a place that knew him not, in the heart of the most American of American States, and on a journey. These things are typical. He belonged in no one place; and his spirit and influence are national, and still on a journey. The sea and the mountains claim him. Places he knew not have a sacred interest in

his history. I believe the nation will some day, remembering his physical birth in Rhode Island, his spiritual birth in Virginia, his life work in Massachusetts, his death in Vermont, his relations to the most significant reformation and revolution in religious life, because a thorough reversal of base in the whole order of theology, place his monument in the Capitol, as the only place central enough to express his national significance. But it will not be until his name and place as the greatest of American prophets is fully recognized. And that will come when the candid study of his works and his life shall show, with universal consent, that, although a generation or two in advance of his time, he proclaimed and illustrated the kind of religion, the form of Christianity, which is alone adapted to a universal spread, and destined to become a universal leaven, and the true Bread of Life to the American people; and that what is permanently their faith is sure at last to be the faith of the whole world. So high, so wide, so deep is the claim of William Ellery Channing.

CHAPTER VII.

REV. LORENZO DOW, METHODIST.

LORENZO DOW was born in Coventry, Tolland county, Connecticut, October 16, 1777. His parents were born in the same town, and were descended from the English. He says: "My parents were very tender towards their children, and endeavored to educate them well, both in religion and common learning." When he was only four years old, at play with another child, Lorenzo asked him, "If he ever said his prayers"; and he answering "no," Lorenzo said, "You are wicked, and I will not play with you," and left him.

Soon after, he says, "Being in another neighborhood, I associated with one who would swear and lie; which proved harm to me."

He says, "After I had arrived at the age of twelve years, my hopes of worldly pleasure were greatly blasted by an illness, occasioned by overheating myself, and drinking a quantity of cold water."

He was all along a serious minded boy, and was united at length with the methodists, by whom he was for a long time greatly tried because they were full of objections to him. He was acquainted with the famous Jesse Lee, and with many of the early methodist preachers.

He believed in dreams, of which he relates several ; one, which is as follows : " I dreamed that in a strange house, I sat by the fire, a messenger came in and said, ' There are three ministers come from England, and in a few moments will pass by this way.' I followed him out, and he disappeared. I ran over a wood-pile, and jumped upon a log to have a fair view of them ; presently three men came over a hill from the west towards me : the foremost dismounted ; the other two, one of whom was on a white horse, the other on a reddish one ; both, with the three horses, disappeared. I said to the first, ' who are you ? ' He replied, ' John Wesley,' and walked towards the east ; he turned around, and looking me in the face, said, ' God has called you to preach the gospel ; you have been a long time between hope and fear, but there is a dispensation of the gospel committed to you. Woe unto you if you preach not the gospel.'

" I was struck with horror and amazement to think how he should know the exercises of my mind, when I knew he had never heard of me before ! I still followed him to the eastward, and expressed an observation for which he with his countenance reproved me, for the better improvement of my time. At

length we came to a log house where negroes lived; the door being open, he attempted twice to go in, but the smoke prevented him; he said, 'You may go in if you have a mind, and if not, follow me.' I followed him a few rods, where was an old log house, two stories high. in one corner of which my parents looked out of the window, and, said they to him, 'Who are you?' He replied, 'John Wesley;' 'well,' said they, 'what becomes of doubting christians?' He replied, 'there are many serious christians who are afraid of death. They dare not believe they are converted, for fear of being deceived; and they are afraid to disbelieve it lest they should grieve the Spirit of God, so they live and die, and go into the other world, and their souls to heaven with a guard of angels. I then said, 'will the day of judgment come as we read, and the sun and moon fall from heaven, and the earth and works be burnt? To which he answered, 'It is not for you to know the times and seasons, which God hath put in his own power; but read the word of God with attention, and let that be your guide.

"I said, 'are you more than fifty-five?' He replied, 'do you not remember of reading an account of my death, in the history of my life?' I turned partly round, in order to consider. and after I had recollected it, I was about to answer him, 'yes'; when I looked and behold he was gone, and I saw him no more. It set me to shaking and quaking to such a degree that it waked me up.

The appearance of his person was the very same as he who appeared to me three times in the dream when I was about thirteen years of age, and who said that he would come to me again, etc."

I was well acquainted with Lorenzo Dow when I was settled in Woodstock, Connecticut. Lorenzo and his wife Peggy, visited that town several years in succession for the benefit of the Woodstock springs, the waters of which were considerably celebrated at that time. Lorenzo was the only man who wore a long beard; and his was more than a foot long. He was a very intelligent and gentlemanly man, and as he had travelled extensively, his conversation was very entertaining. He had an appointment to preach in the open air one afternoon. I saw him in the morning, and said: "Mr. Dow, it looks as though it would rain, and you had better go into our meeting house." He looked at me with great surprise, and said, "would you allow it?" I said, "yes, sir, we do not want it ourselves, and you are perfectly welcome to it." He replied: "I have not been accustomed to receive such courtesy from congregational ministers."

Lorenzo Dow was peculiar in many respects. Many supposed he had the power of working miracles, and of pointing out rogues, and of discovering things that were lost; but though he was a dreamer, as we have just seen, his power of working miracles is to be ascribed to his knowledge of human nature. He had seen so many, and had so large an experience, that no man possessed a deeper knowledge of the human

heart, and of its various windings and turnings than he. The following cases related of him will sufficiently illustrate this statement

While Mr. Dow was travelling through Maryland, a poor man came and informed him that some one had stolen his ass, and wished Mr. Dow to be good enough to tell him where it was. Lorenzo informed him that he possessed no power of knowing such things. But the man had heard that Lorenzo Dow knew everything, and could not be persuaded to believe anything else. At length, when it was evident that the man could not be otherwise disposed of, Mr. Dow said he would find the ass if he could. "But do you suspect any person of stealing it," said Mr. Dow. "Yes," said the man, very promptly, "I think I know the very man, but cannot be certain." "Will he be at meeting?" "Yes, sir; he is sure to be there." Mr. Dow said no more, but picking up a stone about as large as his two fists, carried it to church with him and laid it on the desk beside him, so that all the congregation might see it. How many inquiries ran through their minds about the stone during the sermon no one knows. But after he had finished preaching, he took the stone in his hand, and, addressing the audience, said, "someone has stolen an ass belonging to Mr. A., a poor man—the thief is here; he is before me now; and I intend after turning round three times, to hit him on the head with this stone." Accordingly he turned round twice rather slowly, but the third time he came round with great fury, as if

going to throw the stone into the midst of the men before him, when, to the no little amusement of the company, and the satisfaction of the man who lost the ass, the very man who was suspected of the theft, dodged his head behind the pew. "Now," said Mr. Dow, "I will not expose you any further, but if you don't leave that ass to-night where you got it, I will publish you to-morrow." The ass was accordingly returned. A merchant of veracity in Cincinnati, vouches for the truth of the story.

I heard Lorenzo preach several times. The first time was in 1823 in Providence, R. I. It was in the evening and all the college boys attended. One side of the gallery was filled with white people and the other was colored. We students sat in the gallery with the whites. Some of the students laughed at some of his odd expressions, when Dow stopped, and looking up at the gallery where we were, said, with an emphasis peculiar to himself, and pointing up with his finger to our gallery, "Why can't you white folks up *there* sit as still as them black folks up *there*?" pointing to the other side.

The next time I heard him was in 1831 in the Court House in Brooklyn, Conn. He commenced by saying "We shall omit singing for brevity's sake, and as to praying it is impossible for me to do your work—you must pray for yourselves, — therefore we shall omit praying; and now, as to preaching, we will see about that. But first I don't know whether I shall stand or sit. The Jewish doctors when they taught

the people, sat, and our Lord when he taught them, sat, and I think I shall sit"; so saying he took his seat upon the judge's bench, half way facing the people. "My text," he said, "you will always remember. There is not a man, woman or child present who will not remember it as long as they live." Then taking out his watch and holding it up as high as he could reach he said "Watch! Watch!! Watch!!! that is my text." At this time of writing it is more than fifty years since Dow uttered this prophecy, and as the writer remembers it, it is probable that all the others do.

Lorenzo was naturally of a slender constitution and frequently subject to attacks of illness, such as vomiting, headache, asthma, nervous depression, etc., yet he endured more hardships and exposure than any other man of that age, and lived to be fifty-six years old.

In 1800 Lorenzo visited Ireland. He says, "Sunday, February 23, I went fourteen miles and preached four times; many felt the word, and it was a happy day for me.

"March 6. A magistrate hailed me on the road and said, 'Where are you going?'

A. 'To Larne.'

Q. 'Where did you come from?'

A. 'Balleycarey.'

Q. 'What is your occupation?'

A. 'I have got none.'

Q. 'Where do you belong?'

A. 'No where.'

Q. 'What, are you strolling about the country?'

A. 'Yes; I have no particular place of residence.'

Q. 'Where's your pass?'

A. 'I have got none.'

Q. 'Where was you born?'

A. 'North America.'

Q. 'Well, to America you shall go again. Come go along with me to the guard house.'

Q. 'What do you follow, and what did you come after?'

A. 'I follow preaching, and came on account of my health, and methodist preachers don't apply to magistrates for passes.'

'Well,' said he, upon observing I could not walk fast, my feet being sore, 'if ever I see you this way way again I'll send you to prison.' I replied, 'you are at your option and can do as you think proper'; then he put whip to his horse and went on."

Lorenzo was always witty and sometimes a little shrewd, and when he found argument would not prevail he used a carnal weapon. In the following case which he relates in his journal, the weapon used was not carnal only, but also scorching.

I was once in conversation with a learned doctor, who contended there was nothing real, but that all things were the force of imagination. Mr. Dow, for a time, strove to convince him of his error by argument, but all in vain. As the doctor with a great deal of self importance laid his pipe upon the table,

and turning his face toward the window, as he sat in his big armchair, said, "There, Mr. Dow," pointing to the opposite side of the street, "is a wagon as I imagine, but it is all the force of imagination."—While he was thus speaking, and before he could utter the the rest of the sentence, Mr. Dow had picked up the pipe, which contained a good large coal of fire, and emptied the contents into the doctor's boot. "What in the d——l" (said the doctor, as he precipitately turned round, and seized the boot with both hands) "are you about." "Nothing but imagination," said Lorenzo; "Nothing but imagination!" So saying he picked up his stick, and leaving the doctor to contemplate the imaginary influence of a burned skin traveled on to the place of his next appointment and there preached from the doctor's own text.

The following is one of Lorenzo's stories. The celebrated Doctor Johnson, from whom Mr. Dow received the first ideas of that invaluable chemical discovery, the Dow Medicine, tells the following story, of himself and friend:

"At one time while he and an intimate friend were traveling in the north of Scotland, they put up for the night at a very indifferent looking house in the highlands. The want of cleanliness was very apparent, so much so as to attract the attention both of the doctor and of his friend, and to make them curious about what they were to have for supper.

"The friend, in peeping through a crack in the partition, discovered a very dirty-looking boy attending

to the frying of some beef steaks, and as he leaned over to turn them, noticed him scratching his head, and some of the unlucky little insects falling from it into the pan. This of course spoiled his appetite for steaks. But wishing to have a pull on the doctor, said nothing of his discovery till after supper. In the mean time their meal was prepared, consisting of fried steaks and boiled pudding. The doctor supposing the fried dish the cleanest ate steak. The friend rejoicing in the rig he was going to have on the doctor, partook sumptuously of the pudding. After supper, said the doctor addressing his friend; "Well, I dont envy you your dirty pudding." "Nor I you, your steaks," said the friend. And then, giving a broad laugh informed the doctor of the boy scratching his head over the frying pan. This was a damper. The doctor, who was extremely hard to head off now felt himself fairly beaten, and walking out of doors, soon made a summary disposition of his supper, then returning, sick and provoked, he called up the boy, and addressing him in a very angry tone, said, "Why did you not keep that cap on your head, you had on when I came here?" The poor boy, scratching his head and bursting into tears at the angry look and voice of the doctor, replied, "Why mammy took it to boil the pudding in." The scene now changed. The friend was taken with a violent heaving at the stomach, while the doctor's countenance soon changed from frowns to excessive mirth, as he followed his friend to the door, congratulating him upon the luxury of a boiled pudding.'

LORENZO ON MATRIMONY.

“Various are the opinions with regard to the subject before us.—Some people tell us it is not lawful for men and women to marry, and argue thus to prove it. ‘It is living after the flesh; they that live after the flesh shall die. (by which is meant separation from God) therefore they who live together as husband and wife shall die.’ Now the premises being wrong, the conclusion is wrong of necessity; for living together as husband and wife is not living after the flesh, but after God’s ordinance, as is evident from Matt. xix, 4, 5, 6,—‘And he answered, and said unto them, have ye not read, that he which made them at the beginning, made them male and female, and said, for this cause shall a man leave father and mother, and shall cleave to his wife, and they twain shall be one flesh? Wherefore they are no more twain, but one flesh! What therefore God hath joined together, let no man put asunder.’ In these words, Christ, our great lawgiver refers to Genesis ii, 24, which at once proves that the Paradisical instruction is not abrogated. From the beginning of the world until the words of the text were written, people lived together as husband and wife, and had divine approbation in so doing, as is easily proven from the word of God. Some people have an idea we cannot be as holy in a married state as a single one. But hark! ‘Enoch walked with God after he begat Methuselah, three hundred years, and begat sons and daughters.’ Gen. v, 23, Heb. xi, 5. Now if Enoch, under that dark

dispensation, could serve God in a married state and be fit for translation from earth to heaven, why not another person be equally pious, and be filled with 'righteousness and peace, and joy in the Holy Ghost,' under the gospel dispensation, according to Rom. xiv, 17? But admitting it is right for common people to marry, is it right for the *clergy* to marry? Answer, I know that too many think it is not, and are ready to conclude that whenever a 'preacher marries he is backslidden from God,' hence the many arguments made use of by some to prevent it. When I hear persons who are married trying to dissuade others from marrying, I infer one of two things: that they are either unhappy in their marriage, else they enjoy a blessing which they do not wish others to partake of. The Church of Rome have an idea that the Pope is St. Peter's successor, and that the clergy ought not to marry. But I would ask if it was lawful for St. Peter to have a wife, why not lawful for another priest or preacher to have one. But have we any proof that Peter had a wife? In Matt. viii, 14, we read as follows: 'And when Jesus was come into Peter's house, he saw his wife's mother laid, and sick of a fever.' Now how could Peter's wife's mother be sick of a fever, provided he had no wife? and as we have no account that Christ parted Peter and his wife, I infer that he lived with her after his call to the apostleship, according to Rom. vii, 2, for 'the woman who hath an husband is bound by the law to her husband so long as he liveth'; now if Peter's wife was

'bound' to him, how could he go off and leave her, as some people think he did! The words of the text saith, 'marriage is honorable in all.' But how could it be honorable in all if it were dishonorable in the priestly order? For they form a part; of course are included in the word A *double* L. In the first epistle written by St. Paul to Timothy, fourth chapter, we read thus: 'Now the spirit speaketh expressly, that in the latter times some shall depart from the faith, giving heed to seducing spirits and doctrines of devils; speaking lies in hypocrisy; having their conscience seared as with a hot iron; forbidding to marry and commanding to abstain from meats, which God hath created to be received with thanksgiving of them which believe and know the truth.' Observe, forbidding to marry is a doctrine of devils, therefore not of divine origin; of course not to be obeyed, for we are under no obligations to obey the devils; but, in opposition to them to enjoy all the benefits of divine institutions. Marriage is a divine institution, therefore the benefits of matrimony may be enjoyed by them that believe and know the truth."

One night after Mr. Dow had retired to bed, after a hard day's travel, in the western part of Virginia, a number of persons collected in the bar-room to enjoy their usual revelries, as was the custom in that part of the country. At a late hour in the night the alarm was given that one of the company had lost his pocket-book, and a search proposed; whereupon the landlord remarked that Lorenzo Dow was in the house,

and that, if the money was there, he knew that Lorenzo could find it. The suggestion was instantly received with approbation, and accordingly Mr. Dow was aroused from his slumber, and brought forth to find the money. As he entered the room his eyes ran through the company with searching inquiry but nothing appeared that could fix the guilt upon anyone. The loser appeared with a countenance expressive of great concern, and besought Mr. Dow, for heaven's sake, to find him his money. "Have any left the company since you lost your money?" said Mr. Dow. "None," said the loser, "none." "Then," said Lorenzo, turning to the landlady, "go and bring me your large dinner pot." This created no little surprise. But as supernatural powers were universally conceded, his directions were unhesitatingly obeyed. Accordingly the pot was brought forward, and set in the middle of the room. "Now," said Lorenzo, "go and bring the old chicken cock from the roost." This was also done; and, at Lorenzo's directions, the cock placed in the pot, and covered over with a board, or lid. "Let the doors now be fastened and the lights extinguished," said Mr. Dow, which was also done. "Now," said he, "every person in the room must rub his hands hard against the pot, and when the guilty hand touches it, the cock will crow." Accordingly all came forward and rubbed, or pretended to rub, against the pot; but no cock crew. "Let the candles now be lighted," said Lorenzo, "there is no guilty person here. If the man ever had any money he

must have lost it someplace else. But stop," said Lorenzo, when all things were prepared, "let us now examine the hands." This was the most important part of the arrangement. For, on examination, it was found that one man had not rubbed against the pot. The other's hands being black with the soot of the pot, was a proof of their innocence. "There," said Lorenzo, pointing to the man with *clean hands*, "there is the man who picked your pocket." The culprit, seeing his detection, at once acknowledged his guilt, and gave up the money.

It is reported that when Lorenzo was a widower, one day after he had preached, he said to the congregation, "I am a candidate for matrimony; and if there is any woman in this audience who is willing to marry me I would thank her to rise." One rose very near to the pulpit; another in a more distant part of the house. When Lorenzo said, with great solemnity, "There are two, I think this one near me rose first; at any rate I will have her." She was a woman of good standing and possessed of considerable property. They were married.

REV. PHINEAS STOWE, BAPTIST.

REV. PHINEAS STOWE was born in Milford, Conn., March 20, 1812. When fifteen years old he was engaged as a clerk in New Haven. In 1831 he became a member of the first baptist church in that

city. He had a lovely spirit, great sweetness of voice, was a sweet singer and ready for every good work. He was a modest and unassuming youth, and left a lucrative business to commence a course of study for the ministry. He married Emily Smith of Southington, Conn., while contemplating entering the ministry. He spent four years at the Newhampton Literary and Theological Institution where he made many friends among his fellow students and the professors; the late Rev. John Brown was one of his teachers; the pupil and the teacher were very congenial spirits; he spent two years as pastor of the baptist church in South Danvers. From Danvers he came to Boston and became pastor of the Baptist Bethel; he was well adapted to this work; he was enthusiastic in it, and it filled his whole soul. He originated the soldier's home and mariner's exchange and their library and reading room. He was much engaged in the cause of temperance, and administered the pledge to more than five thousand, to all of whom he gave a copy of the new Testament; the sailor's had good reason to be interested in him, for he invited them to his house, asked them to write to him while at sea, keep a journal and let him see it on their return. He also manifested great interest in the soldier's home. He often visited the State Prison at Charlestown and was always welcomed by the inmates; many of the prisoner's were greatly benefited by his services. Rev. Henry A. Cook, the devoted and energetic successor of Mr. Stowe in the Bethel

el work in this city, speaking of these labors in the prison, says: "One of the worst convicts at Charlestown, who had resisted all other means, was subdued and melted under Mr. Stowe's appeals, and is now sitting at the feet of Jesus, "clothed, and in his right mind"; most characteristic was his first interview with the late William J. Butler, superintendent of the mariner's exchange, whose history, under the name of the "Rover at Rest," has been so graphically delineated by Mrs. Jane D. Chaplin. Upon this wanderer, penniless and alone, a stranger in a strange city, and surrounded by temptations to which he was beginning to yield, the eye of this mariner's shepherd lighted, and he was enfolded by him as in a mother's arms. He imitated the "Master" in preaching the gospel to the poor; he rejoiced in this work; he would often take the sailor's to the prayer meetings of other churches; he was so good that he seemed to make everybody else good around him.

Though he was a Baptist and strongly attached to that denomination, still he mingled freely and labored much among other denominations. He was always welcome on all occasions wherever he went; he was known and esteemed throughout the Commonwealth. In 1862 he was chaplain of the Massachusetts Legislature and greatly beloved by the members; his countenance always carried sunshine with it; he was never more happy than when preaching the gospel.

Mr. Cook, above referred to, says: "During the last year of his life, for twenty-six sabbaths in suc-

cession, with but a single exception, he led willing, rejoicing converts into the baptismal waters; he wished for no vacation, finding his highest pleasure in his work. At the urgent solicitation of his friends, however, he went away from Boston a few weeks in the summer; but he was soon heard of among the sailors in New York and the miners of Pennsylvania, praying with them, and preaching to them the word of life; and he thus brought on the unnatural excitement which resulted in his premature death." It has already been said that, Mr. Stowe was interested in soldiers as well as in sailors. The following is proof of this: The writer resided in Philadelphia during the late war. Soon after hostilities commenced, he called together, at his house, eight gentlemen, all of them from New England; they organized what they called, "The Philadelphia and New England Soldier's Aid Society"; the object of which was to aid the soldiers from New England who came to Philadelphia. The society grew, till from eight, it counted several hundreds; it was aided by the merchants of Boston and other parts of New England; it dispensed many thousands of dollars to needy soldiers; nor did it limit its aid to soldiers from New England. But, considering our country as a unit, it assisted soldiers from other states. Rev. Phineas Stowe visited Philadelphia, attended one of our monthly meetings, saw the good work we were engaged in, and gave us his assistance. On his return to Boston, he commended our work to the clergymen and citizens of Boston, in

private, and through the press. In this way he afforded us very substantial aid. I mention this to show that wherever there was an opening to do good, to relieve suffering, to succor the afflicted, and espouse a good cause, his hand and heart were ever open.

He labored in every good word and work for more than twenty years in Boston; and, having served his generation faithfully, by the will of God fell asleep, rested from his labors, and many still live to thank God that Phineas Stowe ever lived.

REV. ABRAHAM D. MERRILL, METHODIST.

REV. ABRAHAM D. MERRILL was born in Salem, N. H., March 7, 1796. His parents were Major Joshua and Mehitable Dow Merrill. He had as good an education as was afforded in those days to children of the most respectable classes. His young life was passed with his parents at the old homestead farm, which had long been in the family, and is at the present time. He was married in 1816, and was settled upon a farm adjoining the homestead, which was given him by his father. The seriousness of his wife's mind had some effect to restrain him from the habits of amusement so common in his neighborhood; and her efforts to incite him to religious matters were unceasing, though she was not a professor of religion at that time.

In 1820 his mind was much disposed to dwell upon religious subjects; and there being at that time a powerful revival of religion in the northerly part of the town, some three miles from his residence, he was much interested in the meetings, and at one of them became conscious of God's approval. He immediately began to speak in these meetings, stating the wonderful work that God had wrought in his heart. So great was the change, he desired that all his relatives and friends should know of it. He first visited his father and mother, and told them of the glorious change he had experienced, and exhorted them to become partakers with him of the same grace. He then took his horse, and rode from ten to twenty miles, publishing to all, as he went, what God had done for him.

This was the 19th of November, 1820. For many months after this his mind was exercised in regard to his duty, he being impressed that he ought to preach the gospel. In almost a miraculous manner he was convinced of his duty to preach; and he concluded to avail himself of every facility to improve his mind, and to make arrangements to prosecute Biblical study. He was not long allowed to rest from public religious services, and was finally obliged to abandon consecutive study, for he was invited and urged to preach not only in the neighborhood, but in the school houses of the town, and also in other towns of the county.

His name was presented to the New-England

Annual Conference at its session held in Bath, Me., 1822, by which he was received on trial, and appointed to Landiff circuit, N. H. and then for forty years, with scarcely an interruption, he served the Church in the following fields of labor: Unity, Vt., 1823; Wethersfield, Vt., 1824; Barnard, Vt., 1825; Barre, Vt., 1826; Needham, 1827; Duxbury, 1828; Lynn Common, 1829-1830; N. Boston, 1831; Needham and Weston, 1832; Lowell, 1833-34; Springfield, 1835-36; Andover and North Reading, 1837; Marblehead, 1838; West Providence, R. I. 1839-40; Webster, 1841-42; Lowell, Worthen Street, 1843-44; Springfield, Wesley Chapel, 1845; Boston, Church Street, 1846-1847; Lynn, Wood End, 1848; Cambridge, Harvard Street, 1849-50; Medford, 1851-52; Salem, 1853; Lynn, Maple Street, 1854-55; East Cambridge, 1856; superannuated, 1857; Chelsea, Mount Bellingham, 1858; superannuated, 1859; Melrose, 1860; Topsfield, 1861-62; superannuated, 1863; supernumerary, 1864; superannuated, 1865-78.

About the 1st of April, 1878, he was attacked with pneumonia. His powerful vitality resisted the disease, and in a little over a week he was convalescent. The disease left him feeble in body, but peaceful and serene in mind. He said to one of his sons, "I would not turn my hand to live or die; I submit to God's will." From some accidental exposure he suffered a relapse of the disease, and it became a question of serious doubt as to its termination. A few

days sufficed to convince his wife and children that he could not recover. He had possession of his senses till within a few hours of his decease. The physician who had so faithfully attended him was summoned to his bedside, and, in the presence of his family, told him he could not live but a few hours. He reached out his hand, and, taking that of the physician, said to him, "Doctor, I am satisfied with your administration of my case: I die at peace with God and all mankind." At nine o'clock of the night of the 29th of April he passed away.

The above is the obituary notice of the Rev. Abraham Merrill by the New England Conference at their next meeting after his decease, held in Worcester, Mass., April 2, 1879.

Mr. Merrill was properly called one of the Fathers of Methodism in New England. Though he had not a collegiate education or a theological one as is customary at the present time; yet his advantages for study compared favorably with those of his age. He was industrious and improved well all the advantages which he had. He was a worthy and faithful minister in the "Master's" cause. He was highly esteemed by his brethren in the ministry. His life was a useful one; and he served his generation faithfully. He left several sons; who are useful, intelligent, and active members of society, and ornaments in the Methodist Episcopal church.

REV. DANIEL LEACH, D.D., EPISCOPALIAN.

REV. DANIEL LEACH was born June 12, 1806, in Bridgewater, Mass. He entered Brown University in 1825; but on account of ill health did not receive his degree till 1830. He was ordained in the Episcopal church in Feb. 1833. He received the honorary degree of Doctor of Divinity from Brown University in 1835. Two years afterwards he was elected trustee of the university for life.

He was associated with the Rev. Dr. Sears as an agent for the Board of Education of Massachusetts. He has been superintendent of the public schools of Rhode Island for the last twenty-five years.

Mr. Leach was in Brown University with me. I knew him well as a steady, industrious and studious young man, deserving the courtesy and friendship of his fellow students, and the confidence and respect of the Faculty. Though he was in feeble health, yet he maintained a good standing in his class, and excelled in some branches, especially in Mathematics.

He was rector of Christ's church in Quincy, Mass., while I was pastor of a Congregational church in that town. As a preacher, he was sound in faith, and as a rector, esteemed and highly respected. After he left the rectorship, he engaged in teaching and had for some years a private family school in Dorchester and was very successful.

The long period which Dr. Leach has been the

superintendent of the schools of Providence, and the success which has followed speak well for his capacity and wisdom displayed in their management. There is now lying before me a city document, of 1878, entitled, "A brief sketch of the High school of Providence." which contains an excellent address by him on the occasion of the dedication of that edifice; from which we quote the following:—"Were not man a spiritual being, and of a nobler nature than a material organism, soon to return to its original elements; had he no other aim or purpose in life but to provide for his physical wants, to seek the gratifications of sense, to be comfortably fed and clothed; such an institution as this might be deemed unwise and unnecessary. But if there be an inner life with unlimited powers and faculties to be developed; if the continued advancement in social well-being and civilization be the fundamental law of human existence, then all the agencies and means that can wisely be employed to advance and secure this noble object are worthy of the highest consideration.

"The field of knowledge that is here to be opened, in part, to our youth, is vast and illimitable, extending far beyond the sublimest reach of thought.

"It is here that the accumulated wisdom of the past, the great thoughts of great minds in every age, the profoundest researches of science from the earliest dawn of truth to her more wonderful discoveries of the present are briefly to be presented in all their attractive power.

“One of the most prominent defects in teaching, in all our schools, is the crowding the youthful mind beyond its capacity to thoroughly comprehend. The first, as well as the highest aim of education, should ever be to develop in harmony and to strengthen all the powers and faculties, both of mind and body, by judicious training; beginning with the simplest elements of thought, to lead the pupil on, step by step, to think clearly, to reason correctly and to classify all the materials of knowledge according to their true relations.”

This whole address is characterized by sterling common sense educational wisdom and true philosophy all of which superintendent Leach possesses.

Dr. Leach's arithmetic is in some respects superior to any other with which we have been acquainted.

CHAPTER VIII.

REV. SAMUEL TOBEY, CONGREGATION- ALIST.

THE town of Berkeley was incorporated in 1735. It was taken from Taunton and Dighton. It was named after Bishop Berkeley then in Newport, R. I. The Bishop sent them an organ from England, as a present for calling the town after his name. But the town was so puritanical that they would not touch the "unclean thing," and refused to pay freight upon it. After it had remained housed for some years the first Episcopal church of Newport, R. I., paid the expense of its transportation, and placed it in their church, where it gives forth sweet tones every sabbath until the present time. What exhibits a remarkable change of feeling, the church of Berkeley has since purchased an organ, and now listen to its music every sabbath day.

A Congregational church was organized in this town November 2, 1737. The first pastor was Rev. Samuel Tobey, Congregationalist. He was ordained in 1737, the same month the church was organized. His ministry extended to the time of his death, which occurred suddenly February 13, 1781, including nearly a period of forty-four years.

The book of records, in the handwriting of Mr. Tobey, contains the following entries concerning the call and settlement of the first minister of Berkeley.

"January ye 1, 1736, I was invited to preach at Berkeley, and accordingly came. August ye 1, 1736, the people of Berkeley gave me a call to settle among them, in the work of ye ministry, offering me two hundred pounds for my settlement, and one hundred for my salary. September ye 1, ensuing I met with ye town, and by their adding to their first offer ye contribution money which should be contributed every Sabbath, and stating my salary at silver twenty-six shillings per ounce, I accepted ye call. November ye 23, 1737, I was ordained pastor over the church and congregation."

In the Church Record book, which appears to have been kept with great fidelity by Mr. Tobey, and unlike those of many other churches, has fortunately escaped the ravages of time, are to be found interesting matters personal: "September ye 6, 1738, I was married to Bethsheba Crocker. October ye 31, I moved into my house. Will God speak well of ye house of His servants for a great while to come, and 'as for me and my household, we will serve ye Lord.' Celia our first child born August ye 29, 1739, on Wednesday, between one and two at night. Samuel our second child, born August ye 11, 1741, on Tuesday about sunset. May ye 28, 1743, my dear child Samuel died, on Saturday, a little after sunrising. Oh that his death might be sanctified unto us, his parents, for our spiritual good. June ye 5, 1743, our third child was born, on ye first day of ye week, early in ye morning, and was baptized the same day by the

name of Samuel. September ye 25, 1745, our fourth child was born on Wednesday about eight of ye clock in ye morning; called Timothy. Nathaniel, our fifth child born August ye 17, 1747, on Monday morning about three ye clock. Isaac, our sixth child, born July ye 20, 1749, on Thursday, between seven and eight at night. Enoch, our seventh child, born September ye 2. 1751, on Monday evening, between eight and nine of ye clock. Aletheia, our eighth child born March ye 3, 1754, on ye Sabbath, about five of ye clock, P. M. September ye 9, 1756, my ninth child, born on Thursday at about four of ye clock in ye afternoon, called Bathsheba. February ye 4, 1759, my tenth child was born about five of ye clock on Sabbath morning; called Abigail: Died November 29, 1778. September ye 6, 1761. my wife was delivered of two sons; ye first was born about nine of ye clock, Sabbath day night, the second about ten of ye clock, viz., Paul and Silas. November 29, 1778, Nabby died in ye twentieth year of her age."

Had every parent been as particular in describing the time when his children were born, as was Rev. Mr. Tobey it would have spoiled the business of an old astrologer, Lester, who practised the black art in Boston many years; and who recently died in the city of New York. He was accustomed to ask each simpleton who came to him to have his fortune told; what year he was born, what month, what day of the month, what day of the week, and what hour of the day he was born. **Just before he died he stated to**

those around him that if he made a mistake he generally had a place to creep out at, for not one in a hundred could tell the hour of his birth.

Rev. Mr. Tobey's family became one of the most prominent in the town. Samuel became one of the most eminent and influential citizens of Berkeley. His youngest son named Silas graduated at Brown University and became master of a vessel, and died of yellow fever at Point Petre, Guadaloupe, February 1, 1817, aged thirty years. Seldom does society receive a deeper wound, and the social and domestic circle a more distressing loss than was inflicted by the untimely fate of this man. His only son, who was born after his father's decease, is now the honored citizen and worthy postmaster of Boston.

Rev. Mr. Tobey used to relate the following circumstance respecting his visits at Mr. Crocker's previous to his marriage. Mr. Crocker had four daughters. He had been in the habit of calling on the family. Three of the daughters were usually in the room to receive him : the fourth one he seldom saw. Occasionally he would get a glimpse of her dress as she disappeared through the door. His curiosity was excited to see more of this "coy bird," as he used to express it. He therefore determined to have an interview with her ; the result of which was a proposal to marry her. He used to say, "I do not know as this would have taken place had she not been so shy," a beautiful tribute to feminine modesty, a little more of which would not be amiss in our modern times.

The following anecdotes respecting Mr. Tobey are related. "When a boy he was in the habit of driving his father's cows to pasture. One Sabbath morning he discovered a flock of wild geese in a pond where they had spent the night. Having a heavy stick in his hand, he threw it into the midst of them, as they rose to fly; two of them remained with their necks broken by the blow. He took them from the water and left them—went home and rested on the Sabbath, according to the commandment. The next morning he went to take them home but found them unfit for use. He then told the family of his success the morning before and of his disappointment in not providing them with a dinner. They inquired why he did not bring them home when he killed them? He replied that "he was afraid of a severe punishment for breaking the Sabbath." This shows that he must have been religiously educated. Few boys would fear punishment in these modern times for carrying home wild geese on the Sabbath, and some would not even get rebuked if they stole them.

We have the following anecdote also, which shows that like other clergymen of his day, he was accustomed to cultivate the ground—an employment which doubtless contributed much to their health, longevity and the length of their pastorates, and also, that he was in the habit of rebuking profanity. At one time his neighbors were assisting him in breaking a rough piece of ground. They had a strong team, and a man they called Sargent Harvey to hold the plow. He had two bad habits, he would drink too much

strong liquor, and use profane language. He was now under the influence of the former which provoked the latter. When the plow therefore struck a stone or root, and sent him one side, he would swear. Mr. Tobey tried to check him, which would have its effect for a time. but he would forget and swear again. At last he told him that he could hold that plow around the field without using such language. Sargent Harvey gave the plow into his hands and followed to learn the result. The plow was no respecter of persons, but served Mr. Tobey as it did Sargent Harvey. But his expression was "I never see the like."

When the task was performed he said "there I have been the whole round and have not made use of the language you did." "True," he replied, "but which is the greater sin, to swear, or lie as you did a number of times. For you said you never see the like when you know you have a great many times."

Mr. Tobey had the reputation for being a very modest man, and it is not known that he ever furnished any sermons or other articles for the press.

REV. THOMAS ANDROS, CONGREGATIONALIST.

THE SECOND MINISTER OF BERKELEY.

MR. ANDROS was a native of Norwich, Ct. He was born May 1, 1759, and died December 30, 1845, aged eighty-six years and eight months. He lost his father when a child and was left in indigent circumstances.

He was the clergyman under whose ministry the early years of the writer were spent.

At an early age, upon the commencement of the revolutionary war, he enlisted as a soldier in the American army. He joined the army during the siege of Boston, and when that town was evacuated he went with the army to Long Island. He was in both the battles of Long Island and White Plains. In 1781 he enlisted in the sea-service, was taken prisoner and confined in the "Old Jersey Prison Ship." Our readers may recollect a sabbath school book, entitled the "Old Jersey Captive." It is an account of his confinement, sufferings and escape from that ship. His sufferings were extreme, and we have often heard him relate the horrid incidents which there transpired, and they fully demonstrate that suffering does not make wicked men better. After his return from this ship, he found his health much impaired, and soon commenced studying for the gospel ministry. He had not the advantages of a liberal education, but the sequel will show that he had a strong and vigorous mind, which was diligently employed. Soon after he was licensed to preach, he was invited to take charge of the congregational church in Berkeley, Mass. That society had never had but one minister, the Rev. Mr. Tobey. Mr. A. was ordained, March 19, 1788, and sustained the pastoral relation forty-six years, and then resigned his charge. He had two wives, and survived them both. He was the father of seventeen children; thirteen of whom survived him.

His salary was always small, though his labors were most abundant. He had, for many years, an unbounded influence among his people. No one thought of doubting the correctness of his views, or the soundness of his judgment on any subject. His word was law. His presence awed all the people, and every child did obeisance to him. How different is it now.

Though his body was shattered, being subject to nervous diseases, yet his mind was vigorous. His memory was tenacious. Whatever subject he grappled with, and mastered, he held with a tremendous grasp. Never did he relinquish what he believed to be true, either in science or religion. We have now in full recollection a little incident which transpired in reference to ourself. When we were young, it was the custom for the minister to be the school committee, and to examine and recommend teachers. At the age of eighteen, we went to Mr. A. for such a recommendation. In the course of the conversation, something was said about tare and trett, and neat weight. Mr. A. said it was net. We, incidentally, remarked that it was spelt neat. "O no, tisn't," said Mr. A. Here, we should have left the matter, had not Mr. A. undertook to show that he was correct by a resort to books. The first one, into which he looked, was Perry's dictionary; "well," said he, "it is neat here, but Perry was never a standard." He next consulted the small dictionary published several years since, by Noah Webster, "Well," said he, "it is neat here, but it isn't so in the Arithmetic, He then consulted Da-

bol's Arithmetic. "Well, it is the same here," said he, "but Dabol was not a man of letters, though a good arithmetician. I know it is not so in Pike." He next examined Pike's large Arithmetic. "Well," said he, "it is just the same here; but I don't care, *I know it isn't right.*"

We mention this circumstance because it is characteristic of the man. He would never yield a point, when he knew he was right; and he was in the right in the above case, though all the books that he consulted were against him. Had he consulted Dilworth's Spelling Book, or an older arithmetic,—those which he studied when a boy,—he would have found the word spelled as he said it was, and as he had been accustomed to see it when it made the deepest and most abiding impression on his mind.

In religious sentiment he was evangelical or Calvinistic, but not what was called Hopkinsian. He was in full belief of the Westminster Catechism. All the children of the parish were brought up on the catechism. Saying the catechism was the bounden duty of every child. We studied it in the public schools and met for the purpose of saying it to Mr. Andros every Saturday afternoon. As there was but one parish in the town nearly all the children learned to repeat it from the beginning to its close. The catechism was also repeated in nearly every family after the service in the sanctuary every Sabbath afternoon. Thus from our earliest years we were all instructed in sound doctrine. This served as a wall around the

parish to keep the people together, and to preserve them from being led astray by itinerating sectarians who sometimes ventured into the corners of the town. He was as sound in morals as in orthodoxy.

In the pulpit he "kept back nothing which he considered profitable to his people." As he never fed his flock with hemlock and laurel, but with the "sincere milk of the word," so he, also, brought "beaten oil" into the sanctuary. Seldom did he preach an old sermon; though in the latter part of his pastoral relationship we recollect once saying to him, that one of his people said "he preached a *pointed sermon*," meaning one personally offensive. The old gentleman replied, "it was written precisely as delivered before that man was born." If it were not for digressing in this notice, which will be sufficiently long for our limits without, we should like to relate a few anecdotes about pointed sermons; but sufficient to say, a sermon without a point is worthless.

In a sketch of Mr. Andros' life, furnished by his son, Richard S. Storrs Andros to Rev. Mr. Emery, in his "Ministry of Taunton and Vicinity," I find the following remark: "At the date of Mr. Andros' settlement in Berkeley, but a single school existed within the limits of the town."

This statement is undoubtedly true; but needs explanation. While there was but one school in the town, education was still in advance of what it was in the neighboring towns, and for this reason: soon after the town was incorporated they settled upon an Eng-

lishman by the name of Roland Gavan, as schoolmaster, the salary of sixteen pounds a year during his natural life. Mr. Gavan was competent to teach and did teach the English branches, together with navigation, surveying, etc. In the days of our boyhood, our grandfather, Capt. Thomas Briggs, who died at the age of ninety-seven years, had been one of Mr. Gavan's pupils. We also remember several others who had attended his school. They spoke of it as an excellent one; indeed, surpassing any one in the country. For forty years this school was continued. Late in life, Mr. Gavan married a widow, possessed of some landed property. His habits became somewhat unsteady and she complained that he did not treat her with that affection he did before their marriage, for then, he said "he loved the very *ground* on which she walked." To which he replied, "the Old Nick might have had her, if it had not been for her ground." She also complained that he stayed out late at night"; to this, he replied, "he always came home between nine and ten," he having placed a figure nine on one side of the door and ten on the other. He was esteemed a very learned man, and many wondered that "one small head could carry all he knew."

As we remember the church and society in Berkeley, in our boyhood, we knew no other minister but Father Andros. The congregation would compare favorably with those of other parishes, there being but one society in the town. The only officers of the church were deacons George Sanford and Tisdale

Briggs. They were better read in theology than one half of the ministers of modern times. The former kept a country tavern and sold rum, and nobody thought the worse of him for doing it, as the temperance movement was then unknown.

Deacon Briggs was one of the most gifted men in prayer we have ever known. Judge Tobey was the most prominent man in the town, of irreproachable character, and unimpeachable integrity.

A poor man by the name of Ralph Phillips, was butchering at our grandfathers one day when the Rev. Mr. Andros called. On seeing him, Mr. Andros said, "Oh, Mr. Phillips, I am glad to see you; I hav'n't seen you at church for some time." "No," said Phillips, "I go to see no man that wont come to see me. I went to meeting a whole year and you never came to see me once." "You must consider, Mr. Phillips, that I have a great many places to go to." Phillips replied, "Yes, I used to see you at Judge Tobey's every week." A good admonition to many clergymen.

Mr. Andros was a zealous federalist, and, consequently, had but little charity for republicans or "jacobins" of that day, as they were called by the federalists. Political lying was never carried to greater perfection than it was at that day between the federalists and republicans. The former were in league with England, the latter with France; and "Father Andros" prophesied that "Napoleon I would conquer all the eastern world, and then set his blood-stained foot upon the neck of America"; but, as his proph-

ecy was not fulfilled, we have since had but little faith in modern prophets.

His published works are numerous and valuable. We have a volume of his sermons in our possession, which will bear comparison with any which have come from the American press within the last fifty years.

His efforts to promote education were many, protracted and zealous. No man who has labored in so small a field, has had more influence in promoting education than Mr. Andros. Every school district, and almost every family, and every child of every family, felt his influence in this respect. Well do we remember, when he used to visit the school where we spent our boyhood; the encouragement he held out to industry—the flowers which he scattered along the path which ascends the hill of science—and the moral and religious instruction which fell from his lips. How would the fire kindle in his eye, and words of burning eloquence flow from his tongue (because the real feeling of his heart), as the scintillations of knowledge were struck out by the contact of mind with mind, and both with science! We consider it an act of filial duty, which the inhabitants of Berkeley are bound to render, to erect a monument to his memory for what he did for the cause of education among them, and we are willing to contribute our mite to carry forward so good an enterprise, but as they did not do it, a beautiful one of marble has been erected by his children. Mr. Andros received the honorary degree of A. M. from Brown University

in 1790. He proved to a demonstration that a collegiate education is not essential to the success of a professional man. He perfected himself in the classics so that he prepared several young men for college. This little town, comparatively not "larger than a man's hand," with its few hundreds of inhabitants, has produced more educated men, and perhaps more clergymen than any other town in this commonwealth, in comparison with its population.

Ten ministers, who became pastors of Congregational churches, were educated here during his ministry.

There is a way in which a good man "being dead yet speaketh." Mr. A. now speaks to many, both by his written works, and by the private christians and ministers of the gospel raised up through his instrumentality. Thus will he continue to speak and explain, and magnify, and do good to men, and bring glory to God, for many years to come.

On particular topics, or special occasions, he had a power of adaptation seldom equalled. Some of these sermons are fresh in our recollection. One sermon on "the duties of the father of the family to his household," founded upon the conduct of Eli towards his sons; another on the same subject, from the 101st Psalm; another on "the iniquities of the fathers being visited upon the children," founded on the curse of Joshua denounced against him who should rebuild Jericho, and fulfilled in Hiel the Bethelite who rebuilt that accursed city five hundred years after the death of Joshua; another on being dismayed at the signs of

heaven, as the heathen are; Jer. x, 2: "Thus saith the Lord, learn not the way of the heathen, and be not dismayed at the signs of heaven; for the heathen are dismayed at them." During the war of 1812, in his fast and thanksgiving day's sermons he exhibited his federal proclivities very strongly. As he had previously denounced Thomas Jefferson as a French infidel; so during that war he denounced president Madison as in league with Napoleon Bonaparte. He commended Gov. Strong because he would not allow the soldiers of Massachusetts to be carried out of the state. And many other occasions, on such subjects, and at such times, he was indeed, "raised above all fear of man." and spoke as by authority. *Such* topics, thus discussed, in these times of "man's upward tendency and progresive development," and expansion in transcendental glorification, and terrestrial nonsense, would seem very tame and meet with a cool reception from popular assemblies.

There was a long and bitter quarrel between Mr. Andros and some of his parishioners, which resulted in the dismissal of the pastor; and, though more than forty years have elapsed since his dismissal, the church and society have never recovered from that shock. Indeed since Mr. Andros' dismissal they have wandered in the wilderness longer than did Israel of old. This should admonish other churches not to sacrifice an old minister; an admonition greatly needed at the present time, when old ministers are too often treated like old horses. The church has

been since supplied. first by Rev. Ebenezer Poor, whose pastorate continued two years only. He was followed by Rev. J. U. Parsons. His pastorate continued but two years. Rev. Richard Chamberlain was the next pastor, and he staid but two years like his immediate predecessors. His parish has since been supplied by Rev. Mr. Gay, of Bridgewater. Rev. L. R. Eastman, who divided them into two bands; Rev. Mr. Barney, Rev. Mr. Fairley, Rev. Mr. Teel, and how many I have omitted, I am unable to say. At present they have the Rev. Mr. Chamberlain, a native of my old parish in Woodstock, Conn.

Thus we have the curious fact that while the first two ministers preached nearly a hundred years, and would have completed that number had not father Andros been driven off, (for he preached a number of years after he was dismissed,) they have since been almost constantly changing. It is lamentable that a people once so "stable" should have become "unstable as water."

The part that went off with Mr. Eastman were supplied by Rev. Mr. Roberts, until his decease, since when, they have become Methodists.

As to the *music* in the old church of Berkeley, Col. Adoniran Crane was the leader of the choir, from the time that our "memory runneth not to the contrary." He was of the race of the "Anaks" in stature, a man of considerable mind, school master, town clerk, justice of the peace, representative, etc. He had not so many offices as the father of "Dick Hairbrain" in Trumbull, as he was never a deacon. He used to cry

the intentions of marriage in a language which no one understood, when he did not pin them to a post. He used the old-fashioned "pitch pipe" in starting the tune which always made me jump, somewhat after the fashion of the steam whistle of our modern times.

Afterwards the bass viol was introduced, but it was considered by some as ungodly an instrument as we have seen their fathers viewed the organ, given by Bishop Berkeley, under Rev. Mr. Tobey's ministry. When the singers became offended and all left their seats and appeared below, and thus proclaimed to the whole congregation their miffs. Father Andros would whip them back again with a pulpit lashing. I remember when they had all left their seats, he read, "Paul and Silas singing at midnight, and expounded after this fashion, thus we see that Paul and Silas while bound in prison could sing at midnight, though we can have no singing at midday when at liberty." Old Deacon Sanford would then start up, and in his stentorian voice, exclaim, "sing Mear, or Old Hundred," and the welkin would ring.

Mr. Andros was the oldest member of the Taunton Association at the time of his decease, on which occasion they entered the following eulogy upon their records :

"It is with most unaffected grief that the association place upon the records, a note of that solemn Providence, by which our venerable father in the ministry, Rev. Thomas Andros, of Berkeley, has been removed from earth to his final account.

"He departed this life Dec. 30, 1845, aged eighty-

six years and eight months. His funeral obsequies were attended by a large number of his townsmen and several clergymen from the vicinity; and a sermon was preached on the occasion by Rev. E. Gay, of Bridgewater, then supplying the pulpit in Berkeley.

"We enter his name on our records, as one of precious memory, in testimony of the high veneration with which we regard the man, whose heart was warm, whose hands were pure, and whose life exemplified the doctrines which he delighted to commend to others."

Mr. Andros was an eminent example of a self-taught man, a warm patron of education, and a deeply interested friend of the rising generation.

As a preacher, he held a high rank; as a pastor, he was affectionate, laborious and untiring in interest, both for the spiritual and temporal welfare of his people, to whom he ministered more than forty years. As an author his merit will not suffer in comparison with many whose works are much more voluminous. His sermon entitled "trial of the spirits," and his tract entitled, "Letter to a friend," should be mentioned with particular consideration.

It affords great happiness to be able to say in conclusion, that the evidence of his personal interest in that gospel, which it was his delight to make known to others, was so satisfactory, that his trust in it to the last was unshaken, and that its consolation shone around in entering "the valley of the shadow of death," in undimmed brightness.

The following are some published productions of Mr.

Andros' "light to the upright in darkness," a sermon occasioned by the death of Capt. John Crane. 1795.

"A reference, not only of the good, but of the evil that befalls us in life, to the hand of God, an essential principle of piety": a sermon occasioned by the death of Mrs. Andros, 1798.

"A thanksgiving sermon," delivered before the congregational society in Berkeley, 1808.

"The Criminality of Restraining prayer," 1808.

"Foreign Influence," A thanksgiving sermon, 1812.

"Bible News of the Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, as reported by Rev. Noah Worcester, not correct," 1813.

"Seasonable Thoughts on Human Creeds or Articles of Faith, by an Orthodox Clergyman, shown to be very unreasonable thoughts, 1814.

"Truth in Opinion the only Foundation of piety," a sermon delivered at the ordination of the Rev. Benj. Whittemore, Tiverton, R. I., 1815.

"Modern Philosophical Mixtures, Degrading the Character and Defeating the Moral Influence of the Gospel Detected," a sermon, 1819.

"An Essay in which the Doctrine of a Positive Efficiency, Exciting the Will of Men to Sin, is candidly discussed, and shown to be unphilosophical," etc., 1820.

"Sermons" on various subjects embracing six discourses, 1823.

"The Memory of the Just is Blessed," preached at the funeral of the Hon. Samuel Tobey, 1823.

"The Temperance Society Vindicated and Recommended," a sermon, 1830.

REV. JOEL STEELE, METHODIST.

JOEL STEELE was born in Tolland, Conn., August 1, 1782. He was the son of Eleazer Steele and great grandson of the Rev. Stephen Steele, a graduate of College in 1720 and the first settled minister of Tolland. Mr. Steele's father is believed to have been a farmer of moderate means. There was a large family, Joel being the oldest; one previously born having died in infancy. He had a fair, common school education and had made such attainments when a little over twenty years of age as to be judged competent to teach a public school, which calling he followed for some time. It was during this period that he was converted and soon after joined the Methodist Episcopal church. He was soon found to have "gifts" in the way of exhortation and according to the usage of this denomination in those days, was encouraged to exercise them. This soon resulted in a license to preach and in no great time thereafter in admission to the conference. This was when he was about twenty-four years old, or in the year 1806. He had the usual experience of young Methodist preachers of that period. The new men were sent to the new circuits extending sometimes over whole counties or perhaps embracing several counties. The compensation was sometimes a little and sometimes less and never anything very tempting. But the youthful itinerant usually owned a horse and pair of saddlebags, about as much of a wardrobe as he could carry

with him, and a few books. There was scarcely such a thing known as any fixed abode—like a celebrated modern military man their “headquarters” were “in the saddle,” and they were tolerably sure of such entertainment and hospitality as the farm houses on their various routes furnished.

One of the first appointments of the subject of this sketch was a long and narrow range of territory lying along the Connecticut river in the state of Vermont. Soon we find him travelling an equally extensive region in the remote part of Maine, and again, not long after, on Cape Cod. It was while travelling on this circuit that he became acquainted with and in 1810 married, Jerusha R., daughter of Capt. Eleazer Higgins of Wellfleet, Mass. His first appointment after this was in the state of Connecticut. The next in Maine. The third in Vermont. To such extensive removals were even the ministers who had families liable in those days. But as he grew a little older and his family began to increase, the removals were for shorter distances, and for several years he occupied circuits some half a dozen of which were contained within a radius of perhaps not more than thirty or forty miles.

In his first appointment after leaving Vermont, at Lempster, N. H., he buried his wife. She was a lovely woman of uniform and earnest christian character and a sweet singer. She left seven children, the oldest of whom was only about thirteen years of age.

In 1823 Mr. Steele was married to Miss Abigail

Lane, of Strafford, Vt., and soon after moved to Needham, Mass., and the subsequent year to Wellfleet, Mass. Here we note some of the singular vicissitudes of the methodist itinerant's life. For some fifteen years during his first wife's life, their residence had almost uniformly been at a great distance from her home and all her relations. Just as in the course of their removals from place to place they were beginning to go towards the scenes of her childhood, she died. In a little more than two years after her death, her husband and family found themselves located in the very town where she was born and in the midst of nearly all her kindred and friends. But they were now also at a correspondingly remote distance from the home of the second Mrs. Steele, and were destined for many years, indeed almost constantly to the very end, to be at this distance.

Mr. Steele occupied appointments during the last ten or twelve years of his life, in Eastham, Sandwich, East Weymouth, Saugus, Walpole, Easton and Gloucester. At the latter place an illness with which he had for some time been afflicted, namely: cancer on the lip, became so developed, that he was obliged to desist from preaching, and was in 1845 placed on the superannuated list. He died August 23, 1846, at the age of sixty-four, having been in the ministry about forty years. He left eleven children all of whom lived to mature age. Two sons are now in the ministry and one daughter married a minister.

Mr. Steele was a man of genial disposition; a

heartly, liberal man, and something of a favorite among his brethren in the ministry and with his parishioners, and made many friends outside of his own denomination. While not a scholarly man, nor a great preacher, he had considerable natural ability, and was somewhat noted for the revival character of his labors. There were many conversions in a large proportion of his charges. He was especially gifted in prayer, and at a camp meeting or in special revival services his influence was remarkably effective and powerful.

The above is from the pen of Rev. George M. Steele, D. D., son of Rev. Joel Steele. In my youth, I was well acquainted with Rev. Joel Steele, as I taught the high school in Wellfleet, Mass., where he then resided. He was then about fifty years old. He was a man of ready wit, and always showed it at the right time. I recollect about that revival; there came down a young man to teach a district school in a distant part of the town, who felt it to be his duty to preach Universalism in his school-house, Sunday evenings. Mr. Steele and myself attended one evening. When he had finished his sermon, he said, "there was liberty if any one had anything to say." Mr. Steele arose to speak, but before he had spoken one sentence, all the lights were blown out. Mr. Steele very gravely remarked: "One thing is very evident, you love darkness rather than light."

The next day he sent a note to Mr. Steele, and to Mr. Davis, the Congregational minister, that he

should preach again the next Sunday night, and would be pleased to have them attend, and they should be treated civilly. I said to Mr. Davis, "tell him to come into your church, as many will wish to hear the discussion." He did so; and a large assembly was convened in Mr. Davis' church. After the young man had spoken, Mr. Steele arose and gave an account of what took place the preceding Sunday evening. Mr. Davis then addressed the assembly, and used up the young man. The best of the joke was in going home that evening behind old Captain Hatch and his wife. The old gentleman was considerably riled up, and expressed himself as follows: "Fool! little fool! he ought to have known better; he might have known that Mr. Davis would shake him just as a dog does a rabbit. I would have given five hundred dollars if Ballou had been here to-night."

Another instance of Mr. Steele's ready wit; we wanted to come to Boston; I was to furnish the horse and carriage and he to pay the expenses. The first day's ride we came up to Sandwich. At ten o'clock we retired, telling the landlord to call us early in the morning. He awoke us at four o'clock. Mr. Steele called for his bill. He thought it was exorbitant and said to the landlord very gravely and dryly, "I am glad you waked me so early, for if I had slept as late as I generally do, I should not have had money enough to pay my bill." Mr. Steele was a very genial, companionable, and good man.

CHAPTER IX.

REV. HENRY A. BOARDMAN, D. D.

[FROM A SERMON PREACHED BY THE REV. JOHN DEWITT, D.D.]

“Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord; and in his law doth he meditate day and night. And he shall be like a tree planted by the rivers of water, that bringing forth his fruit in his season; his leaf also shall not wither; and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper. For the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous.”—Ps. i. 1st, 2d, 3d, and 6th verses.

THERE is a tendency, widespread and well-defined, to underrate the greatness of a life as quiet and uneventful as that which we have met to commemorate and recall. Talents, influence and character, men are too apt to associate with noise and publicity, with the gathering and acclamation of multitudes. All of us are tempted to measure power by the fleeting sensation excited; not by the abiding impression that would be produced could thought have its perfect work. The blazing meteor diverts the eye from Orion or Pleiades, and it requires reflection to re-impress the truth that not so sublimely in the “bearded meteor trailing light,” as in the “starry clusters,” the heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. But after death cometh the judgment, here as well as above. Calm thought is in abeyance while the man lives and moves among us. The feelings are unduly wrought upon by a thousand circumstances, which, on reflection, we should regard as insignificant. Even Jesus of Nazareth, while he lived, was misunderstood by those to whom he was specially revealed. It was expedient for them that

he should go away. Up to the day of his death they were moved far more powerfully by what was outward and material than by what was inward and spiritual in the life of their Master. They did not know him until the cloud had received him out of sight. So Francis Bacon, referring, as Macaulay interprets the words of his will, not to his weak wickedness, but to his splendid contributions to the advancement of learning, left his name and memory to "the next age." Thus death prepares the way for justice.

"Great captains with their guns and drums
Disturb our judgment for the hour :
But at last silence comes."

Now that the form which, for forty-seven years, was a familiar form in our city, has vanished, and the voice which these walls echoed is silent, the time has come to recall his life, and to state our impressions of the man and of his career.

Nor is it unbecoming to select for this purpose this sacred place and this holy time. Dr. Boardman was, above all else, "a servant of God and of the Lord Jesus Christ," and if the Gospel of Christ is most effectively preached by the lives of his servants, it is only preaching the gospel to repeat the story of them after they have died. Certainly I need offer no apology for briefly relating the incidents of the life of a man of whom, whatever else may be said of him, we can truthfully repeat what is said of the blessed man of the first Psalm: "Blessed is the man whose delight is in the law of the Lord, and in his law doth he meditate day and night, And he shall be like a tree

planted by the rivers of water, that bringeth forth his fruit in his season. His leaf shall not wither, and whatsoever he doeth shall prosper; for the Lord knoweth the way of the righteous."

Henry Augustus Boardman was born in Troy, N. Y., on the 9th day of January, 1808. His father was John Boardman, a descendant of one of the Puritan families that settled in what is now known as Litchfield County, Connecticut, about the middle of the seventeenth century. John Boardman became a merchant. About the beginning of this century he associated himself with another gentleman, also bearing a well-known Connecticut name, and established in Troy—which had just then been or was soon afterwards incorporated as a village—the firm of Hillhouse & Boardman. The house prospered; and Mr. Boardman, dying in 1813, when Henry was but five years old, left his widow and children a modest fortune. He was an able merchant, a public-spirited citizen, and a consistent Christian. Dr. Boardman, though his recollections of his father were, of course, exceedingly meagre, was taught by his mother deeply to venerate his memory.

Dr. Boardman's mother was Clarinda Starbuck, of Nantucket, Mass., the daughter of Daniel and Mary (Folger) Starbuck. She was born in 1773. The Starbucks were members of the Society of Friends. Edward Starbuck fled in the latter part of the seventeenth century from Salisbury, in Essex, the northeastern county of the commonwealth, to escape the un-

friendliness of the Puritans ; moving in all probability by water across the Massachusetts Bay, and around the sandy shore of Cape Cod, to the island, on which he founded a new home. There the family lived at peace. They prospered as farmers from generation to generation. All of Dr. Boardman's maternal ancestors were reared as Friends. His grandmother, as I have said, was Mary Folger. Mary Folger was the great-granddaughter of Peter Folger, who was the grandfather of Benjamin Franklin. Through the Folgers, Dr. Boardman was also related to one of the most notable women that lived in Philadelphia : a woman who held opinions on many subjects, sharply opposed to those associated with Dr. Boardman's name, but a woman whose lofty purposes, and distinguished ability and wide culture, and fine simplicity of character and life he would have been quick to recognize. I refer to the late Lucretia Mott, who has within a few weeks been carried to her grave, lamented by a wide circle of friends, which embraces distinguished men and women of more than one land, and creed, and race.

Dr. Boardman's mother attended the Friends' meeting at Nantucket, while she remained in her father's home. But when she married Mr. Boardman and went to Troy, she and her husband united with the Presbyterian church. In this way, though the son of a Puritan father and of a "Quaker" mother, your pastor was born in the church of which he became so distinguished and influential a minister.

If he was unfortunate in losing his father when but five years of age, he felt throughout his life profoundly grateful to God that his mother lived until he had almost reached middle life. She died on the 2d of March, 1846. Mrs. John Boardman was a remarkable woman. The death of her husband threw upon her the sole responsibility of rearing a large family. Dr. Charles Wadsworth was her pastor for several years before her death: and in a beautiful tribute, from which I regret that time does not permit me to quote, he records his high estimate of her ability and profound piety. Her niece, Miss Starbuck, of Nantucket, says that "she was a good and dutiful daughter and wife, a kind sister, a woman of excellent sense and judgment, not merely just, but liberal in her dealings with others, and respected, esteemed and beloved by relatives and friends." When God called her from her labors on earth to her reward in heaven, her son poured out his grief and gratitude and admiration in letters to his friends, from which I am permitted to quote. "My thoughts," he writes, "have been busy with the past. Bereft of a father when only five years of age, I was thrown, with my brothers and sisters, upon the sole care of my beloved mother. She accepted the trust to which Providence called her, and from that time lived for God and for her children. When I consider with what blended love and firmness, with what patience of fortitude, with what 'meekness of wisdom' and steadfast reliance on God, she pursued through so many years, and in the face

of innumerable discouragements and embarrassments, her arduous work, I cannot refrain from admiring the riches of that grace which guided and sustained her." After referring to Dr. Wadsworth's "eloquent and appropriate," and as he believes all who knew her must have felt to be "just tribute to her character," and after dwelling at some length on her wise and large benevolence and her love of the word of God, he closes his letter (written, it will be remembered when he was thirty-eight years old, and after he had been pastor of this church for thirteen years) with these words: "Never have I known a mother more devoted to her children, more disposed to deny herself and make sacrifices for their comfort, more solicitous for them in sickness or in danger, more tenderly alive to their sorrows, more sagacious and prudent in giving them counsel, more unwearied in her efforts to make their home pleasant and attractive to them, or more sincerely concerned for their best interests in time and eternity. Her character is a rich legacy to her children, and my tongue must cleave to the roof of my mouth, if I forget to bless God that I have had such a mother."

Thus in his early home, religion, intelligence and refinement united to mould the mind, and form the taste, and determine the character of the child and growing boy. His parents and their other children all preceded him on the inevitable journey to the other world. Their bodies are buried at Troy. Not many years since, as the last surviving member of his

father's household, he visited their graves, and caused to be inscribed on the central monument this sentence, which finally tells the story of their religious nature : "Jesus Christ, of whom the whole family, in heaven and on earth, is named."

I am happy in being able to state, with satisfactory details, the reasons that led him to turn aside from his chosen path in life, as these were unfolded to the intimate and trusted friend, from whose tribute to his pastor, I have just quoted. Judge Porter, in reply to my inquiries, writes : "All that I know respecting the reasons which induced Dr. Boardman to abandon the study of the law and to enter upon that of theology, was derived from conversations with him, held sometimes in his study, sometimes in my office, but oftener in the streets. It seems that during his college course at Yale, it was intended by his friends and himself that he should become a lawyer. Accordingly, on his graduation in 1829, he took up the study of the law, and for several months applied himself diligently to the reading of the elementary works. I never heard him mention the name of a preceptor, but I infer that some friend of his father's family in Troy, directed his studies. He became fond of the law, was greatly impressed with the clearness of the definitions which he found in the works of the old writers, with the profound logic which these writers employed, and more than all, with the comprehensiveness of the science of jurisprudence. He never lost his fondness for these studies. I have known him to read elabo-

rate legal arguments written by his friends in cases in which he had no interest whatever. I have, on a few occasions, seen him in court listening to oral discussions. In the long protracted jury trial which grew out of the suspension of Mr. George H. Stuart, for the alleged singing of hymns, I remember that Dr. Boardman sat out the long speeches of counsel in a crowded court room, and seemed to greatly enjoy the arguments which were presented.

“While engaged in the legal studies of which I have spoken, a train of thought of this kind occurred to him: this is all very well; but there must be a higher and better kind of law. The system of law which governs the moral universe must be more certain, complete and comprehensive. What do I know of this law? What do I know of the Creator and his attributes? Is the account given in the Scriptures authentic? If it be, then the entrance into this world of the Savior of men to satisfy a divine law, is the most stupendous transaction the race has witnessed. If I am to devote myself to the study of the law, I ought to begin further back, and know something more of matters in which my fellow-men and myself have so vast a stake. This train of thought seems to have led him to the study of works combining philosophy and theology, and especially, those on the evidences of Christianity. The result was an unqualified belief in the authenticity of the sacred writings, and of the doctrines which they teach. Next came a question which he had not foreseen. - If I really believe in these doc-

trines, why should I not take part in making them known to others? Why should I devote my life to the study of that law which merely regulates the temporal concerns of men? Why should I not assist in expounding the principles of that divine law which was intended to regulate their higher life? This resulted in his entering the seminary at Princeton, in the autumn of 1830. Concerning his course there, you need no information from me. This only I will add: for he frequently referred to it; that during his course in the seminary, he clung closely to the desire of spending his life as the pastor of a small church in some rural neighborhood, where he could become personally acquainted with the members of his flock, address them in simple and familiar words, advise with them in their cares and trials, and share with them their joys and sorrows. His call to one of the most important city pulpits, and the pressure brought upon him by his preceptors to accept the call, seems to have been the great surprise of his life."

Thus, he sacrificed inclination to a sense of duty. He began his theological studies in obedience to what he believed to be, and what his career as a clergyman justified him ever afterwards in believing to have been, the "inward call of God." But having made the sacrifice, he at once found his reward. His life at Princeton he thoroughly enjoyed. Some of his college friendships were renewed and new friendships formed. The theological seminary itself soon became the object of his warmest affection; an affection which increased

with every year of his life, and was manifested in untiring and most fruitful labor to advance its interests. This is an appropriate place to say, that one of the last labors of Dr. Boardman's life was an undertaking, as one of its directors, having in view an enlargement of its beneficent influence. Of his great indebtedness to his instructors at the seminary—the benign and courtly Dr. Miller, the wise Dr. Archibald Alexander and the latter's brilliant and inspiring son Addison, who began his course as instructor, the year in which Mr. Boardman became a student, of his indebtedness to his instructors, Dr. Boardman loved to speak in terms of the liveliest gratitude. Charles Hodge was the remaining professor. Although Professor Hodge was ten years older than Mr. Boardman, the professor and student were very soon attracted by each other, and became intimate friends. For forty-eight years, until the death of Dr. Hodge, this friendship continued, strengthening all the while. Not one event occurred during this period of almost a half century, to check for one moment their intimate and almost fraternal intercourse. Thus it became in the highest degree appropriate, that when Dr. Hodge had been fifty years a professor at Princeton, Dr. Boardman should bear to him the congratulations of the church; and that, when the venerable and renowned theologian was summoned to his reward, Dr. Boardman should deliver the discourse commemorating his life and labors.

Just before his graduation at Princeton Seminary,

Mr. Boardman sought licensure from the Presbytery of New York. He carried to that body, testimonials from the senior professors at Princeton, Dr. Miller and Dr. Alexander. Dr. Miller speaks of him as having "uniformly sustained, and as still sustaining excellent standing in the senior class of which he is a member:" and Dr. Alexander says, "the religious and moral character of Mr. Boardman is unspotted; his talents and attainments are of the most respectable kind, and his promise of usefulness very great." Armed with these testimonials and with his trial pieces, which included an expository lecture on the 23d Psalm, and a sermon from Colossians iii. 3: "Set your affections on things above, not on things on the earth," he appeared before the Presbytery, and was examined and licensed on the 17th of April, 1838.

His appearance and manner at this time must have been exceedingly attractive. A few years later, the portrait, which the older members of the congregation speak of in terms of high praise, and which presents a countenance of real beauty, of benignity, intelligence and character, was painted by Peale. I am told by those who recall the young licentiate, that his pulpit manners and his elocution were marked by the grace and fine propriety with which all of us, who heard him in his later years, were familiar. Out of the pulpit, then as always, he was a christian gentleman, affable to all and approachable by all, yet not without due official dignity, which forbade any to "despise his youth." To these we must add the talents

and the scholarship which he had already proved at Yale, by carrying off the honors of his class, and which the prudent Dr. Alexander had already described as "of the most respectable kind."

He was associated as pastor or pastor emeritus from his ordination until his death of the Tenth Presbyterian Church, of Philadelphia, which was composed largely of families from the first, second and sixth churches of the city. The gentlemen, who were largely instrumental in establishing it, selected a site for a house of worship on the western frontier of the thickly settled part of Philadelphia. This building was opened for worship in December, 1829. In the March preceding the church organization was perfected. The Rev. Dr. Thomas McAuley was the first pastor. "After remaining here three years, during which period his labors were greatly blessed," Dr. McCauley resigned the pastorate in January, 1833, and accepted a call to New York. The Rev. James W. Alexander seems to have been the first person to mention Mr. Boardman's name to the tenth church. "In 1832," writes Mr. John McArthur, now the senior ruling elder of the church, "the *Presbyterian* newspaper was established. The first editor resigning in the spring of 1833, Mr. Alexander was called to the position thus made vacant. Early in that summer I was called to meet him for the purpose of fitting up an office, and in the course of conversation he asked me what church I went to. I told him the tenth church, and that it was then without a pastor. He inquired whether we

had any one in view, and said that there was a young man in the seminary at Princeton, a Mr. Boardman, who he thought would suit us. I made known to Mr. John Stille, one of the elders, what Mr. Alexander had said. He and Mr. James Kerr, another elder, went to Princeton the next day to confer with the professors, and to invite Mr. Boardman to preach."

This invitation Mr. Boardman accepted. For two Sundays, one in July and the other in August, he "tried his gifts" before the congregation. On the 2d day of September he received a hearty and unanimous call to become the pastor. He was made aware of the feelings of the congregation several weeks before the formal call was given him. He had "many misgivings." He took them to his professors. He took them to his God. At last he was able to decide the great question, and to write to the committee of the congregation the following letter of acceptance :

"PRINCETON, 13th September, 1833.

"TO MESSRS. JOHN STILLE AND WILLIAM BROWN,
PHILADELPHIA :

"*Gentlemen*:—After much serious inquiry and deliberation. I have concluded to accept the invitation of the Tenth Presbyterian church to become their pastor. I have earnestly endeavored to seek the guiding influence of the Holy Spirit in deciding this important question of duty ; but time only can determine whether the call of the church has been, in the present case, the call of God. No considerations could have induced me to assume the weighty responsibilities of such a

station had I not felt that those who had invited me to occupy it would engage to support me by their constant prayers. Herein, under God, are all my confidence and all my hope.

"I should add that it will not be in my power to take up my residence amongst you before the month of November.

"In christian affection, your friend and servant,
"HENRY A. BOARDMAN."

The church appeared in due time before the Presbytery to ask leave to prosecute the call, and the Rev. Albert Barnes wrote a cordial letter, dated "in Presbytery," to the pastor-elect. Mr. Boardman's ordination and installation took place on the 8th of November. Two weeks afterward he was compelled to go North on a visit to his family. On this journey he became ill, and thus, at the very beginning of his active life, laid the foundation of "the precarious health which so often afterwards interrupted his labors." Dr. Boardman, even in the last years of his life, did not impress one as an old man. His step was firm, his form was erect, his walk was rapid; and when excited, as in the pulpit, he was wont to become by his subject, his voice was strong and resonant. But even in the early days of his ministry he was far from robust, and he himself tells us that the state of his health "repeatedly led to a suspension of my [his] ministrations for weeks and months together." That his labors were thus limited in many directions I have no doubt. That laboring under this enormous disad-

vantage he did so much, as a preacher, a pastor, an author, a churchman, and in the various positions of trust and influence to which he was invited and which he consented to occupy, justifies the wide reputation he enjoyed as a man of fine endowments and of large attainments.

The young pastor, while still weak, returned to his labors. On these he entered with enthusiasm. His congregation rapidly increased and many were added to his church. Two years after his installation he wrote a paper, not meant for other eyes, and found only after his death, in which he carefully reviewed his pastorate up to that time. In this paper he refers to the many fears with which he assumed a trust of so great responsibility. "But," he adds, "it has pleased God to so bless the relation then constituted between this people and myself that I cannot doubt that he called me to this station. Among the more striking indications of his kindness and mercy toward me during the period above mentioned, I may mention the following: the extraordinary health, which until recently, I have enjoyed; . . . the general good health of my family; . . . the numerous tokens of attachment from the people; . . . the exemption of the congregation from prevailing disease; . . . the general harmony and good feeling among my people; . . . the great increase in the size of the congregation; . . . the assurance of spiritual prosperity, particularly in the solemn season of revival, 1834-35; the

additions to the church in two years of 131 members, the large attendance at the weekly meetings; the enlargement of the Sunday school, and the increased contributions to religious and charitable objects. But these mercies have not been unmingled with afflictions. It has pleased God to remove unexpectedly, our child, and at this time the hand of chastisement is on *me*. The state of my throat has prevented me from preaching the gospel, with the exception of a single sermon, for three months. God has commanded me to be silent. He is showing me, in a way which I ought to understand, that He does not need my services in the accomplishment of His work, and that I have need of a more subdued and chastened spirit, of more self-knowledge, and of more holiness of heart and life, in order to the faithful discharge of the duties of my sacred office."

He became well-known and highly respected throughout the Presbyterian church. Before he had reached the age of forty, he was a "leader" in the church's great assemblies. Soon afterwards, the general assembly selected him to fill the chair of Pastoral Theology, and Church government, at Princeton; and when he was led by "the earnest remonstrances of his own people," seconded by those of a large number of the leading citizens of Philadelphia, to decline the position proffered him, the assembly made him moderator. From this point onward until his death, his life was so large, and his labors so various, that the story refuses to be compressed within

the limits of a sermon. Instead, therefore, of stating its events in detail, I shall attempt briefly to describe the man.

The remonstrances, by means of which he was held in this pulpit, were the result first, of his fidelity as pastor of this church, and secondly, of the distinguished ability which he revealed as a preacher of the gospel. In protesting against his removal, his congregation were able to refer to "the wide-spread and most important influence," which he had acquired in this community, by "his commanding talents as a preacher and writer." The high estimate to which his church thus gave expression, received an emphatic endorsement from the community itself, in a letter addressed to him by a large number of his fellow-citizens, not members of his congregation—the distinguished name of Horace Binney leading the signatures,—in which the writers say, "we have learned to recognise in you not merely the pastor of a single congregation, but the dignified expounder of commercial and professional morals, whose teachings and whose personal character are of public importance. we feel that your departure from Philadelphia would be a loss not easily repaired to the public christianity of a great commercial metropolis." It was, no doubt, Mr. Boardman's faithfulness and ability as pastor of a conspicuous church, that led the church to elect him to the chair of Pastoral Theology at Princeton.

He was above all a preacher of the gospel. Looking

back over his ministry of forty years, he says that he began his labors here with the conviction that "the minister of Christ must assign the same pre-eminence to the pulpit, which the New Testament accords to it." On this point his mind never wavered. He gave far more time and thought to his preparation for preaching, than to pastoral labor. He insisted on the "paramount claims of the pulpit, with this qualification, viz. : that even the pulpit must yield to the demands of the sick, the desponding, the awakened, and the bereaved." Though confessing that as he reviewed his career, he found much to lament, he justifies his conduct in this respect. But while he regarded the influence of pastoral work, in the narrower sense of that phrase, as secondly to preaching, he was faithful to the social duties of his office; and I am sure, that the visits of no clergyman could have been more highly valued or more thoroughly enjoyed than his were by the families of his congregation. This was true of all his visits; but especially of those in which he met parishioners, who, perplexed with questions of duty, or suffering in spiritual despondency, or bowed with affliction, sought counsel or consolation from their pastor. His tenderness and sympathy, his profound christian experience, his wisdom and courtesy, united to make his visits memorable. At such times "he did not attempt to bridge, but leaped over the chasm between secularities and spiritualities." What memories I evoke by this reference to Dr. Boardman's pastoral labors! With

what grace as representing, and in the spirit of his Master, "he poured the oil of consolation into the wounded bosom!"

Still, it was as a preacher that he *excelled*. The pulpit was the place of his power. This power was the result of exceptional gifts, both of mind and body, of profound conviction of the truths to which he gave expression, of a vivid christian experience, and of hard work. Every sermon that Dr. Boardman preached was prepared conscientiously with great pains. He had no confidence "in momentary inspirations," or in hastily written productions. He was well aware that power in the pulpit was always the result of labor in the study. I have been permitted to read the preparatory outlines of some of his discourses that I have heard or read; and I am able to say that he exhausted all of his resources to preach the gospel with power; and the power he was most anxious always to evince, was that, not of exciting sensations, but of producing impressions. He aroused, not the passions, but the emotions. If the sensibilities were ever wrought upon by him, that was by no means his aim. For in the excitement of the sensibilities, man, as he new, was usually passive. He reached the spiritual emotions through the intellect; and, as by their incitement, man is always made active, he reached the *will*. This was his fundamental method. To its execution he brought a noble presence, a graceful manner, a voice of exquisite quality and flexibility, and of power more

than equal to the demands of the house in which he spoke. Nor was this all. He brought also, as we have seen, an intellect finely endowed, broadly cultivated by wide reading, and carefully disciplined by earnest study. He brought also an ardent love of the souls whom he addressed, and of the Master, in whose name he addressed them, and a conviction of the supreme importance of his message, that was born of his own experience. But all this would have failed to make him the great preacher, which I do not hesitate to affirm him to have been, had he not also brought the *truth*, the Word of God. I should say his love of the truth was a more distinct, if not a more profound emotion, than even his love of souls. The truth was not only the substance of his preaching, but the factor which gave to it its form. Thus he was an intellectual rather than an emotional preacher. He addressed his subject rather than his people. His published sermons are far more ample in their discursive than in their hortatory parts. He explained and defended the truth; he made the truth manifest to his conscience; and for most part left to the truth, and to the applying spirit, the work of exhortation and appeal.

Dr. Boardman was always courageous, and had far more respect for truth than for a majority. Many here may remember the enthusiasm with which Louis Kossuth was welcomed twenty-eight years since by the American people. The heartiness of this welcome was due, partly to the man's fervid eloquence, partly

to Mr. Webster's letter to Baron Hulseman, written two years before. Such was the sympathy of our people with Kossuth and Hungary, that it required no ordinary courage for one to rise and ask the question: "Whither is all this leading us?" This Dr. Boardman did. In an able address, in which his wide political reading reveals itself, he warns his fellow citizens not to be seduced into demanding a departure from the conservative policy of non intervention, which the fathers of the republic had made the policy of the government.

Dr. Boardman was an ardent patriot; and in two addresses, one of them on Daniel Webster, he gave eloquent expression to his theory of our government, and his attachment to the Federal Union. That theory was the view which Mr. Webster announced in his reply to Mr. Hayne, and which, three years later, he defended in his more able, but less widely known argument called out by the resolutions of Mr. Calhoun. Intelligently accepting Mr. Webster's view of the powers of the Federal Government, and of its relations to the States, Dr. Boardman during the late civil war, was thoroughly in sympathy with its object, and heartily rejoiced in its final victory, by which the authority of the general government was maintained throughout the land. But he mourned the inevitable desolations of the war, and he disagreed with not a few of his warmest friends, in his view of some of the details of its prosecution. Differences of opinion on political questions more easily separated

friends in those days, than happily they do to-day. It was inevitable that Dr. Boardman should feel deeply the distance which these differences of opinion placed between himself and many of his friends. But he would not have been the lofty man who commanded your respect and won your confidence, and engaged your affections, had he adopted views because he supposed them popular. Whatever faults he had, this certainly was not one of them. He was nothing, if not morally brave.

Dr. Boardman's interest in the well-being of his fellow men revealed itself in his intelligent efforts to widen the usefulness of many of the charitable institutions which honor our city. With one of these, the Deaf and Dumb Institution, he was closely connected; but he was deeply, and as far as possible, actively interested in every form of benevolence. I happen to know that he thought much, and read widely, and felt deeply on this great subject. The question whether the churches of the reformation have not employed themselves too exclusively with spiritual subjects, and whether they should not, besides stimulating benevolent activity, conduct benevolent institutions, he pondered deeply. He so far answered it, as heartily to rejoice in the founding in our city, and in connection with our own church, of the Home, the Orphanage, and the Hospital.

I should be unjust both to his memory and to my own feelings, if I failed to give expression to my profound gratitude that in the providence of God, I was

permitted to be associated in labor with so noble and able a minister of the gospel. He cordially welcomed me to the pulpit which his distinguished pastorate had made eminent. He was untiring in his endeavors to make his friends my friends, His mature wisdom was at my disposal, but only as I sought it; and he was only too fearful lest, by expressing his opinions, he might seem to proffer advice. Whatever service I asked of him he rendered joyfully, I may almost say, gratefully. He resigned his authority as pastor of this church, just before I was called; but though he resigned his authority, his influence he could not re-ign. Thus he remained among you, visiting the sick, preaching from time to time, often with a power that recalled the days of his vigorous manhood; the pastor of this church, until God called him home.

He died on the 15th, day of June, 1879. His illness was brief and his death unexpected. The last time I saw him I saw him in this church. The niece of one of the elders who had welcomed him to Philadelphia had died, and the funeral services, held in the church, had begun, when he entered the door and walked to the pulpit. He had come from Atlantic city to be present at the funeral of his intimate and valued friend. He spoke briefly of her beautiful christian character, and then, with great tenderness, of "our Father's house of many mansions," and led us in prayer. Two weeks later he finished his earthly life, and was admitted to "our Father's house" "the house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

CHAPTER X.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF ANDREW L. STONE, D. D., CONGREGATIONALIST.

I WAS BORN in the town of Oxford, New Haven County, State of Connecticut, Nov. 25, 1815. My father was a physician who had been settled for many years in the town, in the practice of his profession. There were four children of us, all of whom have been somewhat addicted to the use of the pen. My eldest sister, Mrs. E. N. Horton, has written several books for young readers. The next, Mrs. M. S. Hubbell, was the authoress of "Shady Side." My younger brother, D. M. Stone, is the editor of the *Journal of Commerce*.

My school-boy days were passed in my native village until the exigencies of fitting for college took me to Lee's Academy, Madison, Ct, and later, to Derby in the same state.

I enjoyed vigorous health through my boyhood and was an expert in boyish sports, and almost as much at home in the water as a young dolphin. Specially fond of the horse, of his use and of his care—a taste that has followed me through life.

I entered Yale college in 1833 and graduated with my class in 1837. For two of my college years my room-mate was Rev. A. L. Chapin, D. D., now president of Beloit college. I was specially fond of *the classics* in my college studies, rather than of mathematics, and took some prizes for English composition. I gave some attention also to music and was a member of the college choir through the four years, singing bass. I had the appointment of an "Oration" at graduation, as also the year before at our "Junior Exhibition," on which occasion also I wrote a tragedy which was acted before the public audience. On the occasion of my graduation I prepared also a tragic fragment for three actors, entitled "The Roman Martyr."

After graduation although designing to study for the ministry, I found myself under the necessity of teaching for awhile, that I might discharge the debts incurred in my college course.

I have not said what I will say here, that I became personally interested in the subject of religion, and I hope truly converted in a revival of religion occurring in Madison while I was pursuing my preparatory studies, and my first union with the church of Christ was with the Congregational church of that town under

the pastoral care of Rev. Samuel Shepherd. My spiritual life was quickened and strengthened by a powerful revival in college in 1835-6, in which some seventy or eighty students were brought to Christ and in which my purpose to become a preacher of the gospel was confirmed. Such a purpose had from the beginning been the hope of my dear parents, who consecrated me at birth to the service of the Master.

My first year out of college I spent in Uxbridge, Mass., teaching an academy there, without very much pecuniary success.

I then entered the Deaf and Dumb Institution in the city of New York as a professor of the sign language, and remained in that situation for three years, during which time I also studied for the ministry in connection with the New York Theological Seminary, and in fellowship with my dear friend, room-mate and fellow-professor, A. L. Chapin, now president of Beloit college.

At the close of my third year in the Deaf and Dumb Institution, I received a call to act as secretary of the Philadelphia Sunday School Union, an organization to extend the benefits of sunday school instruction to all the children and youth of the city, and to stimulate the zeal and heighten the effectiveness of all engaged in the sunday school work. This fellowship in labor with such associates was exceedingly pleasant to me, and I look back to it as a zone of brightness across the path of the past. I had the pleasure, when not otherwise engaged on the sabbath

of sitting under the ministry of Rev. Dr. Bethune, the memorial of whose earnest spirit and eloquent words, is with me still.

In July of 1842, I was joined in marriage to Miss Matilda B. Fisher, daughter of Abijah Fisher, the head of a prominent mercantile house in the city of New York. Six children, three of either sex, have been the issue of this union, four of whom are still living. Three of them have families of their own, and are settled near us, in this city and vicinity; and one the youngest, gladdens our home as yet with her happy presence.

In the summer of 1844, I visited the South church, Middletown, Ct., in behalf of the Sunday school cause. The pastor, Rev. Arthur Granger, was just about taking leave of the church, and I soon received a call to the vacant pulpit, which I accepted and was installed, Sept. 3, and exercised the ministry there for some five years in the midst of the most harmonious, affectionate and faithful people. From Middletown I was called to the Park Street Church, Boston, and became pastor of that ancient and honored church in January, 1849.

Of my ministry in Boston, I need not speak in detail. They were to me seventeen happy, privileged years which I spent with that people. Other lips must bear testimony to their fruitfulness and usefulness. But no earthly changes can dull the memory of the affectionate and sympathetic relations subsisting between pastor and people through all this peri-

od. During this pastorate came that great tragic struggle that severed the nation asunder for a season, over the decisive question of American Slavery. The pulpit of that church spoke out clearly and decisively, and when the issue became one of arms to be decided under God, on the battlefield, I went as Chaplain with the 45th "Cadet" regiment of Massachusetts, for a year's service in the open field, and although I entered into action with the regiment five times, and shared all their peril I was preserved without a wound.

My first call to the First Congregational Church of San Francisco reached me a year before my transition. A large, influential council, assembled at Boston to advise me, in reference to the question, advised my stay in New England. A year later the call was more urgently renewed, and with the fresh light I had gathered upon the subject, it seemed to me my duty to go. The parting with my dear people of Park Street was to me almost like the sundering of soul and body, but my conviction of God's will in reference to my going was imperative.

I preached my first sermon in San Francisco in March, 1866, and was regularly installed over the church in the June following. I found my new home rather a peculiar field for evangelic labor. The first annual generations of California life were chiefly missionaries of worldly enterprise. Each little community, and the larger of course, represented almost every type of humanity the broad earth over. Ques-

tions of rewarding enterprise, the excitement of new discoveries in the fields of the precious metals, and the haste to be rich and to return to the older homes, to enjoy the sudden prosperity of the golden harvests, occupied all minds and hearts, and kept them in a perpetual whirl of motion. Still, the Gospel made itself heard; municipal and christian society became rooted facts; new settlements grew into permanent homes; and the churches of California feel that the future of her population, in christian institutions and in personal character, depends on their vigor and fidelity.

The church of which I am pastor has once removed its location and rebuilt its walls since I came to the city; and occupies now, in the heart of the city, one of the most spacious, beautiful and commodious houses of public worship in San Francisco. The congregation is large, and the church active and devoted in the service of the Master, and in all departments of evangelic witnessing and working.

A year or two ago my health faltered a little, and my people relieved me by associating with me a colleague who took upon himself half the work. My health has improved and I am now alone again in the full charge of the parish. I preach however but once upon the sabbath. The second service called a "vesper service" is chiefly a service of song grouped about a special theme, upon which the pastor makes a brief unwritten address.

Our city is growing rapidly, having more than

doubled its population since I came to it, thirteen years ago, and presents one of the most interesting fields for energetic christian labor and all the functions of pastoral fidelity to be found under the flag of our common country.

Rev. Dr. Stone in his sketch in the foregoing autobiography has not spoken particularly of his seventeen year's pastorate of Park Street Church in Boston. That ministry was a success. When he came to Park Street Church, it was nearly empty. Rev. Silas Aiken, D. D., was his immediate preceeding pastor, one of the best pastors Boston has ever had; and as good when he was dismissed by that church as he was when he commenced his ministry among them. Rev. Edward N. Kirk, then an Evangelist, had been permitted to preach to Dr. Aiken's people; and when he left carried away with him a considerable part of the church and two or three of the most prominent deacons.

They were organized into Mount Vernon church.

By this movement the Park Street church became so weakened, that it was unable to support Dr. Aiken, and he was dismissed. It was a cruel blow to that good man.

After having candidated for a considerable time, they called the Rev. Dr. Stone. He was young, strong, eloquent and popular. He was fully up to the times both on the temperance and anti-slavery questions; and so thoroughly did he exhibit them that some of the old conservative members who hated

Abolitionism and who loved a little wine especially with their dinners grew somewhat restless under his faithful preaching upon these subjects. Near the close of his first year's pastorate, whisperings were heard among them about a change of ministers but in his first anniversary sermon, Dr. Stone settled this matter decisively. He took the high gospel ground on both these subjects. This proceeding on this occasion reminded us of the following declaration of David to wit, "if this be to be vile I will be more vile still." Some few of the old settlers left, but ten came where one departed; and for sixteen years after, Dr. Stone was one of the most faithful, successful, and popular pastors that has ever filled a Boston pulpit. He received two urgent calls across the continent, and when he concluded to remove to San Francisco, it was universally regretted by his people. His sermons were thorough, sound, and well written. They were delivered in an eloquent, fearless, touching, kind, and sympathizing manner, and during his ministry large accessions were made to the church.

His decision, also, appeared in admitting President Finney to his pulpit, at a time when some of the other pastors of Boston were opposed not to Evangelists only, but also to some of Mr. Finney's doctrines. They would not admit him to their pulpits. Dr. Stone believed Finney to be a devoted and successful minister of Jesus Christ, and hence, at the expense of his popularity, gave him the freedom of his pulpit and aided the Evangelist in accomplishing a good work of grace in Boston.

But Dr. Stone's decision was by no means the most prominent of his virtues, though under the circumstances, it was highly commendable. He was devotedly pious. He preached, not fearlessly only, but also piously. His zeal was ever tempered with knowledge, and he left the east to labor in the west, with the blessings and prayers of many christians for his personal welfare, and his great success in his new and larger field of labor. He will ever be remembered as a brother beloved, by the ministers of Boston, and by many sons and daughters of the Lord, as their adviser and spiritual father. Long may he live to do good in the Lord's vineyard.

REV. CHARLES G. FINNEY, CONGREGATIONALIST.

CHARLES G. FINNEY was born in Warren, Litchfield County, Conn., August 29, 1792. When he was about two years old, his father removed to Oneida County, N. Y., which was then almost a wilderness. He enjoyed no religious privileges, and there was but very little preaching among the few settlers. He enjoyed the privileges of a common school and improved them so far as to be capable of teaching such a school.

Neither of his parents were professors of religion, and among his neighbors there were very few religious people. There were travelling ministers who held

forth occasionally, but the people were not much wiser for their preaching.

Soon after they had built a meeting house in Oneida County, his father removed again into the wilderness, a little south of Sacketts Harbor, near Lake Ontario. But here he enjoyed no better religious privileges than at his former residence.

When he was twenty years old, he returned to Connecticut, and soon went to New Jersey, near New York city, and taught school. After teaching awhile he returned to New England and attended a high school.

At this time he thought of going to Yale College; but though his teacher was a graduate of Yale, yet he advised young Finney not to go, as it would be lost time. This bad advice prevailed and he left his studies soon after. He, however, afterwards acquired some knowledge of Latin, Greek and Hebrew, but he says, "I was never a classical scholar."

With the teacher here referred to, he contemplated going south and opening an academy; but his parents hearing of it came after him, and prevailed with him to return with them to Jefferson County, N. Y.

Soon after this he commenced the study of the law. This was in 1818.

He says: "Up to this time I had never enjoyed religious privileges. I had never lived in a praying community, except during the periods when I was attending the high school in New England,—the preaching was by an aged clergyman, an excellent man, and

greatly beloved by his people; but he read his sermons in a manner that left no impression on my mind."

He says: "When he commenced studying law, he was almost as ignorant of religion as a heathen." He says, "in studying law I found the old authors frequently quoting the Scriptures, and referring, especially to the Mosaic institutes, as authority for many of the great principles of common law. This so excited my curiosity that I went and purchased a Bible, the first I ever owned: and whenever I found a reference by the law authors to the Bible, I turned to the passage and consulted it in its connection. This soon led to my taking a new interest in the Bible."

About this time he was greatly troubled about such promises as these: "Ask and ye shall receive," "Knock and it shall be opened," etc., for christians kept asking for a revival and did not receive it. This was inexplicable.

After his conversion he found that this failure of receiving was to be wholly ascribed to the fact that Christians did not believe with the heart what God has said. He immediately commenced his work. Soon after Mr. W—— had left the office Deacon B—— came into the office and said to me, "Mr. Finney, do you recollect that my cause is to be tried at ten o'clock this morning? I suppose you are ready?" I had been retained to attend this suit as his attorney. I replied to him, "Deacon B——, I have a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead his cause, and I

cannot plead yours." He looked at me with astonishment, and said, "What do you mean?" I told him in a few words, that I had enlisted in the cause of Christ: and then repeated that I had a retainer from the Lord Jesus Christ to plead his cause, and that he must go and get somebody else to attend his lawsuit; I could not do it. He dropped his head, and without making any reply, went out. A few moments later, in passing the window, I observed that Deacon B—— was standing in the road, seemingly lost in deep meditation. He went away, as I afterwards learned, and immediately settled his suit. He then betook himself to prayer and soon got into a much higher religious state than he had ever been in before.

I soon sallied forth from the office to converse with those whom I should meet about their souls. I had the impression, which has never left my mind, that God wanted me to preach the gospel, and that I must begin immediately. I somehow seemed to know it. I cannot tell how I knew it, any more than I can tell how I knew that it was the love of God and the baptism of the Holy Ghost which I had received. I did somehow know it with a certainty that was past all possibility of doubt. And so I seemed to know that the Lord commissioned me to preach the gospel. Mr. Finney appears to have been fully satisfied of a "call" to preach the gospel. His general education had been cramped, his legal studies but brief, and his labors in the law comparatively nothing. He commenced preaching with a naturally strong, but uncul-

tivated mind. He had a strong and vigorous body, and his whole soul was engaged in his work, and, taking into account his whole life and what he accomplished, presents a fair specimen of what a man can do when he throws his whole soul and all his energies into his work.

In his early preaching and revivals, he was crude in his expressions, sometimes rude in his manners, with little respect for the feelings and opinions of others, and denunciatory in what he had to say of them. It is reported that at this early period of his ministry, a good old lady, having heard him for the first time, said, "what is the matter with the minister that he swears so?"

He had been what is generally called "a hard case."

He had criticised the prayer, the preaching and the lives of church members and ministers, and it is sad to confess that he found quite too much in them to employ his talents in this way.

After his conversion and baptism of the Holy Ghost, the whole current of his conversation and conduct was changed; and beyond a doubt, his labors were greatly blessed to the building up of the church.

It may be well to give the opinion of some of the pastors of the churches in the region of Mr. Finney's early labors. The Rev. Dr. Aiken, pastor of the First Presbyterian Church in Utica, says,

"Rev. Mr. Finney came to Utica; and, as in other places, his plain, and pungent, and faithful preaching was attended with evident and wonderful success.

Christians were told of their departures from God, their backslidings in heart, their lukewarmness their love of the world and conformity to it, and of the necessity of a broken spirit, of deep thorough repentance, before they could reasonably expect a general revival of religion. It was not long before the work became powerful. Places of worship were thronged; and the stillness of the sepulchre reigned, broken occasionally by a deep sigh from some heart that was writhing under the condemning influence of divine truth. Instead of noise and confusion, the meetings were solemn, and sometimes awfully so, by the presence of God, which made sinners afraid, and christians humble and still. True, there has been noise; there has been no small stir about these things; but it has been on the other side—among the enemies of the revival, as it was in the days of the apostles.

“The general features of this revival are the same as have always marked every genuine outpouring of the spirit since the apostolic age. I shall, therefore, not repeat them; but would here observe that it has been confined to no particular class in the community. Its sweet and saving influence has fallen upon the rich and the poor, the ignorant and the learned, and moulded into its own lovely image, as we humbly trust, the proud moralist and the polluted debauchee. It has made ‘new creatures’ of gamblers and drunkards and swearers and sabbath breakers, and brought the self-righteous pharisee, the deluded skeptic, deist and universalist, to abandon their dreams

of happiness and heaven without a holy heart, and to fly for cleansing to the blood of the Lamb. The 'probable number of converts in Utica is about five hundred.' The number of hopeful converts in a population like this, it is not easy definitely to ascertain. Not far from sixty persons, some of whom were travellers, who turned in to tarry but for a night, or day, or week; others belonging to the towns around experienced, as we trust, the grace of God. More than a hundred, the subjects of the revival, have united with the First Presbyterian Church; numbers with the Methodist and Baptist, the Second Presbyterian and Welsh Congregational churches. Many children from seven to thirteen years of age give evidence of piety. Nor has this good work of the Lord ceased. The spirit of prayer still continues, though in a less degree; and consequently conversions are less frequent than they were last winter. Scarcely a week has passed during the last summer, when one or more has not been brought into the kingdom of Christ. For the last six weeks, twenty have hopefully experienced the grace of God.

"Besides Mr. Finney, who has been signally owned and blessed important services have been rendered by the Rev. D. Nash, Mr. N. Smith and other brethren in the ministry, who are remembered with gratitude both by the church and their pastor.

"With regard to the means used in this revival, I should say nothing, were it not for the gross misrepresentations that have gone abroad. They are sub-

stantially the same as were employed by Whitefield, Edwards, Brainard, and by some still living, whose praise is in all the churches. The grand means, and that into which all others are resolved, has been the Word of God; the doctrines of salvation; the depravity of the heart, consisting not merely in the negative want of love to God, but in positive hatred to Him; the law of God, its extent, purity, perfection and binding influence; the sovereignty of God, illustrated and enforced, not so much by abstract reasoning as by matters of fact; the nature and necessity of regeneration by the Holy Spirit, and justification by faith alone,—these truths have been preached constantly, both in the pulpit and out of it. Nor have we failed to urge sinners to repent and submit to Jesus Christ, and immediately, as the only condition of forgiveness, warning them at the same time, that, so long as they refused to comply, all their tears and prayers and efforts are not only vain but sinful.

“Believing it to be duty to use every lawful and proper measure to render effectual divine truth, we have, and we trust in humble dependence on God, visited from house to house, conversing freely with individuals, and fearlessly declared the truths in the street, in the grocery, the counting-room, and private dwelling. We have also had various small circles for prayer, as well as stated and public meetings; and in the former, females in some cases, though more seldom than we could wish have taken a part. Never in the same space of time, I am confident, was

the Bible so much read in Utica, as it has been for twelve months past. Besides these means, discipline, meetings of inquiry, days of fasting and prayer, and conference meetings for the church, have been very useful.

“Never was so large a church more happily united than we have been during the revival; and it is so still. I verily believe there is here the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. Some few individuals may have differed from their brethren with regard to the propriety of some measures; but I have seen none who were blind to the mighty hand of God that was bowing down rebel sinners on every side, and none so hardened in unbelief as not to adore and rejoice in it.”

Such is the representation of this revival by one of the wisest and most judicious pastors of the presbyterian church of that day.

My acquaintance with Mr. Finney commenced at the protracted meeting in Providence, reference to which may be seen in the “Recollections of ‘Ye Olden Time,’” or the first volume of these biographies, pages 220-221.

In a book entitled, “Evangelists of the Church,” written by Rev. P. C. Headley, and published by Henry Hoyt, I find the following:

“While Mr. Finney was in Providence, before his first visit to Boston, the Rev. Dr. Wisner, of the Old South, was sent there by his brethren to hear the evangelist and report. He did not make himself

known till he had heard three sermons. He then went to Mr. Finney, and said to him, 'I came here a heresy-hunter; but here is my hand; and my heart is with you.'

This statement is *apocryphal*, all except the facts that Dr. Wisner and Mr. Finney, both attended that meeting. Rev. Mr. Maltby, of Bangor, preached the first sermon, and I preached the second. Dr. Wisner was invited to attend the meeting, as the rest of us were. Mr. Finney was not invited by the church, nor was he expected to be there; but a prominent member of the church was in New York, where Mr. Finney then was, and he went to Mr. Finney and told him of the meeting, and importuned him to come on and attend it. Mr. Finney came the morning after the meeting commenced. Dr. Wisner was then on the ground. He had no knowledge that Mr. Finney was to be there. He did not hide himself till he had heard three sermons. He did say to Mr. Finney, "I don't find any heresy in your preaching." He was very much pleased with it, and did come home and make so favorable a report, that most of the pastors of the congregational churches of Boston, joined in a request that Mr. Finney would come to Boston. He did come and remained some months, and many souls were converted while he remained.

At the meeting in Providence, Mr. Finney happily disappointed us all. We were all New England ministers. We were nearly all what was called "Old School." We had heard of Mr. Finney in the state of

New York, of the fault found by some, of his doctrine, and more especially of his measures; and, perhaps, it would not be too much to say, we were looking out for peculiar doctrines and singular measures, never were men better pleased with any preaching than we all were with Mr. Finney. Old Mr. Wilson, the pastor of the Beneficent church, where the meeting was held, said, "I have heard Whitefield preach, but I do not think he was a greater preacher than this man." Rev. Dr. Daniel Dow, of Thompson, Conn., one of the founders of the East Windsor Seminary, found no fault with Mr. Finney's doctrine. It was one perfect ovation of commendation. I know that Dr. Wisner was greatly pleased, for he so expressed himself to me personally. I know, also, that he was on the ground before I preached, for he made remarks upon my sermon which I remember to this day, though fifty years have since elapsed, and I know, also, that he did not know that Mr. Finney was to be there, for, no one present knew it till he came in. We were as much surprised to see him, as Ahab was to meet Elijah, after he had been searching everywhere for him.

Mr. Finney's preaching was *reasoning*. He preached from the text, "There is one God, and one mediator between God and men, the man Christ Jesus."

He showed *why* a mediator was necessary. What were the qualifications of a mediator. How Jesus Christ possessed these, and why a rejection of his mediation left us under the curse of the law. Every

stage of the argument was proved as logically as ever Daniel Webster made a plea before a jury, or defended the constitution in the senate of the United States.

He preached from the text, "for the wages of sin is death." He first explained what is meant by wages. Then, that death was as much due to the sinners as wages to your hired laborer. Then, the kind of death; not temporal, for Adam didn't die a temporal death the day he sinned.—not spiritual death, for then the sin and its penalty would be the same thing. It must, then, be eternal death, here he depicted a man dying—how we stand around the couch—our horror—our solemnity—then he represented a man a week, a month, a year, eternally dying. This would have been horrifying, had he not presented a remedy thorough and complete.

I could give the texts and heads of every sermon which he preached at that meeting, but it is not deemed necessary in this brief memoir.

We unanimously agreed at that meeting that Mr. Finney was a good man and a good preacher, and it was not at all surprising that Dr. Wisner so reported to the Boston pastors.

His visit to Boston, however, was not all sunshine. There were some among the ministers who stood aloof from him. There were some who did not believe in Evangelists in these latter days, and so would not cooperate with him on that account. There were some who did not receive his doctrine, and I remember one minister wrote a pamphlet against his preaching.

Mr. Finney came to Boston several times after this first visit. He preached one winter in the old Marlboro Chapel, now the Lowell Institute.

He was perfectly subdued, he exhibited true christian humility. He never uttered a hard word against his opposers, though he knew they were around him.

He afterwards preached for Dr. Stone, in Park Street Church, to the edification of saints and the conversion of sinners.

Mr. Finney outlived all opposition, silenced all his enemies, convinced everybody of the genuineness of his piety, and during the last years of his life, received the most convincing proofs of the love, confidence, esteem and veneration of his brethren, ever paid to any one man in our American Israel, who met with so much opposition in the early part of his ministry. Would you see the honors paid to this good man near the end of his eventful life, come with me to the National Congregational Council assembled in Oberlin, in 1874. The great church is filled with pastors and delegates, Mr. Finney, the evangelist, the professor, the pastor, the president, walks up the aisle, that vast assembly arise as one man, stand with awe till this once persecuted but now vindicated servant of Christ is seated in the pulpit. He is now fourscore and three years old, like Moses, his eyes are not dim; he offers the dedicatory prayer of the great council hall; with unabated bodily vigor blesses his brethren, and soon after goes home to God.

REV. JOHNATHAN FRENCH, D. D., CON-
GREGATIONALIST.

AMONG all these sketches of clergymen, there are but one or two with whom the author had not more or less of a personal acquaintance. Of these two, Johnathan French was not one. I knew him well, and he preached the sermon, at my ordination in Exeter, January 19, 1830.

Dr. French was born in Andover, Mass., August 16, 1778. Though not a "Hebrew of the Hebrews," he was a Puritan of the Puritans by descent from both father and mother, as they were both descended from John Alden, of whom it has been proposed to alter the answers to two questions in the old New England Primer, as both Mary Chilton and John Alden are said to have been the first persons who landed on Plymouth Rock. These questions were,—

Who was the first woman? Ans.—Mary Chilton.

Who was the first man? Ans.—John Alden.

Johnathan French, the subject of this notice, was the only son of Rev. Jonathan and Abigail French of Braintree, Mass.

In his fourth year, he was laid aside for a long time by a severe scald, and during that time, he says, "I formed a purpose to become a minister," and in his semi-centennial sermon he says, "I never have relinquished that plan for a single moment."

He entered Harvard college in his sixteenth year, and made a profession of religion the same year. He graduated in 1798. Among his classmates were such men as Rev. Wm. E. Channing, D. D., Joseph Story, LL. D., Joseph Tuckerman, D. D., and Hon. Sydney Willard. Some idea may be had of his standing in his class from the fact that when he was a candidate for Master of Arts, he was selected to deliver the oration, which he declined.

The following is selected from Rev. Dr. Tobey's sermon, at the funeral of Dr. French, December 16, 1856,—

"The best advantages for education to be enjoyed in New England at the period of his youth were given him; and they were well improved.

"Thus with regard to his Puritan descent, his Christian parentage, his early religious advantages, he was highly favored. He had five talents given him. And he was accustomed to acknowledge the circumstances of providential goodness towards him with devout gratitude to God.

"After leaving college he was employed for a time as a teacher in Phillips Academy at Andover. He pursued the study of theology under the direction of his father; and he came here to preach in 1801. He was then about twenty-three years of age and in personal appearance considerably younger. God seemed to lead him here by special providence, and gave him such favor with the people, that he thought it his duty to accept their invitation to settle with them, though

there were peculiar difficulties, and a strong even violent opposition, not to him personally, but to a majority in the town, who wished him to be their minister. He was ordained Nov. 18, 1801."

From this time till the death of the old federal party politics raged with great violence.

Young French knew the opposition that existed against him, and the greater opposition there was between various persons and families against each other. He required the wisdom of the serpent and the harmlessness of the dove to sail quietly through these troubled waters without falling into Scylla on the one hand or Charybdis on the other.

Few ministers have been so well adapted to stem the torrent of opposition, as he was. The old law requiring every family who had not certificated to another parish, was then in vogue, and all were thus taxed who belonged to the town's parish. This was the law all over New England, and it made trouble everywhere.

Dr. French in his half century sermon says:— "There was in this town at that time, a man of some singularity, who used to say he could not go forward in public affairs, but could lift at the wheel, and would be a gap man when necessary, to support the ministry. This declaration he uniformly made good, whether he accorded in sentiment with his minister or not.

"When he was informed of the threatened disturbance concerning taxes, he resolved to prevent it with-

out delay. Having formed his plan, he composed, mentally, a letter to the town, for he very seldom used a pen. He called on a friend in a neighboring town and obtained his assistance as amanuensis. The letter having been written as he dictated it, he requested a fellow townsman, who was a good reader, to communicate it to the town at a meeting which was soon to be holden for other purposes. I afterward asked his leave to give that letter to the public. To this he did not consent, but allowed me to take a copy and read it to my friends. The moral is good. Let me read it to my friends here.

That the letter may be understood it must be observed that his property was not large, although he had a comfortable farm, and was a tanner on a comparatively small scale, and that his ministerial tax for several years averaged not more than four dollars annually. The body of the letter, without names, is as follows :

“To the legal voters in———.

“*Gentlemen*:—We all wish to discover what will be most for our advantage and how we may be most prosperous and happy. There is an important discovery, which is not to be kept secret, as it is designed for the good of every one who wishes to reap the advantages of it. He hath showed the , O man, what is good ; and what doth the Lord require of thee, but to ‘do justly, to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God.’

“We do not walk humbly with our God unless we keep his commandments. And he has commanded us to support and obey that blessed gospel which his

own dear son came down from heaven to reveal. We do not love mercy unless when we are able to do good we do it cheerfully, and are glad of an opportunity to do good to them that need our help. We do not deal justly unless we render to all their dues.

"To walk humbly we must love and prize the gospel, and to do justly we must support the preaching of it. Christ has commanded his ministers to go and preach his gospel, and he has commanded us to maintain them. For the laborer is worthy of his hire. This is good in itself. It is good because God requires it. And it is good for us, not only as it relates to the future life and the great day of reckoning but, with regard to our worldly interest.

"Christ says to his ministers, 'Lo I am with you always,' and if we are not with his ministers, we are not with him, for he is on their side, and we cannot prosper if we are not on the same side with Christ."

This singularly eccentric, and as singularly good man goes on to say,—"I have reason to believe you do not all think as I do in this matter, and I am heartily sorry we do not agree in so important a point. I understand there are some among us who determine not to pay what they are taxed to the minister. It is my desire that the selectmen and the constable would use all the arguments and reasons they can to persuade those who have refused to pay, to come and join with us in supporting the gospel, for I have no desire to take this privilege from them. But it is also my desire that if they do refuse, they may not be com-

pelled. It is my desire that the constable may be directed to return the names of those who are unwilling to pay their minister's tax, to the selectmen, and the selectmen to deliver them to me, at least seven days before the annual meeting in March next. If their names and minister tax as it is now [] be delivered to me by that time, I hereby engage that I will myself willingly pay all the said taxes and see that they are crossed out of the collector's book. And I further engage that if any are willing, and yet unable to pay, I will pay theirs also, if the selectmen shall judge that they are not able. I wish it to be understood however, that I have no desire to deprive any one of paying to the support of the gospel, which I think a real privilege. Life is short. We shall all meet in the congregation of the dead. We shall meet once more after that. It is my desire, and I hope it is yours, that we may meet with joy.'

"The whole sum before mentioned he paid freely, but did not have occasion to make a similar proposal again."

Dr. French once told the writer the following:—

"When a young man I preached as a candidate, and a parish meeting was called to act upon inviting me to become their pastor. In the mean time a sabbath occurred before the meeting, on which an elderly brother preached from the text, 'Lay hands suddenly on no man.' I was told they would have given me a unanimous call had they not heard his sermon. But as they supposed the old minister knew somewhat against me, and intended to caution them not to call

me ; which was not so, for he was my good friend."

Dr. French was peculiarly a peace maker. It has already been intimated that his ministry commenced at a time of strong partisan political conflicts, which then prevailed throughout the whole country, and nothing of the kind so acrimonious has since transpired. By his specific demeanor and courteous deportment he won over and secured the respect and confidence of the whole people ; and in a large degree their cordial esteem. I remember the following incident which speaks volumes for his peace principles. When he had been the pastor for thirty years. one of his parishoners said of him, "I was opposed to his settlement, and I never intended to be reconciled to him ; but for all these years his conduct has been so gentle, kind and generous. that I can't help liking the little devil."

Rev. Dr. Tobey in his funeral sermon says of him, "If he was not endowed with an intellect of the very highest order, he had a very clear mind, well adapted to the common affairs of life. If he had not the sharpest metaphysical acumen, he had sound sense, a fairness and candor of judgment, which saved him from a partisan or bigoted attachment to any peculiarity of belief, and made him a judicious inquirer after truth, ready to receive it and not afraid to trust it, from whatever source it might come. He was firmly established in the evangelical system of faith, but he had no theological shibboleth. If he had not all the multifarious learning of the schools, his mind was active and well-informed on the subjects pertain-

ing to his own profession, and also in matters of general knowledge and whatever interests intelligent men. His mind was well-balanced. He had in an unusual degree an acquaintance with human nature, and a readiness to put himself in the right place and do the right things, which, joined with his decision, modesty, frankness, honesty and benevolence, fitted him to lead the common minds by whom he was surrounded, safely, enduringly, and for their highest good."

At the time I knew Dr. French, he was in the thirtieth year of his pastorate; and he then had the universal esteem and confidence of his people, and among the congregational ministers of New Hampshire occupied about as prominent a position as Gen. Washington did in the army of the American revolution. He was abundant in labors and spared not himself. He counted not his own life dear to himself if he might win souls to Christ. His praise was in all the churches of the vicinity. He has been remembered throughout the whole state and in many parts of adjoining states, as a good man, preeminently a man of God; a wise counsellor, a faithful friend and useful minister among the churches. Though always in narrow, pecuniary circumstances, yet he found supplies for all the necessities of his numerous household, having had five sons and six daughters, all of whom were alive at the time of his decease. He had an active pastorate of fifty-five years, and during that long period death never entered his dwelling until he was called to his reward in heaven.

CHAPTER XI.

REV. JOSEPH SYLVESTER CLARK, D. D.,
CONGREGATIONALIST.

I CANNOT close this volume without saying something of this eminent and devoted minister, though it may seem presumptuous to speak of him after what Rev. Professor Edwards A. Park wrote of him sometime since in the *Congregational Quarterly*, as it may well be asked "who shall come after the king."

Professor Park makes everything which he touches shine so lucidly that one would suppose his pen must be dipped in sunbeams. Nevertheless, as I knew Dr. Clark well when he was settled in Sturbridge, and also during the whole of his long service as secretary of the Massachusetts Missionary Society, I shall venture to give a brief sketch of his life; acknowledging here once for all my indebtedness to Prof. Park, and also to the Rev. Joseph B. Clark, the only surviving son of Dr. Clark.

Rev. Dr. Clark was born Dec. 19, 1800, at Manomet Ponds, South Plymouth, about seven miles from

the old Plymouth rock. The following sketch of his family is quoted from Dr. Park: "The place where he was born was owned by his earliest ancestor in this country. That ancestor was Thomas Clark, of whom there goes a tradition that he piloted the *Mayflower* into Plymouth harbor, and gave his name to 'Clark's Island.' He must have been a youth of twenty-one years when he arrived in the *Mayflower*; for his grave stone in the burying hill says he died March 24, 1697, aged ninety-eight.

"Passing down the line of descent from the supposed mate of the *Mayflower*, we find the son Thomas, the grandson James, the great grandson James, and then we come to the great-great grandson Seth, who was the father of Dr. Joseph, and some of whose characteristics were imaged forth in the son.

"Seth Clark was a man of good education, especially in the mathematics. Through life he remained a farmer, cultivating the same lands which belonged to Thomas, his first American ancestor. On that old homestead he was born; and there on the 5th of June, 1828, he died, aged 60 years. He was remarkable for his accurate judgment and discreet counsels. He did not regard himself a regenerate man, but he was a diligent reader of the Bible, and a punctual attendant at religious meetings. He did not pray with his family, but he had the Scriptures read aloud by his household every evening, and the only chastisement which one of his sons remembers to have received from him, was for poor reading at this exercise. He

seldom resorted to punishment in his household. Reasoning and advice were his instruments of discipline. His considerate kindness to all the inmates of his dwelling was proverbial. Like his Pilgrim fathers, he had been early trained to 'keep Saturday night' as a part of the Sabbath. His wife, on the other hand, had been trained to 'keep Sabbath night.' He preferred that they should both adhere, after their marriage, to their favorite usages in this regard. They did so. No one in the family was allowed to brush a pair of boots or shoes after the Saturday's sunset. Perhaps it is difficult to find, at the present day, a better specimen of an old Puritan, who adopted the Arminian theology, and did not regard himself a practical christian.

"Mary Tupper, the mother of Dr. Clark, was born April 17, 1762, in South Plymouth, the same town where his paternal ancestors had resided. She is yet living, [January, 1862,] in her one-hundredth year. One who has marked her daily conduct, observes; 'I have never known her say a word against any person, and I have never known any person say a word against her.' Another writes: 'I have lived near her and noticed her in all the relations of life. and I have never seen her ruffled in her temper in the least degree.' She did not unite with the church until April, 1805. Then her children were baptised. Their names were, Seth, Nathaniel, Israel, Nancy, Susan S, Joseph Sylvester, and Sarah S."

Dr. Clark's education commenced under his father

during the long winter evenings, sitting around the kitchen fire. His father instructed him principally in mathematics. He is represented as having then been "a very good boy." He always had this reputation with his playmates. He was ever kind, witty, and agreeable. He commenced teaching school in his native town before he was seventeen years old. He kept a "day book" neatly written and carefully noting all his expenses. He was converted in 1819. From that time he determined to preach the gospel. He commenced studying the latin grammar, carrying it in his pocket while he worked on the farm. His father did not approve of his studying for the ministry, and did not give him fifty dollars while he was preparing for college. He entered Amherst College in 1823. President Hitchcock says: "With him there was very little loss of power, so judicious were all his plans." He was never a college genius. He taught and studied in vacations. In his early note-book there are about fifty of his poetical effusions. They are symmetrical and carefully prepared. At his graduation he received the valedictory honors more on account of his excellent deportment and diligence, than for excelling in his studies. He could, however, not be considered a laggard in them.

In 1827 he entered the theological seminary at Andover. After one year's study he left a year for his old employment of teaching. He graduated there in 1831. While there he wrote several elaborate essays. He was so frugal of his time that with his

class-mate, Prof. Park, he often rose with the early morning between four and five o'clock, not to go to the ocean as Demosthenes did to cultivate eloquence, but to repair to "Collins Woods" or "Indian Ridge" for that purpose. He was an early riser all his days, and always saving of his time. He always held the Andover Seminary in high esteem. He was secretary of the Alumni society from 1852 until his decease.

It is not so much in literature as in his religious life that he manifested his honest and strong Puritanism. He went with his father to the Unitarian meeting and was esteemed a good Unitarian. Prof. Park says at what period of his life he did accept the doctrine of *Christ's divinity*, is not precisely known. He did not connect himself with the church till June 9, 1832. His narrative of his early religious thoughts was written in October, 1825; and it is invested with a peculiar interest by the above named facts, which, however, it does not even mention. The following are extracts from it: "When about five years old, my mother made a public profession of the religion of Jesus; and agreeably to her creed, presented me at the baptismal fount to receive that sacred ordinance. This is one of the first events of which I have any distinct recollection. Having thus given me to the Lord in baptism, my pious mother was not unmindful of her obligation to train me up in the fear of God. She endeavored to teach me the duty of prayer. As I advanced in years, I made it an invariable custom to offer up my prayers to God on each night before

closing my eyes to sleep, though with such indifference that I not unfrequently dropped to sleep while engaged in this solemn exercise. This practise I continued till about the age of twelve, when I abandoned it entirely, under the impression that it was an abomination thus to attempt prayer."

During the subsequent years of his childhood our friend was frequently agitated with fear in regard to his future welfare. He writes: "I have fresh in my mind the state of my feelings at school one winter, when there was some excitement among my school-mates. Our pious instructor warned us to 'flee from the wrath to come,' and choose the good part while we had it in our power to choose. With an uncommon degree of excitement, I went to a solitary room one day, to ponder upon what my instructor had been telling me at school. He had been enforcing the duty of repentance, and pointing out the cause of alarm to us. I thought intently upon my ways, until I found that I was in a sad condition indeed, but just at that instant the thought occurred to my mind that, by being alarmed, I was obeying the injunctions of my teacher, and was thus in a fair way to obtain religion. No sooner had this reflection entered my mind than all my anxiety fled, and with it all thoughts about getting religion.

"One day while bathing in company with two of my companions, it was proposed to swim to a small island at a little distance from the shore. The proposal was no sooner made than agreed to; though I, being the

least skilled in swimming of the three, felt some fears of failing in the attempt, Ashamed of being outdone, I set out with the rest, but when about half way over to the island, I began to sink. Never shall I forget the horrors which filled my mind when I found myself sinking. I expected in a moment to open my eyes in hell, which I considered my inevitable doom. But by the unusual courage of one of my companions, who hastened to my succor and caught my arm when going down, I was borne up and succeeded in getting to shore. Shocked at this event, I began to reflect upon my ways, and found myself utterly unprepared for death. That night I attempted to pray; but no sooner were my eyes closed for this purpose, than awful fears terrified my mind, lest when I opened them I should behold Satan standing by to resist me. This terror accompanied every attempt, and I abandoned the practice for no other reason. From this time to the nineteenth year of my age, I continued sinking deeper and deeper in sin, without experiencing anything uncommon."

October 2, 1831, Mr. Clark preached at Sturbridge for the first time. In four weeks he was invited to become the pastor of that church and the successor of Rev. Alin Bond, D. D., and on the 27th of December he was ordained and installed at Sturbridge. The second sabbath after his installation he admitted twenty persons to the church; the next month sixteen more were added; and during the first year of his pastorate one hundred and thirty persons united with

the church. The parish was large, and his labors abundant, maintaining a service every evening for several months. In the year 1832 he solemnized six weddings, attended ten funerals, held seventy-eight religious meetings, besides preaching two hundred and sixteen sermons and lectures. These services impaired his health, and on the 20th of December, 1838, he was dismissed from his pastoral charge at his own request and against the unanimous wish of his people. About the time he left, he published a pamphlet of forty-eight pages, entitled, "A Historical Sketch of Sturbridge, Mass., from its settlement to the present time." Upon this work he spent much time. In this elaborate pamphlet the author thus briefly sums up the results of his own pastoral labors: "During these seven years the Lord has added to this church two hundred and three by profession and fifty-six by letters of recommendation; two hundred and fifty-nine in all. The whole number now connected with it is three hundred and thirty-five. In the same period of time this church and religious society have contributed to various objects of christian charity, about \$4,000 besides furnishing occasional aid to several young men of this town, in their preparation for the sacred ministry. In 1835, the interior of the meeting house was entirely remodeled on a plan which furnishes many more and much better seats than it supplied before. An example so worthy of imitation has since been followed in at least six of the neighboring towns."

We now come to Dr. Clark's great work which he performed as secretary of the Massachusetts Missionary Society. He was first appointed to this office the 28th of May, 1829. Prof. Park sketches his adaptedness to this office so well I cannot forbear to quote it.

"He had been a member of a feeble church, and of one which had withdrawn, at a great sacrifice, from the Unitarian fellowship. We have seen that some of his dearest friends, that even he himself, had been attached to the 'liberal' faith. He had thus been trained to sympathise with our indigent churches, exiled as they were from the old meeting-houses where their father's worshipped, and encompassed with intelligent and opulent opposers of the Puritan creed. While he was a student at Amherst and Andover, he labored as a lay missionary in various destitute regions of New England. As early as 1823, we find him on a successful agency in behalf of the *Boston Telegraph*, a religious newspaper, then recently established. In 1828 we find him walking thirty miles a day, (fifty miles on one day) on a mission among a degraded people in behalf of the American Bible Society. A brief extract from his journal during this expedition illustrates the general spirit with which he conducted his missionary work: 'May 3, pulled off my gloves in order to expose my hands to the sun, lest their delicate complexion should prejudice some of these ignorant rustics against my agency. Also, tucked out of sight my watch-seal, and tried the ex-

periment of walking without my glasses. This was attended with great inconvenience, but I am resolved to do the best I can without them for the same reason.' ”

These characteristic words illustrate the cautious, self-denying temper, with which he labored for the poor whom he had always with him. He had been through life a lover of statistics and interested in the civil as well as ecclesiastical history of New England. Indeed, he entered on his secretaryship with a personal interest in the churches assigned to his care. He became familiar with their wants. He ingratiated himself into their affections. He gained their hearty confidence. His letters to them abound with well studied advise on affairs, financial, ecclesiastical, theological, and practically religious. He was respected as a sagacious man, but still more as an honest one. Seldom has a secretary devised so many plans and yet escaped the suspicion of being a diplomatist. The home missionaries loved him as their brother or father. By his minute knowledge of common affairs, his round about sense which enabled him to make a rule where he could not find one, his warm sympathies with pious men, his good natured intercourse with the enemies of missions, his true hearted plainness of speech, he was enabled to perform such a work for our feeble churches as could have been performed by very few churches. This was the great work of his life. In order to perfect himself in it, he travelled through the New England and Western

states with an eye and an ear open to every sight and sound which could affect the Home Missionary enterprise. Between the thirty-ninth and the fifty-seventh year of his age he devoted his matured thoughts to his secretaryship, and having held it eighteen years he resigned it on the 23rd of September, 1857.

He left seven quarto volumes, each containing from four hundred to one thousand pages, containing copies of his official letters. He published a volume in 1858, entitled, "A Historical Sketch of the Congregational Churches of Massachusetts, from 1620 to 1858, with an appendix."

He espoused the plan of forming a Congregational Library Association with great zeal. He attended the first meeting held to organize this association; and from that time forward to his decease, he was an earnest worker in gathering the library. He was elected its corresponding secretary in 1853; and its financial agent in June, 1857. In short he was one of the most zealous workers in gathering together that useful library.

His connection with Amherst College was long and exceedingly useful to the college. He was one of its early tutors, and a constant friend of that institution until his decease.

Dr. Clark died on Saturday, Aug. 17, 1861. His son, Rev. Joseph B. Clark, who now fills the secretaryship so long occupied by his father, wrote of that death: "About his bed, at the time of his death,

were gathered all the members of his own family, (except his missionary daughter) his own surviving brothers, with their families, the physician of the place, and his friend Dr. Blackmer, of the McLean Hospital, at Somerville, Mass., who was providentially present. His mother, almost a century old, could hardly realize the fact that her Joseph was no more."

Funeral services were held at the old homestead, in South Plymouth, on the evening of the Sabbath, when those who had been the friends of the deceased in his early years, took their tearful leave of his remains. The body was removed to West Newton on the following Tuesday, to be buried in the family inclosure within the Newton Cemetery. Early in the afternoon of that day, the congregational meeting-house was filled with the friends and neighbors of him who was eminently a friend and neighbor where he had lived. Many clergymen were present; and of their number, six most intimately associated with the deceased, were bearers of the pall. The remains were laid in the vestibule of the meeting-house, and covered with gifts of flowers, which the kindness of friends had thoughtfully provided.

Rev. Mr. Patriek pastor of the church, opened the services with prayer, and brief but appropriate remarks. A select choir then sung Bonar's beautiful hymn :

“Rest for the toiling hand,
Rest for the anxious brow.
Rest for the weary, way worn feet,
Rest from all labor now.”

Dr. Clark will long be remembered by those who knew him as amiable and lovely in deportment, conscientious in his dealings, engaging earnestly and zealously in every cause which he espoused; and never ceasing to labor to accomplish what he undertook so long as there seemed a possibility of its being done. He fulfilled the injunction of the Apostle, "be courteous" as well as any clergyman of the nineteenth century.

REV. ELIAS R. BEADLE, D. D., LL. D.,
PRESBYTERIAN.

DR. BEADLE was born on the 13th of October, 1812, at Cooperstown, N. Y. He died on Monday morning, January 6, 1878, in the sixty-seventh year of his age. He never graduated at any college and was what might be properly called a self-made man. He possessed great courage, a strong mind, and much perseverance. No obstacle could prevent him from pursuing a course which his reason and conscience approved. He was the master of his own studies and acquired a large amount of scientific and theological knowledge. In 1837 he went as a missionary to Syria, under the direction of the American Board of Foreign Missions. He remained there four years, but a war breaking out in the tribe in which he was laboring he retired from that field. His health becoming

delicate he returned to this country. While in Syria he mastered the Arabic tongue, in which he could converse with great fluency. He also spake German and French well at the time of his decease.

Soon after his return to America he went to New Orleans and there organized three churches, over one of which he was pastor for several years. In 1852 he removed to Hartford, Conn., and was installed the first pastor of the Pearl Street Church, where he remained ten years, and his labors were crowned with great success. In 1862 he removed to Rochester, N. Y., but his health was not good in that climate, and in 1865 he went to Philadelphia, and was installed pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church. This church was then located in Seventh Street, below Arch, in a business part of the city. The church was organized under the labors of George Whitefield, about the year 1743. Its first pastor was Rev. Gilbert Tennent, then followed John Murray, James Sproat, Ashbel Green, J. N. Abeel, Jacob J. Janeway, Thomas H. Skinner, Joseph Sanford, Cornelius C. Cuyler and Charles W. Shields.

Dr. Beadle was the eleventh pastor. When he was installed the church was very small. Under his ministry it became one of the largest of the city. Its regular attendance numbering from six to seven hundred. In 1867 the old house and the land on Seventh Street were sold, and the lot was purchased on Twenty-first and Walnut Streets for a new edifice. In 1872 preaching was commenced in this new house. As is

generally the case in these days there was a heavy debt contracted in building this house which greatly troubled Dr. Beadle.

On the first Sabbath in the year 1879, Dr. Beadle preached a powerful sermon in the morning, his subject being "Christ Vindicated," and he said from the pulpit it was the happiest day of his life, because he was able to announce to the congregation that the debt had all been provided for. He was often heard to say that he should consider his life work ended when the debt upon his church was paid. As he was leaving the church after the services on Sunday, Mr. Hazleton, one of his parishoners, came up and wished him a happy new year. "And I wish you a happy new year and many of them," replied the doctor, and I think you will see more of them than I shall.

"I don't know," said Mr. Hazleton, "you seem good for a good many years yet."

"Well," replied Dr. Beadle, "I never felt better mentally or physically, than I do now." He then started with Mr. and Mrs. Pitkins for their house, in De Lancey Place, where he was to dine. He walked vigorously, with his chest thrown out and his coat unbuttoned, not seeming to mind the cold, and he rallied Mr. Pitkins, who had his coat collar turned up about his ears, saying: "Why, Horace, you look all shrivelled up." As they passed the corner of Nineteenth and Spruce Streets a terribly cold blast of wind struck them in the face, and Dr. Beadle threw up his hand and turned around with his back to the wind.

He then took a few steps and stood leaning against the wall. When Mr. Pitkin approached and asked him what was the matter, he replied that he could not breathe. Mr. Pitkin took his arm and supported him to the house. On the way Dr. Beadle said: "It is getting dark." He was placed upon a sofa and a foot-bath applied, and Dr. D. Hayes Agnew, his physician and friend and a member of his church, was summoned and did all that medical skill could suggest for his relief. Dr. Beadle suffered the most excruciating agony in the chest until about five o'clock, when the anodynes which had been given him began to take effect and he became somewhat easier. He gradually sank, but retained consciousness to the last. He spoke but little, however, owing to the great pain which he suffered. He was heard to say: "Oh, Lord, and is this the way?" and afterwards he repeated it, "Oh, Lord, and is this the way?" He was also heard to say several times in a faint voice: "What is it?" "What is it?" He drank an ounce of the essence of beef about half a minute before he died.

Dr. Beadle was not only a thorough theologian but a scientist of a high order. He devoted much time to scientific studies. His specialties were mineralogy and conchology. He was one of the highest authorities in America in this latter science, and owned a large collection of minerals and shells.

Dr. Beadle was one of the trustees of the University of Pennsylvania. He was a member of the Academy of Natural Sciences. He was a man of kind dis-

position, abounding charity and beloved by all who knew him.

The ministerial association of Presbyterian ministers, at their meeting on the morning after Dr. Beadle's death, adopted the following paper, which shows the high estimation in which he was held by his brethren :—

"We deem it fitting to record our sense of the loss which we, in common with his family, his congregation, the city and the church of Christ have sustained in his death.

"Dr. Beadle was a man of accurate scholarship, of broad culture, of wide intellectual sympathies. His love of truth was ardent and his pursuit of truth was incessant and laborious. In science, literature and theology his attainments were large and conspicuous.

"These intellectual possessions and the eminent talents by which they were achieved he joyfully devoted to the promotion of the highest well-being of his fellow-men through the ministry of the gospel of Christ.

"In this sacred calling he was loved and honored in every position he filled and by all the churches to whom he was called to minister. His preaching was able and faithful, and in his labors as a pastor he was untiring. The Head of the Church abundantly blessed his work and gave him many souls.

"We tender respectfully the expression of our sympathy to his stricken family and to the church he served so faithfully and well."

The Presbytery of Philadelphia, the oldest in this

country and of which Dr. Beadle was a member, records not only with profound regret for its own loss, but with tender submission to the will of God, the removal from its roll of the name of the Rev. Elias R. Beadle, D. D., who was suddenly summoned from earth by death this morning at one o'clock. Dr. Beadle was a scholar of great, varied and accurate attainments, an eloquent preacher, a sympathising pastor, a judicious presbyter, a warm friend, a spiritually-minded and earnest Christian. His associates in the Presbytery must always remember him with the warmest love and deepest admiration. To the members of the family, who have suddenly been bereaved of a deeply affectionate husband and father, and to the church, whose historical and important pulpit he occupied for fourteen years, with such ability and success, the Presbytery extends its warmest sympathy, the sympathy of itself a bereaved body in their bereavement. It would especially record the pleasure with which it has understood that in his last public service, which he held yesterday morning, Dr. Beadle was able to announce to his beloved congregation that the full amount for the removal of the debt, which rested on their edifice, had been subscribed, and that the day, therefore, was a "glorious" day, for during its closing hours his soul was approaching the land of glory, into which he entered very soon after the New Year Sabbath, with its record of its last sermon, had carried its account to the judgment bar.

Warned by the suddenness of this visitation, the

members of the Presbytery would lay to heart its lessons, and number their own days. Who next? Let all be consistent, faithful, earnest, laboriously engaged in the Master's work, and richly ready at any hour to enter into his joy.

[Signed]

R. M. PATTERSON.

JOHN DEWITT.

A. NEVIN.

CHAPTER XII.

REV. ROLLIN HEBER NEALE, D. D.,
BAPTIST.

DR. NEALE was born in Southington, Conn., September 13, 1808. He died September 23, 1879. His parents were pious and he received a christian education. He entered the academy of his native town at the age of thirteen years; and about this time he was converted. He began to preach to those that were about him the same night of his conversion. At the age of sixteen he was baptized, having been fully instructed as to the meaning of that ordinance. He fitted for college with Mr. Alden, the pastor of the Congregational church of Southington.

Dr. Neale was so good a man that,

“Even his failings leaned to virtue’s side.”

Perhaps I can say nothing more appropriate of this good man than was said by his brethren, at his funeral.

The Rev. Dr. Crane, Dr. Neale’s successor, made a brief address saying that he had known Dr. Neale

from his childhood, and that he had always known him to love him. He declared that he should never forget the generous manner in which Dr. Neale had welcomed him as his successor. He asked for himself only that he might have the loyal love, the fraternal sympathies of the deceased, qualities which shone pre-eminent in him. He then introduced the Rev. Dr. Hague, Dr. Neale's predecessor in the pastorate of the First Baptist church, who spoke feelingly of the loss the community had sustained in the venerable pastor's death, and of his noble character. That character he would not attempt to analyze, but he would speak briefly of his course of life. Born in Southington, Conn., September 13, 1808, of Christian parents, he was fortunate enough to be in a town in which there was an academy. To this he went when he was thirteen years old, and soon after this came his conversion. He began to preach on the night of his conversion to those of his own age around him. At sixteen years of age he was baptized, understanding fully what it meant, and registering his vow of loyalty to his Eternal King. There young Neale stood a preacher with a New Testament, a positive religion, and that he held to through his life. The pastor of the Congregational church, the Rev. Mr. Alden, took him in hand and fitted him for college. In 1825 he went to New Haven to complete his preparation for college, which he soon entered. Soon after that time, said the speaker, I first saw him. That night we walked and talked together, beginning a friendship

which has never ceased. In 1830 he found his way to Newton. We were at that time co-workers. When he was in college he paid his way by working in the Washington navy yard. When he was at Newton he paid his way by preaching at South Boston. He carved out his own fortune. He went from South Boston to New Haven, and in 1837 I preached his inauguration sermon as pastor of this church and my successor. Who could tell then that his pastorate would be one of forty years? In 1840 I was called back to take charge of the Federal Street church, and to build a new church for it. We were then co-workers. There has never been a time of greater intellectual and moral awakening than in 1841, and in these stirring events Dr. Neale took an active part. Time went on, and with it came changes. Dr. Neale desired to have a new church across the common, but his desire was not gratified. He was pleased, however, with the union which was affected, and his last days were spent in the peaceful contemplation of a work well done. That smile which played on his lips when I first met him in 1826 rested upon him when I bade him good by for the last time. He was a great man, and he was so because as a boy, in the face of opposition, he dared to do what his conscience dictated. He never hesitated to do what was right, rebuking statesmen even when they were wrong, and always standing out boldly for his principles. For him there was no river to cross. He was taken to Christ as he was, and death had no terror for him.

The Rev. Dr. Blagden, formerly of the Old South Church, was the next speaker. He could bear testimony that the deceased never departed from a broad catholicity; that his conduct was ever upright and just to all, and that he won friends from all denominations. He was full of charity, of genial qualities; there was no striking defect in his character, but I could not help but think at times that he was too lenient to those who differed from him, encouraging by his manner what was not fundamentally erroneous, but what might work harm. If it was an error it was on the side of charity. His life was an example of doing small duties to which larger ones follow. In closing the speaker said: I believe that there are poor and ignorant men, my brother, who have been blessed by your now silent lips without your knowledge, yet who shall form a part of the Saviour's crown in the last day.

"The Rev. Dr. Lorrimer of Chicago followed. He said that for ten years Dr. Neale had honored him with his confidence, and he was glad to speak for him now that his lips are closed in death. I do not believe, he said, in annihilation, but I sometimes almost doubt the eternal existence of the wicked, whose lives are so shrivelled up by themselves that we wonder what there is in them worth preserving. But how different is the life of the righteous; growing in grace, slowly ripening, slowly rising into the glory of eternal day. While there is much in the memory of the deceased that has weight, there is more in his

life that requires careful examination and imitation.

He directed Phineas Stowe to the ministry, glory enough for one human life. Many delighted to honor him as a man of thought and study. When his powers failed and his congregation diminished, he resigned his pastorate, but he soon sickened and two years after he breathed his last. His life showed that his spirit was animated by heavenly grace. He was eminently pure and honest; he was unspotted by either thought, word or deed, and he will never be ashamed of his record. He was no man of highly wrought expediency of schemes and plans, but of transparent rectitude in sympathy with God. He commanded respect, confidence and love. What he did he did with charming naturalness. What he said he uttered with charming simplicity. No honest man ever feared him, no dishonest man was ever easy in his presence. He was dignified enough to consort with princes; he was courteous enough to ever attract the poor. His preaching was the putting of truth in a new form. He knew what was in man and talked with such knowledge. He was no agitator; he always sought to perform the useful rather than the romantic, and I believe that as much good may be done by the quiet preacher as by the blustering maniac. Dr. Neale had no love for contention, and within a few months he wrote words which fully expressed that characteristic of his nature. He desired to die the pastor of his church, but he felt that he must resign that place and he made the sacrifice.

The very love he bore his people led him to take this step, but it left a mark upon him which was never effaced. For hours he would sit at home, buried in sad reflections, seeming to feel, "Who cares for the old minister now?" To Dr. Neale his separation from his people meant only death. From the day of his resignation he was slowly dying. Words are inadequate to convey the sorrow I feel. His love for me was that of an old man for a young one; mine to him was that of a young man to an old one; and they were both full of sweetness.

I knew Dr. Neale personally for more than a generation of thirty years. I often preached for him. I met him on many festive occasions, on common school celebrations, in conferences, and in every-day life. Like Dr. Hague and others, I can bear testimony to his courtesy, his urbanity, his social virtues, his fidelity to christian principle, his catholicity, and his excellence as a christian gentleman.

He never pretended to be a learned man. He published but little, one single book, and that a small one. It was not as an author that he served his generation, but as a faithful pastor to his flock, a good man in his family and in the community."

He could be both jovial and dignified. — two characteristics which do not always meet in the same clergyman. I well remember how he delighted our Boston teachers, the city government, and all present, at one of our common school jubilees, by repeating one stanza of an old song, which I used to hear sung in

the country in my boyish days. I had not heard it, nor perhaps thought of it, for fifty years. It was :—

“The schoolmaster rages for the want of more pay,
And vows he will have it or else go away;
Ninety days in the year he goes strutting about;
Four weeks makes a month, leaving Saturdays out.”

The chorus was :—

“And these hard times.”

As this stanza was so suited to the occasion, and called forth such eclat, some one added another of the same song, referring to the clerical profession; and still another, till nearly the whole line of stanzas was produced, closing with the miller's :—

“The miller he'll tell you he'll grind for you toll,
He'll do the work well, as he can for his soul;
You once turn your back, with his dish and his fist,
He'll give you the toll and himself take the grist:
And these hard times.”

One can hardly conceive the thrill of joy which pervaded that vast concourse by the felicitous suggestion of Dr. Neale. He was peculiarly happy on such occasions, always bringing out from his vast storehouse some new thought, or striking some new vein, and thus giving a pleasant turn to the amusement of the assembly. Few clergymen have been able to entertain an audience on such occasions as he could, and yet be always dignified and never lowering the cloth.

Almost a giant in stature, as he was, he possessed the sympathetic heart of a woman, and he often reminded me of the stanza of Lord Littleton in his eulogy on his wife :—

“Even for the kid or lamb that poured it's life
Beneath the bloody knife,
Her gentle tears would fall;
'Tears eloquent for all.”

Dr. Neale was emphatically a peacemaker, and as such eminently a child of God. Wherever he was placed his voice was for peace. If all pastors and church members resembled him in this respect there would be few quarrels. Contention would be left off before it was meddled with, and peace would flow like a river among all christians. Such was his pacific disposition as manifested towards those of other denominations than his own, and I have been informed by his baptist brethren, that this same spirit he ever manifested among them. They looked to him as a great peacemaker, and in this they were never disappointed.

I once heard him relate the following. It was when there was talk of cutting off Dr. Pentacost's church from the Baptist denomination on account of his (Pentacost) and his church, for the stand they had taken upon what was called open communion. Some members of the association thought the time had come when they should be no longer in regular standing with the denomination; and, as the subject had often been up, they were in favor of pressing a summary resolution excising them at once. Dr. Neale said, in referring to the case, "I told Dr. Lorrimer if he would offer a resolution I would second it; and I assigned the following reasons:—this was one of our oldest churches; it has done good service for Christ; brother Pentacost was a good man, though wrong in this particular.—There might be a change in another year, and things might appear in a different light." The resolution was

passed, and resulted in the church's remaining in the denomination. Such ever, and on all occasions, was his desire to make peace.

He fulfilled the command, "be courteous." On all occasions, among his ministerial brethren, in the church and towards those that were without, he was always the urbane, courteous, christian gentleman. It seemed impossible for him to be otherwise, so meek, gentle and full of the fruit of the Spirit was he. In this respect his brethren looked to him for an example and were never disappointed.

He was a Baptist, but not a bigot. He was orthodox, but tolerant. He was zealous, but it was in a good cause and tempered with moderation. He was ever for the truth, but he sought to promote and promulgate it by love and not by hate. His weapons were never carnal. He could and would preach the gospel anywhere and everywhere that a door was opened for him to do it. Hence he went everywhere preaching the word. He spread the mantle of charity wide, and if he ever erred, it was in the exuberant overflowing of his love for all, and striving by means to save some.

Such men as Dr. Neale are rare, and when such an one is removed, though it be "his gain it is our loss." Like David, he served his generation; like John, he "fulfilled his course"; and like "the Master's," his hour had come and God took him.

REV. JACOB IDE, D. D., CONGREGATION-
ALIST.

[BY REV. WILLIAM M. THAYER.]

JACOB IDE was born in Attleboro., Mass, March 29, 1785. His father was a farmer, as Orthodox in his methods of agriculture as he was in believing. The son was very early introduced to the hard toil of the same occupation, and did his part of bearing the family burden well. Possessing much tact and strong physical powers, with decidedly industrious habits, he rather distinguished himself as a boy-farmer. From fifteen to nineteen years of age he worked out for the noble purpose of relieving his father of debt. This act was voluntary on his part; and it shows that his filial qualities were vigorous and commendable. A creditable degree of ambition, also, characterized his youthful career on the farm. He had a strong desire to excel in tilling the soil. He was not willing to be known as the "second best." he wanted to lead. Under the impulse of this honorable enthusiasm he became the champion *mower* of the town. He could drive any man, who ventured a trial, from his swathe. Many excellent stories are told of his prowess in the mowing-field. He had a trial with a young man about his own age, who was somewhat of an expert in this kind of labor. The father of his contestant was leaning against the fence—a very interested spectator. Seeing that his son was losing in

the effort, he became intensely excited, and urged him on with the pride and hope of a father. But he was compelled to accept the mortification of his son's defeat. "Nathan! Nathan!" he cried out, "give me your scythe;" as if the disappointed father could retrieve the honors of the family which the son had lost. But the father was more speedily and ignominiously beaten than his son; and both retired from the field thoroughly convinced that "Jake" was the champion mower of Attleboro.

From boyhood he was very fond of a horse; and horses appeared to be fond of him after an acquaintance was once established. When he was quite young his father was startled one day by looking out of the window and beholding Jacob on the back of his unbroken colt, which was rearing and plunging to throw the rider. Alternately, the frightened animal was standing erect upon his hind-legs and then upon his fore-legs, with his heels high in the air, while the plucky boy kept his position with the coolness of a well trained athlete. The colt continued to rear, kick, and plunge, until he was exhausted, when he yielded to his master, was thoroughly broken, and from that moment could be harnessed and driven with perfect safety. His father, who expected to see the brains of his son dashed out, found, in the end, that a vicious will was knocked out of the colt, and a docile, gentle creature was the result of the operation. His son had conceived the idea of breaking the colt, upon which no attempt of the kind had been made;

and his first step, without consulting his father, was to bridle the animal and mount his back. The father was so well gratified with the outcome of the affair, that, subsequently, he appointed Jacob master of colt breaking.

He was a very fine horseman even in his youth. Frequent exhibitions of his horsemanship were noticed and made the theme of remark. Once his father lost three sheep, which strayed away several miles, and joined a flock of one hundred. On hearing of their whereabouts, Jacob mounted the colt and drove to the big flock on Seekonk Plain, found his three sheep, separated them from the large flock, and drove them home, without alighting from the animal. This love of a horse and knowledge of what constitutes a good one, went with him into manhood. He made no pretensions to knowledge on this subject, and yet his parishioners were not long in finding out that he understood the horse better than any of his people. Often they applied to him for his opinion respecting horses they wished to buy. When he was ninety-four years old, a neighboring clergyman purchased a horse, and called upon the doctor to take him out to ride. He was very much surprised to hear doctor Ide speak of the "fine points" of the noble beast. Within a few years he was heard to say in a vein of pleasantry, and in response to some reference to his life work, I have broken six colts, planted four orchards and fitted forty young men for the ministry.

During these years of hard labor on the farm, he

never lost his desire for an education. He was an excellent scholar, and improved his opportunities from sincere love of study. His conversion to Christ at sixteen years of age, served to solidify his love of learning, and give it direction towards the ministry. He aspired to a collegiate education, and whether he should enjoy it or not, the following feat decided. On the morning of commencement at Brown University, Providence, R. I., when he was nineteen years of age, he arose very early, cut two acres of stocks, walked several miles to attend commencement exercises, and returned before the day was wholly passed. Between that commencement and the next one he fitted for college, and within one year from the time he cut the stocks and walked the seven miles, he was a member of Brown University. At once he took rank with the best scholars of his class and soon outstripped them. His mind was discriminating and active, never cowering before the hardest problem or most difficult lesson. Industry, application and marked natural ability won for him an enviable name in college. He studied as he mowed grass and cut stocks, with a will, putting into it the whole force of his character. He was the *valedictorian* of his class. And here should be recorded a fact that illustrates his independence of character as well as his conscientiousness. It was the custom for the valedictorian to furnish intoxicating liquors at the class supper. He refused to furnish the liquors, but provided other articles at equal expense, affirming that his conscience

would not allow him to supply intoxicants. Part of the class were very much incensed, so much so, that, when the valedictorian addressed them at commencement, they refused to rise, according to custom, and kept their seats. Young Ide was equal to the occasion, however, and this impromptu remark startled both the faculty and assembly, at the same time that it rebuked his wine-loving classmates, "A wise man may get angry, but anger resteth in the bosom of fools," We doubt if another such example of independence and fidelity to duty can be found in the early records of the temperance reform. Indeed, that occurred before the temperance reform began. It was seventy years ago, that Jacob Ide thus took his stand, under the most trying circumstances, against a time-honored but perilous custom. The incident brings forth to the recorder's view an element of character that distinguished the subject of this paper through his long and useful life.

Immediately after he left Brown University he entered Andover Theological Seminary, in the second class that the institution received. In the theological seminary, as in college, he stood at the head of his class, and was valedictorian. A merchant from Boston was present at the Commencement exercises, and he was so deeply impressed by Ide's address, that he requested a copy of it for a keepsake, as "it did not contain a metaphor or figure of speech."

For a brief period he preached in Portsmouth, N. H., where his health failed him, and he was compelled

to withdraw from the ministry for a short period. A few month's rest, however, so far restored him, that he accepted a call, and was ordained over the Congregational Church in West Medway, Mass., in Nov. 1814.

April 13, 1815, he married Mary Emmons, of Franklin, Mass., daughter of Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D. Eleven children were born to them, eight sons and three daughters. Two sons only, of all the children, survive the father, Rev. Jacob Ide, Jr., of Mansfield, Mass., and Rev. Alexis W. Ide, who left his people at Stafford Springs, Ct., twelve years ago, and on the death of his only remaining sister, decided to reside with care for his parents as long as they lived. The eldest son died of cholera when about twenty-five years old, in Boston, where he was located in business. The youngest son was killed in the late war of the rebellion. One daughter married Rev. Charles Torrey, who became a famous abolitionist and died in Baltimore jail, where he was incarcerated for helping slaves to their liberty.

In the ministry he won a wide reputation for ability and devotion to his work. Both as pastor and preacher he attracted the people of his charge and secured their implicit confidence for his life-time. More than fifty years he ministered to this one people before he had a colleague. Over sixty-five years he was pastor of the church—the only church over which he was ever settled. From the time of his ordination to the present day, he shared the love and confidence

of his people, while harmony prevailed among them through all these years.

He early won a strong position among theologians and received the degree of D. D., from Brown University, in 18—. For many years he prepared young men for the ministry. Forty-three were thus trained by him personally for the sacred office.

Dr. Ide possessed certain elements of character that were noticeable. We have referred to one of them, viz. :

Decision or independence, always the outgrowth of pious conviction. Soon after he entered the ministry the anti-slavery and temperance causes came to the front and great excitement prevailed. Good men espoused these causes at imminent risk of reputation and position. Ministers did their duty often when their peace, salaries, and pastorates were hazarded. But Rev. Jacob Ide never allowed himself to be influenced by worldly considerations. He flung himself into the breach, and his pulpit dealt faithful blows upon these evils. Slavery found no mercy at his hands. As the conflict waxed hot, his faith in its overthrow grew stronger, and his assaults upon it were more vigorous. Even when, further on in the battle, his own son-in-law was dying in the Baltimore jail, to satiate the implacable rage of slave holders, he did not modify his hostility to the crime, but rather increased his opposition thereto.

So with his hostility to *Intemperance*. When he was ordained, nearly everybody used intoxicating

drinks. They were freely offered to ministers whenever they called among their people. Refusal to take them was construed into an affront. Mr. Ide feared that he should be a drunkard like a good many of his townsmen, if he continued to drink whenever he made calls. He decided to adopt total abstinence at once, went into his pulpit on three successive Sabbath mornings and preached upon the subject, in the same spirit that John Knox defended the truth of God. Some of his hearers were outraged; others were sorry; all stared and wondered, and afterwards talked pro and con, and waited for an explosion.

But their pastor was neither scared nor troubled; and he carried the question triumphantly, making his church and congregation famous, within a few years, for their espousal of the anti-slavery and temperance causes. It is believed that the three sabbath morning sermons upon Total Abstinence alluded to, were the first ever preached in our country. It was more than ten years before total abstinence societies were organized, and eight years before Dr. Lyman Beecher preached his six famous sermons on temperance. Be that as it may, we discover in the exciting scenes of that day, the same decision that characterized him when he conquered in the hayfield, and when he rebuked his classmates before a commencement audience for cowardly declining to stand up with him against the drink-customs.

In this connection his remarkable *amiability* deserves mention. It is not often that a person is very

amiable and very decided at the same time. But in Dr. Ide the union of the two was perfect. He had an established reputation for amiability among his people and elsewhere. No one could tell whether he was more amiable than he was independent or more independent than he was amiable.

His *patience* was proverbial. One has said of him, "he studied self-control as much as he did theology." So he reduced to practice the Savior's counsel; "In your patience possess ye your souls." Not only did he possess his soul in patience, but patience itself possessed his soul. It reigned queen of that domain. A friend could say to him as the angel said to the church of Thyatira, "I know thy patience and thy works." Whoever saw him petulant or testy? What vexed question or trouble ever ruffled his calm deliberation? His public and private life was an illustration of the text, "But let patience have her perfect work, that ye may be perfect and entire, wanting nothing." Once he received a direct insult, and a friend inquired; "Will you not resent it?" He replied; "Do you think I shall do what will injure myself?"

His *prudence* was the hand-maid to his patience.

He performed duty without rashness. He was careful to do what was best for the individual or the cause. To be independent and prudent required nearly as much skill as it did to be independent and amiable; but he accomplished the feat without seeming difficulty. The constant and beautiful

harmony that characterized his parish is proof of his skill in this direction.

Common sense was another quality that distinguished him. What many people call "sound judgment" or "practical good sense," was prominent in his character. He never spoiled a sermon by introducing an unwise or foolish remark. His conversation was adapted to his profession, as were all his acts. He recognized the fitness of things, and never forgot that he was a minister of the gospel. So he never slopped over. In the pulpit or out, everybody expected to hear only words of wisdom, and weight from him, and to witness acts corresponding.

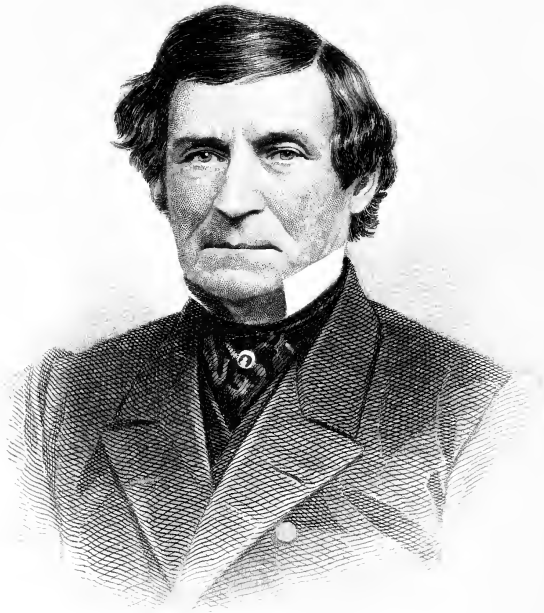
His *charity* was unpretentious, yet forcible. He exercised it towards all men, saints and sinners. The erring understood that he would feel for them to the full extent of fidelity and truth and God. He once remarked "He who understands the power of human passions will be charitable toward the tempted." This generally appeared in every relation. Few men ever lived who treated the idiosyncracies of their fellows with so great consideration. He allowed a wide margin for individuality in action, style, thought and expression. In I Cor., xiii; 4—7, there is a complete description of the man in this regard. "Charity suffereth long and is kind; charity envieth not; charity vaunteth not itself, is not puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity, but rejoiceth in the truth; beareth all

things, believeth all things, endureth all things.

Dr. Ide possessed a reserved power of *wit*, known only to his familiar friends. One would scarcely look for this quality among such staid and grave attributes as those considered. Nevertheless it was there. He seldom used it, and did not believe in using it very much. At times, however, he called it into requisition when, as another said, "it was as effective as nitro-glycerine."

We have spoken of Dr. Ide's eminent talents. It remains only to be said that his mind was logical to a fault. A man who can write a commencement address without a "metaphor or figure of speech," must be intensely logical. We can scarcely summon such a person in imagination without thinking of all that is solid, grave and ponderous. Nevertheless Dr. Ide was really practical also. A man of sound common sense is always practical. His common sense is what makes him practical. The logic that leads to practice is the best kind of logic; and the practice that rests on sound logic is the best kind of practice. And such was Dr. Ide's logical mind and practical life.

Few public men have furnished so rare a dish of "table talk" as Dr. Ide. Many of his wisest and best remarks were dropped around the festive board or in familiar conversation with friends. It was here that he sometimes allowed wit to lend its sparkle to friendly intercourse and enliven themes of discussion that otherwise would have been dry and heavy. His superior good sense appeared to advantage in such



G. Clark.

circumstances as these. There are many of the educated class as well as of the common people, who now cherish examples of his wise sayings, uttered in familiar intercourse, when the dignity of study and reflection were laid aside.

He died on Monday, January 5, 1880, at the advanced age of ninety-four years, nine months and six days.

REV. DORUS CLARKE. D. D., CONGREGATIONALIST.

THE REV. DORUS CLARKE was born in Westhampton, Mass., Jan. 2, 1797. His parents were Jonathan Clarke, Jr. and Jemima [Kingsley] Lyman Jr., and his grandparents, on his father's side, were Jonathan Clarke, Jr., of Northampton, Mass., and Sarah Strong, of Coventry, Conn. His earliest American ancestors, on the paternal side, were Lieut. William Clarke, and Mary Strong, daughter of that famous Puritan, Elder John Strong, all of Northampton. His earliest American ancestors, on his mother's side, were Richard Lyman and Sarah Osborne, who emigrated to this country in 1631, and became members of the First Church in Hartford, Conn., under the pastoral care of the Rev. Thomas Hooker.

The Rev. Benjamin W. Dwight, in his "History of the Descendants of Elder John Strong, of North-

ampton," says: "The descendants of Jonathan Clarke and Sarah Strong represent more lives of Strong descent than any other of elder John Strong's descendants, so far as I have observed."

1. They are descended twice from *Mary* Strong, wife of deacon John Clarke, of Northampton; through Nathaniel Clarke, their son, and Mary Clarke, their daughter, (wife of Benjamin Edwards,) whose daughter, Thankful Edwards, married Jonathan Clarke, son of Nathaniel. 2. They are also descended from *Elizabeth* Strong, sister of Mary, above, wife of Joseph Parsons, Esq., of Northampton, whose daughter, Jemima Parsons, married Samuel Kingsley, Jr. 3. and 4. They are likewise the descendants of Jeddediah and Thomas, (brother of Mary and Elizabeth,) through Aaron Strong, (son of Preserved, who was son of Jeddediah,) and Rachel Strong, daughter of justice Joseph Strong, son of Thomas.

It will be seen by this geneological statement that the subject of this sketch is a Puritan of the Puritans. He has always gloried in his ancestry, and in the soundness of their theological principles. Edward Burke said that "the Puritanism of New England is the Protestantism of the Protestant religion," and Dr. Clarke has long been known as an unwavering, zealous defender and advocate of the religious views of his ancestors. He holds, that no other system of religious faith can ever transform the fourteen hundred millions of human beings who now inhabit the earth, or their descendants, into the life and likeness of God,

and prepare them for the enjoyment of a holy heaven.

Dr. Clarke was graduated at Williams College in 1817, and at the Theological Seminary, Andover, in 1820. He then spent some time with that excellent evangelist, the Rev. Dr. Asahel Nettleton, to learn his method of conducting revivals of religion, and with the Rev. Dr. Griffin, then president of Williams College, to prepare himself more thoroughly for the duties of a parish minister. February 5, 1823, he was ordained pastor of the Congregational church in Blandford, Mass., where he remained twelve years, and his labors were blessed by two remarkable outpourings of the Holy Spirit. He was then called to be the first pastor of an infant church in Springfield, Mass., (Chicopee Falls.) where he continued six years. Indifferent health, at length induced him to resign his pastorate and he became joint proprietor and editor of the *New England Puritan*, of Boston, of which he was one of the projectors. When he was at Blandford, he published by request, a discourse on "The true foundation of christian hope," which he delivered at the ordination of his brother, the Rev. Tertius S. Clarke, over the church and society in South Deerfield, Mass. At Springfield, in 1836, he published a volume of eight "lectures to young people," adapted more particularly to those in manufacturing towns, with an introduction by the Rev. Amos Blanchard, D. D., of Lowell, Mass. Two editions of these lectures were published, one in Boston and the other in New York. In 1838, he published over

the signature "Clericus Hampdenensis," four letters to the Hon. Horace Mann, secretary of the Board of Education, upon the proper relations of that Board, then recently formed, to the cause of religion in this commonwealth.

In 1839, he published a "Sermon upon the death of William L. Wyman, of Brookline, Vt." who was drowned in the Chicopee river. After five years of editorial labor upon "The New England Puritan," he sold out his interest in that paper and became the editor and proprietor of "The Christian Alliance and Family Visitor," and afterwards of "The Christian Times," and at a later period still he was the Boston editor of "The Christian Parlor Magazine," and "Merry's Museum," published in New York. In 1864, he published an octavo volume of two hundred and thirty-five pages, entitled "Fugitives from the Escritoire of a Retired Editor;" consisting of articles some of which had never been before the public, and others which had already appeared in reviews or in pamphlet form. In 1866, as chairman of a committee appointed for the purpose, he compiled and edited a volume of eighty-five pages, entitled "A Memorial of the Reunion of the Natives of Westhampton, Mass." In 1869, his "Oneness of the Christian Church," a volume of one hundred and five pages, made its appearance, and it has passed through two editions. In 1871, his work, entitled "Orthodox Congregationalism and the Sects," a volume of one hundred and seventy pages, was published, In 1872, he published in

several numbers of "The Vermont Chronicle" a "Review of the Oberlin Council," over the signature, "A New England Congregationalist." In 1874, he published a volume on "The Revision of the English Version of the Bible," which was adopted and issued by "The American Tract Society, Boston." In 1875, "The Life and Writings of P. F. G. Guizot"—an article which he had read before the New England Historic Genealogical Society,—in the course of his duty as the historiographer of that institution—was given to the public. In the course of a service of seven years in that capacity, Dr. Clarke prepared and read no less than *one hundred and twenty-seven* memoirs of the deceased members of that society—many of which, like that of Dean Mansel of England and Guizot of France, were of a highly elaborate character, and most of which were published in "The New England Historical and Genealogical Register." In 1875, he also wrote a "Memoir of the Rev. James Browning Miles, D.D., Corresponding Secretary of 'The American Peace Society,'" which was published in the "Advocate of Peace." In 1876, he published in the Boston Transcript over the signature of "Justice," a trenchant review of the "Advisory Council," then recently held in Brooklyn, N. Y., in the famous Beecher trial. In 1877, he read an article which must have cost him a great amount of research, on the thesis,—“What is the True Idea of the Tri-Unity of God?” before the minister's meeting in Pilgrim Hall, Congregational House, Boston, which was published by request of that

body. In 1878, Dr. Clarke delivered an address on "Saying the Catechism seventy-five years ago, and the Historical Results," which was published and widely circulated and favorably noticed by some two hundred newspapers of the country; and in 1879, he delivered "A Centennial Discourse in Westhampton, Mass., on the One Hundredth Anniversary of the Formation of the Church in that town." These facts show that his facile pen has been actively employed upon a wide variety of subjects, and upon topics of the profoundest interest.

His style is remarkable for its terseness, purity, and force. Nobody can misapprehend his meaning. His ideas have been said to "lie, with transparent clearness, on the top of the paper." As he has endeavored to act under the most conscientious convictions of duty, the presumption is, that he has probably written—

"No line which, dying, he would wish to blot."

Though Dr. Clarke is now in the eighty-fourth year of his age, his step is elastic, his mind is vigorous and his memory retentive; and with his habitual close observance of the laws of health, he gives evidence that several years more may be added to his active and useful life.

CHAPTER XIII.

REV. WILLIAM HAGUE, D. D., BAPTIST.

[SELECTED FROM THE MEMORIAL OF HIS LATE CHARGE
IN BOSTON, BY DR. HAGUE'S PERMISSION.]

REV. WILLIAM HAGUE, D. D., was born January 4, 1808. The family resided at Pelham, N. Y., until the death of his grandfather, when they removed to New York; and though they found a home in Spring Street, yet Sabbath morning found them in the Oliver Street Baptist Church, where, up to the time that William entered college, the family listened to the excellent ministrations of Rev. John Williams, father of Rev. William R. Williams, D. D., so well known wherever English Literature is honored, and pulpit eloquence is admired.

At five years of age William was placed at a boarding-school in New Canaan, Conn., where he had for a teacher the mother of Rev. Dr. Richards, president of the Theological Seminary at Auburn. He fitted for Columbia College, but was induced to accompany some young companions to Hamilton College, Clinton. Oneida County, N. Y., which he entered the third term of the Sophomore year in 1824.

His second birth occurred in the year intervening between the academy and the college. He had listened to a sermon preached by Rev. Dr. Elting from the text, "If I had not come and spoken to them, they had not had sin." As he went out of church, the truth flashed into his mind, "*This salvation is either all or nothing.*" He sought no conversation, but went to his room, saying "This coming to Christ is somewhat mystical. How can it be made a practical thing?" On opening his New Testament, his eye fell upon the story of the leper, and there he found the lamp which lighted his feet to the cross. Having found Jesus, he at once confessed his name, but did not profess the faith for many months. His father, though a superintendent of the Sabbath-school, and at times a lay preacher, never joined the church. The reason for this it is difficult to give. The time never came, or he never accepted the opportunity. Shortly after his conversion William accompanied his father to England, and spent two months with his grandfather, Rev. William Hague, after whom he was named, then residing in Scarborough, Yorkshire.

On his return he entered college, as before stated, nearly two years in advance. He joined at once the Theological Society, and spent a year in investigating the church question. An impulse in this direction quickened his zeal in the study of Greek, so that for the junior year he had the Greek oration, and for the senior the Greek essay, and won in the college the appellation of "*The Little Greek.*" He was bap-

tized by Spencer H. Cone, D. D., in June, 1825, into the fellowship of the Oliver Street Baptist Church, New York.

His introduction to the ministry was as unpretentious as it was providential. He was making a pedestrian tour through western New York during his senior year in college, and while journeying from Rome to Florence, stopped at a clearing in the midst of a ten-mile wood to obtain refreshment. The occupant of the cabin proved to be a christian woman, who, upon seeing some tracts in his hat, asked him, "Are you a minister?" He replied, "I am not." "A christian?" He explained that he was a student at Hamilton College, and that he loved Christ. "You are minister enough for us; stay, and I will send for the men, and we will have a season of prayer, for," said she, with a knowing twinkle of the eye, and in a manner that showed her determination, "prayer and provender hinder no man." He complied with her request as best he could. Under the shadow of this christian act he walked on to Florence, where on the following day he was to preach his first sermon. He stopped with Roger Maddock, an old family friend, and found that a deep religious interest was pervading the place. The people gathered on the Sabbath in an unfinished building, and he went with them to worship God. His surprise can be imagined, when the preacher announced, without consultation, that his young friend would preach in the afternoon. The embarrassment of the occasion was surmounted, and

he preached from John xiv. 23, "If a man love me, he will keep my words." That event decided his destiny.

His previous desire, and the aim of his life, as he has since remarked, was to study law, and to distinguish himself at the bar. He had been urged by Hon. Daniel L. Barnes to teach an academy at a salary of \$1,000 per annum—a much larger sum than could be realized by preaching; and he was hesitating as to duty when the door thus opened before him, and he commenced his life-work.

Accordingly, he studied at Princeton a year, and then entered Newton in 1828, and graduated in the regular course. Being sent on a supply to Salem, while at Newton, he was welcomed to the ever hospitable home of John Moriarty, Esq., for twenty years cashier of the Salem bank, and Treasurer of the Translation Society, where he met for the first time his daughter, Miss Mary Bowditch Moriarty, who in October, 1831, became his wife, and has been the life-long partner of his joys and triumphs.

Having graduated from Newton, he received a call from the First church, Providence, but declined it in favor of the church in Utica, N. Y., which he had frequently visited, and for which he had formed an ardent attachment in his college days. He was ordained to the work of the ministry when but twenty-one years of age; and Rev. B. T. Welch, D. D., his predecessor at Albany, preached the sermon.

By the end of the first year his throat was affected,

and, having lost his voice, he resigned his pastorate with a view of accepting the Professorship of Languages in Georgetown College, Ky. On arriving at the college, a coincidence of two things occurred, which changed the plan of his life, and retained him in the pulpit. His throat was healed, and he received an invitation to visit the First Baptist church in Boston. He accepted the call, and was installed in January, 1831, Rev. Dr. Francis Wayland preaching the sermon.

His ministry at the First church was an unbroken success of seven years' duration. He was at the time but twenty-three years of age. He preached without notes, and his social and pulpit power told with great effect, reviving in the memory of the aged the best days of Stillman, and filling the deserted seats with earnest worshippers. Hon. J. M. S. Williams was then a noisy boy in the Sabbath-school, in days when the rod was freely used, and moral suasion was little understood. The young pastor heard of the troublesome lad, went to him with friendly counsel, reached his heart, stimulated within him a desire for a higher life, and led him to Christ. What was true of him, was equally true of many others. A similar work was awaiting him at Providence, whither he went in 1837, at the urgent solicitation of Dr. Wayland and the First Baptist church. There he began to write sermons. Circumstances compelled him to exert his powers to the utmost to meet the demands of the hour. Never was a man more sought for abroad,

never was one more popular at home. Those who had found an attraction elsewhere returned, and were brought through his instrumentality into the baptist fold. He there felt the need of a colleague. He found it impossible, as did Chalmers in Glasgow, to unite the labor of preparation for the pulpit with the labor of household visitation in the parish. At this time he visited Europe, and came in contact with the culture and discipline that put a still keener edge upon the Damascus blade which he has wielded with such effect in the warfare ever raging between the hosts of error and the friends of truth. While at Providence, he delivered the second centennial address, which has passed as an authority into the marginal references of the standard histories in Germany.

The church in Federal Street, Boston, called him in 1840 to go with them, and help build Rowe Street, stating in their letter that if he declined, they should feel it their duty to disband. He felt that he must heed their request, though he feared the result of returning to a city which he had left with profound regret, and of coming so near a church which he had served with such delight. The blessing of the Lord attended him. Rowe Street Baptist Church was built, and after nearly seven years of labor, he accepted a call to the church in Jamaica Plain, Mass. After two years, he was invited by thirty-nine persons convened in a parlor in Newark, N. J., to watch over, instruct, and lead them. He went, and soon the Kinney Street Church was built and crowded, and the foundations

of their mission work laid, which even now excites the admiration of every beholder.

The health of Dr. Hague's family made a change imperative. Accordingly, in 1852 he accepted the call of the Pearl Street church, Albany, N. Y. Albany was his home. The pastor and people were adapted to work together. The Pearl Street Baptist Church had wealth, culture, position, and best of all, piety. Dr. Hague loved them, and was loved by them. He was the shepherd, and the flock heard his voice. He inaugurated the system of placing upon the altar each Sabbath morning an offering for missions. The result was, the church raised large sums, and developed new power. Out of that effort grew those chapels which paved the way for flourishing churches, and which enabled them to dispense their benefactions with so lavish a hand. Again, it was apparent that he desired not to live for himself. He embraced the wants of the city in his calculations, and at once set about meeting them as best he could. Here was preached a series of sermons to crowded houses, which, under the title of "Home Life," were gathered into a volume, and dedicated to the memory of a noble son, "who, on the 31st of October, 1854, at the age of twenty years and three months, was called away from the scenes of earth to his home in heaven."

In 1855 he gave to the world another volume, entitled "Christianity and Statesmanship," which contains, among other able papers, his theory of christi-

anity and pauperism, christianity and liberal giving, christian union, and christianity and slavery. To the discussion of each theme he has brought the results of thorough research and diligent study, which condenses into a single paper material sufficient for a volume, and makes the treatment of the subject a landmark in literature. His "Christianity and Slavery" is a review and much more, of the book entitled "Fuller and Wayland on Slavery," and an outline of what he conceived to be the true view to be taken of that absorbing subject. It is sufficient praise to say of it, that, now that slavery is overthrown and its funeral dirge sung, there is not a word that needs to be altered, not a sentiment that his warmest friend would be glad to see suppressed. As we said at the outset, he is by nature as by position a watchman. This volume shows it. His "Christianity and Statesmanship" is the unfolding of the rise and progress of this conflict between Christianity and the statesmanship of the world, which sets itself in array against that divinely anointed King, in whom their hopes are centred, and against whom it contends in vain. Let us remember that shortly after the Fugitive Slave Law had passed, when Sumner lay bleeding on the floor of the Senate, this watchman never neglected to give his cry of warning, saying, "Our national destiny turns on the question whether American Christians shall or shall not be faithful to God and humanity, in using aright this gift of freedom." On this rock he planted himself at the outset, and deserves the

credit of *being* an abolitionist before the war.

His utter fearlessness is an element of his strength. In his early manhood he took a prominent part in the most exciting discussions at our national anniversaries, and the oldest and most experienced leaders felt that he was an opponent hard to be beaten.

He has always been an independent thinker, refusing to follow the popular current when his own judgment and conscience could not go with it. He had courage to stand alone, and firmness to defend an unpopular cause. He preferred right to success, and patiently waited for the turn of the tide when it set against him. On several memorable occasions he differed from the great majority of the denomination ; but, while bowing to their decision, he swerved not from his own convictions, nor feared to advocate them against overwhelming numbers.

He stood with the few who were reluctant to abandon the American Bible Society. When others were swept away in the Knapp excitement, he was firm and resolute. Even in the intense enthusiasm which greeted the birth of the Missionary Union, he was calm and self-poised, criticising elements in the organization which he thought alien to the spirit and methods of Baptist churches.

Dr. Hague appears to great advantage on the platform, and has, perhaps, no superior in the denomination as a speaker on public occasions. His large knowledge of men ; his familiarity with social movements and the causes which control them ; his fertility

of thought and illustration ; his quick perception and ready repartee ; his command of language, which never fails to put the right word in the right place ; and his earnest manner, in which eye, and face, and hand, and body, all perform their part,—make him master of any assembly.

These characteristics made his friends in New York anxious to secure his aid in an enterprise which seemed essential to the prosperity of the cause of Christ. He left Albany debilitated by dyspepsia, suffering from the loss of his son, but firm in heart and resolute in purpose. Through his instrumentality the meeting-house of the Madison Avenue Baptist Church was built. The war came on, and financial disaster threatened to carry the house out of the hands of the denomination. To save it, the Oliver Street Baptist Church were invited to unite with the Madison Avenue Baptist Church. The property was saved, and Dr. Hague was suffered to retire. From New York he came to the Charles Street Baptist Church, and for the third time became a pastor in Boston. There he remained nearly three years, until April, 1865, when he accepted the call of the Shawmut Avenue Baptist Church, succeeding the Rev. J. W. Parker, D. D. Review the work achieved by this one man, in Newark, Albany, and in Boston, to say nothing of Providence and New York, and you behold results sufficient in each place to make a monument worthy of the exertions of a life-time.

REV. THOMAS WILLIAMS, CONGREGA-
TIONALIST.

REV. THOMAS WILLIAMS was born in Pomfret, Conn., in 1779, Nov. 5. He was the son of Joseph and Lucy Williams. He entered Williams College in 1795, but went to New Haven in 1798, and graduated at Yale College in 1800. He studied theology with Dr. Emmons six weeks in 1804. He taught in Beverly, Mass., Woodstock and Norwich, Conn., and in Boston in 1800-3. In May 16, 1804, he was ordained as an evangelist at Killingly, Conn. He was appointed as Home Missionary in New York in 1803-5. He preached in Branford, Conn., in 1806 from May to September. He was acting pastor of Pacific Church, Providence, R. I., 1807, Jan., to 1816, April. He was installed at Foxborough, Mass., 1816, Nov. 6; dismissed 1821, November, but previously had become again acting pastor of his former charge in Providence 1821, July, to 1823, August. Installed at Attleborough, Mass., in 1824, Sept. 29; dismissed (by mutual consent, without council) in 1827, Dec. 11, and became acting pastor of a Union church in Hebronville, same town, and remained till April, 1830. He held missionary service in Providence and vicinity, 1830-34. He was acting pastor in Barrington, R. I., 1835, May, to March 1838. He was without a charge in Providence in the autumn of 1838, but labored widely as opportunity offered. He had not less than 2,200 preaching services, from

April 1840, to November, 1868. Resided in Hartford, Conn., 1839-40, and East Greenwich, R. I., 1840-3, returning in September to Providence, and there continued till his death. In 1814 Brown University conferred upon him the honorary degree of A. M. He published many sermons on important subjects; in Hartford in 1810, "A Discourse on National Thanksgiving for Peace"; in 1816 in Providence, "Ordination Sermon of Rev. Emerson Paine, in Middleboro', Mass., Feb. 14." In 1817, May 15th, A discourse at a public meeting of the signers in the North Parish, Wrentham. In 1823, Jan. 1st, "A Sermon at the dedication of the meeting-house in Foxboro'." In 1823, March 2nd, "in the Pacific Congregational meeting house, a sermon on Lord's Day, (Psalmody); an explicit avowal of Nothingarianism;" and a great many other books, sermons, and memoirs.

Mr. Williams married, May 20, 1812, Ruth, the daughter of Isaac and Ruth (Jewett) Hale, of Newbury, Mass. She died at Providence, R. I., March 7, 1867. They had seven children. Mr. Williams died of old age September 29, 1876, aged ninety-six years, ten months and twenty-four days. Since the death of Timothy Bishop, of New Haven, 1873, March 6, he had been the senior surviving graduate of Yale College, and he was the last living graduate of an American college in the eighteenth century.

Thomas Williams was a very remarkable man in many respects. While at Yale college he injured his

health studying Enfield's Astronomy. All of a sudden he jumped upon the table and said to his roommate, "I am the centre revolve, revolve." His roommate was frightened and went for President Dwight. As soon as the president appeared at his door, Williams said, "Dr. Dwight, I am the centre revolve, revolve," and as the doctor did not start on his revolution, Williams seized him with a view to make him revolve, and from that time, till his death at the age of ninety-six years, he was subject to partial derangement every spring. When Mr. Williams was not too much excited he preached better than at any other time. While I was at college he used to come every few months and preach in the old Richmond Street Congregational Church in Providence, where he was once its pastor. All the students used to attend and the house was always filled. His favorite theme was, "the universalagency of God"; and when he preached on this subject the whole audience would be in tears. He had a keen mind and a ready wit.

Fifty years ago much was said among the ministers about the *taste* and *exercise* schemes. I recollect one occasion of a council examining a candidate for ordination when at least half an hour was spent in perplexing the candidate with questions upon these subjects. At length Mr. Williams settled the matter by asking the following question: "Did you ever know a man have repentance without *exercising* it?"

Mr. Williams never liked Prof. Stuart of Andover. Their minds were too nearly alike. Mr. Stuart

preached the annual election sermon in the Old South Church from the text: "If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God and it shall be given him." Going out of the church, I said to Mr. Williams: "What do you think of that sermon?" He quickly replied, "he made it evident enough that *one* man lacks wisdom."

About the time of the separation of the Orthodox from the Unitarians, they had several meetings, in which they discussed the subject of creeds. Mr. Williams, at one of these meetings held in the "Old South Church," took the side of the Unitarians and spoke against creeds. He was in the habit of carrying a large black cane. He arose, with the cane under his arm. He first began to move his hand, and, as he grew animated to swing his cane. His speech was a powerful one and pleased the Unitarians much. In the midst of it Rev. Mr. Goodwin, then settled in Sandwich, a Unitarian clergyman of more than ordinary ability, said to me "Who is that?" I replied, "that is the Rev. Thomas Williams, a kind of connecting link between angels and men." "I believe it," said Mr. Goodwin, "and that speech was from the angelic part of him."

In 1844 I supplied the pulpit of the Pilgrimage Church a few weeks. They then had two Orthodox churches in Plymouth. I stopped with Dr. Timothy Gordon, one of the deacons of the Pilgrimage Church. Mrs. Gordon said to me one day, "don't you think they have got old crazy Williams preaching to that other church." I said, "Mrs. Gordon, did you ever

see Mr. Williams?" She replied, "no; nor I don't want to." I said, "I should like to invite him here to tea some afternoon with your leave." She said, "you may if you wish to." I invited him and he came and spent the afternoon. After he left I said, "Mrs. Gordon, what do you think of Mr. Williams now?" She said, "I never got half so much information from any man in the same length of time before."

Mr. Williams preached for me a Sabbath in Stoughton in 1845. In the morning he preached an excellent sermon. Everybody was delighted with it. In the afternoon he branched off on the peculiarities and heterodoxy of the Boston ministers. He wandered considerably in his harangue and preached two hours.

It was reported that while he was in Foxboro, the town got in such a quarrel that they could do no business at the town meeting. Some one proposed that they send for Mr. Williams to offer prayer. He came, ascended the pulpit and repeated the Lord's prayer. Some one said, "Mr. Williams, why didn't you offer a longer prayer?" "Surely," said Mr. Williams, "no one could pray to suit such a motley crowd, and no one ought to object to the Lord's prayer."

After my pastorate ceased in Quincy, I supplied the pulpit in East Randolph, now Holbrook. At one time Mr. Williams had preached a previous Sabbath. I stopped with Mr. French near the church. Mrs. French was a careful, neat housekeeper, and, as is often the case in the country, had two sets of curtains to the windows in her front chamber. She said, "I

sent Mr. Williams up there last Saturday, and when I went up afterwards, I found he had pulled down every curtain from the windows, and they laid upon the floor, but that was not all," said she, "for he gave me a smart scolding for putting them up." He said, "People did not live out half their days because they darkened their rooms by shutting out the blessed light of Heaven."

The Rev. Dr. Emmons of Franklin and Rev. Mr. Williams were always on good terms. Their religious sentiments were similar. It was agreed between them that if one of them died the survivor should preach his funeral sermon. Dr. Emmons died first. Mr. Williams had prepared the sermon before his decease, and everybody has heard of the expression of Mr. Williams when Dr. Emmons objected to some commendation which it contained of him, when Mr. Williams read it to him before his decease. "That is too much," said Dr. Emmons. "Stop," said Mr. Williams, "you have nothing to say, remember you are dead." No man ever doubted Mr. Williams' piety.

REV. GEORGE PUNCHARD, CONGREGA-
TIONALIST.

[BY HIS PASTOR, REV. F. A. WARFIELD.]

REV. GEORGE PUNCHARD was born in Salem, Mass., in June 7, 1806, where for generations the name had been held in great honor. The man of that name

who first came to Salem was a Huguenot, probably from the Channel Islands, where, about 1660, a company of persons came to Salem.

Some of the blood of those steadfast disciples probably flowed in his veins. He was the youngest of a family of eleven children, six of whom had died previous to his birth.

Mr. Punchard entered Dartmouth College at the age of sixteen, there being but two younger members in the class. His first year in college was saddened by the death of a sister, who married a clergyman, Rev. Paul Jewett, whose children were the only blood relations Mr. Punchard had living at the time of his death; and a few months later, by the death of his only brother at the age of nineteen years. None of these things turned his attention specially to religious subjects. As a worldly man Mr. Punchard, so one of his classmates tells me, was quite unlike him whom we have known. He was a lover of ease, not very studious, and particularly jovial. During his first year at Hanover, he roomed with a most profane man, though he himself was never known to descend to the same evil habit. As he neared the end of his college course, grave apprehensions were entertained by his Salem friends lest his life should tend towards evil very strongly. No revival had been experienced during his stay in college. In February, 1826, the year when he was to graduate, the day appointed for prayer for colleges had come around. A union meeting was being held in the ves-

try of the old Tabernacle church in Salem, where Mr. Punchard was a deacon. During that service, Deacon John Punchard arose and read a letter from President Tyler, of Dartmouth College, addressed to himself, which sought to enlist the prayers of those in Salem in behalf of the unconverted students in the college, urging it because for a long time no class had graduated without passing through one or more revivals of religion; but the class soon to graduate had never shared in such a blessing within the college walls. After the letter had been read, Dr. Cornelius called upon Deacon Punchard to lead in prayer. He arose and prayed for that college so *earnestly* as to forget there was any other college in the land. In a very few weeks, tidings reached Salem of the outpouring of Gods spirit upon that college with such power that nearly all of the senior class were converted to Christ, among the number being George Punchard.

Perhaps this was the most remarkable revival any college has ever experienced. It was under the preaching of Dr. Tyler that it broke forth, and concerning him at that time, Mr. Punchard wrote these words a few years since: "He came to the students with a power and unction that was quite irresistible, and manifested a depth of religious feeling for us which made us at once love and admire him. Such was the tribute of a man of God to the memory of him who led him to Christ. Conversion wrought a marked change in the outward life of George Pun-

chard. Entering at once upon a preparation for the work of the ministry, at Andover, he was noted for his habits of close application to his work and his studiousness. So devoted was he to his studies that at the close of his three years in the seminary, he was stricken down with brain fever, during which his life was despaired of. But he who ordereth all events held him in his arms, having a great work for him to accomplish.

After his recovery he was ordained pastor of the church in Plymouth, N. H., March 11, 1830, he having accepted a call from that people previous to his illness. It was a leading church at that time in northern New Hampshire, and the influence of the new pastor began to be felt in all that region. As a preacher, Mr. Punchard was one that might be spoken of as a revival preacher, though in his later years he was often heard to say, "Were he to live his life over again he would not labor so exclusively for immediate results." During his fourteen years pastorate in Plymouth, powerful and extensive revivals were experienced. In two years more than a hundred were added to the church upon profession of their faith in Christ. For years every Sabbath morning he preached to his people, expository sermons. On the preparation of these was laid the foundation for that wisdom in the Sabbath-school; and which has made his words to us in the prayer meeting so helpful and impressive. It was while here that the New Hampshire Association appointed him to write an

essay upon Congregationalism, to the history of which he had for some time been directing his attention. This was the beginning of that special work to which he has given his best powers and learning, for the last thirty years and more. Moreover, he seems to have inherited a love for congregational research from his father, to whom he would often go for counsel in reference to matters of deep interest.

God by his Providence brought his pastorate in Plymouth to a close in 1844, that his labors might be a blessing to the whole church of Christ. An affection of the throat, from which he never recovered, was the immediate cause of his leaving Plymouth and his removal to Boston.

He began at once in company with others the publication of the *Daily Evening Traveller*, which before this had been called the *American Traveller*, with a semi-weekly issue. He was engaged in this work from 1845 to 1856, when some innovations in the paper, which he edited, took place and led to his withdrawal from its management, since which time his connection with it has been merely nominal. During all this time, however, he was engaged upon what in all later ages will appear as his life work. Previous to this time he had published a small volume entitled "Views of Congregationalism," which grew out of a series of sermons preached during his Plymouth pastorate, and which was only the forerunner of that greater work upon which he has labored for thirty years, "The History of Congregationalism." Three

volumes of this larger work were published as long ago as 1867, the fourth will appear at once, and the fifth as soon as it can be pushed through the press, the manuscript being all prepared. That work is to be his monument as a congregationalist and a scholar.

I have spoken somewhat at length of Mr. Punchard's public life. This of course was the widest circle in which he moved. But few men are permitted to fill with such eminent success the three commanding positions of pastor, journalist and historian. In each, he was faithful to all the principles stated in this discourse. He lived in every sphere by the "faith of the Son of God." I come now to speak very briefly of his church life. I am not informed whether after his conversion he united with the Tabernacle Church in Salem, where his father was deacon for forty years, but certainly he was so true to congregational ideas that he would unite with the Plymouth church as he became its pastor.

Upon his removal to Boston he connected himself with the Bowdoin Street Church, dropping, so far as others would permit, the title of Reverend, not desiring to unite the sacred and secular. In the welfare of this church he took a deep interest, as there are many in Boston to testify. Often when advised in relation to church matters, he would point his counsel by reference to the history of that church. When the Bowdoin Street Church disbanded he united with Essex Street Church, in January, 1865. Now his old ~~classmate~~ and room-mate at Andover became his pas-

tor; and the friendship, which as boys in Salem they had known together, when they were both known as aspirants for the gospel ministry.

I must not brush aside the curtain of his home life more than to say, that a few months after his ordination at Plymouth, he was married to Miss Poole, whom he survived only for about three years, they having lived together for forty-six years or more, as next July would have been the fiftieth anniversary of his marriage.

God called him. On the second day of April, very early in the morning, the pains he had been experiencing for some days ceased, and the joys he had been anticipating for fifty-four years commenced. The life he had been living by faith in the Son of God was changed to a life to be lived, where he should see *Him* face to face and be satisfied.

I can imagine nothing more touching than the words he uttered to a watcher on the last night he spent on earth. When pain would attack him he would wrestle with God in audible prayer. — Turning to a friend at hand, he said, in substance, "You wont be disturbed by my praying aloud, it is the only relief I have." His prayer is praise now, and his highest joy is to praise Him "who sitteth on the throne and the Lamb forever and ever." He will never again walk from his house a mile and a half to meet a few of the poor and talk to them about Christ—henceforth he walks the golden streets of the celestial city.

In a neighborhood meeting during the winter, after

some remarks made by a brother, Mr. Punchard said, "Now can't we sing 'He leadeth me.'" He will sing that song no more; but he knows full well what it means, since he is where "the Lamb which is in the midst of the throne shall feed them and shall lead them unto living fountains of waters." His career among us is ended; his works do follow him. So long as the Congregational Church shall continue, he will be widely known as a most judicious, painstaking and charitable historian.

By his associates in the profession of journalism, he will be remembered long as a man of firm principles, loyal to what he thought right, and uncompromising in his attitude to what he thought wrong.

By that narrower and more closer circle of friends who were permitted access to his confidence and affection, he will ever be cherished as the warm-hearted, generous, charitable and sympathetic companion, whose smile was sunshine and whose words were golden.

Upon a monument in this state are words which describe the end of Deacon Punchard: "From life to eternal life by death through Christ."

CHAPTER XIV.

REV. ROBERT C. WATERSTON, D. D.,
UNITARIAN CONGREGATIONALIST.

MR. WATERSTON has passed more than sixty years of his life in Boston, and in this time has devoted himself earnestly to literary, philanthropic and christian labor.

He was the first superintendent of a Sunday school connected with Father Taylor's church, the old beth-el, so familiarly known in Boston. This school he originated and not only devoted himself to it for five years, but had a religious service for the children of seamen, and was one of the first in this community, not only to address children, but to preach regular sermons to them, adapted to their comprehension and wants.

In this school among the teachers, were many who became widely known, one of whom was John A. Andrew, afterwards known over the whole republic as the great war governor.

In literature, Dr. Waterston has been prolific. The number of his addresses has been large. The pamphlets he has published are many; indeed, too numerous to be named in this sketch. In Dr. Waterston's tribute to William C. Bryant, we find the following interesting statement. "They both, with their families, were in Naples. It was in April, 1858,

Mrs Bryant was suddenly prostrated with serious illness. I received from him a note stating that their was a subject of interest upon which he would like to converse with me. He stated that he had never united himself with the church, which, with his present feelings, he would most gladly do. He then asked if it would be agreeable to me to come to his room on the morrow and administer the communion, adding that, as he had not been baptised, he desired that ordinance at the same time. The day following was the Sabbath, and a most heavenly day. In fulfillment of his wishes, in his own quiet room, a company of seven persons celebrated together the Lord's Supper. With hymns, selections from the scripture, and devotional exercises, we went back in thought to the 'large upper room' where Christ first instituted the Holy Supper in the midst of his disciples. Previous to the breaking of bread, William Cullen Bryant was baptised. With snow-white head and flowing beard, he stood like one of the ancient prophets, and perhaps never since the days of the apostles has a truer disciple professed allegiance to the Divine Master."

In the life of Hon. Horace Mann, I find the following: "Another man, who has threaded New England society like a beam of golden sunshine gleaming in dark places, was just then coming under the observation of those whose eyes are ever open to see goodness. Robert C. Waterston did not owe his original impulse to Mr. Mann, to whom he afterwards looked as a guide, or to any other than his pure and noble

nature, and to parents who knew how to cherish what was loveliest in their children. The death of a little, only sister whom the boy loved dearly, first drew his attention to other children, and he loved to gather them, and teach them to be good, when he was very young. When Mr. Mann first heard of him, he was a wonderfully successful Sunday-school teacher to a class of the most degraded Boston poor, and had drawn into the work many noble persons, kindled by his enthusiasm; and his father, in whose business employ he then was, gave him certain hours for visiting the families of the Sunday-school children he had assembled in Mr. Taylor's vestry, and with whom he kept up such close intercourse that he knew which ran away from school, which told falsehoods, which stole, etc. Mr. Mann listened to the story of this young man with swimming eyes, and in subsequent years was anxious to secure his services for one of his beloved Normal schools, feeling that they were to be the nurseries of true teaching, and that in such hands the moral culture which he craved for his "eighty thousand children" might be found.

Mr. Waterston loves to say now that he owes his consecration of his life to the mission, for which others can see that Heaven designed him, partly to the influence of Mr. Mann's career, which stimulated his native tenderness. When he had passed from that which, to some eyes, seemed a humble sphere, into a more prominent ministry, he was not corrupted by the worldly distinctions which gave him an opportuni-

ty to preach to the wealthy and the proud, instead of the lowly and ignorant; for he still held so faithfully to his allegiance to the poor and oppressed, that he took Mr. Mann's part boldly and earnestly, when many other friends dared not give him their countenance; and this moral courage was the first step towards his separation from his society, where indeed many who had watched his more youthful career had always felt him to be out of place. It was as if Christ had left the fishermen of Galilee, and the multitude on the mountain, to preach in common places in the synagogue. Since Mr. Waterston's release from that bondage, he has had freedom to speak and act wherever a true man was most needed; and that is in all the unpopular places, where a fearless word is to be spoken for the right, or wherever little children are to be blessed and instructed." Through his long, active life Mr. Waterston has always given much time and thought to the interests of education.

He delivered an address before the American Institute of Instruction at its annual meeting in 1835. One on religious education before the Sunday school society of Newburyport in 1835. One before the teachers of Boston in 1839. Another on the diffusive nature of christianity in 1840. In 1842, Mr. Waterston published a volume entitled "Thoughts on Moral and Spiritual Culture." This volume went through several editions and was widely useful. It was republished in London, and yet again in a smaller form, in Belfast, Ireland.

For more than ten years Mr. Waterston was an

active member of the school board of Boston. He was the efficient chairman of the Everett school, and wrote in 1866 the annual school report, which, in the language of Mr. Thomas C. Amory in his report of the following year, embraced "a comparative view of the progress of popular education in Europe and in all parts of our own country, which for amplitude of information, masterly grasp and interesting detail, it is one of the most valuable documents this board or any other educational association, has ever given to the public." We know not what more could be said than this, and as strong testimony of its value was expressed by many others. It is a document of one hundred and seventeen pages, crowded with information and all aglow with an intense vitality.

Mr. Waterston delivered an essay at the third triennial convention of the West Newton state normal school in 1848, which was published and widely circulated.

Mr. Waterston has been one of a committee of gentlemen to raise five thousand dollars for the benefit of the normal schools if the legislature would add a similar sum. This was accomplished. On this committee, Mr. Waterston was associated with Charles Sumner, George B. Emerson, and Gideon F. Thayer. This was avowedly in part to aid the normal school in their excellent work, and partly as an expression of respect and sympathy for Horace Mann in his arduous labors to promote the best interests of the commonwealth. He was also the prime mover in raising a fund of \$50,000 for William Lloyd Garrison.

Mr. Waterston has been for ten years the president of the High school association, and has added to their valuable library and the works of art which adorn the hall of the High school.

In 1870 he gave an address before the members of the school board and the teachers of the public schools of Boston, on the life and character of Thomas Sherwin, who for forty years had been one of the ablest teachers in the country and for thirty years had been the distinguished head of the High school. It forms a pamphlet of seventy pages. In 1871, the semi-centennial anniversary of the school was celebrated by a gathering of all its past graduates, at which time Mr. Waterston delivered the poem.

In 1873 Mr. Waterston read a paper before the Massachusetts Historical Society, giving an account of the first records of the latin school, and of investigations he had made in Boston, Lincolnshire, with facts tending to identify the Rev. John Cotton especially with the origin and character of that school, the earliest date of which is 1635.

Mrs Waterston was the daughter of Josiah Quincy, who has contributed papers at various times to the Atlantic Monthly, among which are contributions on Jane Austin, Annerley Hall and Newstead Abbey, on the Invisible in Libraries, and Womans Work in the Middle Ages. A volume of her poems was also privately printed.

A likeness of Mr. Quincy, father of Mrs Waterston, may be found in a sketch of his life, first chap-

ter of the first volume of this work, to which the reader is referred. Suffice it to say here, that he was the second mayor of Boston, and has never been excelled by any one of his successors for energy and farseeing plans for the benefit of the city. He was also president of Harvard University, and in a great variety of ways, one the most active and worthy men of this Commonwealth.

Mr. Waterston was for more than five years the minister of the Pitts Street Chapel, under the charge of the fraternity of churches. The ministry at large had been established in Boston by the Rev. Dr. Tuckerman, who was an apostle among the poor, alike respected and beloved. Mr. Waterston with earnest zeal united with him in this work. On the Sunday the services at this chapel were crowded and through the week he visited from house to house. Through his ministrations the sorrowing were comforted, the wandering reclaimed, the aged were cheered and strengthened and theyoung, in very many instances, taught.

Mr. Waterston has long been an active member of many of our most useful benevolent institutions.

Of the Children's Mission for the Children of the Destitute, he was one of the originators. The earliest invitation requesting friends to assemble to consider the desirableness of such a movement was from his pen, and he was called to preside at the first gathering. For nearly thirty years it has now gone forward in its beneficent ministrations, and thousands of children have been rescued from moral destruction.

In Mr. Waterston's address on pauperism, published in 1844, two suggestions were urged, which have now become generally accepted and acted upon: one, the introduction of sewing into the girl's department of the primary and grammar schools,—at that time this important branch was not taught,—now it is universal. The other is the harmonious action of all benevolent institutions, by a central board, for counsel and consultation. By an elaborate statement, by argument, and by a series of resolutions, the whole plan of our united charities was anticipated.

In 1839 Mr. Waterston published a pamphlet on "Prison Discipline," in which he gives an account of the actual condition of prisons at that time, and a distinct statement of his views upon the wisest method of discipline.

In 1843 he published a pamphlet "On the Condition of the Insane in Massachusetts." In company with Miss Dix, whose wide and active usefulness at that time is well known and, with Dr. Samuel G. Howe, of the Institution for the Blind, Mr. Waterston had made himself personally acquainted with the actual condition of things, and the result of his investigations and knowledge he here embodies, greatly aided in the generous and important work going on at that time.

Mr. Waterston has also edited several books, among which may be named "A Service Book, with selections from Scripture and Hymns." A "Life of Albert Durer," to which he added a "Preface," giving an account of his visit to places connected with the memory of Durer,—Antwerp, Venice, Rome, Nuremberg. Also,

that incomparable book, Henry Scougal's "Life of God in the Soul of Man." In this preface he says :

"This volume has something of that divine life within itself which can impart of its own fulness to every soul ready to receive. The very breath of Jehovah may be felt through it. It kindles in the soul a sympathetic power, and lifts it into connection with higher realms. With its holy fervor there is blended a natural calmness. Health and healing are in its influence. Practical throughout, there is also a heavenly spirituality. Rising above narrow limitations, the devout of every name may hold it in reverence, and cherish its counsels with gratitude and love. To the young, it will prove a tower of strength; to the aged, perpetual renovation; while Christians of all communions will find within it a foretaste of immortality. The life to which it would lead is a heaven upon earth, and that is but the commencement to a heaven without end."

He was for years an active member of the American Antiquarian Society, the American Statistical Association, the Massachusetts Historical Society and the Society of Natural History; he is also a Fellow of the Royal Historical Society of Great Britain.

Enough has been said to show that Dr. Waterston has been a very busy man, and has devoted his talents and life to benefit his fellow men. Few have been engaged in so many ways of doing good. Thus we have seen him, when in business, and before he was a minister, giving special attention to poor, neglected

and degraded children, in Father Taylor's Sunday school; and, afterwards, the first man to preach regular sermons to such children.

Father Taylor always commended him in the highest terms, and considering how plainly he dealt with those who were disposed to self-praise and congratulation, it is much to Dr. Waterston's praise that he pronounced so many eulogiums upon him. I know very well how this wonderful man was accustomed to deal with those who courted applause and were puffed up with vanity. I once attended one of his talking meetings with a gentleman who spoke after this fashion (it was at his bethel): the gentleman told how much the sailors were indebted to the merchants of Boston. They had built that bethel-church and done this and that for them, &c. When he ceased, Father Taylor said, "If there is any other old sinner from the south end who wants to boast of his good deeds, let him say on."

Mr. Waterston has given two courses of Lowell lectures, besides which he has lectured before the Society of Natural History and the Boston Art Club. He has also given various popular lectures upon countries he has personally visited,—Scotland and Switzerland, and upon topics connected with art.—Washington Allston, Albert Durer, &c. All of these lectures have been very interesting, and when they have been given to one society, they have been called for by others.

The lectures, which he was the means of starting

in connection with the Natural History Society, for the teachers of the public schools, have been of signal benefit to them; and, had Dr. Waterston not started them, they would never have been commenced.

Finally, added to all his other efforts to do good and be useful to his generation, and to those who shall follow, Dr. Waterston has considerable poetic genius, and has written many poems and hymns, some of the latter are so good that they have been highly prized and sung by many, and found a place in hymns for worship. We have room for the following one only :

HYMN ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

One sweet flower has drooped and faded,
 One sweet infant voice has fled,
 One fair brow the grave has shaded,
 One dear school-mate now is dead.

But we feel no thought of sadness,
 For our friend is happy now;
 She has knelt in soul-felt gladness,
 Where the blessed angels bow.

She is now where harps are ringing
 Through the heavenly courts above,
 And her silvery voice is singing,
 With glad spirits, hymns of love.

She has gone to heaven before us,
 But she turns and waves her hand,
 Pointing to the glories o'er us,
 In that happy spirit-land.

May our footsteps never falter
 In the path that she has trod;
 May we worship at the altar
 Of the great and living God.

Lord, may angels watch above us,
 Keep us all from error free—
 May they guard, and guide, and love us,
 Till, like her, we go to Thee.

ELDER JACOB KNAPP, BAPTIST.

JACOB KNAPP was born in Otsego county, in the state of New York, December 7, 1799. His father and grandfather were episcopalians. He was brought up to attend the church and say the catechism. In his seventeenth year his mother died. This led him to think of serious things. Soon after this he was converted. He says, "my soul leaped within me, and I broke forth into singing praises to the blessed Saviour. The sweet melodies of the birds seemed to make harmony with my songs; and, as I looked around me, the sun shone with a lustre not his own, the majestic trees appeared to bow in sweet submission to the will of Heaven. All nature smiled, and everything, animate and inanimate, praised God, with a voice too loud and too plain to be misunderstood. I lost all concern about Heaven or Hell; my soul was wholly absorbed in loving and praising Him whom angels adore and all nature magnifies."

He says, "I was now nineteen years of age. It being the custom of my father to give his sons their time when they were twenty years old, I returned to my father's house, and remained subject to him during the appointed time. All this while I was thirsting for knowledge and better qualifications for usefulness. My mind was greatly impressed with the duty and the desire of preaching the gospel. But how to obtain a suitable education I did not know. I was

poor, had no friends who could or would help me, and was not aware of the existence of any ministerial education society. I labored, as God gave me opportunity according to my ability. Realizing the great religious destitution of the country where my father resided, I appointed prayer meetings in the neighborhood, gathered together the few scattered sheep in this portion of the western wilderness, and was encouraged to continue in these efforts, and strengthened in my convictions concerning preaching the gospel, because it pleased God to crown these humble efforts with success in the conversion of several souls."

He had a desire for education, and hearing of an academy at Gilbertsville, Otsego county, he set off for that place. He says, "I arrived at this place near the end of April, 1821, with but few clothes for the summer, and about money enough to pay for one quarter's tuition. I called on Mr. Collins, the principal of the institution, and made known to him my situation and my wishes. He seemed to take an interest in my case, and recommended me to several families, who, he thought, might be willing to let me do work about the house for my board. But after making several fruitless applications, Mr. Collins told me that I might board with him, do what few chores he needed to have done, and pay him in full whenever I was able to do so. I felt extremely grateful for his kindness, but yet I could hardly endure the thought of running in debt. However, I concluded to accept the offer, and accordingly commenced my studies."

In 1822 he preached to the baptist church in Masonville, and they licensed him to preach. With this recommendation he entered the baptist institution at Hamilton. Thither he went on foot a distance of fifty miles. He says, "shortly after my entrance into the institution, Professor Haskell requested me to preach in a neighboring school-house. Overwhelmed with a sense of my inability, I took the stand and announced my text. But no sooner had the words passed from my lips, than my eye fell on the form of my venerable instructor. His presence entirely unmanned me. I managed, amid much confusion of thought, to get through the discourse, fully expecting that he would advise me to give up the thought of preaching, and leave the institution. After waiting some time, and hearing nothing from him, I ventured to call on him, and unburden my heart of its apprehensions and mis-givings. Instead, however, of discouraging me, he bade me go on. Shortly after this, I was sent to preach, on the Sabbath, to the church in Morrisville, the county seat. This was the first instance in which I had been asked to preach in a meeting-house. The thought of doing so filled me with fear and trembling. But the Lord strengthened me, and gave me liberty." He received his diploma June, 1825, and accepted a call from the baptist church in Springfield, Otsego county, N. Y., on the first day of the September following. He was married to Electra Payne of Hamilton. One week previous to his marriage he was ordained. After re-

maining here five years, he accepted a call from the baptist church in Watertown, Jefferson County, N. Y., and entered upon his labors there in the month of September, 1830.

After he made up his mind to become an Evangelist he held many protracted meetings in Maryland and New York states, and then came to Massachusetts and preached in New Bedford and Salem, also in Hartford, Conn., and Providence, R. I. In the latter part of December, 1841, he says, "I went to Boston." The following is an account of his reception in Boston: "I went to Boston in response to the invitation of nearly all the baptist pastors in the city. I preached in the first baptist church, then under the pastoral care of brother Rollin H. Neale; in the Baldwin Place baptist church, of which brother Baron Stow was then pastor; in the Bowdoin Square baptist church, whose pastor was brother R. W. Cushman; in the Harvard Street baptist church, brother Robert Turnbull, pastor; and in the Tremont Street church, over whose services brother Nathaniel Colver presided. The people of brother Colver's church mingled their prayers and tears with us, but their audience-room was, at that time, so small, that we could use it only for Inquiry meetings. I preached uniformly twice every day, afternoon and evening, and a portion of the time in South Boston before daylight. Even at this early hour the house was crowded, for the religious interest was so intense in the community that almost any sized house could have been filled at

almost any hour in the twenty-four. I conducted inquiry meetings at ten o'clock A. M., and continued in prayer and conversation until noon; and at the close of the evening sermon I held another inquiry meeting of one hour or more in length. In this way I went on day in and day out, preaching to great crowds, often an hour at a time. It is easy to see that my labors were without cessation, and very severe; nevertheless the Lord strengthened me for the work he had given me to do. I closed my labors in Providence one night, and began them in Boston the next, and preached, without intermission, three months, and in all one hundred and eighty sermons.

At the end of the first week there were two hundred inquirers in the seats for prayers. But it pleased God to reduce the size of the army, as in the case of Gideon, before he gave us the city."

I came out, as I had done elsewhere, against Unitarianism and Universalism, and all similar systems of error. I called things by their right names, and bore down heavily on the manufacture, sale, and use of all intoxicating liquors; nor did I pass over the open infidelity of the city. The consequence was a grand rally against the progress of the meetings. The first public assault appeared in the columns of a paper whose editor was a man of intemperate habits. He denounced the meetings, and was especially hard on the preacher. This movement emboldened all the powers of darkness. Many christian people ordered the paper to be stopped, but the ungodly rallied to his

encouragement." I recollect very well these meetings. Elder Knapp had strong friends and strong opponents. He was fearless and severe in his language against those who were opposed to religion, nor could it be said that he always used the choicest language. He, however, always said the thing he meant, and his hearers understood him. He spoke in plain language and seemed not to fear the face of man. Some of his illustrations, as I remember, were very quaint. In one of his sermons he said there are a great many bad people in Boston and they have got the devil's own mud scow, and filled it with the worst characters they can find. They have attached ropes to this scow and are tugging away to draw this old scow with all its contents up into Heaven. But they will no more succeed than a fish could go up that post (pointing to a post) tail foremost. He made many other suppositions and statements which would not be called classical. Some of the baptist ministers in Boston did not sympathize with his manner of preaching, and often criticized it; nevertheless, his labors in Boston added much strength to the baptist denomination.

He made several other visits to Boston after the first one, but never tarried as long as he did in 1841, and never numbered so many converts on any future visit. I remember he once came in the spring, either in the month of April or May, and after preaching a few times to comparatively small audiences, in his farewell sermon on that occasion he said: "the devil

has entire control of Boston from May to October, but I am determined to come here next October and have one royal battle with his satanic majesty." But for some reason he did not come at that time.

When we consider that nearly all the pastors of the Boston churches are off in the summer to the mountains, sea-shore, or Europe, it may well be asked whether Elder Knapp did not come pretty near telling the truth.

During the war, while I resided in Philadelphia, he came there and produced quite a sensation in that old Quaker City.

The last time I heard him preach was from the text, "Moab is my wash pot," and his doctrine from this text was how God uses wicked men to build up the kingdom of Christ, and to purify the church. In his sermon he said: "God sometimes makes wicked men the instruments of converting others; not that they mean so or think so, but nevertheless they do it. Why, I preached in the tabernacle in New York city and the house wasn't half full. I preached again and the house wasn't half full; but the devil entered into Bennett and set him to lying about me in the New York Herald. He published two columns of lies about me and the next night the house was filled; there was not a vacant seat in it; and one notoriously wicked man who hadn't been to church for ten years, and who swore he never would go again; if he did he hoped the roof of the house would fall on him and kill him; he was so excited by Bennett's lies that

he came to hear me. He came early and took a seat in a pew in the middle of the house. I began to preach and he began to think of his wicked oath and to look up and see if the roof was not going to fall on him; and as he grew more and more excited he started to go out, but he could not do it, the people were so wedged in around him; so he had to stay, and God sent an arrow to his heart and he was converted. If it hadn't been for Bennett's lies he would have gone to hell."

Elder Jacob Knapp was, undoubtedly, a good man, a man of faith and prayers. He had but little education and refinement, but was a free, blunt, everyday preacher, whose sermons contained a good degree of gospel truth, though sometimes clothed in a rough garb. He used to remind us of Elijah the Tishbite, or John the baptist, from the wilderness, pouring forth stimulating truths, though in a rough garb. In a word, Elder Knapp was an unpolished diamond. He had real value in him, but sometimes it did seem to be mingled with considerable dross; nevertheless, the Lord made it effectual, and, in many cases Knapp was more successful than those who showed up the gospel truths in a better and more shining dish.

REV. EDWARD T. TAYLOR, METHODIST.

REV. EDWARD T. TAYLOR was for many years the famous preacher of the Methodist Bethel church in

Boston. He was born near Richmond, Virginia. He sailed as a common sailor before the mast for many years. It is to his credit that during this whole period there was no stain upon his character. He seems to have begun to live at the time of his conversion, of which he gave the writer the following account: "I was first led to think seriously, by hearing Bishop Heading preach in the old methodist chapel in Bromfield street. When I went out I walked along Tremont street. The bell of the Park Street church was tolling. I looked in and saw the port was full. I up helm and steered for the gallery. That port was also full. I made my course along the whole length of it, and came to anchor at the farther end of the church. Rev. Dr. Edward Dorr Griffin was preaching from the text, 'But he lied unto him.' As he recited the numerous ways with which satan deceives men by his lies, the spray fell in every direction, and the salt brine ran down my cheeks. I went out at the close of the service and returned to the Bromfield church, when I soon found peace." It appears that Mr. Taylor, soon after his conversion, commenced exhorting or preaching in Boston, but his education was so small that he was advised to omit it for a season. Consequently he again went to sea. This time he enlisted aboard an American Privateer. During the war of 1812-15, he was taken by a British man-of-war, carried to Melville island, thence to Dartmoor prison and confined as a prisoner of war.

Mr. Taylor had been a member of the church sev-

enteen years, a licensed preacher thirteen, and a travelling preacher nine years before he took charge of the Bethel church in Boston. We select from Mrs. Taylor's record book the following account, written in the year 1868, of their commencement of the Bethel work. "In the year 1828 we were stationed in Fall River. This was our second year. In October the Methodists' in Boston sent for Mr. Taylor to preach to the seamen in a vacated church, the first one built by the methodists, as an experiment. The house was filled to overflowing and the result was the moving of our family from Fall River to Boston in 1829. Mr. Taylor was in his element. Having been a sailor himself, his heart yearned for the conversion of his brethren of the sea; and his soul was cheered in seeing them come home to God. The Methodists did not feel able or sufficiently interested to sustain an institution for seamen. The house was to be sold and Mr. Taylor went south and begged the money with which the house was purchased, thus establishing preaching for seamen.

The little church in Methodist Alley, soon became too strait; and when the Boston merchants learned what was doing and what ought to be done for those who had been left so long to exclaim 'no man careth for my soul,' they aroused themselves. One unitarian gentleman, Nathaniel A. Barrett, Esq., called a meeting of unitarian merchants. They responded at once, being a people always waiting and ready to do good, collected money, and built the present church

in North Square. The unitarians have been our warmest friends, and have answered to every call for the benefit of ocean's children. They have given money by thousands upon thousands, until church and boarding-house are free from debt. How often I wish they could hear the seamen speak of their hope in heaven through the benefit they have derived from a home and a bethel church! I think the merchants would feel that they were drawing great interest for the money they have invested."

Mr. Taylor became a very popular preacher. He was at times exceedingly eloquent. He was engaged in every good word and work; and especially in the cause of temperance. When I was in Quincy, about 1837, I got Mr. Taylor to come out and deliver a temperance address. Everybody was delighted with it, and I think it was one of the best I ever heard. As our house was small, we invited him to come again, and expecting the audience would be large, we secured the larger episcopal church. The audience was large and the house completely filled; but Mr. Taylor was depressed, or as he expressed it in his sailor language "clear down to the lee scupper." Soon after this the methodist meeting-house was to be dedicated in Quincy; the Rev. Mr. Wise, now Dr. Wise of New York, was then stationed in Quincy. He invited Father Taylor as he was called to preach the dedicatory sermon. All the ministers in town were invited to attend that service, and each had a part assigned him to perform. Father Taylor felt it

to be his duty to chastise us all in that sermon. All the clergymen of the town were present in full force. Father Whitney, the unitarian, and his colleague, Mr. Hunt, the episcopal clergyman, myself, a calvinist, the baptist minister, then on the Quincy side, at Neponset, the universalist, and the restorationist from the railway village.

Father Taylor commenced his sermon, and felt it to be his duty to take us all to task for our various errors and peculiar notions.

Having thus laid us all on the beach, stranded high and dry, he took another tack—showed his catholicity, and spread his wide mantle of charity over us all, and said, "This is one of the most blessed seasons I ever enjoyed. Indeed I have never seen but one like it, and that was when my own church was dedicated."

His sparing none of us, not a whit; his leaving us high and dry, where even a spring tide could never reach us; his applying his rebuke to all of us, unitarians, orthodox, episcopal, baptist, universalist, and restorationist; then the contrast,—the fearful scowl changing to a beaming smile, plunging us in what he believed the deep sea of our flounderings; and then that wiry, supple form, (a perfect hickory withe) bending forward to rescue us from the briny deluge he had just poured upon us, all so graphically pantomimicly acted out as would have thrown Mr. Gough and the finest actors far into the shade, presented one of the most dramatic scenes ever witnessed.

When arraying our heresies before us, his wrinkled

countenance was demoniac ; when his charity took us into christian fellow-ship, angelic beauty beamed from his eyes, and the most affectionate salutation of brotherly love flowed from his tongue, so that we were all ready to exclaim,—

“From whence doth this union arise? All this showed the wonderful power of this unlearned man : and all tends to approve what we have often advocated and recommended to young clergymen,—the cultivation of a habit of extemporaneous preaching, which an admirable christian paper dignifies by the name of egotistical twaddle ! Father Taylor never preached a written sermon, never knew how to write one, would have been shorn of his strength if he had undertaken it. His sermons were the brilliant efforts of an active brain, a warm heart, and a fervant love on the spur of the occasion.”

PART II.—PHYSICIANS.

CHAPTER XV.

TIMOTHY GORDON, M. D.

DR. GORDON was born in Newbury, Mass., March 10, 1795. He died in Plymouth, November 5, 1877. His father, for whom he was named, was born in Brentwood, N. H., December 30, 1657, and married Lydia Whittemore, of Newbury, January 23, 1762. He fought at the battle of Bunker Hill, and took part in many of the contests of the revolution, being present at the surrender of Burgoyne.

Timothy studied medicine with his brother William, a physician and surgeon of distinction in Hingham, Mass. He commenced his professional career in Weymouth, Mass., about 1824. He married Jane Binney, eldest daughter of Solomon Jones, Esq., of Hingham, May 12, 1825. He removed to Plymouth, Mass., in the spring of 1830, where he remained in practice until his death. He was for many years regarded as the leading surgeon in that section of the country, performing many difficult and capital operations, even when over eighty years of age, with a skill and precision that elicited the praise of all persons competent to judge who witnessed them. His last prominent act was testifying as an expert in an important trial in Plymouth Court House. He was a man of ardent temperament, great personal and moral courage, untiring energy, and did whatever he had to do with all his might. He filled many important public stations and was for years a leading trustee of the Pilgrim Society.

To his efforts, perhaps, as much as to any other person, is the public indebted for the memorial monuments erected in his day to the Pilgrim Fathers. He was loved while he lived, and honored by a vast number when he died, whom he had served, counselled and saved on his part, as the good physician, performed for more than fifty years, with equal fidelity to men of low and high degree.

In many respects Dr. Gordon was a very remarkable man. In conversation he was a most genial com-

panion, always cheerful and enlivening. He could tell a story as well as any one I have ever known, and, in this way, he often cheered and encouraged his patients and did them as much good "as a medicine" would. At proper times, and when circumstances favored he would spin, as sailors say, a long yarn, which always wound up well.

This is the great secret of telling a story, and though there are many story-tellers, yet there are few who tell them well. To this Dr. Gordon was an exception.

He was for many years the senior deacon of the church of the Pilgrimage, in Plymouth, and filled the office to his own credit and to the satisfaction of the church. He entered into rest in a good old age, coming as a shock of corn fully ripe into the garner of our Lord, leaving a name honored and embalmed with great usefulness and services to the present generation to imitate.

Rev. Mr. Tukesbury in his funeral sermon of Dr. Gordon says of him as a *Christian*: "This he was, not by profession merely, but in the general quality and spirit of his life. He was not only a man and a physician; but a true man and a true physician; and doubtless many of the traits which we have seen him to have in these other spheres, found their inspiration in this fact. He was a firm and fond believer of the Word of God. He accepted the doctrine of the Christian system as of Divine authority. He believed in the Lord Jesus Christ that he might be saved; and contended earnestly for the faith once delivered unto the saints.

“He united with this church July 1, 1838; and has held a prominent place within it from that time to this. He was chosen one of its deacons February 6, 1839, and has always remained in this office. He was for many years superintendent of the sabbath-school. He has contributed largely to the support of the material interests of the church and society. The contributions of the church and benevolent objects have been liberally increased, and sometimes doubled, by the gifts of himself and Mrs. Gordon. From year to year he has rendered important aid to us in temporal things. This we gratefully remember and record.

“He has truly stood as a central pillar among us during the last forty years. His name and deeds are wrought conspicuously into our history.

“‘The hoary head is a crown of glory if it be found in the way of righteousness.’ We looked upon his ‘hoary head,’ his silvered hair as he sat in his pew at church and saw it to be ‘in the way of righteousness.’ He was an habitual attendant upon the service of the sanctuary and an attentive listener to the word preached. He did not disconnect his character as a Christian with his professional practice. I have been told that he endeavored to direct the thoughts of his patients, especially of those at whose dying bed he was called to stand, to the Great Physician of souls, as the only one who could heal their transgressions or prepare them for heaven.

He has increased the sum of the world’s goods. Eminently is this true of our town. It was a good day

for Plymouth when he came here. He has held a morally medicative relation to the place. The value not only of a physician but of a Christian physician is richly attested in his life. Such men can ill be spared. In his home and in many of our own, into which he has been wont to enter, on our streets and in the church, his familiar form, his noble, benignant presence will be sadly missed. Especially here, in the associations and endeavors of the church, his loss will be long and painfully felt. His life is in many ways a worthy example to us all; especially to the young. 'He being dead yet speaketh.' And he seemeth to say: 'Be ye followers of me in as far as I also was of Christ.'"

GEORGE CHANDLER, M. D.

[AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.]

LIKE many New England boys who leave their native homes after reaching manhood, Dr. George Chandler left his in Pomfret, Conn., and prepared himself for college and professional life. He was born April 28, 1806, and, as he grew up, attended a district school as was the custom of children, but labored on the farm of his mother during the summer, until the autumn of his eighteenth year. This summer work had, for several seasons, when he had tried to do the work duty of an hired man, come

very hard to him and led him to cast about for other and easier ways of getting a living. The farmer had, he knew, small pecuniary returns for his labor.

This course of life preserved his good constitution and gave him physical health.

In the fall of 1823 he went to the academy in Dudley, Mass., where he began the study of Latin which he continued the next season at Leicester. He taught a district school in Sutton in the winter of 1824 and 5, was at the Academy in Woodstock, Conn., in the summer of 1825, and entered Brown University in the spring of 1826 in the freshman class of 1829. As it was the custom then for the students to teach during the long winter vacation he did so the next winter. He remained at "Brown" until the end of Sophomore year under president Asa Messer whom the students most shamefully treated and drove off; under Dr. Wood, during the interregnum, and under Dr. F. Wayland whose proper, but, to the unruly boys he found there, severe discipline, some of whom winced a good deal, but others of them fearing college life there would be unsettled for a long time, left the institution. Among these were Dr. Chandler and his chum, David T. Brigham. They had prepared themselves and entered Union college at Schenectady where they were graduated at the end of a year under the most excellent teacher and disciplinarian, Dr. Elephalet Nott. What a difference in the character of the two institutions at that day! At Brown, many of the students

behaved as rudely as they well could, while at Union most of them put on their best behavior. The superior tact in government thus showed itself plainly. But sad enough, for after fifty years of graduation he attended commencement at Union in 1878 and saw not a member of his class which numbered more than eighty.

* He studied medicine with Dr. H. Holt in Pomfret, Conn. ; attended a course of medical lectures in Boston, in 1828 and 9 ; and another in 1830-31 at Yale college, where he received the degree of M. D. On the 3rd of November, 1831, he opened an office for the practice of medicine in Worcester, but on the 28th of March, 1833, went to reside at the State Lunatic Hospital in that place as assistant physician to Dr. Samuel B. Woodward. He resigned his office there in May, 1842, married, and in October took charge of the N. H. Asylum for the insane at Concord, N. H., an institution built after a plan he had submitted. At that time the hospital building was not finished and was wholly unfurnished except with the beds. Less than five hundred dollars was placed at his disposal to finish, furnish and to carry on the hospital. Here was truly a field opening for hard work. Soon the insane were brought in ; and, after three years Dr. Chandler resigned, leaving the asylum full of patients and funds of a thousand dollars in the treasury, without his having made any call upon the state for aid which is usually the fashion as well as the necessity of all such institutions.

The following July, 1846, he was called back to the State Lunatic Hospital in Worcester, where, in his own mind, he resolved to remain four years if he was permitted to, and to remain not over six years, but he did not resign until ten years of its superintendency. He has spent twenty-four years of his life among the lunatics, having had care in part or in chief of about five thousand. A life of heavy responsibilities and anxieties, but cheered by the thought that the helpless were made more comfortable, and the wandering in mind were directed to the right path by his efforts. It has been a great satisfaction to him to know that he was again desired to fill each position he had before occupied and resigned.

Since leaving the hospital he has resided in Worcester; has been in its city councils; has been in the legislature and for two terms had an oversight of the almshouse at Monson. He has been to Europe twice for two years each time.

In early life he acquired a taste for genealogical research, and after leaving public duties, has spent much time in looking up the facts in regard to his own family, and the result was an Octavo Volume of 1250 pages of "The Chandler Family."

By his first wife he has two daughters, both happily married living near him.

ALBERT DAY, M. D.

[COMMUNICATED.]

IN the year 1821 on the 15th day of October, a boy was born in the town of Wells, Maine, named Albert Day.

His father was a well-to-do farmer, and the early life of the child differed little from that of any New England boy in like circumstances. He went to school when it kept, and worked on the farm, developing an active mind and sturdy frame. At an early age he looked about and discovered the misery incident to the use of ardent spirits, and recognized thus early their inutility. Moonlight nights he would go down to the marsh meadows by the sea with his father to gather in the salt crop for winter use, while working he would listen to stories of shipwreck and disaster of brave men who, without a thought of self, dared the angry waves that they might carry to some sinking ship the rope that would bring the fainting crew to shore. As he looked out upon the water, the moon making broad paths of light on its treacherous surface, there was in his boyish mind, the faint glimmering of another sea on whose bosom tossed countless wrecks, and in whose depths the happiness of myriad households was engulfed. Would no one go to the rescue? The picture, shadowy and ill-defined floating before his mental vision, had its influence, and the question found its answer in the person-

al efforts of his after life. At the age of eleven years he met with severe affliction; his mother, tender and faithful, self-sacrificing and devoted, died; their seemed none to fill her place; her mantle had fallen, but it rested on the shoulders of this young son, and repressing his own grief, he undertook so far as he was able, the care of the younger children. At times lonely and often neglected, with no one to whom he could pour out his sorrow, he found comfort and strength in the remembered words of a pious neighbor who had often brought to his mother's bed-side consolation and prayer, "O God," in voice of love and entreaty she had asked, "when all men forsake these dear children who are soon to be motherless, do thou take them up." He had watched the look of his mother's face as the prayer was offered, it was one of confidence; he could trust in his mother's God and he could never be forsaken. At the age of thirteen his father died, and a few weeks after with the resolution that determined his future career, Albert Day tied his few possessions in a bundle, slung it over his shoulder and started out to face the world and its difficulties. Coming in sight of the little village toward which he journeyed, he became oppressed with a feeling of loneliness, the place seemed so large, full of houses and homes, would there be a place for him? Sitting down on a stone he wept as he thought of his dear departed parents; and how their love and care would have shielded him. The thought of the death bed prayer, and his committal

to the God of the orphaned, came to him, and wiping away his tears, he trudged on.

Dr. Jacob Fisher must have seen an unusual look in the child's face who knocked at his door and asked, "do you want to hire a boy, sir?" When he answered so heartily, "yes, come in." In this home and with the genial old physician he came under the best of influences. He attended church and sunday school, and dates much of his early thoughtfulness to the kind and considerate words of his sunday school teacher, Miss Martha A. Clark.

At the age of fifteen, in the town of Sanford, Maine, he bound himself as apprentice to learn a trade. He had endured privation before, but he found that in this new life there was so much hardship, that the past seemed a play-spell. It was stipulated he should work faithfully, should have the sum of thirty dollars per year for clothing, and one month out of twelve to attend school. When going to school he was required to work from four o'clock in the morning until school time, and until nine o'clock in the evening. So great was his desire for knowledge, that he denied himself in every possible manner, that he might save a small sum to pay a teacher to whom he went to recite at nine o'clock in the evening after the hard work of the day. In this manner he laid the foundation of that thorough self-education by which he became as well informed as many who pass the full collegiate course. Already he had resolved to work for the temperance cause

and at the same time he bound himself to a trade, he joined the first total abstinence society in the state of Maine. From earliest years he had seen the evil resulting from the use of intoxicants and resolved to make a stand against them. In the face of all opposition, and fearless of the scoffs of neighboring young men, he declared the prevailing habit ruinous to body and soul, a fancied pleasure that undermined all good and led from pain to pain; in short, the world's torment. He talked at a time when all men and even boys stimulated with liquors, at muster; in the village store, when the foaming flip was passed around; the boyish orator, with flushed cheek and flashing eye, told of the deceit and disgrace that lurked in it. Many laughed, but some listened, and, after drinking their glass, brushed away with their hand the last moisture liquor would ever leave upon their lips. "The boy is right," said one, "what makes my hand unsteady and leaves my head weak, is no friend to me and I am done with it"; "and I!" "and I!" said others, until quite a little company of total abstainers was formed. In 1850 young Day went to Lowell, and in 1852 settled in Boston. He had lost none of his enthusiasm, but his work was quiet and without ostentation. Its effects, however, even in these early days in the temperance cause, were such as to mark him as a man set apart for a special work.

Not to hammer out iron and temper steel, but to straighten men who, through their own perverseness, had grown crooked, and with their own feet entered

a net, and walked upon a snare.

In 1856, as a member of the Legislature, he introduced measures as to the practicability of establishing an asylum for the care of inebriates who desired to reform. The subject of caring for these unfortunate men, and the plan for restoring them presented in such a forcible and humane manner, aroused public attention, and the following year, 1857, the Washingtonian Home was organized, and Albert Day selected as the most suitable person to fill the position of superintendent. Like the disciples who were called upon to leave their nets and follow the Master, so the subject of this sketch left all and followed the Divine healer, devoting his life to lifting up the fallen and strengthening the weak. Having to deal with diseased bodies and morbid minds, he realized the importance of a thorough medical education, and entered in 1862 the medical department of Harvard University. This involved a great amount of extra labor, the institution to superintend, a growing family to care for, and as the Washingtonian Home, like many a stalwart man, went through a puny infancy with limited means to draw upon,—notwithstanding these difficulties and his failing health, due to close application to his studies, he was able to compete with the best in his class and graduate with honor. His object had not been to gain title or profession, but knowledge, consequently he came out equipped for successful work.

After eleven years service, rich in results, Dr. Day.

was called to the asylum at Binghampton, N. Y. He remained three years, and had under his treatment several notable men, who were reclaimed, and were restored to position and power. Something of Dr. Day's peculiar understanding and treatment of this unfortunate class, may be learned in an article written for the *Atlantic Monthly*, October, 1868, by James Parton, entitled "Inebriate Asylums, and a visit to one."

From Binghampton Dr. Day went to Greenwood, Mass., where he established a private retreat, but was burned out after four years. A large number of patients were upon his hands; he boarded them in private families while looking about for a suitable settlement. At this time the Washingtonian Home, which had not been as successful during his absence, called him imperatively to the old post; and so, in 1875, he accepted the position he now holds as superintendent and physician.

Without display or advertisement Dr. Day has contributed largely to temperance literature. His annual reports are issued in pamphlet form, and treat, in a close and rational manner, of the nature and pathology of alcoholism, and presents the remedial agents used for its cure. He has undertaken to solve an important problem, and faithfully has he performed his work, as many reorganized homes and happy communities testify. In his book, "Methomania," he plainly proves inebriety a disease to be treated, and not a diabolism to be exorcised.

He holds that the appetite once created remains, but demonstrates by cases cured, and men who know whereof they speak, that it can be subdued and made subject. There is but one safeguard set before his patients, — total abstinence, — the Alpha and Omega of his teaching. It has been given to him to see many a wounded champion wear the palm at last, and the fight crowned with victory. And their names shine as a beacon light raised on a rock-bound shore.

Dr. Day is a man who would befriend a drunkard when all others had abandoned him to his fate; and carry out to a sinking, despairing soul the safety line that would draw it to harbor and happiness.

L. FOSTER, M. D.

[AUTOBIOGRAPHICAL.]

L. FOSTER was born July 29, 1815, in Barnard, Windsor County, Vermont. Parents on both sides were from the old Puritan stock from England. On the father's side, from Ware, Mass., to Vermont; on the mother's side, from Bristol, R. I., soon after the revolutionary war, when Windsor County was almost an unbroken wilderness. Both grandfathers were in the war of the Revolution. Both were farmers.

My father also followed that occupation. There was where I received my first lessons in muscular development, in wielding the axe, scythe and grain

cradle; not in the schools, where dumb-bells, lifting machines, &c., were used. We combined the useful with the athletic in those days.

My early opportunities were only such as our common schools offered at the time; with such assistance as educated men gave me of my acquaintance.

At twenty years of age I made my first start for myself by going to Upper Canada (now Province of Ontario) and engaged in teaching for a year. Although so poorly furnished, my work was a success; if we may judge by the way it was received. During this year all of my extra time was spent to fit myself for the work before me,— the medical profession.

In the fall of 1836 I returned to Vermont state (my father having left there for Chautauqua County, N.Y., when I was nine years old, remaining there until I was twenty). The winter of 1836-7 I spent in Stonestead, Lower Canada (now province of Quebec), teaching. Feeling the necessity of doing all I could to increase my purse (it being very light at the time) I taught vocal music evenings in addition to my day labor. The severity of the climate, with my overwork, brought on a bronchial disease, that stayed with me until I went west. The cure of which I attributed to the change of climate and the malarial fevers.

The spring following [1837] I commenced my regular course of medical reading with Dr. John Burnett, of Woodstock, Vt. Teaching winters, attending the lecture course in the spring, and practicing my gym-

nastics in mid-summer, by helping the farmers secure their hay and grain, for which in two years I received twelve dollars for extra skill over ordinary hands, having been trained in that line in the grain-fields in western New York.

I received the degree of M. D. from the Vermont Medical College June, 1840.

My first year of professional life I spent in Woodstock, Vt., in connection with Dr. Joseph A. Gallup, the man noted for bloodletting, both in his practice and teaching. From that I located in Windsor, Vt., remaining there until 1845.

From August, 1845, until February, 1878, I resided in Otsego, Mich., in the active labors of the medical profession. Since then in Boston.

JOEL BROWN, M. D.

Dr. BROWN was born in Bradford, N. H., November, 1812. He fitted for college at Kimball Union Academy, Meriden, N. H., and entered Dartmouth College in 1837, graduating in 1841. In his last college year he taught school a portion of the autumn and winter at Oakland Academy, Carroll County, Md. Soon after graduating he took charge of a private school at Weymouth, Mass. Afterwards was a partner with Dr. Cornell in the instruction of a private school in Harvard Place, Boston, in the meantime

studying medicine and attending the Harvard medical lectures. He commenced the practice of medicine in Weymouth, Mass., remaining there a year or more, then took up his residence as a physician at West Newton, Mass., where he remained in a very successful and extensive practice until his death, March, 19, 1865. He married in 1849, Sarah R. P. Richmond, daughter of the late Micah Richmond, of Weymouth, Mass. By her he had one daughter who died in her eighth year. His widow is still living at West Newton. Dr. Brown was highly esteemed as a physician and beloved as a citizen.

[The above has been furnished me by Jeremiah Brown, Esq., a surviving brother of Dr. Brown.]

Dr. Joel Brown was an amiable and pleasant man, a fair scholar, and a good teacher, and, while he was with me, we had a pleasant partnership and a profitable school. He was greatly beloved by our pupils, and the town of West Newton met with a great loss when he died.

EBENEZER DAWES, M. D.

Dr. DAWES came to Taunton about the year 1813. Previous to that time for nearly a hundred years Drs. Godfrey, father and son, had held almost undisputed control of this territory. The son, Dr. Jones Godfrey, never liked the profession, and was often heard

to say in his youth, he would not persue it another day were it not to help his father. However, either from the force of habit, or because the community pressed hard upon him, he continued to practice after the decease of his father.

Dr. Jones Godfrey was a bachelor, and if he kept any accounts, never collected his bills. He never attended half the calls that men made upon him.

During the many years he was on the field of action, physicians came to Taunton and attempted to establish themselves there in their profession. They did not call on Dr. Godfrey; and, of course, as they ignored him, he knew nothing about them. The result was, they soon left and never returned.

By and by, Dr. Dawes came. He was a perfect gentleman in his demeanor, courteous and kind. The first thing he did was to call on Dr. Jones Godfrey, and have a social talk, during which Dr. Dawes said: "Dr. Godfrey, how should you like to have me come and settle here as a practitioner? Would it interfere with your practice? Would you object to it?"

Dr. Godfrey replied, "I should like to have you come. I will gladly give you all my practice and thank you for taking it."

Dr. Dawes came thus, with the full approval of Dr. Godfrey, and Dr. Godfrey was soon sent representative to the general court, and recommended Dr. Dawes to all his patients. Thus, by courtesy and being a gentleman and treating an old Doctor as he ought to be treated, young Dawes came into a very

respectable practice at once. He thus verified the old adage that "politeness always pays."

Dr. Dawes visited me when I was sick in Berkeley, in 1817, in consultation with Dr. Carpenter of Free-town, who was attending me. I had a long sickness of two years brought on by a cold contracted under the following circumstances.

I had been preparing for college at Taunton Academy. I had boarded in Berkeley, and walked from thence to Taunton, thus getting into a perspiration. I sat down without fire in a room in May, and took a severe cold which brought me so low that many said I was in consumption. Dr. Dawes examined into my case. He said I was not in consumption, and that he saw no reason why I might not recover. This was sixty-two years ago, (now 1881,) and I am still alive. But I never recovered from that sickness, though I have labored these sixty years.

Dr. Dawes showed his skill in diagnosing my disease; and I am inclined to think he was well skilled in the art of his profession.

His prediction was fulfilled, to wit, that I was not in consumption, and that I would get better, but I never regained the flesh that I lost, and the health which I previously enjoyed. I called upon Dr. Dawes for medicine and advise once after graduating and found him the same wise and conscientious adviser that he was some years before. I think he was a valuable, honest, and good physician; but I leave it to one who knew him better than I did, who gives the fol-

lowing, and as I believe, true characteristics of him :

Dr. Ebenezer Dawes was born in the town of Scituate, Plymouth county, Massachusetts, March 1, 1791. He was the son of Rev. Ebenezer Dawes, pastor of the Unitarian Church in that town.

Ebenezer obtained a good English and classical education at various schools and academies, in Hingham, Mass., Portland, Maine, and elsewhere. He chose medicine as his profession and attended medical lectures in Boston in 1811.

He established himself in his profession at Taunton, Mass., in 1813. He at once obtained an excellent practice which he retained until his death, a period of nearly fifty years.

He was married March 7, 1822, to Mrs Shepard. She was the widow of Oliver Shepard, Esq., merchant of Wrentham, Mass.

The reputation and success as a physician which Dr. Dawes enjoyed for so long a period were the result of a naturally excellent judgment, a conscientious endeavor to do his best in every individual case, quick observation and great patience. He could not be tempted to the use of hasty, indiscreet measures. He knew how to wait until the fit moment arrived and then he never hesitated to take decisive action. Though very modest, he had great confidence in his own judgment, and was never afraid to assume proper responsibility. He was patient, not timid. He reduced all his knowledge to practice, and by thorough investigation of each case was continually im-

proving and perfecting himself. His reputation was thus constantly becoming better and better established. The proofs of it were found in the character and extent of the practice which he enjoyed, and in the frequency with which he was sent for in consultation, both by his professional brethren in the city and in the neighboring towns.

The esteem entertained for Dr. Dawes was due not merely to his professional skill, but partly also to his character as a man. He was very benevolent and kind-hearted. He gave away very much practice, visiting poor families, from whom he could not reasonably expect to receive compensation. Though they had paid him nothing for years, still when sent for he would visit them, because he knew they needed his services. His charges were very moderate, and he almost never presented his bills. He preferred to wait until his patients called upon him themselves to settle. Had he pursued a different course he might have been rich.

Often he visited his patients when he was very weak. He never spared himself when the sick needed his aid, whether by night or by day. He was troubled with dyspepsia all his days, but his great carefulness in respect to diet, and his constant riding about, were favorable to the preservation of health. He raised blood when he was thirty years old, but suffered little from lung troubles until near his last sickness. He was taken with a hemorrhage about a year and a half before his death. It was the result of a cold,

contracted while attending on an Irish woman in a poor shanty. Other hemorrhages followed, and a cough gradually wore him out. He continued to practice so long as his strength permitted, and did not cease to give advice until within a short time of his death. So long as he could he rode out, and was confined to his bed but two or three days before his death, which occurred April 20, 1861, about seven weeks after he had completed his seventieth year.

Dr. Dawes had always a great respect for religion, contributed regularly and freely to the support of preaching, and so far as he could, attended divine service. He never, however, connected himself with the church. He probably considered himself not worthy to join it, and perhaps he thought so much of the practice of many of the virtues which religion inculcates, that he underrated the importance of a profession of it. He seemed to be greatly sustained and comforted in his last years by trust in God. His reliance for salvation was not on any merits of his own, but on the great Atoning Sacrifice, and his last prayer and last words were, "God be merciful to me a sinner."

PART III.—BUSINESS MEN.

CHAPTER XVI.

JOHN S. PAINE.

FURNITURE MANUFACTURER.

IN writing sketches of lives of prominent men of various professions, those who are eminent for inventions and of large business are well entitled to a share of attention; therefore, having given sketches of several clergymen and physicians, I now add sketches of several business men.

Commencing with John S. Paine, a large manufacturer of furniture, whose place of business is 48 Canal and 141 Friend Street, Boston. His stock of furniture is immense; and his establishment is visited by many ladies merely to see and inspect it. Their curiosity is generally more than satisfied; they are

always treated courteously and their admiration is put to the utmost stretch upon seeing to what extent Mr. Paine has gone in devising and manufacturing furniture. I have known several ladies who have come from the country to inspect the vast amount of elegant furniture in Mr. Paine's establishment. Everything is done here by method and rule. The following are the directions which Mr. Paine gives to his clerks: "Date your memorandum book every morning. Sell strictly for cash at the market price. Represent goods just as you know them to be. Enter on your book and copy on delivery book, name of purchaser in full, where, when and how to be sent. Name each article, number and price. Hand your book to entry clerk to copy on to the blotter and to make a bill; all bills to be receipted by cashier. Have goods paid for before delivery when you can do so; only conditionally delivered until paid for. Unless bills are to be paid before delivery, request parties with whom we are acquainted to give names to whom they refer. All goods to be delivered by delivery clerk of the department. See that every thing on your book is charged up every day on the blotter. See the delivery book every morning, that all your orders have been delivered promptly. Promise only what you can fulfill. See that you have credit for all sales actually made by you. Be courteous to each other. Undertake to serve only one party at a time."

These regulations are strictly observed by all

Mr. Paines employees. I have examined and observed the most varieties of unique articles of elegant furniture in this vast establishment, and I do not wonder that he has so many customers and visitors to examine the various articles and to admire his keen insight as to what will be useful and elegant in a first-class well furnished establishment. The furniture is so elegant and the prices so reasonable here, that for a long time I have advised young housekeepers, and old ones who wish to replenish their houses, to visit and patronize the excellent and superb manufactory of J. S. Paine; and, I have done this simply because I believe they could here find all they wanted, of the first style and at very reasonable prices; and, it is with this belief that I have written and published this article; and lest some may think from my praising this establishment so much, I wish to say that I have done this of my own free will and not because Mr. Paine has paid me for doing it, for he has not. Every man who is eminent in his business deserves commendation.

LEWIS JONES.

UNDERTAKER.

LEWIS JONES was born in the town of Canterbury, N. H. He received as good an education as could be procured in those days by the son of a farmer.

When twenty years old he came to Boston, and soon obtained the appointment of a messenger in the Commonwealth bank, which place he held till the bank failed. He then went to New York, and was employed in Lovejoy's hotel. He next visited France, Spain, Egypt, and other foreign countries. After a year and a half he returned to New York, and engaged in the boot and shoe business. This business growing dull, he returned to Boston and engaged in the drug business five years. Then he went to Nashua, N. H., in the grocery trade. In 1818 he returned to Boston and was appointed sexton of St. Pauls church. At that time most of the interments were made in Boston, and many of them were under the churches. St. Pauls was one under which there were ninety-three tombs. Until very recently some of them have been used for interments. The wealthy were then buried in mahogany coffins with solid silver plates. Now it is unusual to use a coffin and mahogany can scarcely be given away. Since the introduction of cheap caskets even the poor use them. Mr. Jones soon became extensively known, and his business rapidly increased. During his long occupation as an undertaker he had charge of the funerals of many of the most noted citizens among whom may be named Gov. John A. Andrew, Rear Admiral John A. Winslow, Paran Stevens, William H. Prescott, Mrs. Harrison Gray Otis, N. P. Willis, and others.

Mr. Jones thinks there is no city where funerals are

more plainly conducted than among the Bostonians. All tinsel and show at funerals seems to be eschewed. At the time Mr. Jones was appointed undertaker the population of Boston was about 135,000; now it is over 350,000. That part of Boston which now has the finest public buildings and residences has been filled in during the last thirty years. "It was Mr. Jones' good fortune to thus have the opportunity of forming the acquaintance of many of the most eminent musicians and orators of this country and of Europe. How he performed his duties may be inferred from two incidents which we are permitted to chronicle. On one occasion he was called on to the stage and presented with a magnificent silver snuff box lined with gold, by the renowned Julien, himself making the presentation speech. Subsequently, he was again honored by being called on the stage to receive the present of a handsome and valuable gold watch and chain."

Mr. Jones relates the following anecdote showing the power of the imagination: "One day, many years ago, he left his store to take a box to Forest Hills cemetery, and to order the grave. On his way he reached the church of which he was sexton. He was stopped by a gentleman who desired him to go directly to his house and arrange for a funeral. Not wishing to convey the box with him, Jones took it out of his wagon and left it in the drive-way by the side of the church near the street where he could readily get it as soon as he returned. He went with

the gentleman as requested. People passing saw the box; one person stopped to look, then another, until some fellow with an imaginative hallucination, fancied he detected a slight odor; another coincided with him that the smell was disagreeable, and in a few moments the collected crowd smelt a fearful stench issuing from that box. Policemen got excited; then there was a general halloobuloo! Mean while Mr. Jones was very calmly attending to his duty, little knowing what a rumpus his box by the side of the church was creating. On his return for it he was sharply reprimanded by the police, reporters, and kindly assisting spectators, for his culpable carelessness in exposing the public health to such chances of infection from such a palpably decomposed body. Without saying a word he simply took out a screw driver and took off the cover, showing to the crowd (who but a moment before had been so bold in their denunciations) a new, empty, outside coffin box, from which without the aid of their excited imaginations it would be impossible to smell anything. Of course there was a sudden break-up and scattering of that crowd who but a minute before were ready to mob the man who innocently 'sold' them on smell!"

The firm now doing business is Lewis Jones and his son, Lewis L. Jones.

WILLIAM MASON, OF TAUNTON.

MANY mechanics and inventors of the nineteenth century have improved machinery so much, and invented so many labor-saving instruments that they well deserve the praise of the present, and the transmission of their names to posterity. It seems as though nearly all the useful inventions and discoveries, so well calculated to improve the race, have been made during this century, such as railroad cars, steam navigation, telegraphing, and the telephone. Perhaps, none of the inventors and discoverers more deserve commendation than the man whose name stands at the head of this article.

William Mason was born at Mystic, Conn., in 1808. His father was a blacksmith. In his boyhood he worked in his father's shop, and on the farm the larger portion of each year. When he was three years old the family removed to a small island at the mouth of the Mystic River. Here they remained three years. They then removed to Stonington. William, early manifested mechanical genius. He made his own toys with his father's jack knife. When only eight years old he made jews-harps, and soon after skates and sleds, and various musical instruments. At the age of thirteen he left home and went to Canterbury, Conn., and entered the spinning room of a small cotton factory. He went to Lisbon and spent a year in a thread factory. While he was at

Lisbon one of the machines got out of order, and he was called upon to repair it, which he readily did. When he was seventeen he entered the machine shop attached to the cotton mill at Canterbury to learn the details of machine work. Here he spent three years. Closing his apprenticeship he went to New Hartford, near Utica, New York. Soon the company failed. Starting again upon a smaller scale young Mason was reengaged. About this time he constructed a machine for weaving damask. Then he tried his hand at portrait painting but soon gave it up. Then he went to Providence, R. I., with a Mr. Lanphear. Mr. Lanphear soon failed and Mr. Mason took charge of the establishment. About this time he came to Taunton and entered into the employ of Crocker and Richmond, which firm did the most business of any one in Taunton. I well remember the old firm which preceeded that of Crocker and Richmond. Its sign was Crocker, Bush and Richmond. Bush died, and Crocker and Richmond carried on the business. Here Mr. Mason worked twelve months on his "ring frames." In 1837, in the general crash of that year, Crocker and Richmond failed, owing Mr. Mason a considerable amount; but instead of being discouraged, he immediately devised a "speeder" for "roving machine." As the

"Sparrow chooses where to rest,

And for her young prepares her nest,"

so Mr. Mason now seemed to have found the right place—the niche which Providence designed for him;

after having been employed for some time by another firm "Leach and Keith," who succeeded Crocker and Richmond, which firm failed, owing him a considerable amount.

With the old town of Taunton, I have been acquainted from my childhood. Born in Berkeley, just south of the line that divides the two towns, I was almost as much at home in the one as in the other. I knew all the old merchants and captains of the small crafts that sailed out of "Taunton great river"; and while a boy often took trips with them to Nantucket, Providence, New Bedford, New York, and sometimes to Philadelphia for a cargo of flour, and to Portland, Me., for lumber. Well do I remember old Mr. Pipon, the old bachelor and minister of Taunton, and old Mrs Harvey, who with her daughter, baked and sold gingerbread near the academy where I fitted for college; besides, I taught a public school three winters in three different school districts in this town, and "boarded round" as the custom then was, so that I became pretty well acquainted with the people, of whom there were not so many then, as now.

The firm of Crocker and Richmond was the vitalizing power of this old town. It put all the spindles in motion. It set men at work. It brought many here from abroad. It was the life-blood to this old town, which even then had some eminent lawyers and captains of vessels; among the former, were Frank and William Bayles, (though William lived

in Bridgewater,) the Sprouts, Marcus Morton, etc. Among the latter, were a number of Presby's, as Seth, father and son, Allen, etc; old Jacob Phillips and his son, Jonah. I remember a story was current of him, after the "great gale," in 1815; that Nantucket was sunk, when some of the wise ones said, "send old Captain Jacob Phillips on there with a load of brick and he will find the island."

There were other merchants in those days in Taunton worthy of remembrance, though Crocker and Richmond took the lead as manufacturers, and among the others, with such men as Benjamin Dean, who had a consumptive cough for fifty years, Charles Godfrey, the three brothers Reeds, John, William and Hodges, all worthy and honest men.

In this town, after the failure of Crocker and Richmond, William Mason began operations, as the sailors say, "on his own hook." Though still a young man, with the sight of a seer, he sees what may be done, in the future; and with the vision of a prophet, he sets about what is to be his great life-work, to wit: "The Mason Machine Works," by which he has enriched himself, and greatly benefited and adorned the city of Taunton. These works, situated in the heart of the city, and covering ten acres, and so finely constructed, and so elegant, and kept in such nice order, under the direction of Mr. William H. Bent, treasurer, that many persons are greatly pleased to visit and inspect them.

For many years Mr. Mason has been engaged in

the profitable employment of manufacturing locomotives, in the construction of which he has made some very great improvements. The first locomotives used in this country were imported from England. The first man to manufacture them in this country was Horatio Allen of New York. The first successful mechanic who went into the business was Matthias W. Baldwin of Philadelphia. I knew him well during seven years residence in that city. He was one of the best and most benevolent men of Philadelphia. Mr. Mason also erected a foundry for the manufacture of car wheels which he very much improved. He also, during the late war, went largely into the manufacture of Springfield rifle muskets for the government. This business is now carried on under the name of Mason Machine Works, with a capital of \$800,000. Thus his business has been for many years and still is the largest and most important carried on in Taunton.

This sketch has been written without any consultation or knowledge of Mr. Mason, and the writer alone is responsible for it.

THOMAS WHITE,
BOOT AND SHOE MANUFACTURER.

THE business in which Roger Sherman and Rev. William Carey D. D., the Christian Missionary and

distinguished oriental scholar, were craftsmen, has risen to be New England's greatest industry. It was not until some years after the Revolution that the manufacture of boots and shoes became a distinct branch of business at least in America. Its development however has been so rapid as to be almost phenomenal. The vast capital now invested, the towns that have grown up around the factories, the regiments of artisans employed, indicate the strides that have been taken, and yet there are some men living whose connection with this business dates from the days of small things if not from the very inception of the trade.

By means of the boot and shoe trade of New England, business relations are sustained with all parts of the country, since there are but few cities, and none of prominence, with which there is not a large commerce in these lines of goods. Prominent among the houses whose connections are most extensive and whose soundness, integrity, and enterprise are universally recognized is the firm of Messrs. Thomas White & Co., of Boston, the history of which will be hastily reviewed.

The simple story of the growth and success of such a business as this cannot fail of being both instructive and suggestive. Thomas White, the founder and head of this firm has been engaged in the manufacture of boots and shoes uninterruptedly since 1839. His father before him was a pioneer in the trade commencing business in East Randolph about 1810. As

was the custom then, he would manufacture the shoes and with his own team carry them to Montreal for a market. Having disposed of his stock he would return home to repeat the process.

The experiences of those early days would be most amusing to merchants who are acquainted only with modern accommodations and methods. Smuggling was carried on to such an extent between the States and Canada as to render closest vigilance necessary.

Frequently Mr. White senior would be considerably delayed while his entire load was overhauled by the collector and other officers who would assure themselves that all was right. Notwithstanding the red-tape that prevails today in the collection of customs it is not attended with the same inconveniences as then.

The subject of this sketch was born in East Randolph (now Holbrook) Mass., April 30, 1816. His childhood experiences were not essentially unlike those of other lads reared in the small villages of New England in the early part of the present century. He was educated in the common schools of the town and at the Pittsfield, N. H., Academy, graduating from this institution in 1836. In his early boyhood when not in school he was employed in his father's shop closing shoes.

Returning from Pittsfield at the age of twenty he worked upon shoes for others for a few years, but in 1839 he commenced business for himself.

It was a very small beginning as there was literally

no machinery whatsoever in use at that time, all that was required in the way of outfit, being a cutting board, a few patterns and a knife. But Mr. White put more than these into the business. He put himself into it with all devotion and energy, managing his affairs with such prudence and forecast as at once awakened and established confidence. As a result his business increased so rapidly that in 1843 Samuel Whitcomb was admitted as a partner, the firm name being White & Whitcomb. This relation was soon terminated however by the death of Mr. Whitcomb.

Mr. White though still a young man had come to hold a prominent place in the community. The work furnished by his business was now quite a source of revenue to the residents of the village and adjoining towns. At the same time he also managed a general store in the village having for partners during the eight years he was connected with it, Mr. F. H. Keith, who is now a prosperous merchant of Philadelphia, and Mr. Adolphus Clark, who has since been successful in business in London, England.

In October, 1842, Mr. White took another partner who for thirty-eight years has shared with him all his successes.

He was then married to Miss Harriett E. Keith of Bridgewater—a sister of the one who was his partner in the East Randolph store.

Like all other business men Mr. White encountered the financial storm of 1857—58. Unlike many others however he was prepared to meet it and enabled to

weather it. The same indomitable energy, unfaltering courage and clear foresight with which he had laid the foundations of his business and which had resulted in its steady growth and uninterrupted prosperity for twenty years, enabled him to endure the strain of those terrible months when so many were wrecked.

Soon after the cloud of war overshadowed the land and the storm broke upon the country greatly disturbing all commercial relations. Mr. White's business was somewhat affected by the loss of his Southern trade which had become quite extensive. To compensate for this the manufacture of army boots and shoes was added to his regular business, Mr. White taking some contracts from the government but selling more largely to New York merchants. The production of these goods was continued until the closing of the war caused a cessation of the demand for them. About this time, 1866, he received his brother, Edmund White, as partner, the firm name then becoming T. & E. White. Now, a change occurred in their business. It had been a custom up to about this time for manufacturers to dispose of their goods through commission houses or selling agents. Now, however, discovering the advantages that would accrue from distributing their own products they leased a store upon Pearl street, near Milk Street, Boston, Thomas White superintending the selling of the goods while his brother had charge of the manufacturing in East Randolph. It was about t

this time that the subject of this sketch became a resident of Boston, at once taking rank as one of its prominent business men. A most exceptional business career was now entered upon. Such was their prosperity that two years later being under the necessity of largely increasing their production, they purchased the four story steam factory 100x36 feet, built a short time previous by Spear, Sprague & Co., and which was admirably fitted for their use.

The firm now became one of the largest and most influential houses in the trade, continuing as it had always been to be one of the most reliable.

In 1871 the personnel of the firm was again changed by the withdrawal of Mr. Edmund White who soon established a large business of his own in the same village.

At the same time Mr. White associated with himself his two sons, T. Edgar and Henry M. White, assuming the firm name of Thomas White & Co., which has been retained since that time.

By this change the business which had now grown to such proportions as to call for a division of labor and responsibility, could be systematized more perfectly. To one of the sons was allotted the office work in Boston and attending to the finances of the firm, and to the other the manufacturing and general superintendence of their large factory.

No sooner however had affairs begun to move along smoothly under the new regime, when the great fire which swept over Boston in 1872 broke out and their

store, situated in what has come to be known as the "burned district" was in ashes.

They were enabled to save some of their stock but experienced heavy losses by the failures of the insurance companies. As they were not able to secure sufficient accommodations for the storage and sale of their goods, they were greatly inconvenienced and their trade suffered in consequence. Still their business was constantly increasing and so rapidly that during that year they took another partner, Mr. Marcellus Walker of Cambridge, who, for several years had been their salesman, and had proved himself a most popular and efficient business man.

As soon as possible after the fire they returned to Pearl Street which had long been the center of the shoe and leather trade of New England, taking commodious quarters upon the corner of High Street.

Sphinx-like, they had risen from the flames strengthened so that they were obliged to increase their facilities, which they did by purchasing and refitting for their use the meeting house, situated near their factory, in which Mr. White had worshipped for years. At present therefore the firm has one of the largest factories in eastern Massachusetts, turning out weekly from 600 to 900 cases of goods in almost endless variety, and with but little interruption during the year. Concerning the character of their goods, a journal of recognized authority in commercial circles says: "Their calf boots and shoes in many sections of the country have come to be as standard an

article as "Batchelder Brogans" or "Pacific Mills Dress Goods."

They employ at present nearly six hundred persons in connection with their factory at Holbrook alone, the pay roll being from \$15,000 to \$25,000 per month. Here then is a good position for retrospect.

When Mr. White began business in 1839 there was absolutely no machinery in use. Some years after the hand rollers and skivers were introduced, then followed the stitching machine so that much of the work which had been done outside the shop must now be performed by persons in the factory. With the introduction of the stitching machines came changes in the styles of shoes, so that instead of the simple brogan and strap shoes which was about all that was known in 1839, the styles and patterns became almost endless in their variety. Indeed, today it is estimated that if we take into consideration the stock of which goods are made, the patterns by which they are cut, and the styles in which they are finished, more than a thousand different varieties are produced by this single firm. After the stitching came the pegging machine, and instead of the slow process of pegging by hand a single machine now makes the hole, cuts the peg, and drives a thousand per minute. Then came the sole-sewers, the nailing or cable screw machine, and the heeling machine, so that now in the place of the cutting board, a few patterns and knives, which was Mr. White's outfit at the commencement, there may be found in his factory at Holbrook more

than two hundred machines, all run by steam power.

His business of \$8,000 or \$9,000 forty-two years ago, is now of as many hundreds of thousands per annum.

In 1880 the firm still further enlarged their business. Securing a factory in Great Falls, N. H. 175 feet long, three stories in height, supplied with all the modern machinery, which is run by an engine and boiler of 40 horse power, and capable of producing 1,500 pairs of shoes a day; they commenced the manufacture of a class of goods different from those made at their factory in Holbrook. This part of the business is superintended by L. M. and D. H. Nute, well known to the trade. As in all their enterprises the firm found this venture growing rapidly upon their hands, the goods that are produced being much sought after by the best jobbers in the country. Thus we see the proportions to which a small beginning may be developed in the lifetime of a single man.

There have been but few such business careers. Mr. White is one of the very small number of business men in this region, who have enjoyed for so long a period a constantly increasing prosperity, always paying obligations in full. New England has had some such men, but they have not been so numerous as not to be exceptional. Although paying closest attention to business, Mr. White has found time and strength to devote to public interests.

In politics during his earlier years he was a whig, giving his first vote for president in 1840 to Gen.

Harrison, and has voted at every presidential election since. He continued with the whig party until it was merged with the republican, since which time he has voted with the latter.

Mr. White has been called to fill many positions of public trust. He has held many town offices and twice represented his district in the State Legislature.

The lessons from such a life are numerous and instructive.

The village where Mr. White was born has grown from a little village to be an incorporated town, and to its growth and prosperity he has ministered to a no small extent. It is surprising to most that two scores of years should be a sufficient period for seed to be sown and to develop into such a harvest.

It is accounted for, however, only as we recall the proverb about "a shoemaker's sticking to his last." Such men are the pride of New England. They have given stability to her business and character to her institutions.

The author of this book has visited Mr. White's manufactory in Holbrook, and was much amused, instructed and richly entertained by examining and having explained to him by Mr. H. M. White, the various articles of machinery by which boots and shoes are produced with such wonderful facility in these modern times. It will well repay any man, even should he have to take a long journey to visit and carefully examine the wonderful machines which can be found in this immense manufactory. Men like Mr. White and his

coadjutors have been the cause and life of our flourishing New England villages, towns and cities.

HON. WILLIAM B. SPOONER.

HON. WILLIAM B. SPOONER, one of our most prominent citizens and well-known business men whose name has been connected with many philanthropic enterprises, died January, 1881, in Boston, at the age of seventy-four. Mr. Spooner was born at Athol, Mass., removing in early boyhood to Vermont, where he learned the leather-tanning trade. He came to Boston soon after attaining his majority, entering the leather trade under the firm name of William B. Spooner & Co. The business has been continued ever since under that name and the name of its successors, Butler, Dunn & Co.

He relinquished active business in 1873.

Mr. Spooner imbibed his temperance sentiments when a boy, the example of the gentleman with whom he lived causing him to become a total abstainer. He remained true to his early convictions throughout his long and useful life. He was one of the first to welcome John W. Hawkins from Baltimore in 1840 and was ever afterwards connected with all the temperance organizations in the State.

He was president of the State temperance committee and afterwards of the alliance till 1869, and foun-

der, in 1871, and president, up to his death, of the Massachusetts Total Abstinence Society.

He was a member of the State Legislature in 1857, and was one of the State commissioners at the Centennial exhibition.

He was a man of great benevolence. In a book published two years ago by Lee & Shepard, and written by Rev. William M. Thayer, entitled "Nelson Storer," Mr. Spooner's benefactions are said to have amounted to \$700,000. Mr. Spooner was a vigorous and concise writer, and it was his hand that furnished a large number of the reports and papers issued from time to time by temperance organizations.

As a business man Mr. Spooner enjoyed the confidence of all who had relations with him, and on the formation of the New England Shoe and Leather Association he was chosen as president by the members of that body.

He was, also, during many years one of the directors of the Shoe and Leather National Bank.

He had been out of health for several months. His death was caused by a cancer in the throat. He leaves an invalid widow, but no other family.

I knew Mr. Spooner for many years and was associated with him in the Massachusetts State Temperance Alliance, which did good service for the cause of temperance, many years. We have had no man in this Commonwealth who has done more for temperance, and been more consistent in his devotion to this cause than William B. Spooner. He spent his money and

his time in striving to promote this good cause, for which he was reviled and insulted.

Another gentleman by the same name, dwelling in the same street, whose house was assaulted, had his windows broken, and his carpets spoiled by vitrol and other ingredients thrown upon them. Mr. William B. Spooner, supposing this insult was intended for him, as it undoubtedly was, paid his namesake the value of the damage done to his house and furniture.

Mr. Spooner's property, since his decease, has been estimated by appraisers at between three and four hundred thousand dollars. When we consider that he gave to benevolent purposes alone during his life more than \$700,000, it is evident he must have been a very prosperous merchant.

Mr. Spooner was always courteous, pleasant and kind to everybody; and he was always ready with his sympathy and purse for all who suffered affliction.

It affords us great comfort to record the good deeds, and worthy example of such a man. He was a worthy member and a deacon of the second congregational church [Unitarian] in Boston, at the time of his decease. Happy would it be for us if we had many more such men as was William B. Spooner among the prominent merchants of our city.

FRANKLIN SMITH,
UNDERTAKER.

FRANKLIN SMITH was born in Boston, November 7, 1807. He was the son of Martin Smith who was sexton of King's Chapel thirty-six years. He died in Jaffrey N. H., April 17, 1869. He was appointed an undertaker in 1839 and held the office till his death. He was sexton of the fifth Universalist Church in Warren Street for nine years; and succeeded his father as sexton at King's Chapel for seventeen years. He was a trust-worthy man and universally respected. His business as an undertaker is still carried on by his worthy son, Benjamin F. Smith, at 251 Tremont Street.

CHAPTER XVII.

GEORGE B. EMERSON, LL. D.

GEORGE B. EMERSON was born September 12, 1797, in Wells, in the county of York, district of Maine, then a part of Massachusetts. His father was a native of Hollis, New Hampshire. He graduated at Cambridge in 1847. He was a physician, an excellent latin scholar, a good story teller, and an agreeable companion. Though a physician, he owned a little farm and a good garden in which young Emerson was set to work at the age of eight years with an elder brother. Their business was sowing, weeding and harvesting.

Mr. Emerson says of this period of his life: "I naturally watched the character, shape, and structure of the roots and of the leaves, the formation of the blossoms, their flowering, the calyx, the petals, their times of opening, coming to perfection, persistence or falling, and the successive changes in the seed-vesels, till the maturity of the seed of all the plants of the garden and the field. I became also familiarly acquainted with all the weeds and their roots, and the modes of preventing their doing harm. I was getting real knowledge of things; I formed the habit

of observing. This was always valuable knowledge, the use of which I felt afterwards when I began to study botany as a science, and as long as I pursued it; for, reading the description of a plant, I saw not the words of the book, but the roots and stems, and leaves and flowers, and seeds of the plant itself. And this habit of careful observation I naturally extended to whatever was the subject of my reading or study."

He says: "I learned to use every tool, spade and shovel, hoe, fork, rake, knife, scythe, and to like to use them." He found this of great service and comfort to him. He took care of horses, sheep, and fowls. He found that all that was necessary to make them like him was to treat them kindly. This is a general principle of our nature. Kindness begets kindness.

Even in his childhood he became acquainted with the trees, shrubs, oaks, beeches, birches, maple, hickories, pines, spruces, fir and hemlock. Mr. John Low lent him the first volume of the "Memoirs of the American Academy," and from this he became acquainted with most of the flowers and other wild plants in the neighborhood.

He read books of travel, Carver's and Bartram's, Park's Travels in Africa, and Bruce's. Of poetry, he read Chaucer, Shelley, Grayton, Cowper, Thomson, Goldsmith, Milton, Young, and Gray.

His older brother was studying latin and he asked his father to let him begin. He did, and set him to studying Erasmus, Corderius, and the other old school

books used seventy or eighty years ago. He was then sent to Dummer Academy in Byfield, where he learned to repeat Adam's Latin Grammer and the Gloucester Greek.

The following is his experience in fishing with Abner Cousins, a neighboring boy. He became much interested in this sport. On one of these excursions he told Abner he believed his hook had become fastened to something at the bottom, for he could not move it. Abner took hold of his line and immediately said, "You have hooked a halibut. Now keep your line free from the gunwale or he will break it. Keep firm hold and pull carefully. When he refuses to come upwards, let him go down." The fish soon became tired and they drew him on board. He weighed twice as much as young Emerson.

Mr. Emerson entered Harvard college in 1813, and had a room assigned him with Joseph H. Jones, whom he had met at Dummer Academy. When the writer moved to Philadelphia in 1861, he became acquainted with a presbyterian minister who had been settled in that city for forty years. This was the same Joseph H. Jones, with whom young Emerson roomed at No. 11 Massachusetts Hall. Edward Everett was then tutor.

At the end of the first term Emerson went home expecting to spend the vacation there. But the next day after his arrival there, a man came from Maryland district, five miles off, to engage his older brother to teach the winter school there. My father said :

"You have come too late. My son went off yesterday to Boston to attend the medical lectures." The man said, "who is this tall fellow? Why can't he come?" The father replied, "he is a boy only sixteen years old who has come home to spend his vacation." An agreement was soon made, however, that this boy should teach the school eight or nine weeks, which was the usual length of the term. This was the beginning of George B. Emerson's teaching, in which employment he spent a long life, and was eminently successful. In the winter of his Sophomore year he was unable to teach; but in his junior year he supplied the place of an older man in a school in Saco. Of this school he says: "It was made up of the sons and daughters of saw-millers at Saco Falls, who kept the mills going night and day. The girls were always well disposed and gave me no trouble; but their brothers, taking after fathers who were almost always profane and unprincipled drunkards, were as impudent and stubborn as boys could be. I had, for the only time in my life, to depend upon the ferule and other implements of brute force. It was only when they found that I was fearless, and resolved at any cost, to be master, that they submitted. It was with as great pleasure, for a moment, as I ever felt, that, sitting at breakfast on Monday morning, on my return from my father's, where I always spent Sunday, I was surprised by a sudden light, and looking back saw from the window the ruinous old school-house in flames."

Returning one night from a visit to some acquaintances, Emerson was accosted by his chum, Jones, reading the life of Sir William Johnes. Sir William says that, "to sleep more than four hours in one night is being an ass." Young Emerson replied, "I do not wish to be an ass, though I have great respect for that animal. Shall we try the four-hour plan?" "Yes, and begin it this very evening." "But how about waking after the four hours sleep?" "We may study till two o'clock every night, and to save our eyes read some pleasant book alternately for the last two hours."

So it was agreed and Emerson sat down immediately to study Greek. The class had been reading the Anabasis. He liked it, and found it very easy, and determined to read the whole of it. He soon learned to read Greek without a Lexicon.

When he had finished Xenophon, he and his chum Jones read Herodotus, Hesiod, Anacreon, the letters of Pliny the younger, and some of the philosophical works of Cicero, and at the same time attended to all their regular lessons in college. After pursuing this course for many weeks, he was taken with a pain in the side, and getting no relief he went home to be treated by his father. In the course of three months he was sufficiently recovered to return to his studies at college. He says: "Our senior year was a pleasant one. I learned with ease all the lessons required, and thus had time for voluntary studies. I went on with my Greek, and read in the course of the year

all of Homer except the last book of the *Odyssey*. In the winter vacation, at my boarding-house in Bolton, which was near the school, I repeatedly committed to memory thirty lines of Homer in thirty minutes. I mention this to record the shameful fact that, from neglecting fairly to use my memory for four or five years from that time, I lost it almost entirely, and it has ever since been a poor one. I have never known a person whose memory continued to be good and even, to improve in ripe age, who did not habitually exercise it on poetry or something other than the poor affairs and business of daily life. Mr. Emerson graduated at Harvard College in 1817, and went immediately to his father's in Wells. He had been at home but two days when Dr. Kirkland, the president, offered him the place of Master of a private school in Lancaster. He took this school at a salary of \$500 a year. This was considered a large salary at that time. This school has been limited to twenty-five pupils; but such was his skill and tact at teaching, that at the end of the first quarter it numbered forty-two. He says: "The discipline in my school, although such as was common in those days, was bad in every respect. I kept a switch and a ferule, and used them both, often feeling, as I did so, like a malignant spirit, and sometimes acting in an evil spirit. I have many times wished that I could have asked the pardon of one boy whom I had punished unjustly, and in a passion; but he never came to see me, and I have no doubt he retained, perhaps always, a right-

eous grudge against me.”

I doubt if many of us who taught in those days and used similar discipline could not say the same.

After teaching two years in Lancaster he left, with his own horse and pocket full of money, and feeling richer than he ever did afterwards, to become a tutor in Harvard College.

In the faculty of the college he was associated with Professor Hedge, the elder, Rev. Henry Ware, Caleb Cushing, Edward Everett, and the Rev. Mr. Norton of the Theological School. Mr. Emerson still considered himself a teacher and used every method to find out how to teach well. He soon came to the conclusion that exciting the emulation of children was heathenish, and ought not to be tolerated in a Christian school—a conclusion which the writer long since came to, and recommended to the Boston School Committee, respecting the distribution of the city medals, which they then rejected, but twelve years afterwards adopted. Mr. Emerson left the tutorship in Cambridge to become master of the English Classical School of Boston, in which he was very successful as a teacher. The greatest difficulty he found while master of this school was in awarding the city medals. The writer passed through a similar ordeal in distributing the same medals while chairman of a district school committee in Boston. Mr. Emerson describes this horrid practice as follows:—

“The most serious difficulty I ever encountered in the management of the boys was presented by the

necessity of awarding the city medals. Six medals were sent to me to be given to the six best scholars in my first class. Who were the six best? I laid the matter before the school, telling the boys that it was impossible for me to tell who best deserved the medals. To do that I ought to know who had been most faithful, who had overcome the greatest difficulties, who, struggling against nature and inadequate preparation, had made really the greatest progress. I had never had a head in any class. It would not have been difficult to guess who would have been at the head. But one who from excellent preparation and fine natural talents, would have placed himself at the head, was really not so deserving of a medal as the boy who had overcome difficulties most successfully and improved his natural powers most faithfully.

"I must assign the medals. I should do it as well as I could, but I could not be sure that I did it justly. I did, accordingly, give the medals to the six whom I considered the most deserving, and who were apparently the best scholars. This assignment gave evident satisfaction in almost every case, but there was one boy who was bitterly disappointed, and who naturally charged his disappointment to me. He never looked kindly at me from that hour; and whenever, for years after, I met him on the street, he looked away with a cloud on his face. If I had had one medal more I would have given it to him. But there were only six to give. I ought to have gone to the committee and insisted on having another to bestow; but I did not.

The poor boy, afterwards a somewhat distinguished man, never forgave me—and I never forgave myself; and I never look back upon the whole matter, and never think of him, but with pain.”

Mr. Emerson's eyes were bad. They had troubled him very much for a long time, and prevented his reading and compelled him to hear recitations without a book. He gives the following account of how they were cured. He was visiting Dr. N. Bowditch, the great American mathematician, in Salem. “He perceived the great difficulty I had with my eyes, and at once told me that at about my age, he had suffered in the same way, trying doctors and their prescriptions in vain; but it occurred to him that the eye was made for the light, and light for the eye, and that, when he went out, he ought to take the sunniest side of the street, and not the shady side; and that the irritation in his eyes might be allayed by the application of cold water. He tried that, opening his eyes in cold water, first in the morning and last at night, and whenever they seemed to need it, and continuing the act till the irritation was gone. In a few weeks his eyes were well, and had so continued all his life. I tried the experiment in every particular, and in a few weeks my eyes were perfectly well, and have so continued up to this day.” When Mr. Emerson wrote this he was fourscore years old.

He taught the classical school about two years, and then such inducements were held out to him, that he relinquished the boys school and opened a

private school for young ladies. This was his life's work, and in it he shone conspicuously. The two principal arguments which induced him to leave the teaching of boys, and engage in that of girls, were, first, that mothers are the chief teachers of their children; and second, that he would receive a larger income than he did from the public school, which would enable him to marry and live more to his mind. He was then twenty-six years of age. It would be pleasant to speak more particularly of the instruction which he gave the young ladies, but our limits will not permit it.

Mr. Emerson filled many other important offices. He was the first president of the Boston Natural History Society, and ever an active member of that society. He was also president of the American Institute of Instruction, and drew up the petition for the establishment of normal schools in the state of Massachusetts, when Edward Everett was governor. He was one of the first and prominent members of the state board of education.

As he had now been actively engaged for more than forty years in teaching, and always successful, his health being somewhat impaired; by the advice of friends he took a trip to Europe and was absent two years.

On his return he gave an interesting address to country ladies upon forest trees which has been published.

Then he gave in 1874, a valuable address before

the Boston Natural History Society, on what we owe to Louis Agassiz as a teacher.

Mr. Emerson's farewell address to the young ladies of his school is as elegant a piece of composition as are Blair's lectures on rhetoric, and replete with good advice and wise counsel. It should be read by all teachers and all schools.

Mr. Emerson died March 4, 1881, in the eighty-fourth year of his age. He had been feeble for several years, and at times his mind was wandering. At others it was unclouded and as bright as it ever was. The writer spent an hour with him at his residence in Boston about a year since, during which he conversed as freely, and as eloquently upon various subjects as he ever did in the meridian of his days. It was the last interview I ever had with him; and in it he recounted many of the facts related in this paper. At the same time I asked him for his autograph for a book of chirography which I was then making. He wrote his name, and under it *school-master*, which he said "is the only title which I ever put to my name."

I have given but one schoolmaster in this book: but I may say of him as the Lioness (when lionesses talked) is reported to have said to those who reproached her because she had but one whelp. "Yes, one; but a Lion." So, Mr. Emerson is a model for all teachers,—one, but a *whole one*.

Mr. Emerson's views of medals as above expressed harmonize so well with my own that I refer to my report which I made to the school committee on this

subject in 1855; and which they rejected by an overwhelming majority. Twelve years afterwards the same committee abolished the distribution of city medals.

IN answer to a request of Rev. Charles F. Barnard, and others of a similar character, the school board, in 1855, appointed a committee to *report* upon the subject, of which the writer was chairman, and he presented a report from which the following are extracts.

Your committee believe the feeling to be very general in this community, that too much and too many studies are required of the pupils, and that an unnecessary and injurious stimulus is too often applied to induce them to accomplish more intellectual labor than is consistent with proper attention to their physical exercise and a due regard to their health.

Nor is this feeling or complaint confined to those who can be considered unacquainted with the physical and intellectual capacity and wants of children. It has been often made, and sustained among us, not by clergymen and tender parents only, but also by eminent physicians.

As long ago as June 30, 1853, Dr. Henry G. Clarke, then and now the city physician, addressed the school committee in the following language:

"Gentlemen of the school committee,—permit me, in relation to an evil which I believe to exist, especially in the *girls'* schools under your care, to ask for it that attention from your board which is only nec-

essary to insure the application of an appropriate remedy.

"I allude to the excessive amount of 'out-of-school-study,' which either the expectations of the committee, the over-stimulus effects of the present systems of rank and rewards, or some other causes, do not fail to exact from many of the pupils."

Dr. J. V. C. Smith, the late president of this board, as a medical man, has also borne his testimony against excessive study in the public schools of the city of Boston.

In Rev. Mr. Barnard's letter, referred to your committee, is the following strong language: "I know, from observing my own children, and still more so from observing the large numbers embraced in my ministry, that the complaints (those of too great an amount of study,) are general, real and serious."

Your committee fully concur in the opinion of these medical gentlemen, and of the Rev. Mr. Barnard, and believe it incumbent upon this board, as the legal guardians of the children, so far as their connection with the public schools is concerned, to adopt some plan which shall effectually prevent the evil complained of, and which shall give assurance to parents that the physical and intellectual health of the children shall, from the cause of excessive study, be no longer endangered.

In reference to the present system of "rank and rewards," your committee believe that there is just ground for complaint, especially in reference to the

stimulus applied in the way of *medals*, and this also has an unfavorable effect upon the health of the children. Would it not be infinitely better that the whole system of distributing medals, as now practiced, should be abandoned? Your committee believe this question should be answered in the affirmative, and for the following reasons :

1st. The stimulus of securing a prize, by excelling others, operates the most powerfully upon *precocious* children—a class which always require holding back rather than urging forward.

2d. We object to this distribution of medals, as now practiced, because it recognizes and acts upon a principle which flows neither from God nor nature : to wit, that the capacities, or minds and bodies of all children, are equal.

3d. This distribution of medals is an injury to the *successful* candidate. It stimulates his pride—excites those very feelings and passions which every wise and prudent parent or teacher who desires to cultivate the *heart*, finds it most difficult to suppress.

4th. It is productive of evil to the *unsuccessful candidates*.

5th. The present system of awarding medals injures the good influence of the teacher upon the pupils, and greatly perplexes him in the discharge of his duty.

6th. It also injures the parents.

7th. Another reason why the present management of the schools is injurious to the pupils is, it allows

them little or no opportunity for relaxation and exercise at the recess.

Your committee feel very grateful to two of the daily papers of this city, for the following article : to the editor of one, for writing, and of the other, for endorsing it :

"We were present at the school festival in Faneuil Hall on Tuesday last. We will whisper a confession into the ear of the public that we have doubts and misgivings — growing with our growth and strengthening with our strength — as to the whole system of medals, Franklin and City ; and as to the wisdom of selecting a few boys and girls out of a school for these conspicuous decorations, and leaving the rest unnoticed. We doubt whether the intellectual advantages, especially in the case of girls, are not counterbalanced by injurious moral influences ; and even in an intellectual point of view, we question whether the effect be not to stimulate the quick and bright, who need it not, and to depress the slow and timid, who need encouragement. But for a Boston editor or a Boston man to hint any doubts upon the subject of the Franklin medals, is like speaking disrespectfully of the equator, or suggesting an inquiry whether the sun and moon are not beginning to break up a little, and to show a failure in their faculties ; and we therefore say what we have said timidly and depreciatingly."—

Boston Courier.

WM. M. CORNELL, *Chairman.*

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