

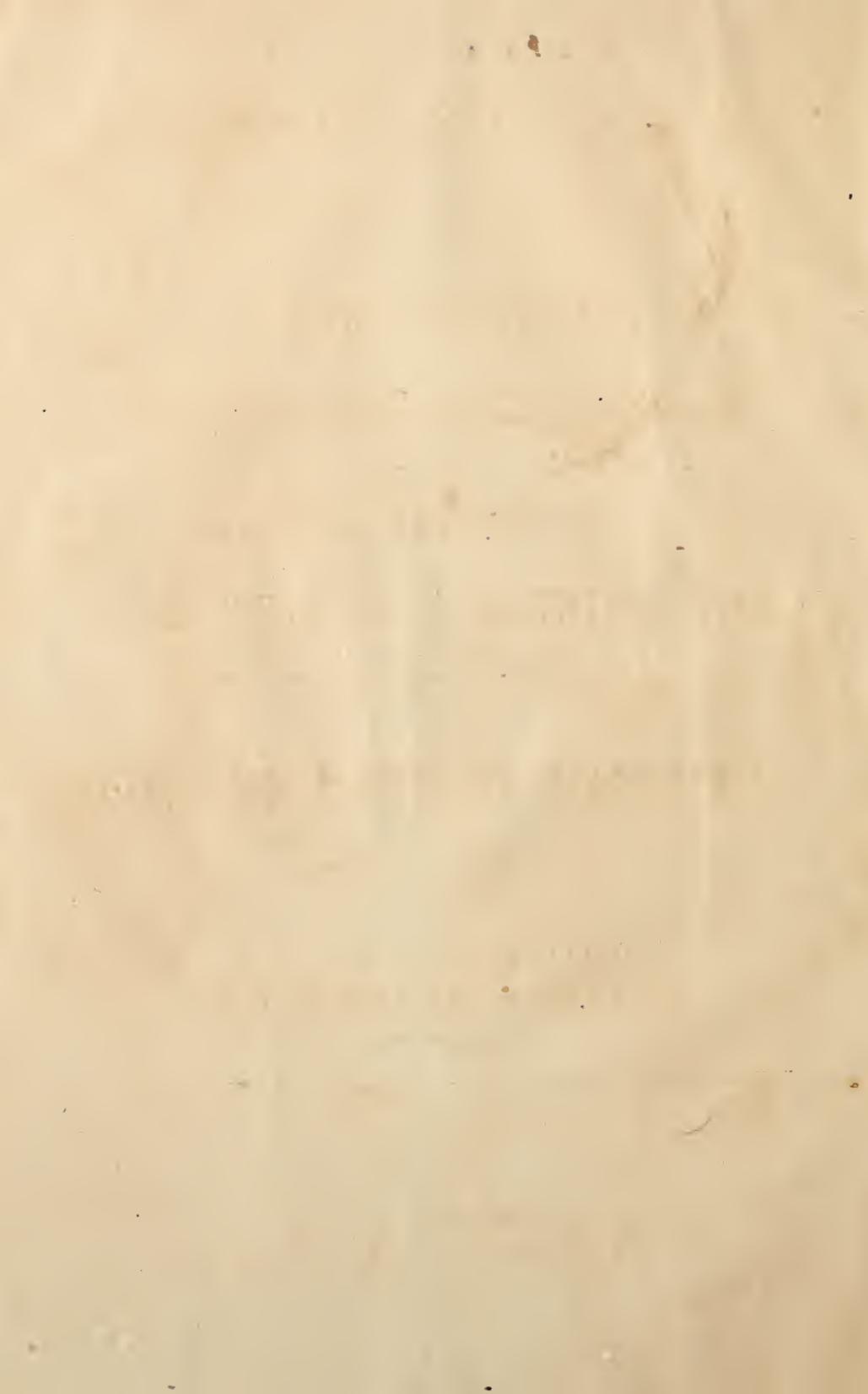
*A. A. Loomis.*

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A MEMORIAL SERMON  
ON  
THE LIFE, LABOURS AND CHRISTIAN CHARACTER  
OF  
PHINEAS D. GURLEY, D. D.  
BY  
WILLIAM E. SCHENCK, D. D.

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IN MEMORIAM.

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A DISCOURSE

COMMEMORATIVE OF THE LIFE, LABOURS AND CHARACTER

OF THE LATE

REV. PHINEAS D. GURLEY, D. D.,

PASTOR OF NEW YORK AVENUE PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF WASHINGTON, D. C.,

DELIVERED IN SAID CHURCH ON SABBATH, DEC. 13, A. D. 1868,

AT THE REQUEST OF THE SESSION THEREOF,

BY

WILLIAM E. SCHENCK, D. D.,

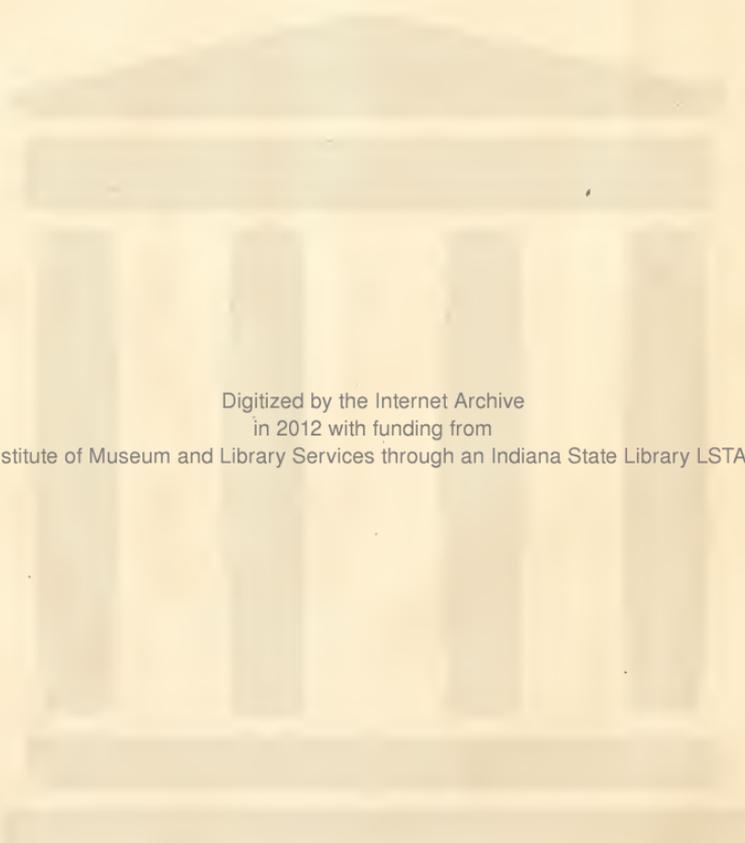
OF PHILADELPHIA.

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WASHINGTON, D. C.

WILLIAM BALLANTYNE.

1869.



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WASHINGTON, D. C., October 14, 1868.

REV. W. E. SCHENCK, D. D.

MY DEAR SIR:

The Session of our Church held a meeting last evening, and unanimously

*Resolved*, That the Rev. W. E. Schenck, D. D., be invited to preach a Memorial Sermon on the Christian life and character of our recently deceased and deeply lamented pastor, the Rev. P. D. GURLEY, D. D., in the New York Avenue Church, at such time as may best suit his convenience.

I am sure a compliance with this request will meet a cordial and hearty response from the numerous friends, throughout our entire Church and country, of our deceased and universally beloved pastor.

With great respect,

I am most truly yours,

WILLIAM L. WALLER,

*Clerk of Session of New York Avenue Church.*

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WASHINGTON CITY, December 16, 1868.

REV. W. E. SCHENCK, D. D.

DEAR SIR:

I take pleasure in communicating to you the following action of the Congregation of our Church, adopted unanimously at their meeting last evening.

*Resolved*, That the thanks of the New York Avenue Church and Congregation are due and are hereby tendered to the Rev. W. E. Schenck, D. D., for his very excellent sermon commemorative of the life, labours, and character of our late lamented and beloved pastor and friend, the Rev. PHINEAS D. GURLEY, D. D., in which was delineated with rare fidelity and success, the prominent features and essential points in the history of that eminent man and Christian divine; and, in order that it may be placed in permanent form *in memoriam*, a copy of the sermon is hereby requested for publication.

Yours truly,

JAMES V. A. SHIELDS, *Secretary.*

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PHILADELPHIA, December 21, 1868.

JAMES V. A. SHIELDS, Esq., *Washington, D. C.*

DEAR SIR:

Yours of the 16th inst. was received duly. I will not deny that I am greatly gratified by the kind and complimentary terms in which the Congregation of the New York Avenue Church has expressed, by resolution, its estimate of the Memorial Discourse delivered by request of the Session. It has been a sad pleasure to review the well-spent life and earnest Christian labours of your late beloved pastor and my noble friend, the Rev. Dr. Gurley. The discourse was prepared amidst varied and pressing daily duties, and I fear may be found on perusal to possess many imperfections. Such as it is, however, a copy of it is cheerfully placed at the disposal of the Congregation.

Very respectfully yours,

WILLIAM E. SCHENCK.

THE HISTORY OF THE

The history of the world is a long and varied one, filled with many interesting events and people. It is a story that has been told for thousands of years, and it continues to be told today. The history of the world is a story of progress, of discovery, and of the human spirit. It is a story that has shaped the world we live in today, and it will continue to shape the world for many years to come.

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# MEMORIAL SERMON.

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DANIEL xii. 3.

“They that be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.”

The “wise” persons mentioned in our text are the same as they that turn many to righteousness; and “they that turn many to righteousness” are the same as the “wise”. This is clearly implied in the original Hebrew terms; hence in the margin of our English Bibles we have the alternative word “teachers” inserted as the equivalent for “the wise.”

In the preceding verse we have had an intimation of a final resurrection and its issues. “Many of them that sleep in the dust of the earth shall awake, some to everlasting life, and some to shame and everlasting contempt.” The sleepers who awake on that great and awful day are all divided into two great classes; every member of the first, to awake to everlasting life; every member of the second, to be covered with shame and everlasting contempt. But in the words of our text we have a particular portion of the first class singled out or separated from the rest, and a more specific and ample declaration is given of what shall be their destiny and their reward. All who are clothed with the spotless robe of a Redeemer’s righteousness, although they may have been poor and ignorant disciples who followed their

Master afar off and were never recognized by their fellow-men as his, or although they may have died, like the thief upon the cross, the moment after their hearts had been opened to receive Christ—all these shall awake to receive and enjoy the precious boon of everlasting life. But among these there will be some who were not only themselves righteous through the imputed righteousness of Christ, but who have been made the honoured instruments in turning others unto righteousness; who have not only been themselves taught of the Spirit of God, but who have become teachers of the way of life. By sowing the seed of Divine truth with earnest assiduity along their pathway through the world; by letting their light shine brightly to the glory of their heavenly Father; by besieging the throne of Almighty grace in supplication for their fellow-men; by preaching Christ as did the great Apostle, “warning every man, and teaching every man in all wisdom,” they have been a sweet “savour of life unto life” to many precious immortal souls. These souls became their “hope,” their “joy,” their “crown of rejoicing.” And now for them is reserved a peculiar and more excellent glory. “They that be wise shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.”

All earthly glory is as the transient sparkle of the evening firefly. It shines barely enough to make its possessor visible within a narrow circle, and in an instant gives place to deeper darkness. We stay not now to speak of the millions who have vainly pursued this false and passing gleam, and who, having ended their life-struggle without securing even this poor reward so

eagerly coveted, have passed into a dark oblivion. But to those few who have achieved illustrious success—who have secured the most splendid distinction and fame that earth and man could give, how unsatisfying and how brief has the day of their glory been. What is all the fame of Alexander the Great, Napoleon, Aristotle, Demosthenes, Cicero, Homer, Shakspeare or Byron worth to-day to the disembodied spirits of those intellectual giants of the past? Of what avail was their fame to them, or what satisfaction could it afford them one minute after the soul had parted from the body? And in what esteem, think you, will the most distinguished of all now among the living—the illustrious statesmen, the brilliant orators, the renowned warriors, the eminent in literature and science and the arts, hold the honours their fellow-men have heaped upon them, when they have taken but a single step beyond the boundaries of time? Will the lustre of these earthly distinctions, if here made the chief end of their pursuit, be visible at all either to themselves or to the countless dwellers in the eternal world? Nay, nay, let every man who makes any terrestrial reward of any sort the supreme object of his desires and endeavours know that,

“ he builds too low,  
Who builds beneath the skies.”

There is a glory which is better far than earth can give or even comprehend—a glory that makes its possessor a radiant orb, which, shining in the firmament on high, is admired through all the universe of holy intelligence—a glory that shall remain undimmed throughout “the eternal years of God”—and which, as

one star differeth from another star in glory, shall secure an everlasting pre-eminence even when surrounded by holy angels and redeemed saints. “Whosoever shall *do and teach*” Christ’s commandments, “the same *shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.*” We care little whether or not he was ever ordained to that work by presbyteries, by prelate, or by anybody, it is a blessed saying from our Lord’s own lips, and is full of precious encouragement to all who labour in his service, that “*whosoever shall do and teach* his commandments, *the same shall be called great in the kingdom of heaven.*” The glory of God is the great end of every creature he has made. Hence to study, to labour, to endure all things for the promotion of our Creator’s glory—to love him supremely for what he is, and to make it the paramount end of all our desires, purposes, plans and toils to spread his glory and lead others to love and glorify him—this will most assuredly secure, through the Redeemer’s mediation, God’s favour and blessing on the soul, and beyond all else adorn and bless its immortality. As God looks down from heaven upon the children of men and prepares for each its meed of Divine praise and its reward of heavenly glory, he assigns the brightest and most precious crowns to those who have laboured with most fervent love to him, and with most concentration and assiduity of purpose to declare his infinite excellence, and win souls to love and serve him. They may have laboured in the pulpit or out of the pulpit, in a position conspicuous or obscure, in the capital of a great nation or at some obscure post on the edge of the wilderness, or in some remote heathen land, yet the testimony of God’s word is this: “He that winneth souls is wise,” and “they that

be wise, shall shine as the brightness of the firmament; and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever."

From among yourselves, my hearers, has such a man gone up to such a glory. He was your friend, your pastor, your teacher in the things of God. After many years of assiduous and successful labour among you, he withdrew from this pulpit in the hope of repairing his shattered health. But, alas! he never returned to it. After treading, through many months, a pathway of decline and bodily anguish, he has disappeared from mortal sight. You yourselves with tender affection laid away his lifeless remains in the cold, damp darkness of the grave. His pure and gentle light has been apparently extinguished in a worse than Egyptian gloom. But ah! my hearers, to the eye of faith it is far otherwise. A new star has appeared in the spiritual firmament above, and shines there with a brilliant, a surpassing, an immortal glory. Our earth will be burned up, all material suns and systems may fade away and disappear from yonder visible skies, but the brilliance of this new star shall only be increased when the resurrection trump shall sound and the final judgment terrify an ungodly world, for as God's promise standeth sure it shall thenceforth shine on "for ever and ever."

I appear in this sacred place to-day by invitation of your Session, to speak to you, as God may give me help, of "the Christian life, labours, and character of your recently deceased, and deeply lamented pastor." Would that such a theme, as it deserves, had fallen into far abler and better hands. Yet if an acquaintance of nearly thirty years, growing more and more intimate as

he approached the close of life; if a tender affection for him as a man and a ministerial brother; if a profound confidence in his Christian character and an exalted estimate of his graces and abilities have given the speaker any fitness in your eyes for his allotted task, then will he gladly lay a wreath, however imperfectly it may be twined, upon the new-made grave of that beloved pastor and friend.

PHINEAS DENSMORE GURLEY was born on the 12th day of November, A. D. 1816, at Hamilton, in the County of Madison and State of New York, but during the early infancy of this son his parents removed to Parishville, in St. Lawrence County, in the same State. He was the youngest child of Phineas and Elizabeth Fox Gurley. His parents lost several children in infancy, only one other, his brother William, eight years his senior, lived to adult years, and died in the year 1855 on the beautiful old homestead, about a mile from the village of Parishville. His father was of Quaker birth and training, although a descendant of the old Scotch Covenanters, and was a man of commanding person, excellent moral principles, and strong common sense. His mother was a superior woman, highly attractive in person and manners. She was a charming singer, and her son inherited her love and her talent for music. Above all, she was a woman of devoted piety, and an active, zealous, intelligent Christian. The younger son, having no sisters, was in an especial manner the companion of his mother, and the tender, confiding love existing mutually between them, is said to have been exceedingly beautiful. The mother was a member of the

Methodist Episcopal Church, but very frequently attended the Presbyterian Church in Parishville, and afterwards advised her son to unite with the latter, as she herself intended to do. The mother's influence was visible through all the son's career. O, the vast influence of a praying mother! How rarely has any man ever been distinguished as a useful leader of the hosts of God, whose character had not been early moulded by a pious mother's influence and prayers! Both of our young friend's grandmothers were godly women, especially was his paternal grandmother remarkable for her extensive and accurate knowledge of the Scriptures, and for her shining piety. With these revered relatives he was much associated in his early years, and their influence also left on him its hallowed impress. Thus was his character moulded like that of Timothy, by the joint instructions of a mother and a grandmother, and the "unfeigned faith," which dwelt afterwards in him, dwelt first in both of them.

In the quiet enjoyment of his rural home the subject of our sketch obtained the rudiments of his education, attending for that purpose the village Academy. It is perhaps impossible thoroughly to understand what a man is, without knowing much of his boyhood, and its surroundings. Dr. Gurley's manhood received much of its power and excellence under God from the spot in which his early years were spent. It was a charmingly diversified country in which the one-and-a-half-storied frame homestead was situated, and the view from its front door was one of rare beauty. Not far off, the St. Regis River tumbles and foams along its way between thickly-wooded, wild and romantic banks, towards its confluence

with the St. Lawrence. At one point the over-hanging rocks project so near each other as to form almost a natural bridge across the stream. Hither our young friend loved to wander, oftentimes sitting book in hand beneath the wide-spreading trees, sometimes conversing or engaging in active sports with his young playmates. On a high bluff overlooking the St. Regis is the village cemetery where the remains of his parents now repose. This was one of his early and favourite resorts, and here, during one of these visits to the cemetery, he bowed himself in prayer and gave his heart unto his Saviour. Thus, in this invigorating atmosphere of Northern New York grew and was strengthened, the healthful mind in the healthful body. He was, while a boy, always placid, serene and cheerful. His demeanour was modest. His uniform kindness of heart and gentleness of disposition made him a favourite among all his playmates. He had no enemies. He was kind to all, and was beloved by all. Thoughtful and meditative in his childhood, he appeared like one beyond his years. He was proverbial for his obedience to and great reverence for his parents. Only on one occasion, when he had been enticed into evil companionship, did they ever find it necessary to inflict corporeal punishment. In study, his teachers bore uniform testimony to his thoroughness and patience. His constant rule was to learn perfectly every lesson that had been assigned him. Nothing was ever done in a careless or hurried manner. How easily may all who knew him in his later days perceive that the child was father to the man.

During the year 1831 it pleased God to carry on a precious work of grace in Parishville. The religious in-

terest and feeling were such throughout the whole community that the usual exercises of the school were for awhile suspended, and prayer and praise were heard in all directions. During that hallowed season, two lads who were playmates and intimate friends of about the same age, led simply by motives of curiosity, entered the building in which religious services were held. The preacher on that evening, was the Rev. Frederick E. Cannon, D.D., now of Geneva, N. Y. His text was Psalm xl. 12: "For innumerable evils have compassed me about; mine iniquities have taken hold upon me, so that I am not able to look up; they are more than the hairs of mine head; therefore my heart faileth me." After listening for awhile, one of these lads, either because he wearied of the truth, or because his heart rebelled against it, arose and withdrew from the house. That lad has never, to this day, become a follower of Christ. The other lad, whose name was Phineas Gurley, remained an interested listener, and that night an arrow from the quiver of the Almighty pierced his heart. We know not much of his soul-searchings and soul-sorrows. Our friend was ever too modest to say much about himself and his own experiences. It is distinctly remembered, however, that there was an earnestness, a frankness, and a simplicity, in all he said and did during this season of anxious thought, that was very beautiful to see, and was the occasion of remark from his pastor and others. But one or two glimpses we are permitted to have. During the last visit that he and the beloved partner of his life-journey ever made to his childhood's home, they rambled together through the cemetery towards the river. Pointing to a particular spot, he said, "When under conviction, I wan-

dered through these pleasant places, feeling that the question I was considering was momentous as the life or death of my soul. I can never forget *the awful sense of sin and of the justice of a holy God, that then pressed upon me.* I prayed aloud, and *there* I trust I gave myself unreservedly to Him." An intimate friend of his college days states, on information received from himself, that "he passed through a season of most trying, perhaps agonizing religious convictions before he was brought to indulge a hope in the Saviour, but when it did come, it was so calm, so clear, so full of comfort, and so connected with a sense of the love and the preciousness of Christ, that he felt that he and all he had must be Christ's."\* He was not long under convictions, and when he did come out on the Lord's side it was done with no divided heart. His views were remarkable for their clearness and their calm hopefulness. From the very first week of his conversion he would arise in a crowded room, when called upon, and offer such a prayer as filled older Christians with wonder and gratitude. Nor did he fail, by earnest exhortations and persuasion, as well as by a beautiful example, to endeavour to lead his impenitent companions and schoolmates to the Saviour's feet. Such was the beginning of his Christian life.

He united with the Church at Parishville in the year 1831, when he was about fifteen years of age. Not long after, he reached a firm conviction that it was his duty to devote his life and talents to the service of Christ in the Gospel ministry. But his father had only limited means at his command, and it was no part of his plan to send his son to college. The son, however, was fully

\* Rev. J. B. Dales, D. D., of Philadelphia.

bent upon it. His earnestness, united with the pleading of the mother, finally prevailed. He was allowed to proceed with his studies, and with some pecuniary aid derived from teaching and other sources, was in about a year prepared for college. Accompanied by his father, and bearing with him the benedictions of his beloved mother, he went to Schenectady, and before he was sixteen years of age was admitted into Union College in the year 1833.

He had been at College just one year, and had already packed his trunk for a return home, when he was summoned to the bedside of his dying mother. Before he arrived, her spirit had departed, but she left this message for the absent one: "*Tell my dear boy to be a faithful minister for Jesus.*" These words sank deep into his soul. They were never forgotten, and had a powerful influence upon his whole subsequent career. We have already alluded to the tender affection and unusual intimacy existing between the mother and the son. To the very end of life he cherished her memory, recalled her appearance, and joyfully anticipated meeting her in glory. "Let me go," he said, during his last days of anguish, "let me go to meet my mother and my Saviour." In one of the last sermons your beloved pastor ever wrote, before ill-health compelled him to lay aside his stated work, occurs a tender and touching reference to his mother, which I cannot forbear quoting. His text was the words, (Rev. xiv. 13,) "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord," and his words are these: "Have we not all lost near and dear *friends* who died in the Lord? I had such a friend. In early life she gave her heart to the Saviour, and for many long years she clung to him as her

Redeemer and her hope. His word was her guide; his will her law; his glory her aim; his smile her bliss; his grace her reliance; and, when the time of her departure drew near, his presence cheered her, and his Holy Spirit breathed in her heart an unutterable and a heavenly peace. On the bed of languishing, and in the near prospect of eternity, she could say with composure, 'I know whom I have believed.' How can I doubt that she died in the Lord? My *mother*—my *departed, sainted mother*—could her voice be heard from that spirit-world above, what new, and vivid, and soul-thrilling impressions might she give me touching the blessedness referred to in my text—the blessedness of the dead who die in the Lord. How comforting the thought that that blessedness is hers, not in prospect, but in actual experience." We may safely predict a useful and happy career for any youth who goes forth to the battle of life with a warm love for a pious mother thus enshrined in his heart, and ready to be guided by her loving counsels. How blissful is the re-union this mother and her son are now enjoying in the presence of their Saviour.

The subject of our sketch had entered Union College, as we have already said, before he was sixteen. He even then possessed a large frame, fresh and flushed with health and vigour drawn from the plain and simple habits of his country life. He was clad almost entirely in articles of home manufacture. His pecuniary resources were exceedingly slender. The whole appearance and manners of the country lad not seldom excited a laugh at his expense among the students of higher external advantages and cultivation. But he quietly and industriously worked on, remarking to a college friend, that the time

would come when they *should* respect him. And it did come very soon. All lack of outward cultivation and appearance was more than made up by an openness of countenance and a simplicity and ingenuousness of manner which drew all hearts to him most naturally and lovingly. He was by no means brilliant. He worked hard for every advance he made in knowledge. He had no overweening confidence in himself. But he was patient, laborious, steady, and earnest in his purpose to attain an education and to enter the gospel ministry. Hence he soon came to be considered the first scholar in his class, and in moral and religious influence he had no superior in the College. Before he graduated he had won the confidence, respect, and affection of the professors and tutors, as well as of his fellow-students, and all of them confidently anticipated for him a future high position in his chosen profession, and a life of extended usefulness. The scantiness of his resources led him to teach as he had opportunities during his college course; first in the neighbourhood of his home, and afterwards, during the vacations of 1835 and 1837, at Chatham, Columbia county, New York, in the "Columbia Boarding-school," the proprietor of which was a wealthy Quaker, named Cornelius Chase. But he never turned aside from the regular course of college study. He often remarked to a class-mate that he had but one short life to live, and he wanted all the preparation it was possible to acquire for the great work of promoting his Saviour's glory. Hence his reading, study, exercise, social intercourse with his fellow-students, all were brought to bear on his preparation for the ministry. This was the "one thing" constantly before his mind. He had, moreover, the happy faculty of making

all with whom he came in contact feel the force, the beauty and the excellence of a genuine Christian character. Said one of the wildest and roughest of his classmates, "If all Christians were like Gurley, I would give the world to be one."

He graduated from Union College, July 26th, 1837, taking the highest honours of his class. The summer of that year he spent in teaching at Chatham, N. Y., and thence he wrote to a classmate declaring that the one great thing that pressed upon his heart, and was the burden of his daily prayers, was, "that his pupils might be led to Christ, and consecrate their talents and their all to Him." There is reason to believe that his heart's desires and prayers were answered in later years in the case of numbers of these pupils.

In the Fall of the same year (1837) Mr. Gurley entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton, N. J. The faculty of the Seminary was at that time composed of Doctors Archibald Alexander, Samuel Miller, Charles Hodge, and Joseph Addison Alexander, and it may well be doubted whether any theological school in our world ever possessed an abler corps of instructors. In the instruction of these eminent men he found great delight. The class of which he was a member was an unusually able one, containing many men who have since risen to great eminence and usefulness in the Church, yet he at once took a high stand as a scholar, which he maintained with ease to the end of his course. "In a class of about thirty," writes one who was his class-mate, and who is now a Professor in one of our Theological Seminaries,\* "in a class of about thirty members he was regarded

\* Rev. L. J. Halsey, D. D., of Chicago.

as our foremost man, physically, intellectually and spiritually. As a student he was a model of diligence and propriety, always ready, never behind with any exercise, never unequal to any task imposed upon him. I never saw him fail in anything he attempted. I do not recollect to have ever heard him utter an objectionable sentiment, or make a harsh or censorious remark, or commit what would be called a blunder in any of his recitations, debates or public addresses. He was singularly free, for a young man, from all excitement and passion, and never appeared to speak, even in conversation, except from calm deliberation and reflection. Prompt, punctual, kind, conciliatory, affable and companionable, he soon won the good will of all his fellow-students, and the longer they knew him, the more were they impressed with the consistency of his character, the ardour of his piety, and his marked ability. His intellectual powers were vigorous, well disciplined, and admirably well-balanced. No one who heard him pray could doubt his piety. Every one who knew him regarded him as a noble specimen of a consistent Christian man. Yet with all his sobriety of spirit, his dignity of manners, and his ordinary grave solemnity of voice and look, he was one of the most genial and companionable of men, sociable, playful, even jovial, when the proper occasion called for it."

During the Seminary vacation of 1838, he performed missionary labour in Sussex County, in the State of Delaware. There his time was fully occupied, after his arrival at Lewes, in visiting from family to family, delivering lectures, addresses, &c. Here, as he himself remarked, he improved his powers of extemporaneous

speech, obtained facility in making himself at home among all classes of men, and learned many important lessons connected with the duties of a gospel minister. Yet he showed that he was becoming truly wise, by becoming more and more humble as he advanced. "I have been very much humbled since my connection with this Seminary," he wrote to a dear friend in January, 1839. "Indeed, I have just learned how ignorant I am. I am more and more impressed daily with my utter lack of suitable qualifications for the ministry, and were it not for a strong and irresistible conviction that God has called me to this work, I should even now, at this late stage of my progress, shrink back and seek some other profession."

During a portion of his seminary course, Mr. Gurley undertook the instruction of a Bible-class of coloured people in Princeton; a work in which he became greatly interested.

On the 24th of September, 1839, he was taken under the care of the Presbytery of North River as a candidate for the holy ministry, and on the 29th day of the following April, (1840,) he was licensed at Cold Spring, New York, to preach the blessed gospel. His first sermon was preached in the Presbyterian church at Newburgh, New York, and produced so decided an impression that the congregation held a meeting and gave him an earnest call, which however he declined, to become associate pastor with the Rev. John Johnson, D. D., who was then far advanced in age. During a portion of his last session in the Seminary, in alternation with a fellow-student, he supplied the pulpit of the church at Newtown, Pennsylvania. He also preached for six or eight weeks, during

the summer of 1840, at New Hamburg, on the North River, going thither on Saturday, and returning to Princeton on Monday.

In September, 1840, he graduated from the Seminary, receiving a certificate of having taken the full course of study. After his licensure to preach, and while various positions were claiming his attention, his great desire was to go just where the Lord would have him go. "O, if I only knew," he more than once said to a friend, while his eye was moistened with tears of deep emotion, "O, if I only knew where God would make me most successful in winning souls to Christ, there I would go. I have prayed that he would not let me go anywhere else." Judging from his subsequent career we cannot doubt that God heard his servant's prayer, and guided his footsteps to the right field of labour.

While God was preparing the young labourer for a field of usefulness, he was also preparing a field for him to occupy.

The young and thriving city of Indianapolis, the capital of the State of Indiana, at that time contained about three thousand inhabitants. From the character of the country and the lack of good roads it was, for a large portion of the year, nearly as inaccessible as an island of the sea. In 1839, the First, then the only Presbyterian church in the town, became vacant, and remained so until near the end of the year 1840. During this interval the church became divided. A strong minority separated themselves, organized a Second Church, (New-school,) and secured as their pastor the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher. The First Church retained about one hundred and fifty members, and worshipped in a small frame

building, old, dingy, and in every way extremely uninviting. But it had several ruling elders who were men of energy and of prayer, and who held the interests of their church close to their hearts. They prayed earnestly that God would send them a suitable pastor. They made inquiries in the east and in the west for the right man, for a long time, but without success. At length, in May, 1840, the General Assembly met in Philadelphia, and a commissioner\* was appointed to make inquiries there, especially of Dr. Archibald Alexander. Dr. Alexander heard a full statement of the case, and then in his peculiarly sententious manner replied, "If the church can wait, we have a young man in the Seminary that would suit. His name is Gurley. He will be through in September. He is good enough for any place." The elders at Indianapolis heard that Mr. Gurley had many invitations to other places, but they girded up the loins of their minds to win him—and they won him. Having carefully pondered the arguments presented, he accepted the invitation to the church at Indianapolis. His subsequent course fully justified Dr. Alexander's estimate of him.

On the 7th day of October, 1840, Mr. Gurley was married to Miss Emma Brooks, youngest daughter of Hosea Brooks, M. D., of Parishville, New York, his early home. Their attachment had been formed in the days of their childhood, and it continued to increase in strength and tenderness to the end of his life. How faithfully she watched over his declining days and smoothed his pillow in his dying hours, you all know full well. One week after their marriage, the young couple set their faces towards what was then called the great West. After a

\* Rev. J. G. Monfort, D. D., now of Cincinnati, Ohio.

journey of nearly two weeks, the most of it performed in stage-coaches and heavy wagons, and over rough and muddy roads, they arrived at their destination, and received a cordial greeting from Mr. Gurley's new parishioners. A new life and hopefulness at once pervaded the First Church of Indianapolis. On the 15th of December he was received by the Presbytery of Indianapolis, and on the same day ordained and installed as pastor. He gave himself to his work, not merely with diligence and fidelity, but with manifest and whole-hearted consecration. From the very first he showed a sound, strong, and capacious mind, rather than a brilliant one. His people very soon learned to love him, and he was soon firmly intrenched in their respect and confidence. At this time, as has been already intimated, the Rev. Henry Ward Beecher was pastor of the Second Church, only a few squares distant. The latter was brilliant, witty, and an orator, had much the better church building, and the young men flocked in crowds to hear him. Mr. Gurley and his church laboured under nearly every external disadvantage. Yet the community soon began to appreciate the young preacher from Parishville. The dingy old house filled up with delighted auditors, moved often to tears by his solemn and earnest appeals, and absolutely assured that they were listening to one who lived near to Jesus, a man of truth, sincere and endued with power from on high. Crowds gathered to hear him, and very soon a new church edifice became a necessity. With his usual zeal, Mr. Gurley pressed the duty of erecting a larger and better house, which was accordingly built. It was dedicated May 6th, 1843. His labours at Indianapolis were greatly blessed, and by successive revivals the

church was continually enlarged and strengthened under his ministry. During the early part of 1843 especially, there was a long-continued awakening and revival in the town. During this season Mr. Gurley was abundant in labours, and about fifty-eight souls were added to his church. Many young men were hopefully converted, and of these not a few now hold conspicuous posts of usefulness in the ministry of our Church.

Nor were his labours confined to Indianapolis and its vicinity. He was sent for far and wide to assist other pastors at times of special interest or effort. At Cincinnati and Piqua, Ohio, and many other places, he was instrumental in the hopeful conversion of many souls. Twice, in response to the earnest call of the pastor and session of the church at Fort Wayne, to "come over and help them," did Mr. Gurley, accompanied by a faithful and now venerable elder,\* make the journey of one hundred and thirty miles to that place. Both these journeys were made on horseback, (for there was then no railroad or any public conveyance between the places,) a three days' ride in the middle of severe winters. On both occasions, his labours, in connection with those of the pastor at Fort Wayne, were largely blessed. A goodly number—on the second visit about fifty—were added to the church, which was thus greatly strengthened. His earnest, deep-toned appeals are still remembered with lively interest and gratitude by many at Fort Wayne.

In the month of November, 1849, Mr. Gurley preached a communion sermon in the First Presbyterian church of Dayton, Ohio, and assisted the pastor of that church in the other services of the day. The result was, that

\* James Blake, Esq., of Indianapolis.

when that church shortly afterwards became vacant, he was unanimously elected its pastor. Influenced largely by considerations relating to the health of his family, he accepted this call, and entered upon his new duties immediately afterward, although he was not installed by the Presbytery of Miami until the 16th day of April following, (1850.) His removal to Dayton, after nine years of most successful labour, was a heavy stroke to the First Church at Indianapolis, but it felt that the question had been decided in the fear of God and in the light of duty, and it sadly acquiesced.

Mr. Gurley's first year of labour at Dayton was marked by the signal blessing of Heaven. Before his installation, thirty-two persons were added to the church. At that time he held continuous daily services for five or six weeks. He remained pastor of the First Church of Dayton four years, which were years of prosperity and substantial growth, the average additions amounting to a little over forty souls per annum. Within these years, and in no small part through his counsel and aid, the Third Church, of which the Rev. James S. Kemper is now the pastor, was projected by his session, a lot was purchased, a commodious brick church, with lecture-room and study was erected, and thirty members were dismissed and organized in the building thus provided.

We have the best authority for asserting that during all this period of his life, Mr. Gurley was held in the highest esteem by all who knew him. He was a sound, laborious, zealous preacher of Christ; earnest, affectionate and faithful in seeking to win souls. He excelled as a pastor, "watching for souls" as one "that must give

account." His name is never mentioned in Indianapolis or Dayton, but in terms of respect and affection.

But God, in his all-wise providence, had now prepared the way for the removal of his faithful servant to another, and his last earthly field of labour, in the city of Washington. The pastoral relation between the Rev. D. X. Junkin, D. D., and the F Street Presbyterian Church in this city, was dissolved October 13, 1853. The session of the F Street Church met, and after conference, decided to ask those ministers of the Presbytery of Baltimore, to which their church belonged, who resided in the city of Baltimore, to name to them a suitable man to succeed Dr. Junkin. The Baltimore pastors, after much consideration, unitedly and earnestly recommended Dr. Gurley, then pastor of the church at Dayton. On the strength of this recommendation, the session called a meeting of the congregation, which unanimously elected Dr. Gurley to become their pastor, and forwarded to him their call, without ever having heard him preach. He visited Washington; examined the field, which made a very favourable impression on him; and preached to the congregation, which, after hearing him, reiterated its call. He returned to Dayton, pondered and prayed over the whole matter, and then announced to his people there his decision to remain with them. But immediately afterwards earnest remonstrances from wise and eminent men, ministers and others, and various providential tokens, led him to fear that he was, like Jonah, turning his back upon a field to which the Lord was pointing him. After two weeks of reconsideration, he reversed his decision, resigned his charge at Dayton, as soon as practicable entered upon his duties in Washington, and on the second

day of March, 1854, was installed pastor of the F Street Church by the Presbytery of Baltimore. The perusal of several letters written while he was yet pondering the question of removal—letters written in evident and entire unreserve, and without expectation of their ever being seen, save by the one intimate friend to whom they were addressed—have profoundly impressed the speaker with the deep humility, the solemn, earnest prayerfulness, the complete abnegation of self, the absolute yielding up of himself to do the simple will of God, which governed and guided him in reaching his final decision. And as we look back to-day over all his labours and ministry among you, may we not confidently feel that God heard his prayers, and guided him to that decision.

In the year 1858, Dr. Gurley was elected and served as Chaplain of the United States Senate, performing the duties of that office for a time, in addition to his pastoral duties, with fidelity and great acceptance.

On the 30th day of July, 1859, a union of the Second Presbyterian Church with the F Street Church was consummated, seventy-four members of the Second Church uniting with the F Street Church, the united body from that time being known by the present name of the New York Avenue Church, Dr. Gurley remaining its pastor. The building on F Street was sold, and the present spacious and noble church edifice was erected soon after on a lot before owned by the Second Church. For the erection of this building, as well as afterwards of the parsonage house, Dr. Gurley gave his active efforts in collecting funds at home and abroad. I may therefore say to you to-day—"If you seek his monument, look around you." Of his success in building the spiritual

edifice you may judge from the fact that when he became pastor of the church it numbered one hundred and sixty members; at his decease there were four hundred and fifty. He was full of the church extension spirit. His coming to this city created an era in the history of Old-school Presbyterianism, and infused new life and energy into all our denominational efforts in that direction. He was chairman of the Committee having in charge the erection of a "Metropolitan" Presbyterian Church; guided its efforts through a course of years; and assisted in bringing them to the wise and satisfactory result which has been reached. In March, 1865, this New York Avenue Church, in accordance with his counsels, established a Mission Church in the northern section of the city, secured the services of the Rev. L. R. Fox, who afterwards became, and still is its pastor. Dr. Gurley entered warmly into this project, and when in December, 1865, it was organized as the North Presbyterian Church, he cheerfully dismissed about twenty of his members to unite therewith. How cordially he co-operated with other and younger pastors, and with other church enterprises in this District, and throughout his Presbytery, is known to multitudes among you and elsewhere. He was a great centre of church-extension influence, and in this respect set a noble example to all pastors of large and influential churches.

Throughout the fourteen years of his pastoral life in Washington, Dr. Gurley deeply felt the peculiar responsibilities of his position in the capital of this great nation, and as the messenger of God to the many eminent and influential men who at different times attended his church. Among these were several successive Presidents

of the United States, heads of Departments, Senators, Representatives, Judges, and high officers in the army and navy. But to the souls of all men, of high as well as low position, he tried hard to be faithful, so that, if not saved, their blood might not be found upon his skirts. In the unreserve of social conversation, he has often told the speaker of the plain and pointed religious conversations held with Presidents and other distinguished men—conversations of which the world never heard, and at which it never guessed—in which their duties to God and their own souls, the claims of Christ upon their hearts and lives, and the retributions and glories of another world, were exhibited and pressed home upon their consciences. And, almost as if he had had a presage of the abruptness with which his opportunities with him would soon be ended, was this peculiarly the case with the nation's illustrious martyr-President. And, although the temptation was in his circumstances very powerful, never did he turn aside from proclaiming in his pulpit the pure, simple and saving truths of the gospel. His strong good sense, joined with his fervent piety, kept him from making any such mistake. Said President Lincoln on one occasion, to a distinguished friend, "I like Dr. Gurley. He don't preach politics. I get enough of that through the week, and when I do go to church, I like to hear the gospel." We doubt not that many a public man has had the same feeling about Dr. Gurley's preaching, although that feeling may never have been expressed.

Late in the evening of April 14, 1865, occurred that event which plunged the nation into mourning—the assassination of President Lincoln. Immediately afterwards, Dr. Gurley, as the pastor of the dying President and his

family, was summoned to his bedside, and remained there until he had breathed his last. As soon as the spirit had fled, the Secretary of War, (Edwin M. Stanton) turned to Dr. Gurley, and said, "Doctor, will you say something?" After a brief pause, Dr. Gurley, addressing the weeping relatives and sympathizing friends around the deceased President, replied, "Let us talk with God," and, kneeling, he proceeded to offer a most touching and impressive prayer, which, even in that dark hour of gloom, lighted up as with sunshine every sorrowing heart. On occasion of the funeral, Dr. Gurley afterwards delivered in the East Room of the Executive Mansion an address, which for appropriateness, pathos, and genuine and rich scriptural sentiments, has few equals in the English language. Subsequently he went in that long and sad procession which bore through the land the remains of President Lincoln to their last resting-place. While on the route he wrote some verses full of beauty and poetic merit, which were sung at the tomb where the honoured remains were deposited at Springfield, Illinois.\* There he also closed the series

\* We think these verses of sufficient general and historical interest to append them here.

A HYMN, written by Rev. P. D. Gurley, D. D., and sung at the Cemetery on the occasion of President Lincoln's funeral at Springfield, Illinois.

Rest, noble martyr, rest in peace;  
 Rest with the true and brave,  
 Who, like thee, fell in freedom's cause,  
 The nation's life to save.

Thy name shall live while time endures,  
 And men shall say of thee,  
 He saved his country from its foes,  
 And bade the slave be free.

These deeds shall be thy monument,  
 Better than brass or stone;

of funeral services with prayer and the apostolic benediction. From first to last, it was Dr. Gurley's lot to be present, as the pastor of the President's family—the minister of Christ in scenes of terrible personal and national sorrow. And throughout, his bearing and his words were worthy of a true minister of Christ, standing in circumstances of unequalled solemnity and interest.

Dr. Gurley was commissioned by his Presbytery to attend the sessions of the General Assembly which met in May, 1866, in the city of St. Louis. As Chairman of the Judicial Committee of that Assembly he took a prominent and important part in the transaction of its business. Resolutions introduced by him in reference to the most exciting and warmly contested subject before that body, were adopted by an overwhelming majority, in no inconsiderable degree because of his personal weight of character. Those resolutions, as Dr. Gurley informed the speaker, were the fruit of long hours of earnest prayer and careful thought during the watches of the night. And however different may be the opinions entertained now or hereafter in reference to that action, of this we may be thoroughly assured, that the mover of those resolutions did it with the calm, solemn, and full conviction that he was acting in accordance with the will of God.

They leave thy fame in glory's light  
Unrival'd and alone.

This consecrated spot shall be  
To freedom ever dear ;  
And freedom's sons of every race  
Shall weep and worship here.

O God, before whom we, in tears,  
Our fallen chief deplore ;  
Grant that the cause for which he died,  
May live forevermore.

The same General Assembly appointed Dr. Gurley a member of the Committee of Fifteen to confer with a similar Committee of the New-school General Assembly on the subject of Re-union. He punctually attended all meetings of this important Committee, and took a prominent and important part in its deliberations. For a long while he was extremely cautious in reference to the union of the two bodies, but as soon as his judgment became fully satisfied of its desirableness, he laboured sincerely and earnestly for its accomplishment. Yet to the end he was tenacious of the truth, and there never was an hour when he would have assented to any terms or conditions of Re-union which, in his judgment, would have imperilled the supremacy of sound doctrine in the united church. His name has become inseparably connected with an amendment introduced by him into the Terms of Re-union as they have been published, and which has been disapproved by a majority of his brethren in the ministry of our Church. We know, however, that he differed from that majority, not in any substantive opinion, but only in regard to the force and proper meaning of the terms employed in that amendment. To the end of life will all the members of that Joint Committee remember the "simplicity and godly sincerity," the united firmness and gentleness which characterized all his intercourse with them in the conduct of that important business.

Dr. Gurley was again commissioned by his Presbytery to attend the General Assembly which met in May, 1867, in the city of Cincinnati. Of that body he was, with an unusual unanimity, elected the Moderator. The fidelity, dignity, impartiality and courtesy with which he

performed all the duties of his high office, were the subject of common and constant remark among the members and spectators; while the appropriateness, grace and power with which he addressed the delegations of foreign ministers on that occasion, excited universal admiration, and greatly exalted his already enviable reputation as a public speaker.

Any one who noted on the above occasion, in May, 1867, Dr. Gurley's stalwart frame, his powerful voice, his bright eye, and the radiant health visible in his whole countenance, would have said that he, perhaps more than any man in all that large assembly, had a good prospect of prolonged life. But alas! death claims all seasons for his own. Within a few short months disease had begun to sow within that powerful frame the seeds of dissolution. The indications of this, at first slight and scarcely noticeable, grew more and more painful, and then alarming. At last, on Sabbath, the 2d day of February last, he felt constrained to ask you, his people, to grant him a few months leave of absence, in order that he might recruit his evidently impaired health. To this request he received an instant and generous response. On that same day he preached to you, his beloved church and congregation, his last sermon from this sacred desk, dwelling impressively and tenderly, as one who already had a glimpse of an opening heaven above him, on the almost prophetic words, "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come." (Heb. xiii. 14.) He went hence to Philadelphia, where he remained about six weeks, a most welcome inmate in the speaker's dwelling. Did time permit, it were a sad pleasure to tell you many things respecting the gentleness,

the prayerfulness, the heavenly-mindedness, the meek submissiveness to the will of his Heavenly Father, which characterized our beloved friend through all those days, and which shone out most brightly during the occasional severe paroxysms of his bodily anguish. Never can those memories, so full of mingled heavenliness and sadness, be effaced while life remains. Thence, as you know, he went to Richmond, Virginia; to Brooklyn, New York, and afterwards to Clifton Springs. But why should I rehearse to you the sad tale of that fruitless search for relief and health. Medical skill, of which he enjoyed the very best, gave not the blessing. Along the King's highway of suffering God was leading his servant towards his heavenly home.

So soon as Dr. Gurley became conscious that his end was probably not far off, he expressed his earnest desire to be brought back to Washington, that he might die among his beloved people. A kind Providence gave him the desire of his heart, and he reached Washington to linger nearly a week among you before he crossed the dark river to the land of brightness and eternal joy. From his sick-bed he sent to you a message, testifying his affection for yourselves, and his own firm faith in that Redeemer he had so long preached to you. His last words were full of Jesus and redemption. With his expiring breath he gave glory to God. The impenitent who approached his bedside were entreated to come to Jesus. His family and friends were all tenderly commended to the Saviour's care. His fellow-ministers who approached him were exhorted to "go on, and preach Christ." "That Jesus," he said to one of them, "that Jesus whom we have preached so long, *is with me now.*"

To the frequent interrogation, "Have you peace? Is Jesus with you?" his answer was, "Yes, yes, all is peace." When asked, "Have you any visions of Jesus, he replied, "No, no, only peace, peace in believing." When asked, at the very last, "You are resting in Jesus?" his answer was, "Yes, O yes! a thousand times, yes." To his last breath the mind was calm and clear. He recognized perfectly all around him. His ear was quick to hear the words of the Lord as they were quoted in his hearing. And so he sank to rest in the arms of his Saviour, gently and sweetly as a babe would sink into its evening slumbers in the embraces of its loving mother. O happy, happy soul! Released forever from all mortal cares and pains, and sins and sorrows! Possessor thenceforward of eternal joys and glories at God's right hand! Emerged from the clouds and tempests of earth, to shine in the light of God as a brilliant star in the heavenly firmament from that moment, forever and forever!

Thou art gone to the grave, but t'were wrong to deplore thee,  
 When God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide,  
 He gave thee, and took thee, and soon will restore thee,  
 Where death has no sting, since the Saviour has died.

He died on the morning of Wednesday, September 30th, 1868, in the fifty-second year of his age.

In endeavouring to give you an outline of Dr. Gurley's Life and Labours, I have already exceeded our allotted time, but cannot even yet close this tribute to our departed friend without a few words in regard to the more noticeable elements which formed his noble character. Yet, as it is far harder to describe a sphere than a figure of irregular outline, so it is not easy to depict a symme-

trical and well-developed character. Dr. Gurley's bodily frame seemed to be a fitting representative as well as a fitting tenement for the mind and heart and soul which dwelt within. Robust and strong and healthy, scarcely knowing disease in any form until the last fatal malady attacked him; not quick and agile in movement, but steady, powerful, untiring; such was the body—such also was the mind. He was fitted to do great things, rather than to excite great admiration. Yet you who knew him well, will all agree, that, take him all in all, he was one of the finest specimens of genuine manhood you have ever seen. In every relationship of life he was true as truth itself. As a son, a husband, a father, a friend, a Christian, a pastor, he was always faithful in the duties incumbent upon him. He had a great heart, whose treasures of affection were ready to be lavished on all with whom he came in contact. With all his sturdy manliness, he had all the gentleness of a woman. His humility was a striking trait in his character. Although a welcome guest and friend of the rich and the exalted in position, he seemed to be equally at home and equally happy among the poorest and obscurest of his flock. He was never peevish or fretful because of the hardships he sometimes encountered. He took up all his burdens cheerfully and went on his way rejoicing. He was wonderfully free from the petty jealousy and dangerous ambition so commonly found in public men of all professions. He gladly recognized and was ever ready to praise true merit wherever he found it. His most ordinary conversations indicated sound judgment, clear discrimination, breadth of view, and above all, a profound love for truth. For genuine wisdom, strong common sense, and unvarying

prudence, his equal is rarely to be found. These formed the solid basis of his character, and enabled him to exercise an influence far superior to that of many abler and more brilliant men.

When we come to speak of Dr. Gurley *as a Christian*, we are at a loss to find terms sufficiently expressive. It is falling far below the truth to say, that from the time he first gave his heart to Christ in the cemetery at Parishville, until he recently gave up his soul so peacefully into the hands of his Redeemer, his life was in most unusual consistency with his Christian profession. There was steady progress and growth in grace through all his course,—a growth plainly perceptible to those who watched him through successive years. More than this, there was a self-consecration to Christ's service, a personal devotion and love to the Saviour which appeared at the application of the slightest test. This, more than extraordinary fervours or other remarkable experiences, marked his Christian character—a continuous, absolute, loving surrender of his own will and pleasure to the will and pleasure of the Lord Jesus. This guided and governed him through all his career. “Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do?” was his continual inquiry. This inquiry led him to search the Scriptures diligently. He loved his Bible, read it, studied it, and turned it into prayer. He was remarkable for the facility, the aptness, and the accuracy with which he quoted the word of God. So habitual had this become, that even upon his dying bed and within a few hours of dissolution, he once or twice corrected slight errors in texts as they were repeated in his hearing. Dr. Gurley was also, in the highest and best sense of the term, a man of prayer. He drew near to God with all the confiding love

of a little child. None who heard will be likely to forget his frequent, affectionate, and emphatic invocation of "*our best, our truest, our mightiest Friend.*" Many of his intimate clerical and other friends have said that they never knew his equal in prayer. One of the ablest men in the United States Senate declared that a prayer offered by Dr. Gurley in the Executive Mansion, beside the remains of President Lincoln, just before they started for Springfield, produced a profounder impression on him than anything he had ever heard from the lips of man. This gift and power in prayer; this tender, earnest, reverent nearness of access to the throne of grace, was recognized everywhere both by saints and unbelievers.

As a *preacher*, Dr. Gurley has been well described in the following words. He spoke "with an authoritative air of sincerity and earnestness, a force of personal conviction, that impressed the hearer with the fact that whether the utterance were true or not, there was no doubt in the world but that the speaker himself believed it to be true. His preaching, with slow and stately solemnity, was confined with remarkable closeness to the great central doctrines of the cross. There was no phrase more frequently on his lips, as his constant hearers will bear witness, than 'Christ and him crucified.' It seemed to be the constant burden on his heart that he might not be preaching the cross closely enough."\* His discourses were eminently spiritual. And this, strange as the remark may seem, was probably the secret of his attracting so many distinguished statesmen and others to hear him. They almost unconsciously experienced a relief in exchanging the noisy political atmosphere of the forum, for the calm, serene, heavenly influence of

\* Rev. A. A. E. Taylor, of Georgetown, D. C., in "*The Presbyterian.*"

the sanctuary where he officiated. In the pulpit and in the lecture-room, Christ was everything to him. He presented Christ in every light, as applicable to every case, and in such terms and with such a manner that, after he had once preached in Philadelphia, one of the holiest and most experienced Christians of the congregation, said, "That man talks and acts as if he were on most intimate terms with the Saviour." His constant desire was to subordinate everything to the honour of Christ. When asked, early in the last spring, by an intimate friend, on what text he thought of preaching should he sufficiently recover to be able, as retiring Moderator, to open the General Assembly at Albany, he replied, "I have thought much about that, but after looking all the ground over, the only text upon which, if God spare me for that service, I wish to preach is this, "*God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of Christ,*" and his countenance glowed with deep, intense fervour as he spoke. But it was not the will of God that he should preach. When the Assembly convened, he was lying upon a bed of anguish in the city of Brooklyn.

As a *pastor*, Dr. Gurley was eminently successful. He was in constant sympathy with the condition and wants of every portion of his flock, and won the affections of all. How it was possible for him to be otherwise than hampered in the discharge of pastoral duties in Washington by the immense outside work connected with his position, is difficult to see, yet we have never learned that it was so. We know that his former congregations at Indianapolis and Dayton esteemed him most of all as a pastor. His great-heartedness and sympathetic nature, his spirituality, his knowledge of the Bible, his early experience and

labours, his practical wisdom, his tender love for souls, all joined to fit him for this part of his ministerial work. He was pre-eminently fitted to comfort the afflicted. He knew how to reach the wound even down in the deepest depths of the troubled and sorrowing heart, and to apply the balm of Gilead thereto with tenderness, sympathy, and good judgment. We have heard Christians who were never in his congregations, and who had only casually met him, say, "That is the man I would love, were I sick or dying, to have at my bedside." He was always at home among the children, and never had any difficulty in winning their hearts. I doubt if there is a child in this house to-day who does not feel Dr. Gurley's death to be the loss of a dear personal friend. He was warmly interested in his Sabbath-schools, visited them frequently, catechised the children, and urged them in frequent simple addresses to love and serve the blessed Saviour. For many years past, teachers and scholars were in the habit of going in a body to his house on New Year's morning and carrying a gift of books. Over one hundred and forty valuable volumes in the aggregate were thus added to their pastor's library. He often wrote for them an original New-Year's hymn, (for Dr. Gurley had poetic talent and taste,) and he would respond in an address, sometimes in rhyme. Ah! there will be a sad change in the approaching New-Year's exercises, and there will be many sad reminiscences in the minds of the Sabbath-school teachers and children.

As a *presbyter*, Dr. Gurley was an exemplar for all our ministers. He was regular and punctual in his attendance; never absent unless an impossibility, or a decidedly superior duty intervened. He was also and always a

useful member of ecclesiastical courts. His clear and beautiful penmanship, united to his careful and methodical business habits, led to his election as Stated Clerk of nearly every Presbytery and Synod with which he was at different times connected. His scholarly attainments, his clearness of perception, his peace-loving and conciliatory disposition, his comprehensive views, and his great weight of personal influence, all joined to make his presence a valuable acquisition in any ecclesiastical court.

It is not too much to say that he was affectionately esteemed and appreciated by his brethren in the ministry, as few men of his generation and his years have been. Besides having been elected to the Moderatorship of Synods and of the General Assembly, he was thrice elected by the General Assembly to Professorships in different Theological Seminaries; was twice elected Secretary of the Board of Education; was a Director of the Theological Seminary at Princeton, and a member of the Assembly's Boards of Domestic Missions, Education, and Publication. He was also a director, or manager of various important institutions in and near Washington. He was repeatedly invited to become President of important literary institutions in different parts of the country. He received calls to many important churches, and informal overtures from many others. In every part of the Church his reputation was fully established, and he was recognized as a man of eminence for sound doctrine, piety, talent, scholarship, good judgment, and power to be useful in any sphere in which the providence of God might place him. We who to-day mourn his departure from among us, can say in our heart of hearts that this estimate of our beloved and departed friend was

just and true. Coming generations will accept and approve that estimate.

In one respect the whole Presbyterian Church owes a peculiar debt of gratitude to Dr. Gurley, which will be better appreciated hereafter. He was a noble representative of Old-school Presbyterianism in the capital of this mighty nation. The great men of our own and of other lands who chose to see it, might obtain from him a truthful and exalted view of the simplicity, force, liberality, and piety of the Presbyterian Church. Calvinism presented in his beautiful example and spirit and preaching a practical and irresistible refutation of the calumnies so often heaped upon it by those who know little of it. They who listened to its exposition from his lips, found that the awful mysteries of Divine sovereignty were only a dark back-ground on which were revealed more strikingly the light and glory of redeeming love. May God grant that our noble and beloved Church may have as fitting a representative in this great capital through the years and generations yet to come!

To have sat under the preaching, and to have enjoyed the pastoral labours of such a man as we have endeavoured to portray, is indeed a blessed privilege. It also incurs—may not a soul among you ever forget it—a solemn responsibility. Your departed pastor will one day stand before you again—at the judgment-seat of Christ. His sermons, his prayers, his exhortations will rise up in your memories as freshly as if just heard. On that awful day, and in that awful presence, may his faithful teachings be his and your mutual joy through your salvation. May no neglectful, impenitent, lost soul, find them a terrible “savour of death unto death.”

## SERVICES

AT THE FUNERAL OF DR. GURLEY.

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FUNERAL services were held at 12 M. on Saturday, October 3d, at the house of the Hon. JOSEPH CASEY, Chief Justice of the Court of Claims, where Dr. GURLEY died. They were commenced with the reading of portions of Scripture by the Rev. JOSEPH E. NOURSE, of the U. S. Naval Observatory, followed in prayer by the Rev. J. C. SMITH, D. D., of the Fourth Presbyterian Church.

The entrance to the church was heavily draped in mourning, as were also the pulpit and Bible, while drapery of black depended from the arches and columns. White flowers and evergreens were tastefully entwined around the columns and the pulpit. The coffin also bore beautiful white flowers and evergreens. Against the wall of the alcove, in the rear of the pulpit, was the inscription, in large letters formed of evergreens, "BEHOLD, HOW WE LOVED HIM."

The Rev. SEPTIMUS TUSTIN, D. D., commenced the services at the church by offering an invocation. The Rev. L. PRATT, of the "Institute for the Deaf, Dumb, and Blind," then read a portion of Scripture, and the Rev. A. A. E. TAYLOR, pastor of the Bridge Street Church of Georgetown, D. C., led in prayer. The Rev. S. P. HILL, D. D., of the Baptist Church, announced and read the 505th hymn of the Hymnal, remarking that it was a favorite hymn of Dr. GURLEY'S, and that the last time

he returned from a funeral with Dr. GURLEY the latter repeated with peculiar emphasis and emotion the last verse:

'Tis pleasant to believe Thy grace,  
 But we had rather see;  
 We would be absent from the flesh,  
 And present, Lord, with Thee.

After the singing, the Rev. JONATHAN EDWARDS, D. D., of Canonsburg, Pa., preached a discourse, of which he has, by request, furnished the following abstract:

#### DISCOURSE OF THE REV. J. EDWARDS, D. D.

DEUT. viii. 2.—“And thou shalt remember all the way which the Lord thy God led thee these forty years in the wilderness, to humble thee, and to prove thee, to know what was in thy heart, whether thou wouldest keep His commandments, or no.”

Our burial services are for the living. Upon such occasions and in these solemn forms, we draw nigh unto God, to pay humble homage to his sovereignty, and to muse in his holy presence upon the mystery of life and of death.

I have selected this portion of Scripture as a fitting centre to the thoughts and the feelings which are appropriate to this sadly interesting, yet most instructive occasion. Spoken originally by Moses to the Jews, they are God's words to all men and for all time. They are as deep as they are direct and honest. They give us light upon the affairs and the experiences of men. They afford a glimpse of God's rule and aim in his providential government. They certify us that the events of life, all diverse and wildly mixed as they seem to be, are yet not without a proper connection with each other; and that the experiences of life, the incidents that make or mark a history, are imbued with a meaning, a subtle logic, usually unknown and unsuspected. All these years of our living we are being led by God, as of old time he led Israel in the wilderness, to “try” us and to “prove” us, and “know what was in” our heart. Our earthly history is a scene of successive revelations of what we are and what is within us. The things that happen come to a man as tests of his character. Under their successive touch, as by the spear of

Ithuriel, passions and principles start forth to view, until, by the time that life is ended, the whole man has been made manifest.

It is our wisdom to study this progress of events and their successive effects upon our character. We ought to know where we are in life's apparent journey, and what we are from life's experiences. Suggestive opportunities are from time to time afforded us for a survey of our career. These we ought to improve; for our way and our Leader, what we have been made and what we might have become—these will be the theme of converse in eternity. This philosophy of life will enter into the joys of the blessed in Heaven and into the woes of the lost in their perdition.

Such an occasion for a study of man and of Providence is furnished us to-day. A finished earthly life has gathered a vast and mournful assemblage within this sanctuary. It is in keeping even with our grief and our tears, that we cast our eye back over the course that here terminates, and mark how "the steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord." The revered pastor of this church has entered into rest from his sufferings and his labours, and I propose to adduce a few of the most prominent items in his personal history and character by way at once of instruction and commemoration. I can mention but a few. The woe is yet too recent,—the stroke is even yet heavy upon us with its confusion and its tears,—we cannot discuss it calmly or fully. The notice of the part I was to bear in these services has been too brief, and affection's wound is yet too fresh and anguishing for me to trust my heart in any extended details. It will be fitting and proper for this congregation, at a later, calmer period, to appoint that a Memorial Service be held in this place by some one better qualified for the task, by whom the distinguishing virtues of our departed brother may be more fully developed and his history better elucidated.

Our brother was blessed with a good mother,—a woman of marked character, of sound sense, energy, prudence, and piety. She had faith in the God of the Covenant, and trained her son "in the nurture and admonition of the Lord." Her fidelity was well rewarded by his early conversion to God, and by the

noble type of his piety. He became her "strong staff" and her "beautiful rod." They "took sweet counsel together and walked to the house of God in company." I have been told that it was as beautiful and edifying as it was rare to witness, the loving, Christian confidence, more like the intimacy of mother and daughter than of mother and son, which subsisted between them.

After he had received such advantages as were afforded by the common school and the Academy in the village where his parents lived, he felt the need of something more and better in the way of an education. Having given himself wholly to Christ, he aspired to the Gospel ministry as the field of the widest and most enduring usefulness, and he longed for a course at College by way of preparation. But difficulties were in the way, and for a time it seemed doubtful, or rather impossible that his wishes should be gratified. His father did not favour his project. According to his practical views his son was already sufficiently prepared for the duties of life; and, besides, the narrow income from the small farm, which was the only portion of the family, would not suffice for this additional expense. Eventually his earnestness and that of his mother prevailed. He was allowed to leave home, and at the age of sixteen he became a schoolmaster for the purpose of earning money to carry out his plans. With the means thus acquired he went to Union College, Schenectady, New York; and there, in humble position, with self-denial stinting himself in regimen and dress, with some aid from charitable sources, and not without debt, he worked and worried his way through the course, crowning his class with lustre by his intellectual acquirements. A second time he was compelled to resort to teaching, to enable him to pursue his higher professional studies. Then came the years at Princeton, where his theological studies were prosecuted; and then the years of his ministry—the first pecuniary proceeds of which, over and above a most economical subsistence, were scrupulously applied to liquidate the debts and obligations of his student-life.

God gave to our brother three pastoral charges; the first, for nine years, at the capital of the State of Indiana; the second, for four years, at the city of Dayton, Ohio; the third, for the

remaining time since 1853, in this congregation. In each his ministry exhibited substantially the same features. Everywhere there was the same example of persistent fidelity to his vocation as a servant of Jesus Christ; the same prayerfulness, consecration, and abundant work yielding abundant fruit. Everywhere his ministrations were attended by large, intelligent, and appreciative congregations, and he was "esteemed very highly in love for his work's sake." A few years since, when he celebrated his silver wedding, letters of affectionate regard with appropriate and valuable presents were sent to him from each of his former charges at the west; a pleasing and remarkable indication that neither time, nor distance, nor the labours of succeeding pastors had effaced their grateful memory of his earlier ministrations among them.

In this city he encountered unusual difficulties growing out of our late national conflict. How many friends, how many interests, how many sympathies were on each side of the great issues presented! When debate was high and suspicion keen, and the struggle was fierce and long, how should he define—and how should he not define—his position? It seemed to him that his mission was to preserve and to edify the Church, and to this work he devoted himself. He "determined to know nothing among you save Jesus Christ and him crucified." To save the church from division, he suppressed his own political convictions, and ran the risk of being classed with, and being denounced by all parties in turn. The task before him was one of no ordinary nature. The part of wisdom—the path of duty—it was extremely difficult to ascertain promptly, clearly, or indeed at all. I cannot say what others would have done in like circumstances; I cannot say what I myself should have done; but none can question the loftiness or the purity of the motive which prompted his course, and all can see to-day that, by God's blessing, he accomplished his end.

It is not for me to speak of the style of his pulpit efforts. The long years during which they have been put forth among you, have familiarized you with them. You know his range of reading, his argument and his application; his voice and gesture, his dignity and tenderness; his reverence, solemnity, and earnestness. I know something of the head-work, the

heart-work, the prayer-work which preceded those efforts, and which entered into his daily life as a minister of God. Truly, he had "an unction from the Holy One." There may have been men of greater genius, more profound theologians, more subtle logicians; but, after an acquaintance of a quarter of a century, I can affirm that I never knew or saw a man who was so completely consecrated to the service of God, the salvation of souls, and the spiritual interests of his people, as this honoured and beloved brother. He was a model pastor, all faithfulness, all tenderness. Was there a great man to whom he would not dare to speak freely in reference to "righteousness, temperance, and the judgment to come?" Was there any lowly one to whom he did not tender the Master's own gracious invitation—"Come unto me \* \* and I will give you rest?" Was there a case of wretchedness and misery that did not command his sympathies? He received the confidence and friendship of more than one of our Chief Magistrates, and of other men eminent in position and culture. I remember an incident which indicates the regard in which he was held by ex-President Peirce. During the war, a gentleman from the west, who had occasion to visit New England, obtained from Dr. Gurley a letter of commendation to the ex-President. Not finding him at Concord, the gentleman followed him to Boston, ascertained his hotel, and sent his letter to his room. The ex-President came down promptly, and greeted him warmly with, "Ah, you are from Washington! Now before you enter upon your own business, tell me all you can about that great and good man, Dr. Gurley." And he was equally the friend and counsellor of the poor and the unfortunate. He was beloved alike of the aged and the young.

At length his arduous labours—ever increasing—began to tell upon his massive frame. Occasional attacks of violent illness supervened—the beginning of the end—and the strong man began to bow himself. Yet he laboured on. He paused not for pain; he intermitted no care nor toil, if only he could command strength for it. I certify you to-day, dear friends, that many of his later ministrations among you were prepared and performed under such physical sufferings as made them a very martyrdom.

And now as he has been made a model follower of Jesus in doing, it was proper that he should illustrate Divine grace also in enduring. The Lord led him along the suffering path, that patience, as well as zeal, might "have its perfect work." Long and severe and varied was the trial, but he accepted it with sweetest submission, and even with joy "in the hope of the glory of God." Often and fervently he would repeat, "Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, and to the Holy Ghost! Amen and amen." Was not this to say, "Though he slay me, yet will I trust in Him?" He was strong in faith, like Abraham; patient, like Job; exulting, like Habbakkuk.

When it became evident that his illness must soon reach a fatal termination, he hastened to this city that he might die among his people. Upon his arrival, he addressed himself to the solemn closing of his earthly work. Having "lived unto the Lord," he would also "die unto the Lord." He gently remonstrated with his friends for their efforts and their solicitude to prolong his life. "Why," said he, "would you keep me longer? Let me go to my mother and my Saviour. And now let me bear my testimony for Jesus." Thenceforward it was a privilege to be near him. His words were precious, eloquent utterances of Christian faith, hope, and charity—or, rather, they were the continued and final ministrations of the faithful servant of Christ, whose deepest affections and whose latest powers were given to his work. He expressed his deep interest in the prosperity of Zion. He encouraged his brethren in the ministry. He sent out affectionate messages to his former fields of labour in Indiana and Ohio, in terms not merely general to the people, but special to different individuals. Reverting to this church, he gave his last counsel and blessing, not only to the membership at large, but also to the Young Men's Prayer-meeting, the Sabbath-school, the choir, and the officers of the church. Most solemnly and anxiously did he also remember those of the congregation who had not given their hearts to God. Meanwhile his "peace flowed like a river." "Have you any special views of heaven or of Jesus?" asked one standing by his dying bed. "No," said he, "none; only peace—joy and peace in believing." And that was better than visions.

Several general remarks are suggested by this outline view of Dr. Gurley's life.

1. That he illustrated American institutions and traits. He was a specimen of what may be constantly seen in our society; that, without any adventitious aid, as of wealth or family, a youth may attain to eminence and influence. His position shall be assured and his power unchallenged, according to his gifts, his culture, and his worth. There is nothing to hinder, there is everything to encourage and facilitate the schemes of a noble ambition. Self-reliant energy, diligence, perseverance, integrity, insure success. Without these none may presume; with them, none need falter or be discouraged.

2. That in him appeared much of the excellence of a true manliness. Active and passive virtues combined in him. All the moralities were kept by him "from his youth up," and were lived out by him daily. He was a good son, husband, father, friend. He was clear-headed, large-hearted, open-handed. He was kind and charitable, generous, and loving to all, faithful in every relationship, true to every trust.

3. That he exhibited very instructively and impressively the beauties of holiness. His life and character indicated not only the reality, but the nature of true piety. There are various types of even genuine Christian character. His was not that of the CREED merely, although with deep convictions he held fast "the form of sound words." He understood well his theological system, its Scripture warrant, and its practical uses; but his was no merely formal faith. He showed his faith by his works. He was as charitable as he was orthodox.—Not that of the CHURCH merely. Although he very intelligently adhered to all denominational interests and peculiarities, he was as catholic as he was Presbyterian. He loved "all who love our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity."—Not that of the EMOTIONS merely. It did not consist of moods and frames; it did not depend upon times and seasons. Yet he had a deep flow of religious *feeling*, constant and controlling religious *affections*. His was a noble piety, robust and manly, striking equally in its strength and its beauty. Its great characteristic was its hold upon Christ. No man whom I have ever known had such close, constant, loving relations with the Lord Jesus. He

was truly his "wisdom and righteousness and sanctification and redemption." He was his Lord and his God. He was his Friend and his Portion. He was his all in all to his faith, his hope, and his love. He claimed the whole Christ, and the whole work of Christ. He appropriated him in all his offices. During his illness he was given, naturally enough, to form schemes and projects for the future, concerning himself, his family, or the church, and then he would add, "But all these things I leave with MY GOOD KING JESUS." With equal immediateness Christ was also his Prophet and his Priest. He trusted him, loved him, communed with him, and the life which he lived in the flesh he "lived by faith of the Son of God." What can be more simple, more grand, more efficient, than piety like this?

May we all follow him, even as he followed Christ!

The above discourse was followed with prayer by the Rev. Dr. GILLETTE, of the 13th Street Baptist Church, after which the Rev. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D., of the Four-and-a-half Street Church, delivered the following address.

#### ADDRESS BY THE REV. BYRON SUNDERLAND, D. D.

In the month of January, 1866, on my return to this city from a long absence, a welcome was offered by my congregation. They had chosen your pastor to give that welcome. With warm and impressive words did he convey to me, on that occasion, both his own feelings and the feelings of those for whom he spoke. Alas! how little could we imagine at that time the scene which is passing here to-day! We say alas! It may be for us—we know it is not alas for him. We are bidding him not welcome, but farewell. We are standing to-day on the hither side of the shrouded valley and taking our last look of the departed, and saying such words and thinking such thoughts as are wont to those from whom a friend is gone on his long journey,—over the river and over the sea the minister of Christ has taken his voyage to the eternal harbor. It was a perilous and suffering way, and long it tried the faith and the patience of the pastor, the husband,

the father, and friend. But when sickness, and pain, and death had done the worst, it left the ransomed soul of our brother utterly untouched—Jesus was with him in all the way. In the furnace of affliction through which he was called to pass there was to be discerned evermore, by day and by night, “the form of the Fourth”—“the son of man”—the glorious Son of God, to strengthen him. For many weary months indeed, he prayed and strove for the sake of so many that loved him here, if it might be God’s will, to regain the strength of life. For this he sought the changes and the absence which friends and physicians had advised. But when it was manifest that no earthly care or skill could remedy his case, then he wanted to return to die in the bosom of his flock. On reaching the city and the house of his friend where his last hours ran out, he besought the anxious circle who could hardly give him up, to cease from the endeavours which now appeared so vain. Grateful for all they had done and were wishing still to do, he knew better than they did, that the end was nigh at hand. It seems to be so—God’s angels whisper in the ear of his servants the coming of the time. Therefore he said, “The remnant is brief—let me have it all to bear witness for Jesus—to leave behind me a dying testimony of his great faithfulness!” How full those days are now of his loving messages, his tender entreaties, his weighty words, his last farewells!

On one of these days I was permitted to see him. It was Monday, the 28th of September, 1868. The morning was bright and beautiful. Between 9 and 10 o’clock, called by his son’s kind invitation, I entered the chamber, where were members of his family, some ministers of Christ, and other friends. As I approached the bedside, where the dying Christian lay, or rather sat in a half-reclining posture, he raised his eyes and stretched forth his right hand, and with a firm, clear voice, as I was taking that proffered hand, he said, “I am glad to see you, my brother; I wish I could have seen more of you. That Jesus which we have preached so long to others is with me now!” I replied, “It is no more than we expected. When He gave you the commission, ‘Go preach the gospel, &c., &c., and lo! I am with you alway, even to the end of the world,’ he intended to fulfil his promise. He has done so,

and will continue to fulfil it." Nodding assent, he said, "I am going home to him. We cannot talk it all over now, but we will, when we meet in heaven!" Perceiving his great weakness and the effort it was to him to converse long at one time, I received the suggestion that we would not then pursue the subject. "Now," said he, "commend me to God in prayer." We all knelt down around him, and at the conclusion of the prayer he responded, in a deep and affecting accent, "Amen, and amen!" A few moments of silence passed, when I arose to take leave of him. Once more, holding me by the hand as one does who is leaving home and kindred for a distant country, he said, "God bless you and your people, and your labours among them, and may you be abundantly prospered! Good-bye!" Assuring him that his words for Jesus and religion now would be more weighty than any former utterance, and would be treasured as a priceless legacy in the memories of his friends, I turned away.

On the following morning I was privileged likewise to be of the favoured number who saw the way in which he fell asleep in Jesus. It was near on to 8 o'clock; the bright sunlight was all abroad; the mission of Christ's ambassador was closing before us; the long-suffering of bodily pain that had finally broken down his noble manhood, and had so changed the genial countenance that little of its former self remained, was spending its final force; his breast heaved gently with expiring expiration; his eye, not yet quite dimmed with the darkness of the passage into which he was swiftly sinking, still gave its wonted motion. Thus, while we were all waiting, an impulse caused those memorable words of the Psalmist to be repeated in his hearing, "Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me." And then, again, some minutes after, the words came to our lips as if they were sent to cheer in his solitary way the dying servant of God—"For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens." And Jesus said to his disciples—"I go to prepare a place for you—and if I go and prepare a place for you, I will come again and receive you unto myself, that where I am there

ye may be also." And then it was added in his final hearing—"The last enemy that shall be destroyed is death. Dear Doctor, you will surely overcome him, though he may possess this body for a little while." It was noticed that when the passages of God's word were repeated, he held his breath, as if in eagerness to hear them; aye, so sweet and so cheering to him even while in the waters of death were the counsels and encouragements of God's word, that in his latest earthly moments, with the great prospect of the eternal city immediately before him, he could pause to listen once more to those accents, even though they fell from mortal lips, as though he would gladly bear away with him all that he had learned on earth of the grace and faithfulness of every word of God.

It was but a few moments after this and all was over. He died so gently at the last, that it appeared to be not death but slumber into which he had sunk. In bidding him farewell, as we all come to do this day, I wish to bear such humble witness as I may, of the great grace which seemed to rest upon him in his ministry and in his death. In some more elaborate and permanent form, I trust, hereafter, there will be prepared by a chosen hand, a memorial of his character, his life and services in the Church of Christ. But I wish, like those who have preceded me on this occasion, to say such things of him as may serve to suggest, if nothing more, our estimate of one whom God had placed most preminent among the ministers and pastors of the land during the last decade—and through one of the most stormy and dangerous periods of our history as a people. Often in such periods the thoughts of men will differ, and the very violence and confusion of the times but serve to aggravate those differences. No doubt he longed for the return of peace, and the moment it gave tokens of its approach, that moment found him most ardent and most active in the work of restoring that union between the two great branches of our Zion, which had been so unhappily destroyed. He has not lived to see the final consummation, but who can tell if in his death he may not practically contribute more to its accomplishment than even in the exertions of his life-time. Certainly he was not denied the prospect of so great an event, but, like the Hebrew law-giver, he was permitted to ascend the mount of

vision and behold the beauty and strength of the united tribes in the fair land of promise.

In the midst of it, however, he is suddenly arrested—and at last, after months of suffering suspense he has been summoned with two of his colleagues on the Committee of Re-union, to a sweeter union and more exalted councils. Yea, he is gone to join “the general assembly and church of the first-born, whose names are written in heaven.” There is he receiving his welcome. Tears and sorrows bid him adieu on earth—but, O yonder, greetings of great joy salute him, and fill him with a new sense of the wonders so long anticipated, but now more clearly revealed to him!

It is natural for us to sorrow. It has been ever thus when the great and good depart. When the Reformer, *Ecolampadius*, diéd at Basle, the whole city was plunged into mourning. *Zwingle* of Zurich had already fallen in battle, “and now,” says the historian, “there was a great void and a great sorrow in the Church of Christ. Dissensions vanished before these two graves, and nothing could be seen but tears.” \* \* \* Luther himself was moved, and many years afterwards he said to Bullinger, “Their death filled me with such intense sorrow that I was near dying myself.” So does it seem after its kind here to-day. O stricken family! O smitten flock! O afflicted city! Another severe blow has fallen from God’s hand—not to make us doubt his faithfulness, but to bring us, we know it, nigher to him, and so nigher to each other.

May the Lord in his infinite mercy grant the prayer of his dying servant, and sanctify this great bereavement to us all, and “to the precious cause of Christ.”

“The vital flame shall burn no more,  
 “The blood around my heart is cold,  
 “But Thou, O Christ! my soul shalt warm  
 “With life of more than mortal mould.

“Victor o’er Satan, sin and death,  
 “Yonder thy Lord in triumph reigns.  
 “Stretch, O my soul! thy joyful wings,  
 “And fly to those celestial plains.”

*(The Dying Hymn of Musculus.)*

The Rev. J. G. BUTLER, of the English Lutheran Church, then read the hymn, "Servant of God, well done," which having been sung, the Rev. B. F. BITTINGER, of the Seventh Street Presbyterian Church, offered the closing prayer.

A very long procession followed the hearse to Glenwood Cemetery, the various bells tolling in honour of the dead.

At the grave, the Rev. JOHN N. COOMBS, of the Western Presbyterian Church, read the hymn, "Asleep in Jesus," which having been sung was followed by prayer from the Rev. GEORGE W. SAMSON, D. D., of the Baptist Church, and the Rev. J. EDWARDS, D. D., closed the services with the benediction.

SERVANT of God, well done!  
 Rest from thy loved employ;  
 The battle fought, the victory won,  
 Enter thy Master's joy.

The pains of death are past,  
 Labour and sorrow cease,  
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,  
 His soul is found in peace.

Soldier of Christ, well done!  
 Praise be thy new employ,  
 And, while eternal ages run,  
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

## RESOLUTIONS

OF THE OFFICE-BEARERS OF THE NEW YORK AVENUE CHURCH.

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At a meeting of the Elders, Deacons, and Trustees of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, held October 1, to take action in view of the lamented death of its pastor, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted.

WHEREAS, God in his character of Sovereign, has called our beloved pastor, PHINEAS DENSMORE GURLEY, D. D., from his field of labour into his everlasting rest; and, whereas, we the officers of the New York Avenue Presbyterian Church, in convention assembled, consider it due to the memory of our dearly beloved pastor to give some public expression of the deep sense of the loss sustained by us as a church and congregation in his decease; therefore,

*Resolved*, That we bow in humble submission to the Divine will in this afflictive dispensation of his providence, recognizing his hand in our bereavement, and would reiterate our pastor's last message to his congregation, "that this trial may be sanctified and made a blessing to us and ours, and to the precious cause of CHRIST."

*Resolved*, That we are thankful that he was permitted to close a long life of usefulness in our midst, in bearing testimony to the last to the preciousness, to his own soul, of that Saviour he has so faithfully preached to us; and that we remember

with gratitude the nearly fifteen years of untiring effort he has devoted to the people of his charge. "Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright, for the end of that man is peace."

*Resolved*, That in his death this church has sustained a loss peculiarly severe—the loss of a pastor who has greatly endeared himself to us by his ministrations in the pulpit and the Bible Class, the sick room, at the bedside of the dying, and the homes of the bereaved—the memory of which will ever be dear to his people.

*Resolved*, That this community has lost in him one who was regarded with the highest respect as a minister of the cross of Christ—a man of superior talents, of great earnestness and zeal in the service of his Master, and whose unpretending manners and Christian charity made him universally esteemed.

*Resolved*, That in his death the Presbyterian Church has sustained the loss of one of its most influential and beloved ministers, whose commanding ability has been recognized in his being called to fill the highest offices in Presbytery, Synod, and General Assembly, and in being placed in each in positions requiring the most enlarged capacities for discernment and discretion.

*Resolved*, That our deepest sympathy and earnest prayers are bestowed upon his afflicted family, who are commended by his suffering flock to that God "who doth not willingly afflict," for grace to sustain them while passing through the furnace, and to the instructions and example of their loved one, which are now their precious heritage.

## RESOLUTIONS OF THE PRESBYTERY OF POTOMAC.

The following resolutions in regard to the death of Dr. GURLEY were passed unanimously by the Presbytery of Potomac.

*Whereas*, It has pleased the Great Head of the Church to call our beloved brother and co-presbyter, the Rev. P. D. Gurley, D. D., from the toils and labours of the Church on earth to the joys and rewards of the Church triumphant; therefore,

*Resolved*, That while bowing with submission to this afflictive dispensation, and acknowledging the heavy loss we have sustained, we would be admonished to make full proof of our own ministry by renewed consecration of ourselves to the work of the Master, and living with a reference to his approbation, and the reward reserved in heaven for all who labour in his cause.

*Resolved*, That we desire, as a Presbytery, to express our love and reverence for our lamented brother, and bear our testimony to his rare attainments as a preacher of the gospel, his fidelity as a pastor, the devotedness of his Christian life, and the example he set us as a holy man of God. We feel that this Presbytery has lost in him one in whom they could always rely to coöperate in all matters relating to the interests of the cause of Christ in our bounds, and throughout the Church.

*Resolved*, That we deeply and tenderly sympathize with his widow, and with the family, which has been bereaved of a devoted father and head, and with the church which has been deprived of the ministrations of an able and faithful pastor.

## RESOLUTIONS OF THE SYNOD OF BALTIMORE.

The Synod of Baltimore, in session in the city of Frederick, Maryland, November 19th, 1868, adopted the following :

The Synod, in making its record of the death of the Rev. Dr. P. D. Gurley, would be thankful to our Heavenly Father for having permitted him so long to continue among us, and for the kindness, courtesy, and fidelity with which he moved among us, and for the character and influence which he has left as an example, operating on the hearts and affections of those who knew him and mingled with him as member and co-worker in the service of our Lord Jesus. As a preacher of the gospel, he was simple, honest, pungent, solemn, and effective. As a pastor, in the families of his congregation he was faithful and kind, ministering the consolations of the gospel as who had himself a fellow-feeling with those who suffer. In one Presbytery, Synod, and Assembly, as member, commissioner, Moderator, or Stated Clerk, in all of which positions he had served, he so filled his place as to meet the acceptance and favour of his brethren. We record his death with a true sense of our loss. We would remember our mortality. We would be stirred to a more faithful discharge of our duty. We would remember that our time is fast passing away—the work given us must soon be done, and our account soon rendered.

LINES BY THE REV. S. P. HILL, D. D.,  
 OF WASHINGTON, D. C.,  
 ON THE DEATH OF THE REV. DR. GURLEY.

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"How is the strong staff broken, and the beautiful rod."—JER. xlviii. 17.

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## I.

And is the death-dew on that noble brow?  
 That form of all its strength and beauty shorn!  
 That voice forever sealed in silence now!  
 That heart by suffering's sterner stroke o'erborne?

## II.

Alas! beneath the unrelenting blow,  
 Dear Brother! thou art prematurely laid,  
 So firm and fruitful lately, now so low,  
 Within the precincts of Death's gloomy shade.

## III.

Commingle griefs bedew thy silent urn;  
 And clustering memories o'er thy ashes blend,  
 While bow'd beneath a common loss, we mourn  
 The Husband, Father, Teacher, Pastor, Friend.

## IV.

Had all that renders life most prized and dear  
 Fondly availed to keep thee near our side;  
 Could fervent prayers and sympathies sincere,  
 Have saved thee from the stroke, *thou had'st not died.*

## V.

But thou art gone, and eyes with sorrow wet  
 O'er all thy faded worth more freely flow;

What heart that knew thee ever can forget,  
Or cease to speak the language of its woe?

## VI.

Generous and gentle in thy taste and tone,  
Affection best thy fonder traits can scan;  
But thou did'st win wherever thou wast known,  
The tribute that there lived in thee—A MAN!

## VII.

By nature to the best endowments born;  
By culture raised, ennobled from above,  
Nought was for thee too lofty to adorn,  
Or in humanity too low to love.

## VIII.

Walking in life with attitude and aim;  
That shed a lustre o'er each moral sphere,  
Who can withhold the homage of the claim  
That Earth was better for thy living here?

## IX.

How is the strong staff snapped at once in twain!  
And rudely broken is the lovely rod!  
But Faith can triumph while our griefs complain,  
And trace the Spirit to its home with God!

WASHINGTON, October 1, 1868.







