

WILLIAM ROGERS RICHARDS

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In memory of the Rev.

William Rogers Richards, D













INVIS-PRIME 17



IN MEMORY OF THE  
REV. WILLIAM ROGERS RICHARDS, D.D.

PASTOR OF THE BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH  
NEW YORK, 1902-1910

CALLED TO HIS REWARD  
ON THE SEVENTH DAY OF JANUARY  
NINETEEN HUNDRED AND TEN

PRINTED BY ORDER OF THE SESSION  
FEBRUARY, 1910



## THE GUIDE

(IN MEMORY OF WILLIAM R. RICHARDS)

By JOHN FINLEY

Once up a rugged northern mountain's trail  
He led the way, this lover of the height,  
Who often climbed to catch the first dim sight  
Of day, or keep it longer than the vale;  
Our guide, who knew the springs that did not fail,  
Who taught the tenderest the steep's delight,  
Tempered the morning's pace to last till night,  
And cheered the way with song and quaintest tale.

A heightsman, clean of soul, of body lean,  
Who knew the unblazed trails; up heights unseen  
He's guided multitudes, teaching God's ways,  
Slowing his great soul's stride to others' needs,  
Yet leading on, making his creed his deed  
And theirs—so lived he nobly through his days.

*Reprinted from The Outlook.*



## SYMPATHY—APPRECIATION

**T**HE first expressions of sympathy received by the Brick Church from another congregation came to us with peculiar and touching significance from the Brown Memorial Church of Baltimore, which shared with us the sorrow when Dr. Richards' immediate predecessor in our pastorate, Dr. Maltbie D. Babcock, died in the full tide of a blessed ministry, only a year after he had come to us from Baltimore.

### *TELEGRAM*

Baltimore, Md., January 7, 1910.

To Hamilton Odell,  
Clerk of Brick Church Session,  
New York City.

We sympathize deeply with the Brick Church in another irreparable loss.

SESSION OF BROWN MEMORIAL CHURCH.

This telegram was read from our pulpit on January 10th by Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke, who had returned to counsel and to console us in our sorrow and bereavement—sheep left again without a shepherd.

At this service Dr. van Dyke said: Dear and old friends, for the second time within ten years we are suddenly called to mourn the loss of the beloved minister of this church. On Thursday Dr. Richards was here in

full strength and vigor, working with you in Christ's vineyard. Now he has gone up higher and the Master has said to him, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

A preacher of rare intelligence, refinement and force, at once deeply spiritual and thoroughly practical; a pastor, faithful, sympathetic, wise and gentle; a presbyter, judicious, sane, serene and strong, caring not only for his own church but for the wide cause of Christ in the great city and in the whole world; a man of quiet power, brotherly and firm, with a clear mind, a kindly sense of humor, and a large, steady, loving heart; in all that he undertook he gave his best to his work and to his fellow-workers. Therefore he earned success. The church prospered in his care. The city was the better for his presence. We all honored and loved him, and we love him still with that grateful, tender, Christian love which shall keep his memory fragrant with the name of Jesus folded like a flower among the leaves of his book of life.

On the following Sunday Dr. van Dyke, in speaking of lives worth living, and of the dignity of service, referred to Dr. Richards as follows: . . . There was also that other man, whose presence in the flesh vanished from our side but a few days ago, the Christian minister, William R. Richards. He was essentially a preacher, a student and interpreter of Holy Scripture, an expounder of the mysteries of faith. But he conceived of this function not from the point of view of authority, but from the point of view of service. It was to make his message clear and level to the comprehen-

sion of the average man that he labored—not to clothe it with the clouds of metaphysics, the thunder of vague eloquence, the lightning of brilliant rhetoric. He tried to bring religion “home to the business and bosoms of men.” He wrought his sermons out of straight and simple need. He filled them with practical warnings, with intimate counsels, with quiet, tender, lasting consolations. He touched with a delicate, firm hand those chords which vibrate in every heart. His Christianity was domestic. It was like the fire on the hearth. Nor was it only in the pulpit that his faith was shown. He proved it by his works. He truly ministered to his church in all things; watching over its interests, gently guiding its course, keeping every part of it in good order, and at the last leaving everything in the parish committed to his charge in working trim and his final task finished to the very last stroke. Meantime his service had overflowed the bounds of his own particular station, as good service always does. He made the beneficent power of his large and tranquil manhood felt in a score of ways—as a presbyter, as a citizen, as a university man, as a typical American of the old stock, a Puritan enlarged and sweetened, a very human “divine.” Without noise or strife, he moved along the manifold paths of service, week after week, year after year, doing his work well and helping the work of others. And not until he quietly, swiftly departed on his higher mission did all those whom he had served, know how much he had done for them—how great he had been in the dignity of service.

## FUNERAL SERVICES

*The following report was prepared by a stenographer present and is printed just as written :*

FUNERAL SERVICES OF  
REV. DR. WILLIAM R. RICHARDS  
AT  
BRICK CHURCH, NEW YORK CITY,  
ON  
MONDAY, JANUARY TENTH, NINETEEN HUNDRED  
AND TEN, AT TEN-THIRTY A. M.

The strains of Chopin's Funeral March stole softly from the organ loft, as the casket was borne into the church, preceded by the clergymen participating, Rev. Robert Davis, reading:

"Our help is in the name of the Lord, who made heaven and earth, for we are strangers before Thee, and sojourners, as were all our fathers.

"Our days on the earth are as a shadow, and there is none abiding.

"All flesh is grass, and all the goodliness thereof is as the flower of the field; the grass withereth, the flower fadeth; but the word of our God shall stand forever.

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.

"I am the resurrection and the life; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, yet shall he live; and whosoever liveth and believeth in me shall never die."

Directly behind the chief mourners came, in a body, the officers of the church, to pews appointed them in the front where official representatives of Presbytery, and of various religious and civic bodies were also placed. After the great silent throng were seated, the choir sang:



HYMN 978

For thee, O dear, dear country,  
    Mine eyes their vigil keep;  
For very love, beholding  
    Thy happy name, they weep.  
The mention of thy glory  
    Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
    And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O only mansion,  
    O paradise of joy,  
Where tears are ever banished,  
    And smiles have no alloy;  
The Lamb is all thy splendor,  
    The Crucified thy praise;  
His laud and benediction  
    Thy ransomed people raise.

With jasper glow thy bulwarks,  
    Thy streets with emerald blaze;  
The sardius and the topaz  
    Unite in thee their rays;  
Thine ageless walls are bonded  
    With amethyst unpriced;  
The saints build up its fabric;  
    The corner stone is Christ.

Thou hast no shore, fair ocean;  
    Thou hast no time, bright day;  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
    To pilgrims far away.  
Upon the Rock of Ages  
    They raise thy holy tower;  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
    And thine the golden dower.

The Rev. Shepherd Knapp then led in prayer:

O God, our Father, Light of the blind, Strength of  
the weak, yea, also Light of those that see, Strength of

the strong, hearken unto us as out of the depths we cry unto Thee! Grant, O most merciful Father, that making full confession of our many sins, we may never forget that Thou art good to all and ready to forgive. Enable us so to hear Thy Holy Word that, through patience and comfort of the Scriptures, we may have hope. Send into our hearts thy Holy Spirit that we may be comforted of Thee, and help us by Thy grace to hold fast the promise of everlasting life through Jesus Christ, the Saviour of the world.

The congregation joined in the repetition of the Lord's Prayer.

The congregation, rising, followed the clergy in the repetition of the Apostle's Creed—"The confession of our Christian faith").

The congregation being seated, there was rendered the following contralto solo:

"Eye hath not seen, ear hath not heard, neither have entered into the heart of man the things which God hath prepared for them that love Him. I Cor., ii, 9.

"For He hath prepared for them a city, whose builder and maker is God. Heb., xi, 10.

"There remaineth, therefore, a rest for the people of God.

"Therefore fear lest any come short of it. Heb., iv, 9, 1."

*Rev. Dr. Henry van Dyke:* Let us hear those things which are written for the strengthening of our faith and for the comfort of our hearts, in the Holy Word of God—(reading):

"Like as a father pitieth his children, so the Lord pitieth them that fear Him; for He knoweth our frame, He remembereth that we are dust.

"As for man, his days are as grass; as a flower of the field, so he flourisheth.

"For the wind passeth over it, and it is gone; and the place thereof shall know it no more.

"But the mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to

everlasting upon them that fear Him, and His righteousness unto children's children, to such as keep His covenant and to those that remember His commandments to do them.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.

"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: He leadeth me beside the still waters.

"He restoreth my soul: He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for His name's sake.

"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.

"Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies: Thou anointest my head with oil; my cup runneth over.

"Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life: and I will dwell in the house of the Lord forever."

Jesus said: "Let not your heart be troubled: ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are many mansions. If it were not so, I would have told you. 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.

"If ye love me, keep my commandments; and I will pray the Father, and He shall give you another comforter, that He may abide with you forever, even the Spirit of Truth, whom the world cannot receive, because it seeth Him not, neither knoweth Him. But ye know Him, for He dwelleth with you, and shall be in you. I will not leave you comfortless, I will come unto you.

"Yet a little while and the world seeth me no more; but ye see me; because I live, ye shall live also.

"These things have I spoken unto you, being yet present with you; but the Comforter, which is the Holy Ghost whom the Father will send in my name, He shall teach you all things, and bring all things to your remembrance, whatsoever I have said unto you.

"Peace I leave with you, my peace I give unto you. Not as the world giveth, give I unto you. Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

Hear also what St. John saith (*reading*):

“And I saw a new heaven and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I, John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven saying, Behold, the tabernacle of God is with men, and He will dwell with them, and they shall be His people, and God Himself shall be with them, and be their God. And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

“And he showed me a pure river of water of life, clear as crystal, proceeding out of the throne of God and of the Lamb. In the midst of the street of it, and on either side of the river, was there the tree of life, which bare twelve manner of fruits, and yielded her fruit every month: and the leaves of the tree were for the healing of the nations.

“And there shall be no more curse: but the throne of God and of the Lamb shall be in it; and His servants shall serve Him: And they shall see His face, and His name shall be in their foreheads. And there shall be no night there; and they need no candle, neither light of the sun; for the Lord God giveth them light: and they shall reign forever and ever.

“And he said unto me, These sayings are faithful and true: and the Lord God of the holy prophets sent His angel to show unto His servants the things which must shortly be done.

“Behold, I come quickly: blessed is he that keepeth the sayings of the prophecy of this book.”

May God bless to all our hearts the reading of His Holy Word.

The choir than sang Hymn No. 981.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,  
In sparkling raiment bright,  
The armies of the ransomed saints  
Throng up the steeps of light:

'Tis finished, all is finished,  
Their fight with death and sin:  
Fling open wide the golden gates,  
And let the victors in.

What rush of hallelujahs  
Fills all the earth and sky;  
What ringing of a thousand harps  
Bespeaks the triumph night.  
O day, for which Creation  
And all its tribes were made;  
O joy for all its former woes  
A thousandfold repaid.

O then what raptured greetings  
On Canaan's happy shore;  
What knitting severed friendships up  
Where partings are no more.  
Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,  
That brimmed with tears of late;  
Orphans no longer fatherless,  
Nor widows desolate.

Bring near Thy great salvation,  
Thou Lamb for sinners slain;  
Fill up the roll of Thine elect,  
Then take Thy power and reign!  
Appear, Desire of nations!  
Thine exiles long for home;  
Show in the heavens Thy promised sign!  
Thou Prince and Saviour, come!

PRAYER. By Rev. Dr. George Alexander:

Our Father in heaven, pity our weakness and draw us close to Thyself. Let not the consolations of God be small with us, for our grief is great. We cannot understand the mystery of Thy dealings; Thy ways are not as our ways. We do not distrust Thy fatherly goodness, but we are dim-sighted, and our hearts are sore. In mercy draw us close to Thyself. Strong Son of God, whom not having seen we love, manifest Thyself unto

Thy sorrowing children. Enlighten the eyes of our faith that we may see in Thy pierced hand the key of death and of the world beyond. We do not sorrow as those who have no hope; for since we believe that Thou hast died and risen again, we believe that they also which sleep in Thee, God will bring with Thee. Even through our tears we give thanks unto Thee, O God of consolation and of hope. We give thanks unto Thee for one whom we have loved long since but lost awhile. We shall be stronger because he strengthened us; we shall be wiser because he taught us; by Thy grace we shall walk closer with Thee because in high companionship we walked with him; we shall be richer: for though we sigh now for "the touch of a vanished hand, and the sound of a voice that is still," we nevertheless know that we shall be with him when we are ever with the Lord. We thank Thee for all that Thou didst ordain for him to do, and by Thy grace to be. We thank Thee that, having served his generation according to the will of God, he was taken unto Thyself, with "no sadness of farewell," and with scarce a pang in passing from the land of the living to join the glorious company of those who never die. And now we beseech Thee, O God of our salvation, impart unto us, who live and labor still, something of the mind and spirit that was in him, that we may go forward to do in the earth the work which has fallen from his hands. Let Thy blessing rest, we beseech Thee, upon all those institutions of learning and philanthropy and religion to which he gave so much of himself. Strengthen the shoulders upon which shall drop the burdens which he so nobly bore. Have pity upon those whose hearts fail them and who feel that they can scarcely go forward because that other great heart no longer shares the perils of the pilgrimage. Help us to go forward and do the work of God. O Thou who art head over all things unto the Church, mercifully regard this household of faith to whom Thy servant was a father in God, breaking unto them the bread of life, and ministering as of the ability that God giveth. Grant that the shock of this fresh bereavement may make more real to them the bond which unites them in one bundle of life with one another and with their Lord. Let not theirs be the grief that saps the mind, but that sorrow

which ripens the fruit of holy character. O Thou who art the Father of the fatherless and the widow's friend, be very tenderly and graciously near unto those who are most sorely afflicted by this stroke of Thy providence. May they be conscious that the Everlasting Arms are underneath and around them. May the Spirit of the Lord God come to them as their Comforter, and do Thou point their eyes and ours to Thy better country, even the heavenly, toward which we are journeying. Grant that we may have the assurance that when our work is done, for us the veil shall pass, for us shall come the vision of that land of beauty into which Thou hast been gathering so many bound to us by ties of kindred and of friendship. May there be in our hearts a great longing for the vision of Thy face, for the glory of that better country. Hear, Lord, our prayer; comfort our poor hearts, and keep us in The Way: for Christ's sake. Amen.

Tennyson's "Crossing the Bar" (music by Joseph Barnby) was then rendered by the choir:

Sunset and evening star,  
    And one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar,  
    When I put out to sea,

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
    Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
    Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell,  
    And after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell,  
    When I embark.

For, though from out our bourne of Time and Place  
    The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
    When I have crost the bar.

BENEDICTION. By Dr. Alexander :

“ Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great Shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do his will, working in you that which is well pleasing in his sight, through Jesus Christ: to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen.”

Upon January 9th, at a joint meeting of the Elders, Trustees and Deacons, a committee was appointed to prepare a suitable minute. Upon this committee were John E. Parsons, president of the Board of Trustees; Hamilton Odell, clerk of Session, and Caldwell R. Blake-man, representing the Board of Deacons.

The following was approved and ordered spread upon the minutes of Session :

REV. WILLIAM ROGERS RICHARDS, D.D., DIED  
JANUARY 7, 1910.

The death of Dr. Richards makes suitable that resolutions appropriate to the occasion shall be placed upon our minutes ; not for us—for those who are to come after us in that future when his name shall be a memory, and who will not know him and cannot love him as we did. To think of Dr. Richards is to praise him ; his eulogy is written in our hearts.

He belonged to the Brick Church from, and it may fairly be said by, his birth. His great uncle, Mr. Guy Richards, was a member of the congregation and active in the work of the church for forty years up to his death. Dr. Richards was born in Boston on December 20, 1853. He was the son of Rev. George and Anna Richards. His father was associate pastor with the Rev. Dr. Rogers, and afterwards pastor of the Central Congregational Church in Boston. He entered Yale College in 1871. He was made a member of the University Corporation



in 1906. In 1903 it gave him the degree of Doctor of Divinity, an honor which the New York University had conferred upon him eleven years before. After graduation from Yale, Dr. Richards studied law at Columbia Law School, and then, as he felt a decided call to the ministry, he went to Andover Theological Seminary, from which he was graduated in 1879. His first call after leaving Andover came from the Central Congregational Church of Bath, Me. He accepted it and for five years labored there with signal success. In 1884 a call came to him from the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Plainfield, N. J. He accepted it and began his pastorate there at once, remaining in Plainfield for eighteen years. In 1880 Dr. Richards married Miss Charlotte B. Blodget, daughter of the Rev. Henry Blodget, D.D., a missionary in China for many years. In 1902 Dr. Richards was unanimously called to the pastorate of the Brick Church. His installation took place on Sunday afternoon, October 26, 1902. The Rev. Daniel Russell, Moderator of the Presbytery, presided. The Rev. John C. Bliss, D.D., read the Scriptures and the Rev. George Alexander, D.D., preached a sermon from I Tim., 1:12: "I thank Christ Jesus our Lord, who hath enabled me, for that he counted me faithful putting me into the ministry." The Rev. Dr. Atterbury made the installing prayer. Dr. van Dyke gave the charge to the pastor. Dr. van Dyke then handed to Dr. Richards the key of the church. The Rev. Wilton Merle Smith, D.D., charged the people.

Dr. Richards came to an harmonious and united church. Under the recent ministeries of Dr. van Dyke and Dr. Babcock, it had reached a condition of activity and material as well as religious prosperity, which led to the question, How was the existing condition to be maintained, to be improved, if possible, but under no circumstances to suffer a setback? And in undertaking the work, it must have been in the mind of Dr. Richards that his immediate predecessors had established a standard of pulpit service up to which it would be expected that their successor should attain. It would have been unfair and unreasonable to expect, when Dr. Babcock came to us, that he would reproduce the characteristics which we had learned to admire in Dr. van Dyke. Dr.

Babcock taught us that almost opposite extremes may lead to the same goal. And the tragic termination of his brilliant career as pastor and preacher created a situation to satisfy which required, in him who was to follow, a rare combination. We quickly learned to know Dr. Richards as the minister of his church. Birth and good breeding, followed by Christian training, had made him a Christian gentleman; modest, quiet, courteous, considerate, and kindly. His character was written in the expressive lineaments of his attractive face, lit up as was so easily the case by an irradiating smile, and on occasions showing the vein of quiet humor which was characteristic of him. There was no lack of strength, but his force of character interposed no barrier between him and the affection with which we quickly learned to regard him. To the loveliness of his life and the charm of his friendship there could be no better tribute than the universal wail of personal sorrow which followed the announcement that he who had grown to be dear to us had in a moment been taken from us to join the company of saints and angels in His Father's house of many mansions. His last service was at Christ Church, the early evening of the night upon which he died. He knew no difference of station or position. His work was the work of his Master, whether among the lowly or those of high estate, the rich or the poor. He was the friend of all, and all repaid him with a degree of appreciation and devotion which left nothing to be desired.

If, when Dr. Richards came to us, we had misgivings, it was from a possible doubt of his ability, or, for the matter of that, of the ability of any man to satisfy a taste which had been refined to the highest point of possibly unreasonable expectation. What struck us at once, what, in fact, we were in a measure prepared for, was the contrast between Dr. Richards' preaching and that to which we had been accustomed; and this was intensified by the simplicity which we soon saw to be a distinguishing feature of his pulpit work. It was as compared with the preaching of Dr. Babcock, the difference between the torrent, almost irresistible in its power, and the strong and steady-flowing stream, equally irresistible in the achievement of its results. Dr. Rich-

ards' sermons were so simple that a child could follow them, so interesting in argument and illustration, so novel and original as to compel attention, delivered with a quiet force which, on occasion, rose to the highest order of impassioned oratory; dealing with sublime subjects in a way so lucid as to be within the comprehension of the humblest, and marked, when they dealt with points of doctrine, by a logic which admitted of no question. If a single word were to be sought to describe his preaching, earnestness would perhaps come nearest to what we wish, an earnestness which thrilled in every word that he uttered, and the effect of which, though subdued, was overpowering. It would not be difficult to continue the attempt to give some impression of Dr. Richards, as he went in and out among us, known to all. It is needless. We loved him, young and old, and the tears of all followed him to his too-early grave.

Of his work sufficient evidence is furnished by the Year Book which was completed, and ready for distribution when he died. There was not a vacant sitting in the church. But Dr. Richards' work was not limited to his own church. He was a member of the Moderators' Council of Presbytery. He served two years as Moderator. He was also a member of the Church Extension Committee of Presbytery, a member of the Council of New York University, a director of the Union Theological Seminary, a member of the Yale Corporation and of the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He was a member of several clubs, including the Century, Yale, Quill, Chi Alpha, and Presbyterian. He was also a member of the Society of the Sons of the Revolution and a director of the New England Society. During his ministry the success of the Affiliated Churches was continued and put on a permanent basis. And he did much by his efforts and his personality to strengthen pleasant relations with his ecclesiastical neighbors of other denominations. Of no one could it be more suitable to say, "Well done thou good and faithful servant." He has left to his family as a heritage the memory of a noble service and an honored name, and to us the incentive to continue the work to which he gladly gave of his strength and of his life.

# MEMORIAL SERVICE

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UNION SERVICE IN MEMORY OF  
**WILLIAM ROGERS RICHARDS, D.D.**

BY THE

BRICK PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH

CHRIST CHURCH AND CHURCH OF THE COVENANT  
AFFILIATED

IN THE BRICK CHURCH, SUNDAY EVENING, JANUARY 30, 1910

AT EIGHT O'CLOCK

REV. HENRY VAN DYKE, D.D., PRESIDING

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## ORDER OF SERVICE.

ORGAN PRELUDE . . . *Carl August Fischer*  
CHOIR HYMN . . . . . *Barnby*

Sunset and evening star, and one clear call for me!  
And may there be no moaning of the bar, when I put out  
to sea.

But such a tide as moving seems asleep,  
Too full for sound and foam,  
When that which drew from out the boundless deep  
Turns again home.

Twilight and evening bell, and after that the dark!  
And may there be no sadness of farewell, when I embark;  
For tho' from out our bourne of Time and Place  
The flood may bear me far,  
I hope to see my Pilot face to face  
When I have crost the bar.

PRAYER. By Dr. van Dyke:

O God, light of the hearts that see Thee, and life of the souls that love Thee, and strength of the thoughts that seek Thee; from whom to be turned away is to fall, to whom to be turned is to rise, and in whom to abide is to stand fast forever; grant us now Thy forgiveness and Thy blessing as we are here assembled to offer up our confession and our supplication. Though we are unworthy to approach Thee, or to ask anything of Thee at all, vouchsafe to hear and to answer us for the sake of our great High Priest and advocate, Jesus Christ, our Lord.

O Lord God, the hope of the faithful, the strength of those who labor, and the repose of the blessed dead, we bless Thee for all Thy saints who have witnessed in their lives a good confession, and especially for those dear unto us who have fallen asleep in Jesus. Grant us grace of our God so to follow their good example that we may be one with them in spirit, and finally share in their eternal rest.

Most gracious, loving Father, Thou who knowest the sorrows of every human heart, Thou who knowest the duties and cares of every human life, as we have come here to thank Thee for the great help that Thou hast given us through Thy servant departed, so comfort us in our sense of his loss that we shall be able to feel that it is his eternal gain. So renew in us the faithful memory of his service and the faithful witness which he bore to Jesus Christ, that his life may be now present with us in this service, and so bring us into the communion of saints that we may share with him that joy which is everlasting in Thy Heavenly Kingdom. Through Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen.

READING OF THE SCRIPTURES. By Rev. George C. De Mott.\* II Cor., v. 1-10:

“For we know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, an house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens:

\*Rev. Mr. De Mott, Pastor of the Central Congregational Church, of Bath, Me., was in attendance as representative of that church, at which Dr. Richards served his first pastorate.

“ For in this we groan, earnestly desiring to be clothed upon with our house which is from heaven:

“ If so be that being clothed we shall not be found naked.

“ For we that are in this tabernacle do groan, being burdened: not for that we would be unclothed, but clothed upon, that mortality might be swallowed up of life.

“ Now He that hath wrought us for the selfsame thing is God, who also hath given unto us the earnest of the Spirit.

“ Therefore we are always confident, knowing that, whilst we are at home in the body, we are absent from the Lord:

“ For we walk by faith, not by sight:

“ We are confident, I say, and willing rather to be absent from the body, and to be present with the Lord.

“ Wherefore we labor, that, whether present or absent, we may be accepted of Him.

“ For we must all appear before the judgment seat of Christ; that everyone may receive the things done in his body, according to that he hath done, whether it be good or bad.”

HYMN . . . . . “ Saviour, Blessed Saviour ”

Saviour, blessed Saviour,  
Listen while we sing;  
Hearts and voices raising  
Praises to our King.  
All we have we offer,  
All we hope to be,  
Body, soul, and spirit,  
All we yield to Thee.

Brighter still, and brighter,  
Glow the western sun,  
Shedding all its gladness  
O'er our work that's done;  
Time will soon be over,  
Toil and sorrow past,  
May we, blessed Saviour,  
Find a rest at last.

REMARKS. By Dr. van Dyke:

We have come here to-night, a company of Christian friends, representing directly five churches—the Congregational Church, of Bath, Me., where Dr. Richards began his ministry; the Presbyterian Church, of Plainfield, N. J., where Dr. Richards continued his ministry; and the Brick Church, the Church of Covenant, and Christ Church—the threefold fellowship in which Dr. Richards triumphantly ended his ministry. We have come to refresh our minds and strengthen our Christian devotion by the thought of his beautiful and useful life; we have come to express our gratitude for the good which he did to us; and in this service the other Christian churches of this city sympathize and share, and some of them are represented here by their ministry.

A great, simple, noble life, of real inspiration and help and service to mankind, has been closed; and to us have been left the sweet influence, the precious memory, and the glorious example. Let us keep and treasure them. I was reading but the other day what George Muller, of the Orphanage in Bristol, said when his wife died. He preached a sermon in which he said: "I have three grounds for thanksgiving to-day—first, that God gave me this helper for my life; second, that God so long let me enjoy this companionship; third, that God has taken His servant to Himself without pain."

It is not my part to-night to make an address, but simply to preside at this service as one who has been asked to do what he can for the time to supply the great loss that has been caused here by Dr. Richards' calling from us. The first address to-night was to have been made by Dr. Grosvenor, our nearest neighbor, pastor of the Protestant Episcopal Church of the Incarnation, but Dr. Grosvenor is ill and unable to be in his own pulpit to-day. He has written expressing his deep regret that he cannot be with us. He says:

"It is impossible for me in this brief moment at my disposal adequately to speak of my friend, Dr. Richards. His death was so sudden, so overwhelming in its unexpectedness, that we have not had time to realize it. His was a beautiful life, lived close to God, and full of loving service for all God's children. He was a scholar, a

bright-minded, large-hearted, wise, sane man, whose preaching was most uplifting, and whose ministry to all who knew him was a perpetual benediction. To his family and the church so sorely afflicted we offer our deep and loving sympathy and our earnest prayers."

I will now ask Dr. Francis Brown, president of the Union Theological Seminary, to speak.

ADDRESS. By Rev. Francis Brown, D.D.:

It is my privilege to have been, like most of you, a parishioner of Dr. Richards', and I came here, as you have come, in sorrow for a beloved pastor, missing a friend, rejoicing in the translation of a saint of God. It might be possible partly to describe Dr. Richards by the process of exclusion. Some men are like fiery visitants of the night, like comets, or shooting stars, puzzling, mysterious, passing into nothingness, or wandering away through space. Dr. Richards was not like these. His passing was not like the passing of these. Some men are simply plodders, doing the useful work of the world without great significance—commonplace, average men, among whom most of us again would class ourselves. But no one would call Dr. Richards a commonplace man. Some are massive, portentous personalities, seeking domination, and domineering by habit, and receiving the position that they claim. Dr. Richards was not a man like these. There might have been found those who would not call him an extraordinary man at all, just as there are people who would not call Washington an extraordinary man; people for whom the extraordinary has the connotation of the eccentric, even of one-sided development, of the phenomenal, the startling. But most certainly he was an unusual man, a man made up of qualities, many of which are rare, existing in him to a rare degree, and one in whom the harmonious composition of those qualities made a rare man. He had insight and quickness of mind, and with them a tremendous power of work and industry that left nothing to chance; and, when he could help it, left nothing to the spur of the moment. He had solidity and strength, and the reverse



side of that was tenderness, delicacy, and courtesy. He had great sobriety of thought, and it was by the sobriety of his thought that he held men when he had drawn them to him; this joined with felicity of speech, choice of fit words, absence of the attempt or the need to pile up epithets, the striking at his meaning at one blow. He would not have called himself a metaphysician; he was too much concerned with the practical affairs of life. But his mind was one that could grasp large ideas and hold them firmly, and his power of expression was such as to pass on those ideas with definiteness and discrimination and effect. You could hardly call him, I suppose, a pioneer in his thought, though pioneers are useful men, and, when they keep themselves well in hand, noble men, and leaders of men. But we must not have too many pioneers. The pioneer is often rough and hard and rash. Having to find his own way, he goes too fast and too far, sometimes, so that even followers sometimes miss the path. Dr. Richards was a man who held firmly to beliefs long cherished in the church, but he had worked his way to these beliefs for himself, and therefore his thought always had the garb of freshness. You did not know always when he began his sermon where he was going to bring you out, but you went with him in confidence, and you found new vistas opening before you as you went, and presently, without knowing just how, you were standing beside him at a new point of view, looking at a new side of the old truth from a familiar side, but bathed in a fresh, warm light. And behind all was the manhood of him, the sturdiness and the simplicity, the self-respect, and the respect for the other man, the frankness, and the trust, and the consideration of those whose views diverged, crowned by that faith in God, which made him so quiet and so sure, that spiritual comprehension of the unseen, that constant fellowship with Jesus Christ!

Dr. Richards was a Commissioner to the General Assembly in 1887 from the Presbytery of Elizabeth, when he had been only three years in the Presbyterian Church. It was there, I think, that I first met him. I do not remember that he made a speech in that Assembly. I find by the record that he was a member of the Committee on Temperance. The Assembly met at Omaha,

and after its dissolution a party of us made an excursion to Colorado, having never seen the Rocky Mountains before, and he was one of the party, and there was close and pleasant fellowship on the way. We made many expeditions together, with Denver as the center, and I remember the last time I saw him there. It was at Silver Plume, to which we had gone out, and from which I had to return to meet an appointment in Denver, while he remained behind to climb Gray's Peak, the highest peak of the Colorado range, alone, and a fine tramp he had up over the snow, with great satisfaction and joy at the end of it, as he told me later. He was such a splendid outdoor man, with so much vigor and vivacity, enjoying the natural world so deeply, and, by his comradeship, making recreation seem so worth while.

He had no direct relation with Union Seminary until after he came to New York to live. He preached in our Adams Chapel for the first time on the 13th of April, 1902, before he was called to be the pastor of this church. There was no collusion in the arrangement between us and the committee of this congregation, but I believe they regretted that occasion as little as we did. A few months afterwards, in January, 1903, when he was already the pastor of this people, he was asked, not unnaturally, because he was a New England man, like so many of the founders and professors of the Union Seminary, to join its Board of Directors, which he did, and then began the years of steady, faithful, interested, devoted service in that relation. He had the clear mind of a good counselor. It was not so much that he had policies of his own to develop or advocate, but he judged questions of policy with great wisdom, and he expressed his judgment, with deference always, but with decision. He never shrank from any duty that seemed to him laid upon him by this connection with Union Seminary. That was not his own seminary, but his care for its students, his concern for their best welfare, and the readiness with which he aided us in seeking and in finding opportunities for them to serve, all marked his loyalty there. It would be wrong of me not to bear testimony to this devotion of his, which we are missing every week more and more. Before long he became a

member of the Executive Committee of our Board. He was instrumental largely in bringing about kindlier relations between the Seminary and the Presbytery of New York. Before he came here, like his predecessors in this pastorate, he had been known as an advocate of fairness and justice and breadth, and one of his last services outside of this city was to represent the Presbytery before the Synod of New York, in a case in which a graduate of the Seminary was concerned. He grew into the confidence of all those who had work to do there.

Both as a director and as a pastor, he seemed to me a typical man, almost an ideal man. At the Seminary we thought of him as belonging to the class of men described in the preamble to our charter, in words which we are fond of repeating: "who desire to live free from party strife, and to stand aloof from all extremes of doctrinal speculation, practical radicalism and ecclesiastical domination"; and in his whole ministerial life he was one to whom we need not hesitate to apply the words of Jehovah, spoken of one of his ministers of old: "The light of truth was in his mouth, and unrighteousness was not found in his lips. He walked with me in peace and uprightness, and did turn many away from iniquity."

HYMN . . . . . "O Paradise"

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
Who doth not crave for rest?  
Who would not seek the happy land,  
Where they that loved are blest?

REF.—Where loyal hearts, and true,  
Stand ever in the light,  
All rapture, through and through,  
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise! O Paradise!  
The world is growing old;  
Who would not be at rest and free  
Where love is never cold?—REF.

Lord Jesus, King of Paradise,  
Oh, Keep us in Thy love,  
And guide us to that happy land  
Of perfect rest above.—REF.

ADDRESS. By Rev. George Alexander, D.D., Moderator  
of Presbytery:

When the stunning announcement smote upon my ear, "Dr. Richards died last night," my first thought was, "How is it possible to go on without him?" He had become so closely interlaced with those interests which are to me most worth while, that his sudden removal seemed for the moment to imply disorganization and collapse. But he was a wise master builder. His work abides because the qualities of his soul went into it. Others may build thereupon and not labor in vain, for the work is sound.

It has been my privilege to be linked with him in several departments of Christian service, preëminently in two—in the effort of the Presbyterian Church of New York City to do its part in the advancement of the Kingdom of God here, and in her endeavor to fulfill the last commission, "Go ye into all the world and preach the gospel to every creature." In this latter relation I first came to know the caliber and the quality of the man. It was while he was yet pastor in Plainfield that he became a member of the Board of Foreign Missions. For almost twenty years we have been comrades in that service, and he has been an evergrowing factor in the prosecution of that great enterprise. The first thing that impressed me was the faithfulness of the man, his downright faithfulness. He had accepted a trust, and he could not play fast and loose with it. In the earlier years of that service he was the most remote member in point of residence; in the later years he was burdened with the cares and toils of a great parish; but no one was more constant and more punctual in attendance; no one was less disposed to repudiate any demand upon his time and energy. In the pictorial phrase of Abraham Lincoln, he was "a man to tie to."

His fidelity was matched by his thoroughness. He

could not do a slovenly piece of work. When an intricate problem was submitted to him, with the utmost patience he laid bare the essential facts, and then marched to his conclusion quietly, considerately, but with the inevitableness of fate. A piece of work that he had done needed no revision; it had been done thoroughly; it had been done right. His brotherliness was a feature no less marked. It grew and mellowed with the flight of years. The men and women who are enduring hardships as good soldiers of the Cross of Christ in heathen lands, gripped his heart. He sympathized with them in their spiritual warfare. His whole nature expanded under the sense of the grandeur and heavenliness of their enterprise.

As a Presbyter, he touched intimately a larger number of colaborers. Born and bred in another communion, he was becoming every year in fuller sympathy with the genius of the Presbyterian Church. Not that he was becoming sectarian, that was impossible; not that he was loving less the communion in which he was born and reared; but he was coming to appreciate more fully how facile and powerful an instrument the Presbyterian Church may be for the promotion of the Kingdom of God among men. In the Presbytery of New York during the eight years of his service here he was a unifying and an uplifting force. His puritan inheritance, his broad culture, his keen intelligence, his fearlessness, and his friendliness, gave him a place of leadership which he neither sought nor shirked. He became the presiding officer of the Presbytery at a critical time, when it was trying to resolve itself from an aggregation of atoms into an organism in which every member should throb with the common vitality, and to win for the administration the confidence of the men of light and leading within the Presbyterian fold. What has been accomplished—and much has been accomplished—what has been accomplished could not have been without William R. Richards. No one ever suspected him of interested motives or tortuous methods, and his keen glance conveyed the intimation that it was not worth while to try tortuous methods with him. Few know how much it cost him during the two terms of his incumbency to bear that which came upon him daily, the care of all the

churches. What he did in warning the unruly, supporting the weak, and appeasing strifes has made the episcopal oversight of the Presbytery mean more than it ever meant before. It was characteristic of the man that, when he laid down this office, he did not refuse to be the most trusted and helpful adviser of his successor.

He lived to serve, he loved to serve. He rests now from his labors and his works do follow him. They follow him; yet they stay with us. Life will mean more to us because he lived and wrought at our side. For myself I have one regret. He was not a man to invite effusiveness, and I never told him how large a place he filled in my heart. Perhaps he knew it; I hope he did.

DR. VAN DYKE:

The next address will be made by our friend, Dr. Henry A. Stimson, representing the Congregational Church, from which Dr. Richards brought his strength and devotion to the service of the church of his later years, and after that Mr. John E. Parsons, representing the Session of the Brick Church, will read from some of the letters which have been received and from the minutes adopted by the Session, and the prayer will be offered by Dr. Coe, the Senior Minister of the Reformed Church of this city.

ADDRESS. By Rev. Henry A. Stimson, D.D., of the Manhattan Congregational Church:

When God has taken from us one whom we loved and have long known, we are less concerned with what others may say of him, however valuable or eloquent that may be, than we are with what we find he was to us. The one is quickly crowded out of mind by the pressure of the world in which we are living, the other furnishes the material for sweet memories and the substance for the building of character, which we all find so hard to achieve, and which is beyond price. Therefore, I have nothing to say to you, dear friends, concerning the history of our brother, or his denominational relationship,

or of any contribution which the church to which I belong may have rendered to you in him. I can only justify myself in occupying a few moments as I try to tell you what he was as I knew him, to help you to know what he was to you. That is the important thing.

When I think of our brother as I first knew him in his New England home in the company of his mother and his sisters, I think of him as an old-fashioned Christian. Brought up in the atmosphere of a country parsonage, surrounded with the gentle faces and quiet voices of his mother and his sisters, in an atmosphere of love and purity, steadfast devotion, and care for the welfare of others, where prayer was constant and faith was simple and satisfying, and life was well ordered, in the fear of God, he began his career with the preparation, which went far toward making him the man that he became. Despite what historians tell us of the vice, the irreligion and the profligacy that were prevalent in our country in past times, when we meet such men and think of the homes from which they came, there is reason why the thought of a Golden Age still abides in the heart of Christian people.

When I think of him as he was in college, and as he was in the Seminary, it is of a beautiful youth, a fine scholar, a leader of men, but gentle, kindly, self-controlled, one of the best-loved men of his class. Later I remember well the pride with which I listened to him as he stood in the great assembly of graduates at New Haven at the annual gathering in Alumni Hall to speak for his class. Erect, manly, eager, intelligent, with his beautiful face and his flashing eye, which appealed to the crowd of the Alumni with a power that was as thrilling and as persuasive as it was evidently all unconscious to himself; a beautiful vision of the splendid youth that in their best estate our American colleges are contributing to the life of the land.

Years passed in what was almost the retirement of his New Jersey parish, but as from time to time he emerged, everyone saw that his evident growth in intellectual power, in strength and dignified impressiveness, was the mark of a man who was doing his work right nobly, and was in the finest way successful in impressing himself upon the people among whom he lived, while he was

building up a great and useful church, to be his monument and his joy. As we have known him of late, older, and burdened with the care and the responsibility of a great city parish, there was the same reserve strength, the same self-control, with the ripening judgment and the increasing force, and the same self-forgetful personality. Beneath all was the humorous spirit which found its opportunity of expression in the intimate fellowship of his friends.

The old Latin word from which our English word "culture" comes has had a fine ascent of meaning. It was originally applied to the cultivation of the garden and the field, of the fig and of the vine. Then it was used of the garments, and the equipage, and the adornment of the home. Then it was applied to intellectual refinement and education; and last of all, and only last of all, it came to denote worship, the uplifting of the thought toward the unseen. Now to-day there are many about us whose conception of culture is dwarfed and incomplete. They are distinctive in costume, in equipage, in the adornment of their homes, but to them can be applied the term only as it was arrested midway in its development. They are refined in manner and cultured in thought and speech, and there they stop. The effect of their culture is to separate them from their fellow men. They become exquisite and remote. They are content to hold themselves aloof from the crowd, and to deal with the needs of the community and even with the obligations of civic life at arm's length, or with so much of service as gifts of money may occasionally produce, while they themselves move on in their own selfish way, unconcerned except where their personal interests may perchance be involved. The great world, God's world, the place of the coming in of His Kingdom and the upbuilding of His saints, is to them common and unclean.

But there is another culture. It is far truer and it is of a far higher type. It is the culture to which the word can be applied when it is raised to its full scope and splendor. It describes the man who has learned to know God, who has surrendered his life to Him and is busy ordering it according to the pattern that has been given to him in Jesus Christ. He also is gentle and refined,



but it is a refinement that is within, that penetrates deep into the soul, and of which the outer life can never be more than an imperfect and somewhat crude expression. The further he advances, the humbler he becomes; the more he knows of God, the less he thinks of himself and the tenderer his heart is toward the failures of his fellow men. He becomes more loving for he knows how much God has to forgive in him and how much God has still to confer before he will be what God would have him to be. Therefore he is patient with his fellows, and realizes more and more his oneness with them. He is the man who softens as he ripens; in him old age takes on its divine beauty when the shadows of earth lengthen, but the light of heaven begins to be seen. Year by year he grows in the breadth of his sympathies and in the generous efficiency of his brotherly service.

Now it was this culture that marked our brother in a preëminent degree. His was the refined and gentle, the highly developed attainment of the beautiful Christian. He was a saintly man, both because of the sincerity and the simplicity of his intimacy with God and of the tenderness and the constancy of his love for men.

The last time we were together, a few days before his death, I met him returning from a house of overwhelming sorrow. He was so distressed that he could speak of it only in broken tones, and the reality of his sorrow was marked in every line of his face.

“ He was courteous as a Knight of old,  
And he the very soul of friendliness.  
The spirit of youth lost never in him its power;  
So sweet his soul, his passing smile could bless.  
But this one passion all his long life held,  
To serve his Master to the last lingering hour.”

He was a gift of God to this great church and also to the community, of a value that can hardly be put in words, and this will be realized by many a heart which has felt his impress, and which I hope this service will aid in long cherishing his beautiful memory.

The summons came to him as he would have wished, in the fulness of his strength, in the midst of his work, in the quiet of his home, in the companionship of those

he loved and who loved him most, and without a pain. It was a euthanasia, a translation from the toilsome sorrow-marked service of earth to the glories of that better life, where God's "servants are serving Him," and where sorrow and death do not enter. If in the last hour he could have spoken, he would have perhaps used the words with which the dying Sir Walter Scott spoke to Lockhart: "My dear Lockhart, be a good man; nothing else will give you any comfort when you come to die."

I hear voices in this place to-night—voices no longer sounding on earth, but joining in the praises of Heaven. As we think of the new voice added to them, if our faith be true, we do not mourn; we rejoice at the battle won, and at the triumph of a follower of the Lord Jesus Christ. God has given us a friend forever. We have known a manly man. Let us thank God, and take courage.

John E. Parsons, Esq., President of Board of Trustees  
of Brick Church:

In the short time which has intervened since Dr. Richards' death, communications occasioned by his death have come from the President of the United States, from the British Ambassador, from the Session of Christ Presbyterian Church, from the Church of the Covenant, from the congregation of the Central Church at Bath, Me., in which Dr. Richards began his ministry; from the Presbytery of New York, from the directors and from the faculty of Union Theological Seminary, from the Church Extension Committee of the Presbytery of New York, from the trustees of the Yale corporation, from the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions, from the Presbyterian Board of Home Missions, from the New York City Mission and Tract Society, from the Session of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church,

from the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church, from the Englewood Presbyterian Church, from the Marble Collegiate Church, from the West End Presbyterian Church, from the Congregation of the Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, from the directors of Whittier House of Jersey City, from the American Tract Society, from the Presbytery of Elizabeth, N. J., and many others. There would not be time to read at length all these communications, but a few passages from some of them I am commissioned to read. [Mr. Parsons then read some of the communications printed in this volume.]

PRAYER. By Rev. Dr. Edward B. Coe, of the Collegiate Reformed Church :

Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, who hast ever been the refuge and strength of Thy people, whose ways are not as our ways, nor Thy thoughts as our thoughts, but whose wisdom cannot err, and whose compassions never fail, we thank Thee that among the mysteries and sorrows of life we may look to Thee for light and comfort, while we bow to Thy most Holy Will. We thank Thee for the great blessing which Thou hast granted to us in the life and work of Thy servant, our brother and friend, whom Thou hast called from Thy service among us on earth to other and higher spheres of service. We thank Thee for his strong faith in Thee and in the gospel of Thy grace, in Jesus Christ; for the earnestness and power with which he preached the truth as it is in Jesus, and for the witness which he bore to it in his daily life; for his unwearied devotion to all the work of the Master in which Thou didst so richly bless his labors; for his sympathy with all the needs and sorrows of human life, and his earnest endeavor to bring men, here and everywhere, under the power of Thy truth and into fellowship with Thyself; for the many ways in which he rendered lasting service to this church, to this community, and to the world. In loving and grateful

memory of him, we praise Thee for his good example, for the inspiration of his friendship, for the abiding influence of his character and spirit, for the new purposes, and hopes and aims awakened by him in many souls, and for our firm assurance that he is now with Thee. We commend to Thy most tender consolation and care those who were nearest to him in life, and on whom his death has brought the deepest sorrow. We beseech Thee to uphold, strengthen and comfort them with the constant sense of Thy presence and love. We pray for Thy blessing on this church, that all who have been here associated with him in Christian worship and service may illustrate in their lives the lessons they have learned from him, and may carry on with undiminished harmony and zeal the work in which he was their leader. We pray for the institutions with which he was connected, that others may enter into his labors in the same spirit of loyalty to Christ and to mankind. And finally we beseech Thee to grant that we, cherishing his memory and inspired by his example, may be diligent and faithful in the work which Thou hast given us to do, and, after this life, may enter with him into the presence and joy of our Lord. We ask this, O most merciful Father, with the forgiveness of our sins, in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ. Amen.

HYMN . . . . . "For all the Saints"

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,  
Who Thee by faith before the world confessed,  
Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress and their might;  
Thou, Lord, their captain in the well-fought fight;  
Thou in the darkness drear, their one true light.

O blest communion, fellowship divine!  
We feebly struggle, they in glory shine;  
Yet all are one in Thee, for all are Thine.

The golden evening brightens in the west;  
Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes thy rest;  
Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blest.

But lo, there breaks a yet more glorious day;  
The saints triumphant rise in bright array;  
The King of glory passes on his way.

From earth's wide bounds, from ocean's farthest coast,  
Through gates of pearl streams in the countless host,  
Singing to Father, Son, and Holy Ghost,  
"Hallelujah, Hallelujah!"

BENEDICTION. By Dr. Alexander:

Now the God of peace, that brought again from the dead our Lord Jesus, that great shepherd of the sheep, through the blood of the everlasting covenant, make you perfect in every good work to do His will, working in you that which is well pleasing in His sight, and the Grace of our Lord Jesus Christ, the Love of God, the Father, and the fellowship of the Holy Spirit, be with you forever.

SEVENFOLD AMEN . . . . . *Stainer*

ORGAN POSTLUDE—MARCHE SOLONELLE, *Gounod*

The following poem was printed upon the last page of the order of service:

TO DR. RICHARDS:

Strong shepherd of the sheep of God,  
Pastor that fed our hungry souls;  
Dark are the ways our feet have trod,  
No shepherd call our grief consoles.

This tribute that we render you,  
In sudden sorrow gathered here,  
Is but the honor due the dead,  
Sad homage to that silent bier.

Deeper than tears our questions search  
In self-condemning agony,  
To know the reason for this loss,  
The cause of our heart's tragedy.

What work called out your utmost strength  
    Beyond the measure of its power?  
What ministry of God-like love  
    Has brought us to this lonely hour?

To whose life's sorrow was it due  
    That you should give that last deep breath?  
What soul asked sympathy so great  
    It opened wide the door to death?

What over-eager sheep we've been,  
    Seeking the love you ne'er withheld;  
How greatly have we asked of you,  
    By petty, selfish needs impelled.

And now there lies where you have stood,  
    In death's calm dignity at rest,  
The outward semblance we have known,  
    Loved temple that your spirit blessed.

The tenant that has left it still  
    And lifeless where it glowed so bright,  
Has gone that way up which you strove  
    To point weak men on to the light.

The valley of the shadow must  
    Have blazed with glory as you passed;  
Blessed men are they who crossed with you,  
    Soul speaking soul unto the last.

I think you dwelt so near that land,  
    Your soul was so attuned to God,  
He could not stay that one short step  
    Between Him and the way you trod.

And in some dream of perfect light—  
    The step between full-bridged in sleep—  
Your soul slipped from the bond of earth  
    That held you, shepherd, with your sheep.

Bereft, sad-hearted, lonely-souled,  
    We who have known your ministry  
Of strength and light and Christ-like love  
    Shall comfort in our sorrow see.

That step that bridged the way for you  
Between dim paths, and light beyond,  
Is nearer still to those you love,  
Unto your soul heaven's closest bond;

And in full presence of God's light  
Just that least step between divides  
Our grieving hearts and yours whose love  
Still close and dear with us abides.

January 10, 1910.

*Helén Palmer Gavitt.\**

As many of the following tributes as time permitted  
were read by Mr. Parsons.

*Letter from the President of the United States*

THE WHITE HOUSE, Washington,

January 18, 1910.

I am very sorry that I cannot attend the memorial  
service in the Brick Church for your late pastor, Dr.  
Richards, on Sunday, January 30th. I knew Dr. Rich-  
ards well and had known him ever since he was in col-  
lege. He was a senior when I was a freshman. He  
always commanded the respect and affection of his class-  
mates, and united with good fellowship and a pure heart,  
great ability and simplicity of character. I sympathize  
sincerely with the congregation which he has left in their  
great loss.

Sincerely yours,

WM. H. TAFT.

The Brick Presbyterian Church,  
Fifth Avenue and 37th Street,  
New York, N. Y.

\* Miss Gavitt, as Parish Secretary, was intimately associated  
with Dr. Richards in the work of the Church. Only a few days  
before his death she was taken ill and wrote these touching  
verses upon her bed in a hospital, where she was subsequently  
operated upon for appendicitis.

*Letter from the Right Hon. James Bryce, British  
Ambassador.*

BRITISH EMBASSY, Washington.

January 31, 1910.

We were deeply grieved to hear of the terrible sorrow which fell so suddenly upon you and desire to be permitted to express to you our sincere sympathy. Though we had so seldom enjoyed the privilege of seeing Dr. Richards and of hearing him preach, we had conceived a warm regard and felt a warm admiration for him, and had hoped for further opportunities of meeting him and knowing him better. His loss is indeed a grievous one for the city where he was a power for good, and many are those who will have cause to mourn it.

Pray forgive me for venturing to write to you and believe me to be

Sincerely yours,

JAMES BRYCE.

*Christ Church Session*

Christ Church Memorial Building,  
336 West Thirty-sixth Street, New York.

January 18, 1910.

Through the death of the Rev. William R. Richards, D.D., pastor of the Brick Church, Christ Church has lost one of its most loyal and devoted friends. At the commencement of his ministry in 1902 our work was carried on in the old and inadequate buildings in West Thirty-fifth Street, which had served it as a home for over forty years, but which had become outworn and out-



grown in the course of that time. To-day we are worshipping and carrying on our social activities in the splendid Memorial Buildings, one of the most beautiful and complete centers of institutional church work in the city and in the world.

This change in our material equipment has been attended by a corresponding growth in the size and scope of our work. Our church has increased in membership and in contribution; our Sunday School, in spite of great changes of population in the neighborhood, has more than held its own; our clubs and other social activities have multiplied in number and increased in membership, so that the Church House has become a neighborhood center of wide-reaching usefulness instead of a modest annex to the work of the church and Sunday School. These changes are in a large measure due to the devoted interest which Dr. Richards has taken in our work.

At the beginning of his pastorate he found the plans for our future development in an indefinite and formless condition, and gave himself patiently for many months to conferences with the committee, in which they were crystalized and determined. He found the funds for the proposed building lacking some two hundred thousand dollars of the amount necessary to bring the work to a successful conclusion, and it was due to his personal interest and solicitation that this large sum of money was secured. The completion of the buildings in the fall of 1905 was an occasion of deepest satisfaction to Dr. Richards and he gave expression to the spirit which had constantly actuated him by rejoicing that in many respects

they were finer than those which the Brick Church itself possessed. Dr. Richards, until the very day of his death, attended with regularity the monthly meetings of the Church House Committee; has been with us upon all festival occasions of the year, and has constantly kept the work and its needs before the people of the Brick Church.

In addition to these large material services, Dr. Richards endeared himself to the members of our Session and to the congregation and young people of the church, through his sunny temperament, his vivid and earnest sermons, and his manifest interest in all that pertained to their welfare.

The Session of Christ Church hereby records its heartfelt gratitude to our Heavenly Father for the blessings he has given us through this devoted servant of Christ, and its sense of profound loss in his removal from us. It extends to the people of the Brick Church and to the members of Dr. Richards' family its heartfelt sympathy in their great bereavement, and its prayers for their help and guidance in the days that are to come.

WILLIAM H. WILSON,  
*Clerk of Christ Church Session.*

At the regular monthly meeting of the Christ Church Memorial House Committee on January 6, 1910, the Rev. Dr. William R. Richards, the pastor of the Brick Church, apparently in the enjoyment of fullest health and brightest spirits, met with us to confer regarding the needs of the work for the coming year. That night he was swiftly and silently called away from us.

The Memorial House Committee, as well as the Christ Church Memorial Building, was in a large measure the creation of Dr. Richards' wise mind and loving interest in the affiliated work of the Brick Church. It was due to him that the vague plans, which had been formed previous to his coming to the Brick Church, for the erection of the new buildings were definitely determined and the money was raised for the carrying out of those plans.

As soon as the project assumed definite shape Dr. Richards met regularly with those interested in the work, and rendered valuable service in the preparation of the rules under which the activities of the Memorial Buildings have been so happily and successfully conducted. His satisfaction in the completion of the new buildings and the inauguration of the work in them was very great, and that interest continued to be displayed through his regular attendance at the committee meetings and at all festival gatherings, through his unflinching sympathy in all the plans for the advancement of the work and his generous aid in securing the money necessary for their maintenance.

The members of this committee desire to record their deep appreciation of his splendid Christian manhood, devoted services and uplifting fellowship. Saddened at his sudden death and our irreparable loss, we express our gratitude to God that for so many years it was our privilege to be associated with him in a work so dear to his heart and ours. We bear loving testimony to his unflinching wisdom and tact, unselfishness and fidelity. We recognized in him while living the true marks of a disciple of our Master, and we rejoice in the assured faith

that there was awaiting him in our Father's House the welcome of our Lord to a good and faithful servant.

The secretary is directed to record this memorial of our appreciation and affection upon the minutes of the committee, and to forward a copy with our heartfelt sympathy to the family of Dr. Richards and to the Session of the Brick Church.

JAMES M. FARR,  
HECTOR M. HITCHINGS,  
*Committee.*

*Church of the Covenant,*

To the Session of the Brick Presbyterian Church,  
New York City.

At a meeting of the Session of the Church of the Covenant, held February 2, 1910, the following minute was adopted:

“The Session of the Church of the Covenant hereby records our appreciation of the Rev. William Rogers Richards, D.D., late pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, and our sense of loss in his sudden translation, January 7, 1910.

“His prophetic outlook upon the needs of our great city and of the world, and his practical methods for meeting those needs, made us all look up to him as a great leader in the promotion of God's Kingdom.

“His brotherly interest in our work and in us made very real and personal the affiliated relationship between our churches. We shall ever hold in grateful memory his wise messages from our pulpit, and especially his

prayer and benediction on his last visit, at the close of our Sunday School service on Christmas morning.

“We mourn the loss of a tried and trusted leader, a wise and loving counsellor, a faithful and appreciative friend, a man so filled with the Spirit of Jesus Christ that it will ever be an inspiration to purer living and nobler service to have known him.”

GEORGE S. WEBSTER, *Moderator.*

DANIEL H. WIESNER, *Clerk.*

*The Congregation of Central Church, Bath, Me.*

To the Session of the Brick Presbyterian Church, New York City, from the Central Congregational Church, Bath, Me.

January 22, 1910.

GREETING: We have your kind invitation to be present by representative delegate at the Memorial Service to be held for Rev. Dr. William R. Richards, in the Brick Church January 30th, and regret exceedingly the inability of any member of our congregation to be with you on that occasion.\* Absence in person, however, shall not prevent our sending the expression of our sincerest sympathy in the loss to you and to the church at large of this true servant of Christ.

We recall that the fruitful ministry of Dr. Richards was begun in this city thirty-one years ago. He came to Central Church directly from the Seminary and here with rare fidelity and growing power he labored for five years. To our Manse, he brought the bride of his

\*As was seen on page 17, Rev. Mr. DeMott found it possible to attend the Memorial Service.

youth ; here two of his children were born, and from this church he was called to the larger service in Plainfield, N. J. We recall that, during these intervening years, his interest in this parish has continued, and that he has always rejoiced in its welfare. And this feeling has been returned. We have followed his increasing success and enlarging usefulness with something of maternal pride and thanksgiving, knowing that in a sense we gave him to the world. Therefore, we would share with you the consciousness of a common loss.

Will you kindly convey to Dr. Richards' family the assurance that their sorrow is our sorrow? Will you express to the Brick Church our sincere sympathy in having lost a true leader in the things of the Spirit?

Rightly has he been called, by one who knew him well, "a guide to the heights."

"A heightsman, clean of soul—  
Who knew the unblazed trails ; up heights unseen  
He guided multitudes."

In this let us rejoice—that he, following the Master, has led men up to God and Eternal Life.

Wishing you grace, mercy and peace, we remain,  
Faithfully yours,

GEO. C. DEMOTT, *Pastor.*

WM. R. SHAW, *Clerk.*

*The Presbytery of New York.*

The Presbytery of New York is called, in the all-wise Providence of God, to mourn the loss of the Rev. Dr. Richards, a brother useful, honored and beloved, an ex-Moderator of this body, at the time of his death an im-

portant member of the Moderator's Council and of the Church Extension Committee. The Presbytery would record its grief at our loss, and its appreciation of the character and services of our beloved fellow member.

William Rogers Richards, son of the Rev. George and Anna (Woodruff) Richards, was born in Boston, December 20, 1853, received his preparatory education in Mr. Day's school in Bridgeport, Conn., and entered Yale College in 1871. On graduation with high honors in 1875, he went for a year to the Columbia Law School in New York City, then entered Andover Theological Seminary and graduated into the ministry of the Congregational Church in 1879. His first pastorate was in Bath, Me.; while there he married Miss Charlotte Barrett Blodget, daughter of the eminent missionary to China. After nearly five years in this charge, he was called to the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church in Plainfield, N. J. He rendered eighteen years of service there, and was then called to the Brick Presbyterian Church in this city, became a member of this Presbytery in the year 1902, and continued in most active service until the moment of death.

Dr. Richards was destined from birth to high position and large usefulness. Of the best New England ancestry, with endowment of strength and beauty physical and spiritual, he found himself from earliest years placed and kept in an environment tending to his highest development. He passed easily and quickly toward the lead, in college life, in matters of scholarship, of religious and of social life. He developed in early days, and to a large degree, the faculty of success in whatever he under-

took. The influences of his brilliant college career marked him through his life's work. To the end he retained his scholarly habits, clearness of thought, close friendships, fondness for outdoor life, readiness and power in dealing with men, and his religious consecration.

In his Plainfield pastorate he was markedly successful. The church grew greatly in numbers and in power, branches developed, the pastor in chief became widely influential and in many and varied spheres of life. On special occasions he took a wise and helpful part in politics, when moral issues were clearly at stake. He was called to the Moderatorship of the Synod of New Jersey, and became widely useful as a Presbyter. He won the confidence and love of his church to a rare degree. The relation between that pastor and his people became ideal.

When called to the Brick Church of this Presbytery he did not want to come; but God made it plain to him, and to others, that the path of duty lay thus. The struggle was hard; but bravely and determinedly he set his face according to his Master's will. It required high courage and devotion on his part to leave the happiness, security and promise of the well-established home and work and to go out into the new country, knowing little of whither he went. Many of us remember the difficult conditions into which he came. From the first he mastered circumstances, compelled respect and appreciation, won love and following, led onward for his church as for himself into widespread usefulness. The social and religious service of that church has never been so large



as under the administration of Dr. Richards and the men who have sustained him through these years. Almost the first great matter that he undertook was to secure the large amount of money needed to establish the beautiful memorial for his beloved predecessors, which now stands on our roll as Christ Church. As one of his associates has said, "his heart was in the tenements although his church was on Fifth Avenue." And in many ways the foundations of his church were deepened and broadened.

In our Presbytery Dr. Richards soon became a leader, revealing himself as wise, resourceful, controlling. He was made Moderator, and held this position for three terms. His spirit of fairness, his breadth of vision, his attention to detail, his conciliatory attitude where possible, were conspicuous. At a time when a spirit of separativeness was feared, he seized the idea of a partial reorganization of Presbytery, and did much to inaugurate a new era of mutual confidence and prosperity.

His services to the church at large were many and great. He was made Vice-Moderator of the General Assembly in 1906, and presided with conspicuous power. He was appointed on several important committees having in charge the welfare of the church. On the Board of Foreign Missions his services were notable, the president of that Board testifying that his judgment seemed almost infallible on the questions presented. In the relations of our church to other branches of the great Church of Christ, and in the irresistible movement of all the Christian churches toward unity of effort, whether or not of organization, Dr. Richards was farseeing and

helpful. He had deep interest in efforts for social uplift and political purification, yet he was never carried away by the wild enthusiasms of the moment or by impracticable schemes of betterment. He was widely welcomed and successful as a college preacher.

Our Presbytery at this time thinks of the man as well as of his service. We found that he was loving and lovable; that he wanted to help us all. As a preacher he was strongly intellectual yet fervently appealing. He had a message to deliver for his Master, and he uttered the message with clearness of thought, felicity of diction, and force of appeal. He was faithful in the pastoral office, doing conscientiously the routine work of an ambassador for Christ in personal relations with men. He gave himself without reserve to the work and the world, in the Spirit of Him who came not to be ministered unto, but to minister, and to give his life a ransom for many.

At midnight the call came to him, and found him ready. Happy transition from the high point of his usefulness here, to the higher activities of the life beyond! We are missing him greatly, in our Presbytery and in our hearts. We sympathize with the bereaved members of his household. But we would take this occasion to express the triumph of Christian faith. He is not dead—he cannot die. We believe that the Master has said to him: “Well done good and faithful servant; thou hast been faithful over a few things, I will set thee over many things. Enter thou into the joy of the Lord.”

ANSON P. ATTERBURY,  
*Chairman of Committee.*

*The Men's Association of Brick Church.*

*Minute Adopted March 14, 1910.*

During Dr. Richards' pastorate in the Brick Church, his intense loyalty to the Master's service made its lasting impress on all the varied activities of the Church, but upon none more strongly than upon the work of the Men's Association, and while we have left to others the summing up in more complete form the life of our late beloved Pastor, we, as an Association, desire to record upon our Minutes a tribute of affection for that faithful Ambassador for Christ who during eight years was our spiritual guide, and our intimate and loving associate and friend.

Immediately upon assuming the pastorate of our Church, Dr. Richards entered into the spirit and fellowship of this Association with that hearty devotion, that singleness of purpose, and that earnest self-sacrifice which were characteristic of all his labors among us.

He was a regular attendant at our meetings, and always contributed to the interest of the evening. Whether he related some humorous personal experience, or told of some interesting Summer travel, or merely took occasion to thank an Association lecturer for his services, he would draw upon his admirable equipment as a speaker and by his refined taste, his nobility of thought, or his fund of good humor, never failed to charm his hearers.

Dr. Richards gave to this Church, and to this Association, the full measure of loyal devotion, and, just as his love and devotion included all, so the love of all went out to him.

Though he was gentle, he was earnest and forceful. He was an inspiring preacher, a manly Christian, and

he spared not his strength in his work for Christ. He was a true shepherd of his flock, who pointed the way home to God with a happy countenance and a winsome smile.

What his devotion accomplished for this Association is our precious heritage, and the knowledge that our love answered his love is our tenderest memory.

At this time of grief and sadness we look up and thank God that Dr. Richards was our brother in these last years of his life, that we have seen the sweetening of a character, already lovable to an unusual degree when he came to us, and to know that in his unconscious preparation for the life beyond, not only he himself, but those who came in contact with him, were drawn closer and closer to the Master.

While the call for us has not yet come, let us each one pledge so to live that there may be a joyous meeting on that yonder shore, there to share with Dr. Richards the heaven which his companionship has already brightened.

(This tribute was received after this memorial volume had been printed, and is inserted as extra pages.)

*Directors of Union Theological Seminary.*

January 11, 1910.

Whereas, in the all-wise Providence of God, the Rev. Dr. Richards has been called from his earthly activity, the Board of Directors of Union Seminary would hereby record our sense of sorrow and loss in the death of this member of our Board, and express our high appreciation of his services to this Seminary and to the church at large.

William Rogers Richards, son of the Rev. George and Anna (Woodruff) Richards, was born in Boston, December 20, 1853. As a child he breathed the stimulating atmosphere of ministerial life. New England gave to him all possible of physical health, intellectual discipline, religious heritage. At Yale College, he quickly assumed leadership in his class, both as scholar and friend. Graduating in the year 1875, he entered the Columbia Law School in New York City; it is probable that this step was taken, not so much with an idea of becoming a lawyer, as to give himself time to think about the great decision which was already before him. His brief legal training was of large avail later, in his chosen profession.

In the fall of 1876, he entered Andover Theological Seminary, and came under the inspiring influences of Edward A. Park, Egbert C. Smythe, J. H. Thayer, and others of that time, and while Austin Phelps was still lingering on the borderland. In the quiet and studious life of that institution he developed great power and promise. He graduated in 1879, in a large sense a "man of God—furnished completely unto every good work."

At Bath, Me., the young man began his ministerial career. The seclusion of the far-off village could not hide him. He married Charlotte B. Blodget, daughter of the Missionary to China. In the year 1884 he passed from Congregationalism to Presbyterianism, and assumed the important pastorate of the Crescent Avenue Church in Plainfield, N. J. Here he labored with great faithfulness and success, and with growing reputation for eighteen years. He refused chances for change; he looked upon himself, and became looked upon by others, as fixed in his life's work. But in the year 1902 it was made evident to him, and to others, that the Great Head of the Church wanted him to become pastor of the Brick Church in New York. This involved an additional struggle of which it was hard for him to speak afterwards. He did not waver when the duty was made plain.

In New York he began cautiously but strongly. After a year or two his people and the community in general began to find that he was strong and true, wise and loving. He made many friends in many spheres of activity, and he bound them to him as with the "cords of a man." His intellectual endowments had always been apparent; ever more effectively, the heart qualities became developed, in preaching as throughout his intercourse with men. He became a leader in Presbytery; soon, and for some years, its Moderator. He served for several years most helpfully on the Moderators' Council. As a member of the Board of Foreign Missions he was greatly useful; the president of that Board has recently said that Dr. Richards' judgment on the questions pre-

sented seemed almost infallible. He had opportunity to show his power when called to the Vice-Moderatorship of the General Assembly in 1906. He was active and useful in many matters connected with the social and religious welfare of our city and country. His coöperation was welcomed by leaders of other denominations.

As a preacher he was strong and compelling; as a presbyter he was wise and winsome; as a pastor he was faithful and gentle; as a friend he was tender and sympathetic. He fought a good fight—and he kept the faith. With a mind opened to newer thought, he held strongly to certain old essentials of Theology that he had proved in his own spiritual experience.

It was soon after his transfer to New York that he became a member of this Board. He has added greatly to the strength and steadfastness of this institution. What public part he has been called upon to take has been fulfilled with dignity. His services in bringing Presbytery and Seminary toward harmony have been invaluable.

We have been, of late, mourning the departure of strong and beloved members of this Board; and now another is taken. In the flood tide of his power and success, he has passed into the larger life. In the midnight the call came to him, and found him ready. As his earthly life, stainless and strong, now closes, we mourn our loss, we sympathize deeply with his immediate family and with his church, and we rejoice in his triumph.

WM. M. KINGSLEY,

*Recorder.*

*The Faculty of Union Theological Seminary.*

January 12, 1910.

The Faculty of Union Theological Seminary desires to put on record its sense of most grievous loss in the death of Dr. William Rogers Richards, a member of our Board of Directors and an invaluable adviser in the work of our institution. Coming from New England, where he was born in Boston (1853) he was a splendid incarnation of the cool, lofty, high-born sincerity and integrity that early stamped itself upon the New England character. His legal training, before he entered upon the ministry, had framed a keen mind to exact thinking and given it great capacity for separating the essential from the nonessential elements of any question.

His religious life was no outward attachment to his activities but formed the warm motive power behind all he thought and did. Reserve and strength alike marked him, and yet his reserve was no barrier between him and anyone needing counsel or aid. Even his rare gifts as a preacher could not have given him his unique hold upon the lives and affections of three such congregations as those of the Congregational Church of Bath, Me.; the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church of Plainfield, N. J., and the Brick Church, New York, had not his work as sympathetic, ministering pastor made him a personal friend to young and old. To know him even slightly was to trust him utterly. To have him once for a friend was to have one to whom one could ever and always turn. His firm faith made him tolerant of intellectual divergence, and even when formulæ and po-



sitions dear to him were challenged, he always wished to meet the challenge only with the appropriate weapons. This gave a largeness and richness to his life that made that life invaluable to many seeking clearer views of truth and duty amidst the confusions of the day. There was harmony and unity and such fulness of manhood in him who has been taken from us, that we feel how sadly that life will be missed in all its manifold relations, as father and husband, as pastor and preacher, as friend and counselor. We comfort ourselves in his strong faith which we hope daily to make our own, and rejoice amidst our sorrows in the rich fruit of the life's work.

CHARLES R. GILLET, *Secretary.*

*The Church Extension Committee.*

The Church Extension Committee of the Presbytery of New York records its deep sense of loss in the sudden death of the Rev. William Rogers Richards, D.D., the pastor of the Brick Church, in the early morning of January 7th.

Dr. Richards has been a member of this committee from the time of his coming to New York. With a keen sense of the church's obligations to the entire community and an appreciation of the vastness of the problem raised by the phenomenal growth of this metropolitan city, he threw himself into our work with the utmost enthusiasm. He has been a constant attendant at our meetings, assisting us incalculably with his statesmanship, wise counsel, and unerring tact. He has given much personal attention to the work, examining proposed sites, and vis-

iting our young churches. He has taken a vigorous part in our campaigns for contributions, plead our cause in public and private, and sought to bind the churches of the Presbytery together in a common responsibility for the advance of the Kingdom in this city.

Above all, he has so endeared himself to each one of us by the charm of his rich, tender, strong personality and by his manifest consecration to Christ that we cannot but miss him most sorely whenever we meet together for the discharge of duties in which he had so large a share.

We desire to extend our sympathy to the church he has so ably served and to his family in whose sorrow we feel we have a part.

Signed on behalf of the Committee—

WILTON MERLE SMITH, *President.*

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, *Vice-President.*

*Yale University, Secretary's Office.*

NEW HAVEN, CONN., January 19, 1910.

I beg to inform you that the following minute appears in the records of the meeting of the Yale Corporation held January 13, 1910:

“Voted, to direct the secretary to extend to the family of the late Rev. Dr. Richards the deep sympathy of the President and Fellows on the death of a member of the Corporation who was especially highly valued for his devotion to the university, his beauty of character, and his soundness of judgment.”

Very truly yours,

ANSON PHELPS STOKES, JR.

*The Board of Home Missions.*

January 18, 1910.

Every member of our Board feels keenly the loss Presbyterianism has sustained in his being called to the higher service. I am sure I voice the sentiments of the Board when I express their hearty appreciation of all that he was as a man and all the service that he rendered to the church at large through the various organizations with which he was connected.

Not only the Brick Church, but all Presbyterian interests are the poorer for his translation. We shall sorely miss that genial Christian manhood, and extend our earnest sympathy to the Brick Church in their bereavement.

Sincerely yours,

C. L. THOMPSON, *Secretary.*

*Board of Foreign Missions.*

January 27, 1910.

In the death of the Rev. Dr. William Rogers Richards (which occurred suddenly at his home in this city on January 7, 1910), the Board of Foreign Missions of the Presbyterian Church has sustained an irreparable loss.

He was elected a member of the Board in 1890, and during the entire twenty years which have since elapsed, served with conspicuous fidelity and efficiency. His attendance at meetings of the Board and its subcommittees was most regular; his wide outlook, long experience and wise counsel were of incalculable value to the Board. His marked intellectual qualities, which distinguished him as a preacher, were evident in his grasp of

the many important and often perplexing problems of the Board, and were most graciously and generously extended. His interest in the work of the Board was manifested in many ways, and it was quickened by his visits to the Syrian and Mexican Missions.

Dr. Richards was for eighteen years pastor of the Crescent Avenue Presbyterian Church, of Plainfield, N. J., and in 1902 accepted the call of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York, the pastorate of which he held until his death.

The Board desires to record its affectionate appreciation of Dr. Richards' noble Christian character, his striking and attractive qualities of mind and heart, and his kind and courteous intercourse with his fellow-members in the bonds of Christian fellowship.

In Dr. Richards' death the community has lost a patriotic and unselfish citizen—the church a devoted pastor and a preacher of rare power and persuasiveness, and a leader of courage and wisdom.

Resolved, that this Minute be placed on the records of the Board and a copy sent to the family of Dr. Richards.

ALFRED E. MARLING,  
*Chairman.*

*New York City Mission and Tract Society.*

January 18, 1910.

Our City Mission Society has had no meeting since Dr. Richards died, and will have none until February, and, therefore, we have no resolutions adopted.

In view of these conditions, let me say, as President of the City Mission, that we deeply sympathize with the church in the very great loss it has sustained in the death of Dr. Richards. The Brick Church has always been most catholic in its sympathy and in its beneficence. Dr. Richards led it along these same lines in a most intelligent and broad-minded way.

Not the City Mission only, but the Evangelistic Tent Work of whose Executive Committee I am chairman, and many other good causes mourn with you over his sudden death.

He was a man of God, of well-balanced judgment, steadfast purpose, and of high ideals, and the city is poorer because of his departure, while at the same time it is richer because of his life and labor.

Yours very truly,

A. F. SCHAUFFLER.

*Session of Madison Avenue Church.*

We, the Session of the Madison Avenue Presbyterian Church desire, in the name of the church and congregation, to record our sense of the loss we, together with all the churches of the Presbytery of New York, have sustained in the death of the Rev. William Rogers Richards, D.D., pastor of the Brick Church, and our gratitude to God for the gift to our city, during these past eight years, of this eminent minister of Jesus Christ.

We recognize that, while Dr. Richards gave himself unsparingly to the work of his own great parish and made the church he served a source of power for the

Kingdom of God, he also bore on his heart the needs of all the churches, was untiringly active in the work of the Presbytery, brought his sound judgment, kind heart and unfailing tact to the solution of our common problems, led the Presbytery in many important advances in the organization and extension of its activities, stood firmly for a broad, progressive and inclusive churchmanship against all narrowness and traditionalism and exclusiveness, furthered the church's missionary enterprise both by his counsel and leadership in the Board of Foreign Missions, and by his close identification with the forward movements of the city, lent his influence and gave his personal service to the causes of social and civic righteousness, and above all, contributed in himself a conspicuous example of the positive, modest, forceful, affectionate, cultured Christian gentleman and the able, consecrated and self-sacrificing Christian minister.

We wish to extend our hearty sympathy to the Session and people of the Brick Church in their loss of this gifted, faithful and beloved pastor, and to Dr. Richards' family in whose sorrow we feel that, with many hundreds of others, we have a personal share.

HENRY SLOANE COFFIN, *Moderator.*

AUGUSTINE SACKETT, *Clerk.*

*Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church.*

January 9, 1910.

Session of the Fifth Avenue Presbyterian Church desires to unite with all the church of New York and of the whole country in expressing to the Session and con-

gregation of the Brick Church their grief and sorrow for the death of the Rev. Dr. William R. Richards, their pastor.

Session recalls the devotion to his Master's business, his gentle grace, his earnest spirit, his distinguished service and the abundance of his labors of love.

Besides the ministry of his own pastorate, his was the care of all the churches, and the spread of the Kingdom at home and abroad, in all Christendom and in all the isles of the sea. He spent himself upon education and charities and civic righteousness and the uplift of the people. He had gained the love and respect of the whole city in which he dwelt, and in the height of his power and with the promise of many years of usefulness, he was cut off in a night.

Truly God's ways are not as our ways.

But while we mourn with you, it is not as those who have no hope—for him it is far better.

We commend you and all the church to the word of His grace that He may grant you good hope and comfort unto the end.

By order of Session,

S. B. BROWNELL, *Clerk of Session.*

*Session of Englewood Church.*

ENGLEWOOD, N. J., January 10, 1910.

To Rev. Robert Davis,  
Brick Church.

The Session of our Englewood Church was called together after the service this morning, and they deputed

me to write to you to say that you are much in our thoughts and prayers at this time.

The sad death of Rev. Dr. Richards must be a personal bereavement to you, as it is a great and most deplorable loss to the Brick Presbyterian Church.

Our Session and the people of our church sympathize with you deeply, and they would like to send through you, if they may, an expression of their sincere sympathy to the Session of the Brick Church.

Faithfully and respectfully yours,  
FREDERICK B. SCHENCK.

*The Marble Collegiate Church.*

January 8, 1910.

To the Session of the Brick Presbyterian Church:

The Elders worshipping at the Marble Collegiate Church desire to convey to you an expression of their prayerful sympathy in your deep sorrow. The Lord be with you. May you be sustained and strengthened by the consolation of His grace.

With regard,  
DAVID J. BURRELL.

*West End Presbyterian Church.*

To the Session,

Brick Presbyterian Church.

DEAR BRETHREN: At a special meeting of the Session of the West End Presbyterian Church held yesterday, we were appointed a committee to express to you and through you to your church and your pastor's bereaved family our grateful appreciation of his self-sacrificing devotion and that clear, intellectual and spiritual vision



with which he pursued the duties of his high office as minister of Christ Jesus.

While we can feel with you that they are thrice blessed who are called home 'mid their triumphs in their Master's service, yet grief asserts itself as the church, in its sense of its loss, recalls those well-spent years of preparation, development and matured ministry which Dr. Richards was permitted to enjoy. We lament with you the loss of a leader in the church, an executive mind, gifted in discerning, not only what his own people needed, but also what, in Presbytery, Synod and General Assembly, the Presbyterian Church stands for in government, faith and practice. Sympathetic with all new truth, with new statement of old truths, proving all things, holding fast to that which is good, abounding in good works, visiting the needy in affliction, in honor ever preferring his brethren, Dr. Richards was a rare combination of scholar, pastor, servant, benefactor.

With you we honor the man—the man of God—his work, satisfied that He who called him both to and from his work, and knoweth all things from the beginning, has done best, and assured that your people will be blessed in his death with a new baptism of zeal, as they were continually blessed in his loving and wise ministration.

Commending you, your people and the grieving family, to the Lord of the Resurrection and of the New Heaven and the New Earth, we are,

Very sincerely yours,

W. W. LOCKWOOD.

W. E. WATERS.

*Church of the Pilgrims, Brooklyn, N. Y.*

January 9, 1910.

To the Congregation of the  
Brick Presbyterian Church,  
New York City.

At a meeting of the members of the Church of the Pilgrims held Friday evening, January 7th, we were requested to express to you our sincere and deep sympathy with you in your great bereavement.

In the death of Dr. Richards the whole Church of Christ has suffered a severe loss which will be universally felt, but to you who knew him in the intimate fellowship of pastor and people, the sorrow must be peculiarly heavy and hard to bear.

We commend you most affectionately to the only Source of comfort and strength, assuring you of our earnest prayers, that the promised Sufficient Grace may be given to you, in this hour of your need.

In behalf of the Church of the Pilgrims,

Very sincerely yours,

SIMEON B. CHITTENDEN,  
CHARLES A. HULL,  
JOSEPH EPES BROWN,  
ALBRO J. NEWTON,  
ARTHUR TRUSLOW,  
THOMAS CHRISTIE,  
JOSHUA M. VAN COTT,  
F. H. COLTON, *Deacons.*

FREDERICK COBB, *Clerk pro tem.*

*Directors of Whittier House.*

The Brick Church,  
New York City.

January 21, 1910.

The Directors of the Whittier House in Jersey City have asked me to convey to you their profound sympathy in this hour of your trial.

Dr. Richards was long a member of our Board of Directors and for some years its president. He was always generous, faithful and helpful. Whatever good our work accomplished has been due in no small degree to him. If it were possible to put into words our appreciation of him as a man, as a philanthropist, and as a Christian gentleman, we should endeavor to do so. He will live for many years in the hearts and lives of those whom he has helped to uplift and to inspire in lower Jersey City.

In behalf of the Board of Directors of the Whittier House,  
AMORY H. BRADFORD.

*American Tract Society.*

January 26, 1910.

"I am constrained to express our great sorrow over the death of your beloved pastor, Rev. Dr. Richards. I knew him well enough to realize how true and great a heart he possessed. He was one of God's noblemen, and lived so devout and sincere a life that he was sainted prior to his translation. I suppose after all we should not sorrow, as he is now enjoying the glorious reward that awaits the faithful. You have my deepest sympathy, each and all of you, elders and people."

JUDSON SWIFT, *Secretary.*

*Minute of the Presbytery of Elizabeth.*

*Whereas*, the Rev. William R. Richards, D.D., who, while minister of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York City, has recently been summoned into the glorified life, was for eighteen years prior to 1902 the minister of the Crescent Avenue Church of Plainfield, and an honored member of this Presbytery; therefore,

*Resolved*, that we hereby give expression to our sense of the loss sustained by our entire denomination and by the cause of Christianity generally throughout our land by his apparently too early death. In our judgment, the church has lost in his departure a preacher of marked distinction, a leader of men of extraordinary strength, and above all a Christian gentleman of rare refinement, purity of soul and consecration to the cause and spirit of Jesus Christ. We record our appreciation of his nobility and loveliness of character, as we came to know him during his long period of membership in this body.

*Resolved*, that a copy of these resolutions be sent by our stated clerk to Mrs. Richards, with the loving sympathy of all our members.

A true copy,

Attest: SAMUEL PARRY, *Stated Clerk.*

Somerville, N. J.,

January 19, 1910.

*Crescent Avenue Church.*

THE SESSION OF THE CRESCENT AVENUE  
PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH OF PLAINFIELD, N. J.

*To the Session of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York:*

On Friday, January 7th, the congregation of this church received the tidings of the death of Dr. William R. Richards, the minister of your church. For eighteen years preceding his ministry to you he was the beloved minister of this church and the strength of the attachment which bound this congregation to him, with the deep affection and honor in which he was held by them, have made us sharers with you in the great loss which you have sustained.

With the desire to express in some degree the lasting regard in which he is, and will be, held by this people and this community a service in memory of him was appointed for the evening of Sunday, January 16th, in this church, where the greater part of his ministry was rendered. Other churches desired to unite with us and add their tribute of love toward him and gratitude for the years of his work here, which always remain one of the most deeply cherished memories of the Christian life of this city.

At that service addresses were made by the Rev. Dr. Zelig and by Dr. Richards' colleagues in the work of this church, the Rev. F. D. Tildon and Rev. G. Kennedy Newell, formerly of Hope Chapel, who gave expression to the love in which Dr. Richards had been held by all his assistants. Mr. George A. Strong for the congregation gave a faithful appreciation of his life as a preacher and pastor, and Mr. Leander N. Lovell, for the eighteen years of Dr. Richards' pastorate a member of the Session with him, recalled the experience of that fellowship. The Rev. Charles L. Goodrich of the Congregational Church and the Rev. Dr. Charles E. Herring of the First Presbyterian Church, fellow-workers with Dr. Richards in the ministry in this city for many years, bore testimony to the regard and honor ever felt toward him by those working in other fields, who

ever found his ministry an inspiration and incentive to them.

In acquainting you with the fact of these tributes which were spoken, and the silent one rendered by the great congregation which gathered for this service of love and memory, we desire to add our gratitude to yours for the years in which both our churches have been enriched by the same gracious ministry and to unite with your sorrow our own deep experience of loss.

JOHN SHERIDAN ZELIE,  
*Minister,*

LEANDER N. LOVELL,  
JOHN LEAL,  
WILLIAM D. MURRAY,  
ANDREW J. GAVETT,  
ELLIS W. HEDGES,  
ALFRED W. DUXBURY,  
EMERSON E. PARVIN,  
G. HERBERT CONDUCT,  
JOHN F. HARMAN,  
*Elders.*

*Baptist Ministers Conference,*  
NEW YORK CITY,

January 11, 1910.

At the regular session of the Conference held yesterday it was unanimously voted that we convey to the Session of the Brick Presbyterian Church our condolences upon the sudden death of its pastor, the Rev. William R. Richards, D.D.

In the passing of this noble man we feel that the Christian work of New York City has lost a most ardent advocate of Christian truth and righteousness. Our prayer is that the Heavenly Father will raise up as his successor one who will forward the policies which were so ably expressed in the ministry of the deceased.

Fraternally yours,  
ARTHUR T. BROOKS, *Sec'y.*

### *New England Society*

The Board of Directors of the New England Society in the City of New York desire to express their sense of the great loss to the Society and to the community in the death of their fellow-director, the Rev. William R. Richards, D.D. He was a typical New Englander in birth, instinct and education, in his methods, teachings, and examples. Born in Boston, educated in New England schools and a New England university, he became, from year to year, more and more an exponent of all that is best in New England. A leader in the life, and later in the policies, of his university, a quietly forceful man of sterling ideals, a great thinker and a popular preacher, throughout his useful life he remained steadfast in his adherence to the principles of his ancestors. In his death the New England Society has lost one of its most lovable, effective, and influential directors, and the community one of its best types of true New England manhood.

## FROM NEAR-BY PULPITS

ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S RECTORY,  
342 MADISON AVENUE,

January 12, 1910.

*Dear Mr. Davis:*

I have your kind letter of January 11th, and in reply beg to say that the prayer which was used at St. Bartholomew's Church last Sunday is the one "For a Person under Affliction," in our Book of Common Prayer. As you will see, it was changed to apply to our brothers of the Brick Church:

"O merciful God, and heavenly Father, who hast taught us in Thy holy Word that Thou dost not willingly afflict or grieve the children of men; Look with pity, we beseech Thee, upon the sorrows of Thy servant, for whom our prayers are desired; especially at this time we beseech Thee to look with mercy upon the afflicted congregation of the Brick Church who are this day as sheep without a shepherd."

In announcing to the congregation the death of Dr. Richards I said, as far as I can remember:

"The Church—the Christian Church at large in this city has met with a heavy loss in the death of the Rev. Dr. Richards, the pastor of the Brick Church. It was less than a week before his death that I had the privilege of hearing him speak on the subject of Church Unity. I have heard many others speak on this subject—laymen, priests, and bishops—but I have heard no man that seemed to me in this matter to have more of the mind of Christ than this great priest of the universal Church. Our hearts go out to-day in sympathy for his afflicted family and his sorrowing congregation, but our hearts also are cheered by the good example of a faithful ministry which, by God's help, we will endeavor to follow."



It hardly seems to me that such a slight tribute is worthy of notice, but I send it to you and beg you will make such use of it as you may think best.

Pray believe me,

Yours faithfully,

LEIGHTON PARKS.

In several other churches, on January 9th, the death of Dr. Richards was noticed, with special reference in prayers or in sermons to his worth and standing in the Church universal. Most of these appreciations were not preserved. The following have been obtained by Rev. Mr. Davis:

*Madison Square Church.*

At the service on Sunday morning, January 9th, in the Madison Square Church, Dr. Parkhurst in his prayer said:

“We have this morning a sympathetic prayer for a Sister Church that has again been sorely afflicted by the loss of a strong, wise, faithful, and dearly loved pastor. We are devoutly grateful for the service which he has rendered to his own church and to the churches, as well as for the deep and beautiful impress which he has left throughout the entire wide range of his influence. Forbid that the flock which he has so graciously shepherded should be dismayed by the loss of him who has led them in and out with so tender care; and may the fruits of his all too brief service go on disclosing themselves in years to come in the ever-increasing vitality and activity of the church to which he had given himself with such unreserve of love and devotion.”

*Church of the Incarnation.*

At the morning service, Dr. Grosvenor said:

“It is impossible for me in this brief moment at my disposal adequately to speak of my friend, Dr. Richards. His death is all so sudden, so overwhelming in its unexpectedness that we have not had time to realize it. His

was a beautiful life, lived close to God, and full of loving service for all God's children. He was a scholar, a broad-minded, large-hearted, wise, sane man, whose preaching was most uplifting and whose ministry to all who knew him was a perpetual benediction. To his family, and to the church so sorely afflicted we offer our deep and loving sympathy and our earnest prayers."

#### *Old First Church.*

In the Sunday morning service of the Old First Church, on January 9th, Dr. Duffield gave expression to his "deep and irrepressible emotion," alluding to "the shadow which had fallen so suddenly on all who were interested in the work of Christ in the city," and outlining those qualities "which gave to Dr. Richards such commanding and influential leadership in public affairs, and which attached to him so warmly and closely those who came into personal contact with him—his breadth of vision; his strength of purpose; his mental poise; his high ideals; his marked intellectuality; his deep spirituality; his untiring energy, and his broad and gentle sympathy."

#### *Chi Alpha.*

Chi Alpha records the death of its brother, Dr. Wm. R. Richards, with a great sense of sorrow and of irreparable loss. While he stood out before this circle of brethren as a great preacher he was far greater as a man—and it was as a man of brotherly heart and noble impulses and most unerring judgment that he made his impression upon this circle. His strength of mind and purpose was manifest to all. All that he did and said revealed the extreme orderliness and clearness of his thinking. He was masterly in his handling of complicated questions and unflinchingly wise in his conclusions. His power as a preacher was not in his great originality or the sweep of his imagination, but in the closeness of his reasoning and the clear-cut incisiveness of his logic. His power among men came from his

unusually noble character, seemingly untouched by ambition and always unspotted from the world.

Every member of this circle mourns the loss of a tried and true friend, who had an unusual capacity of enduring friendship. The sense of loss is overwhelming and this circle records its heartbroken sorrow in the passing on of one who was most loved and honored among us. It desires also to express heart-deep sympathy with the members of the sorrowing family.

*Century Association.*

EXTRACT FROM THE REPORT OF THE BOARD OF  
MANAGEMENT.

William Rogers Richards was born in Boston, educated at Yale and Andover, was a clergyman first in Maine, then in New Jersey and finally in New York, where he fell like a soldier suddenly stricken on the field of battle. For no man was more thoroughly enlisted for his warfare than he was, and no man threw himself more entirely into the conflict, and no man, conscious of the right, was less indifferent to the consequences. Throughout his ministry he was a keen combatant in the pulpit; a scholar thoroughly versed in the polemics of his age, social and theological, and a just man, ever ready to hear, and fearless to present the other side to prejudiced audiences. Men heard him gladly, however poignant their disagreement, because of his blameless life, his fine character, and especially because of the work he was doing so untiringly for the regeneration of man on earth as well as beyond. In the faith committed to him by his Puritan fathers he never wavered, but he was ever ready to modify and to adapt it to new conditions. So he walked serene and confident amid the strife and babble of tongues, managing a great institutional church, a councillor in the affairs of New York University and of Yale, carrying welcome messages to many colleges; a profound student of education in its bearing upon character, a man of God—in the world but not of it. For six years he had enjoyed—thoroughly enjoyed and cultivated—this

fellowship, being regular in his attendance here and keen in his appreciation of his Century friendships. He was but fifty-seven when he fell exhausted, suddenly and without warning, a sacrifice on the altar of the high duty which he struggled so manfully and so successfully to perform.

## NOTICES FROM THE PRESS

The secular and religious press of New York and elsewhere has given space to many appreciations of Dr. Richards, and several newspapers have editorially commented upon his great usefulness, his charming personality, and upon the severity of the blow that has fallen upon our church and city, in his death. The remarkable similarity in the estimates shows a just and widespread appreciation of Dr. Richards' qualities of soul and mind, but the reprinting of many in this memorial volume would be superfluous. The following will serve as examples of all:

### *The Outlook.*

It requires no mean ability to maintain for any great length of time a successful pastorate in New York City. A brilliant preacher may attract a crowd and fill a church, but he cannot by his brilliance build up a church into a strong and effective organization. A skillful captain of spiritual industry may organize into an effective working organization the forces which already exist but he cannot by his mere organizing ability create the forces that are necessary, and the momentum furnished by his predecessor gradually grows less and less. An effective church must therefore have either in the one pastor, or in a combination of pastors, both a preacher and an organizer, both a creator and a director of spiritual forces. It was in this combination of qualities that Dr. Richards, the pastor of the Brick Church of New York City, excelled; and it was because of this combination that his death, recently, leaves so large a gap in the spiritual ranks of the great metropolis. He was not a brilliant preacher; but he was what is better, both a luminous and a warm preacher. Neither emotional nor scintillating, he gave both light and warmth to every topic he discussed, for he preached not only *on* topics but distinctly *to* men and women. He was emphatically a human preacher, interested in and therefore interesting to the average man. At the same time he gathered about him co-

workers, both official and unofficial, paid and voluntary, of executive and administrative ability, on whom he devolved large responsibilities and to whom he gave wise guidance. Alike as a personal friend and as an executive head he was a wise counselor, guiding with efficient methods to well-considered ends with a wisdom always tempered by a fine but uncombative courage. In his death the Presbyterian Church has lost a wise and courageous counselor, the city a quiet and effective spiritual leader, and one of its most useful and influential churches a much loved teacher, friend, and pastor. *The Outlook* is glad to print on another page a poetic tribute to the memory of this upright citizen and loyal friend by President Finley, of the College of the City of New York.

*Editorial New York Tribune.*

*"A LIVING EXAMPLE."*

The death of the pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church, yesterday, ended a life of much sweetness and beauty and a public career of more than ordinary usefulness to the community. There are probably other ministers in this city who are better known to the general public, but it may be doubted if there is one who has labored more earnestly or more efficiently to do the real work of the pastor of a numerous, needful and exacting congregation. The church which was his is one of the historic churches of New York, and it is one which has not declined with age but rather has continued to increase in numbers and influence, in the variety and scope of its activities, and therefore in the demands which it makes upon its pastor's time and strength. How well Dr. Richards served it, as spiritual exhorter and guide, as intellectual instructor, as administrator of practical affairs and in the tender and intimate personal relationships of sympathy and consolation, cannot be told but must be deeply realized by those who had the privilege of association with him.

The example of his life affords what should be a convincing answer to those who are quaveringly inquiring how the churches are to be filled and how the people are to be interested in them. Here was a preacher who sought no adventitious aids to attract attention, yet who never lacked a great and deeply interested congregation. Here was a pastor who never indulged in exploits outside the limits of pastoral duty, yet who never was distressed by desertions from his parish. Here was a religious teacher who sought

no new fantasies of faith and who discarded none of the vital and robust doctrines of his belief, and yet who never had occasion to lament the decline of faith or the failure of Christianity to lay hold upon the hearts and lives of men and women. His was a living example of the way in which to make the churches prosperous and Christianity a triumphant force in the world; and it will remain a living and potent example in his death as it was in his life.

### *Christian at Work and Evangelist.*

The Brick Presbyterian Church has been unfortunate to a marked degree in losing two such pastors after short terms of service, in the prime of life, as Dr. Babcock and Dr. William R. Richards. When Dr. Babcock died a few years ago in Naples, in the very meridian of his powers, the church felt that in Dr. Richards it had found a man who would not only carry on the superb work, the foundation of which had been laid by Dr. van Dyke and Dr. Babcock, but would bring to it the new contribution of his own rich and peculiar personality. And now, after only a few short years, Dr. Richards was suddenly taken away. He died with no warning of any kind, laying down his work at evening here and taking it up in the heavenly world the next morning. It came as a great blow to the church, as he had been at his place of service just before he passed away. The following Sunday, two days after his death, Dr. van Dyke occupied the pulpit and read the sermon Dr. Richards had written for the day, and which lay upon his table ready for delivery. So the pastor, in a very real sense, being dead, yet spoke. But Dr. Richards will speak in the Brick Church for many years.

There is not much of outward incident to relate in Dr. Richards' career. It was not dramatic, as was that of Dr. Munger's, full of attacks and crises and spent in the thick of great controversies, producing epoch-making books, but it was, in a marked degree, the helpful life of a parish minister, whose chief concern was to be the real shepherd of a flock. For many years pastor of the large Presbyterian church at Plainfield, N. J., he came to the Brick Church with the same thought of being to its people what he had been to the people of Plainfield: the pastor, the friend, the "father," as the Church has used that word of its spiritual shepherds through the ages. Dr. van Dyke had crowded the Brick Church with his brilliance and oratory; Dr. Babcock had filled it with young men, drawn by the peculiar charm of his personality and his practical teaching; Dr.

Richards maintained his hold upon the great congregation by his power of friendship and the helpfulness of all his preaching. He was not a great preacher, but he was a helpful preacher, which is perhaps better in the average church. He always took some one truth needful to us all for happy, serviceable, heroic daily living, and developed it and applied it to every phase of life. The sermons seemed very simple, sometimes, but sunlight is simple, as are all great things. He did not write great books; he was not very actively identified with the great reform and social movements of the day; but in ministering helpfully to individuals, he inspired them to the larger tasks of social redemption. Above all, he was friendly, and the friendship of a large-hearted, chivalric character, quick to discern and minister to human needs, is a great boon to any parish.

*The New York Observer.*

The Rev. William Rogers Richards, D.D., pastor of the Brick Presbyterian Church of New York, died suddenly, from apoplexy, early on Friday, January 7th, at his home, 14 East Thirty-seventh Street. His death was a great shock to his family, friends, and the members of his church, for he had been apparently in excellent health during the autumn, devoting himself to the varied duties of his own pastorate and of the Church at large, with the indefatigable earnestness and punctuality which were characteristic of the man.

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Striking evidence was given of the love and honor in which his brethren held Dr. Richards in the action of the Ministers' Association of Plainfield, N. J., after Dr. Richards had been called to New York. On October 18, 1902, the association met at his home and presented him with a beautiful inkstand as a testimonial of their regard. Rev. D. J. Yerkes, in making the presentation, said:

"Dr. Richards, you have stood in very close relations to the members of the noble church which you have served for many years. You have held relations of a peculiar kind to this community as a public-spirited citizen; but your connection with the Ministers' Association of Plainfield has brought you into somewhat peculiar relations with the pastors and ministers of Plainfield, and in this narrower circle, pervaded as it is by a spirit of congenial friendship, one marked by the intimacies of brotherly intercourse, we have learned to love you as a man, as a Christian and as a minister of Jesus Christ. We wish to bear witness to your



Christian courtesy and brotherliness to every member of our body, to your wisdom in counsel, your readiness to coöperate in every work done in the name of the Master wherever and by whomsoever performed, and to your spirit of Christian fraternity."

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The Brick Church is one of the largest, richest and most important churches in New York. It has affiliated with it the Church of the Covenant and Christ Church. Among the charitable activities of these churches are free kindergarten and sewing schools, sick children's aid societies, women's employment societies, and Christ Church Memorial House, the headquarters of boys' and girls' classes and clubs. With all of these activities and duties, Dr. Richards made himself personally familiar. His crisp and vital discourses drew large congregations to the services on Murray Hill. His genial and attractive social powers won him friends throughout the city. Soon after he was installed, he was asked to raise two hundred thousand dollars to build Christ Church and its group of dependencies and though it was new and distasteful work he did it promptly and thoroughly. He was content to give himself for the benefit and the credit of others. He had a strong character, a powerful will, and great influence over men, but his strength was tempered by Christian courtesy, and in action his self-control and gentleness made him great.

Dr. Richards was sought as a member of the Moderator's Council of Presbytery and he served two years as Moderator. He was also a member of the Church Extension Committee of Presbytery, a member of the Council of New York University, a director of the Union Theological Seminary, of the Yale Corporation and the Presbyterian Board of Foreign Missions. He was a member of several clubs, including the Century, Yale, Quill, Chi Alpha and Presbyterian clubs. He was also a member of the Sons of the Revolution and of the New England Society, and frequently was called upon as a speaker at the meetings and dinners of these associations.

His was the best type of the New England man, true as steel to faith and duty, and full of noble ambitions to benefit his fellowmen; intelligent and cultured, but also self-reliant and fearless. Some persons who had never seen Dr. Richards aroused, nor heard him upon any important issue, spoke of his sweetness and serenity, his lack of emotion and temper; but they did not know his wonderful self-control and reserve power. He planned to accomplish things and did them. He went into battle to conquer, and he won, and he always acted so naturally, gracefully and

modestly, that many could not understand his success. Straightforward and honorable in thought and act, he had none of the arts of the politician and none of the tricks of the demagogue. He had no time nor taste for ecclesiastical manoeuvres and subterfuges, and no need for apologies and explanations. Once, when he was called upon as vice-moderator of the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church to take the chair, he astonished his associates by his correct judgment and executive ability, bringing immediate order out of confusion and driving forward business with the system and force of a great leader. He had studied law, and could state a case with brevity and clearness, and had a ready command of all his powers, which made him equal to any emergency. Faithfulness was in his very being. Men and women instinctively trusted him, not because of any emotional impulse, but simply because he seemed to be what he really was, an upright, sincere, and friendly man. The universal testimony of those who speak of the death of Dr. Richards is that the Presbyterian Church has lost one of its strongest, best beloved and most useful clergymen.

*Plainfield Daily Press.*

By A. V. D. HONEYMAN.

The exceedingly beautiful private life of Dr. Richards, and his strong dominant personality in the upbuilding of this community while he lived and walked among us, cannot be brought out too strongly in any review of his career that is likely to appear in the public press.

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The general characteristics of Dr. Richards as he appeared to others we well know; his self-poised, dignified bearing, his sound learning, his remarkably well-chiseled and classic face when lighting up in conversation, his interest in all things for the common good, etc. I prefer now to write of certain other traits, however, and of his pulpit ability.

His was a singularly buoyant and lovable nature to such as entered into its inner portals. Not everybody could become his confidant, because his outward disposition was that of great reserve, born of that rare and gentle flower of character which we call "modesty." You had to know him before he would open up to you the richness and rarity of his charming regality. He never obtruded either his personality or his opinions upon others. He could listen to

that which did not meet his views without reply; or, if occasion required, he could strongly enough oppose opinions which differed from his own, but in the latter case it was always with such quietude of manner that there was a potential influence behind it, which was well-nigh irresistible. I never knew a man, whether preacher or otherwise, so unobtrusive in his methods of dealing with others, who could accomplish so much even by way of rebuke, and certainly always by way of intentional moral uplift. For this reason hundreds of persons in Plainfield and in New York City, within and without his congregations, who did not pretend to real intimacy with him, have long kept in their hearts a peculiar reverence for this preacher and his work. They have admired his public stand for the right things; they have felt the restraint of his private influence and been benefited by it, even when the man himself was unseen. Of few ministers it can be said that after seven years of entire separation from his flock—barring a few return visits, generally of condolence, which on the whole were too few to satisfy his old parishioners—the bonds which united them to him have strengthened and deepened until at last, when he has been called home to his reward, it could be truly said that there is grief in every family and sadness at every hearthstone where his presence, when he was among us, was ever known.

That his personal character was unusually pure and lofty goes without saying. In this respect none knew him or knew of him but to praise him. There are not so many, however, who have understood the geniality and bonhomie of his frank and childlike nature. His personal friends were conversant with, and understood and appreciated this side to his character, and to them the remembrance of it is as a benediction. He could rejoice with those who rejoiced, as well as speak with the tenderness of a father to those who mourned, but he best loved to rejoice. Life to him was serious, but it was also enrapturing, for it was to be everlasting.

When in the Holy Land, companioning in sweet fellowship with a number of persons who, to all appearances, became dear to him as he became to them, treading together spots that were sacred because of the erstwhile presence of the gentle Nazarene, whom he so adored, the characteristics to which I have alluded, of buoyancy and cheerfulness, were so interblended with the spirit of helpfulness and tenderness of feeling, that all the large company who were thrown daily in his society learned to love the man as before some few of us had learned to appreciate the preacher.

\* \* \* \* \*

When at home in repose his countenance had been sometimes wearied in its look, as if his shoulders carried a great weight, a look which alas! had been deepening since he later took up the burdens of a strenuous pastorate in the City of New York. But all this left him under the sunny skies of Italy and Greece, and especially amid the flower-crowned hills of Galilee.

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Around the camp-fire at evening time he could sing with his melodious bass voice, in the truest spirit of tenderness, the beautiful "Galilee, sweet Galilee!" on the banks of that holy lake; he could walk in the rain around the city walls of Jerusalem and hum melodies as he passed on; he could give that smile so constantly characteristic of him, which fairly transfigured his countenance, as easily when conversing with the aged monk in the Garden of Gethsemane as when he climbed the Pyramids and assured us he was refreshed by it, when others were complaining of dislocated joints; and he could feast with Arabs at an evening wedding festival (as related by him in the last sermon he prepared, which Dr. van Dyke read from the Brick Church pulpit two days ago).

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As a preacher, Dr. Richards' style and logic were forceful in proportion as one heard him week after week. He was not an orator and he was the reverse of sensational. His language though carefully studied, was always plain and direct; in the use of simple words he had the characteristics of the style of Theodore Roosevelt. He had no liking for the complex or abstruse in stating his propositions. There is no easier religious reading than his numerous printed sermons; a child can understand them. The beauty of his style, to my mind, lay in this simplicity of diction, and in the cumulative arguments, with which, as a rule, his sermons (especially his carefully written out morning sermons) were bound to convince the hearer. As he advanced in his subject step by step, the argument grew, as from the acorn to the oak. No point was dropped out by the way, but each one stood by side until the final one clinched the whole. He had evidently carefully studied Scripture dialectics (in the best sense of the term) and knew how first to convince the reason and then to stir into life dormant emotions. By the very ingenuity of his felicitously put reasoning he constrained attention and compelled adhesion to his own clear-cut views. He would have made a grand lawyer, but he well knew that he was practising before a higher court than that of a single earthly judge. His court was that of many human consciences, and above,

on the appellate bench, was a Judge whose law was final and perfect.

\* \* \* \* \*

I doubt if any plainer, healthier, or more robust guide to human conduct in all the ordinary relations of life can be found, outside of the Bible itself, than is contained in Dr. Richards' several published volumes of sermons.

Perhaps the most commented upon characteristic of Dr. Richards' sermons was that one never knew, when he began his discourse, how or about what it was going to end. Not that he did not stick to his text, because he did this to a degree far above that of the average preacher, but one could not tell whether the ultimate goal was to be a quiet appeal to the unconverted, or the holding up of a high Scriptural plane of living for the guidance of church members, or the pointing out of some sore in the body politic, or an indorsement of some measure of reform, or the presentation of a benevolent cause for the outturning of the contents of the pocketbooks of his congregation. In the latter case he invariably won over the scruples of those whose natures were not too liberal toward missions or other religious objects needing money; in fact without any direct appeals for benevolent contributions he was the most successful collector for such causes whom I have ever heard preach. In the former cases his congregations always left his church with the feeling that they had heard the pure and unadulterated Gospel presented in an original and timely form, and with a spur to it distinctly intended to reform, and ennoble character and sweeten the graces of the Christian life.

What Dr. Richards was in the councils of his ministerial brethren and in the boards of the church others better know. What he was at the few clubs whose meetings he delighted to attend, and at family gatherings, where the playfulness of his mind and a quick repartee were always in evidence when in place, is a matter which will not soon be forgotten. But in the pulpit he will be most sorely missed, for there his torch gave forth a light pure, tranquil, and strong, too strong to be extinguished by his death. Here, just as in the street and home, he was always and exactly himself. Without ostentation of learning, he had deeply drunk of the wells of knowledge. Without practice of unnatural oratory, whose effect would have been mercetricious, he always spoke to the point and quit when he had finished. Without show of pride, he was justly sensitive to a good name, prizing it above all other riches. Craving not fame, he has secured it in the affectionate tribute of regard which all who knew him now gladly render. Un-

ostentatious in his life, his was a knightly soul, and it departed from us almost as the spirit of Elisha, by translation. Or as Enoch, who in a moment "was not, for God took him!"

## PERSONAL TRIBUTES

A representative of the Session has had the privilege of reading a few of the many private letters received by the family of Dr. Richards; letters touching, sympathetic, or heartbroken, as each writer was dominated by a sense of personal loss or by the desire to comfort those even more deeply afflicted; among others were letters from men and women whom he had helped, not only by ministering as a preacher to their spiritual needs but in a more personal way. These letters cannot, of course, be made public, but were it possible to print them, it would be seen how often Dr. Richards had gone "the second mile" to encourage a wayfarer, and how patiently he had followed some sheep that had strayed away from the fold of which he was the faithful under-shepherd.

One letter will be given, with the consent of the writer and of Mrs. Richards, because it expresses so well what many have felt and experienced. It is a fitting close to this memorial of a man of God.

New York City, January 9, 1910.

MY DEAR MRS. RICHARDS:

While you are receiving thousands of letters of sympathy from the great ones of the earth, I wish to send a tribute from an humble woman reporter.

It was not my privilege, in the brief year and a quarter I have done religious reporting in New York, to know your husband very well, but each of the few times I did have a brief interview with him, I went away with higher motives. And each of these talks stands out in my life never to be forgotten.

It was Dr. Richards who wrote me *the first kind letter* when I came to this great, cold city.

It was Dr. Richards that said the *first personal word* to me. I know hundreds of clergymen of all denominations and in different parts of the country. It is a rare thing

for one of them to ask a reporter where he or she goes to church, or to show any personal care. But Dr. Richards was not that kind. It was at your house. I came to ask about the approaching centennial celebration of your church. I told him I had been at the Brick Church the day before and had enjoyed the service so much. He thereupon grasped my hand and asked me if I would not come there often, if I would not like to make that my church home. I told him I regretted I could not because my duties took me all over the city, especially Sundays. But I did not forget the kindly smile, the fatherly interest, the Christian gentleman.

I am only one of hundreds to whom he has shown his great Christlikeness. If there were more men like your sainted husband this world would be a better place in which to live. Although I do not know you, my heart goes out to you.

The news was a terrible shock to me as it was to New York and the entire country. I have always felt, although I could attend service but seldom at the Brick Church, that I was under its influence and that of its pastor—he of such majestic dignity and tender grace.

In closing, I would just say that it is a great thing to have lived and died with the respect of all who knew him and of all that knew of him, as did your husband. No wonder people called his face "saintly."

Praying diligently that God will bless you and yours and give you strength to bear, and pointing you to the Only Source of Comfort, I am

Most tenderly yours,

RACHEL KOLLOCK McDOWELL.











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