

In Memoriam

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In Memoriam.



APOLLOS RUSSELL WETMORE.



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“THEY were a very religious people. All attended public worship. Before they had a meeting-house they worshipped God under the boughs of a tree, and in less than two years they built them a sanctuary and, eighteen years after, another.”

These words refer to Thomas Wetmore and his fellow-settlers of the town of Middletown, Conn., in 1652. Among the descendants of Thomas Wetmore in the fourth generation was the Rev. Noah Wetmore, a Presbyterian clergyman of Setauket, L. I., born in 1730. In his funeral sermon, preached at Huntington, L. I., by the Rev. William Schenck in 1796, are found these words :

“I know little of Mr. Wetmore’s ancestry—only that he descended from worthy, pious parents and a family remarkable for promoting the interests of

“ religion. As a preacher of the Gospel his sermons  
“ were well composed, and animated with a sacred re-  
“ gard to the honor of his divine Master and the salva-  
“ tion of immortal souls. In the pulpit, you well  
“ know, my brethren, he spoke the word in all plain-  
“ ness and godly simplicity, and labored hard to win  
“ souls for Christ.”

Noah Wetmore, the eldest son of this excellent man, was born near Danbury, Conn., in 1767, and came to New York about the year 1808 to take the superintendence of the New York Hospital. A brief sketch of his life gives the following description of his character :

“ His Christian spirit and character, combined with  
“ those of his excellent consort, rendered his inter-  
“ course and influence with the children of disease  
“ and affliction most salutary. . . . He was a man  
“ of prayer, a lover of the house and people of God,  
“ and was ready in the measure of his opportunity and  
“ ability for every good work in the Master’s cause.  
“ His venerable personal appearance, combined with  
“ the weight of his acknowledged Christian character,  
“ marked him to the view of all around as *an old*  
“ *disciple, a father in Israel.*”

From these worthy ancestors the man, in whose

memory these pages are written, inherited purity of mind, steadfastness of purpose, and love of God and his fellow-man.

Noah Wetmore married, on the 14th of February, 1792, Winifred Smith, by whom he had five children: Apollos Russell, William Henry, Apollos Russell 2d, David Woodhull, and Irena Winifred. All these have passed away except the daughter, Mrs. Anthony P. Halsey, now a widow.

Apollos Russell 2d, the subject of this memoir, was born in Huntington, L. I., on the 11th of November, 1796, and received the name of a brother who died at the age of three years in January of the same year. His childhood was passed in his father's household, surrounded by pure and wholesome influences that left a lasting impress on his character. His boyhood was passed in the same household, surrounded by the ever-changing scenes of hospital life, and the experiences of these early days were never forgotten. His recreations were few in number and somewhat odd in their nature, consisting, in part, in games of draughts with the scafaring men who were from time to time inmates of the hospital, and who found their only amusement in these trials of skill; and, in part, in assisting the surgeons in their operations by handing

them instruments, holding lights, and doing such other small services as lay within the limited power of a lad. The earliest out-door sport that he remembered in after-life was skating on the "Collect," and its overflow on the Lispenard meadows, in the vicinity of the Canal street of to-day. His interest in the surgical operations in the hospital wards bred in him so strong a predilection for the profession that about the year 1812 he entered Columbia College with the intention of preparing himself for the study of surgery and medicine; and it was during these college-days that the stirring events in the city, incidental to the war of 1812, occurred. In the autumn of 1814, in response to the appeal of the Committee of Defense, a body of the students, himself one of the number, went to the heights north of the city and aided in throwing up the line of intrenchments running from Fort Laight across the Bloomingdale Road to the banks of the Hudson. He often referred to this exploit with much humor as the extent of his war experience. The favorite pastime of these college-days was shooting plover on Hempstead plains, and he became an excellent marksman, as was afterward shown by his record at target-practice in the Governor's Guard. Two years of study terminated his collegiate life, and he

left Columbia on the announcement of peace in 1815. He was influenced in taking this step by his father's decided opposition to his choice of the medical profession, and by the determination of his intimate friend and classmate, William Green, Jr., to leave college and enter mercantile life ; and he obtained a position in the hardware store of Kip & Ingraham in Greenwich street, in which young Green was already employed as clerk. After they had served this firm about three years Mr. Green opened a hardware and iron store on the corner of Greenwich and Vesey streets, and in 1819 Mr. Wetmore and his brother David W. Wetmore went into the same business on their own account, at the corner of Canal and Hudson streets. A few years afterward Mr. Green was afflicted with a severe illness, rendering it impossible for him to attend to business, and in this emergency the friendship of Mr. Wetmore led him to tender his services in superintending the affairs of his old classmate and former fellow clerk. This generous act had its natural result in a union of interests between the two young merchants and in an intimacy which lasted to the end of Mr. Wetmore's life. After Mr. Green's recovery Mr. Wetmore closed out his business, and, with his brother, joined Mr. Green under the firm-name of Green &

Wetmore. In 1824 the partners purchased the lots on the corner of Washington and Vesey streets, and built the stores which were occupied by them and the succeeding firm for many years. The business was carried on under the firm-name of Green & Wetmore until 1835, when Mr. Green retired, leaving the business to be continued by the two brothers under the name of Wetmore & Co., a style continued to the present day. In 1843 Mr. David W. Wetmore withdrew from the business, and Mr. Wetmore continued it, with his son George C. Wetmore and his nephew David Wetmore as partners. In 1871 William A. DuBois was admitted as a partner, and in 1876 Mr. Wetmore and his son retired from the firm, leaving the business to be continued by Mr. David Wetmore and Mr. DuBois. This terminated Mr. Wetmore's mercantile life, and his remaining years were devoted almost exclusively to the benevolent enterprises in which he was interested.

He was married on the 30th of April, 1822, to Mary Carmer, daughter of Nicholas G. Carmer. Miss Carmer was a member of the Episcopal Church, and the marriage took place in St. Paul's Church, the Right Rev. John Henry Hobart, D.D., Bishop of the Diocese, officiating. This union gave Mr. Wetmore a devoted companion, whose loving approval and



cheerful aid began with the first missionary efforts of his early life, and faithfully continued until failing health constrained her to become a passive witness of his labors. She was a woman of remarkable intelligence, great refinement of manner, and a lofty standard of courtesy that accorded admirably with the modest dignity of address which was so marked a feature in her husband's manner. She possessed a keen perception of motive and character, and a fine sense of justice and propriety that made her an invaluable counsellor in all matters involving the exercise of discretion; and her husband reposed the most implicit trust in her tact and judgment.

The religious bias of his father's household was so marked that it probably influenced him very strongly in early life; but it was not until May, 1831, that he took the pronounced step of uniting with the Laight Street Presbyterian Church, then under the pastoral charge of the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox, his wife also becoming a member of the same congregation. The young couple were at this time the parents of five little children and the possessors of but moderate means; and Mr. Wetmore's mercantile affairs made an almost imperative demand upon his time and attention; but the higher and nobler aims of

his nature asserted themselves at once. Let his own words, written nearly twenty years ago, tell the story of the beginning of the work that has since made his name so familiar in the households of the poor:

“ In the revival of 1831 I became a member of  
“ Dr. Cox’s church in Laight street, and desiring to  
“ do what I could for the cause of Him whom I pro-  
“ fessed to love and serve, my attention was drawn to  
“ the City Tract Society, under the direction of volun-  
“ teer superintendents and visitors for the distribution  
“ of religious truth among the neglected, and personal  
“ efforts for the conversion of individuals.

“ I became a visitor in a district of about one  
“ hundred families, poor but respectable laboring peo-  
“ ple. Very few observed the Sabbath or attended  
“ church ; only one here and there professed religion.  
“ By frequent and thorough visitation I became ac-  
“ quainted with the character of the population, and  
“ adapted my labors to their varied circumstances,  
“ supplying the destitute with Bibles, inducing families  
“ and individuals to attend church, leading children  
“ to day and Sabbath schools, etc. ; in this way I  
“ obtained influence, and was able to aid them by  
“ advice, comfort them in trouble, console them in

“sickness and in the hour of death. Very soon a  
“change was seen in the neatness of their abodes,  
“the cleanliness of their persons, and the conduct of  
“their children. In some cases the truth made an  
“impression and souls were converted.

“I soon established a *weekly prayer-meeting* for  
“the district; visited the families in the afternoon for  
“the purpose of seeing cases of interest, circulating  
“tracts and inviting attendance at the evening meet-  
“ing, informing every family by notice of the place  
“and time of meeting, thus securing good attendance.  
“Very soon an increasing interest in religion was  
“manifest, and many united with different evangel-  
“ical churches on profession, some of whom were  
“of marked and special interest, and furnished the  
“requisite aid to conduct the devotions of the meet-  
“ing. Some of these were at first so opposed to the  
“truth and my visits to their families as to threaten  
“violence, but by the grace of God their opposition  
“was overcome, and many became devoted Christians.  
“Some have entered into rest; others are laboring  
“to promote the cause of their Saviour.

“In 1833 I became superintendent of the ward in  
“which my district was located, containing a popu-  
“lation of about 25,000, divided into 100 districts,

“ with visitors from the evangelical churches seeking  
“ to build up the wall about their own sanctuary.

“ I became so deeply impressed with the importance  
“ of this work, ‘seeking the salvation of individual  
“ ‘souls,’ that I secured the services of a devoted  
“ Christian, an elder in one of the churches, who  
“ spent all his time in visitation, directing the labors  
“ of others, establishing and sustaining prayer-meet-  
“ ings, gathering children into day and Sabbath schools,  
“ etc. The reported results were so encouraging that  
“ the Board of the City Tract Society engrafted  
“ the system of paid agency on volunteer labor, and  
“ thus it became practically CITY MISSIONS. A finance  
“ and agency committee was appointed, of which I  
“ was chairman, with power to select and locate as  
“ many missionaries, clergy or laity, as we could raise  
“ the money to sustain. Ten were employed the  
“ first year, 1834, sustained mostly by a few individ-  
“ uals, in localities most populous and enjoying few  
“ religious privileges. As the interest in the work  
“ increased and the funds were furnished, missionaries  
“ were employed in all the wards, districting the  
“ whole island. At the present time the society sus-  
“ tains *thirty*. Three of them are to German resi-  
“ dents, one to German immigrants, one to Swedish

“immigrants, one to French residents, one to Jews,  
“one to seamen, and the others are ward missionaries  
“or assistants. The \$340,000 contributed the last  
“twenty-six years to sustain this effort was collected  
“by individual application, without any additional  
“agency or the expenditure of a dollar for any ser-  
“vice but missionary labor and to supply the truth cir-  
“culated. . . . Our success in supplying the spiritual  
“wants of the poor led to the consideration of some  
“system by which their temporal condition could be  
“improved and the necessity of indiscriminate alms-  
“giving be obviated. This resulted in the formation,  
“in 1843, of the ‘Association for Improving the Con-  
“dition of the Poor,’ of which James Brown, Esq.,  
“is president. The city is divided into districts as-  
“signed to male visitors, whose duty is to investigate  
“all cases referred to them, and, if proper objects, to  
“supply them with food and fuel. The advisory  
“committee in each ward meet monthly to receive  
“reports from visitors. The secretary, who is the  
“tract missionary of the ward, prepares the report of  
“that ward for the general agent. Thus at the  
“monthly meeting of the board the entire operations  
“are known, and appropriations necessary to meet  
“the condition of each district are made. The chair-

“men of the advisory committees compose the board. This society expends from \$30,000 to \$60,000 annually, which is collected by agents canvassing each ward. Any donor is a member, and is furnished with the annual report, directory, tickets, etc.”

The early promise of the parent society has been more than fulfilled in its vigorous growth since these words were written. It became, in 1864, the “New York City Mission and Tract Society,” and was incorporated in 1866, and now employs forty-seven missionaries, and has an annual income of nearly \$50,000. The society’s fund of \$100,000, for building mission chapels, was obtained mainly through Mr. Wetmore’s personal efforts, and has the promise, in the early future, of important additions. He was the corresponding secretary of the society for twenty-seven years, and became its president in 1875, holding the latter office up to the time of his death.

His connection with the “New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor” continued for many years, during which he was one of its most active and devoted friends. He became one of the vice-presidents in 1851, and retained the office until the severance of his official connection with the association, twenty years later.

In 1849 a benevolent effort to improve the condition of juvenile vagrants was made by organizing a "Boys' Sunday Meeting," and in the autumn of 1850 the noble women interested in this enterprise established a volunteer association, called "The Asylum for Friendless Boys," at 109 Bank street. About this time Mr. Wetmore and the gentlemen associated with him in benevolent work applied to the State Legislature for a charter for a juvenile asylum. The first application failed. A second effort was successful, and an act incorporating "The New York Juvenile Asylum" was passed January 30, 1851. The charter made it obligatory upon the incorporators to raise \$50,000 by subscription, as a condition of their obtaining a like amount and other assistance from the city authorities. This amount was collected and deposited in the Bank of New York on January 7, 1853, and the Board of Supervisors thereupon authorized the payment of the same amount by the city. On the first of January, 1853, the board of managers leased the premises in Bank street, the ladies having already transferred their enterprise to their asylum building. On the tenth of the same month the officers of the "Asylum for Friendless Boys," in view of the superior facilities offered for

this work by the charter of the new institution, transferred their inmates to the "New York Juvenile Asylum," and fifty-seven boys, the entire number in their charge, were sent to the "House of Reception" in Bank street. This was the beginning of what has since become one of the most important and successful reformatory institutions in the country. The "House of Reception" is now a large brick building, erected for the purpose at 61 West Thirteenth street; and the extensive asylum buildings at One Hundred and Seventy-sixth street, on Washington Heights, are models in their way. The work of this society in caring for vagrant and neglected children, and transferring them, after careful training, to comfortable homes in the West, is too well known to need description here. The fact that in the twenty-eight years of its existence over 21,000 children have been committed to its care is a sufficient comment. Luther Bradish was president of the Asylum during its first year, 1853; in 1854 Mr. Wetmore succeeded him and retained the office during the remainder of his life.

He was later in life actively interested in three hospital enterprises, caring for three distinct classes of bodily ailments. These were "The Presbyterian



Hospital," covering cases for general medical and surgical care, "The Woman's Hospital," devoted exclusively to maladies peculiar to the sex, and "The Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled," established for the treatment and cure of special injuries and deformities, the resident patients in the last-named institution being exclusively children.

"The Presbyterian Hospital" was founded in 1868, by the munificence of the late James Lenox, who matured the entire plan of organization and management before communicating his intentions to others. He selected the gentlemen who were to be associated with him in the work and addressed a note to each, inquiring if they would consent to become managers in the new institution. Among them was Mr. Wetmore who thus became one of the incorporators and managers of the hospital, and who, by his lively interest in its success and his faithful devotion to its interests up to the day of his death, fully justified the confidence reposed in him by his friend Mr. Lenox.

He was one of the incorporators of "The Woman's Hospital," in 1857, and a member of its board of governors; and held from 1864 until his death the office of vice-president.

His name also appears as one of the incorporators of "The Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled" in 1863, and he was one of the vice-presidents of the society from the time of its incorporation until his death.

Still another charity, modest in its dimensions but noble in its aims, enlisted his hearty sympathy and untiring aid. This was "The Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls," inaugurated in 1865, at No. 22 West Houston street. He was the chairman of the board of managers of this institution from its opening until his death, and it appealed so strongly to his sympathy with the unfortunates whom it essayed to lead back to the forsaken path of virtue, that his efforts in promoting its interests were indefatigable. In 1869 the "Home" was removed to more commodious quarters at No. 86 West Fourth street, and from that time until his death he was almost a daily visitor, carefully supervising the house management and devoting much of his time to the spiritual welfare of the inmates.

Three other important branches of benevolent work had his earnest support and co-operation, although demanding less of his personal care. These were "The Society of the Lying-in Hospital of the City of New

York," of which he became one of the governors in 1854, its vice-president in 1879, and its president in 1880; "The American Tract Society," of which he was one of the directors and vice-presidents; and "The Presbyterian Home for Aged Women," of which he was one of the advisory committee, the "Home" being under the management of a board of ladies. It was his privilege, from the date of the establishment of this admirable institution, to read the report of the board of management at the annual meetings of the society, and his advice and assistance were always freely given in furthering its interests.

To these several branches of benevolent work he devoted for fifty years a large portion of his time, a liberal share of his means, and the best efforts of his mind. So faithfully and conscientiously was the duty performed, that it may almost be called a consecration of himself to the service of God and suffering humanity. It may properly be cited, as a proof of the consistency with which he labored to do his whole duty, that he attended, with but few exceptions, every board or committee meeting of these various associations from the time of their organization. The register at the Juvenile Asylum shows a record of three hundred and forty-eight visits made by him to the asylum, in addition to

his regular weekly and monthly attendance at meetings at the House of Reception; and for many years an hour was devoted every morning to conducting the daily services at the Home for Friendless Girls. Later in life, when entirely relieved from business cares, he might be found at almost any hour of any day either attending a committee meeting or making an informal visit at one of his beloved institutions.

To this vigilant supervision he added untiring industry and perseverance in raising funds for the establishment and maintenance of these various charities. It is strange that a man, so self-reliant and so far removed from self-seeking in any form, should have possessed in such a marked degree the faculty of successfully soliciting assistance from others; but his approach was made with so much dignity and with such unaffected confidence in the merits of his cause that he was not often refused. It is estimated that of the large sums subscribed for the several charities already named about two millions of dollars were obtained by his personal efforts.

This imperfect review of his work in the cause of Christian philanthropy would be still more incomplete than it is, were reference not made to another field of labor, on his part, so extensive and so diversified that

it is difficult to describe it in detail. This was the aid quietly but cheerfully given from day to day to hundreds of deserving applicants. Clergymen and missionaries in destitute circumstances, friendless strangers in the city, the respectable poor in need of temporary assistance, and even business acquaintances overtaken by reverses of fortune all found in him a compassionate and generous friend who never turned a deaf ear to their words of distress. Beyond this, again, his earnest interest in Christian effort, wherever put forth, led him to maintain an extended correspondence with clergymen and others, giving them, with patience and care, the benefit of his own large experience, and in some cases securing for struggling church enterprises the more material assistance of pecuniary aid.

His connection with the Laight street church terminated in 1841, and he became a member of the Central Presbyterian Church in Broome street, then under the charge of the Rev. William Adams. In 1853 a number of the members of this congregation, among them Mr. Wetmore, organized the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, and in 1855 occupied their new church edifice on the corner of Madison avenue and Twenty-fourth street, with their old pastor, afterward

Dr. Adams, in charge. Mr. Wetmore was one of the original trustees of the church, and for the last nineteen years of his life was chairman of the board, and the testimony of his fellow-trustees as to his "zeal, "attention, and fidelity" at their meetings and "his "judicious assistance in the administration of the "temporal affairs of the church" is already upon record.

In the spring of 1848 he moved from St. John's square, to No. 19 (now No. 18) North Washington square, where he resided until the spring of 1872. His eldest son was married prior to the removal from St. John's square, and during the ensuing twenty-four years his other children, three sons and two daughters, were married and settled in their own homes. This led to the sale of the property on North Washington square early in 1872, and Mr. and Mrs. Wetmore engaged a suite of apartments in the same neighborhood, Mrs. Wetmore's advanced age and feeble health requiring exemption from the cares of housekeeping. In April of the same year the venerable couple quietly celebrated their golden wedding, a few members of their immediate family only being present; they had at this time twenty-one grandchildren living. On the 15th of June, 1876, after a painful illness, Mrs. Wet-

more died, and a few days later Mr. Wetmore removed to the home of his youngest daughter at No. 33 West Ninth street, and remained with her during the remainder of his life. During the winter of 1880-81 the increasing weight of years necessitated, for the first time in his life, a few precautions against exposure to the weather; but excepting a few brief and lightly borne indispositions no impairment of his usual robust health was apparent.

The evening of the 20th of January, a very wild and stormy one, was passed at home. He seemed to be enjoying perfect health, and was in excellent spirits, and, with his customary good nature, laughed and joked with his little grandchildren in parting with them at bedtime. He was last seen alive, a few minutes after eleven o'clock, by his daughter, to whom he said good-night with his usual cheerful manner. On the following morning, all efforts to arouse him having failed, the door of his apartment was forced, and he was found lifeless in his bed. There were no evidences of any suffering, and his features wore an expression of placid repose. His earnest prayer, that he might so die in sleep when his Lord should call him home, had been mercifully and tenderly answered.

—“Remember all

“He spoke among you, and the man who spoke ;  
“Who never sold the truth, to serve the hour,  
“Nor palter'd with Eternal God for power ;  
“ . . . Whose life was work, whose language rife  
“With rugged maxims hewn from life ;  
“Who never spoke against a foe ;  
“Whose eighty winters freeze with one rebuke  
“All great self-seekers trampling on the right.”

These words of a great poet, though written of “the foremost captain of his time,” might justly be applied to him whose life was so peacefully spent and so peacefully ended ; a greater poet has said, “Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War.” It was a life consistently guided by precepts of the purest Christianity, and so full of the noblest humanity that in his eyes no distress of mind or body was too trivial to merit attention, and no obstacle to relief too formidable to be met and overcome. No tribute to the memory of such a man can add lustre to his name. It can but testify affection and affirm the sense of loss ; yet to those to whom that memory is dear it may be pleasant to recall the traits that made him honored and revered.



His early training moulded a naturally docile and affectionate nature into the resolute yet gentle character which was to carry him through a long life of active and sagacious benevolence. His father's household was almost Puritan in its faithful observance of religious duties, its simplicity of home life, and its uncompromising standards of right and wrong. All these elements in the surroundings of his childhood impressed themselves upon his mind, and remained marked traits in his character in after-life, but so tempered by a kindly charity of judgment that they lost all semblance of austerity. His religious belief was implicit and unquestioning, and revealed itself, without ostentation, in all his thoughts and actions; and his reliance on that Father unto whom all hearts are open was as simple and unaffected as the undoubting faith of a little child. His sincerity of purpose was unquestionable, and was strikingly illustrated in the active missionary work taken up from the very hour of his profession of faith. What the noble growth of that modest beginning of toil in the Master's service has been, has already been told, and its prompt and energetic development marks with manly promise the opening of the new life that was hardly to know an idle hour. It was in these early efforts that his atten-

tion was first attracted to the sore bodily needs that so often lie behind the spiritual wants of those who go astray ; and no monitor was needed to point out to this young soldier of the Cross that here was opened a new path of toil, as broad and as long as the one he had already marked out for his efforts. We can rest assured that he entered upon it without hesitation. This readiness to take upon himself new cares, without pleading the sense of duty already fulfilled, was one of the finest traits in his character, and it was justly said, in an eloquent tribute to his memory, that he seemed to have grasped in its best and broadest sense the true moral of the parable of the Good Samaritan. He never wearied of asking himself "Who is my neighbor?" and of finding his answer in the dwellings of the sinful, the ignorant, and the poor, in the neglected and homeless children of the streets, in the unfortunates crushed down by the double burden of sickness and poverty, and in the poor Magdalen hurrying along her wretched road to ruin. In his efforts to befriend these he combined the very best elements of wise philanthropy—the love of God and human kind that prompted action, unsparing liberality to the utmost limit of his means, and untiring personal effort in guiding measures for relief to a proper and

enduring maturity. Strong as were his sympathies, they were controlled by a sagacious appreciation of the evils of misdirected and ill-advised charity and indiscriminate alms-giving; these always excited his manly indignation as a waste of valuable means to a nobler and a better end.

It must not be forgotten that these labors among the ignorant, the poor and the erring, were not, in his case, the occupation of a man of leisure. They were the employment of hours snatched from the active business-life of a man making his own way in the world, a consecration to the service of his God of minutes doubly valuable in the early efforts to acquire a competency. That he found the time, without neglecting his fellow-creatures, to aid in the development and extension of a business that eventually became very prosperous is but additional testimony to the vigor of his manhood; that he did not amass great wealth was due simply to his considerate liberality and his entire want of sordid ambition.

His impelling sense of duty was very strong, but beneath it lay a deep and tender compassion for the waifs and strays of the world, and an abundant store of sympathy with the distressed in every station of life. This kindness of heart expressed itself in a

multitude of ways quite apart from his organized benevolent work, but so quietly that its record must live in the hearts of those alone who have proved the measure of his charity. It bred in him an earnest solicitude for the welfare of others that even led him to kindly chide truant children in the street just as his conscience impelled him to fearlessly rebuke vice wherever met. With this tender compassion for the unfortunate, and with a serenity of mind that enabled him to face all troubles with almost unruffled calm, he combined a nature manly, courageous, and self-reliant to the last degree. He met such wrongs and misfortunes as fell to his lot with quiet dignity and without complaint; his generous nature, ever ready to do battle for others, was slow to utter reproach for personal grievances.

His manner bore out the spirit of this consideration for others. With somewhat of the formal politeness of the old school, it was uniformly affable without condescension. His simple code of etiquette was founded on the Golden Rule; it knew no distinction of rank, and those in the humbler walks of life received the finest flower of his courtesy as freely as the rich. His perfect candor enabled all who were worthy of his friendship to know him thoroughly. It is not

asserting too much to say that there was not in his nature the faintest trace of disingenuousness ; he was as frank, as sincere, and, it may be added, as unsuspecting as a child.

It was his good fortune to possess the abiding friendship of many whom Providence had blessed with bountiful wealth and the better store of Christian charity, and the unsparing liberality of these friends aided him again and again in founding and extending many of the good works which remain as monuments of this admirable fellowship. In one branch of his work he had, for many years, the devoted assistance of two noble women, who toiled faithfully at his side, asking no other reward than that they might serve the same Master. This enduring friendship and freely given aid were very dear to him ; and the tears that fell beside the silent form of him they had loved to follow in the pleasant toil of so many years bore eloquent testimony to the love born of this beautiful companionship.

If we turn from this retrospect of his life abroad to a contemplation of his life at his own fireside, we find him always self-denying, and with affectionate consideration subjecting his own simple tastes to the comfort of those about him. His devotion as a hus-

band is unmarred by any taint of selfishness ; his indulgence as an affectionate father is tempered by a wise but considerate discretion ; his loyalty as a friend is constant and enduring through all trials of adversity.

In calling to mind our recollections of him, perhaps our most loving memories are those of his declining years. The commanding form, the ruddy and finely emotional face, the kindly eye, and the benevolent smile, all seemed to gather new beauty from the snowy locks and waiting step of age. There was much pathos in the closing days of his life ; although there was almost complete command of all the faculties, and an unwearied sense of duty to be done, it was evident to those familiar with his character that a growing anxiety was creeping upon him in the fear that the days of his usefulness were drawing to an end. With this increasing sense of age there was no thought of exemption from active participation in benevolent work ; his wish was that he might die in harness, and it was not until the severe winter of 1880-81 that he at last yielded to the urgent entreaties of those who were near and dear to him, and permitted himself to be detained at home in inclement weather and occasionally at night when the day had

been unusually wearisome. This concession was made with a good-natured mockery of such precautions, but it is probable that an inward monitor more than once breathed a warning too marked to be unheeded.

One rather unusual trait in his character, which thoroughly illustrates his perfect sincerity of heart, was his custom of praying aloud when alone at his devotions. He evidently did not consider this in any light except as the most natural and proper manner of offering prayer and supplication to the Almighty, nor would it probably have become known to others had he not chanced to relate an incident involving a mention of this habit. It occurred during his absence, alone, from home. Late in his life a lady told him that on this occasion she occupied an apartment adjoining his, at the hotel. She was very young at the time and exceedingly timid, and on retiring to her room for the night she was greatly disturbed at discovering that a door communicating with the next apartment was without fastening of any kind on her side. She retired in considerable trepidation, and was soon after much alarmed by hearing a man's heavy footsteps in the adjoining room. While she thus lay in a fever of apprehension, she suddenly heard the voice of her neighbor raised in fervent prayer—

“and then” said the old gentleman, with moistening eyes, “then she went quietly to sleep.”

For some reason this little incident moved him deeply ; he never referred to it without that emotional working of the features so familiar to all who knew him well, and surely all who loved him will bless the few words in which he was thus led to tell of his unaffected approach to the throne of Heavenly Grace. How sweet it is to know that the last words spoken by the lips that never uttered a selfish wish, nor an impure thought, were supplications to the Almighty that in His mercy He would bless, preserve, and keep all who are left to shed a tear over that peaceful grave. We may be sure that on that last night upon earth, when the gates of the Golden City were already opening to welcome this worn and faithful servant of the Lord, none of us were forgotten in the fervent outpouring of that affectionate and unselfish heart. It was a fitting end to that blameless life that the lips should close in prayer and the eyes in peaceful sleep, to open in praises at the feet of the Redeemer and in view of the city of the Great King.

NEW YORK, March 31, 1881.



# Funeral Services.

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MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

*January 24, 1881.*

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THE REV. DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST READ THE  
FOLLOWING SELECTIONS :

“BECAUSE he hath set his love upon me, therefore will I deliver him : I will set him on high, because he hath known my name. He shall call upon me, and I will answer him : I will be with him in trouble ; I will deliver him, and honor him. With long life will I satisfy him, and shew him my salvation.”

“He that had received five talents came and brought other five talents, saying, Lord, thou deliveredst unto me five talents : behold, I have gained beside them five talents more. His Lord said unto him, Well done, thou good and faithful servant : thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will make thee ruler over many things : enter thou into the joy of thy lord.”

“For I am now ready to be offered, and the time of my departure is at hand. I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith : henceforth there is laid up for me a crown of righteousness, which the Lord, the righteous judge, shall give me at that day : and not to me only, but unto all them also that love his appearing.”

“For this corruptible must put on incorruption, and this mortal must put on immortality. So when this corruptible shall have put on incorruption, and this mortal shall have put on immortality, then shall be brought to pass the saying that is written, Death is swallowed up in victory

ADDRESS BY THE REV. DR. ROSWELL D. HITCHCOCK.

The part I take in this service must needs be very brief. Another duty, which is imperative, stands at the door. The voice is silent to-day, and for evermore within these walls, which might have spoken to us to-day out of the fulness of personal knowledge, with an emphasis and a tenderness of utterance which could come only of a long pastoral acquaintance.

I knew our friend as he was known to many of his fellow-worshippers around this altar. Yonder square and the streets that border it will be the more stony and the more cold to me in all the years to come, for the vanished shadow of that manly and benign and Christian presence. I choose to think of him as incarnating those simple laws and principles of Christian life, to which we must all come at last: not what he believed, but what he felt, and what he was, and what he did. Our Lord has epitomized it all: love to God and love to man.

A few days before he died, at his last visit to the Juvenile Asylum at Washington Heights, of which he had been President since its organization, he addressed the children, as usual, and in closing said: "Children, I want you to meet me in heaven. I expect to go there myself. Why should I not? We have the promise that those who love and fear God shall go there: I love and fear him. Why shall I not claim his promise?" This is the order: first the love of God, and then the fear of God to bind us faithful and for ever to his service. When the fear of God is put first, as it was by Mohammed, it indicates a sad decline of religion. The stern voice of the prophet rang over a prostrate and unfruitful Christianity. It would be a bad hour for us when we ceased to fear God: it will be a worse hour when we fail to put our love of God before our fear. In these times we need very much—and all the more because of a sentiment of weakness which may take us to the other heresy—we need now especially to emphasize love to God. This great heart [*pointing to the casket*] was full of it. How easily he was touched! But he did not forget to fear God. Punctiliousness of Christian service toward God marked all his course. He was as careful to be, and to do, all that he thought God wished him to be, and to do, as though he were to enter heaven at last on the ground of his own merits,

and not, as he always expressed it, through simple faith in Christ. But to this love and service of God he joined also in an eminent degree—and that, perhaps, was most characteristic of him—love and service to man.

It is now nearly nine years since my friend, and for a time my colleague, Dr. Thomas C. Upperman, lay dying in New York. In one of my last interviews with him—(and his life had been marked by great consecration in humanitarian work)—he said, without any affectation, without any attempt to say anything that had not been said before, but out of an honest heart, “I think that when I get on the other side I will ask to be sent to the spirits in prison.” The service of man had been the business of his life, and the ruling passion was strong in death. So was it with our friend.

It is nearly fifty years since, under the ministry of Dr. Cox, who has recently gone to his reward, he signed himself the Lord’s servant and served him from that time. This revival in May, 1831, was the one which brought in so much of what has been the power and fruitfulness of the Christian church since then. No sooner had he given himself to the Lord than he began his work, which has filled up and crowded more and more these fifty years. He began at once to work for man. And what a happy life he had! What is it

that we regret when we come together on an occasion like this?

I remember one funeral scene, which, after all, was not funereal, in Joppa, eighteen hundred years ago, when friends had brought out—what? Her treasures of purple and gold? The tunics and the outer garments which she had made for others. *The treasures we take with us through the vale are the gifts we have left behind us.* Oh, what a happy life, to feel that every day we have tried to do more for others than we have been doing for ourselves! The shadow falls now on a stricken household. The shadow travels around and will darken every hearthstone here to-day in its turn. We shall lie shrouded in death. Our turn will come. Over the hills of Moab, many, many centuries ago, there rang out these words that will never be silent in the air: “Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his.”

PRAYER BY REV. DR. WILLIAM R. PAXTON.

O Lord, thou art over all, blessed forevermore. We adore thee; thou art the Father of our spirits and the framer of our bodies. We bless and magnify thy great and holy name. Thou art the Lord and Father of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ, and we hope in thee. We look to thee and realize that thou art our Father and our friend. We can trust in thee at all times. In

every hour of darkness, in every moment of sorrow, in every day of trial, we can trust in thee ; for thou art around and about us with thy loving kindness, and thou art ordering the circumstances of our being here, so that all things are working together for good to those who love God and are the called according to his purpose. We adore this wonderful interworking of things in Divine providence so as to accomplish thy wise and gracious purposes ; and in every hour of doubt, when all things are troubled around us, we feel that we can rest simply in God and feel sure that all is well. We come this morning with our hearts oppressed with grief : but, O God, thou canst appoint beauty for ashes and the oil of joy for mourning. Give us thy gracious presence, thy holy benediction, that our sorrow may be so sanctified to the good of all our hearts that we shall feel that the trial is appointed and blest of thee, and that it is ordered for our spiritual good.

We come, O God, to ask that thy blessing may rest upon this family in their time of affliction. Thou hast taken away one who has been very dear unto them and whom thou hadst spared to live to old age. O Father, do thou come in with the consolations of thy blessed Spirit. Comfort them with that comfort which thou alone canst impart, and when they feel the aching void in their hearts, do thou come in and fill it with thyself.



May thy blessing rest upon this church of which he was a member ; and grant, O God, that his place may be filled by thy presence, and that the grace of God may rest upon this people and upon the officers of this church, with whom he was accustomed to mingle in offices of love and sympathy, and with whom he worked hand in hand in the great interests of thy kingdom.

We ask that thy blessing may rest upon the City Mission which he bore so many years upon his heart. O God, may thy providence guide, and may the spirit of God rest upon those who labor for its interests. And now that he who has so long carried this burden and borne this interest in his prayers at the mercy-seat, now that he is taken away, we commend this great interest to thy care and keeping, and ask that thy blessing may be upon it, that thy providence may guide it, and that it may become an instrument of great good.

O Lord, we gather this morning as those who have known our departed father in Christ and mourn that he is taken from us, but to rejoice that he has gone to thee. We bear in our memories the record of his blessed life, of his works of faith, and of his labors of love.

We thank thee for all that thou didst permit him to do, for the long life of usefulness to which thou didst spare him, for that great loving heart by which he won so many to the cause of benevolence and philanthropy,

and to the cross of Christ. O God, do thou bless his influence to our good, and now that he has passed away, may the memory of his past action and past influence be carried with us, that in all our spheres of labor we may be animated to work as he worked, to trust as he trusted, to hope as he hoped. Grant that thy blessing may be upon each and all of us as we assemble this morning. Guide those who shall speak, and let thy benediction be upon this assembly, so that we shall feel it was good for us to be here, that God has been in the midst of us, that thou hast spoken to us out of this solemn providence by such voices as have reached our hearts, and shall influence us for good in the rest of our lives. Let grace, mercy, and peace be upon each one, and upon this assembly, through Jesus Christ our Lord and Redeemer. *Amen.*

ADDRESS BY THE REV. DR. WILLIAM M. TAYLOR.

That was a wonderful description of a good man's life and death which was given by the apostle Paul in the synagogue of Antioch, when, having occasion in his argument to refer to the Psalmist, he said, "David, having served his generation by the will of God, he fell asleep." These were the words which came into my mind when I was first informed of the departure of our venerable and

venerated brother. Having served his generation by the will of God, he has fallen asleep. A good man's life is the service of his brother. The very soul of his goodness is devotion to the will of God. With David he can say, "O Lord, I am thy servant, the son of thine handmaid: thou hast loosed my bonds." With Paul he tries to say, "Neither count I my life dear unto myself, so that I might finish my course with joy, and the ministry [the service] which I have received of the Lord Jesus, to testify the gospel of the grace of God." With a greater than either he aims after that consecration to God which will enable him to say, "My meat is to do the will of him that sent me and to finish his work."

Now, one could not come in the most casual way into contact with our dear friend without knowing that the soul of his goodness was devotion to the will of God. But, then, the Christian service of his God takes its peculiar character from the nature of his generation. David, by the will of God, served his generation, and his goodness ran into directions which were defined for it by the conditions and requirements of his age. And so it took directions which were not taken by the goodness of godly men in later times. So also with the Apostles and those who have come after them. The great law, "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, soul, strength, and mind, and thy neighbor as thy-

self," remains forever unchangeable, but there is a new interpretation given to the requirements of that law for every generation, by the necessities of the times. And so in Christian beneficence, evermore the old order changes, giving place to the new, and God fulfils himself in many ways, lest one good custom should corrupt the world. So Christian benevolence is prevented from stereotyping itself, and is evermore finding new forms in which to manifest itself before the eyes of men, and to show its devotion to the great God himself. The command of the Saviour, "Go thou and do likewise," to the lawyer, did not mean that he should wait until he saw the poor traveller lying precisely in the emergency in which he was found by the wayside, and then that he should do precisely for that poor one what the Samaritan did for the man in trouble. No, it means this: that we should ask ourselves continually, "Where shall I find to-day the representative of that poor, half-dead man, and what is there for me to do that corresponds with the oil and the money which his benefactor gave him?" And these were the questions which our venerated father was continually putting to himself: "Where shall I find this poor, half-dead one?" he says. "I see him in the degraded woman of the street, and I shall open for her a Home for Fallen Girls. Where shall I find him? I see him in the juvenile delinquents of the city, the waifs of

the street, for whom no man cares, and I will provide for him a Juvenile Asylum. Where shall I find him? I see him in the ragged poor ones neglected by society as a whole, and I will institute for him an Association for the Relief of the Poor. Where shall I find him? I find him in the ignorant and depraved among the poor, who know yet nothing or next to nothing of Christ and his salvation, and for whose souls no man is caring, and I will institute for him a Tract Society and a City Mission Society." And so, day by day and year by year, through those fifty years of service, he has been putting this question continually to himself. His service of his generation was emphatically the service of his God, for it was his love to Christ that inspired him to it all; but just as truly the service of his God was the service of his generation, for he has been the means of irrigating the city by many streams of beneficence. Having served his generation by the will of God, he fell asleep. What a beautiful description of a good man's death, and how appropriate to the manner of our father's dying! He fell asleep. Sudden death—sudden glory. There used to be a great horror and dread of sudden death, that have found expression in the language of a litany which all admire: "From sudden death, good Lord deliver us." But I think there is a mistaken meaning here, and it should rather be, "From death unprepared," for, after

all—though it was a dramatist that said the words—“The readiness is all, the readiness is all.” And if one be prepared, it makes no matter though the messenger come for him with muffled footsteps in the hours of sleep—nay, rather, it is most of all an honor to go, when the earthly sleep fades into the heavenly rest.

He fell asleep. That tells of peace. We do not readily go to sleep amid noise and confusion, but when all is silent around. And so I think it is not stretching the figure—“he fell asleep”—to say that it is an indication of the peacefulness of the Christian heart in dying. What a contrast when the words were used regarding Stephen! The multitude was stoning him, and the howling crowd was around him, while Stephen was calling upon God, “Lord Jesus, receive my spirit,”—“and when he had said this he fell asleep.” No matter what was around him, there was peace within. And that was true of our friend and father.

Then I think we may accept the teaching of the figure to this effect, that there is rest in sleep. Our father and our friend, after the work and the fever and the worry of life, rests with Jesus. And I think in this generation that one great idea which guided him comes closely to our hearts. Year after year, from early morning until far into the night, we toil at our various pursuits, and even those who are engaged continually in works of benefi-

cence, though they never weary of the work, are often weary in it. And so, I think, to many, the idea connected with heaven, that is most attractive, is that of rest. Our brother is at rest.

Then it tells of a future awakening. We must not, of course, stretch the figure so far as to make it mean that the spirit is unconscious after death ; for they who are in Christ depart immediately to be with Christ. Still, the body is resting, and for that there is an awakening beyond. The resurrection is hinted at in this falling asleep ; and so, even in the grief of dying, there is the comfort of the reappearing. Our brother shall rise again. We shall see him and our hearts shall rejoice ; and in the faith of that reunion, when in purified soul and body reunited we shall be together with the Lord, we may not only wipe our tears to-day, but sing a song of triumph. He shall rise again. There is to be an awakening. " My set time in the grave," says Job, " will I wait till my change comes. Then thou shalt call and I will answer : thou shalt have respect unto the work of thy hands." Long ago, when I was a village schoolmaster in the west of Scotland, I sometimes wandered out by the banks of the Inverness for an evening walk, and came upon the churchyard in which there were the ruins of an old church, part of which had been roofed in and made a burial-place for the family of the Marquis of Lorne that lived hard by ; and as

I examined all about, I got a lesson of faith and trust which I have never forgotten. I found a flat gravestone with the moss and lichens all growing into the letters, and with a nail I scraped them out until I read these words :

“ I go to the grave as to my bed,  
Yet not there to remain,  
Awhile for to repose therein,  
And then to rise again.”

The poetry is doggerel enough, but the faith is something that no earthly power could have reached. Then, looking at the portal, into the graveyard of the Lorne family, I was surprised to see the device of a phœnix rising from the ashes of the past, and the inscription round it, “I bide my time.” So may the Christian when he goes to the grave always say, “I bide my time. My set time in the grave will I wait till my change comes.”

“ We make the grave our bed, and then are gone.  
Thus at the shut of eve the weary bird  
Leaves the wide air, and in some lonely brake,  
Cowers down and dozes till the dawn of day,  
Then flaps her well-fledged wings and bears away.”

In the faith of that resurrection is it well with you ?  
Nor can we forget the influence of a good man.  
Here was Paul quoting David and drawing from him



hundreds of years after he died. So this man's life will have its influence long, long after his death. There are thousands in the far West bearing the marks of his impress upon them to-day, and there are multitudes of his coadjutors still with us who will feel, while they live, the influence of his example. He has not taken that with him. It will remain and work, after. God grant that it may move some of the young portion of this audience to-day, to give themselves in the early vigor of their manhood to the work which has so glorified this life that has gone. I have been impressed during this last two or three years with the fact of the disappearance from the midst of us of so many gray heads that were well known among us for their works of faith and labors of love. Where are their successors? You should be their successors, my young friends, who are in the ranks of the Christian church; and let the service this morning be to you an appeal to come and consecrate yourselves to this noble work, to carry on these things which our father here began and so steadfastly maintained through life. It lies upon one's heart sometimes as a burden, that there are so few among the young men in the city, of influence and position, willing to take the stand so long maintained by our father and friend, around whose remains we are this morning assembled.

Let his disappearance from among us move multitudes

to come forward and say, "Here we are, to do a little, at least, of the good work for which he was so honored."

A life like this demands no tears when it is taken away, except for ourselves. We mourn for his absence, but we do not mourn for him. He has gone to be with Christ; and there are many among us who will re-echo the words of my honored friend who preceded me, "Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

#### HYMN.

Abide with me! Fast falls the eventide,  
The darkness deepens—Lord, with me abide!  
When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,  
Help of the helpless, O abide with me!

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day;  
Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away;  
Change and decay in all around I see;  
O thou who changest not, abide with me!

I need thy presence every passing hour;  
What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power?  
Who, like thyself, my guide and stay can be?  
Through cloud and sunshine, Lord, abide with me!

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless;  
Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness;

Where is death's sting? where, grave, thy victory?  
I triumph still, if thou abide with me.

Hold thou thy cross before my closing eyes;  
Shine through the gloom and point me to the skies;  
Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee;  
In life, in death, O Lord, abide with me!

BENEDICTION BY THE REV. DR. WILLIAM ORMISTON.

May the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the love of  
God the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit be  
with you all. *Amen.*



# SERMON.

BY THE REV. DR. CHARLES H. PARKHURST.

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MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH,

*Sunday Morning, March 27, 1881.*

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## SERMON.

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It has been said that all good lives belong to the public. Especially does death remove from them the seal of privacy, and make it equally our privilege and duty to convert them to purposes of general advantage, and draw from them suggestions and incentives such as they may be severally suited to convey.

The ranks of our church-membership have been invaded with singular and painful frequency since the opening of the year, and several instances afforded of lives lived long, consecratedly and fruitfully, any one of which, rightly considered, would be profitable to this congregation for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in righteousness.

Out of these I have selected for a brief sketch and characterization this morning, the life of Mr. A. R. Wetmore, who fell asleep at his residence in this city, January 21, 1881, in the eighty-fifth year of his age.

More as an introduction than as a text I have chosen

a portion of Scripture from the Book of Job, in the 29th chapter, beginning with the 11th verse :

When the ear heard me then it blessed me : and when the eye saw me it gave witness to me.

Because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him.

The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.

I put on righteousness and it clothed me : my judgment was as a robe and a diadem.

I was eyes to the blind, and feet was I to the lame.

I was a father to the poor, and the cause which I knew not I searched out.

Our object this morning is not eulogy. We desire to get Mr. Wetmore's life and character before us only that it may preach to us. A man is the best sermon. There are persons all about us, some in our congregation this morning, possibly, who listen with incredulity and ill-disguised impatience to formally prepared discourses. It is on their account, especially, that I would see introduced into our pulpit discipline a strong biographical element. There is no getting away from a life. Even our Holy Scriptures are made up for the most part only of short, trenchant biographies. Truth and Gospel in the concrete come nearer to men than in the abstract. It is suitable, therefore, that very much



should be made of these old, precious lives, that have been entrenched in the might of God, and that have been *living* epistles of the power and grace of his Son. It is as *personal* power that the Gospel works controllingly among men. Christ committed his Gospel not to paper but to men. "Go ye into all the world." "Ye are the light of the world."

It is the part of our discretion, therefore, that we push the eminent souls of the earlier and later saints into the world's observation. Though men ignore Christianity as an idea, they may be softened and enticed by the personal results which it yields. The people, you will remember, were averse to the *idea* that Peter could cure the lame man ; but "beholding the *man* which was healed standing with them, they could say nothing against it." There is no controverting a personal fact. A life, there is no getting away from. Destroying our sacred books would not blot from the world its personal Christianity ; but blotting from the world its personal Christianity would render obsolete our sacred books. Christianity is not records but men. Society gets its impulses from person. "The life was the light of men." That was written of Christ's life, but it holds of all life. The life *is* the light of men. "And the Word was made flesh." All word needs to be made flesh before it works forcefully and redemptively. To

say with St. Paul, "I know *whom* I have believed," is vastly more than to say, I know *what* I have believed. Men are not stirred by neuter influences. Words are a feeble matter by the side of life. Living is the best preaching. It is the most intelligible preaching. We do not understand faith, perhaps, but we easily appreciate a *man of faith*. Living is the most persuasive preaching. Dr. Peabody once said that were Christians all they ought to be, he doubted whether there would be need of offering any other evidence for Christianity than the *lives* of its disciples. "Beholding the *man which was healed* standing with them, they could say nothing against it." And this which Dr. Peabody said was expressed a long time earlier by St. Paul when he wrote in his letter to the Thessalonians, "Your faith to Godward is spread abroad in every place, so that *we* need not to *speak* anything."

In our sketch, therefore, of the splendid activities of this benign old father in Israel, I want any among us who regard Christianity skeptically when viewed in the abstract, to give ingenuous regard to this concrete personal illustration of it, and to frame their estimates of Christianity, not from forms of thought but from shapes of life.

Mr. Wetmore was the continuation from a long line of godly ancestry. He preserved in himself impulses

and tendencies that were in part the bequest of antecedent generations. It seems as though we were reading from his *own* memoir when we encounter the following words occurring in an obituary notice of his father.

“He was strongly attached to the doctrines of grace as presented in the standards of the Presbyterian and Dutch Reformed Churches, and he embraced and adhered to them, not in mere speculative regard to them as orthodox truths, but embodied them in the constant culture of Christian experience, and in the exercise of his Christian hope and service. He was a man of prayer, a lover of the house and people of God, and was ready, in the measure of his opportunity and ability, for every good work in the Master’s cause. His venerable personal appearance, combined with the weight of his acknowledged Christian character, marked him to the view of all around as an old disciple, a father in Israel.”

Hardly could all of this have been more true of Noah Wetmore than it was of his son Apollos. And we can easily forget that it was the grandfather instead of the grandson whose eulogy was being pronounced in 1796, when we find occurring in it these words :

“The doctrines he taught and duties he pressed upon others were happily exemplified in his own life and conversation, agreeable to the Apostle’s charge to

Timothy: 'He was an example to believers, in word, in charity, in conversation, in faith, in purity.'" In such a degree did the past survive in the present, and ancestry perpetuate itself in posterity.

Apollos Wetmore, the subject of our narrative, was born in Huntington, Long Island, in 1796. He came with his father to New York when ten years old, on the occasion of his father's being called to the superintendentship of the New York Hospital, a position held by him for about thirty years. While a boy, and living with his father at the hospital, he used to aid the chaplain by holding for him the candle while he conducted the hospital devotional service. In this humble way did he begin to *let his light shine*. At the age of sixteen he entered Columbia College, where he remained for two years, applying himself very closely to his studies, but obliged at the end of that time to withdraw on account of impaired health, and to seek more active employment. He entered business at once and remained actively engaged in it until within about six years of his death.

Mr. Wetmore did not become a professing Christian till he was thirty-five years old. His conversion was one of the fruits of an extensive revival which added to the churches something like two thousand souls. He became a member of the Presbyterian church in

Laight street, under the pastoral charge of Rev. Dr. Cox. This brings us to an interesting and critical point in the career of the new convert. It is a very serious matter, always,—the position that a man takes when he first becomes a Christian. When we know what Christianity means and represents to him during the first weeks of his Christian experience, we know probably what Christianity will represent to him, and what sort of an expression of it he will make to others, all his life long. We read it of some of the first disciples of our Lord, that they “forsook all and followed him.” We have heard St. Paul inquiring, in the moment of his conversion, “Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?” And the Christianity of these, through life, carried the stamp that was impressed upon it in the earliest moments of their Christian history.

In a letter written by Mr. Wetmore occur these few lines relative to just this critical juncture. He writes: “In the revival of 1831, I became a member of Dr. Cox’s church, in Laight street, and desiring to do what I could for the cause of Him whom I professed to love and serve, my attention was drawn to the City Tract Society.” *“Desiring to do what I could for the cause of Him whom I professed to love and serve.”* When my eye fell upon those words from his own pen, it seemed as though I was looking directly upon the key

of the whole half-century of devout Christian philanthropy that ensued. It is interesting, as denoting the particular line of service upon which he thus early entered, and which for nearly fifty years he so untiringly prosecuted. But it is far more interesting as denoting that peculiar quality in his Christianity, and that unreserved thoroughness of his conversion, that with such promptness put him into Christian service, and with such endurance and constancy held him there. It is important as demonstrating that that fifty years, with all of sweetness, discipline, and help, with which the period was so richly fraught, is due to the power exercised over his heart and life by his divine Master.

Now there are men bright and scholarly that are perplexing themselves and blinding themselves by verbal and doctrinal difficulties in our holy scriptures. Here is a fact, my friend, deep as life, fifty years broad, and fifty times fifty years in its secondary scope, better worthy of your thought and acumen. Is there room in your system of unfaith, and in your gospel without a Christ, for Mr. Wetmore with his fifty years of devout philanthropy?

The tract movement with which he became thus immediately identified was, three years later, developed into the City Mission, of whose finance and agency committee he was made chairman. He engaged the

first city missionary. In the first year of the Mission's existence, there were ten missionaries in its employ. There are now forty. As a sample of the work done by the City Mission during the half-century, we may specify the distribution of ninety thousand bibles and testaments, fifty-one million tracts, the gathering of one hundred and fourteen thousand children into Sunday-schools, and the addition of thirteen thousand converts to evangelical churches. And it will be in place to add, in immediate connection with this summary of results, a single sentence from the minute adopted by the Mission and Tract Society on the day of Mr. Wetmore's funeral, as follows: "From the time that the City Tract Society took on its missionary form in 1832, Mr. Wetmore has been the recognized leader and most active promoter of the work."

The success enjoyed by the society in promoting the spiritual interests of the poor led to the inquiry how their physical condition could be similarly improved, and resulted in the formation, in 1843, of the "Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor;" of which, also, Mr. Wetmore became one of the founders and main supporters.

To this last society there was made, in about the year 1850, a donation of \$10,000. "It was thought best not to expend this money in the usual way," Mr. Wetmore

writes. The question arose what application could be made of it that would be most effective and economical. It was decided finally to employ it in the interests of vagrant children ; and the outcome of this decision was the establishment of the New York Juvenile Asylum, which, since 1853, has brought under its healthful physical and mental discipline and Christian nurture something more than twenty-one thousand children. As indicating the large share which Mr. Wetmore had in initiating and sustaining this enterprise, I quote briefly from the resolutions adopted by the trustees of the Asylum on the occasion of Mr. Wetmore's death :

“ He was one of the original founders of the Asylum, and had been its president for nearly thirty years. To him pre-eminently this Asylum is indebted, for it was by his personal efforts that the large amount of money necessary for its establishment and support has been obtained.”

Other institutions which, in greater or less degree, owe their formation to him, are the Presbyterian Hospital, the Woman's Hospital, the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled—in which, during the seventeen years of its existence, above sixty-seven thousand patients have been treated—and the Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls, to which during the past six years he has daily given at least one hour's personal attention.

Mr. Wetmore's devotion to these outside interests in



no wise impaired his loyalty to his own church, nor abridged his efforts for its prosperity. To him was due, in a considerable measure, the securing of funds required for the erection of this edifice. He was an efficient member of the Board of Trustees from the organization of the church, and for above twenty years its honored chairman.

This sketch, meagre and barren though it be, renders quite unnecessary any detailed characterization of the man. Mr. Wetmore had an unlimited capacity for sympathy and for service. His affections were unhedged. His sympathies never ran in grooves. In thought he was a Presbyterian ; in heart he was nothing less than a member of the Church of Christ. He was never engrossed. There were always energies of thought and feeling in reserve to respond to new demands made upon them. His engagement in one sphere of activity operated in no degree to weaken his interest in other spheres. He was always busy, but always at leisure to the man that wanted to see him ; nor did all his splendid philanthropy draw in the least upon that fund of domestic affection needed to make a fond husband and a sympathizing and tender father.

He was himself a child to the last. The years mellowed him without withering him. He dropped into easy sympathy with all ages. He was always fresh. Neither

time nor public services tarnished the transparency, marred the simplicity, nor dulled the quick sensitiveness of his heart.

He was loyal to his own purposes. His patience did not become impatient, nor his perseverance grow tired. His devotion took no vacations, and yet faith in his own purposes and plans stopped just this side the point of obstinacy. He had his own views but yielded them gracefully when overruled. He did not cling to an opinion because it was *his* opinion ; and whatever measure it was decided in committee to be proper to adopt, he would labor as earnestly as any to see executed, however it might conflict with his own judgment and taste. This is an infrequent grace, and the outcome of rare nobility.

Mr. Wetmore believed in men, and gave them always the largest credit possible. He surveyed people on their best side. He wrapped them in the mantle of his own charity. "You are too suspicious," "You must make allowances," were among his frequent admonitions.

A distinguishing trait of Mr. Wetmore was his influence with men of ample means. People that were unapproachable to others, to him were easily accessible. This is explained by the confidence they had in his integrity and in his discretion. What they put in his hands they expected would be used honestly and applied judiciously. Added to this was the fact that he never took a

rebuff. A refusal he did not interpret as an affront. On one occasion, while soliciting from a prominent citizen a subscription for some benevolent enterprise, he was met with the brusque rejoinder, "I should think you would find it disagreeable business to beg and be refused." "It is my Master that is refused, not I," said Mr. Wetmore; "I am only his agent." The gentleman gave him his check for the desired amount.

He believed in converting men by direct personal individual effort. It was in that way that his Christian activity began and continued. He believed in bringing the church to the people when the people would not come to the church. At a time when there were only between seventy and eighty Protestant churches in the city it was objected to Mr. Wetmore that these accommodations were ample and adequate, and that if people wanted to be saved they could come to the churches and be saved. "Was this the language of Christ," he answered, "when the subject of man's redemption was discussed in the councils of eternity? Did he say to the Father, 'They have the law, let them keep that if they wish to be saved?' or did he condescend to come into the world and go about doing good, carrying the gospel to the door of those who stood in need of its proffer of life and salvation; and not only so, but urging it upon their attention and acceptance?" It was Mr. Wetmore's

policy to shape the gospel into adaptedness to human conditions. The abstract excellence of a measure did not win his approval if it failed of concrete effects. His heart's desire and prayer to God for Israel was that they might be saved ; and church usages and traditional methods were nothing to him if they showed themselves unequal to this result.

With him it was a part of life to do good. He always found time for it. As he viewed it there was no incompatibility between business and beneficence, between trade and evangelization. His business prosperity was unquestionably hindered by his large charitable engagements. And so that other Samaritan, of whom we read in Scripture, would certainly have come sooner to his journey's end had he not spent a night at the inn nursing the wounded Jew. It is enough for our purpose that he has demonstrated by his example, that to him, who has the *heart* for it, there is room inside the same life for affectionate devotion to the family, devout loyalty to God, and glorious contribution to the weal of sinning and suffering men.

And this brings us to our last point, that the secret of all this exceptional life and the enormous fruitfulness of it lay in the one simple fact of consecration. Mr. Wetmore's conversion was like St. Paul's conversion, thorough and entire. Like the fishermen at the lake-side,

he "forsook all and followed him." There was no compromise between convenience and duty. "I am only my Master's agent." "What can I do for the cause of Him whom I profess to love and serve?" That we have seen to be his first question. It was also his last one. The splendid results of his life are *not* referable to genius. Mr. Wetmore was not a brilliant man. He had health, heart, and sense, and these three he put totally at his Lord's service, and the issue is what we have seen.

And now, my friend, with health, heart, and sense ; especially, my young friend, with years of vast possibility before you, take this life of Mr. Wetmore, in all its splendid completeness and incalculable fruitfulness, and let it preach to you. Who in this congregation is the young Elisha that will take up the mantle fallen from our departed Elijah ?

May this, and all the saintly lives whose ministry has so recently closed among us, work upon us worthily and constrainingly, by the grace of God, creating in us like exalted purpose and saintly ambition, and lifting us also, by and by, to that yonder firmament, where they that turn many to righteousness shall shine as the stars forever and ever.



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**Memorial Resolutions.**

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## THE NEW YORK CITY MISSION AND TRACT SOCIETY.

In meeting of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, held January 24, 1881, the following minute was unanimously adopted :

In the death of Mr. A. R. Wetmore the New York City Mission and Tract Society has lost its honored and beloved president, who, for fifty years, has been untiring in his disinterested zeal and devotion to its best interests.

From the time that the City Tract Society took on its missionary form in 1832, Mr. Wetmore has been the recognized leader and the most active promoter of the work.

His thorough and unreserved consecration to Christian service and his generous gifts of time and money have stimulated and encouraged many. Intelligently attached to the church of his choice, his warm Christian sympathies broadened out beyond denominational lines to all, of every name, who held the common faith of the gospel.

His affectionate and personal interest in the welfare of the city missionaries under his direction endeared him as a father to one and all. His active connection with this and with other religious and benevolent associations, and his conspicuous fidelity to every trust, drew to him the respect and the confidence of the community in an eminent degree.

It was permitted him, in large measure, to see the fruit of his prayers and toils in the firm establishment and prosperous growth of the institutions he originated and carried forward, and in the hopeful salvation of multitudes of souls. Even when increasing years might well have excused him from further active service, he allowed no abatement of zeal, and continued to meet every ap-

pointment with unvarying punctuality to the last, ceasing at once to labor and to live.

His extraordinary devotion to the cause of city missions is an illustrious example to all ; and his revered memory will long be gratefully cherished by his associates.

(A true extract from the records.)

L. E. JACKSON,  
*Secretary.*

#### MISSIONARIES' MEETING.

At a regular meeting of the Missionaries of the New York City Mission and Tract Society, held in their room on Saturday, January 22, 1881, having heard of the death of the beloved and venerable head of the society, the following minute was adopted and ordered to be placed on their records, and that a copy be sent to the bereaved family.

“The cedar is fallen !” The City Mission mourns to-day the loss of its head ; the chair, so long occupied by him, he has vacated forever.

Apollos Russell Wetmore is no more. He was born in Huntington, L. I., on November 11, 1796, became one of the directors and superintendents of the City Tract Society in 1833 ; in 1837 he became corresponding secretary, which office he filled until 1864. The society then became incorporated as the New York City Mission and Tract Society. As vice-president of the new organization he attended all its meetings and took an active part in all its affairs. On the death of Rev. Dr. DeWitt, in 1874, he was elected president, and continued in that office until the day of his death, January 21, 1881.

To the missionaries his memory will always be very precious for the numberless acts of kindness they have received at his hands, for his tender sympathy in all their trials, for the Christian spirit he ever exhibited toward them and in which all the affairs of the society were conducted by him. To those who have known him longest, it is the loss of a father. From them the head of the family has been removed to his eternal rest, and they look longingly forward to the day when they will meet him among the hosts of the redeemed.

They remember him as the friend of the widow and orphan, the poor, the ignorant, the wayward. The youth from the asylums will bring their tributes of gratitude, the sick from the hospitals, the sinful from the reformatories, the aged from the homes, with multitudes of others to whom he has been a benefactor. As was said of one of the early Christians, "he was to those in affliction a consoler, to age its staff, to youth its guardian, to poverty its provider, and to abundance its dispenser."

His name is written on the tablets of many an institution; it is engraved on the hearts of the missionaries, and shines with the brightness of the sun on the imperishable records of heaven.

The sympathy of the missionaries is extended to the bereaved family. The hour has arrived for which they have been looking. Earth is poorer to them to-day, but heaven is richer. They have glorious memories of the past to cheer them and the assurance of the everlasting happiness of the departed. The Lord will give them many consolations in this bereavement.

JOHN RUSTON,

*Secretary of Missionary Meeting.*

## THE NEW YORK JUVENILE ASYLUM.

At a special meeting of the Directors of the New York Juvenile Asylum, held on Saturday afternoon, January 22, 1881, to take suitable action with reference to the death of our late president, Apollos R. Wetmore, Hon. Peter Cooper, vice-president, in the chair, the following minute was adopted :

The Directors of the New York Juvenile Asylum have heard with profound emotion and regret of the sudden death of their venerable and beloved president, Mr. A. R. Wetmore.

He was one of the original founders of this asylum, and had been its president for nearly thirty years. To him, pre-eminently, this asylum is indebted, for it was mainly by his personal efforts that the large amount of money necessary for its establishment and support has been obtained. Also, it was by his own wise and able supervision, as president, that the institution has attained to the noble proportions that it now exhibits. It is difficult for us to find words adequate to express our sense of his great services to this asylum, which remains a perpetual monument in honor of his memory.

It was the earnest desire of his heart that this asylum should succeed in attaining the end for which it was established—that of lifting up the downcast and erring children of this city, of placing them in an asylum where they could be carefully trained and instructed, and then be started upon a course of life that would enable them to become good and useful citizens of our common country. To promote these noble ends, Christian and patriotic, he devoted all his energies, and he gave gratuitously not only his

time and money but his heartfelt wishes and prayers. All this, as well as his ever genial and kindly manner to his colleagues, commanded our highest admiration and affection.

We cannot but rejoice that kind Providence prolonged his days to such a good old age, preserved his health, happiness, and usefulness literally to the last day of his life, and then, when his long warfare had been accomplished and his mission ended, caused him to pass away from this life in a gentle sleep, to awake, as we firmly trust, in another and a better world.

PETER COOPER,  
*Vice-President.*

PETER CARTER,  
*Secretary.*

Memorial services were held in the chapel of the asylum on January 28, 1881.

THE NEW YORK ASSOCIATION FOR IMPROVING THE  
CONDITION OF THE POOR.

At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the New York Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, held February 14, 1881, at No. 79 Fourth avenue, a full attendance being present, the President, Howard Potter, announced that, since the last meeting of the board, an old and greatly esteemed fellow-citizen, Mr. Apollos R. Wetmore, for many years actively connected with this association, had gone to his rest.

Mr. Wetmore died on the 21st of January last, at his home in this city, in the eighty-fifth year of his life. He was one of the founders of the association, and his name appears among the list of its visitors in the first published report of the association in 1845. In 1851 he became one of the vice-presidents of the association, succeeding J. Smyth Rogers, M.D., who died early in the spring of the same year, and continued to hold this office till the year 1871, a period of twenty years. During this long connection Mr. Wetmore was one of its most assiduous and devoted friends. He was widely known from his connection with very many of our benevolent organizations, and was conspicuous among his co-workers as one never weary in well-doing.

Whereupon it was unanimously

*Resolved*, That this board, with a grateful remembrance of the many and great benefits conferred upon this community by the deceased in the course of his long, honorable, and most useful life, and especially remembering his services in the organization of this association and in connection with its work for so many years, makes this minute of its sense of the loss which, by the death of Apollos R. Wetmore, has befallen the City of New York, and his family and friends, and expresses its sincere sympathy with the latter in their bereavement.

*Resolved*, That the secretary be directed to send an extract from the minutes of these proceedings to Mr. Wetmore's family.

(A true copy.)

JOHN BOWNE,  
*Secretary.*

TRUSTEES OF MADISON SQUARE PRESBYTERIAN  
CHURCH.

Board of Trustees of the Madison Square Presbyterian  
Church, January 24, 1881.

Since the last meeting of the board they have lost their honored and venerable chairman.

The long and useful life of Apollos R. Wetmore, with all its unwearied activity, has ended in a peaceful death. He rests from his labors, and his works do follow him.

One whose highest happiness it ever was to help, guide, and befriend the poor, the erring, and the friendless; unmindful alike of the cold of winter and the heat of summer, forgetful only of himself, in spite of advanced years and obstructions, which he might easily have accepted as a dispensation from active service, he went on to the end, with courage, faith, and hope, and so terminated a career full of years and honor.

No doubt he has already heard in the City of God the welcome "Come ye blessed of my Father, inherit the kingdom prepared for you from the foundation of the world. . . ."  
"Inasmuch as ye have done it to one of the least of these, my brethren, ye have done it unto me."

Although we shall no more behold the face of our beloved friend, nor witness his zeal, attention, and fidelity at our meetings, it will be a pleasure to recall, with fond and affectionate remembrance, his commanding presence, his sweet disposition, and his judicious assistance in the administration of the temporal affairs of the church.

Nor will we forget what an important part he took in its building and establishment, being always ready with his means, his

credit, and excellent judgment to assist the building committee upon whom the great labor and official responsibility rested.

His surviving associates in the board of trustees desire to bear their testimony of respect for the memory of Mr. Wetmore, who has passed through such an extended and busy life without stain or reproach.

(Copy from the minutes.)

F. F. MARBURY,

*Clerk of the Board of Trustees.*

#### THE PRESBYTERIAN HOSPITAL.

Another co-laborer has fallen by our side, another co-worker has gone from his work to his reward.

At the advanced age of eighty-five years, Apollos R. Wetmore has been called to his rest.

His life has been one of ceaseless activity in his Master's work. From the moment he gave his heart to Christ, he dedicated his life to His service, and the controlling aim of his subsequent years seems to have been how most earnestly to respond to the heavenly injunction "Go work in my vineyard."

No individual in our community has had so large a share in organizing the many philanthropic enterprises in our midst, all designed and successfully working for the benefit of the various classes of our community, "*relieving the poor and the suffering,*" "*protecting the weak,*" "*raising the fallen,*" and *extending the Master's Kingdom.*

One element contributing perhaps to his long life and general health may be found in the constant activity which his continued interest in these various objects induced, and which were to his closing hours subjects of his constant care and solicitude.



But this noble life has closed. As might have been expected, his end was peace. Having retired in his usual health and cheerfulness on the evening of January 20th, he passed during the night, apparently, without a pain or a struggle into the "joy of his Lord."

"Having served his generation by the will of God, he fell on sleep." He walked with God and was not, for God took him.

Few men have been endowed with the large-hearted Christian philanthropy of Russell Wetmore, and to few have been accorded Grace to follow, through so long a life, so closely in the footsteps of the Divine Master.

Let us follow him as he followed Christ; may *we* "die the death of the righteous, and may our last end be like his."

HENRY M. TABER,

*Recording Secretary.*

## THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL IN THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

At the monthly meeting of the board of governors of the "Woman's Hospital in the State of New York" the following minute was adopted, and the secretary was directed to enter the same as part of the proceedings of the meeting, and to forward a copy to the family of the deceased:

Mr. A. R. Wetmore was one of the incorporators of the Woman's Hospital in the State of New York, and from its incorporation, in 1857, until the day of his death, he was a member of its board of governors. In 1864 he was elected to the position

of vice-president of the board, an office which he held until the time of his decease.

Seldom absent from the meetings of the board, always interested in the prosperity of the hospital, he has for nearly a quarter of a century faithfully and intelligently served this institution, giving warm sympathy and practical co-operation.

Mr. Wetmore was especially devoted to the raising of money for the completion and maintenance of this hospital, and, as has been said, probably no man ever lived in this city, and we may say in this country, who has been so successful in obtaining large sums for the various objects of Christian philanthropy, and no man ever excited less prejudice in asking. Warm in his feelings, courteous and persuasive in his manners, always advocating a worthy benefaction, he would obtain subscriptions from those whom most men hesitated to approach.

This institution, feeling how deep a debt of gratitude they owed to their associate who had been the means of bringing such generous material aid to the work, unanimously, by authority of this board, named the first pavilion erected "The Wetmore Pavilion;" and though far removed from any selfish desire that his services should be appreciated, yet it was a joy to him that his name was thus to be closely associated with efforts for the relief of human suffering.

The source of all Mr. Wetmore's deeds came from a deep, though childlike, belief in the truths of the Christian religion, in the light of which he walked, and in the strength of which he died.

CHARLES N. TALBOT,

*Secretary.*

## LADY SUPERVISORS OF THE WOMAN'S HOSPITAL.

Whereas it has pleased Almighty God, by His mysterious but all-wise providence, to call hence from this life, to the life beyond, the late and honored vice-president of the board of governors of the Woman's Hospital, we, therefore, the lady supervisors, offer our most sincere sympathy to the members of his family for the loss of one who, during his long life, has been *always* going about to do good.

It was a fitting close to such a life of devotion to the Master, that he should quietly fall asleep in his own home, to waken in that Happy Home where no sorrow shall appal him, and there are no more tears for him to dry, and where he will "see the King in His beauty and the land that is very far off."

M. READ,

*Secretary.*

## SOCIETY FOR THE RELIEF OF THE RUPTURED AND CRIPPLED.

In recording upon their minutes the death of their associate and vice-president, Apollon R. Wetmore, who died January 21, 1881, the managers of the Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled wish to express their high appreciation of his benevolent labors and great usefulness in perfecting its organization and extending its great work of charity among the suffering and helpless.

He was one of the incorporators in founding this great charity, and has always been one of its most devoted members.

His inflexible principles in administering its affairs, his benevolent and Christian impulses and unwearied voluntary labors for the benefit of his fellow-men in this and other institutions, entitle him to the distinction he attained of a true philanthropist. The memory of his good deeds will long remain and be an incentive to younger men to imitate his good example.

It is ordered that this brief tribute of honor and respect for the memory of our late associate be entered in full on the records of the society, and that a copy be sent to his bereaved family, signed by the president and corresponding secretary.

SAMUEL WILLETS,

*President.*

WILLIAM A. W. STEWART,

*Corresponding Secretary.*

SOCIETY OF THE LYING-IN HOSPITAL OF THE CITY  
OF NEW YORK.

NEW YORK, April 13, 1881.

At a quarterly meeting of the board of governors, held this day, the following notice of the death of the late president of this society was ordered to be entered on the minutes :

On January 21, 1881, the venerable president of this board, Apollon R. Wetmore, died at the age of eighty-five years. He became governor of the society in 1854, its vice-president in 1879, and its president in 1880. He was one of its wisest, most capable and faithful counsellors and officers, attending with diligence and efficiency to its duties and to the promotion of its humane purposes.

No name has been more closely identified than his with the charitable and benevolent institutions of this city. He gave to them his heart, his time, and his means. To benefit his fellow-men was the well-performed mission of his life. His career has been one of eminent usefulness and goodness.

His death is deplored by the community as that of one of its most excellent and honored members.

This board, regarding with deep sensibility his removal from their midst, direct this note to be entered on their minutes.

(Extract from the minutes.)

ANDREW WARNER,  
*Secretary.*



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Tributes, etc.

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The *New York Observer*, February 10, 1881.

It was a bitter cold day, when a party of friends went up to the Juvenile Asylum to hold a memorial service with the children in honor of the late president of that great institution. It was one of the coldest days of the severest winter in the city in the memory of the most of us. By the elevated railroad we went to Washington Heights, and thence, over the ice and snow, to the asylum, which is a mile or more farther on. The cold wind pierced to the bones.

When I came to this city, forty years ago, Mr. A. R. Wetmore very soon appeared with some one of his many useful, practical, and sensible schemes for the benefit of his fellow-men. During all the intervening years I have felt safe in commending and supporting every benevolent enterprise to which he put his hand, and everything that he undertook was prosperous. He had no hobby. He was a philanthropist in the broadest and best sense of that much misused word. The old, the young, women and men, the sick and wounded—all were objects of his care. It was enough for him that suffering could be prevented or relieved, and then his good sense was employed to devise the ways and means. He kept a book for each

one of his many objects—a subscription book—and this he would send around to those who were able and willing to do good with their money ; the giver signed his name and the amount, and returned the book with a check for the money. If there was special need for extra aid, Mr. Wetmore would call and state the case. But as a general thing, it was only necessary for him to send the silent book, which told its own story. The *check* that came back was no check, but a great *stimulant* to the cause.

He was the father of this juvenile asylum. Down in the city a house of reception was opened for the waifs, the destitute, deserted, or vicious children, with no friends to care for them ; in this house they are detained for a time, washed, clothed, fed, cured if diseased ; taught the fear of God ; and then sent up to this asylum to be trained for usefulness. Homes are provided for them in the country. He was as a father to these children. This was his great family. Like as a father pitieth his children, so did Mr. Wetmore, in the spirit of *his* Father in heaven, have compassion on those who were lost in the wilderness of this city. It was therefore very becoming when Mr. Wetmore died, and his virtues had been celebrated in the Madison Square Church, in the midst of his friends and fellow-citizens, that these children of his care should have a memorial service in the house of many mansions that he had provided for them.

This was the cause of our journey to the asylum on this bitter, biting-cold day.

Peter Cooper, the venerable Peter Cooper, New York's first citizen now, was one of the party. A wonderful man he is. When you are reading this letter (February 12, 1881), he will be celebrating his arrival at the age of NINETY! Yet he is just as actively employed in works of usefulness as he ever was, and his life has been full of them. He is vice-president of the asylum, and Mr. Wetmore, its president, lived to be EIGHTY-FIVE. Wonderful old men both of them. They were good boys; honored their father and mother, and their days have been long in the land. Mr. Cooper was *of age*, in active business, "ever so long" before I was born. And here he is to-day riding out eight miles from home, on this dreadfully cold day, to assist in a service of respect to the memory of his friend. The names of the other partakers in the ceremony are familiar to the city and country: Kingsley, Stoddard, Quincy, Trow, Dana, Reed, Dwight, Peck, and the Carters, brothers, publishers whose works praise them.

And what a sight was before us as we entered the chapel! Six hundred and fifty boys and girls, in one solid assembly! The indefatigable superintendent, Mr. E. M. Carpenter, with assistants and teachers and visitors, made an audience of seven hundred. Neatness,

order, profound attention, and solemnity marked the occasion. With tenderness and unconcealed emotion they sang words of resignation; when Dr. Stoddard led them in prayer they prayed, and followed with "Our Father," which they rendered with soothing effect—for they were in one sense all orphans, now again bereaved, and they were well taught to look to Him who is in heaven.

It was a strange and very impressive sight when Mr. Cooper stood up and addressed these poor children. His long gray locks hanging to his neck, his form trembling with the weight of years, his good name linked with great charities, and blest by thousands who are now in posts of honorable usefulness through his wise munificence; and the certainty that he cannot long survive to make public addresses, these facts gave zest to his discourse, as he leaned with one hand against a pillar and talked to the children of his own early life; how his parents taught him never to do a wrong thing, always to do the right, to study the Bible, and follow the perfect example and obey the teachings of the Lord Jesus Christ. It was good to hear a man who has amassed great wealth by honest industry, and has used it wisely and well for others, now in his old age inculcating *his* principles upon the young. And his heart was so full, that when Mr. Robert Carter had spoken to the children with tenderness and effect, Mr. Cooper again arose and repeated a poem full of good

advice; and when the next speaker sat down, Mr. Cooper came forward for the third time and related some striking facts to enforce the virtues that had been commended. All the addresses were in testimony of the loving kindness of Mr. Wetmore's heart, his fidelity and industry, and of the gratitude due to his honored memory.

In reply to my inquiry of Mr. Cooper, as to the means of preserving health at his time of life, and whether he found the stimulus of alcohol necessary, he said no, that he was strictly temperate, and always had been; that he was regular in his habits, but used no particular means for preserving health.

I took a stroll through some of the rooms of the great building. One hundred cots in each of seven dormitories was something to see, each with a snow-white coverlet upon it. I turned up the bedclothes to see if there were enough to keep them warm; having counted five blankets on each bed, I said: "That's more than I have, I think it will answer."

And then we returned to our homes down-town, having spent six hours on this mission of respect to our departed fellow-worker and friend. We felt it a tribute justly due to him, and not unlikely to have a wholesome influence on the six hundred and fifty orphans who might well call Mr. Wetmore father.

Yet this was only one of the many ministries of mercy

of which his life was full. He was not a public speaker. Diffident to a fault, he said little, but always abounded in work ; endearing himself to the poor, so that in the midst of a great city riot, when stores were plundered by a mob, the poor formed a guard around his and protected it from violence ; having the confidencé of the rich, so that they would *lend* him money without security, and *give* him what he asked for his works of charity.

Neither granite nor marble, carved into whatever forms of strength and beauty, is a fit symbol of the character of such a citizen. Warmth, tenderness, beneficence, wisdom, patience, perseverance, faith, hope, and, above all things, charity—these and other graces must blend in the LIVING MAN, not a cold statue of Parian marble nor a gigantic obelisk of granite, but a living, loving man, carving out of his life a character that will shine with the brightness of the firmament, when statues and obelisks, pyramids and pillars, have crumbled into dust.

IRENÆUS.

*The New York Evangelist*, February 10, 1881.

The memory of this venerable philanthropist will be long and pleasantly fragrant with its many Christian odors, perfuming our Christian charities and benevolences with its rare and rich qualities for years to come.

God gave him many exceptional advantages for His gracious work, and for its most acceptable accomplishment ; a handsome, manly face and figure, full of winsome and attractive expression ; a voice of sweet, melodious tone, informed by ever-active Christian emotions ; and a manner at once commanding and dignified, courteously sweet, and inviting the confidence and trust it justified. And these external signs were true manifestations of the inward graces and fruits of the spirit always abiding in him. More than any man whom I ever knew, he was always a Christian in great things and small, on Sunday and week-day, in business and recreation. But it was in his home, surrounded by his saintly wife and by his loving children, that his reigning purity of heart and mind, his habitual charity that "thinketh no evil," and his kindly nature, so interfused with the best emotions, shone most beautifully and attractively. It was such a home as we fancy that at Bethany to have been, where the Master loved to go and rest amid His blessed work of doing good.

What "a feast of good things" was such a life ! A feast to which were bidden and were welcome not only the honorable, the rich, the noble, and the great, but those from the highways and hedges, the poor, the fatherless, and the unfriended. As the farmer at Marshfield murmured as he looked for the last time at the silent, majestic face of Daniel Webster, "Marshfield will be lonesome without

you, Mr. Webster," so these poor orphans and friendless ones looking tearfully at the grand head of Mr. Wetmore as it lay in its noble repose might even more truthfully and touchingly have sighed "We shall all be lonesome without you, Mr. Wetmore!"

Surely such a life cannot have been lived in vain. Surely such a living and bountiful epistle, at once gospel and epistle, example and precept, will so strengthen, teach, and equip others in smaller spheres, although it may be, and with lesser esteemed and internal graces and powers, that they will rise up and make the world less lonesome for the orphan, the friendless, the wandering, and the sinful.

J. D. S.

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., February 3, 1881.

*The Illustrated Christian Weekly*, March 5, 1881.

A biographical sketch of this eminent Christian philanthropist may well be prefaced by a glance, though it be but cursory, at his ancestry. On referring to the genealogical annals, it appears that the Wetmore family in America is descended from Thomas Whitmore, who came from the west of England to Boston in 1635, and was among the early settlers in the Connecticut colony. In the fourth generation from this ancestor is found the name of the Rev. Noah Wetmore, who was educated at



Yale College, and ordained to the gospel ministry in 1760, and was settled at Brook Haven, L. I., where he died in 1796.

It was said of him that as a preacher of the gospel his sermons were well composed, and animated with a sacred regard to the honor of religion, and the salvation of immortal souls. He was an example to believers in word, in charity, in conversation, in faith, in purity.

Noah, a son of the preceding, born in 1767, came with his family to this city in 1808, to take the superintendence of the New York Hospital, in which charge he remained thirty years or more. On removing to New York, Mr. Wetmore united with the Presbyterian church in Cedar street, under the pastoral care of the Rev. Dr. Romeyn.

Apollos Russell, the son of the above, and the subject of this sketch, was born November 11, 1796, and came with his father to this city in 1808.

He entered Columbia College with the intention of fitting himself for the medical profession, but his health becoming impaired, he entered into active business, in which he continued through the remainder of his life. Mr. Wetmore, in speaking of his early days in New York, would often refer to the associations of the Cedar street church, and it is very likely that his Christian training developed a strong religious bias, though he made no open confession of faith.

Among the influences for good in his early surroundings, he not infrequently spoke of the impression made on his youthful mind by that benevolent man, Rev. John Stanford, D.D., a Baptist clergyman, who visited the hospital as chaplain, and for whom he would hold the light, as he conducted evening service.

Not to dwell longer upon this part of his life, we come to that important period, when in the full flush of manhood, a decided stand was to be taken. It was in the Laight Street Presbyterian Church, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Samuel H. Cox, that Mr. Wetmore publicly confessed Christ, in May, 1831. Mr. Wetmore was at this time thirty-five years of age, with a family of five young children demanding his care, and a growing business requiring all his attention. A glance at the religious condition of the city at this time will be interesting as showing the influences which shaped and determined the line of his Christian activities.

The City Tract Society, which the Rev. Dr. W. A. Hallock and others had organized in 1827, was enlisting more and more the active co-operation of evangelical Christians, and Harlan Page was working up the idea of personal effort for individual souls. In the Presbyterian Church, the third Presbytery was organized, January, 1831, and at once measures were taken for the revival of religion in the churches. The pastors and elders visited the churches

in rotation, with such good results that a "four-days' meeting" was appointed in the Central Church. This marked the beginning of a deep religious movement, which extended to all the churches of all denominations, and brought in an aggregate of two thousand souls from the world.

It was in the midst of this great spiritual awakening, when religious interest was intense and Christians were aroused to aggressive effort, that Mr. Wetmore took his stand for Christ. It would seem that his thoughtful attention was very soon arrested by the evident usefulness of the "Tract Effort," as it was generally called. Many of his neighbors and friends were personally engaged in carrying it forward, among whom may be named Lewis Tappan, Arthur Tappan, Moses Allen, W. W. Chester, W. E. Dodge, Leonard Corning, Dr. Lewis Hallock, David Hoadley, and Cornelius Baker. Mr. Wetmore took a tract district in the Fifth Ward, organized a neighborhood prayer-meeting, and every week visited the families of his charge, and was permitted to see most encouraging results. He was very soon brought into the board of managers of the City Tract Society, and made superintendent of the Tract Effort in the Fifth Ward. The divine blessing so evidently resting upon these labors, it was thought best that men should be employed to devote their whole time to the prosecution of the work, and accordingly Moses Allen

engaged a man for the Eighth Ward and Mr. Wetmore for the Fifth Ward, and so commenced the tract missionary movement.

At this time Mr. Wetmore wrote frequently for the religious newspapers, giving accounts of the operations of the tract visitors, and showing the value of this Christian agency for the salvation of souls. From one of these articles the following extracts are given :

“The reports of the tract visitors received this month are of an animating character, as they contain many facts of a deep and thrilling interest, calculated, in an eminent degree, to show the value and importance of this institution.”

Mr. Wetmore then proceeds to show in several particulars, the adaptation of this effort to the condition of the people, and meets an objector who says : “We have now between seventy and eighty Evangelical churches in this city, and many other means of grace ; let the destitute come and avail themselves of these if they wish to be saved.”

To this Mr. Wetmore says : “I would answer this objection by asking two questions, and, first, Was this the language of Christ when the subject of man’s redemption was discussed in the councils of eternity? Did he say to his Father, ‘They have the law, let them keep that if they wish to be saved?’ or did he condescend to come into the

world and go about doing good, carrying the gospel to the door of those who stood in need of its proffer of life and salvation ; and not only so, but urging it upon their attention and acceptance ? And second, Will the objector give up his pew for the purpose of seating the poor who do not attend any church, and who can be brought in ? These questions are simple, and can be answered and applied to this subject with perfect ease. The fact is, the time must come when every block in this city must be supplied with this or some other means equally or more efficient, or this city cannot, as we now view the subject, be brought to Christ."

With such views of the spiritual destitution of the city and the need of earnest Christian effort to bring the gospel to bear upon the hearts and homes of the people, it is no wonder that Mr. Wetmore's ardent spirit glowed and burned with intense solicitude that Christians should be kept to their duty to bear the word of life to the needy, and that souls should be saved.

With his tender compassion for the sinning and the sorrowing, and his intimate acquaintance with the suffering, it was but natural for him to put his hand to any and every scheme, projected for the relief of those who were in trouble. So he was one of the founders of the Association for Improving the Condition of the Poor, the Juvenile Asylum, the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled,

the Woman's Hospital, the Presbyterian Hospital, and the Home for Fallen and Friendless Girls.

Large sums of money were raised, chiefly through his personal efforts, for the establishment and maintenance of these institutions, so that in the aggregate many millions of dollars must have passed through his hands. In addition to the work for the societies with which he was directly connected, there were other calls upon his time and attention, to which he was always ready to respond. Feeble churches in the city, missionary fields in the far West, needy ministers, and friendless men and women, were constantly appealing for counsel, sympathy, and aid. Many special subscriptions were set on foot and successfully completed through his personal effort. In the lists of collections he made, which he carefully preserved, these names, as subscribers, most frequently appear : W. B. Crosby, Isaac Bronson, Arthur Bronson, Anson G. Phelps, James Brown, Geo. Griswold, Pelatiah Perit, Robert L. Stuart, Alex. Stuart, W. M. Halsted, R. T. Haines, C. O. Halsted, W. L. King, James Suydam, A. M. Bruen, John C. Green, J. C. Baldwin, Robert B. Minturn, Jona. Sturges, J. F. Sheafe, W. H. Aspinwall, James Boorman, John Johnston, James Lenox, Thomas C. Doremus, and others.

Such was his conspicuous fidelity to every trust, that he won the confidence and respect of the community in

an eminent degree, and men would give to him when they would to no one else. In times of business panic, when banks had shut down, and confidence had fallen, and credit was gone, there were capitalists, who voluntarily came forward, and offered to Mr. Wetmore any amount of money he might need.

How the view of Mr. Wetmore, at the head of a large business establishment, and actively engaged in all the philanthropic movements of the day, impressed the beholder, let another say. When Rev. Dr. J. W. Alexander came to this city thirty years ago, he very soon found Mr. Wetmore—as did every pastor sooner or later—and in one of his familiar letters to his friend, Rev. Dr. Hall, of Trenton, he says: “Mr. Wetmore, who conducts the City Mission, is an extraordinary man. He is ten hours every day at his business, yet labors beyond everybody else in religious matters, and is withal as gentleman-like a man as you will find in a summer’s day.”

To the city missionaries under his direction, he was as a father, always ready to advise and assist in every emergency; and his revered memory will long be gratefully cherished. There are thousands of happy homes all over the land that have been made bright and good through influences that were set in operation by Mr. Wetmore, in the Juvenile Asylum and the City Mission.

Mr. Wetmore was social in his disposition, of cheerful,

buoyant temperament, most delightful in the home circle, and happy and inspiring in his associations with his fellow-man. He was quick to discern character, calm and clear in his judgment, and decided and prompt in action, and, intelligently attached to the church of his choice, his warm Christian sympathies flowed out over all denominational lines, to all of every name, who held the common faith of the gospel. When the Rev. Dr. Edward N. Kirk and others, engaged in evangelistic movements, visited the city, they always found their way to 81 Vesey street, which was reckoned as the headquarters of all the religious and benevolent operations of the city. And Mr. Wetmore carried on an extended correspondence with ministers in and out of the city, who were interested to learn of Christian work in New York.

The secret of the usefulness we have been portraying lay in one word, consecration. It is evident that Mr. Wetmore, when he gave himself to Christ, made no reserve. Time, talents, means, influence, all that he possessed, were given unstintedly to Christian service. It were well if the forcible appeal made by the Rev. Dr. W. M. Taylor, at the funeral service in the Madison Square Church, for the younger men to come forward, and emulate this illustrious example of Christian fidelity, would be heeded. What an irresistible power for good is one consecrated man, and if a number of young men should thus devote them-



selves to the cause of Christ, who could calculate the result?

The last day of his life, in a few words addressed to the boys and girls in the Juvenile Asylum, Mr. Wetmore, spoke impressively of his own Christian hope of heaven, and his earnest desire that his young hearers should all meet him there.

The useful life thus briefly sketched well illustrates such a scriptural portraiture as is set forth in these passages of the Word of God :

“Not slothful in business ; fervent in spirit ; serving the Lord. When the ear heard me, then it blessed me, and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me ; because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless, and him that had none to help him. The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy.”

“For David, after he had served his own generation, by the will of God, fell on sleep.” After fifty years of uninterrupted, unremitting labor in works of Christian beneficence, continued to the very last day of his life, A. R. Wetmore peacefully fell asleep, without a stroke of pain or suffering, early on Friday morning, January 21, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. Funeral services were held in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, with which he had been identified from its formation, on the Monday

following, when the city missionaries and representatives of the various societies, and a large concourse of citizens, were present to testify their respect.

LEWIS E. JACKSON.

*The New York Observer*, January 27, 1881.

One of the most useful and valued of the Christian philanthropists of New York, Apollos R. Wetmore, was called to his rest and reward on Thursday night of last week. Although at the advanced age of eighty-five years, he had continued to enjoy perfect health, and had attended to the daily business of his life, the work of Christian benevolence, up to the hour when he retired to rest on Thursday evening. He spent the afternoon in attending to the affairs of one of the numerous charitable institutions with which he was connected, and the evening in social intercourse with his family and friends, and retired without any intimation of the coming event. The next morning when he was called he made no answer. He had passed away during his sleep and without a trace of any struggle with death.

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In May, 1831, Mr. Wetmore united with the Laight Street Presbyterian Church, then under the pastoral care

of Rev. Dr. Cox, and immediately entered upon a life of Christian activity and practical benevolence which was continued to the night of his death with unabated zeal and with extraordinary success in all that he undertook. It was through his personal instrumentality that the New York City Tract Society was formed in 1831, and became an efficient instrumentality in spreading the gospel, the whole city being districted and regularly supplied with religious reading and with other means of grace. This society subsequently developed into the City Mission, an undenominational organization, with the extensive and important work of which our readers are familiar. Mr. Wetmore remained in the presidency of this institution to the last, having presided at the meeting of its executive committee the Monday previous to his death. He was also president of the New York Juvenile Asylum, the great prosperity and extensive usefulness of which was in a large measure owing to his fostering care and unwearied efforts on its behalf, especially in the raising of the funds for its buildings. He was one of the governors of the Woman's Hospital, and raised a large portion of the funds by which it was erected. One of its buildings is known as "The Wetmore Pavilion." He was one of the governors of the Presbyterian Hospital and of the Hospital for the Ruptured and Crippled, was one of the founders of the Association for Improving the Condition of

the Poor, and chairman of the board of managers of the Home for Friendless Girls.

Mr. Wetmore was distinguished for his efforts and success in raising the needed funds for the various charitable and benevolent institutions with which he was connected. Probably no other man ever lived in this city, and we may say in this country, who had been so successful in obtaining gifts in large sums for the various objects of Christian philanthropy, and no man ever excited less prejudice in asking for money. His unvaried Christian courtesy and gentleness was one of the secrets of his success, and the confidence reposed in his judgment gave an assurance that what he asked for was really needed and would be well employed.

Mr. Wetmore was married April 1, 1822, to Mary Carmer of this city. Eight years ago he celebrated his golden wedding. Mrs. Wetmore died three years later. They had six children—Henry C. Wetmore, now dead, George C. Wetmore, Theodore R. Wetmore, and William Wetmore, and two daughters, Mrs. Henry Mesier and Mrs. Charles E. Carryl.

The funeral of Mr. Wetmore was attended in the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, of which he was a member, on Monday, by a large concourse of the Christian people of the city. The pastor of the church, Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, opened the exercises by reading selections

from the Scriptures ; Rev. Dr. Paxton led in prayer ; addresses were made by Rev. Drs. Hitchcock and Taylor, and the benediction was pronounced by Rev. Dr. Ormiston.

*The New York Weekly Witness, January 27, 1881.*

A popular pastor said last Sabbath morning that he had seen in the previous day's paper two obituary notices, one filling a column, the other about a quarter of that space. The first was of an actor who had spent his life in making people laugh. The second was of a Christian philanthropist who had spent a long life in benevolent, enlightened, and successful efforts for the alleviation of suffering and the elevation of the people of New York, and who had accomplished more good than any other man in the city. This very striking contrast showed most clearly the "earthy" character of our daily press ; or rather that the great majority of its readers are more interested in mirth than in philanthropy, and in comic theatrical representations than in city missions, juvenile asylums, or hospitals for the sick and aged. Whatever may be the human estimate of the relative importance of Sothorn and Wetmore, we can be at no loss as to the divine estimate. Our Lord nowhere tells us to imitate comic actors, but he

gives us the example of the good Samaritan, and says go and do likewise.

Several years ago there was much talk about the worst man in New York, and by way of contrast we took the liberty of pointing out in the *Daily Witness* Apollos R. Wetmore as the best man in this city. We had just become acquainted with one after another of his great and greatly successful philanthropic enterprises, and we were amazed that one man could have accomplished more in the line of commencing and carrying out public benevolent institutions than perhaps all the other contemporary philanthropists of the city put together, his only parallel being that wonderful character Isabella Graham of the past century. We commend to our readers the record of Mr. Wetmore's efforts in another column, but no language could portray the benign aspect of the venerable patriarch when presiding at the juvenile reformatory over the six hundred healthy, good-looking, well-taught, well-behaved children of both sexes gathered there from the slums of the city.

The *New York Herald*, January 22, 1881.

An old-time merchant, an all-time philanthropist, passed from the definite to the infinite early yesterday morning, when suddenly, quietly, peacefully, and pain-

lessly, Apollos R. Wetmore died in his home on West Ninth street. Few men were better known. None better deserved the universal respect of their fellows. A long life of usefulness was passed by him in this city, where his bright business tact secured to him the normal results of industry and honesty, and his great benevolence led him continually into fields of labor the reward for which is found elsewhere.

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But perhaps Mr. Wetmore found more personal pleasure in less conspicuous charities than in these more public and to an extent perfunctory benevolences. He rarely said, "Go thou and see," but as a rule, "I will go myself and care for them." He lived a practical benevolence. He gave money as well as advice, and, what is often harder to give, time, and patience, and personal attention. He was especially happy in his home, and had the pleasure of celebrating, some eight years ago, the golden wedding with the lady—Mary Carmer—to whom he was married in 1822.

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Mr. Wetmore was apparently in perfect health when he retired on Thursday night. He had conversed freely and with interest with an official of one of our public institutions, whom he bade "good-night" in a cheerful and even playful mood. Yesterday morning, as he failed to

appear at breakfast time, a servant was sent to call him, but he had gone. So far as inference may be drawn, the venerable man had slept to the end and peacefully passed away. It is understood that funeral services will be held on Monday next, in the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church, and if a moiety of those who knew and loved him seek to attend, the spacious edifice will be packed from rail to loft, and thousands more will wait outside.

*The New York Times*, January 22, 1881.

Apollos Russell Wetmore, whose name has been prominently associated with the best philanthropic efforts in the city for the last twenty-five or thirty years, died quietly in his bed at an early hour yesterday morning, at the residence of his son-in-law, Mr. Charles E. Carryl, No. 33 West Ninth street. Mr. Wetmore retired to his room in his usual health on Thursday night, having passed the afternoon in examining the affairs of the New York Juvenile Asylum, in which, as one of the founders, he was particularly interested. He left the office of the asylum about five o'clock, and went home. Yesterday morning he did not make his appearance at the breakfast table as usual, and, after waiting a few minutes, one of the members of the household went to his room. He was found lying upon his bed in apparent repose, and had evidently ex-



pired in sleep without a struggle. The extremities were still warm, showing that life had been extinct only a few minutes—or an hour at furthest. The event was not altogether unexpected, for, in addition to his advanced age, Mr. Wetmore lived in constant danger of apoplexy, and had been warned by his medical adviser that his demise would be sudden. He had often observed that he had no dearer wish than “to die with the harness on.”

As a philanthropist, Mr. Wetmore was regarded as a practical man in the management of institutions rather than a theorist. He believed in doing, not in talking, and devoted his time to results rather than theoretical explanations. His name ranks with that of Howard and Peabody in this department of modern activity, and his association with a project was considered as a guarantee both of the good faith of its promoters and of ultimate success. Thousands of children during the last twenty years have owed their rescue from infamy and vice to his efforts, and thousands of the city's poor have blessed his name as that of a benefactor. His uprightness was a proverb, his kindness to the suffering a sunny spot in human experience. The arrangements for the funeral have not been fully perfected. The services will take place at 11 o'clock A.M., on Monday, at the Madison Square Presbyterian Church, the Rev. Mr. Parkhurst offi-

ciating and the Rev. Dr. Hall assisting. Seats will be reserved for the delegates of the various boards with which he was associated, but other details, such as the names of pall-bearers, etc., remain to be announced hereafter.

The *New York Commercial Advertiser*, January 21, 1881.

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As a philanthropist, as a friend of the poor, the unfortunate, the friendless, the name of "Wetmore" is entitled to be associated with that of Howard or Peabody. Those who mourn his departure will number thousands of persons in humble life unknown to the world at large, but who nevertheless in the mind of their benefactor were among the most worthy. Thousands of young children, too, saved from crime and infamy through his intervention, or given places of usefulness in the walks of industry, "will call him blessed."

The *New York Times*, January 25, 1881.

The funeral of Mr. Apollos Russell Wetmore, whose thirty years of active philanthropic work were closed last week by sudden death, took place from the Madison Square Presbyterian Church at 10 o'clock yesterday. The audience comprised a very large number of faces familiar in

commerce and the professions. The coffin rested upon a low bier in front of the altar railing, and was a simple black casket, heavily trimmed and bearing the name and age of the deceased. A single floral symbol graced its head. It consisted of a wheat-field freshly harvested, the sharp stubble penetrating to the surface in the midst of a groundwork of verdure composed of smilax and other evergreens. The field was bordered about with a heavy margin of white roses, some of which were only half opened, and across it was laid a sickle of white flowers at the base of a large sheaf of ripened grain. In the pulpit were seated the Rev. Dr. Parkhurst, the Rev. Dr. William M. Taylor, the Rev. Dr. William M. Paxton, the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, and the Rev. Dr. William Ormiston. A few minutes before the services were opened with reading of the Scriptures and with prayer, the officers and directors of the New York Juvenile Asylum assembled in the private room at the right of the pulpit, whence they were escorted to the pews assigned them. Among them were Vice-President Ezra M. Kingsley, Mr. Henry Talmadge, the treasurer, Mr. Charles D. Adams, Mr. Edmund Dwight, Mr. Benjamin B. Sherman, Mr. Oliver E. Wood, Mr. Andrew H. Green, Mr. C. C. Peck, Mr. John W. Quincy, and Mr. Clarkson Crolius. The name of Mr. Quincy headed the list of pall-bearers, and among his associates were Mr. Oliver E. Wood, Mr. Thurlow Weed, Admiral

W. E. LeRoy, George W. Lane, J. F. Sheafe, Morris K. Jesup, and R. M. Buchanan. The pall-bearers were followed by the officers in a body, and delegations were present from the managing boards of the City Mission and Tract Society, the Woman's Hospital, the Society for the Relief of the Ruptured and Crippled, and the Bible Society.

As the coffin was placed upon the bier, the choir sang, "I heard a voice saying unto me, write." The congregation was addressed by the Rev. Drs. Hitchcock and Taylor. The former reviewed the life of Mr. Wetmore at length, and spoke of his great services to the cause of humanity everywhere, and of his unswerving integrity and honor. Dr. Taylor's address was in a similar strain, but dwelt with more especial emphasis upon the multitude of philanthropic works to which Mr. Wetmore had put his hand, their success, and their value as monuments to his zeal and fidelity. The services were drawn to an end with a contralto solo—"Abide with Me"—and the benediction by the Rev. Dr. Ormiston. The remains were taken to the Marble Cemetery, in Second avenue, for interment, but many of the congregation lingered in the aisles and at the altar, admiring the various floral pieces contributed by the various societies. Among the well-known citizens present, in addition to those already named, were Mr. William E. Dodge, Mr. William E.

Dodge, Jr., the Rev. Dr. Crosby, Mr. J. B. Cornell, ex-Judge Mitchell, ex-Judge Peabody, Mr. Jackson S. Schultz, Judge Brady, Mr. F. F. Marbury, the Rev. Dr. John Hall, John E. Develin, Mr. Elbridge T. Gerry, Dr. Heman C. Dyer, Mr. Robert H. McBirney, Mr. John Taylor Johnston, E. D. Morgan, Justice Bixby, Theodore W. Dwight, James M. Brown, and Robert L. Stuart.



















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