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Spring, Gardiner, 1785-1873
A funeral sermon, occasioned
by the death of the late

D^r Smith.

from his friend
Mrs. Holden

January 1863.



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E. A. Mott

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Wm. A. Allen





IN

Memory

OF A

Beloved Husband.

MARCH 25TH, 1862.

A Funeral Sermon, occasioned by the death
of the late Horace Holden, by Gardiner Spring,
Pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church in the
City of New York.

Sermon.



JESUS WEPT.—*John xi. 35.*

WE have often contemplated the character of the Saviour in its superhuman and divine glory ; we have contemplated it in the tenderness, the wisdom, the dignity of his human nature. It was no fancied picture, and no coarse painter that drew this inimitable scene. We cannot now dwell upon it, except in the single feature expressed in our text. It was foretold of the Son of Man, that he should be “ a man of sorrows and acquainted with grief ;” and we behold him now weeping at the grave of Lazarus. What an instructive and beautiful picture of his lovely character ! It was no matter of surprise to him

that Lazarus was dead ; he had intimated it to his disciples while they were at a distance from Bethany. He knew that he would raise him from the dead ; he had intimated this also to his disciples, and to Martha, the sister of Lazarus. He was on his way to the grave, in order to perform this great miracle. But, all of a sudden, he was observed to be in tears. "Jesus wept." There he stood in silence and in tears. It was an hour of suspense among the spectators as he approached the grave. It was a cave, and a stone lay upon it. Jesus broke the silence : "Take ye away the stone !" and when the stone was rolled away, he uttered a solemn prayer to his Father, and then "cried with a loud voice, Lazarus, come forth !" It was a glorious day in Bethany and in Judea. The event showed that the death of Lazarus was a glorious event ; yet Jesus wept over it.

He was a mourner with those who mourned. He would scarcely have been human, had not his spirit been troubled within him, and had he not learned to "weep with them that weep." He feels an interest in those he loves; "in all their afflictions he is afflicted." His tears at the grave were human tears; they came from a heart that was full to overflowing. He took man's nature that he might suffer with men when they were sufferers, and care for them when they were outcasts. He felt it to be a privilege to mingle his tears with these weeping and orphan sisters. It was a relief to his own affectionate heart to enter into *their* calamity and share their sorrows.

It is recorded of him also, that he "loved Martha and her sister, and Lazarus." He had the sympathy not merely of man with man, but of a friend with friends. His heart beat tenderly and quickly toward those who loved him, and

whom he loved. "A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity." Never was heart so formed for strong attachments as his. His life and death breathe this spirit. The bonds of intimacy between him and this favored family at Bethany were peculiar; it was no ordinary friendship that existed between them. They were often brought together, not upon terms of conventional and cautious civility, but of unembarrassed friendship. He was their guest; their hearts were knit together in confidential union. These sisters knew him well, and did not doubt his love to their departed Lazarus. How could he do otherwise than enter into their sorrows? When he saw Mary weeping, and the Jews also weeping who came with her, he "groaned in spirit and was troubled." And as they led Him to the grave. *He wept.* Even the hard-hearted Jews wept. It was no time to reason. It was nature

to feel. His tears were an affectionate tribute to the dead, and an amiable expression of the heart of the living.

Other emotions, too, could hardly have failed to fill his compassionate mind. He came from a world where sin and sorrow and death never enter. He found this earth a hospital, full of "lamentation and mourning and woe." He found it a vast dormitory filled with the sick and the dying; a land of graves; a world-wide Golgotha, where "the mourners go about the streets." And well he knew the cause. "As by one man *sin* entered into the world, and *death by sin*, so death passed upon all men, for that all have sinned." The funeral knell had tolled the departure of successive generations from Adam's first-born to the death of Lazarus. What an obituary was here! What a chronicle of mortality! Even those whom Jesus tenderly

loved are engulfed in the general doom. It was a gloomy scene, these weeping sisters and this grave of Lazarus. Sin had found its way to those peaceful retreats of Olivet, and made them the house of mourning. The sun did not shine so bright, nor the green olive smile so gladly ; there were shadows, there was sadness ; the Serpent had been there and chased its victim to the tomb. It was but a single example of the Destroyer's power that Jesus beheld ; but he was troubled when he beheld it. He came to conquer sin and death ; and as he met his foe, he saw the victim in his hands, *and wept.*

How true is it that "we have not an High Priest who cannot be touched with the feeling of our infirmities !" Are we tempted ; so was he, that he "might know how to succour them that are tempted." Have we enemies ; so had

he. Have we friends ; so had he. Do our friends forsake us and die ; so did his. Must we leave our hearts buried with them in the grave ; he, too, wept at the grave of those he loved. Lift up your eyes to that throne ; Jesus the God, Jesus the Man is there. There is the " First-Born among many brethren ;" our own brother, Mary's son.

He wept ; and is it not enough that " the servant be as his Lord ?" We must expect to weep. And we *may* weep. Sorrow has its appropriate mission in this lost world. There is nothing in the religion of Jesus to forbid our tears. " Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted." He gave us hearts to feel, and eyes to overflow. It is a slander upon the religion of the Bible that it dries up the social affections. It is a selfish and unfriendly world we live in ; but Christianity is neither un-

friendly nor selfish. When those we have loved are laid in the grave, how sweet his voice, breaking in upon our brooding sorrows, "Where have ye laid him?" The love of Christ at such an hour, how sweet is it! Yes, ye sons and daughters of affliction, ye *may weep*. In a world where sin has dug the grave of all that is lovely and beloved, you may not look for attachments that never die.

Some of you are mourners to day. Take heed, lest in this hour of blighted earthly hopes, you give way to the thought that he has forgotten you, who makes your sorrows his own. He loves to be trusted at such an hour as this. The tempest may rage, and you may feel the effects of the storm; anxiety and alarm may crowd upon your hearts; but do not forget that his loving heart is no stranger to the depths of sorrow. You have but to send your messages

of grief to his ear, and even if he does not make haste to help you, in his own best time and way, you shall be comforted.

We are all mourners. The prophet Isaiah has left it on record, in relation to a period of great degeneracy in the Hebrew Church, that “the *righteous* perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart.” We have fallen upon evil times; but they are not so degenerate, that no man lays to heart the death of him whose recent departure from the midst of us is the occasion of our present services. I do not know a man in this Christian community whose death would cause deeper grief than the death of Horace Holden. It is not the domestic circle alone, of which he was the bright adornment, who are mourners to-day. It is the church of God in our city. They are God’s ministers; they are the friends of God of every name, who knew and loved

and mourned for him. It is an hour of blighted hopes ; anxiety and sorrow crowd upon our hearts ; and we come to God's Sanctuary to seek calmer and holier thoughts from the Great Comforter. He speaks to us, and invites us to speak with him. We come to lay on him who is "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," the burden of our sorrows, to commune with him concerning them all, and to ask him to commune with us. "He maketh sore, and bindeth up ; he woundeth, and his hands make whole." The happiest persons in our world are not those who are exempt from trouble ; but rather those whose hearts have been schooled by affliction, and who have learned to say, "God is our refuge and strength ; the Lord of Hosts is with us ; the God of Jacob is our refuge." God removed our beloved friend at the right time, and in the right way. His

death is an event for which the Sovereign Disposer had for a long time been making much preparation. Providence and grace, Sabbaths and ordinances, the labors of ministers, the fellowship of his people, and his own prayers and efforts had done their work. He was ready ; he was fully ripe for the harvest, and “ came to his grave in a full age, and like as a shock of corn cometh in in his season.” The angels of God and the spirits of the just made perfect, look upon his death with satisfied and joyous emotions. And so does the Saviour who loved him. He would have all his friends about him ; and when they remove to the upper sanctuary, it is in answer to his request, “ Father I will that they whom thou hast given me be with me where I am.”

In some views, the death of such a man as Mr. Holden is most undesirable and afflictive ; in

others, it is an event of the most joyous kind. He is safe ; he is holy ; he is happy. He shall hunger no more, nor thirst any more ; nor suffer, nor sigh any more. " God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

We rejoice *with* the departed ; and though we sorrow *for* them, it is not with the sorrow of the world that worketh death. We bless God for them, and for all his goodness and mercy toward them. Our departed friend will not easily be forgotten ; we love his memory, and would fain be " followers of them who, through faith and patience, inherit the promises."

Horace Holden was born at Sudbury, Mass., November 5, 1793. When quite young his father's family removed to Newark, N. J., where he pursued his studies under the care of Rev. William Woodbridge, D. D. He came to this city in the year 1809, where he entered the

office of Ezra Bliss, Esq., with a view to the profession of the law. He was admitted to the bar in 1811, and during the war of 1812, was stationed at Sandy Hook, and attached to the staff of General Colfax. More than forty years ago he was introduced to me as a student at law in this city; and from that hour to the time of his death, my personal acquaintance with him has been growing into unembarrassed intercourse and affectionate confidence. For some time he attended upon the ministry of Rev. Dr. Mason, of the Murray Street Church, where he was highly esteemed. I became his pastor in the year 1819, and was the witness of his early religious convictions. His conscience was first arrested by a familiar lecture from the words, "If thou Lord shouldest mark iniquity, O Lord, who could stand?" His convictions of sin were clear and strong. It was not a slavish dread of punish-

ment that agitated him, so much as a deep sense of his wickedness. It was during one of those seasons of the outpouring of the Holy Spirit upon this people, when the work of the Law was faithful and severe, but not prolonged. He found that "there was forgiveness with God, that he might be feared," and his mental distress soon resulted in the peace which Jesus gives, and furnished delightful evidence that he had passed from death unto life. He was received as a member of this church in the month of July, 1820, in company with ten others, only two of whom remain among us, and are present with us at these solemnities. His views of religious truth were eminently evangelical, tracing his whole salvation to the sovereign purposes and electing grace of God, through the perfected redemption of his Son, inwrought in his own soul, and carried on, "not of blood, nor of the will of the

flesh, nor of the will of man, but of God." He began his Christian course, if not with that same freedom, yet with that same affectionate earnestness which distinguished his whole life. I say, he thus *began* his Christian course. He felt the importance of *beginning right*; his example and his influence upon our young men will not soon be forgotten. He felt the importance of being a well instructed and active Christian, and was not satisfied with merely uniting with the church and then retiring from active Christian duties.

He was ordained as one of our Ruling Elders in the month of March, 1823; it is in this official character that he is best known to the members of this congregation. How faithfully, and with what discretion and kindness he discharged its duties, and how acceptably, you are the witnesses. No man was more punctual, more prompt, or more diligent in his high vocation;

with him it was a calling, not of honors and trust merely, but of responsibility and service. He took a deep interest in the spiritual and temporal welfare of the Church ; his religious history, his personal comfort and usefulness were so associated with it, that it would be difficult to specify the earthly object that was so dear to his heart. If anything was to be done which belonged to him to do, *he did it*. His will and his work were in habitual harmony. The Sabbath-school, of which he was so long the laborious and instructive superintendent ; the weekly lecture ; the weekly prayer-meeting ; his pastor and his brethren of the Session ; as well as those special seasons of prayer, which will be long remembered by some still among the living, found in him one of their chief supporters. Be the signs of the times ever so ominous, and the discouragements what they may ; be the service

ever so responsible, and ever so great a weariness to flesh and blood, Horace Holden was always in his place, and with his spiritual armour girt about him. Nor ought this beautiful trait in his character to be overlooked, that he gave a cordial welcome to every summons to active duty. It was a cheering invitation ; he was glad when they said unto him, " Come let us go up to the House of the Lord."

Nor may the remark be suppressed, that he was greatly favored in his natural disposition. He was frank, cheerful, unforbidding, had great kindness of heart, and was unsuspecting to such a degree that he sometimes too readily gave his confidence to those who did not deserve it. Gentlemen of the legal profession see so much of the dark side of human nature, that they are apt to be suspicious. It was not so with Mr. Holden ; he was a stranger to evil surmisings. The charity

that "hopeth all things, and thinketh no evil," was much more easily cultivated by him than that severe caution which comes by sad experience. These natural traits of character gave a pleasant and delightful coloring to his piety. I have never known him the subject of dark and distressing doubts. Religion was to him no sad, demure and comfortless thing. It had charms for him. He had great enjoyment in it; it made his life a happy life. It drew comfort from God, and at the same time it did not spoil the world. In cherishing its spirit, and yielding to its charms he was not swimming against the stream, but gently carried along with his own unruffled and most gratified affections. Though there was much that was joyous in his piety, there was nothing that was spasmodic, or even extravagant. He was zealous, but his zeal was according to knowledge. He lived during the period when there were

not wanting those who kindled unhallowed fire on God's altars, and who, in the spirit of one of old, ventured to say, "Come, see my zeal for the Lord!" But he was no friend to "new measures or novel doctrines." He was "rooted and grounded" in faith and love. His piety was habitual, long-tried, useful and happy. Even in adversity it was happy. He was a man of trial. Storms beat upon him. Many a dark cloud overshadowed him. But amid clustering bereavements, his piety shone out in amiable lustre. He honored God by a pensive, yet unrepining submission, and a sweet confidence that supported him in these dark passages of his pilgrimage. He had learned to rest on the promises of a covenant God. He was a man of prayer, and knew the value of the Mercy Seat. God had given him both the grace and the gift of prayer; and he cultivated them in his closet. His prayers with us and for us will be

long remembered. Those sweet words of his, "O never let us leave thy side, nor let go the hand that guides us," still linger on our ears. His prayers are fresh in our hearts now; they have gone up as a memorial before God; while to us they are "as the smell of a field which the Lord hath blessed."

Nor was he wanting in interest or effort, or a liberal bounty toward the benevolent institutions of the age in which he lived. He was judicious and discriminating in his gifts, but he was a liberal giver. Many is the widow and orphan whose apprehensions he has quieted, and whose heart he has made leap for joy. God had prospered him in his secular vocation, and his "hand was open as melting day to heavenly charity." Beside his cheerful co-operation in the cause of Domestic and Foreign Missions, the place he occupied in the direction of the American Bible

Society, and on its Committee on Legacies, and the active part he took in the Committee for the Sanctification of the Lord's Day, gave him a prominence in this land, especially in this community, which makes us deeply feel his loss.

With all this, he was a man of the world. No ; not a man *of* the world, but a man of God *in* the world. In this busy world he had a part to act, and he acted it well. In his business transactions he was one of the most unexceptionable and exemplary of men. He abhorred deceit and wickedness in every form. He carried his religion into his office, into his hours of relaxation at home and abroad, into the social circle, and was not ashamed of it before men. In his profession as a lawyer, he felt and acted as though he knew that the Law of God had claims upon him, and that it gave dignity and claims to human laws. His simplicity and purity of character, his uncompro-

mising integrity, and his warm and friendly spirit were always recognized by his professional brethren, and won for him an enviable reputation in the community. No judge upon the bench ever listened to a statement of facts made by him with any doubt of its truth ; and with his brethren of the bar, his word was always as good as his oath, or his bond. His well-known integrity and ability in the management and advisory charge of important trusts and estates, were much prized and eagerly sought after. His mind was eminently *practical*, his judgment cautious and sound, and his business habits industrious and persevering. Though from the modesty of his character and the peculiarity of his tastes, he did not seek distinction in the more noisy and frequented paths of professional life, he was widely and well known as a safe and judicious counsellor, and an earnest, able and faithful lawyer. From

his warm and generous nature, he was always a friend to his clients ; and that, in so high and true a sense, that he would never, as counsel, advise that which, as an honest man and a Christian, he could not justify and maintain. In a profession, whose influence in the community is so wide-spread and powerful ; whose capacity for good or for evil is second to none, save that of the pulpit ; and whose standard of morals and principles of action are as elevated and just as obtain in any secular calling ; it is no ordinary praise to say, that the name of Horace Holden had passed into a proverb, and that his influence and example won for him the affection and respect of all his compeers. Faithful always to the interests committed to his professional charge, he was always, above all and before all, *faithful to duty*, illustrating, in his daily life, those great principles of truth, purity, charity and sound

morality which he learned from the Bible, and which distinguished him everywhere as a Christian lawyer, as well as a Christian man.

His work is now done. It is not his death we dwell upon, but his life. Such was the nature of his disease, that God did not allow him to bear that testimony to the word of his grace in his last hours, which we desired and expected from his well-known character. We did not need the testimony. It is a beautiful sight to look at, when, after a clear, bright autumnal day, the sun goes down on "his throne of gold;" but we do not doubt his shining, though his fading beams are obscured by a cloud. Our departed friend had glorified God by a prolonged and fruitful life; his last days were days of intellectual derangement, with barely a glimpse of light amid the ravings of the storm.

That glimpse was not denied us. On Monday

morning last I called to see him, but it was thought best that he should be left undisturbed ; there was no abatement of his delirium. Fearing the worst, I called again in the afternoon, with some hope of directing his thoughts to his real condition, and eliciting from him some expression of his views in his near approach to a better world. Though he was raving with inflammation of the brain, his wife and daughter thought he would recognize me. I put my hand upon his head, and as soon as he became quiet, I said to him :

“ Mr. Holden, do you know me ?”

“ Yes, I know you.”

“ Who is it ?”

“ Why, it is Dr. Spring, my dear Pastor !”

He then relapsed into his delirium, and began to speak incoherently about his business affairs, addressing the Court and the by-standers. I put

my hand again upon his head, and he was silent, I said to him—

“ Mr. Holden, let all that go now ; we have higher subjects to think of.”

“ Yes,” he answered. “ I have no earthly interest left.”

“ You are very sick, my dear sir. Are you going to leave us ?—are you going home ?”

He answered with emphasis,

“ Yes, I believe I am ; I am going home.”

“ And is it well with you ; and are you at peace ?”

Here his mind wandered again ; there was a pause, and an evident effort for some deliberate thought. I then remarked :

“ You recollect that when Christian and Hopeful, in the ‘ Pilgrim’s Progress,’ came to the river that separated them from the Celestial City, Christian, as he entered in, began to sink, and

cried out, 'I sink in deep waters ; the floods overflow me !' But Hopeful said to him, ' Be of good cheer, my brother, I feel bottom, and it is good !' ”

At this allusion, the countenance of our beloved friend lighted up, and he *exclaimed*, “ Yes, it is good ; it is IMPERISHABLE ; it is SOLID ; it is a ROCK.” Then, raising his voice, he said, “ It is imperishable. My only hope is in Christ and his righteousness ; yes, it is IMPERISHABLE !”

I feared a return of his derangement, and once more put my hand upon his head, and said,

“ Mr. Holden, shall I pray with you ?”

Calmly he replied, “ I should be delighted to have you. It will be a delightful exercise to me.”

“ And is there anything you wish me specially to pray for ?”

His simple answer was, “ Yes, that if I have

ever been the means of doing any good, it shall be ascribed to the praise of unmerited grace in Christ Jesus."

During the prayer he was silent and seemed perfectly calm. At the close, I said, "Did you hear me, my dear friend?"

His answer, clear and emphatic, was, "YES, EVERY WORD."

We all wept. It was our last prayer. I left him between five and six o'clock.

Soon after this his daughter said to him, "Father, you are going home to Jesus; have you not something to say to me?"

"Yes," he replied, "Jesus came into the world to save sinners; just such sinners as you and I are." And after a short pause he continued, "He still livès, the same all-glorious, all-conquering, omnipotent Saviour." To his affectionate and devoted wife, he uttered

many words of comfort, not to be repeated here.

At the request of his family, I called later in the evening ; he did not recognize me. At nine o'clock I bade him farewell ; sorrowing that I should see his face no more. From all appearances, and from the intimations of his medical attendants, we did not expect that he would survive the night.

He remained delirious almost to the last. Yet, as his strength failed, his thoughts, though incoherent, ran in a religious channel. As he drew near his end, and became more exhausted, his incoherency seemed, in a measure, to pass away, and, turning upon his side, with a heavy sigh, he said,—

“ A guilty, weak, and helpless worm,
On thy kind arms I fall.”

But here his voice faltered, and he could only

say to his weeping wife and daughter, "*Finish—* finish it!" They added,

"Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all!"

Shortly after this he again turned his face upon the pillow, and death closed the scene about one o'clock the following morning.

Thus lived, and thus died Horace Holden. For three years he had suffered from disease of the heart, and, as I have heard him affirm, rarely went from his house when he did not think it probable that he should be brought home a corpse. These three years he could say with St. Paul, "I die daily." But the conflict is over. "The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death." Toil and danger are now past; there is no darkness now, and no eclipse of faith. There are no more deep waters; no sin, no sorrow; no

hidden disease, no foe, no fear. "There the wicked cease from troubling, and the weary are at rest." That last breath, to what an untrodden, but glorious way, did it conduct him! That last sigh, fainter and still more faint, what a pensive, affecting, but emphatic prelude to his everlasting song!

My beloved friends, how ought the life and death of Horace Holden to affect you and me? Many a time have we listened to that welcome voice in prayer, in praise, in tender expostulation. Many a time have the children and youth of our Sabbath-school been attracted and impressed by his well-timed and beautiful addresses. Many an afflicted family will remember his healing and consoling influence; and many, *many* a young man of this congregation—aye, and not a few old men, too—may go home and put his hand upon an affectionate and admonitory letter

from Mr. Holden's faithful pen, urging upon him the one great concern of attending to the things which belong to his everlasting peace. These things live only in memory ; and they are delightful memories. He is gone now. He will not be seen, nor heard again until the voice of the archangel, and the trump of God shall change the living and awake the dead. Within the short period of nine months two of the Ruling Elders of this Christian Church have been called to the Church of the First-Born in Heaven. Thomas Eggleston and Horace Holden have been added to the company of that bright world, itself more bright from every accession from this world of tears. It is no loss to them ; the loss is ours. We feel it, and can only say, " It is the Lord ; let him do what seemeth him good ! "

For myself, my heart is desolate. I know not

where to look for those who will "stand in the gap and make up the hedge." No ; it is not always so, that the "righteous perisheth, and no man layeth it to heart." The "precious sons of Zion, comparable to fine gold, how are they as earthen pitchers, the work of the hands of the potter!" Well may we say, "Help, Lord, for the godly man ceaseth ; for the faithful fail from among the children of men!" Our "strong rods are broken and withered." O how the realities of Eternity open upon us ! and they are the only permanent realities in the universe. Yet, how they approach us ! This long succession of holy men and holy women that have passed from the lower to the upper Sanctuary, what an aggregate of immortal beings ! What a congregation do they form ! What a cloud of witnesses, bending from their thrones, are these fresh testimonials to the grace that bringeth salvation ! How touch-

ing their appeal to us! You have thought of the scene when you shall meet them again : O let not the thought be like the passing vision of an agitated fancy. The unseen are things that are eternal. There are no shadows there. The dust of the grave is only upon that which is seen and temporal. Set not your affections then on the earth, but where Jesus is, at the right hand of God. And if any of you have no hope, and are without God in the world, be ye entreated to seek a pardon at the cross of Jesus, lest where he is, and the spirits of the just made perfect are, ye cannot come.

The following Testimonials, so full of sympathy, and so full of comfort to his surviving family and friends, will not, I hope, be deemed out of place in this Memorial.

NEW YORK, 10th April, 1862.

MRS. HORACE HOLDEN :

Dear Madam,—At a meeting of the Session of the Brick Church, held this day, the following Minute was directed to be entered on their records :—“ It is with no ordinary sadness, that in this report of deaths the Session have to record the name of Horace Holden, as a man every way entitled to our love and confidence, as a well-known and long-tried member of this church, and for many years associated with us in the eldership ; faithful, diligent and acceptable in the discharge of his official trust, and distinguished for his virtues in private life. He is greatly lamented and will be long remembered.”

Very respectfully yours,

ABNER L. ELY, *Clerk, pro tem.*

The following Preamble and Resolutions were adopted at a meeting of the Board of Trustees of the Brick Presbyterian Church, held March 26th, 1862 :

Whereas, By the dispensation of Divine Providence, Horace Holden, Esquire, has been removed from us by death, and this Board desire to express their sense of the great loss they have sustained in this bereavement. Therefore,

Resolved, That by the death of the late Horace Holden, Esquire, the Board of Trustees has lost the invaluable services of one of its most beloved, efficient and faithful members, and we desire to pay a just tribute to the ability, fidelity and earnest zeal which have always distinguished him in the service of the church and of this Board, of which he has been so long an efficient and prominent member.

Resolved, That while paying this tribute to his

memory and worth in his official relations to us as a body, we cannot repress the thought that in the death of Horace Holden we have each of us lost an invaluable *friend* and a faithful Christian brother.

Resolved, That in expression of our respect and affection for our deceased brother, this Board will attend his funeral on the 27th instant.

Resolved, That the foregoing Preamble and Resolutions be entered on the Minutes of the Board, and that a copy of the same be sent to the family of our deceased brother and friend.

(A true extract from the Minutes.) IRA BLISS,

Clerk.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, BIBLE HOUSE,
ASTOR PLACE, NEW YORK, *April*, 1862.

At a meeting of the Committee on Legacies of the American Bible Society, held at the Society's

House, April 3d, 1862, Charles Tracy, Esq., in the Chair, the following Resolution was unanimously passed :

Resolved, That we have heard with sorrow of the decease of Horace Holden, Esquire, a member of this Committee from May, 1839, a period of nearly twenty-three years, and Chairman thereof long prior to and at the time of his death ; that his uniform and diligent attention to this department of the Society's affairs, his wise judgment and his firmness, combined with unfailing Christian courtesy in administering it, as well as his earnest zeal in the Bible cause, had endeared him to his associates ; and that *his name* will be preserved among our most grateful memories of the *good* who have been called to a *higher life*.

(A true extract from the Minutes.) HENRY FISHER,
Secretary of Committee on Legacies.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY, BIBLE HOUSE, ASTOR PLACE,
NEW YORK, *April 4th*, 1862.

At the stated meeting of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, held on the 3d inst., the Hon. Luther Bradish, V. P., presiding, and before the regular proceedings ; Secretary Brigham announced the decease, since the previous meeting, of Horace Holden, Esquire, for many years a member of the Board.

Whereupon, the following Minute was unanimously adopted, and it was ordered that a copy thereof be sent to the family of the deceased :

Resolved, That the Board enter upon their records the recent death of Horace Holden, Esquire, for twenty-seven years an active and valuable member of the Board of Managers of the American Bible Society, and for twenty-three years a member of the Committee on Legacies, during many of them its Chairman. In perform-

ing this melancholy but grateful service they cannot do justice to their own feelings, nor to the memory of the departed without recognizing in this event the chastising hand of God in removing from the midst of us one so greatly beloved as a man, so greatly respected as a member of society, and so actively devoted to the interests of this Institution. Kind and genial in his spirit and intercourse ; conservative in his views and influence ; diligent, self-sacrificing and liberal in his official trusts ; a lover of good men and the friend of his race ; an honored member of the New York Bar ; an upright Christian lawyer and an upright Christian man, and in every view a man of unimpeachable integrity ; Horace Holden has left a chasm in this community and in this Board, which is deeply felt and not easily supplied. The Board may be allowed to express their sympathy with the bereaved family of the

departed, and to commend them to his love and guardianship who does not willingly afflict nor grieve the children of men.

(From the Minutes.)

CALEB T. ROWE,

Recording Secretary.

NEW YORK, *April 21st*, 1862.

MRS. HORACE HOLDEN :

Madam,—In compliance with the direction of the Board of Managers of the New York Sunday-School Union, I take pleasure in transmitting the following Resolutions :

Whereas, It has pleased Him in whom we live and move and have our being, to call away from the scenes of this transitory life the late Horace Holden, long a member of this Board, and ever warmly interested in the work of Sabbath-School instruction. Therefore,

Resolved, That in the death of this Christian

brother, whose life was adorned with so many virtues, we find a source of sorrow, softened only by the resignation that comes of cheerful submission to the Divine will, and by the assurance that death has no sting, and the grave no victory to him that enjoys that "peace of God, which passeth all understanding."

Resolved, That a copy of these Resolutions be transmitted to the family of the deceased.

With sentiments of high Christian regard,

Yours, very respectfully,

JAMES N. McELLIGOTT,

Cor. Sec. N. Y. S. S. Union.

The following notice is from the New York Observer :

THE LATE HORACE HOLDEN, ESQ.

A good deal has been very justly and properly said respecting the general character and useful-

ness of this servant of God. To that I shall not add any thing. But I have had access to a correspondence of his with one of God's children for some years past. To her he expressed himself with great freedom. His letters show the workings of his mind in a way far more satisfactory than can be learned from general statements. He writes :

“ May 16, 1859.—I suppose that I never shall be perfectly well again. I do not expect it. These are kind admonitions to me to set my house in order. I have seen many good days. God has borne long with my sins and infirmities ; and though I am utterly unworthy to indulge the least hope, I trust still, that he will enable me to triumph in the dying hour.”

“ June 2, 1859.—I was miserable when —— left here ; and my recuperation, if it be such, is so slow, that I sometimes feel as if it would never

be otherwise with me. But one thing I know ; if it is best, God will direct to the use of the best means ; if otherwise, I hope for a meek, quiet and submissive spirit to yield to his sovereign will without a murmur. The fact is, I am just about good-for-nothing. I cannot bear to sit still and do nothing ; and yet I can do nothing that requires much physical or mental effort."

" July 12, 1861.—I am trying to pray for an humble spirit. How far I am from possessing it ! I very often cry, O for true humility ! My old minister once said, 'I do not ask whether you have much *pride*. Have you *any* humility ?'

" The coming Sabbath is our Communion. I do not anticipate as much comfort as usual. But God can clear the darkest skies, and give us day for night."

" Oct. 7, 1861.—We had quite a serious day

yesterday. I was obliged to come up to church to open my Sunday-school. For the last eight weeks we have had the services of the Rev. John Nitchie Lewis, who supplied the pulpit during Dr. Spring's vacation. He was to have preached for us yesterday afternoon, and on Friday evening he was at work, very late, at his sermon ; he was taken very ill (disease of the heart) and died at 6 o'clock yesterday morning. Dr. Spring alluded to it in his opening service, preached a sermon adapted to the occasion, and offered *such a prayer*. How sudden ! I often think my end will be like his. If I am as well prepared as I hope he was, on my account, I should not dread it. But oh ! it is a great thing to be prepared to die. What is it to be prepared to die, except simply a cordial reception of Jesus Christ ? Have I done this ? Have I any true humility of heart ? Have I any sincere penitence for sin ?

Do I believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? I want better evidence of my discipleship. I am sure that I do not repose on works of my own. My best righteousness is all filthy rags. Oh, for a stronger faith!"

"Nov. 19, 1861.—I thank you for remembering to send me a letter on my birth-day. I can hardly believe that I am older than Gen. Washington lived to be—so it is. I look back on the way in which the Lord has led me, and wonder at his forbearance and mercy—and my ingratitude and unfruitfulness. 'God be merciful to me a sinner,' is my only plea and my only hope.

"I want a more confiding trust in God. A knowledge of my heart constantly overwhelms me."

Much more might be given; but enough has been said to give the reader an insight into Mr.

Holden's inner life. His Christian character was marked—1. By deep humility before God. Before men none was farther from servility. But no approved devotional language was too abasing as he prostrated himself before his Maker.

2. Mr. Holden's piety was benevolent. He thought kindly, he felt kindly, he spoke kindly, he acted kindly. He hated all malice, and malicious acts and words.

3. Mr. Holden's piety was very earnest. He was not moody in religion. He was always lively and intent on God's service.

4. Mr. H. was very devotional in his feelings and habits. No inmate of his family ever doubted this. He sang, he read God's word, he prayed, he soliloquized in a manner showing that his heart was in true devotion.

5. His piety bore every scriptural test. In experience of trials, crosses, losses, in weariness,

in perplexity, in sickness, in death, his religion bore him up, bore him on, bore him through.

6. To him Christ was all and in all, the way, the truth, and the life, the Alpha and the Omega.

W. S. P.

The following, among many others, speak a language to which many hearts respond :

At the monthly meeting of the Sabbath Committee, held April 14, 1862, the following Minute was adopted :

“ Horace Holden, Esq., a valued member of the Committee from the time of its organization, and, while his health permitted, the Chairman of the Advisory Committee, having entered upon his eternal rest since our last meeting,

“ The Committee would place on their records this expression of respect for his personal and

professional character, and of admiration for his genial, active and useful Christian life. - An early, steadfast and generous friend and advocate of the Sabbath Reform, and of the Bible, Missionary, and kindred institutions, his public career has been identified with the prosperity of religion and morals, as his private life has exemplified the beauty and power of the Gospel of Christ. The Committee would tender their cordial sympathy to the Church with which he was so long associated, and to the widow and children bereaved by this Providence : and they would be quickened by it in their devotion to a cause which occupied the dying thoughts as it had shared the living energies of their lamented associate."

(A true copy from the Minutes.)

Attest, R. S. COOK, *Cor. Sec.*

CINCINNATI, *May 8th*, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLDEN :

I thank you for the opportunity you have kindly afforded me of adding a few words to the memorial, which is about to be published, of your deceased husband. I look upon it as another proof of that hearty friendship, which ever since I have had the happiness to know your family, has been so constantly shown me by every member of it, and by none more than by him whose death has now afflicted us all.

My personal acquaintance with your husband, as you are very well aware, has been comparatively brief. For a quarter of a century I have been familiar with his name, as that of a person prominently active in all the great enterprises of Christian benevolence in your city, and in this country, but my first meeting with him occurred only some eight or nine years ago, at Saratoga,

on an occasion which you have not forgotten, for then I first became acquainted with yourself, and with those dear children, one of whom has since had trial of death, and I doubt not of the joys of heaven, having gone before to welcome her father in their Father's house.

The manner in which my intimacy with your husband began, had in it something so characteristic of him, that although it may not appear in perfect taste for me to describe it, I am still unwilling to deny myself the privilege of doing so. We had just returned from an evening religious service at which I had preached, and as I was passing through the hall of the Union Hotel, intending to retire at once to my chamber, a gentleman, whom I did not know, planted himself square before me, and seizing my hand, said—
“ Dr. Thompson, I was in your congregation this evening. My name is Horace Holden. I like

you. Let us know each other and be friends." My present impression is that he threw his arms about me, and drew me warmly to him. At any rate, whether he literally did that or not, I *felt* as if he had done it. There was something so intensely fraternal, and Christianly loving in his manner, that I had a sense, when it was all over, of having been hugged.

After this beginning we walked together for half an hour on the piazza of the hotel, and when we parted for the night I think I knew him as thoroughly as if we had been natural brothers. Not a single impression which my mind then received of his character, though we have regularly corresponded, my last letter from him being written only a fortnight before his death, though he has been a guest in my house, and I often in his, though we have been with each other in sickness and in health on terms of the utmost familiarity,

conversing freely on all sorts of subjects, has been changed in the slightest degree. I do not think that I have discovered in him since, in all the intercourse which we have had together, one single peculiarity of mind or heart which I did not see clearly belonged to him on that first evening of our acquaintance.

If ever a man lived on earth who knew how to be a friend, with a capacity of nature equal to his understanding, surely your husband was such a man ; and he seemed to have made up his mind, at the outset, to be a friend to me. All reserve was laid aside. Every window of his soul was thrown up, and every door set wide open ; and from that time onward, there was no drawing back from this full and cordial surrender of himself. I never had a friend whom I trusted more implicitly, or whose friendship I more highly prized, and I never shall cease to feel while I live,

that in his death I have met with one of my greatest earthly losses.

In the course of my life I have never known but three men who seemed to me so perfect that I could not easily imagine how they might be changed for the better. Since your husband's death, but one of them remains on the earth. May *he* long live.

I will not undertake a delineation of your husband's character. There could not be, among those who knew him, two opinions of him. He was too honest, too uniformly consistent with himself, to leave behind him any controversy in regard to what kind of a man he was, and I am sure, if I were to attempt a description of him, that I should only repeat what will be found far better expressed in the memorial sermon of his venerable and discriminating Pastor, who had known him so long, and loved him so well.

Two remarkable excellencies were so conspicuous in him, that I cannot forbear to mention them ; first, *the eminently practical character of his piety* ; and, second, what indeed is included in the first, but may yet be separately noticed, *his absolutely perfect truthfulness*. He was, day by day, in his house, in his office, in the city, every where, upon fixed principle, a steadfast, cheerful doer of God's will. He was a man of quick and deep emotions, with whom religion often kindled to a blaze of passionate zeal, yet his emotions had nothing to do with the fidelity of his habitual life as a Christian. In the other respect to which I have referred, I am very certain that no one, who was not a stranger to him, could ever have been in doubt. His words were a perfect revelation of his thoughts and of his heart. He spoke out what was in him ; and his actions and his manner were as truthful as his

words. He loved the light, and walked in it. I do not believe there is the man living who can say that Horace Holden ever played him a double part, or intentionally deceived him.

No one better knows than his own wife, how perfectly honest he was, and how consistently and steadfastly faithful as a man of God. I can offer no more fervent or important prayer for his children, than that these great and shining virtues of their father may be repeated in them. He has left them an ample worldly inheritance, gathered by the patient labors of a life on which no stain rests, but his *example* is by far the richest legacy.

I might speak of many things, dear Mrs. Holden, the particular remembrance of which could only add to your great sorrow. I know how dark, but for the presence of God in it, must be the house in which the light of such a life has

been extinguished. I doubt not, however, that the presence of God is there. May the blessedness of it be more and more experienced by you and yours, until that glorious day shall come when God will bring again with Jesus them that sleep in him, and we which are alive and remain shall be caught up together with them in the clouds, to meet the Lord in the air, to be forever with the Lord. Let us comfort ourselves and one another with the words of God's unfailing promise.

I am, in a common affliction and with the truest
love,

Ever yours,

M. L. P. THOMPSON.

ALBANY, *May 13th*, 1862.

MY DEAR MRS. HOLDEN :

I should find it exceedingly difficult to do justice to my own feelings, were I to attempt to express my sense of the greatness of the loss which not his own family alone, but a wide circle of friends also, have suffered in the death of your excellent husband. It is better to be still and submissively to acknowledge the hand of God in this affecting event. The Lord reigneth—let the earth rejoice !

Yet I suppose that it is altogether proper, and may in many respects be useful, to remember what he was, and to recall particularly the gifts of nature and of grace to which he owed his usefulness, and by means of which he attracted to himself so much of affection and respect. Such a man ought not to be soon forgotten. Hardly

any thing is more inspiring than the study of a good and useful life.

My acquaintance with Mr. Holden began more than thirty years ago. He was then in the prime of life, and actively engaged in his profession. I was at that time struck with his decided and earnest Christian character and his strong common-sense. He attached one to him, even on a slight acquaintance. For several years after I became a settled Pastor, I saw him but rarely. Since my residence in Albany, however, our intercourse has been more frequent. It has been a great gratification to me to enjoy the hospitalities of his home, and to receive him to my own. I loved and honored him, for he well deserved it. He was always, throughout the whole period of my acquaintance with him, the same genial and warm-hearted friend, the same inflexibly upright and honorable man, the same clear-headed and

judicious counsellor, and the same intelligent, consistent, earnest Christian. His piety was warm, but not fitful—an habitual glow of affection towards God. There was, indeed, a remarkable unity and self-consistency in his whole life. It was a healthful growth, a steady process of becoming riper and richer in all goodness ; so that when I saw him last—not without some misgiving in relation to his prospect for lengthened days—he seemed to me like one who had been long becoming prepared for the higher life of heaven. He loved the Kingdom of Christ, and was always ready to talk of it, to pray for it and to labor for its advancement. I have often noticed with admiration the strength of his attachment to the particular church of which he was a member, and to its now venerable Pastor, the Rev. Dr. Spring, in whose ministry, through the whole of his Christian life, he had seemed to find

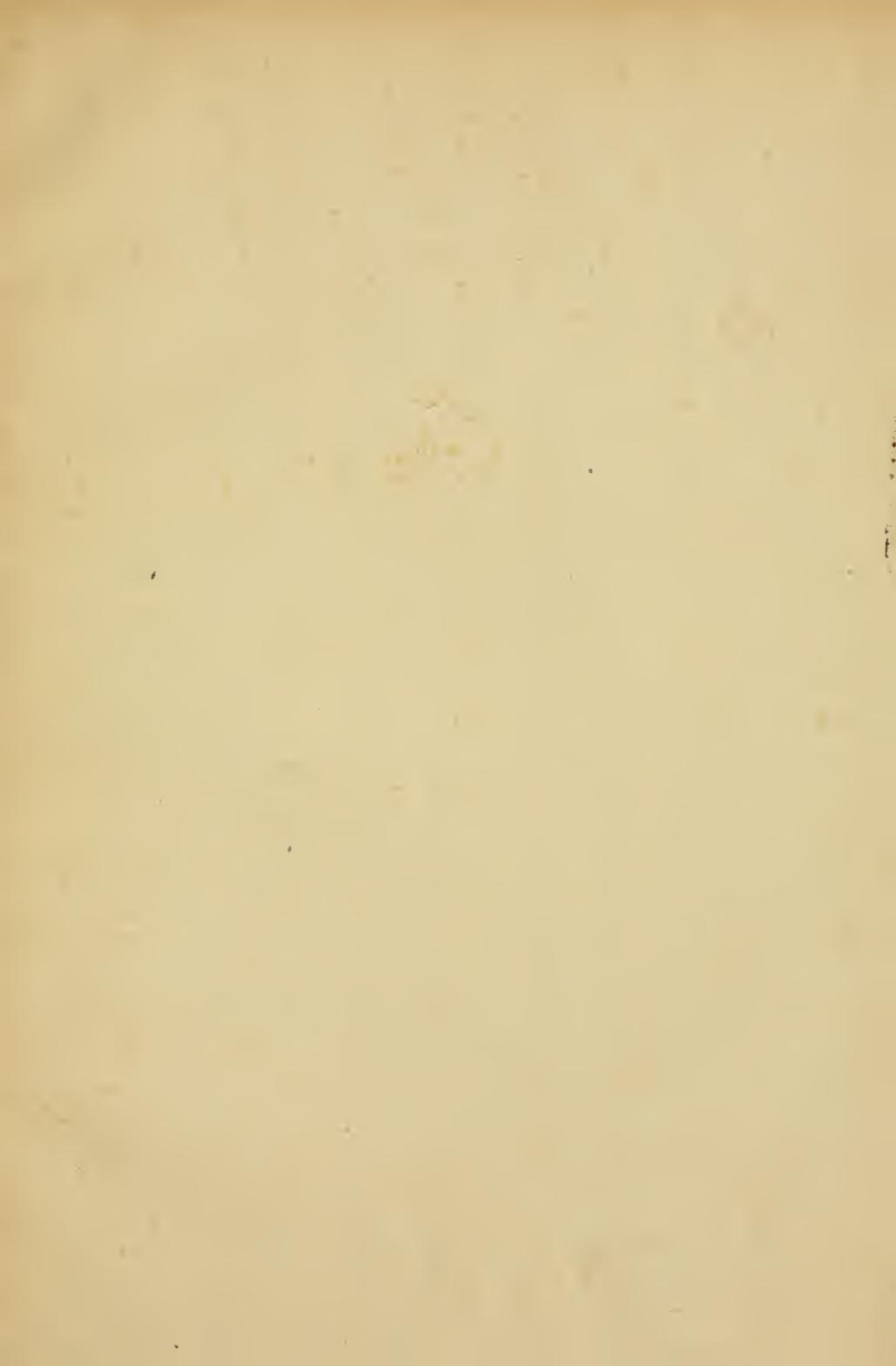
unmingled satisfaction. Happy the Pastors who have such friends and fellow-laborers! Happy the man who, having left such influences and memories behind him, has been bidden to go up higher, and has entered into the presence of the Saviour whom he loved!

A precious inheritance, indeed, to his own family, to all his friends, and to the Church of God, are the remembrances of such a man! We may honor the grace of God in him, even as he delighted to say—by the grace of God, I am what I am. May our faithful God be to you, my dear madam, more than a husband, even an everlasting comforter and friend, and to your children a tender Father and guide!

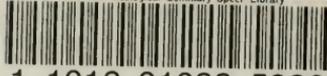
With kindest regards to your family, believe
me always,

Very truly yours,

RAY PALMER.



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