

In Memoriam

A. A. HODGE

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A discourse in memory of

Archibald Alexander Hodge



Yours sincerely
S. S. Hays

A
DISCOURSE

IN MEMORY OF

ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE, D. D., LL. D.

PROFESSOR IN THE THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY,
PRINCETON, N. J.

BY

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THIS DISCOURSE WAS DELIVERED IN THE CHAMBERS
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MEMORIAL DISCOURSE.

I FEAR that I have little fitness for the service I have been so kindly invited to perform, beyond the fact that I had a share in Dr. Hodge's confidence, that I loved him dearly, and that during the short period of my acquaintance with him I had come to know him well. It has occurred to me more than once since the preparation of this Discourse was undertaken, that some one who had known him longer and whose record of memories reaches back to the years of a common boyhood would have done ampler justice to this occasion. For, when a great man dies, there is a natural, and surely a pardonable, curiosity on the part of all to know something of his early life. We love to study his history in the light of the facts that made up the totality of his career, and to read in stories of his childhood the promise of a greatness attained in later years. In the case of

one like Dr. Hodge, whose personality was so unique, so manifold, and so manifestly marked by genius, we naturally suppose that those who have been his companions for a lifetime are in possession of reminiscences that would abundantly gratify this very natural desire. It may yet fall to the lot of one specially qualified, to do what obviously I cannot do. I must content myself with describing what I saw, and representing Dr. Hodge to you as he appeared to me. That we were engaged in kindred pursuits, that we had both taught from the same text-book, and had traversed in frequent conversations the leading topics embraced in Dr. Charles Hodge's Systematic Theology, may qualify me in a measure for forming a just estimate of his position in the theological world. This estimate I shall at least try to make, not in the form of fulsome eulogy—for a simple statement of the truth will be eulogy enough—but in tender regard for his precious memory and under the restrictions of sober fact.

The death of Dr. Hodge is such a sore bereavement to our entire Church, that a memorial service held in the midst of a larger community than that embraced in the University-town where

the last years of his life were spent, seems eminently proper ; and I know of no place where that service could be more appropriately held than in this city of his forefathers, the city that he loved above all others, and for which his last and ripest work was done. On this day of the week and at this hour of the day, many of you had hoped to hear his voice not many days hence as you heard it last winter, when he exhibited so clearly, with such aptness of illustration and characteristic affluence of expression, the great doctrines of our faith. How little any one dreamed that death would give such significance to his closing words when for the last time he addressed the large audience that had gathered week by week to hear him ! How little did any one suppose that these closing words were to be treasured afterwards as the swan-song of the dying theologian !—“ We shall meet together here no more. Let us pledge one another to reassemble in heaven. We part as pilgrims part upon the road. Let us take our way heavenward, for if we do we shall soon, some of us very soon, be at home with the Lord.” His removal is God’s strange work. We can only

say: "I was dumb, I opened not my mouth because thou didst it." We bow submissively to our Father's will, and are here to-day to thank God for the life of ARCHIBALD ALEXANDER HODGE, to read afresh the record of that life, and in its lessons find new inspiration.

Philadelphia, as I have said, was the city of Dr. Hodge's ancestors. His great-grandfather, his grandfather, and his eminent uncle, lived and died here. His mother's ancestry, in several lines of descent, is still numerously represented here. His father was born here in 1797, and married here in 1822. Archibald Alexander was born in Princeton on the 18th day of July, 1823. An old frame-house on the corner of Witherspoon Street is still pointed out as the place where he first saw the light. He grew up in an intellectual atmosphere. During his boyhood his father's study was the meeting-place for all the great lights of Princeton. The Old and New School controversies, and the New Haven Divinity were discussed in his hearing by men like Dod, the Alexanders, John Maclean, and Charles Hodge. The *Princeton Review* began its career in his boy-

hood, and he was familiar with all the men who were active in its organization. If there is any advantage in breathing "the atmosphere of floating knowledge," which Dugald Stewart says is "around every seminary of learning," Archibald Hodge must have enjoyed it to the full. Yet he does not seem to have been a very studious boy or over-fond of books. I am inclined to think that boys, as a rule, do not care much for intellectual atmospheres, and that they do not profit so much by their environments as we might suppose. Books are too numerous to be counted luxuries by the sons of literary men, and literary men themselves come into too close contact with their sons to be their heroes. It is the boy who gets knowledge under difficulties, who buys his Virgil only by saving pennies, who has felt the pangs of book-hunger without the means of gratifying his appetite, that is more likely to develop a love of reading and to devour libraries. Thirst for knowledge young Archibald's environment did not give him. But it gave him the air of one who is to the manner born. It saved him from priggishness and conceit. It kept him

from displays of vanity and egotism that are so apt to mar the greatness of men who have transcended the intellectual conditions of their childhood. In College he was one of Professor Henry's most distinguished pupils. It was through the influence of this eminent man that he developed the taste for physical science that he retained through life ; and it is probable, that, next to his own father, Professor Henry exerted a more formative influence upon his mind than any other teacher he ever had. He was graduated in 1841 ; he taught awhile at the Lawrenceville School, and was for a year or two after that a tutor in the College. In the Seminary he was one of a group of students, consisting, besides himself, of Messrs. Lacy, McPheeters, Phillips and Scott, who were specially interested in the study of Systematic Theology. Dr. Charles Hodge was then beginning to write his lectures. The members of this group distributed among themselves the work of taking a *verbatim* report of these lectures, which they were in the habit of putting together in connected form after the lecture was over. Besides this, they were required to read Turretin and present written

answers to questions which Dr. Hodge himself prepared every week. In these days of a crowded *curriculum*, it could hardly be expected that students should devote so much time to a department as important even as Systematic Theology; and now that they can for the first part listen indolently to lectures with a printed syllabus in their hands, the labor of taking notes has been greatly reduced: but there can be no doubt that those who were willing to work according to the old method just described became thorough theologians. It was through this method of study, taken in connection with conversations with his father on theological subjects, that Archibald Hodge laid the foundation for his own eminent career, though no one would have prophesied—and least of all his father—that he would one day be a teacher of theology himself. On one occasion, however, he won a compliment from his father which he must have valued highly, for he has told me the story more than once. It seems that he had written an essay, and on reading it to Dr. Charles Hodge, that distinguished theologian looked up with an expression of pleased astonishment on

his face, and said that Alexander must read the essay to the class. I would give a great deal to see that essay; for I doubt not that it would be another illustration of the well-known fact that a man's best and ripest thinking often consists in the development of ideas that are germinally manifested in early life. I am pretty confident that the subject of the essay was the Relation of God to the World,—a topic which was the subject of Dr. Hodge's latest thought, and which he dealt with in a forth-coming article, the manuscript of which was placed in my hands only a few weeks before his death.*

Leaving the Seminary, Archibald Hodge offered himself to the Board of Foreign Missions, was accepted, married, and sailed for India in 1847. His stay in India was short, owing to his own illness and that of his wife. He rendered important service, however, to the Mission at Allahabad, harmonizing discordant elements and gaining personal influence and affection, which rendered his return a serious disappointment to his colleagues. But what was far more important, his experience in the mission-field enhanced

*Presbyterian Review, January, 1887.

his zeal for the mission-cause, gave him a grasp of the missionary problem, and an interest in missionaries that made him always the trusted counsellor of all those among his pupils who contemplated a missionary career. If the students wished advice, they went to him: if the Sunday evening missionary meeting was to be addressed, he was called upon: if, at the Monthly Concert, the expected speaker failed to arrive, he was called upon: if the son of a converted Brahmin was sent here to be educated, he was his guardian: if a penniless Oriental, bent on knowledge, and seeking it, that he might carry the gospel back to his countrymen, sought premature admission to the Seminary, he found an eager advocate in Dr. Hodge, if anything could be said in his behalf; and if, as sometimes happened, it was necessary to let him know that his coming had been a mistake, kind words from Dr. Hodge, and not infrequently a draft upon his exchequer, sent him away in peace: if the Inter-Seminary Missionary Conference held its meetings at Hartford, Dr. Hodge must make an address: if it met in Princeton, Dr. Hodge at least must pray.

Dr. Hodge returned from India with his wife and two children in 1850. In 1851, he settled in Lower West Nottingham, Md. It was a rural charge, and the salary—a little more than six hundred dollars a year—was very inadequate: but it was better than nothing, and it afforded him an opportunity to preach the gospel. He was not indifferent to pecuniary compensation, nor ignorant of the purchasing power of money. On the contrary, his action in this instance is admirably illustrative of the wise and cautious forethought in money-matters, which characterized his whole life. He did not put the call in his pocket and wait for an opportunity to compare it with another; nor did he act like an auctioneer—using a bid from one church to stimulate a higher bid from another; nor did he get his friends to correspond with such vacant churches as he deemed worthy of being served by his gifts; nor, going to West Nottingham, did he plan for a scale of expenditure exceeding his income, with the idea that when his necessities became known friends would rally to his support. He went there with a deliberate determination that, come what may, he would live on his salary and keep

out of debt. He even took a few dollars that he had in his possession, and, providing against the direst contingency possible, secured a policy of life-insurance; and actually lived without debt and paid his premiums—an example, I think, to multitudes in the ministry and out of it, whose lack of thrift and forethought has far more to do with the distress of widows and orphans than is commonly supposed. I mention this, because there are men among us who remain unemployed simply because they will not take the churches they can get, and who seem to have the impression that if they bury themselves in small places remote from cities and away from railroads, God will not know how to find them when the great work is ready which he has for them to do. But He found Alexander Hodge when the church in Fredericksburg was vacant in 1855; He found him when Wilkes-Barré wanted a pastor in 1861; and He found him again when Allegheny Seminary stood in need of a systematic theologian in 1864—each step proving in the end to be a preparation for the work that Dr. Hodge was subsequently to do in the Chair of Didactic Theology in Princeton.

Few men have the courage to seek obscurity for the sake of its advantages, but there can be no doubt of the intellectual advantages of a quiet country charge. When I hear men complain of the lack of stimulus in a rural parish, or find them longing for opportunity to preach to audiences more cultivated and worthy of their talents, I feel disposed to think that the poor quality of their intellectual fabrics is due not so much to lack of proper appliances, but rather to dearth of the raw material. Many a man will tell you that he owes all that he ever afterwards became, to the circumstance that, under God, he enjoyed the quiet of rural solitude, and had opportunity of uninterrupted thought and reading. Though not a prolific writer, Dr. Hodge was always busy with his pen, and it is worth while to remember that the "Outlines of Theology" was not the fruit of a leisurely professorship. It went out from the little study in the parsonage at Fredericksburg; and what has since that day become a text-book in theology in different languages was first of all preached to a congregation of Presbyterians in Virginia. It is said, sometimes, that we cannot preach theology. Here is

a theology, however, every word of which was preached, and not only preached, but listened to with eagerness, first in Fredericksburg and afterwards in Wilkes-Barré. It was during his Fredericksburg pastorate that Dr. Hodge became aware of his power of extemporaneous address. From that time and increasingly until his death he was pre-eminently a preacher. When he went to Allegheny his gifts soon became known, and he was in very general demand. Before long he accepted the pastorate of a congregation there which soon built and organized what is known as the North Presbyterian Church; and continued to perform the double function of pastor and professor until he came to Princeton. I have never heard that any one found fault with him on the ground of "pluralities." It would have been most unwise to do so. Dr. Hodge was not the less a professor by being a pastor. He never would have been a man of distinguished theological erudition, with the most abundant leisure; for, though fond of reading, he had not the tastes of a specialist. The two functions in his case acted and reacted in favor of each other. His profound knowledge of theology, his habit of pondering upon theological

problems, his power of minute analysis, and his determination to see every subject with which he dealt in its various relations, made preaching a very simple matter, and he fed his congregation with the finest of the wheat. On the other hand, the necessity under which he rested of presenting theological truth in forms suited to the minds of ordinary people, fostered in him his natural gift for illustration and saved him from becoming a mere dealer in the dry formulas of scholasticism. Many a spark struck out in the class-room was fanned into a flame of glowing illustration in the pulpit; and many a popular sermon, I venture to say, served to light up and lend fervor to the scientific discussions of the class-room. There was an interchange of amenities, I doubt not, between the pulpit and the professor's-chair, that was of advantage to both; and the double duty he performed at Allegheny had much to do with the superlative eminence he afterwards achieved in doing what many will regard as, on the whole, the greatest work of his life.

In 1877, it became apparent that some relief should be afforded Dr. Charles Hodge, who, though entering upon his eightieth year, was still

teaching both Didactic and Exegetical Theology. There could be no doubt respecting the man who was most conspicuously fit to be the associate and successor of Dr. Charles Hodge. It might seem like an ungracious act to bring him from Allegheny; but when the interests of the Church at large were taken into account, there could be no doubt that it was of paramount importance that the chair of Systematic Theology in Princeton should be filled by the best available man. Dr. A. A. Hodge was one of Princeton's noblest sons, and his *alma mater* exercised her natural right to summon him to her help in her hour of need. He was inaugurated on the 8th November, 1877. Referring to this occasion, a writer in the *Presbyterian* said: "During all the services, we noticed that many eyes were turned to a corner of the church, in which a venerable man sat apart communing with himself, with his heart, doubtless, filled with varying emotions." The reference, of course, is to Dr. Charles Hodge, of whom his biographer says: "His mind must have gone back to August 12, 1812, when he, a stripling lying on the rail of the gallery of the same church, looked down on the inauguration of Dr. A.

Alexander to the same office. For from August 12, 1812, to November 18, 1877, for more than sixty-five years, there had been only two professors of Systematic Theology in Princeton, and Dr. Hodge received the office from a man he delighted to call father, and now transmitted it to his son."

The career of Dr. Charles Hodge was wonderful and beautiful beyond expression. During his long life of uninterrupted literary activity he had been brought into close relations with every active movement in what was a very active period of the Church's life. He had achieved eminence in every sphere of ministerial renown: preacher, debater, reviewer, exegete, ecclesiastic, historian, and systematic theologian,—he was great in each of these dimensions of measurement. His plans ripened, and hopes that others entertained in his behalf were fully realized. He garnered the wisdom of his life and left his Theology as a legacy to the world. When old age came upon him he stood between two strong sons who lightened his labors and afterward divided between them the work that he left behind. He kept his faculties to the last, and taught his classes

within a few weeks of his death. His death was as ideal as his life had been : and, therefore, when, one beautiful afternoon in June of 1878, his own sons took up their sad burden and carried him to his grave, we all felt that everything was exactly as we could have wished.

We must look now, however, upon a very different picture. The coming of Dr. A. A. Hodge brought new life to Princeton Seminary ; and when his father died the work went on without abatement. He filled his father's place. In the pulpit, at the Conference, and in the classroom, he was a power, and was recognized as such by his colleagues and his pupils. We listened to him with pride and admiration, and derived from him intellectual refreshment and spiritual profit. We fondly hoped that many years of labor were before him, and that, like his father, by and by he would have a glorious sunset. Alas for us ! his sun has gone down at noon ; he has been taken away in the prime of his manhood, and when to all outward seeming he was physically and intellectually at his best. It is not strange that Princeton is in mourning. She has met as great a loss as she could possibly sus-

tain. Dr. Hodge was emphatically a Princeton man. He was born there. It was his father's home, and he was bound to it by a net-work of domestic relationships. He was loyal beyond measure to the ideas with which Princeton is identified, and loved to refer to her traditions. His large heart embraced the world, but no one could mistake the special place that Princeton had in his affections. In the distribution of hypothetical millions of which, according to his habit of jocose exaggeration, he was so fond, it was Princeton College and Princeton Seminary that he always thought of. Sometimes, when my own heart yearns for the scenes of my childhood and the blue waters of my island-home, I can appreciate his affection for Princeton: it was home. I believe that it gratified his heart's desire when he went back there to live: and after that, to be his father's successor, to sit in his father's study, to walk under the shade of the elms that his father had planted, and, in the ways opened to him by Providence, to do the kind of work his father did, was his highest ambition. I do not know what his epitaph will be; but I venture to say, that no words will so

well convey the idea of what he would regard as a rounded life of realized desire as those which state the simple fact that he was Third Professor of Theology in Princeton Seminary. Of course, since Princeton was so dear to him, he was correspondingly dear to Princeton. A shock of personal bereavement was felt by every one and by all classes when word went out on the morning of the 12th November that Dr. A. A. Hodge was dead. A man may do excellent work in his department and not be generally known in a community as small even as Princeton. Were such a man to pass away, the public might acknowledge that a great light had gone out, but he would not be generally missed. Dr. Hodge, however, was a citizen and did his duty as such. Everybody knew him. He was public-spirited. He helped every good cause. We met him in social circles and at the house of mourning. He was a leading man in his church and a trustee of the College. In the Faculty he manifested the excellences without the faults or defects which sometimes show themselves when men are associated together. He was not opinionated, nor arrogant, nor reticent, nor indifferent.

He pressed his views with manly confidence in their correctness, but could yield gracefully to an adverse decision. He was not simply attached to the Seminary. His life was grafted into its corporate existence, and he was always planning for its interests. He was frank, generous, full of good fellowship, and we were exceedingly filled with his company. His study-door, facing us as we went to and fro, was an invitation to turn in for a friendly chat. Ah! the echo of his familiar greeting lingers in my ear, and I seem to hear him tell me to "come again."

Men die, but institutions live. God, no doubt, will send a man worthy of the fourth place in this great succession.* He may be as great and in some respects even greater than his predecessors, but no matter what his attainments may be, it is not likely that he can be to us what Dr. Hodge has been. The glory has departed from Princeton Seminary and the Church at large has lost a leader. I claim for him no supremacy, of course, among contemporary theologians, but no one will hesitate to make ungrudging recognition of his greatness. It will

*Dr. B. B. Warfield, of the Western Theological Seminary, Allegheny, Pa., has since received and accepted a call to this position.

be hard to appreciate the magnitude of the loss which the Church has sustained unless we consider the many lines of activity along which Dr. Hodge was working. I sometimes meet with a statement (which looks a little like jealousy of the professorial function), to the effect that the pastors and not the professors determine the theology of the Church. It is true that the pastors teach the people and in that sense determine the Church's theology: and from some of the specimens that have come under my eye of late, I should judge that it is very poor theology the people sometimes get. But who teach the pastors?

Think now of what Dr. Hodge was doing. Year by year he was sending forth men by forties and by fifties, into cities and towns, north and south, east and west, as settled pastors and as missionaries, to India, to the territories, to South America, and the islands of the sea—preaching a theology which he had taught them. His pen was busy defending truth and refuting error. As a watchman on the walls of Zion, he was sleepless, vigilant, bold, clear-eyed, discriminating: not giving premature or unneces-

sary alarm, not allowing the citadel to be surprised: faithful to the last degree, and when he put the trumpet to his lips, giving no uncertain sound. He was writing, preaching, lecturing, making addresses, coming into contact with men, influencing them and, by doing so, widening the influence of truth. Men far and near corresponded with him and sought his counsel. He had the confidence of the Church as few men have. The North loved him; the South honored him. In Canada, in Great Britain, and over the wide missionary area, his judgments on theological matters were deferred to and quoted with respect. If a theological question was under debate, a few lines from his pen in a religious paper went the rounds of the press. Think now of the work that came to a stand-still when God's finger was laid upon that throbbing heart, and estimate, if you can, the loss that Christendom has sustained.

Dr. Hodge was in the zenith of his power when he died. Every element that entered into his eminent reputation put on its best expression in the closing years of his life. Let us seek to form a just estimate of him as a theologian and

a man. We shall understand him better as a theologian if we know him as a man, for the elements of manhood gave form to his theology: and we shall not understand him as a man if we do not know him as a theologian, for theology was a large part of his manhood. His theology flashed into prismatic colors on the diamond-points of his manifold personality, and his manhood was warmed by a religious fervor that streamed like the fires of the opal from the theological convictions imbedded in the core of his being.

Systematic Theology is the most important, the most comprehensive and the most difficult of all the theological Disciplines. It is, in fact, the synthesis of them all. The ideal dogmatician should be a good philologist, a good exegete, and a thorough student of Biblical criticism. He should know the history of opinion and should understand the forces, ecclesiastical and philosophical, that in the successive centuries have been at work on doctrinal beliefs. He should be able to prove the separate doctrines from Scripture, to defend them against error, and then, looking at them with the eye of an architect, build them into

system. It is, therefore, very seldom that we find an ideal systematic theologian. It is seldom that scholarship, erudition and philosophical acumen meet in such proportions in any individual as to produce this result. We must be contented, therefore, to find men in whom the predominance of any one of these qualities implies a relative deficiency of the other two. We must bear this in mind when we undertake to form an estimate of Dr. A. A. Hodge. When he entered the Theological Seminary he had the education which the ordinary American college offered its students forty years ago. He was generally well-informed, fond of physical science, interested in metaphysical problems, and possessed of fair classical attainments. He was a diligent student of Systematic Theology in the Seminary, as we have already seen, and went out well furnished with a theology that he understood thoroughly, and could use with facility. In after life, and through a professorial career of over twenty years he devoted himself exclusively to this department. He made himself acquainted with the creed-statements of the Church, and knew both their contents and the history of their

formation. He was a diligent reader of the books that trace the development of doctrine, and that discuss historically or polemically the great systems of theological opinion. He was a student of the Bible, and divine testimony was his test of every doctrinal statement. We can see in his "Outlines" how constantly he appeals to the Scriptures, and how much he refers to the great Reformed theologians of the seventeenth century. Yet he was not distinguished either for erudition or scholarship. His distinguishing characteristic as a theologian—I mean, as compared with others of the class to which he belongs—was his power as a thinker. He had a mind of singular acuteness, and though never a professed student of metaphysics, was essentially and by nature a metaphysician. He had great reverence for God's word, and was jealous of the intrusion of philosophy into theology: but he was, nevertheless, by temperament and by habit, a philosophical theologian. He loved the "high priori road," and might have been seen walking on it in many an hour of quiet contemplation. He loved sometimes to take short cuts to his conclusions, seeing in advance of special induction that, since this

and that are so, this and that are also so. He would not manipulate texts, however, to serve the purposes of foregone conclusions, nor build towering structures of dogma upon the *obiter dicta* of inspired writers. He had broad and scientific ideas of what a dogmatic induction ought to be, though he did not have the patience requisite for minute exegetical investigation. He was always reasoning on the relations of doctrines to each other, and to the great scheme of grace. But he never ceased to affirm our entire dependence upon the Bible for the authority of doctrines; and so distrustful was he of human reason, so conscious at the same time of the injury that has resulted from the alliance of theology with a false philosophy, that I believe he would hardly have liked it if I had called him a philosophical theologian. Yet, that is what he was. Theology was to him a revealed world-view. He would have said with Henry B. Smith, "Incarnation in order to Redemption," and thereby have expressed his philosophy of religion. He would also have said, Redemption and Incarnation for the greater glory of God, and thereby have expressed his philosophy of history.

Think then of Dr. A. A. Hodge as having an acute mind ; interested in theological speculation ; rethinking independently the old questions ; analytic in his mental processes ; full of scholastic subtleties ; bold, confident, intense in his convictions ; filled with reverence for good traditions ; holding the Reformed faith as a sacred trust, and also as a personal possession ; pervaded by this faith and living on terms of easy familiarity with it ; able to distinguish between essence and accident, and knowing when harmless idiosyncrasy runs into serious doctrinal divergence ; strong in his convictions, but not litigious ; tenacious of principle, but never sticking in the bark : a sturdy, robust thinker, always ready to defend the faith : a brilliant thinker, so that, as circumstances required, he could send truth out in the shining drapery of soft and beautiful speech ; or shoot it forth like forked lightning, hot and scathing, to leave on the face of error the scarred record of its presence—think of him, I say, as exhibiting this many-sided mental expression, and you have my conception of the type of theologians to which Dr. Hodge belonged. Beyond all question he takes his place among the great

men of America and the great theologians of the world.

As to the contents of Dr. Hodge's theology it is enough to say, that it was the theology of the Reformed Confessions and the Shorter Catechism: it was the theology of Paul and Augustine, of Anselm and Calvin, of Turretin and Amesius, of William Cunningham and Charles Hodge. He had no peculiar views, and no peculiar method of organizing theological dogmas. He was interested in the methods of other men, and probably took more trouble to compare them with one another than his father had ever done: but after all, he has no taste for theological architecture; and the old-fashioned four-square house, consisting of Theology, Anthropology, Soteriology, and Eschatology, with all its obvious faults of logic, pleased him by its roominess and simplicity. He taught the same theology that his father had taught before him; but he was independent as well as reverent, and I prefer his statements sometimes to his father's. He saw that his father had occasionally spoken on such topics as Imputation and Original Sin, without full knowledge of the history of opinion, and he was more

ready than were those who had passed through the heat of controversy to see that the doctrine of Original Sin is more essential to Calvinism than the mode of explaining or accounting for it, whether that mode be Imputation, Realism, or Heredity. A strict *jure divino* Presbyterianism would have found in him a poor advocate, organization being in his view not of the essence of the Church. He knew that prelacy was old, but he abhorred Apostolic Succession. He was a Presbyterian by inheritance, and so far as the main principles of Presbyterianism go, by conviction. He regarded all man-made schemes for the reunion of Christendom as Utopian, whether proceeding on the basis of the prayer-book or of prelacy. But he loved to dwell upon the historic continuity of the Church through all the centuries; accordingly he loved the "Christian year," and the great liturgical formulas that bind the centuries together. He was opposed to the reunion of the Old and New School Presbyterian Churches, though I believe he voted for it at the last. It was impossible not to see that his sympathies were broadening year by year. In this he was in fact only giving further proof

that, theologically speaking, the sun of analysis had set, and the sun of synthesis had begun to shine. He saw, moreover, that in the new issues coming or already here, the old men on both sides would now stand shoulder to shoulder. He was delighted with Dr. Henry B. Smith's Systematic Theology, and cordially commended it to his classes. In a generous article, begun but never finished, it is pleasant to see how fairly and appreciatively he puts the two theologies, Dr. Smith's and Dr. Hodge's, side by side, and, overlooking minor points, treats them as the two great cis-Atlantic defences of the Calvinistic system. There was a hot controversy in the old days between Dr. Charles Hodge and Dr. Park, but in his late debate Dr. Park has had no greater admirer than he of whom we speak. Dr. Hodge had an accurate eye for theological perspective and presented truth in proper proportions. He held the church-doctrine regarding eternal punishment, and had he lived would have put on record a reasoned protest against the new belief in a second probation. But he would not have given the doctrine of eternal punishment a place co-ordinate with the divinity of Christ,

or the inspiration of the Scriptures. He was a champion of Calvinistic theology, but he rightly thought that the most important matter now is not the defence of Calvinism, but the defence of Christianity. Accordingly, in all his later writings, he affirms with ever increasing warmth the doctrine that the Scriptures are the very word of God, and the only infallible rule of faith and practice. He was impatient of any literary tampering with the Bible that would weaken its authority, or compromise its inspiration; and he saw in the appeal to Christian consciousness, an attempt to overthrow the supreme authority of the Scriptures, and set up a subjective rule of faith under the sanctions of a pious plausibility. Dr. Charles Hodge took pride, I think, in saying on the occasion of his semi-centennial celebration, that Princeton had never originated a single new idea. We all understand the sense in which that remark is true: it is in that sense, therefore, that I am to be understood when I say that Dr. A. A. Hodge made no original contributions to the science of theology. If he did, it was in his very able article entitled *Ordo Salutis*, published in the *Princeton Review*,

which I think he probably regarded as the best piece of theological work he ever did.

I have been trying to show what Dr. Hodge was as a theologian. Perhaps I shall succeed better if I remind you of what he did. There were three modes in which Dr. Hodge declared himself as a theologian: by the Press, the Pulpit, and the Professor's-Chair.

Great talkers seldom write much. Dr. Hodge was a genius in oral expression, in this respect resembling Dr. Archibald Alexander. But he wrote easily and with a running pen. His style is very spontaneous. His sentences artless, un-studied, sometimes exquisitely beautiful, sometimes cumbrous and greatly needing the services of the file. He had, in fact, two styles. He was, on the one hand, a scholastic and full of scholastic distinctions, to which he attached great importance. He was very analytical, and when he wrote insisted on making these distinctions, and on marking them with formal exactness as he went along. So that it is not always an easy matter to thread our way through a thicket of lower-case letters, Arabic figures, and the same repeated in brackets, each serving to mark the

heads and sub-heads of an analysis increasing in minuteness at every step. This, however, is the style which we find in his "Outlines" and in the "Commentary on the Confession of Faith." It is the style in which he liked to do his serious work, and the only one by which, until recently, he had made himself known. On the other hand, he had a poet's eye for metaphor and a poet's ear for rhythm; and, had he chosen, could have excelled as a writer of English prose. Some of his shorter articles reveal his capacity in this respect. We all remember the characteristics of his style in these articles,—especially the long sentences, crowded with dependent clauses, cumulative, now arrested in their flow for the writer to make distinctions or guard against being misunderstood, now moving slowly on under a cumbrous weight of words, now sparkling with simile, and then ending in a torrent of strong superlative epithets that were equally expressive of his admiration or his scorn. I recall his article on Dean Stanley in the *Catholic Presbyterian*, and his notice of Farrar's Bampton Lectures in the last *Presbyterian Review* as illustrating what I mean; though I think that for

effective writing and as illustrating a more chastened style, he has done nothing that is quite equal to his Biography of his father. His first book and the one by which he is best known was his "Outlines of Theology," published in 1860, and at different intervals since republished in Great Britain and translated into Welsh, modern Greek and Hindustani.* Of course this work owed its first appearance to the relation of the author to his father; but it is an independent study of the topic with which it deals, and, particularly in the enlarged edition, is valuable for its concise and comprehensive definitions. Dr. Hodge's book on the Atonement was written during the agitation of the Reunion question, and is still one of the best treatises we have upon the subject. His "Commentary on the Confession of Faith" is a very useful book, full of clear thinking and compact statement. Dr. Hodge contributed also important articles to Encyclopedias—Johnson's, McClintock and Strong's, and also the Schaff-Herzog. He published several theological tracts and pamphlets, and was one of the founders of the *Presbyterian Review*, to the pages of

*A translation into Malagasy is in progress and one into Italian contemplated.

which he was a constant contributor. He wrote the important article entitled *Ordo Salutis* to which I have just referred; he wrote a valuable controversial article for the *North American*; another on the reunion of Christendom for *The Century*; and an admirably written paper from his pen on the subject of "Religion in the Public Schools" has appeared since his death in the *New Princeton Review*. But he was not distinctively a writer of Review-articles as were his father and the late Dr. Atwater: his literary activity seemed to flow more naturally in other channels.

Speaking of Dr. Hodge the other day, some one asked me if he was the pastor of a church or just a professor. I regarded the question as a naïve expression of the popular estimate of the class to which I belong: and it may be true that we are not always interesting preachers. Those who reproach us for this sometimes do it kindly and under the guise of compliment, saying that we are too learned and preach over the heads of the people; or they use great plainness of speech, saying that we ride hobbies in the pulpit, and preach old sermons full of the bones of

theology which, like those of Ezekiel's valley of vision, are very many and very dry. Dr. Hodge's preaching was not of this sort. He had been a pastor during most of his ministerial life and had been settled over four congregations. He therefore knew the people. He preached old sermons, but, as he did not read them, he went through the process of thinking them over as often as he preached them. It was the old metal, but it went to the melting-pot every time, and the red wine of divine truth was poured into a shapely cup of the brightest silver. It was easy for him to preach, and he could interest and instruct an audience with very little effort. His materials were always within easy reach. Philosophical thought, theological dogma, historical facts, scientific illustrations, poetic images, personal experiences, local allusions, and suggestions springing out of recent conversations, were ever ready to do his bidding. He had only to will it, and they set themselves in array and passed the portal of his lips, a shining company, marching to the rhythm of a solemn music in the service of the Lord. There were some sermons that he preached habitually. They were never written, and, I fear, can

never be reproduced. These sermons had grown from small beginnings. They were never elaborated, nor were they deliberately planned as great efforts. When a topic was in the preacher's mind he brooded over it, then preached upon it. If the subject opened promisingly, he would preach the sermon again. In the process of repetition from time to time it would naturally expand, take more definite shape, and become possessed of greater literary charm. In this way the sermon on the Resurrection became one of Dr. Hodge's great discourses, and also that on the Person of Christ, and the Koinonia, and Miracles, and the Immanence of God, and—best of all, perhaps greatest of all—the sermon that he loved to preach so well, that has been listened to by so many congregations, that was preached in the Seminary Chapel and the College Chapel in Princeton, that was preached in this city, and New York, and Washington, and Edinburgh: the sermon on “My Father's house of many mansions.” There are few preachers like him. Indeed, he stood alone. To hear him when he was at his best was something never to be forgotten. All in all—in

thought, expression and delivery, each of these great sermons was a wonderful combination: it was a union of theology, philosophy, Christian experience, knowledge of human nature, quaint humor, elaborate description, a metaphor dropped as a diamond unobserved might fall out of a casket, facile utterance, a disdain of elocution, few gestures, the face lighted up, the eye opened wide as though the speaker saw a vision of glory, the voice trembling when the Saviour's name is mentioned, the sensitive frame responding to the pressure of emotion, and emotion finding vent at last in involuntary tears.

Dr. Hodge was a man of wit and humor. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous. Had he chosen to make preaching a matter of Sunday-entertainment, he could have preached to packed audiences in our great cities. But with him preaching was a serious business; he thought that the pulpit was no place for joke or witticism, and never preached without producing upon his audience an impression of solemnity. As words are commonly used among us, I feel that I am employing a tame expression when I say that he was a great preacher. I think he was one of the

greatest preachers in this land; and in comparison with some who, by their concessions to a popular demand for pulpit levity and meretricious rhetoric are feeding the multitudes who listen to them with that which is not bread, and are called great by the world, he was—I am tempted to use his own favorite extravagance of speech, and say that he was—"infinitely" great.

Yet let me not exaggerate: Dr. Hodge could be disappointing at times. Though he never failed to be instructive, the glow of enthusiasm was sometimes lacking; and if anything occurred to interfere with his spontaneity, the weak voice and labored utterance formed a union hostile to oratorical effect. Nor do I doubt that he revealed the highest qualities of his mind most frequently in the professor's-chair. As a former pupil, now a Free Church minister in Glasgow, writes: "It was in the class-room that he shone, or in a company small enough or congenial enough for him 'to commit himself unto them.'"

It is possible to entertain several different views of what a professor's function ought to be. Much depends upon the department and not a little upon the man. According to one view, a

professorship means an opportunity for special investigation and leisurely research, the results of which are communicated in the lecture-room to men who desire knowledge. The desire to know being presupposed, the matter and not the manner of presentation is the main thing. The subject is supposed to be treated completely. If the student does not intend to prosecute it further, it is probable that his best education in it is secured by his placing himself in contact with a living master and then reproducing in written form the substance of what he hears. If he intend to prosecute the subject by independent research as good a preparation for it as he can have is probably of the kind described. According to another view, the academic lecture is intended to stimulate interest in the department to which it belongs. It may deal in outline with the whole department, or be a discussion of a single phase of it. In either case, it is the particular contribution that the professor brings to the advancement of his science. But it is not intended to be a substitute for independent reading, and that mastery of the subject which only independent reading can give. With this view of the purpose

which it serves, a great deal depends upon its form: and, instead of being a series of paragraphs dictated to a class, or a compact and solid mass of fact or argument to be read slowly and transferred to note-books, it is written with some regard to the requirements of literary art as something addressed to the ear and intended to please as well as to inform. According to still another view, the professor's business is to see that a certain definite body of instruction is safely and surely transferred from his mind to the minds of those who hear him. He is not only or even chiefly to present truth that men may receive if they choose: he is to see that they receive it. Each type of professorial work, when it is of a high order, will secure good results, and it is not well to institute comparisons between methods that are so different. The teacher of the first class will reach those who, either by natural taste, or the pressure of sufficient motive, are willing to undergo the labor of diligent note-taking. The man of the second class will communicate less knowledge, but will, perhaps, make up for this by the enthusiasm which he awakens. Men will, at least, listen to him-with interest, will be enter-

tained; will absorb something, and a few will be put upon the road of special investigation and independent inquiry. The man of the third class, being less intent on giving than on seeing that the students get what he gives, will succeed in filling the largest number of minds with his teaching. He will, perhaps, so emphasize his duty as a teacher, that his students will miss the charm of feeling that he is a fellow-laborer with them in fields which they are invited to enter, and which to comers even as late as they still hold out the promise of reward; but he will succeed in incorporating the body of truth which he expounds into their mental life. He will give them what can never be forgotten: a *κτῆμα ἐξ ἑσέ'*—something that is their own, something indeed that is part of their very selfhood. Now it is easy to see that since Systematic Theology constitutes the matter that men are to preach, it is very important that the teaching of this department should be of the kind last referred to; and I regard Dr. Hodge as the greatest teacher of this type I ever knew. He was exacting and intolerant of indolence and irregularity. He was very far from being a simple hearer of recitations,

but he insisted first of all that students should know the text-book,—and they usually did. He made use of his father's Systematic Theology ; but that book in his hands was like an illuminated mediæval manuscript, and from title-page to colophon, it was filled with the bright, beautiful, quaint and sometimes grotesque creations of his fancy. The students saw every doctrine as it presented itself to his vision. They benefited by his power of concise statement and clear definition. He held up the representative systems of theology with such sharpness of outline and such accuracy of articulation, that they knew them as one knows the face of a familiar friend. They questioned him, and he answered their questions. They raised objections, and so woke in him the hot fires of his polemic. They failed sometimes to comprehend a dogma, and he swept the universe for illustrations, and poured them out so copiously and with such manifest spontaneity, that they overwhelmed him with their applause. "And yet," says one of his admiring pupils,* "he never confused simile and logic ; and although his wealth of happy imagery led him

*Rev. Paul van Dyke.

to support many of his arguments with an illustration, he often warned his students never to mistake a metaphor for an argument. His logic was the logic of the Westminster divines, admirably suited to its purpose, exact, straightforward, and not lacking in the warmth of intellectual and emotional enthusiasm." I cannot do better than continue the quotation: "His patience and intellectual charity were both large, and he allowed the greatest freedom of debate to his scholars. In these contests, he was always chivalrous, and dismounted to meet his adversary on equal terms.

. . . . His many peculiarities of speech and manner never impaired his courtesy as a gentleman or his dignity as a professor. He had a powerful brain, a large heart, and the simple faith of a little child. He taught the knowledge of God with the learning of a scholar, the sympathy of a loving man, and the enthusiasm of a loving Christian."

"I was struck," says Dr. Shedd, "with his great directness and sincerity, intellectually as well as morally. His mind, like his heart, worked without ambiguity or drawback. Hence his energy in the perception and statement of truth—

a quality that showed itself in his uncommon ability to popularize scientific theology." This is said in full appreciation of Dr. Hodge's position as a scientific theologian, as will appear from another passage, where the same eminent divine says: "His published works show both logical and theological power. While founding upon the massive and luminous system of his venerated father, he methodizes, condenses, and fortifies with an originality that evinces his competence to have made a system of his own." And yet I think I am assigning Dr. A. A. Hodge his true place among contemporary theologians in this country and abroad if I say, in words suggested by the happy phrase of Dr. Shedd, that he is pre-eminently the popularizer of scientific theology. No better illustration of his power in this respect need be asked for than his lectures delivered in this city last winter. I have not alluded to them under any of the three categories to which reference has been made, for they are a combination of his powers in each of these three forms of manifestation, and are, indeed, the coronation of his public life. They were addressed to eager ears in this city,

but they were greeted, also, by eager eyes when they went out on their wider mission upon the wings of the newspaper press: and they will soon appear in a volume that will find a welcome, I hope, in many thousand households—and not in Presbyterian households only, for the truths declared in these lectures are, for the most part, the common inheritance of all who love the Lord; and by his defence of them Dr. Hodge has made Christendom his debtor. He was building better than he knew. I remember very well how his characteristic modesty showed itself in connection with the printing of these lectures: how it distressed him to have his own quaint, and sometimes queer colloquialisms brought under his eye through the fidelity of a shorthand report; and how, if he had acted upon his own impulses, he would have stripped these birds of paradise of half their plumage. But I am glad that we shall have at least one volume that can be trusted as a faithful mirror of his mental life. These lectures are not simply illustrations of his academic power, though his pupils will recognize in them the manner with which they are familiar. Nor are they simply sermons, though his ordi-

nary pulpit discourse possessed many of the qualities that are present here. The preacher and the professor are alike visible in these lectures, and both in their best estate. Dr. Hodge was to have delivered another course of lectures in Philadelphia this winter. He was lecturing to large audiences in Orange, New Jersey, when taken ill; and inquiries were already afoot respecting the possibility of having these lectures delivered in other cities. When I think of what he was doing, and of what, had his life been spared, he might have done, I am reminded of the day when Abelard lectured to vast audiences in Paris, waking a century from its intellectual lethargy, and filling the popular mind with enthusiasm for philosophical theology. And who can doubt that it is some work like that which Dr. Hodge was so well qualified to do, that our age and country need? I do not take a discouraged view of things. As I look along the rugged coast-line of the centuries, my eye falls upon no high-water mark above my head, telling me where the tide of religious life once reached. I believe we watch today a rising tide; though at this moment, it

may be, we are standing on the sand left wet by a receding wave. But when I think that the narrow strip exposed to view by this receding wave extends so far adown the shores of life, and that the interval between its crepitant retreat and its tumultuous rebound may involve the fortunes of a generation, I have some sympathy with those who face the religious outlook with feelings bordering on fear. We see men turning away from God. They are drinking the wine of prosperity, and are intoxicated with worldly success; or they have come to feel the hollowness of the world's promises, and have no refuge in a better life. We witness excess of luxury, and begin to apprehend the drying up of the channels of benevolence. We take the census of the church-going population, and find that our houses of worship are poorly filled in the morning and almost deserted at night. Men who have never investigated a single doctrine pride themselves on their intellectual independence, and fall easy victims to the fallacies of a shallow skepticism. Ministers of the gospel feel the burden that is placed upon them; and, in order to escape the imputation of dealing in platitudes, or in their

endeavor to lift the gospel chariot out of the rut of routine, sometimes secularize their holy calling, deal in pulpit flippancies, and ensnare their audiences into the hearing of the gospel by introducing it as a side-issue, and by way of remote allusions. We need a theological revival. We need an era of conviction. We need—if this appalling inertia and religious indifference is to be overcome—the outbreak of an epidemic of faith. We need a revolution of thought that shall reach the core of manhood and that shall make men see that they have forsaken God, the fountain of living waters, and have hewn out unto themselves cisterns, broken cisterns that can hold no water. We need a prophet who can speak in words that shine and burn. Alas! our Elijah has been taken away, and there is no one who can wear his mantle. We can only hope, that, by the blessing of God, a portion of his spirit may come upon his surviving colleagues, upon the ministers of this city who meet here to-day to do honor to his memory, and upon the whole Church that is bereft of his leadership.

It may seem to some of you that my admiration of Dr. Hodge has made me extravagant

in his praise, and that standing in the shadow of a great sorrow I have supposed that this theological eclipse is visible over a wider area than it is. It is easy to fall into this mistake. But I believe that the judgments I have expressed are those of sober truth. From far and near, from other lands, and from all quarters of this land, the testimonies have come in that speak of the loss which Christendom has sustained in Dr. Hodge's death. Dr. Cairns, of Edinburgh, gives expression to a sentiment shared by multitudes, when in a letter to Mrs. Hodge, he says: "The whole Evangelical Church has lost in him a powerful and intrepid defender of its best and dearest beliefs; and—strong as is the array of Presbyterians on your continent—he was a leader whom we could ill afford to lose."

In presenting Dr. Hodge as a theologian, I have already in great measure described the man; and yet I think we must come a little closer to his personality to get a full impression of what he was, and to understand the charm that invested his public life. The blending of attributes in his case, and the interpenetration of his public and his private life, are very well appreciated by his

pupil, Mr. Salmond, from whose letter I quoted a little while ago, when he says: "His courageous earnestness, with its other side of playful humor and quaint hyperbole, his burning sympathy with all that is good, and burning indignation at all that is false or mean; his personal modesty, amounting even to shyness, with its counterpart of fearless and candid courage in defence of truth—qualities like these made him a model professor and an invaluable friend."

Dr. Hodge was a high-minded, warm-hearted Christian gentleman. He was cast in a unique mould and was *sui generis*. He could only have failed to be a gentleman through an entire suspension of the law of heredity; for he was allied on both his father's and his mother's side, and for several generations, to some of the best and most distinguished families in this city and this land. Aristocratic sympathies were very strong in him, and they found expression sometimes in an extravagant avowal of Toryism that was partly jest, and partly based upon a real conservatism of sentiment respecting the philosophy of social life. Though not violating proprieties, he had no sedulous regard for artificial and meaningless

conventionalities, and sometimes carried his indifference to what other people say and do, a little further than he need have done. Like all men of genius, he was eccentric ; and like most positive natures, he had violent likes and dislikes. If he was in an abstracted mood, he might wear an air of indifference, which was in no sense intended for coldness. But he made no effort at concealment if men were not congenial to him, and he recognized his right to "shut men out of his universe," as he used to express it, without feeling that he had abated any of their claims. He was not indifferent to the luxuries that money will purchase nor to the avenues of usefulness that it opens ; and when associated with refinement, he had great respect both for it and its possessor : but he hated the sordid temper that money-making so often begets, and he had an unmeasured contempt for the "gold that gilds the straitened forehead of the fool." I think, too, that he sometimes underestimated the dimensions of the rich man's forehead. When his prejudices were not involved he could separate the chaff from the wheat in his estimates of men ; and I have known him to tolerate a

great deal of chaff for the sake of a very little wheat. He was a quick interpreter of human nature, discriminating in his judgments, and only slow—by reason of his own superlative honesty—to see the presence of sinister motives. At the same time, I cannot say that he was eminently judicial: his blood was too warm for that. He had a keen sense of the ludicrous, was full of pleasantry, and, sometimes, when unbending after serious effort, would abandon himself to a lightness of manner and an Oriental luxuriance of speech, that I have no doubt have sometimes shocked those who regard the Professor of Theology as committed by his oath of office to a very sedate behavior. I think he had somewhat against any man who could not appreciate a joke. He was full of persiflage, and was never happier than when he met his match in an encounter of wit. His imagination never slept. It was constantly weaving new fancies and coining new figures of speech. He lived, indeed, in his imagination and systematically kept the ideal clock in advance of local time. He was always foreseeing contingencies and providing against them. He crossed-bridges before he came to

them. Hence he was prompt, prudent and always beforehand. Hence, too, he suffered twice : suffered in the actual experience of pain, and suffered in anticipation of suffering. His imagination took hold of the possibilities of experience in dying and he shrank from them. The subject was often in his mind, and had been pondered, I doubt not, profoundly, although in his conversation on this and kindred themes, he would commonly veil the majestic depths of his nature by the ripples of pleasantry. He loved the beautiful, was fond of surrounding himself with beautiful things, and found no small share of his enjoyment in seeing how others enjoyed them. He was humble and had the most depreciative estimate of himself. He was capable of admiration, and I never knew a man who was so ready to give ungrudging praise. He loved with a large heart and a generous and most tender affection. Such a friend as he one rarely finds in this selfish world. I am glad to quote this testimony regarding him from one whom he greatly admired. Says Professor Young of Princeton : " I remember him as one of the most amusing, humorous and witty men I ever knew. He was one of the most affectionate and

tender-hearted, one of the most imaginative and poetic, and also, as such men sometimes are not, one of the most transparently and purely sincere and truthful. . . . I shall never forget some of our walks and talks when questions were raised and discussed relating to the incessant activity of God as the foundation of physical entities and forces; or to the correspondence between revealed and humanly discovered truth, and the right relations and mutual respect to be observed between the interpreter of Scripture and the investigator of science; or our debates as to the place and duties of earnest Christians in political society. I feel that I owe more to him intellectually and morally, for perhaps half a dozen hours of this sort, than to any but a very, very few of the instructors of my youth. He was broad and tolerant, an utter despiser of shams and conventionalities, and he went right to the bottom of things, penetrating almost instantly to the rocks and vacuums which equally limit our human powers of thought."

Dr. Hodge was a timid child, and perhaps would have made a poor soldier. But he had the courage of his convictions. He was sincere

and scorned duplicity. He was honest and chivalrous, and hated everything that was sinister or mean. He was devoted to his work and showed no sign of self-seeking. Men sometimes serve God through their ambitions, but his ambition was to serve God. Dr. Hodge had been religious from childhood. The type of piety which he saw in his father, and in Dr. Archibald Alexander, whom he always revered as a saint and a sage, gave tone, I doubt not, to his religious experience. He had been chastened by sorrow. First his mother died, then the mother of his children passed away. He knew, therefore, how to interpret grief and to comfort others with the comfort wherewith he himself had been comforted of God. I shall never forget the prayer he made at the funeral of a Christian physician: how, taking the varied threads of human experience, he wove them into a veil of exquisite texture, and laid it across the face of death—how in the seeming medley of earth's music, through changing keys and in spite of discord, he traced the love of Christ and found in it the *motif* that unified it all—how he led us along the winding way of life, from light to dark, from dark to light again,

until we entered the celestial city—and how he left us there alone with God.

Dr. Hodge was deeply interested in the spiritual welfare of both the College and the Seminary. He was not simply a theological professor; he was a great spiritual force. In a note received yesterday, Dr. McCosh says: "I will be glad if, in your notice of our friend Dr. A. A. Hodge, you mention that he is nearly as much missed in the College as in the Seminary. He took the deepest interest in us. He often preached to us, and preached with great felicity of illustration. From time to time he addressed our students at their prayer-meetings, and ever brought the weightiest truths to bear practically on character and life. We all feel that we have lost a friend: a loss to us, a gain to heaven above." A loss, indeed, to us, a gain to him and heaven. And so sweet thoughts are mingled with our sorrow. So are they comforted who called him father and to whom he was so dear. So finds she solace in her grief who wears to-day the drapery of widowhood. So they whose thought of him grows tender when memory brings back the far-off years, find resting-place

for hope in the Father's house of many mansions. He said that heaven was the "consummate flower of the universe": he knows its beauty and its fragrance now. He likened its welcome to that which a fond parent gives a beautiful daughter whose school-days are over: he knows to-day how far the reality transcends even his most tender thought. Those who loved him best will grudge him least his welcome home; and the pain of separation will be lessened when they think that it is only a little while, and then God's love shall set them at his side again.

Dear friend, farewell! Thy going has made Heaven near. Full many a vase of comely phrase I keep among my treasures as witness to the cunning of thy hand. Thy loving words shall live in memory's garden like sweet forget-me-nots: and I will hold the broken thread of our high discourse until we meet again.



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