

LIFE  
OF  
EDWARD N. KIRK  
—  
D.O. MEARS

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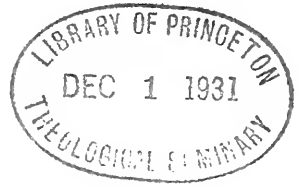




*Edw H Kirk*



✓  
LIFE



OF

✓ ✓  
EDWARD NORRIS KIRK, D.D.

BY  
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DAVID O. MEARS, A. M.,

PASTOR OF THE PIEDMONT CHURCH WORCESTER, MASS.

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## PREFACE.



THE history of this book dates back to an October afternoon, 1869. A strong and intimate friendship, formed in the five years of intercourse between the teacher and his student, had left no observable barriers between us, and in a familiar conversation Dr. Kirk related, at that time, various experiences through which he had passed. When he had spoken without reserve of the part which under Providence he had been called to take in many stirring events, I made mention of the fact that, at his death, many would call for a history of his life.

Whether he had ever thought of the suggestion previously is not known. The hour's conversation which followed revealed at once the great modesty of the man, and a thankful recognition of the part he had been permitted to take in the history of the American churches and of his country. He stated that there was nothing among his papers that could form any adequate basis for such a work ; but, said he, "If by any course I shall be able to benefit my dear brethren in the ministry, when I can no longer counsel them by my voice, I will gladly do it."

In accordance with his request, and with this purpose in view, I set apart Monday morning of each week to take down whatever facts he might dictate. The peculiar sacredness of those seasons no words can express. As one event

after another came up in review, he seemed to be living his life over again. These dictations, given in disconnected form, were continued for several months, bearing upon his personal history or upon some special phase of Christian work. Many of these papers are the results of his life-time convictions and experience, such as those upon "Theological Education," "Worship," "Church Music," and others of like nature.

In no one of the papers concerning himself did he ever give any account of public applause. Strictly speaking they are not autobiographical, but present the steps in arriving at his own convictions as to methods and results. Facts touching his marvelous power over men, his scholarship, his eloquence, have been gained from other sources. In addition to the honored names of those outside of his immediate parish whose testimonies are recorded in these pages, — Bacon, Gough, Edward Beecher, Tarbox, Neale, Strong, Tyler, Hitchcock, Guyot, and others of a like friendship, — special mention is due to Deacons Cushing, Kimball, and Pinkerton, of Mount Vernon Church, for the efficient assistance they have rendered where their names do not appear; also to Messrs. E. S. Tobey, G. G. Hubbard, and Mrs. William Claffin. The many others who have communicated incidents by letter or conversation, unnamed from necessity, have added to whatever value this volume may possess. Assistance the most important and continued has been rendered by the sisters, faithful to their brother's memory as they always were to his comforts and wants. Special thanks are due Mr. John A. McAllister, of the Genealogical Society of Philadelphia, for the somewhat extended correspondence, so kindly undertaken on his part, concerning the family record; also to Mr. John F. Hageman, historian of Princeton, and to the venerable Dr. McLean, ex-

president of Nassau Hall, upon the same and other points. I would also tender my especial thanks to the Rev. Henry Darling, D. D., of Albany, for valuable facts bearing upon the Albany pastorate, given in an historical discourse; also to Judge Cole and wife, the Hon. Bradford R. Wood, and others, all of Albany.

The first papers committed to my care by Dr. Kirk were the letters denominated "Calls" to various churches, and with them papers entitled "State Campaign, 1864." Following these from time to time were scrap-books, diaries, pamphlets, and newspapers, containing sermons and addresses.

From such an abundance of material, and with such generous assistance, this volume has been planned and written. How far the author has been right in the selections, — comparatively few when placed beside the great mass rejected, — the generous public will decide. The endeavor has been made to present the boy, the youth, the man, the minister, the reformer, as he was; and at the same time to perpetuate the substance of his teachings, since his name is indissolubly connected with many of our most honored institutions and most prominent reforms.

This is not a history of the Fourth Church in Albany, nor of the Mount Vernon Church in Boston. The sacred friendships between the hundreds of young men and their pastor in both cities can find no extended narration in these pages. The history of even the sainted names of Mount Vernon Church has not been followed out, — of Safford, Crockett, Palmer, Hobart, and those of the same spirit. Peculiarly intimate friendships there were many; yet only as these clearly and truthfully reflected the life of this one man, could a place be given them.

From the writer's senior year in college, when his acquaintance with Dr. Kirk began, throughout the three years of theological instruction pursued under him, and during a most intimate acquaintance seven years longer, no word or deed of Dr. Kirk's can be recalled which, judged by its apparent motive or its results, could be wished unsaid or undone. Not that he was perfect; yet there actually are approaches toward perfect living, and, among all whose memories are sweet, few, if any, could surpass in strength and beauty the example which he set, — an impulsive, active, gifted man, whose crowning excellence, like that of Bushnell and of Payson, was his humility, and whose chief enjoyment was in prayer. The reader will make his own decision as to how the writer has succeeded in repressing any expressions of personal affection, while seeking, as a fair biographer, to hold an even balance in passing judgment upon this honored friend of Christ and the church.

In proportion to Dr. Kirk's success as a minister, this volume must become a treatise more or less valuable in the great discussions upon Pastoral Theology. So far as he excelled as a preacher, his life must be regarded in its bearings upon the science of Homiletics. According to the demonstration of the purity of his Christian life, so shall it the more readily be discerned wherein lay his greatest strength.

The daily duties incident to a city parish, the varied calls to outside efforts, which could not be slighted, but, above all, the time needed to obtain facts by correspondence bearing upon every phase of Dr. Kirk's labors, have delayed the appearance of this volume a few months beyond the time at first contemplated; yet it has been the conviction, that many years must elapse before his name will have lost its power (if indeed that time shall ever come); and that the

more complete the biography, the more valuable will it be in revealing to Christian hearts the power there is in a godly life.

This, like every other biography, must be regarded somewhat as an index, simply, to the incessant labors of a long and useful life, in the narration of whose deeds and words hundreds of volumes might be written. Yet, having endeavored to make each page a mirror of Dr. Kirk's special work or character, and all the pages an instructive and truthful portrait of the man himself, I give the volume to the public in the hope of perpetuating the memory and example of one whom to know the best was to love the most.

DAVID O. MEARS.

WORCESTER, MASS., *October 18, 1877.*





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# LIFE OF EDWARD NORRIS KIRK.

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## CHAPTER I.

### BIRTH AND CHILDHOOD.

1802-1816.

IN the month of April, 1864, when everything betokened the advance of the Union army upon Richmond, two prominent men met in the camp on the northern side of the Rapidan River. The one wore the dress of a major-general; the other, that of a clergyman. The word of the former, the hero of Gettysburg, was the law to tens of thousands; even his wagon train was thirty miles in length. The other, in the plain suit, had no military authority delegated to him, and he sought none. Yet tens of thousands, whose readiest obedience was given to the command of their loved and honored general, listened likewise, day after day, to the thrilling words and devout prayers of this other, as he labored in the Christian Commission. The two men had done their share in the making of history—each in his own sphere. Their enthusiasm was not based upon the ambitions of youth; they were elderly men; each was resolute in his path of duty.

It was among such surroundings, and with such purposes, that General Meade and Doctor Kirk were met in conversation. "If I mistake not," said the doctor, "you and I are very intimately related upon my mother's side." "I believe so," replied the general, "but really I have very

little time to think of such things." This was doubtless the family characteristic. These were not the men to search in the family records to sift out the humbler names and cling to the greater. He is weak whose assumed greatness is measured chiefly by what his grandfather or more remote ancestor has done. Descendants of the great English and Irish barons sweep our streets.

Edward Norris Kirk, the subject of this memoir, lived in the performance of his own present duties, and not upon the achievements of his family. His was no royal line in the kingdom; and the records left us are silent as to any men of distinction to whom he might have appealed, had he taken the pains to search them out. Had there been a "coat of arms" bearing the name "Kirk," it would probably have been laid away in some drawer of trinkets, or its place forgotten. The man who never made himself the subject of conversation, save to his most intimate friends, and then only with the greatest modesty, was not the one to transmit names that reach back to far-off generations.

Our definite record of the family begins with the father, George Kirk. After somewhat extended inquiries, we can go but one step farther back, and that step gives only the vaguest information. The "wide sea" often makes a gap in the family history that begins on the other side. We usually begin the count of our ancestors with those who have crossed the Atlantic. Its waters have christened the American nobility.

The father of George was a farmer in the parish of Kelton, Stewartry of Galloway, Scotland. Kelton is a parish in the lower portion of the southern division of Kirkeudbrightshire. Kelton Hill is within two miles of the famous Castle Douglas, and seven miles from the village of Kirkeudbright. The road from Dumfries to Port Patrick, which formerly passed through the town, now runs in another direction, and the place thus deserted by travel has become very dull. Even in the old days, its chief source of activity was found in the taverns, and now these have become almost silent.

The inhabitants were accustomed to severe toil. The hills of granite and the mossy ground scantily supported the people, whose main reliance was upon the raising of cattle and sheep. Robert Chambers tells us that, up to the end of the last century, "the condition of the rural inhabitants and the state of agriculture in this county was very primitive; the principal food of the people in the early part of the century was kail (a species of cabbage), and oats ground in querns turned by the hand, and dried in a pot." This description of the famous annalist covers the customs of the people during the infancy and youth of George Kirk, who, weary of its poor inducements, left his home for America.

George Kirk was born January 26, 1760. In his monotonous life on the farm there were few incidents to which he afterwards referred. He fed the flocks of sheep and cattle upon the hills of Kelton, and along the banks of the river whose waters, about ten miles away, entered the Irish Sea. The sturdy farmers allowed no mischief to befall their sons on account of idleness. The ruddy shepherd-boy of Judea employed his leisure hours in making music upon his flute; the shepherd-boys of Kelton became skilled in the art of knitting stockings, and George Kirk followed the custom of his fellows. When the cattle browsed among the mosses, and no unruly sheep gave signs of wandering away, this honest lad did his part in supplying the household with hosiery, while his mother spun and wove the Scottish plaids at home.

At the age of eighteen, the son tended the flock for the last time; he bade a sorrowful adieu to the home of his boyhood, and, with a laudable ambition, sailed for the New World. Two sisters shortly followed him to this country, who afterwards settled in western New York. George became a clerk in a grocery store kept by one Bruce. He married, in 1792, Miss Ann Wright, of New York, by whom he had one child. Upon the death of his wife and child, he removed from New York to Princeton, N. J., where he became clerk in a dry goods and grocery store. In Prince-

ton, February 15, 1797, he married for his second wife Miss Mary Norris, of that town.

Mrs. Mary Norris Kirk was the daughter of Thomas and Mary (Wade) Norris, who lived in Princeton prior to 1790. Mr. Norris died in 1790. The records of the town give us no further definite information concerning the family. Mr. John F. Hageman, historian of the town, to whom we are indebted for even the scant information which it is possible to obtain, says: "There was a William Norris living in Princeton from 1774 to 1781, perhaps a brother, perhaps a father, of Thomas, but I cannot ascertain here. He kept house and had a family." The Norris family of Princeton are not intimately related to the family of the same name in Pennsylvania, which is more widely known. Mary Norris was born in Princeton, January 11, 1774.

Mr. Kirk remained in Princeton but a few months after his marriage, when he returned to New York and opened for himself a store, which he kept until, in his old age, he removed to Albany. To these parents were born four children: Mary Ann, Isabella Jane, Edward Norris, and Harriet Norris.

Mr. George Kirk was of medium height, strongly built, and of a firm constitution. He was known as a man of the strictest integrity. He had no ambition to be rich. Wealthy men who started in life with him offered him capital for a larger business; but fearing failure, and lest he should thus cause them any risk, he rejected their kind offers. The poor and the needy always found in him a helper. In addition to his every-day duties, he gave much of his time to the settling of estates; but in no instance would he ever accept any compensation. When urged by those whom he had thus befriended, his invariable answer was, in substance, "I can never do too much to aid the widow and the fatherless."

It was his great delight to attend the meetings of prayer upon the Sabbath and during the week. He was an elder in what was called the Magazine Street Presbyterian Church, New York, under the pastoral care of the distinguished Rev.

Dr. John M. Mason. Nothing but sickness or absence from the city was an excuse for the absence of any of the family from church. He was a generous man, judged by the times and his own means. He was, like all his countrymen, a man of very strong convictions; and sometimes these convictions were very stoutly persisted in. He lived at the time of the discussion concerning the change of the old Scotch "Version of the Psalms" to the more modern metrical version of "Psalms and Hymns." The majority in his own church were imbued with the more modern idea, but not so Elder Kirk. The new books came in, but some of the old books did not go out: Elder Kirk kept his. The numbers of the hymns in the New Version were read from the lofty pulpit; but when the congregation had risen to sing, Mr. Kirk had found his hymn in his good old book. True, the metres differed somewhat, and sad havoc had been made with the old rhythms, but while the majority sang according to their convictions, this one, at least, of the minority sang according to his. But strong convictions do not always cause a break in the great harmony of song any more than they do in life. The elder's voice was not as strong as his will; it was more like a pleasant murmur, which few heeded. It is noticeable, that, after his removal to Albany, his old scruples gave way, and he became a hearty lover of Nettleton's and other hymns. He died in Albany, August 26, 1840.

Mrs. Mary Norris Kirk was a woman of great energy of character, and, like her husband, was of very decided opinions. Her ancestors were from Wales and the north of Ireland. She was tall and prepossessing in appearance, herself the example of what she taught her children—that they should walk erect. She was a woman of strong intuitive perceptions, and adhered to what she claimed was right, whatever others might think or say. While the father was eminently theoretical, she was as truly practical. She was Martha with Mary's name. She was a kind-hearted woman, always caring for the poor and the sick. She impressed

upon her children great respect for the colored people; perhaps it may have been the respect born of policy, since she was afraid of them, as many others have been afraid of Indians. One of her special objects of charity was old colored "Aunt Martha," at the alms-house; to whom, week after week, or as often as occasion required, she carried tea and tobacco. Although not a professed Christian until later in life, she coöperated with her husband in the religious training of the children.

Morning and evening the family were gathered together while the father read from the well-worn Bible and then led them in prayer. The seeds of truth were then being sown which in later days would take deep root. As did the father in the old home in Scotland, so every Sunday night Elder Kirk made the family the objects of his especial care as he taught them the principles of the Westminster Catechism. Punishment was seldom given, but, when inflicted, was long remembered. It was a home of a strong religious character.

Edward Norris Kirk was born in New York on the 14th of August, 1802. It remains for these pages to exhibit at the same time the value of the instructions received and the filial inheritance as regards character. If parental and national traits inhere in the child, we may look in this American boy for the intellectual acumen of the Scotch, the generosity and impulsiveness of the Welsh, the brilliancy and steadfastness of the Scotch-Irish.

"My life, until I reached my tenth year, was marked by nothing peculiar, except a great many hair-breadth escapes from danger." Thus he wrote in 1830. "At that age I was taken to Princeton, N. J., to reside with an uncle and aunt, of whom should I pretend to say anything particular, it would be with feelings of gratitude."

This uncle, Robert Voorhees, and Aunt Sarah, a sister of Mrs. Kirk, wished to adopt the boy, but, failing in this, made him at home in their mansion. The uncle was a thrifty merchant, commanding the respect of all his neighbors by his uniform kindness and benevolence. The aunt,

although trying to carry out the mother's wishes, leaned somewhat more to the side of indulgence.

Alternately in these two homes the childhood and youth of Edward were spent, and it may truthfully be recorded that the educational theories of both the mother and the aunt were often very seriously tested by the boy. Petted by the affectionate uncle and aunt as if their own child; petted at home as the only son, and idolized by sisters who often shielded him from merited punishment, he passed year after year, now in New York, and now in Princeton, in the great formative period of his life.

Severely were the anxious mother and loving aunt taxed night and day in their care. The boy was a great somnambulist. He would rise at night, unbolt the doors, go to the well, and draw water. In his parents' house, he was in the habit of trying to raise the attic windows in order to walk the roof, but providentially was always discovered in time to prevent the act. A lady visiting at the house of his aunt was delighted that her little boy should have such a playmate and companion as Edward. But at night, sudden screams from the boys' chamber having awaked the family, a tragic situation was revealed: the little visitor was screaming under blows inflicted upon him by his somnambulist host. This infirmity followed him until near manhood. While a student he leaped from the window of his room to the ground, and was found by a policeman, who with difficulty aroused him from the strange sleep. But in all his rambles he never met with an accident. The Lord was his keeper, sparing him for a priceless work.

In his waking hours, this merry boy could never have been called a saint. He was always cheerful, even under punishment; always bounding with life; sometimes heedless, and sometimes willful. He was a happy, romping, mischievous boy. His uncle Voorhees used to say, "Edward will occupy no middle ground; he will be either a very bad man or a very good man." The logic was perfect. This would be a history both untrue and unnatural, were

we to look back upon the times of his youth and attempt, by toning down their buoyant wildness, to make the child-life more like the mature life. We should not thus be true to the great work of divine grace afterwards manifested in his manhood. No; the boy Edward Norris Kirk was not always circumspect.

His early appearance in the sanctuary gave no promise of what he would in later years become. Anxious parents, reading these pages, may find a sympathetic comfort in the trials brought upon the family by the restless boy in the old high-backed, square pew. They who have learned the rhetorical pause of mischief — first a silence and then the open expression — can understand how, in that elder's pew, no movement of the boy withdrew the mother's rapt attention from the preacher's exposition. With a deftness which mischief alone can accomplish, a pin was protruded from the boot-heel of the young Edward, ready for his purpose. Slowly he moved in the same quiet way towards his little boy-neighbor; pleasantly he looked into the little pensive face; and unerringly he pierced the flesh of the sensitive limb with the well-set pin. The scream of the little neighbor made more intense the previous silence, until it became somewhat of a doubt whose voice, that of the preacher or that of the sufferer, was the most distinct in its utterance.

His early attendance upon the sanctuary was limited to the morning, his mother feeling inadequate to the management of such a child during more than one service. He was accordingly left at home in charge of the sister nearest him in age. Under the impression of the importance of such occasions, the two conducted services together; Edward taking a text and preaching extempore, usually very much elated with his own performances. His sister, sharing his enthusiasm, felt that she might be allowed to preach occasionally; but a veto was put upon such an unclerical act, and she was permitted to lead the music, and to read the prayer of the Maccabees in the Apocrypha.

His letters were not learned in the ordinary way at school.



He could find no interest in looking upon the book, but must see every movement in the school-room. A happy thought at length occurred to the teacher. While she endeavored to engage his attention upon the alphabet, he was calling her attention to his efforts in catching flies. She closed the book with the determination to give him a spelling-lesson even without his knowing a letter. This plan succeeded admirably. His ambition was fixed, and he learned his letters in a few days.

The passion for music, so marked throughout his life, was early manifested. He begged his father for a flute, but owing to his extreme youth the request was at first denied. However, the boy purchased a reed, took it to a blacksmith's, and had some holes pierced in it, thus making a fife, upon which he learned to play more or less correctly. His father then bought the flute, of whose music he was never after wearied. Shortly after this, he purchased a flageolet, and with the assistance of a book taught himself and his sisters to play on that instrument.

His eagerness to inquire into the reasons of things led him into many a so-called mischievous course. No shelf was too high for him, no valued keepsake too precious. At one time he obtained an old-fashioned watch, which had belonged to his grandfather, and which his mother thought was safe from his nimble fingers; but having managed to find it, he picked it to pieces with a darning-needle, in order (as he said) to learn how to put it together again.

It was his characteristic never to know the meaning of danger. With good reason did he often refer to the hair-breadth escapes he had made in his youth. While flying his kite one day from the lower part of Liberty Street, he became so intent upon the sport as to walk backwards over the dock into the North River. A gentleman passing saw him go over, plunged in after him, and saved him from a watery grave.

On another occasion, while fishing in Stony Brook, N. J., he started to cross the stream in a boat to obtain a fishing-

rod. When a part of the way over, the boat struck a stump and went under the water. His sister, who was watching him, saw the danger and screamed. But in an instant the boat came up with him holding on to the side; in another instant he had sprung into it, and then shouted to his sister to have no fear for him. He rowed across and obtained the rod, fishing in his wet clothes upon his way back.

While the boy was at the academy in Princeton, his uncle kept a span of horses which were very spirited. Many a time was the request that he might ride denied him, on the ground of safety alone. At length, however, a favorable opportunity presented itself, when he determined to demonstrate his skill in horsemanship, though he must secure a Bucephalus from some other than his uncle. He met a boy on horseback, who was carrying a basket of eggs. Edward asked the privilege of having a ride, promising to carry the basket and thus relieve the bearer of his burden. The boy consented, and Edward mounted, but the horse soon became aware of the unskilled rider and started at a galloping pace. The boy clung to bridle and basket alike, but the horse sped down the street. People saw the situation and told the kind uncle. The boy who had loaned the horse ran down the street calling, Whoa! Whoa! but all in vain. Eggs were never made to be carried in such a fashion, nor to be beaten in that style. Down the sides of the horse and over the furious rider streamed the contents of the basket, — all except the shells. When at length the horse was stopped, the disappointed rider delivered over to the weeping owner the basket of egg-shells in sorrow and humility.

Among the tracts to children issued by the American Sunday School Union is one by the title of "The Sabbath Breaker." We insert the story in these pages because of its history. It was written by James Waddell Alexander, afterwards the distinguished professor at Princeton, and pastor in New York. The boys were James, the writer himself, and Edward N. Kirk, his most intimate friend.

## THE SABBATH BREAKER.

Children, I am going to tell you another story. Every word of it is true, and I know it to be so. There were two boys, named James and Edward. They knew what was right, but they did what was wrong. This is very bad. They knew that the Sabbath was God's day, but still they profaned the Sabbath.

One fine Sabbath afternoon, they had a lesson in the Bible to say to their teacher. But they were wicked and played truant. They did not get their lesson. And they played instead of going to their teacher. You will see what happened to them.

Edward and James used to go to bathe in a brook about two miles from home. Edward asked James if he would go and bathe there. James was at first afraid to go, because it was the Sabbath. But he was ashamed to say no. So they both set off to go to the brook.

As soon as they set off, they saw that some clouds were rising. But they went on.

When they got to the water, it thundered very loud, so that James was afraid to go in, though he was undressed. Edward went in and bathed.

The thunder was so loud, and it rained so hard, that the boys dressed themselves in a great hurry and began to return. The storm increased, it was very dark, and the lightning was dreadful. The boys were frightened. They knew they had done wrong. They knew that God saw them. They heard his thunder in the heavens, and were afraid. One clap of thunder was awful. The lightning struck a house in the town, and threw down a part of the chimney. James trembled, because he was afraid the Lord would strike him dead. But God is merciful, and spared these bad boys. The storm was short, it was soon clear weather again.

When James and Edward got half-way home, they began to laugh and talk again. James was afraid Edward would think he was frightened. To show how brave he was, James took a penknife and tried to strike it into his coat-sleeve. The knife slipped, and the whole blade went into the back part of his wrist. The blood spouted out, and ran over his white clothes. He was then frightened indeed. He had escaped the storm, but now he saw God had punished him. He had to send for a doctor. The doctor said it was a wonder he had not cut an artery. This was many years ago, but I saw the scar on his wrist, just before I wrote this. Remember the Sabbath.

When, in later years, his sisters recalled the many exploits of his boyhood, Edward asked, "Was I ever such a little wretch as that?" In the last year of his life, as the family were speaking of the many Providential deliverances he had

experienced, some one called his attention to the well-known hymn of Addison, "When all thy mercies, O my God," etc. He exclaimed, "Oh, how beautiful!" With especial fervor he repeated the third verse: —

"When in the slippery paths of youth  
With heedless steps I ran,  
Thine arm unseen conveyed me safe,  
And led me up to man."

He was affected to tears in reciting it.

Notwithstanding all this exuberance of feeling, he proved himself an apt scholar. He was fitted for college at the age of fourteen years. Although too young to have achieved remarkable scholarship or maturity of thought, he gave promise of that wonderful power over his companions which so distinguished him in after years. While he was a general favorite with his classmates, there was one — the afterwards distinguished James W. Alexander — between whom and himself a friendship sprang up like that between David and Jonathan. It lasted through life.

## CHAPTER II.

### EDUCATION AND CONVERSION.

1817-1822.

“BEYOND the departments of fun and fighting,” wrote Dr. Guthrie, near the close of his life, “I was no way distinguished at college. I was a mere boy, pushed on too fast at school, and sent to the university much too soon.”

Substitute the sport of hunting for that of fighting, and the college life of young Kirk runs nearly parallel with that of the great preacher of Scotland. Guthrie was but sixteen years of age when he left the university; Kirk was but eighteen when he received his diploma from President Ashbel Green, of Nassau Hall.

Until the close of his life, Dr. Kirk bemoaned his wasted college days, and measured their lack of marked success with what his opportunities afforded.

Other things being equal, college distinction, like every other, involves two factors, — *ability* and *definiteness of purpose*. We assume — what the reader will discover in these pages — that the natural abilities of young Kirk were not circumscribed. In this respect, his college course afforded no criterion of his powers. Besides, every college affords examples of various motives actuating to scholarship. Many have no higher aim than the preparation for the day of graduation. Others, slighting present duties, grope alone toward the post-graduate honors. Between these two extremes are found the great mass of students in every class. Unapplied ability succeeds neither in college nor in the active world. The lamp of genius — if genius denotes mere ability — soon

burns out, if left to itself. The true student is endowed with a purpose to make the most of himself in every phase of life. He recognizes the relation of his college course to his chosen occupation ; and according to his life's purpose, so will he employ every means offered him in college.

In this respect young Kirk was not a true student. He lacked definiteness of purpose. He thought little of the importance of college life, and had no aims for the future. He was gifted with a mind capable of grasping the truth with great aptness. He was, moreover, endowed with a will which only needed to be called out in order to make him a master among men. His sympathetic nature was naturally sensitive to every conviction of duty ; and yet, in college, the mind and will and sympathy were unenlisted, save to a limited degree. He lacked "the one thing needful." His college life reminds one of the remark of Justice Coleridge concerning the gifted Thomas Arnold : "Arnold came to us, of course, not a formed scholar, nor, I think, did he leave the college with scholarship proportioned to his great abilities and opportunities." The attainments in college life are not always sure prophecies of attainments to be reached in the greater school.

Kirk began the preparation for college when twelve years of age. At fifteen, he joined the sophomore class of Nassau Hall. He was a mere boy, genial, and petted alike by the family at home and his college mates. His indulgent Aunt Sarah often remembered "the student" upon baking-day, — and baking-day sometimes came oftener than once a week. Whether the faculty ever learned of the well-spread table in his room, around which the merry students often gathered, we do not know. Their mirth, however, was of the suppressed or quiet kind, which many a student since has patterned. In a letter to the "Zodiac," years afterwards, he thus alluded to his college life : —

"Unfortunately for the human race in general, and some of its individual members particularly, when we were at college, there were some who, having more of the genius than the modesty, were above the plod-

ding taste and habits of their companions. In the sacred retreats of idleness, amid the ascending incense of tobacco fumes, and in the rites of the jolly god, they awaited the inspirations of genius. Alackaday, their god, like Baal of old, was sleeping or riding out, and never heard their prayers.

“And it was just as fortunate for the world that there were some who had the genius and the modesty, — their modesty made them students. And thus they matured the noble faculties which their Creator bestowed upon them. It made them condescending, kind, and affable, and thus they are adapted to carry light among their fellow-men, without a repulsive and blinding glare.”

Among the bright remembrances of his college days was one which he could never forget — his friendship with James Waddell Alexander and Zebulun Butler. Their intimacy in youthful wrong-doing, and soon their early conversion, were the soil out of which grew a friendship that ripened with their years.

“We have often formed a trio at a card-table and around a punch-bowl, and in almost every scene of wickedness which our situation afforded.” Thus, even in a condition of unbelief and sin, this friendship sprang up, to ripen under purer skies. The trio are all at rest; yet in their correspondence breathes the fervor of immortal life. “Ned,” “James,” and “Dear old Zeb,” in fashion such as follows, they wrote of their work, their joys, and their sorrows: —

“Poor Nassan!” said Alexander, in an hour of her need to Kirk, “What can we do for her? I am sure we can never cease to love her, little as *we* owe her.”

Again, in 1827, he wrote to his “dear Edward,” after a serious illness: —

“A few days ago it seemed to me that all human attachments were soon to be broken. And oh, my dear brother, while it seemed awful, inexpressibly awful, to go into the presence of the unveiled Jehovah, yet, blessed be God, my soul longed to put off this tabernacle, and to be present with the Lord. In my seclusion I have thought much of *you*, and of former days; of our childhood of atrocious guilt, our youth of concerted and mingled vileness, our conversion and our halting steps in the Christian life. We are now separated; yet my mind reverts to one who *knows* me, and still (knowing my worst traits more fully than any human being) *loves*

me. I desire to live as one who must within a few days die; yet the work of these few days is vast, for it is God's work, it is work for eternity. . . . Dear Edward, may our covenant Lord enable you and me to be much more self-emptyed, and more thoroughly sacrificed to him! At the throne of grace, do you say—Amen. I must, though reluctantly, say—Farewell!”

Thus, to the last, each letter closed with substantially the same “undiminished regard and affection,”—with a desire for some prayerful remembrance.

In 1856, February 6th, Alexander wrote concerning “our old friend Butler,” and of his sickness:—

“You know that he lives at Port Gibson. He is now the oldest minister of the Synod of Mississippi, numbering more than eighty ministers; a statement which you and I, my dear fellow, may well and solemnly ponder. Without having been a man of letters, Butler has been a clergyman of commanding influence in the Valley by reason of his sound sense, unflinching courage, and his burning zeal manifesting itself in a declaration of free grace, which, however open to criticism, suited and won the Southwestern people.”

A letter from Butler in 1829, full of zeal in his work, declares the same unbroken love:—

“I try to ‘magnify mine office,’ and advance my Master's cause. I am astonished that my feeble and sinful exertions are so much blessed. I rejoice with you, dear Ned, and give thanks for the revival of which our religious papers give information. . . . My dear Kirk, do not forget me; write often. I love you and shall always. My friendship for you will never abate; and I so long to see you in this desolate land. . . . Your faithful friend and loving brother. Z. BUTLER.”

“PORT GIBSON, *March 3, 1856.*”

“Bless the Lord, O my soul! What a light has been thrown over the dreariness of my chamber! Letters from my oldest and dearest friends—Kirk and Alexander! How diversified and exhaustless are the Divine means of cheering, sustaining, and sanctifying the hearts of believers! A letter from one was a cordial, but kind words from both far exceeded the fabled nectar. What has God wrought! The trio,—Nassau's reckless trio, the three youngest and the three wildest of the class of 1820,—now pastors in Boston, New York, and Port Gibson,—D. D.'s, moreover, now past a half century of years. The trio have enjoyed one hundred and fifty years of God's mercy. Would that I could say, all have families around them. Why, Ned, how queer it is—you have



none. God has permitted it. I have eleven children ; three are glorified ; two are traveling the world to glory ; and the rest are without the fold of the Good Shepherd. Oh that all my friends would help us to get them enfolded! . . . Could you visit us how you would please our people, and I know you would enjoy yourself, especially with our negro friends. Do write again, dear brother, and know my love is forever.

“ZEBULUN BUTLER.”

The work of the famous trio is finished, and they are all together again. But when the one name or the other is written upon these pages, the memory of their hallowed lives will point to each as a “chosen vessel,” fashioned and blessed from the rough material of unsanctified human nature.

In reply to inquiries concerning the college life of young Kirk, the venerable Ex-President John Maclean, of Princeton, has written as follows : —

“As I was some years older than Dr. Kirk, I was not intimately acquainted with him, while he was a student here ; and my personal knowledge of his deportment is not such as would justify my expressing a positive opinion in regard to it. He was bright, frank, fond of the society of his young friends, and a favorite with them ; and among them were the two mentioned in your letter.<sup>1</sup>

“While he was not a very diligent student, nor a scholar of high rank in his class, nor as attentive as he might have been to college rules, yet I have no recollection of his ever incurring the censure of the Faculty ; and I presume that his conduct while he was in college could not have been so wild as in the latter part of his life he seemed to regard it. But, as intimated above, I cannot speak with confidence in reference to it.”

Notwithstanding all the neglect during his college life, we can discern the tendency of his nature toward oratory. At an exhibition where the virtues of “inhaling gas” were made known by calling forth the peculiar characteristics of the individual, he came upon the stage under its influence, exclaiming in orotund tones, “My kingdom for a horse !” Among his papers is an oration delivered before the college, in his senior year, upon slavery. It required courage to speak as Kirk spoke on this occasion. The nation was giving its undivided attention to the great congressional debate

<sup>1</sup> Alexander and Butler.

upon the Missouri Compromise. A prominent statesman had spoken the popular opinion, that opposition to slavery was kindling a fire which it would take rivers of blood to extinguish. The "Great Commoner" was calling for prudence upon the side of policy rather than of principle. The slave power was moving towards a seemingly complete victory; and even "the old man eloquent" was silent as regarded freedom. Garrison was an unknown apprentice in a country printing-office, and was to wait eight years before taking his noble stand for liberty. It was twenty-one years before Joshua R. Giddings should make his first speech upon slavery. Wendell Phillips was a child of nine years. The Tappans and Mays had not as yet begun their work.

At a time when it was almost treason to present a petition to Congress for the abolition of slavery, Edward Norris Kirk, then but seventeen and a half years of age, decided upon his path of duty, from which he never afterwards swerved. The instruction of his faithful mother was bearing its fruits. Viewed in its relation to the times, a few extracts from his maiden effort upon one of the all absorbing themes of his life will possess a deep interest: —

. . . . "Some, indeed, seem disposed to maintain that the children of Africa have neither a desire of liberty, nor a capacity for the improvement necessary to maintain it. Let such look at St. Domingo: let them there see how the sacred flame of freedom fired the souls of the Haytiens, and led them to undergo every fatigue to obtain this invaluable possession. If any such doubt that the blacks possess natural abilities, let them again look at St. Domingo, and see how wisely and equitably the government which they have established is administered.

"The apparent inferiority of the African race is easily accounted for. Can it be thought that any man brought up under the galling yoke of slavery, and without so much as one twinkling ray of science to cheer and enlighten his benighted mind, should be anything but ignorant? Can any man improve without even the smallest means of improvement? We know that such has been the condition of the enslaved Africans. What proof have we, then, that blacks are not endowed with the same faculties as other men?" [Here was given an argument to prove that the Scriptures could not sanction the evil.] "Alas, my country, boast not of Liberty, while Liberty is sacrificed at the shrine of Interest." . . .

“What an employment is this for a freeborn American, who professes to esteem liberty more than life itself! Even England, monarchical England, has forever abolished this horrid and inhuman practice. And shall America, the land of freedom, the home of the emigrant, be surpassed in acts of humanity by a country whose government we esteem less free and more selfish than our own? Ought not the sable sons of Africa rather to find protection here? Alas! how much longer shall they be driven about by the storms of adversity, without a friend to protect them? Let me call on every American to bring the case home to himself. Think how ineffably distressing their situation is, in being not only forced from their friends, and all they hold dear upon earth, but in being brought into a foreign land, and then sold like beasts, and subjected to the lash of the cruel mercenary master whenever it suits his caprice. Bring this home, I repeat it. Place yourself in their condition; suppose you were thus treated, and then, I ask, what would be your feelings, and what would be your actions? If instant despair did not seize, or melancholy utterly depress you, would you not risk even your life to escape?” . . . .

“Who then will dispute whether slavery shall be checked or extended: that is, whether Missouri shall or shall not be admitted to the rights of a State, without the restriction of slavery?”

In September, 1820, young Kirk was graduated from the college; and in the succeeding month (October 9th), he entered upon the study of law with Messrs. Peter W. Radcliffe and John L. Mason, of New York. It was another of the attempts, so common in the history of individuals, to choose what God has not chosen; yet, doubtless, the experience gained was of great advantage to him in after life.

Near the close of his life he dictated his own convictions as to this course. We transcribe them in his own choice language:—

#### LAW-STUDENT EXPERIENCE.

“A godly father had consecrated an only son, as Hannah did her Samuel, for the service of the sanctuary, and I trust the Lord had done the same. But a wayward, selfish will stood for a time as an obstacle in the execution of that decree. The ministry of the gospel had no attractions to a selfish heart. I had intended to study medicine, more from a whim than from any intelligent appreciation of my own taste or qualifications. A visit to a hospital to witness a surgical operation sufficed to quench all enthusiasm in that direction.

“With equal thoughtlessness, I selected the law. My kind but reluctant father took me to the office of Radeliffe & Mason in New York, and entered me as a student. It sometimes appears to me that on our way to the office I saw a tear fall from his cheek. Dear father! God had heard your prayer, and was about to answer it in his own time and way. With tears, with trembling, with groans, I review the eighteen months that followed. A thoughtless boy, fond only of play, without habits that could qualify for a student’s life, I entered that office. Creed, political, social, religious, I had none; whatever I had might be thus expressed, — ‘Man’s chief end is to have a good time;’ and I carried out my creed with great consistency. Had a conception of the true design of human life, of its possibilities, its privileges, its perils, possessed my soul, I should not now have to weep and tremble, as I review that sad period. Had one passage of the Word of God been believed by me, — ‘Whatsoever a man soweth, that shall he also reap,’ — those months of folly had never existed as the cause of present repentance. Had I known that I had a soul with qualities more precious than all the mines of gold, diamonds, and silver on the globe, — had I known, as I now know, what glorious rewards await the youth who gives a few hours of every day to patient, earnest study, — had I understood, above all, that I had been redeemed, not by silver and gold, but by the blood of the Son of God, and thus was not my own master, but belonged to him, — I might now be able to hold up those eighteen months as an example that other youths might follow; but as it is, I see but two uses to make of them, — to illustrate the patience of God, and magnify the riches of his grace; to assure other youths that God is not mocked, but what a man sows he reaps.

“The only bright feature of that period I can recall, is that which, with the rest, exhibits my folly and God’s wisdom. My business was to get a comprehensive view of jurisprudence, and prepare myself for the practical duties of the profession. Following inclination rather than judgment, I joined a club which was called ‘The New York Forum.’ Its design was to cultivate in its members the qualities that would prepare us for public speaking. Our practice was to select some topic of popular interest, put it in a debatable form, and select three or four to speak on each side of the subject. Our pieces were written and committed to memory and delivered before the public; or such of the public as had interest enough in us boys to pay twenty-five cents apiece for hearing our prattle.

“Some of our members have since that day occupied distinguished places in the nation. Some of the most brilliant shone with a meteoric lustre, as momentary as brilliant. One amusing incident I remember connected with the ‘Forum,’ — William H. Seward and myself were on the same side of the question we were to discuss. When his speech was written, he informed me that he must be absent from the city on the

evening of our debate, and requested me to incorporate his speech with my own, as it contained some brilliant points which he wished our side to present. There was living at that time in the city, a poet, of whose merits I do not attempt to form a judgment. His name was Alex. McDonald, generally known as the crazy poet. While delivering the Seward-Kirk speech, I observed him at the end of the hall. And, so far as I can now remember, every passage of Seward's (certainly without any knowledge of its authorship) he met with a vigorous clapping of the hands, but mine he passed over in silence, as with true prophetic foresight."

During the summer Alexander and Butler of the famous trio were converted; and they immediately made known the change to him. The ostensible result was to leave him more hardened in sin.

"The first step was disrespect of my parents; the second, disregard of the Sabbath. I now went on from step to step, until I reached a point at which I would once have shuddered to look (2 Kings viii. 13), but blessed be God, I was not to be given up entirely. God had given me a praying father. After one year in this course, I began to reflect upon my conduct, and determined, let the sacrifice be what it would, I would amend. [I would here remark, for the sake of those who have not yet *tempted* Satan, that I never had such a taste of hell as in that year.] For this purpose I went to Princeton, just before the commencement of the college. I spent my time mostly in my favorite amusement, hunting. When I returned, I was almost weaned from my companions and profligacies. I formed steady habits, which were perceptible to all my friends.

"I had become quite intimate with a young man named Frederick Bull, who with myself had determined to go into fashionable and genteel life, and forsake all our low immoralities."

Kirk had no relish for sacred things during these months. The letters of his old friends were unanswered. His chosen companions were the gay and thoughtless. Being asked by a sister one evening to join their circle and meet some invited guests, he asked, "Who will be there?" She replied, "A few students from the Theological Seminary." He was standing in the hall, hat in hand and coat upon his arm, when he said, "Isabel, if you would ever have any company besides those black coats, I would come in sometimes." And then the handsome young man, the hater of the *black coats*, passed out from the house.

It was God's choice that such a coat should cover this wayward child; and He prepared the way. During the summer of 1820 his friend Bull became seriously impressed, and soon obtained a hope in his Saviour.

Kirk's three most intimate friends were now united in their efforts, and the time had come in which the "chosen vessel" was to be redeemed for the noblest life. We recall his own description of the event: —

"Toward the close of the year 1819 my mind was receiving new impressions, then not recognized in their reality or their origin; the blessed Spirit, source of all that is good on earth, with infinite condescension and gentleness and kindness was watching and pursuing a soul bent on its own destruction. Household prayers to the God of the Covenant were arising with earnestness to the hearer of prayer. It would be well in every case of conversion if every step of the soul's history could be recalled and recorded; but this cannot be done, because the passage from the kingdom of darkness to that of light resembles in some of its stages the change from night to day. In some situations the change is so entirely gradual as to be unobserved.

"I recall the fact that a revival of religion occurred in Princeton College during the summer of 1820. It was then the custom of the college to dismiss the senior class six weeks before commencement. My class was accordingly dismissed in July or August of that year. I went to my home in New York. A large part of the class remained in Princeton, and many of them were then converted, most of whom became ministers of the gospel. Among them I recall James W. Alexander, the dearest associate of my youth, Ebenezer Mason, and Zebulum Butler (since of Mississippi). Alexander and Butler both wrote to me, describing the change they had experienced, and urging me to join them in serving and honoring the Master. I recognized no impression at that time, but I now see that that correspondence was a link in the golden chain by which Infinite Love was drawing me to itself.

"I followed the pleasures of the world with all the enthusiasm of an infatuated servant of Satan. I tried to believe I was happy. I now know how it is possible for others to indulge the same delusion. At the opening of the year 1822, a friend, marking the folly of my course, quietly placed in my hand Foster's 'Essay on Decision of Character.' The words of the opening sentence I forget, but their impression John Foster has stamped on one immortal soul for eternity. The idea is, the madness of neglecting to answer to one's self the two questions, *What shall I be? What shall I do?* The soul responded: John Foster! that is so. I went through very much the process the pagan moralists ascribe

to Hercules. Ambition pointed to the heights of fame and power. Pleasure spread her charms. The golden goddess talked of palaces and equipages, of luxuries, of influence over men; each saying, with one of old: 'All these things will I give thee if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' A still, small voice was uttering amid their clamor: 'One thing is needful.'

"The relish of favorite amusements was diminishing, and I agreed with an intimate friend to spend our evenings in rational entertainment. After a short period he visited his friends in Connecticut. He found them in the midst of a powerful revival, and there he found Christ. Returning to New York, he came immediately to inform me of the change in himself. Night after night we walked the streets together, and talked of sacred things. I was deeply interested in his descriptions of heaven; but betrayed a silly shame and pride by an intense aversion to have our conversation overheard, either interrupting him or hurrying past any person we met.

"At that time Jared Waterbury, with a fellow student from Yale College, glowing with the fervor of the revival in New Haven, came to the city. They held meetings in private houses for young men. On the 21st of March, 1822, my friend persuaded me to call on Dr. Spring. He conversed and prayed with me. I was conscious of utter insensibility. His parting advice was: 'Leave your law office. Go to your room. Determine never to leave it except as a Christian or a corpse.' I accepted the advice. This was Thursday afternoon. Three days of despairing efforts were passed in keeping that resolution. The Bible and Pilgrim's Progress were my only companions. How strange that a soul made to know God and love Him, earnestly seeking to return to Him, should find itself unable to form one distinct conception of his being. Every tissue of my body, every power of my soul, was a witness to his presence, his power; and yet He was to me as a phantom; if a being, yet inapprehensible, unapproachable. Thoroughly do I sympathize with every human soul passing through these deep waters. Impelled by the full conviction that my then present path was to ruin, convinced that the religious views of my friends accorded with the truth, believing intellectually that there is a God, that He was calling me to return to Himself, his voice sounding from the depths of eternity, I resolved upon a complete surrender of self to Him. A life of selfishness and unbelief had left my heart without a God. The hour had come, to me the hour of destiny, solemn as the Judgment Day; nothing visible but the gulf to which the tide of time was rapidly sweeping me. Oh, the horrors of those days! Then I discovered something of Jonah's meaning—'Out of the belly of hell have I cried unto thee.' May it be said with reverence: I had a taste of that cup from which even the Son of God had shrunk; for then my poor soul felt something of the utter desolation that forced the cry, 'My God, my God,

why hast thou forsaken me?' I would read the Bible, a child of the church, yet almost as ignorant as a heathen. I knew it was a precious book to the sin-sick soul, but to me it was like a medical book to one ignorant of the medical art. Somewhere in it every one of his symptoms is described, the name given to his disease, the remedy and the regimen clearly pointed out; but with the eunuch, in answer to Philip's inquiry, 'Understandest thou what thou readest?' I was forced to reply, 'How can I except some man should guide me?'

"If one of these sad evenings had been in the Middle Ages, in the days of superstition, I should have had a marvelous tale of supernatural light to report, and perhaps have based the hope of heaven upon it. As I was reading how Christian was struggling in the Slough of Despond, gradually a gentle light fell on the page, increased almost to the brightness of mid-day, and then slowly disappeared. My own explanation of the fact is, that a cloud at that moment floated to a point where it caught the rays of the sun, already far below the horizon, at such an angle as to reflect them as by a mirror upon my book.

"On Monday afternoon my friend called for me to accompany him to a meeting for young men, held in a private house, to be addressed by Mr. Waterbury. A landscape-picture on the wall aided my reflections. It represented a bridge across a stream. That bridge was to me the life of probation. I was then crossing the river which divides time from eternity. Eternity! unending existence! interminable consciousness of holiness or sin, of bliss or woe! I was then deciding for eternity my own destiny. The soul with prodigious energy of flight passed on, leaving ages, and cycles, and ages behind it, ever looking back to four o'clock on Monday afternoon of the 25th of March, 1822, either rejoicing or regretting the decision then made. When the meeting was closed, I desired to converse with the leader. As a gentleman accompanied him, I was obliged to follow Mr. Waterbury fully a mile. His companion left him, and I then approached him and said: 'What shall I do? I'm a wretched sinner.' His simple reply was: 'Why not trust in Christ?' Wonderful is the revelation to the soul of the reality of Christ's existence; the glory of his person, of his power and readiness to save. Education had done all it could, preaching had exhausted its power, Christian friendship had exhausted its resources, but there was another helper, who met me there, and fulfilled that promise of the blessed Lord: 'He shall glorify me; for He shall receive of mine and shall show it unto you.' Yes; Jesus was glorified in that heart! To a bewildered, despairing soul, a supernatural revelation was made, to which reason, philosophy, science, contributed nothing. As I gazed on that countenance full of divine majesty and mercy, two feelings were prominent; the one, a wish for a thousand souls to commit to his hands; the other, a desire and purpose to spend the remainder of life in persuading other sinners to come and trust Him. That was my call, my consecration, to the ministry of the gospel."



From that moment, Edward Norris Kirk became a new man. We may say what we will of the power of education, but the religion of Jesus aroused in him every dormant power. We look upon his life as a truthful proof of the apostle's declaration, "If any man be in Christ he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new." From that moment the motives of his life, and its course, were all changed. Religion made him a true student redeeming the time. Religion was the spring of his eloquence. Religion evoked a sympathy as broad as the world, in place of his former selfish indifference. Religion quickened his powers of perception. In him was demonstrated the importance of a vital faith to quicken the intellect.

Religion turned the course of his thoughts from the world, and inward upon his soul. From henceforth we shall discern him measuring himself by his own inner experiences before the Scriptures as before a mirror. In these days, when so many are tempted to compare men with each other, proclaiming piety to be the absence of any open violation of divine truth, the life of Dr. Kirk will be a healthy example.

## CHAPTER III.

### THEOLOGICAL STUDIES AND PREPARATORY EXPERIENCE.

1822-1825.

IN "The Intellectual Life," Mr. Hamerton says, with discrimination, "Let us understand that the intellectual life and the religious life are as distinct as the scientific and the artistic lives." One conversant with the doctrines of a systematic theology is not necessarily a devout man. On the other hand, a devout man is not necessarily prepared to preach.

Kirk had no sooner become a Christian than his resolution was made to preach the gospel; and on the 17th day of November, 1822, he entered the Theological Seminary at Princeton. With a maturity of purpose rarely witnessed, he entered upon this most important period of his life. He discerned the two great objects of this course, — his intellectual and his spiritual culture. It is sufficient to say that his college habits were reversed. He became a diligent and successful student.

Mr. Kirk learned in his seminary course the secret of a truly successful life, which many a minister has found out too late to be the basis of his success, — *the great reality of a present Christ*. As the power of Moses was not found in "all the wisdom of the Egyptians," but was gained at "the back side of the desert," so the power of Dr. Kirk lay in the fact that his intellectual pursuits were guided by the aspirations of a sanctified heart.

The pages of this chapter will lay open for the first time to the public gaze the conflicts of this devout student: the

place whereon we stand is holy. In all his diary there is no record of popular applause or scholarly success. No open conflicts or records of received jealousies find a place there. It was "the burning bush," and not human commendations, that held the chief place. May no hasty or impatient hand turn these leaves! May no page be left unread! Without this experience, his ministry would have been a failure.

We shall observe that his standard was as far above what is called "morality" as the heaven is higher than the earth. Sin, in his view, might lie in the heart, even while the outward life appeared circumspect. More than *conversion* is necessary for every Christian, — but especially for the Christian minister.

He tells us that soon after his conversion he approached the throne of grace with so much confidence and so little humility, that a spiritual declension led him to take less pleasure in spiritual things. From this point he shall tell his own story. The diary begins upon his arrival in Princeton, about three months before the seminary term: —

"From the time of my arrival in Princeton, I began to decline in every point, and at last, for fear of omitting my devotional exercises, I had to appoint regular seasons for them. I grew more and more cold until one day, going to see Alexander, I found him in a most delightful frame, and in some degree caught the spirit, and from that time I began to obtain more humbling views of myself, and better ideas of prayer, but knew nothing about self-examination. Read Owen on spiritual-mindedness, which appeared to tear up my hopes and expose my hypocrisy. Conversed with Alexander, who tried to comfort me, but the voice of man cannot still the waves of doubt and temptation; nothing but the repetition of "Peace, be still," would do: our conversation, however, has resulted in my intention to keep a journal or diary, commencing —

"August 7, 1822. — Felt very much distressed; knew that God was then striving with me; but Satan kept me from praying and at last drew me off entirely from religious thoughts for the remainder of the day.

"August 8th. — Commenced the day's usual exercises and felt no devotion.

"August 13th. — I perceive that this book is my spiritual thermometer; if I omit duties, and feel indifferent, I omit writing. Spent this day most shamefully and awfully; this evening had some of the fruits

of it in feeling, and have now no consolation.<sup>1</sup> To-morrow, going to travel. Oh that the Lord would keep me in his fear. Engaged with my dear friend A. to meet him at a throne of grace at 7 o'clock. Oh that we may meet at a throne of glory! Must now go to devotion. O God, meet me there; solemnize my thoughts; exercise my affections; grant me humility and love for devotion! Read Ps. cvi. 1. Praise the Lord, O my soul, for surely goodness and mercy from the hand of the Lord have followed me all my life. 2. Mighty indeed are thy works, O God! thou who hast created the heavens and the earth, even angels cannot fully declare thy praises. 3. Blessed indeed is he that doeth righteousness at all times; if this was a condition of my blessedness, poor indeed would be my lot. 4. O Lord, come with thy salvation! give me thy favor, which is life, and thy loving kindness, which is better than life. 5. I had fainted had I not believed to have seen the goodness of the Lord in the land of the living, but I hope to see God's people blessed on earth. 6. There is none that doeth good; and that none embraces me." . . . .

"August 22d. — Returned from traveling several days ago. Did not think of my diary until vanity induced me to read it to a friend. In traveling thought little of God, until Friday last, when I saw a Christian straggling with the King of Terrors; created some awful feelings of which I am not completely rid. I thought I should not like to be brought to the test yet, but who knows how soon I may be called to it? To-night, conversed with a friend who told me to be much in my room, little out in company and to think much, as the best way of acquiring knowledge. Heard a sermon from John vi. 40. Determined in God's strength to come to so willing a Saviour. I intend hereafter in my prayers to converse with God, and not make speeches before him." . . . .

"August 25th. — Sabbath. Read Martyn; saw in a small degree my dreadful condition of coldness and negligence of duty. Saw the mightiness of the work before me, but felt nothing like my insufficiency, nor the knowledge in which I was deficient." . . . .

"August 13, 1823. — This day closes my twenty-first year. I have now lived twenty-one years, and have arrived at the age of manhood; how is it with thee, my soul? Come, let us consider, art thou arrived at the stature of manhood in Christ Jesus? Or art thou still a babe, still needing milk, still unable to resist thine enemies? — Ah! the retrospect is dark, — nineteen years spent in open wickedness, a year and a half spent apparently in the service of Christ! How little have I done for

<sup>1</sup> The reader will repeatedly observe the likeness of the language of the diary to that of the biographies of half a century ago. Godly men called themselves "wretches," "wicked," "vile," oftener than than now.

The imperfections of the best life were noted as monstrous deformities when compared with the life of the blessed Lord; and thus they expressed the fact, in the most self-depreciating terms.

Him, how much against Him! Where are now the bright prospects I once had? Where are the joy and love that once filled my soul? Fled like the morning mist! Sin has gained the ascendancy—yes, bitterly have I sinned. Eighteen months ago I thought myself secure from all sin; I thought I should lead a life of holiness and happiness here without a moment of sin. Old Christians told me it would be otherwise. I could not believe them, but alas! they did not tell me half—no, nor quarter—of the truth. Oh, I have trampled under foot the love of Jesus. I have broken my most solemn covenant. What then is to be done? Am I about to give up? Has the Lord forsaken me? Oh, no; I cannot part with Jesus, because He is just what a poor soul needs! If I let Him go, I am undone. This night I call upon angels to witness that the Lord has been merciful to me beyond expression, and that I this night take Him to be my portion for time and eternity; and though He bring me through the furnace of affliction and temptations; though I am tried to the utmost of my strength; yet in Him will I put my trust, knowing that He is able to support me in every hour of trial; knowing that his grace is sufficient for me. ‘Bless the Lord, O my soul.’” . . .

“*August 15th.* — To-night I went to a tea-party (poor employment), though I do not heartily dislike them. But blessed be God, his kindness reached me there. I had a most delightful improving conversation. Ah! do I not love Jesus? Is He not precious above everything? I am afraid to answer, my heart is so deceitful. But I love to meet his people, I love to converse with them. Oh, yes, Jesus is at least sometimes precious to me. I would that He were always so. God, in his infinite mercy, grant it! I this night feel somewhat grateful to God, and I feel rather more free than usual from the burden of my cares and doubts. What must be the joy of those who inhabit the mansions Jesus has gone to prepare? A very dear friend, who I fear is out of the ark of safety, this night feelingly asked an interest in my prayers, poor creature, wretched being, that I am. Oh, methinks if you did but know me, you never would have made that request of me.” . . .

“*September 3d.* — Oh, the height and the depth of the love of God. I am a wonder to my companions, my acquaintances, and myself. That a person who was so hardened in iniquity should take delight in meditating on the character of God! ‘Oh, to grace how great a debtor!’ When shall I be able to pay the debt of love I owe? Never! Eternity must first be exhausted. But I have before thought I was in a good frame, and, oh, into what sin have I afterwards fallen! And may it not be so again? God forbid; for I know there is an all-sufficiency in Christ. If I trust in Him, his grace can be sufficient, and I need not fall again into presumptuous sin. Fit me for thy service as a Christian, especially as a gospel minister. Oh, may I feel the responsibility of my situation, and repose with all my might upon the bosom of my kind Redeemer.”

“*January 20, 1824.* — A sudden death in town, the small-pox in my uncle’s family, together with the conference of the students last Sunday, have again forced me to reflect upon my situation. Oh, I am a dreadful sinner! I have been thinking how I would like to meet death, and I find myself completely unprepared. O God! spare my unprofitable life, and give me that faith in thy Son, which shall lift me higher, and which shall be read in all my deportment.” . . .

“*January 10, 1825.* — Like the bustling man of business, who forgets the very existence of those whom he does not meet in the regular routine of his business, so am I with my little book. How it has been neglected! But have I had nothing to tell it? Ah, yes, I have had much to tell; such things as its pages hardly have seen, except the memorable instance of my rescue from eternal destruction. M., a man of notorious profligacy and infidelity, gave glorious testimony in his dying hours to the fact that “on whom He will, He hath mercy.” On Thursday, December 23d, M., after lingering for some time with the consumption, was called into eternity. On the morning of that day, he swooned and appeared to be dying. The Rev. Dr. A. was sent for; by the time he came, M. had opened his eyes with a heavenly expression. As he recognized the doctor he extended his hand and grasped his most cordially, but showed that he was deprived of his speech, though enjoying the perfect exercise of his reason. He was questioned in relation to his former life, when he gave an awful expression of abhorrence, and seemed as if he could not sufficiently show his disapprobation of it. When asked if he could rely on the merits of Christ, he looked upward with a complacent smile and nodded often, and thus showed by the most expressive gestures that his feelings had undergone a perfect revolution; he gave testimony to a truth he had often denied, that any one could meet death fearlessly. Thus was terminated a course of upwards of thirty years of hardened impiety. Whether his conversion was genuine, God only knows. But it was at any rate a wonderful instance of mercy; it gave a balm to the wounded feelings of an afflicted family, and I trust it has been the means of awakening several careless sinners in this place. God grant it, and let not so powerful a sermon be without effect.”

There existed at this time in Princeton an institution which in its scope will recall the celebrated band of Oxford, founded in 1729, and including such men as the afterward famous Wesleys and George Whitefield. John Wesley attributes the origin of that in his day to the “Call to a Holy Life,” by the Rev. William Law. Of the one at Princeton, Dr. Kirk has left such hints as those which follow: —

“We formed two bands in the seminary, which I found to be very

useful. The one, we called the 'Round Table.' It was formed for cultivating the power of discussing profound subjects extemporaneously. The other was formed for the higher purpose of cultivating the divine life in our hearts. We used to meet on Sabbath mornings to communicate to each other the story of the week's conflicts, failures, and triumphs. We reached a point of sacred friendship that enabled us in the fullness of fraternal love to reprove, each in the other, whatever he had seen amiss during the week. I remember the case of one brother whose defects were very prominent. On one occasion he was absent from our meeting; his faults came up before us. Our conversation about them was in the spirit of love and sympathy; I was called upon to lead in prayer for him. I never shall forget what an impression that act of praying for him made on my mind. As his faults came up in conversation or in thought, I felt as a mother must feel for the faults of her child. I never again spoke censoriously of him. To this little band, under God's blessing, I attribute the beginning of revived religious feeling in the institution. The Spirit of God was dealing with me in a manner illustrating Paul's appeal: 'Behold the goodness and severity of God.' He was convincing of sin, of righteousness, and of judgment to come. I remember our being invited to a gathering in a neighboring village, called the 'Bee,' or pastor's donation visit. I was very gay. My fondness for fun and joke had full play. But on returning home, there was little sleep for me that night; the fun was all very well, only it was out of place. My Saviour had other work for me just then. He was repeating to me his message to the church in Ephesus. My business then was to concentrate every faculty of my being in the act of listening to Him. 'Thou hast left thy first love;' gentle but cutting reproof! I was as much under conviction of sin as any inquirer who ever afterwards asked me, 'What must I do to be saved?'

Nearly a half century later, Dr. Kirk dictated the story of this conflict through which he passed before abiding peace came to his soul. With humility he spoke, and knew not that his face shone. That study on Staniford Street was a Bethel while the revered and honored servant of God declared this part of the story of his earlier life:—

"The vacation came, and I went home to my father in New York. I could not rest. The inconsistency of looking to the ministry while God was displeased with me was intolerable. I heard that the Rev. Mr. Ludlow was conducting the services in Dr. Richards's church in Newark, and that the people were then enjoying a special blessing from God. That was the place for me. If I could get into that house unknown to everybody, and sit among the inquirers, my soul might find relief in some

word the Spirit might direct his servant to utter. Great was my disappointment, on arriving at the place, on being informed that the meeting of the evening had reference to an Indian mission. Heartsick, I went to my room feeling that God was cutting me off from a dependence on any but Himself. He administered his ordinances.

“It occurred to me that Mr. Waterbury, a fellow-student in theology, who first pointed me to Christ, would welcome me and help me. His brother lived at Westfield. Having walked to Newark (about nine miles), I started the next morning on foot for Westfield. Footsore, heartsore, and with aching head, I reached the dwelling and inquired for my friend. There my cup was filled when they told me he was not in town. His kind sisters perceived that I was fainting. They kindly provided a resting-place for me; but my broken slumbers were soon disturbed by a message from the pastor of the church. Learning that a student of theology was in town, he sent for me to go instantly and see a young lady then dying. She had called for her young friends to come and witness her dying hours. The faithful Saviour was with her in the dark valley, and she wished to persuade them to put their trust in Him. The pastor stated, that, after my visit to her, one of his deacons would take me in his wagon from house to house, to converse with the neighbors, who had received deep impressions from the conversation of this young lady. This was to me astonishing. How could the Saviour call on me, who was myself but an inquirer after the way of life, to become a guide to others? But I received the call as his. He could not smile upon me, — He had too much against me; but He that saw the depth of Peter’s heart, heard mine say, through all these doubts and fears, ‘Lord, Thou knowest that I love Thee.’ Then commenced a new phase of the struggle. God seemed to be dealing with me on new ground. I understood Him to say, ‘Do you wish to be a minister of the gospel?’ I replied, ‘I do.’ — ‘Do you wish to be a useful minister?’ — ‘I do.’ — ‘I will now put you to the test. Go witness the power of my grace in that dying scene; then go with my servant from house to house.’ — ‘Lord, how can I go? I am so cold, so burdened, so doubtful about my own sincerity; and then it will be contrary to the whole impulse of my nature to obtrude myself where I may be unwelcome, and then introduce the topic most unwelcome to those I visit.’ — ‘You have your choice: refuse, and then abandon the hope of usefulness; go, and I will bless your ministry.’ Then I put the cross on my shoulder; it was very heavy all that dark day, but never since. I would have given my companion all my little store if he would have turned his horse in the opposite direction; but on he went from door to door, introducing me as the guide for souls. I met women at the wash-tub, men in the midst of business. Unaccustomed to dealing with men, ignorant of the world, uncheered by hope, simply following the stern lead of conscience, I went on doing the work of that day. It was a turning-point



in my life. Light beamed in upon my soul. Hope, love for Jesus, yearnings over the perishing souls of men displaced the darkness of my recent experience. The Spirit of the Lord was breathing on the people, and it was joyous to echo mercy's invitation, 'Ho, every one that thirsteth, come,' etc."

Looking back over the last year of his seminary life, we find him from Sabbath to Sabbath beginning his work as a preacher. The field of his labors was in the outskirts of Princeton. As in other instances a name too classical is not allowed to monopolize the whole place, so was it almost under the shadows of the university. Not all the inhabitants of the town were of classic taste; accordingly some, of a particular district, gloried in the name Jugtown. With these, jealous neighbors dwelling in Dogtown, and others dwelling in Snufftown, contended. Whence came these names, we do not know, but now they are known no more.

It was in Jugtown the young preacher began his life's work; and back to Jugtown are directly traceable some of the impressive lessons of his life.

"I commenced preaching to an assembly of colored people in Princeton. I remember entering the pulpit of our little chapel one evening, after a careful preparation. I sat solitary in the house for several minutes. A colored woman came in at length, with the gait of one wearied with work. After a few minutes another entered; then another. About that time the same personage entered, as it seemed to me, whom Job records as appearing among the sons of God. Seated at my side he commenced a colloquy: — 'This is beautiful, is n't it? A graduate of the college, a student of law, a student of theology, carefully preparing an address to such an audience.' For a moment my heart yielded to his suggestions. Then the better spirit came, and this was his appeal: 'Who are you? A brand plucked from the burning; a sinner saved by grace! What if God has sent you here to-night to lead one of those souls to the Lamb of God, to enter into covenant with God and at length to shine among the stars in the firmament of heaven? Are you worthy of the honor?' Ashamed, I replied, 'Lord forgive.' I think that never since that night have I been troubled or elated by the number of persons in my audience. Laboring in this sphere, then in various school-houses of the vicinity, then as permanent preacher in a suburban village, I was permitted to witness the power of the Holy Spirit in the case of many a precious soul."

At the close of his senior year, August 1, 1825, in response to an invitation of the Missionary Society in the seminary, he delivered an address remarkable as an exhibition of his missionary spirit; and still more so, as an exposition of the relations borne by the seminary course of instruction to the development of the missionary work — at that time but poorly appreciated in the churches, or even among the clergy. We append a few extracts in the hope of exciting a keener sense of personal responsibility among those to whom the place of theological instruction is only the camp of drill, every movement and motive of which is needed for the broader sphere of usefulness.

“MY BRETHREN, — We have met in circumstances the most interesting, on business the most important. We have the prospect of heralding the glorious news of salvation to perishing men, and of shining with stars of a great magnitude in the upper firmament. We have tasted that liberty is sweet, and are going to proclaim it to the captive wherever found, — under whatever sun, or clime, or name. We have felt our hearts expanding with a benevolence that was before unknown; a benevolence which neither seas nor skies can bound, which casts its expanded arms around a globe perishing in sin, and embraces in its calculations the everlasting existence of its objects. We have met to consult for man. An anxious world may be held in suspense to await the consultations of a cabinet; but it is no enthusiasm to say that angels regard with interest our meeting. The decrees of kings and of congresses will pass away; the day is coming, in which the lustre of the diamond shall be lost; and in that day the consequences of feeling here implanted, and knowledge here obtained, may be entering but the vestibule of their immortality. We have met to give increase to benevolence, to present before us a picture of the vast moral desolations of the world, that these hearts may be roused and fired with a holy zeal. 'Tis here we come to brush off that rust from our armor which cankering ambition may have produced; to take, as it were, a higher flight; to assume more elevated ground, and prepare for more efficient action.

“This is not romantic, nor unreal, though it may be unrealized by us; and I mention these considerations, not for the sake of declamation, but because we are so prone to undervalue this institution. It is a melancholy fact, that we lose sight, in the midst of our studies here, of the important objects for which we came. That benevolence and that love of immortal souls, which brought us here, lose their fervor; there is something here dampening; whether essentially attached to a course like

this or not, is not the question for us to dispose of; we have to do with the fact, and, if possible, to remedy it. And that it is a fact, surely no formal proof need be given for demonstration.

“I appeal to individual experience; and there let the question be settled. Can we not testify that we have come here with little or no desire to become acquainted with the state of the heathen world? No love for Zion, no longing desires for the extension of her borders? Brethren, these things ought not so to be. If we forget the interests of Zion, who is to be concerned for her? If the interests of the missionary cause are not to devolve on us, who will take it up? And do we not feel ashamed, when we think that the church is looking to this seminary for the men who are to lead the glorious march? — whose hearts are bleeding (as she supposes) when they witness the desolations of Zion?” . . . .

“We notice the operation of two causes that retard or entirely prevent the development of the interest that missions ought to awaken in us as Christians. The one is the mode of studying pursued here; the other, the want of sufficient reflection on the subject. Not that our studies ought to be undervalued or neglected; but they ought to be kept in their proper place.

“When we enter this seminary, the first impression we receive, from attending lectures and societies, from intercourse with the students, from everything around us, is that we are deficient in knowledge. We know that we are deficient in piety, and perhaps are at first deeply impressed with the fact; but this is gradually lost sight of, for the want of its being presented to us with sufficient distinctness. Yet just such beings we are as constantly to need this. There is no demand for eminent piety. If a serious deportment is maintained, there will be no difficulty in standing respectably; there is nothing external to drive us, as it were, to grow in grace. But go where you will, almost, our intellectual deficiencies are prominently held up before us; we are called upon for the constant display of knowledge and talents; and the effect of this is, to induce a kind of feverish excitement. No sooner is one branch of study disposed of, than another and another comes upon the mind, until at last the balance is totally destroyed, and that piety which we at first deemed so essential, is almost lost sight of.

“When we awake in the morning, the first thought is of some composition to be written, some subject to be studied. The regular time for devotional exercises comes on, but a hurried performance will do this time. I cannot neglect this important piece of business now. We either drive or almost sleep through it, and when we have made a dull petition, we rise with indifference from the throne of God, and rush with ardor to the throne of literature; yes, perhaps of ambition. Instead of coming down from our devotion to our duties, instead of guarding our every avenue when coming to our books, we seem to rise with elasticity from

the cold performance of religious duties to the pursuit of knowledge. We dash heedlessly into the midst of temptations unguarded, unconcerned, though we have so often fallen before, to the injury of our souls." . . . .

"If we are to be prepared for the destinies of the present age, we shall be men of enlarged benevolence, whose sympathies are with humanity wherever found, whose prayers and whose wrestlings at the throne of grace are more frequently on behalf of Zion, of perishing men, than of ourselves; — men who are ready to ply every instrument, to support every institution, to seize every spring of action that can promote the glory of God. Men remarkable merely for talents and acquirements will shine in the ministry of the present age; but the wants of a perishing world, and the providence of God, are about to make a demand (if we mistake not) for a galaxy of Brainards, of Martyns, of Swartzes, of Boudinots, — I was going to say, of Peters and of Pauls. Contracted views and feelings will not suit. The glories of the Millennial Day may be ushered in by human instruments; but it will not be by men whose desires terminate in self."

After his graduation from the seminary, he did not at once begin the active duties of his profession. The reasons for this delay he has left in his own words. Under date of November 20, 1825, we find the following record: —

"Instead of entering the ministry, as I intended, in September, I have determined to study another year, unless something should occur which I do not now foresee. My present experience is what I desire to record, that I may look at it hereafter; for if I ever arrive at assurance, it will be profitable to look back and see how the Lord has led me. Truly mine has thus far been a checkered path. The most prominent feeling of my mind at this time, is an impression of my defects in these particulars, — penitence, a sense of the preciousness of Christ, the worth of men's souls, clear views and impressions of God's attributes. I pant, I long to know something of God in Christ, and that that knowledge should excite the proper feelings in my mind. I feel a great deficiency in regard to the spirit of prayer, and faith in Christ. I do not feel as if there was a reality in my applications to Him for justification and sanctification. I have lost the fervor of first love and have not the light of an advanced saint. In God is my trust."

And towards the close of his career, looking back over his long ministry, he thus refers to this fourth year of study: —

"For the sake of my young brethren, I would record two facts connected with this early ministry and my preparation for it. One day,

in the theological seminary, reading one of Dr. Chalmers's sermons, a feeling of utter discouragement came over me. I was there a resident graduate, having the entire command of my time; and yet I could not accomplish the task required of me, to finish the composition of four sermons in twelve months. This reading of Chalmers's sermon brought home to me the appalling fact, as I regarded it, that I never could write a sermon worthy of attention. But by practice, the facility of composition (such as it is) has become so great, that when the outline of a sermon is made, logically arranging the subject, I have written many a sermon of forty minutes in three and a half hours.

"The other fact to which I allude is, that I found much aid in securing comprehensiveness, variety, completeness, and adaptedness (as I thought) to my preaching, by drawing out in the beginning an outline on a sheet of paper. On the first page was the heading *Conviction*; under this were placed, in as good order as possible, the various topics in the Bible calculated to awaken and enlighten the conscience. On the second page was the heading *Conversion*, embracing under this the various truths adapted to lead the soul to faith in Christ. The third page had the heading *Sanctification*, covering truths adapted to promote the life of God in the soul. The fourth page ought to have been (perhaps was) *Usefulness — Death — Eternity*. Under the guidings of this outline, each particular sermon was made with reference to the existing wants of the people."

In June, 1826, Mr. Kirk appeared before the Presbytery to pass his examination for licensure. True to the unvarying custom of the times, the candidate brought with him the "Popular Sermon," as it was called. The theme was "Simon's Prayer," Luke ii. 29, 30. The sermon was delivered in the old Scotch Church in Cedar Street, New York, before an audience of critics who pronounced the effort "good."

The *black coat* he had once despised became him well.

## CHAPTER IV.

### EARLY WORK AS A PREACHER.

1826-1828.

AT the close of his preparatory studies, Mr. Kirk began his ministry as an agent for the cause of missions, under the American Board. The effect of this work was at the same time a gain and a loss, so he afterwards thought: a gain of religious impulse and the power of communicating that impulse; and a loss of those regular habits of study so important to an early pastorate. To a certain extent this loss had been more than compensated for during his fourth year in the seminary.

His associate in this work was the young and afterwards distinguished missionary, Jonas King. Their field extended through the Middle States, South Carolina, Georgia, and Virginia. It was no work like that of an agent to-day. The young men were met by opposers at every step. It was a wholesome discipline.

In no better way can we discern the growth of piety in the church than by watching the growth of the missionary spirit. Modern missions owe their birth to William Cary, a young Baptist minister in England. It was less than a century ago, when, in reply to his suggestion of this topic for discussion in a ministerial gathering, an honored father in the church frowningly said, "Young man, sit down; when God pleases to convert the heathen He will do it without your aid or mine;" and his views were entertained by "the aged and more influential ministers generally."

The Rev. Dr. Anderson, in his admirable lectures upon

“Foreign Missions,” refers to the early fathers of New England, and says: “Their writings show that training the churches, intelligent and pious as they were, for the work of converting the heathen world scarcely formed any part of their conceptions of pastoral duty. . . . It was a new idea; the introduction of a new power into the churches of our land.” The same high authority declares that, when the Board for Missions was established, “a general vote could not have been obtained” from the churches in its favor. This was in 1810.

Human agencies have wrought out, under the divine blessing, a great change. In 1826 there were but two societies in our country engaged in the work of foreign missions, — the American Board and the Baptist Missionary Union. The total amount contributed by the Congregational and Presbyterian Churches for this purpose, in 1825, — these two denominations working together in the same organization, — did not amount to fifty-six thousand dollars, against more than nine hundred and seventy thousand dollars given yearly by these two denominations now. Throughout the churches, sectional and national jealousies were aroused against the cause. “What kind of a Board is this, of which you speak?” was sneeringly asked; but one opposer after another was speedily silenced. These scoffing, but doubtless honest, men were calling forth the powers of the young speaker, and unconsciously forging the weapons of truth for valiant use.

It is not necessary to pass from place to place to behold the rising of the tide of feeling in behalf of missions. We seize upon one dark moment and its result. The participant shall tell his own story: —

“Being called, at the close of my fourth year in the seminary, to prepare a sermon on the subject of Foreign Missions, I found the advantage of having a definite object in view. Wrote the sermon with considerable ease; but unfortunately I overrated its value. As an agent of the Board of Missions, I preached it from town to town, with not a little surprise that no one seemed capable of appreciating it but myself. . . . Going from town to town, conversing everywhere on the subject of missions, I found the majority whom I met to be either indifferent or en-

tirely opposed to our efforts to convert the heathen. These conversations were a supplement to the theological seminary. My professors and teachers had given me religious truth in its abstract forms, as the deepest thinkers had shaped it. This was all very well as a foundation. But it was all Saul's armor when I met Goliath in the field. I found the necessity of forging my own weapons, to change the views and guide the actions of the individual men and women I was meeting daily. For months, as I afterwards found, the process through which my mind was then passing was this: I was learning, not what Calvin and Luther and Voltaire might have thought about missions, but what John Jones and Mrs. Williams and 'the common people' thought; thus, from many individuals, learning exactly what any congregation I might address were thinking of when I should rise to address them; also, what answers were effectual in removing objections and securing their hearty coöperation. Thus mind and heart were becoming saturated with the subject of Foreign Missions. The love of the missionaries, of their work, and interest in every new school-house erected in India, in every convert in Burmah, and every inquirer in Hawaii, was growing daily. The heart, the mind, the tongue, were gaining the munitions of war.

"On one occasion I made an engagement with the Rev. Mr. K., of Flemington, New Jersey, to address his people on the subject. But as the topic was so unpopular, and knowing the feelings of his people, courtesy to me mainly induced him to make the appointment, and on a secular day. Thursday afternoon was the time selected. I was there promptly, and he was there; and we alone were there. Ashamed for his people, he remarked, 'This is too bad; you shall have the pulpit on Sunday. Come here on Sunday morning next.' I was there; and, on entering the churchyard, he introduced me to Dr. A. The doctor immediately attacked me. Two of his bullets I preserved. They are these: 'Charity begins at home,' and 'I don't believe in giving my money to the Yankees.'

"You may imagine some of the feelings with which I, an unfledged preacher, ascended the pulpit. Turning to the pastor, I inquired, 'Is this a specimen of the feeling of your people?' 'I think it is,' he replied. It stirs my blood at this day, to recall my position at that moment. My mind passed rapidly through a great debate, which had to reach its practical conclusion in twenty minutes, while having the opening services to perform. The question was, Shall I preach my splendid sermon? Its utter inappropriateness, its totally abstract views of my subject, its utter remoteness from all the thoughts my audience then had, or ever had, flashed upon me. Almost with tears I parted with my old friend, pressed it into my pocket, and consigned it to the tomb of the Capulets. The next question was, Dare I venture to launch forth in an extemporaneous address, without the least method?



“ Providence answered the question for me, and seemed to say: Let the preacher and his reputation go. Play the man, to attack these Goliaths of unbelief. Put fire into these dead hearts. Leave not a man or a woman of them hostile and indifferent to the sacred cause of evangelizing the pagans.’

“ I arose, calm in the assurance that the Lord of Missions was with me, firm in the conviction that I was the advocate of truth, affectionately desirous that the people should leave the narrow circle of their selfish prejudices, and earnest in the purpose to bring every hand in that house to sign my subscription paper.

“ My first step was a dash on the flank of the objectors. Having raked the country like a scavenger, to gather together all the naughty things spoken against the sacred cause, I probably surprised the audience by showing each of them more, if not weightier, objections than had ever entered his mind. Be sure that the distance between the pulpit and the pews was now annihilated. It was a hand to hand contest. Every soul felt the grapple.

“ My weapons were no unproved mitrailleuses; every one had been tested; every stone in the bag had slain its Goliath. The arrow that kills in the parlor is equally effective in the pew. A congregation of hearers is only an amassing of the John Joneses and the Mrs. Williamsses of every community. The pulpit has one advantage over the parlor; the speaker cannot be interrupted. It has one disadvantage, — the speaker may be shooting over or aside of his mark. But in the present case, Mr. Jones and Mrs. Williams had had their turn, and the speaker knew what they would say. Another point should be mentioned. Having heard it said, I know not with what truth, that Patrick Henry, when pleading in court, used to fix on one juror, and direct the whole force of his battery at him, until that man’s countenance expressed conviction (thus he took them and conquered them man by man), I acted on the hint.

“ The narrations of infanticide and other horrible customs of the Sandwich Islands had just been reported to us by our missionaries. I observed the expression of incredulity on countenances as they were mentioned. Having, as before observed, tested my replies to objections, and proved their efficacy, I would fix my eye on one sneering face in the audience and press tried answers until that countenance changed its expression. I speak of it as nothing personal or peculiar, but, as it appears to me, a personal testing of some of the true principles of rhetoric, which may be useful to my younger brethren. The mind was stored with the subject, one embracing many collateral topics of interest, — ethnology, history, geography, lofty specimens of self-sacrifice and devotion to Christ, thrilling exhibitions of immortal souls, under the influence of the Holy Spirit, emerging from heathenish darkness into the glorious light of the gospel. The heart was full of sympathy with every feature and

branch of the subject, of antagonism to its opponents, of zeal for its success, of determination to make every hearer share this sympathy and zeal.

“The sermon finished, an invitation was given to the people to come before the pulpit and subscribe to the missionary fund. The first man that came was the unwilling Dr. A. The rest followed like sheep.

“There I learned the efficacy of extemporaneous speaking and discovered its elements : a full mind, a glowing heart, a relentless purpose to secure practical results.”

Upon another occasion his aptness at extemporaneous discourse was illustrated in an amusing way. We insert the account here, notwithstanding its irregularity as to time.

He was spending a few weeks at the Montgomery Springs in Virginia. This was three or four years before the civil war. Having attended a Presbyterian church one Sabbath morning, he made an acquaintance with the preacher at the close of the services, commenting, as was his wont, in critical and suggestive remarks upon the theme of the morning. It being a day of remarkable clearness, the two, having left the church, slowly ascended a hill to its summit.

Just below them a little company was forming, chiefly of colored people, or, as they were then called, “slaves.” Their numbers were constantly enlarged by the approach of persons from all directions, the later arrivals being visitors at the springs. Upon inquiry, it was learned that a young colored preacher was there to deliver his first sermon. It is needless to say that in his congregation the young Boanerges had these two sharp, theological critics. The preliminaries being over, he began by announcing this rather doleful subject for his first sermon, “The wages of sin is death.” It was hard work. The perspiration rolled down his face. The lack of thought was supplied by sound, and a great sound it was. Perhaps the reader has known of some similar case, and can fill out the scene.

When he had ceased, there was a great calm : a calm like that of faintness ; for his audience had obtained no substantial food from the discourse. Rather chagrined at the failure of his young brother, an aged colored preacher arose, and

with good acceptance spoke upon the theme for a few minutes. Hardly had he taken his seat, when there was a stir in the direction of the critics' position. There was now another volunteer. Dr. Kirk arose, and, having politely requested permission to address the audience, went forward to the preacher's stand. Quickly and firmly, as always, he took his position. A light was now about to be thrown upon the subject, his very presence being sufficient to engage attention. They awaited his opening words. Now let it here be said that the majority of those present were the aristocrats of the South. They listened, too. He began thus, — "Any honest man will pay wages for honest work."

It is said that, in moments of severe mental pressure, a multiplicity of thoughts pass through the mind in an instant. Thoughts like these confronted the speaker: "I am known as an abolitionist; I am speaking to a large number of slaveholders. The life of one like myself is not worth much here. I have blundered. I have said, 'Any honest man will pay wages for honest work.'" But if the mind is quick to discover a mistake, it is as quick to invent a way of escape. The escape was planned. There was no break, no hesitation in all this. He stood before them undisturbed outwardly; and thus supplemented and explained to the Southern audience that dangerous sentence; "that is, if your master," addressing the objects of his life's sympathies, "should send you to another master to do a piece of work, that master would give your owner wages for all the work you should do." There being no further obstacles in the way, he declared the truths which had been so blunderingly expounded, and, with the close of his remarks, the company dispersed.

This incident well illustrates wherein lay the almost magic of his oratory. He was skilled in handling men; measured them in a moment; and adapted the truth to the circumstances of the time; not as a sycophant; not as a time-server; but becoming all things to all men in a right sense, like the great apostle he accomplished the object of his mission.

In extemporaneous discourse, after his first triumph in it,

he was always at home ; although in later life he gave it up almost entirely. As the teaching of his experience, he has summed up the three following conditions as indispensable to every unwritten sermon. First, the speaker must be filled with his subject ; second, the audience must have sympathy with the speaker ; third, this sympathy must be mutual.

Mr. Kirk concluded his labors in the service of missions in the month of May, 1828. The influence of his associate, Jonas King, upon his character was ever after referred to. The following letter exhibits an affection which was never broken : —

“NEW YORK, *May* 10, 1828.

“MY DEAR BROTHER KING, — It is with much reluctance that I have come to the conclusion of leaving the city without seeing you again. All the remarkably interesting occurrences of the past four months, are and will be associated in my mind, with the recollections of yourself. You have been to me the instrument of more benefit than you are probably aware of. I bless the Lord, ‘ who without doubt sent you to me ; ’ and I thank you. But now you go, and I shall see your face no more — perhaps forever. That you will present my wants in your prayers to God, I have no doubt. That I shall remember you, I think, is certain. That we shall meet again, and at the feet of our glorified Redeemer, I earnestly pray.

“I would have made all my own wishes and plans yield to the one object of waiting until I saw you. But Providence has devolved upon me the pleasant task of nursing the companion of my childhood, James Alexander ; and he is desirous of leaving the city immediately, to visit New Haven, Boston, and Albany.

“I have drawn up a report of our proceedings and the result of our efforts in the southern cities. I have left it with Mr. Lord, for you to revise and alter, amend or destroy, as shall seem to your judgment most proper.

Fraternally yours, ” etc.

In the month of May, 1828, Mr. Kirk was invited by the Rev. Dr. Chester, pastor of the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany, to become his colleague. He was not prepared for this, but consented to occupy the pulpit during the summer, as the doctor was obliged to intermit his pastoral labors to seek for health. Dr. Chester was a kind, large-hearted

man, gathering around him some earnest Christians; but also some men of talent and wealth who loved the man, but had learned to parry the thrusts of the preacher.

The Second Church was at this period the most prominent church in the city, drawing into its congregation many of the families most distinguished in fashionable life. Several of the most eminent lawyers, merchants, and statesmen of the day were habitual attendants upon the Sabbath services. Among these were the Hon. Martin Van Buren, at that time and for years after the ruling politician of the State, and subsequently president of the United States; the Hon. William L. Marcy, then comptroller of New York, afterwards United States senator, governor of the State, secretary of war, and secretary of state; Chief Justice Savage; Chancellor Walworth, honored alike in church and state; the Hon. Benjamin F. Butler, afterwards attorney-general of the United States. Such men as these would call into their fellowship the young men of rising prominence, and keep for the organization the position it had gained. This church embraced the New England families in the city, as its foundations were laid by them.

It was to such a congregation the young preacher ministered. The audiences immediately grew larger. There was every token of a successful career. The gospel was proclaimed in all its fullness. It was like the spirit of Massillon in the palace of Versailles, before his monarch, Louis XIV. "Sire," said the great preacher, "the gospel speaks not as the world speaks." It was like the reply of Madame De Staël to Napoleon through Joseph, when he offered her \$400,000 to say nothing against him: "*The question is not what I want, but what I think.*"

With a courtesy unbounded, the young preacher declared the truth as it was revealed to him. He was engaged in the work of another than man. He was invited and urged to "tone down" the doctrines, to "beware of offending the tastes" of the congregation. But with the purest delicacy he kept on his way. The tide of his popularity was becom-

ing ruffled. Ominous clouds were rising, but he heeded them not. A cup was preparing which he must drink,— a cup of blessing, yet bitter to the taste.

We open his “closet reflections,” penned during this important period of his life : —

“*June 21, 1828.* — I have just received an invitation from a church in Boston (the Salem Church) to become their associate pastor until Dr. Edwards is able to resume his labors. It places me in a very trying and unpleasant situation. I feel that I need much of the illuminating influence of the Holy Spirit, to show me what are correct principles and how they apply to the circumstances of the case ; much of his sacred influence, to suppress every unhallowed passion which may be appealed to, and to invigorate and quicken those holy feelings and that sense of responsibility which must be in lively exercise in order to give so momentous a question a sufficiently solemn, prayerful, and careful investigation. I have no doubt that God often places his people in such circumstances for the purpose of trying them, to ascertain (or rather to show them) on what principles they will act, and whether they will sufficiently feel their dependence on Him. I see in myself an unfitness for making the important decision. I see the propriety of the exhortation, ‘Lean not to thine own understanding.’ I see that mine is limited ; not having a clear discernment of principles, nor of their application to the circumstances of this case. I see how easy it is for my understanding to be biased by feelings which ought not to operate, and I see how far destitute I am of many of those feelings which are necessary in order to secure a proper consideration of it. There is wisdom and propriety and kindness in the exhortation connected with the above (Prov. iii. 5, 6, 7). ‘Trust in the Lord with all thy heart,’ and ‘In all thy ways, acknowledge Him, and He shall direct thy paths. Be not wise in thine own eyes.’ For God is able to direct ; with Him is wisdom, and He has said, ‘If any man lack wisdom, let him ask of God, who giveth liberally and upbraideth not.’ These are the important considerations, to balance which forms the difficulty in my mind.

“First, *if I go to Boston*, I shall leave a people very much in the same situation with those to whom I am going ; or rather, more necessitous, because Boston contains some of the greatest ministerial talent, while in Albany there is not now one Presbyterian minister ; I shall violate the feelings of a people just gratified by my consenting to remain with them, and possibly shall leave them to divisions which showed themselves last year, but are now healed ; and the most powerful (and, as far as I now see, the conclusive) consideration on this side is, that I am neither in body nor in mind qualified for the station to which I am called. On the

other hand, I shall there stand by the side and act under the direction of some of the best men in the world ; and I shall be in a situation (I presume) the most favorable for a full development of my powers, and the increase of piety, of any in our country.

“Second, *if I remain in Albany*, I shall act against the judgment of some men whose judgments I esteem the most highly. And on the other hand, I shall probably be able to exert a more extensive and more important influence here than I could in Boston.

“So that my present inclination is to Albany ; while to remain here will be making a very great sacrifice. May the Lord so guide and influence me that I shall rejoice through eternity in the decision I now make.” . . .

*July 10th.* — “I have made the important decision in regard to my present, and, for some time, future course. I have determined to remain in Albany, because the providence of God has in a peculiar manner led me here, and opened a door of usefulness. The only peculiar consideration which urged me to go to Boston is the prospect of a great improvement. This I feel bound to sacrifice at what I deem the call of my Redeemer. And now, Lord, give me grace to be faithful here. This is a spot on which others before me have fallen. Lord Jesus, the Shepherd and Bishop of souls, I fly unto Thee. Oh, guard me and defend me from foes without and within. Make me meek, humble, watchful, prayerful. Then shall I stand in the strength of God. But there is a great work to be accomplished in Albany. The Lord works by whom He will work ; and my duty is to occupy my post with my eye directed towards Him.”

In page after page of a “Theme for Meditation,” the twenty-fifth Psalm is applied in the most personal manner. In view of what was about to come upon the young preacher, we transcribe a part : —

“The Psalmist knew how God could be just, and yet justifying acquit, or pardon the sinner: he knew what argument to take with Him. What is it? ‘Lord pardon my iniquities, for they are very few and trifling and arising from my natural infirmities, and counter-balanced by my sincerity and my good intentions and my general goodness,’ — is that the Psalmist’s plea and ground of hope? No! no! no! If this were so, I would shut my Bible, leave the society of man, and go away like the stricken deer, to pine and die. Oh, ye moralists, how ye would sap the energy of hope in my breast! How unsympathizing is your spirit and your system. I ask what I must do to be saved: you tell me, ‘Put on the filthy rags of your own righteousness, and go up before the throne of the Eternal with a long catalogue of your good deeds, and a demon-

stration of the goodness of your intentions and the sincerity of your heart; and there, like the Pharisee, thank God for it, and tell Him of the poor publicans around you; because you are certainly better than thousands of poor wretches in your city. You are a respectable, popular preacher of the gospel.' Oh, stop this jargon; it grates upon my ear. I call God to witness that it is not my creed, but my inmost soul that shrinks from this. Oh, blessed be God that I am sitting with an open Bible before me; that the Holy Spirit teaches my lisping tongue to pray. I know the Spirit indites it. The pride, nor the wisdom of man, nor the malice of devils, could indite such a prayer. It is unearthly. It breathes neither of the spirit of the schools nor of the streets. It vibrates upon the inmost fibres of my soul. It pours a flood of light and hope upon the darkness of my mind. It seems to address the whole 'inner man.' It enlightens the understanding, convinces the judgment, melts the heart, subdues fear, elevates hope, and brings a kind of regeneration to the soul. This may be called extravagance. But never did a sentence condense such a mass of moral suasion and instruction and consolation before my mind as this, — 'Pardon mine iniquity, for thy name's sake, O Lord; for it is great.' Here is a system of logic. Here is the hope of heaven. Here is the logic which will command the admiration of the universe in the Day of Judgment. 'Pardon mine iniquity, O Lord, for thy name's sake; for my sins are great.' The point at issue is the pardon of sins. The throne is set. The Lord, clothed in the simple habit of majesty, and surrounded by the effulgence of glory, arraigns the culprit. The appeal is made, — 'Guilty or not guilty?' Answer: 'Guilty.' 'What have you to say why sentence should not be executed against you?' Answer: 'I have two reasons.' 'State them.' 'My iniquities are great, and Thou hast a great name for pardoning sinners.' 'But how do these arguments bear upon the case?' 'My sins are so numerous and aggravated, so black and vile, that I am driven out of myself to seek for pardon on some other ground than what I am, what I have done, or what I can do. Seeing this, the wretchedness of my condition, and having heard that there was a way in which thy mercy prevails for the pardon of sins, and led by the spirit of thy grace, I have laid hold upon the proposed terms; I have sealed the covenant and subscribed my name to it. And now, for thy name's sake, — for the sake of that great name which Thou hast gotten as the merciful God; as God taking no pleasure in the death of the sinner; as the faithful I AM, my Creator and Judge and Redeemer; as the God of grace; I appeal to Thee. There is a price to pay the debt of Justice; there is a Victim whom Thou didst provide. I lay my hands upon his head, and urge my argument.' 'Sinner, thou hast prevailed.' And the echoing heavens will ring it back again: 'The sinner has prevailed.' "



We pass outward to the scene of conflict. The skies were growing black. The cup was filled with the mixture; yet the preacher in the pulpit gave no signs of faltering. The magnates of Albany looked askance Sabbath after Sabbath, while with uncompromising boldness he performed his errand.

The steamboat Dewitt Clinton was then building. The hammers went all the Sabbath. The young preacher told his audience from the pulpit that they would soon be where they could not build steamboats on Sunday. Martin Van Buren, as we have seen, was among his hearers. He heard a sermon on the Judgment Day, in which the preacher described the grandeur of the scene, but said, "You will have nothing to do with the sublime tapestry of the judgment hall, or with the magnificence of the spectacle; you will see only the Judge, and answer Him for the deeds done in the body." The future president remarked to a friend soon after, "I am accustomed, when men are preaching, to occupy my mind with my political schemes; but politics appeared to me very folly that day. I had to hear the preacher."

A pious lady who knew the audience remarked, "Often, under this preaching, I could get no relief to my feelings, — of joy that the truth was so preached, and of dread of its effects on the hearers, — except by clinching the back of the pew before me, so steadying my nerves. It seemed to me that I could hear the very flooring of the church cracking, as if torn up from end to end."

The audience was increasing; the feeling was rising; and it was becoming evident to the worldly men who had been accustomed to rule the church, that this must be stopped. The reasons for their feeling they did not give; but the course they took was to send to the young preacher whom they had invited to occupy their pulpit for an indefinite period, and politely to inform him that they wished he would make some modifications in his preaching. They summoned him one morning to meet them immediately at the office

of Benjamin F. Butler. He went, and found ten or twelve gentlemen awaiting him. Mr. Butler opened the subject, very courteously, stating that while he was much pleased with the preaching, objecting only to the length of the sermons, there was unfortunately a division of feeling in the society. Their pastor was absent and ill. He thought it might be well for Mr. Kirk to retire for a time.

When he had finished, Mr. Kirk remarked, "Gentlemen, I have not sought this post; I am here by the urgent request of your beloved pastor. More than that, I think I am here by the will of God. I am accustomed to seek his guidance in everything. I am aware of the effects of my preaching, and that many earnestly desire me to continue here. I have no choice in the matter. But it seems to me we should not enter upon this conference without seeking that wisdom and guidance which are indispensable always, but especially in such circumstances. Mr. Butler, will you lead us in prayer?"

Referring at a later period to this event, Dr. Kirk said, "I have never been in a besieged city; but I can conceive how people act when the ceiling opens and a bomb-shell strikes the floor. The appearance of those gentlemen was literally comical. Their manner seemed to say, 'What! prayer in a lawyer's office in State Street, at nine o'clock in the morning? The thing is right; but if anybody should come in it would seem very queer. To be sure, it is the King's business, but it will not do to have Him take part in it.'"

There was a bustling of the chairs; the old curtain, as it had remained undisturbed for many a day, and was at best able but half to conceal the scene, was adjusted to do what it could. The office of prayer was referred back to Mr. Kirk, and with childlike simplicity he asked the Father what his will was in the case. The next morning, while he was at breakfast, one of the elders waited on him, and handed him the stipulated wages, with the information that the Second Church would now dispense with his services.

“To that day,” he writes, “it had pleased God to make my ministry an ovation. Welcomed wherever I went, sent for in various directions, listened to with the most respectful attention, caressed, even flattered, — the poison had undoubtedly entered my soul. My good Physician knew it, and the nauseous drug He gave me to counteract it was that message. I took my little Testament immediately, retreated to the woods, and spent the day with God. What passed between my soul and my Saviour, He knows. All day I remained bewildered with the blow, but submissive to the unseen hand that inflicted it. I returned home in the evening, prepared to leave the city in the morning. To my astonishment, however, a company of gentlemen waited on me in the morning, and begged me to delay my departure. They stated that the present state of things was a climax long desired by many in the church, and by some expected; that the division of the church was now a settled fact; that worldly men had held the church in check too long.

“They stated that, as it was on Thursday I received the message by the elder, and Thursday evening was the time of the weekly lecture, the people had gathered in unusual numbers. The hour arrived for the service to commence; but no preacher was there, and only silence seemed to be gathering like a thunder-cloud which must burst soon. At length the senior elder arose in his seat and remarked: ‘You are expecting Mr. Kirk. He will never preach in that pulpit again; and I, for one, would wade through blood to my knees, to drive him out of the city.’<sup>1</sup> The rest may be imagined.”

The committee that waited upon him Friday morning stated that on hearing this elder they immediately collected their friends, who appointed this informal committee to entreat him to give them time for more formal and definite action. They stated that a band of women of the church had passed the night in prayer to God that he might be detained. He gave answer, “I would go to the gates of hell with such a band!” It resulted in the formation of the Fourth Church.

“A circumstance,” he remarks, “which could not escape my notice, occurred. Many of my friends in the ministry advised me not to form the church. Duty appeared to me clear, and I lived to see, I believe, every man of them compelled, more or less reluctantly, to leave his own pulpit.”

<sup>1</sup> It is but justice to say that this very elder soon became one of Mr. Kirk's strongest friends. Ecclesiastical enmity is not everlasting.

He has left a contemporaneous view of this great crisis in his life, which we here append: —

“*July 15th.* — The providence of God, in leading me to Albany, establishing me here, and opening abundantly doors of usefulness, is so marked, that I cannot doubt my Saviour has called me here, and in some way intends to use me as an instrument of good in this city. One of the leadings of Providence I wish here to notice and here to record. I am certain that if I do good here, according to my views of what is to be effected, there will first be an exhibition of the hatred of God and of his truth by many respectable men here. This should not disturb me as an ambassador, but rather should be viewed as an evidence that God is enabling me to preach the truth. Yet, as a man, I must feel it. And I do feel it; for it has occurred just as I anticipated it. The remarkable event in evidence to which I refer, is in connection with this. I have been in the habit, since last April, of reading the Bible in course according to a little schedule which I then purchased. This brought me, at this time, into the books of Ezra and Nehemiah. These contain accounts of the efforts which Ezra and Nehemiah made for the glory of God, and what principles they brought into exercise in the many trying circumstances in which they were placed. These principles are very applicable to my circumstances. The enemies of God in Albany are complaining of my preaching. Some have been greatly offended because I told them that strumpets attended the theatre, and loved to go there. I appeal to man, if that be not true, and if it is not therefore shameful in modest women to love these schools of immorality.

“Some say, I am a young man, and therefore should not take so high a stand. I appeal to man, if a young ambassador ought not to preach the truth, as far as he knows it, as faithfully as an old one; if he should not be as careful to clear his skirts of the blood of men. Here they expose themselves. They speak not of my sermons as containing false representations, but say that a young man should not preach so severely; for older men whom they have heard did not do so. If the Lord intends to make and keep me faithful to my trust, and in the use of the talents which He has given me, there will be either a breaking-up here, so that many will leave the church, or I the pulpit, or the Lord will break down the pride and enmity of man, and magnify the riches of his grace among us.

“REFLECTIONS ON READING EZRA AND NEHEMIAH.

- “1. Expect enemies in doing the Lord’s work faithfully.
- “2. Expect slander. Ezra iv. 12.

- “ 3. Duty requires zeal for God. Keep this before your own mind, and show it to your fellow-men; for it will powerfully affect their consciences, when they see you opposing them under a solemn sense of your responsibility to God.
- “ 4. Your labor is not in vain in the Lord.
- “ 5. God must be owned in commencing, in prosecuting, and in success.
- “ 6. Deal candidly with those whom you oppose.
- “ 7. You will see man’s wrath become God’s praise.
- “ 8. A minister must carefully search for truth, sincerely practice it, and faithfully preach it.
- “ 9. Let it be seen that your confidence is not in self, but in God; that you are not advancing self but God.
- “ 10. Make haste to put away sin.
- “ 11. Be careful to use the influences which God gives you, for his glory.
- “ 12. Ejaculatory prayer is useful in your work.
- “ 13. In a great work, think and pray much.
- “ 14. One may arouse many to work.
- “ 15. Fear of God destroys fear of man.
- “ 16. Yield everything as a man, nothing as an ambassador. Show this to men.
- “ 17. You have much less to do, as a minister, with gratifying social feelings, or avoiding personal danger, or entering secular pursuits or private individuals’ disputes, etc., than with the great works of the Lord. These are Satan’s traps. Neh. vi. 2, 3, 4, 14.
- “ 18. Vice is weak, when firmly opposed in the name of the Lord. Neh. xiii. 21, 25, 28.” . . .

“ *July 18th.* — My preaching has become offensive to many here. Now it becomes me to open my ears candidly to every remark which they make; and then, with prayer, to examine whether their objections be founded upon facts; and, if so, whether they are good objections. If they are not, then ‘ is it given me, not only to believe in Christ, but also to suffer for his name.’ And my cause is a plain one, — to go forward as a faithful ambassador, treating with men on the terms of my commission. If they are *justly* opposed to the whole or to a part of my preaching, that whole or that part should be so altered as to remove the proper ground of objection. Compromise everything but the truth of God. Here I have much need of prayer and reflection. And another important consideration arises from my natural temperament and some of my former habits: I am naturally independent, and, by habit, inclining to moroseness and severity. I must, therefore, be cautious and prayerful, lest I continue in my sermons to dwell upon smaller points which offend, instead of holding up the great truths of God’s word. Oh,

how much wisdom from above, how much child-like leaning upon the Lord, is necessary in order to do the great work of the ministry aright!" . . . .

"*July 24th.* — There is a feature of the providential dispensation of God under which my ministry is commenced which I desire to notice and to record. Not only am I favored with an uncommon degree of health and bodily strength, not only encouraged in my labors, and enabled to exercise a certain useful class of feelings which I once feared I should never possess (the social), but one thing after another has been forming a concatenation of circumstances which have a tendency to make my ministry spiritual, prayerful, and sincere in motive and intention. I rejoice with trembling, but even if I fall before putting on the harness, I desire to record on this Ebenezer the goodness of the Lord. As Ezra frequently says, 'Through the good hand of the Lord upon me,' etc. 'Oh, taste and see that the Lord is gracious.'" . . . .

"*August 6th.* — I think the designs of God in his dealings with my soul are manifest. I groan, being burdened. This is to destroy pride, and to teach that doctrine, which is not easily embraced practically, that 'God employs earthen vessels to bear this treasure.' Here is faith, to go forward to God's work with much confidence, when I am so sensible of deficiency and unworthiness. Lord, increase my faith." . . . .

"*August 14th.* — This day completed my twenty-sixth year. I desire to spend it in —

*"I. Reflecting on my past life.*

- "1. To acknowledge the goodness of God.
- "2. To take an impressive view of my actions, considered as a being in God's vast universe.
- "3. To repent of sin.
- "4. To know my character.

*"II. Reflecting on my present condition.*

- "1. As to my sincerity before God.
- "2. As to my present state of religious feeling.

*"III. Looking to the future.*

- "1. To be impressed by the uncertainty of life.
- "2. To be impressed by the nearness of eternity.
- "3. To review the principles upon which I intend to act in each department, —
  - "a. As a Christian ;
  - "b. As a Student ;
  - "c. As a Minister ;
  - "d. As a Man, Son, Brother, Patriot, etc.
- "4. To covenant anew with God.

“ I. *My Past.*

“ The goodness of God to me has been manifested in giving me to be born in a Christian land, under a free government, and especially of a pious father, with sisters whose prayers and counsels followed me when the rest of the world seemed willing to abandon me ; in giving me the advantage of a good education, protecting me in the midst of dangers, providing for all my wants, giving me a valuable friend in my uncle, bearing with my ingratitude and daring wickedness, and then directing my thoughtless mind to see the necessity of preparation for eternity. Since that time, God has wonderfully forborne to cut me off as a vile hypocrite. He has provided for my theological education, answered my prayers, enabled me to improve my mind; and, I trust, has enabled me to experience something of his grace. My situation now, has everything in it to call for great gratitude. Even the trials through which I have passed — nay, the very sins of my heart — have been made instruments of good to this poor creature. Oh, praise the Lord, my soul. Be not forgetful of all his benefits ; nor of the hand whence these mercies come.

“ I have now been living for twenty-six years in God’s empire, and what have I done to accomplish the objects for which I was sent here? Nothing! nothing! If holy spirits have been acquainted with my history, every line of it has shocked them, except where God moved me to repentance. Unholy spirits have rejoiced with impious glee, to see me receiving God’s mercies and then insulting Him, — to see me trampling the cross of Christ under foot. Oh, what a history to be handed down to the end of time! May it only be read to show the long-suffering of God, and the efficacy of the Redeemer’s blood, and the power of the Spirit of Grace.”

[We omit the comments upon the second head, because of repetition.]

“ III. *My Prospects.*

“ I may die to-day. Eternity may be only a few steps from me. The bliss and perfect holiness of heaven, or the torments of hell, may be realized in a few hours. Yet I must lay plans of action in submission to the will of Providence. As a Christian, I am determined, by the grace of God, to give a more serious attention to the inquiry, Am I a Christian? I desire, too, to think more of spiritual truths with spiritual feelings. As a student, I must become more systematic, taking a more commanding survey of the whole field of study; stimulated by the consideration, that, if I live to advanced age, nothing will sustain me from dotage, or from being worn out, so effectually as ample and varied stores of knowledge,

and regular habits of study, as well as the habit of laying out all for the glory of God and the good of man. As a minister, I desire to learn the art of mingling pastoral and pulpit labors. I must instruct a Bible-class. I must plead and strive for more of the spirit of the office, as exemplified in Christ and his apostles. As a man, I must be more social and benevolent, and have greater variety of conversation. As a son and brother and friend, I must be more affectionate. As a patriot, I must pray more for my country.

“Lastly, I now covenant with my God ; I am his, — by creation, by preservation, by redemption. No being is as worthy of supreme love ; no object of greater interest and importance than his glory. Here are claims on claims, and I desire to meet them. I therefore renounce every enemy to God, every idol, the greatest of which is self too much loved. I choose God to be my portion and my only Lord. To his glory, will I direct my conduct, and by his law will form it. I am nothing in myself ; I therefore take the Lord Jesus Christ, as all in all, to be my Redeemer in all his offices. And I desire to acknowledge my dependence on and obligations to Him forever. I will make it my study to see wherein I come short in this ; and then repent and fly again to the blood of the covenant.” . . .

“October 14th. — I never had more distinct perceptions of the benevolence of God, and of the *rationale* of repentance, than I have to-day. God has real divine love and compassion for me as a man ; but my sins and my sinfulness stand as a barrier between me and the emanations of his beneficence. His benevolence has provided a way by which that barrier can be removed. It is a way which secures in me a full conviction of my vileness, a full appreciating of the divine grace, and a thorough opposition to the enemies of God. This is a stand which the rights of God, and the harmony of the universe, demand of me as a moral agent. All that is then required of me at any moment is a removing that barrier which stands between me and the tide of divine love. This barrier is the approbation of sin. The removal of it is the disapprobation of sin, cordial and unreserved. And the moment in which divine grace inclines us to remove that bar, that moment the stream of love, unobstructed, flows in upon us. O God, my Saviour, who wast exalted to give repentance, impart to me the spirit of penitence ! And when Thou seest the trickling tear, and hearest the heartfelt sigh, pour in upon my soul the tide of life.” . . .

“October 17th. — This day I have consecrated to humiliation, fasting, and prayer. My reasons are fourfold. First, I am dissatisfied very greatly with my Christian attainments. Second, I have received a solemn appeal and invitation from Charleston, which places me in this situation : that if I do not go, I stay against the prayers and fervent desires of a whole church. Third, I am soon to enter the gospel min-



istry. Fourth, as the temporary pastor of Dr. Chester's church, I ought to weep between the porch and the altar for the people : I fully believe that God will bless us, if we return to Him. On the first article, I will record only this : that I want to be ardently zealous that God's will and glory shall be promoted by me ; that the person and character of the blessed Redeemer should be more loved and studied and imitated by me.

“ The second presents to me another occasion of contemplating my responsibilities, and of reviewing the grounds of my decision to remain here. This I desire to do with the clearest recognition of the fact that I will stand in the presence of my Saviour, who is the Head of his Church, and answer to Him for my course and principles. I think, after some reflection, that there are four reasons why I should not go to Charleston. First, the climate would debilitate and finally undermine my bilious constitution, if I may judge by the influence of our summers on me. Second, I have received several calls whose claims are prior in point of time to this. Third, if I go from Albany, Boston would most fully meet my views, as affording an unequalled sphere for improvement, and one of sufficient magnitude for usefulness. Fourth, I yet see no reason for believing that the Lord has not called me here. Since commencing this record, I have received an invitation from the Pine Street Church, in Boston, to preach for them, with a view to settlement. It really seems to me surprising what God intends by this. Perhaps it will elate me with pride and self-complacency. Oh, my God, forbid it. But may these repeated calls make me feel that I have a solemn work to perform, and that my every step should be solemnly considered, and taken from principles which will pass the great ordeal.” . . .

“ *November 5, 1828.*—I would make a memorandum here for the purpose of preserving my views, to be reviewed to the end of life and through eternity. I have been for some time supplying Dr. Chester's place as far as I was able. A few members of the congregation are dissatisfied, and anxious to have me dismissed. The Session and Trustees have accordingly dismissed me. A number of most respectable members of the church immediately convened and presented me a request to remain until a fairer view of the sentiments and desires of the church and congregation should be obtained ; and it is their belief that my departure will occasion an immediate division of the society. I am well aware that my reputation abroad will suffer in this course, and so it will if I go. But I here record my views. If men, even my friends and my brethren in the ministry, will make their decisions without a fair view of facts, I cannot help it, of course, and I do not think it ought to weigh one moment, in my balancings, to decide duty. If I stay, it is because I believe it will unite this church more fully than if I go away. Second, if I stay, I know that my reputation will be brought out more unsullied than by going. Third, if I go, the church will certainly be

split : this I know. Now, some may say of this, as an argument for my remaining, 'How do you know the church will be split?' My reply is, 'From what I know of the views and feelings of the people.' For the church will then consider it settled, as a principle, that a few men who manifest no special interest in the spiritual concerns of the church, and to whom they are not intrusted, can govern these spiritual affairs. This I know from some of the most judicious men in the church. And if any should still think I am mistaken, I can only say that a man must make his own decisions from what he thinks to be facts. And again : if it be said, on this ground, 'Why then have you fostered such a feeling?' I call men — even my opposers — to witness, that I have never publicly fostered a spirit of division. And I call God to witness, that I have willfully done nothing which is bringing this church to that conclusion, excepting this : I have said, to about eight persons, that this seems to me a correct principle, — if the members of a church find it to be a settled principle that their church affairs are so managed that in the lesser affair of a temporary supply, or the greater affair of settling a pastor, they ascertain that they and their children are not to be regarded on the point of their wishes, then they had better go to the humblest building they can find, and obtain such ministerial labor as they think will best prepare them for their everlasting destinies. This, I am confident, cannot be the origin of that determined feeling which now exists to leave the church if this should be the result, because the feeling existed before I made those remarks to these few individuals. There is again another view : I may be blamed for remaining here. On this point, my views are that there has not been a time when I could leave here with any propriety, because I was officially invited to remain here ; and it would have been doing justice neither to myself nor to the church, if I had left without a request expressed by the same body which invited me here. And besides this, I never saw what I deemed a sufficient reason for leaving."

Another record left by Dr. Kirk, bearing upon the same topic, is the following : —

#### “ EXPERIENCE IN TROUBLE.

“ At the time when I was informed that my services were no longer desired in the Second Presbyterian Church, I was reading the Scriptures in course. On that morning, the thirty-seventh Psalm and a portion of Nehemiah were the readings of the day. Imagine a young man who had known nothing but popular favor in his public life, thus rebuked and presented to the community as unfit to occupy that pulpit ; assured the while that much of the opposition was to the truth he preached, however much might be justly ascribed to the manner. I admit that personal defects marred the beautiful gospel I preached ; that there were certain

circumstances, of which I was ignorant and innocent, that caused some of the opposition. But God enabled me to see his hand using the hand of man; and enabled me to say in spirit what David so beautifully said in words.

“As I opened that morning the blessed Book, the thirty-seventh Psalm met my eye. It was no dull reading of a portion of Scripture. A living soul was craving for relief, for sympathy, for guidance; and lo! an angel of the Lord seemed to be at my side, laying his gentle hand upon my shoulder, his countenance beaming with heaven’s smile, and his voice uttering these words: ‘Fret not thyself because of evil doers.’ That was the word, — ‘Fret not.’ It was a word my Heavenly Father sent by that blessed messenger. I knew not but all my hopes, professional and personal, were blasted: ‘No!’ said the heavenly messenger; ‘Trust in the Lord and do good; so shalt thou *dwell* in the land and verily thou shalt be *fed*.’ ‘But am I to rest under this reproach?’ ‘No! He shall bring forth,’ etc. (Ps. xxxvii. 6.) The book of Nehemiah, written so many centuries before, seemed to me only a Jewish version of the events then occurring. So vivid was my impression of the divinity of that book; so evident was it to me that holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost, guided by a wisdom not their own, and a minute acquaintance with the personal want of an afflicted soul, that no philosophy, no reasoning, no learning, has ever shaken my unqualified confidence in the Holy Scriptures as God speaking to man. Nehemiah’s object was identical with mine in its ultimate results, though widely different in form. He trusted the same Power. He met the same opposing spirit. His temptations were the same, his trust the same. And from that hour I did not doubt that I should share his success.”

## CHAPTER V.

### SETTLEMENT AND LABORS IN ALBANY.

1829-1837.

THE city of Albany is situated at the head of tide-water upon the beautiful Hudson, the "river of the mountains." Famous as the manorial possessions of the Van Rensselaers, and for its share in the Colonial and Revolutionary history through its noble "patroons," the city has earned a goodly title.

Resting with its eastern slope upon the Hudson for a mile, it reaches back a distance of sixteen miles over terraces of magnificent proportions, affording it a highly favored situation. Far in the distance to the north are the Green Mountains, while toward the east are the Hoosacs, about ten miles away. In the south, some thirteen miles distant, arise the Helderbergs, and farther yet the Catskills.

As late as 1824, the pure Dutch, the language of its founders, was very extensively spoken. Now, the English is the exclusive tongue. The young people of Dutch descent are so little acquainted with the language of their ancestors as to be compelled to learn it at school.

Yet let no one suppose that such a change has been easily brought about. Irving's "Knickerbocker" is true to history, when it pictures the contempt of the earlier Dutch settlers for the "Yankees" as barbarians. So strong was the national feeling, that it became a proverb, "If you kick a Dutchman at Communipaw, every Dutchman as far as Albany will feel the indignity."

After the Revolution, the English, or "Yankees," emigrated

to the quaint old town in large numbers ; yet, like the Jews of old to Gentiles, the Dutch allowed them no willing favors. The story is told to-day of the wife of a young man, a Dutchman, who obtained the promise of her spouse that he would show her the first specimen of the Yankees who should appear. The "pickets" of New England have been her peddlers, and a Connecticut peddler struck the heavy knocker of their door. No sooner had the husband seen him than he called his *wrow*. "Hans," said she, from a room within, "I vont to zee him, but haf my honds in de do' off de bret." "Di dem up," said Hans ; and soon she appeared to scan the barbarian of the "Nutmeg State."

Morse tells us, in his famous "Geography," that "their houses are kept very neat, being rubbed with a mop almost every day and scoured every week," and then, with his matter-of-fact precision, says that the same neatness could not be predicated of the streets. The sterner sex doubtless smoked while their *wrows* mopped and scoured. The spouts from the house-roofs, emptying their contents into the streets, rendered walking almost impossible in a rainy day. The signs of such a comfortable imprisonment of the male sex were the wreaths of tobacco smoke rolling out from the windows and doors of each house. A quiet life this — retiring to sleep at sunset and rising with the dawn. A few houses of the old Dutch-Gothic style still remain as mementos of the olden time in the midst of the changes that have been wrought by the barbarians. The music of the storm was heightened by the creaking of the rusty weather-vanes from every gable.

Irving tells us of the "gorgeous brass knockers," in the device of the head of a lion or a dog, which ornamented every "front door." Upon his second visit to this country, Lafayette alighted from his carriage to reëxamine one of these, — a lion's head, — whose peculiar pattern all the events of his intensely active life would not allow him to forget.

The diversions of the people are thus tersely described in the "Geography : " "Walking, and sitting in mead-houses ;

and in mixed companies they dance. . . . The gentlemen, who are lively and gay, play at cards, billiards, chess, etc.; others go to the tavern mechanically at eleven o'clock, stay until dinner and return in the evening. It is not uncommon to see forty or fifty at these places of resort at the same time; yet they seldom drink to intoxication, unless in company or on public occasions, when it is thought to be no disgrace."

In anticipation of what will be found in these pages, we have ventured the description of customs in which Saxons and Hollanders were (and perhaps are) one. Despite their quaintness and their unforgiving spirit toward Washington Irving because of his "Knickerbocker," there are no truer friends found than among the Hollanders. They are slow in making new friends, but when they have once made them are hospitable and warm-hearted.

It was among such a people that the early settlers from New England came to carry out their plans for business. These men built the edifice of the Second Presbyterian Church; and, that the building might declare the nationality of the worshipers, they swung out, among the weather-vanes of the old town, theirs in the shape of a codfish, and above this placed a golden pumpkin. Why it is that a codfish is the symbol of New England, we cannot say; but Irving tells us, that, at the capture of Fort Goed Hoop by the Yankees, the standard which they raised was emblazoned with the symbol of a dried codfish.

Members of the old North Dutch Church were in no way unmindful of the trouble in the church with the Yankee weather-vane. They talked the exciting affair over, and doubtless consumed many pipes of tobacco upon it,—many church-members smoked in those days,—and, as proof of their deliberate judgment and friendship, invited the young preacher and his little flock to meet in their Consistory Room.

It was this same church that, in 1754, upon the 19th of June, opened the doors of their former sanctuary to the now famous "Congress of Commissioners from every Colony

north of the Potomac," and to representatives from Virginia and South Carolina. In the edifice of that same old Dutch church, Benjamin Franklin had brought forward his plan for a Union of the Colonies. They had been accused of disloyalty; but all honor to the historic church where the plan of the American Union was first broached to the world.

The young church met in this hospitable home for a few months, or until more ample and commodious quarters could be found.

The preliminary meetings with reference to the organization of the Fourth Presbyterian Church had already been held,—the first upon the evening of October 30, 1828. Nineteen persons were present, all members of the Second Church. The only business transacted was the adoption of a memorial addressed to the Session of their church, requesting that the services of the Rev. Edward N. Kirk should be continued until the return of the pastor, Dr. Chester. This petition being unsuccessful, another meeting was held, November 11th, at which it was voted expedient to organize a new church; and to accomplish this a committee was appointed to secure Mr. Kirk as its pastor.

An arrangement was also made at this meeting for the preparation of a paper subsequently adopted, and entitled "Reasons for withdrawing from the Second Presbyterian Church." In this document, which is quite full and elaborate, while the first place was naturally given, in the language of the paper itself, to "our desire to enjoy such ministerial labor as we think conducive to our spiritual and eternal interests," great stress was laid upon the desirableness of a new church organization in order to meet the increasing spiritual destitution of the northern part of the city.

Upon the first Sabbath succeeding this meeting (November 16, 1828), public religious services were commenced in the Consistory Room of the North Dutch Church, as already noticed. As yet, however, no civil or ecclesiastical society

had been organized. The first was consummated on the evening of December 1st, when "Articles of Association," as they were called, were adopted, and trustees elected; the last was perfected on the second day of February, 1829. Fifty-five persons united in this organization. Two days later, the church was received under the care of the Presbytery of Albany, and a call to its pastorate accepted by Mr. Kirk. He was installed on the twenty-first day of April, 1829. On the 14th of September, in the same year, "a committee to procure a suitable lot for a church edifice, and to raise for this purpose the requisite funds," was appointed. These objects were in most respects accomplished in the ensuing winter. The building was formally dedicated to the worship of God on Thursday evening, May 20, 1830.

Without claiming that the motives of the Christian people who united in the first organization of the church were altogether pure, or that everything they did was right, we can justly say that they were zealous, earnest, warm-hearted. They were not satisfied that Christianity should be a mere ecclesiasticism. The chariot-wheels of salvation did not roll on fast enough for them. They must have the church increase, not by growth only, but by conquest as well. They would make Zion more aggressive. They would have her go out into the highways and hedges, and compel men to come in; and, persuaded of the insufficiency of old modes of Christian preaching and labor, they would introduce new ones, — more direct, pungent, awakening, and long continued presentations of truth. And hence, starting from such motives, the church had its own peculiar characteristics and its own mission to accomplish.

Just here, it is important briefly to inquire into the reasons for all this feeling and change. It was not a mere personal feeling at first. The Hon. Bradford R. Wood, of Albany, a warm friend of Mr. Kirk for a life-time, and a gentleman intimately acquainted with the prominent members of the Second Church, bears his testimony as to their appreciation of the young preacher's ability, while they disliked



his measures. These doctrinal and practical bases led to what became afterwards more of a personal feeling.

The Presbyterian Church had lost to a great degree its pristine power. The early religious fervor had become crystallized into that ecclesiastical formalism into which every church, but for a living piety, is sure to fall. It was a parallel with the history of the English Church, of which John Newton said, "The doctrines of grace are seldom heard from the pulpit, and the life and power of religion are little known."

What the Wesleys and Whitefield accomplished in their days for the English Church, and what Dr. Chalmers did for the Scotch, others had to do for the American churches in the second quarter of this century. Ecclesiastically, they were unsound.

Congregationalists had been told, by some of their highest authorities, that their system was bounded by the Hudson, and that beyond this boundary the Presbyterian Church was the only one that could thrive. But as greater numbers emigrated from New England, loving their own form of church government, they were inclined to establish churches of their own. To prevent the New Englanders and the Scotch-Irish from forming separate church organizations, the celebrated *Plan of Union* was devised, by which the pastor was ordained and installed by the Presbytery, while the church was governed upon the principle of the Consociation in Congregationalism. In cases of trouble, the appeal was made either to the churches or to the Presbytery as the individual church might decide. These churches had no elders, but were served by committees.

When it is remembered that the Presbytery was composed of *pastors* and *elders*, it is easy to see that troubles would inevitably arise from sending to participate in the affairs of Presbytery the pastors and committee-men — these committee-men not having the functions of elders — from these mongrel churches. And, on the other hand, such churches prevented the founding of those in the Congrega

tional order ; so that neither denomination was satisfied with the compromise.

In addition to these facts, another cause of dissension was arising. It was a question between *new measures* and *old measures*. Those who adopted the custom of inviting people to come forward for prayers or to rise for prayers, and to engage in similar acts, were included in the New Measure Party. Among the churches in New York, and in the Western Reserve of Ohio, the employment of these new measures was confined to the churches formed on the basis of the Plan of Union.

The antagonism against all new measures was intense. Honest and well-meaning men joined in the persecution — for persecution it was of the bitterest kind. Among those who were openly assailed were the Revs. Albert Barnes, C. G. Finney, Dr. Beman of Troy, and Mr. Kirk.

It is a curious fact, and very remarkable considering the opposition evoked, that the Old School Presbyterian Church has gone over bodily to the very measures it opposed in 1837. In the last revival at Princeton (in 1875-76) every measure was employed that Dr. Beman or Mr. Kirk ever made use of. The measures of Mr. Moody are substantially those of Mr. Kirk ; yet men of the “ Old ” School and of the “ New ” support him alike.

In view of these facts, the moralist may well question the importance of such a bitter conflict. One fact is clear : the friends of ecclesiasticism then were not the most honored workers in the spiritual harvest. They who spend their time and employ their talents taking care of the shell never find time to eat the meat of the kernel.

The religious papers of that day exhibit a virulence which must have been palatable reading for prize-fighters. Men of the most acknowledged piety are called “ such heretics as fill some of the Presbyteries in New York, Ohio, and Michigan.” It is sufficient for us, however, to know, that, among others, Mr. Kirk’s standing was thus decreed by a committee of the General Assembly : “ Whatever else is dark, this is clear,

*we cannot continue in the same body,*" . . . "in some way or other, therefore, these men MUST BE SEPARATED FROM US." The hasty action of 1837, gloated over by a certain class of men, men to whom a church quarrel is as exciting as a novel, brings a blush to their children's cheeks to-day, and (may we hope?) brings wisdom as well to head and heart. Referring to this great conflict, Mr. Kirk thus wrote to the "Evangelist" in 1836:—

"For three years I have observed with pain, both in church and state, that the best men, and some of them the loudest in their censure of party spirit, have actually sacrificed their personal independence to party consistency. I see caucusing in every party, and I see all its pernicious effects. To speak of it more particularly in the church: You form a new school party, a new measure party, an old school or an old measure, an abolition or a colonization party, and two things ensue. First, the competency of any bold and ardent spirit to do all the thinking of the party is fully, though tacitly admitted. His sentiments become the creed of the party; and woe to him that reserves the right of agreeing with the party in some things and of differing in others. That woe, my dear brother, I have experienced; and I expect some more of it, if God spares my unworthy life. The current drifting in that direction is powerful, and I expect not to see it greatly changed in my day. The second evil is, that the worst spirits in the party give tone to its documents and speeches and make the gauge of emotion for the rest."

The very men thus opposed were not silenced by any excision of the church.

When Mr. Kirk preached in Dr. Chester's pulpit, he was a firm believer in these revival efforts, as conducive to the growth of every church. The great evil of the churches—formalism, or, as it is also termed, moderatism—was opposed by such preaching. The opposition of the Second Church was *ecclesiastical* and not personal. Such a state of things might have taken place under the preaching of any man,—even under the preaching of the Apostle Paul.

The testimony of the Rev. Dr. Darling, present pastor of the Fourth Church, is to the point:—

"Heresies had gained a foot-hold in the church's inclosure. The outward form of Christianity was beautiful; the peril was altogether to her inner life. The strong tendencies of the church were toward ecclesiasti-

cism and formalism. Both her ministers and people were quite prone to be satisfied with the simple intellectual presentation of truth. They had little or no burning desire for the conversion of men; and while not in theory opposed to revivals, still practically did nothing towards their promotion."

The origin of the Fourth Church fell in the best days of such men as Payson, Cornelius, Nettleton, and Finney; and had for its leader one of the most distinguished men of the same stamp of piety with them. To these men the American churches of to-day look up as do the churches of Scotland to Chalmers and Guthrie.

From the old North Dutch Church, the little company, following their pastor, moved to the hall over an old tannery, situated in what was then known as the *Colonie*, a poorer suburb, but now as a choice portion of the city for residences. The tannery was between what are now Jackson Street and Broadway.

A temporary staircase led up on the outside of the building. The windows had no glass, and the seats were rough, and had no backs. During the summer months, and through the early autumn, crowds flocked thither. The window-sills, and every other available space, were occupied by eager listeners to the words of eloquence which reached their souls. It was no place for the merely curious. It was no place for idlers.

The services of each Sabbath, continued for eight years, were begun in this uncouth place. As suggestive to half-day worshippers everywhere, we record them:—

8 o'clock. — Sunday Morning Teachers' Meeting.

9 o'clock. — Sabbath-school.

10 o'clock. — Preaching Services.

1 o'clock. — Prayer Meeting.

2 o'clock. — Sabbath-school. Second session, same teachers and scholars attending.

3 o'clock. — Preaching Services; followed by a half-hour prayer-meeting.

7½ o'clock. — Preaching Services; preceded by a half-hour prayer-meeting.

The children were never thought to be wearied by the two sessions of the Sunday-school, and many of them attended the preaching services as regularly as their parents. Summer and winter, these services were held the same.

Nothing was done to attract the children to the Sabbath-school, yet it was full of the deepest interest. The great aim of each teacher was manifest — to bring the children to Christ. As many as forty or fifty were present at the teachers' meetings. No festivals or anything of the like were ever held. The teachers, inspired by a noble example, were themselves carrying out the scriptural suggestion, to go into the highways and bring the children in.

Every first Monday evening in the month, the Concert of Prayer for Missions was held, in which they contributed each month, for the foreign work alone, fifty dollars. If by any delay of express the amount was not forthcoming on a certain day, the secretaries could discount it in advance from the bank, so sure were they that it would be sent. Dr. Kirk was in the habit of saying that he judged the piety of the church by their contributions to the missionary cause.

In addition, two or three social meetings were held in different neighborhoods, at which the pastor was always present. Once a month he met the children at the mothers' meeting. "You would have thought," says one, "that he was a father of a large family."

For weeks, every winter season, which was always a time of revival, a prayer-meeting was held at six o'clock in the morning, and was well attended. Among the people was one old colored woman whose every interest was centred in the church and her pastor. Too poor to own a clock, she relied upon the appearance of the sky for the time. One morning in the dead of winter at two o'clock, the watchman found her on the street, "going to meeting," she said in reply to his question.

The ladies of the church were pleased to devote their *leisure* time to a systematic distribution of tracts.

The prayer-meeting of ladies, held on the sorrowful night

after the rejection of Mr. Kirk by the Session of the Second Church, is still kept up, save that the hour of meeting is changed. If, now and again, its numbers grow small and the laborers seem few, a regular attendant, looking back over the almost half a century, reminds the others that such a meeting can never die. In the parlor of the present elegant edifice of the church, a picture of that idolized pastor is seen to-day; and one of the faithful says, "I never enter the room without thinking that he must speak."

We have referred to the neighborhood. It was composed chiefly of the poorer houses, with here and there one of a more pretending appearance. The first sign of the influence of the church upon the community was manifest when people began to paint their houses and fences.

The church was a family. Every member was cared for. It was originated upon the divine truth, "it is more blessed to give than to receive;" and this characteristic it has never lost. Referring to the noble work then carried on, Stephen Van Rensselaer, the wealthy patroon of a manor twenty-four miles in length on the east and west banks of the river, said, "Mr. Kirk has doubled the value of my property in the city." The patroon was always a liberal contributor to the young church.

Like Chalmers in Glasgow, Kirk in Albany gave himself to the most unwearied efforts among all classes. The wealthiest and the poorest found in him a real sympathy. Dwellings of the lowly were cheered by his visits. They spread their tables that he might eat with them. The little children found a welcome as he held them upon his knee and told them of Him who took just such as they in his arms to bless them. And then, gathering the whole family around him, he would lead them in prayer. In these conversations, as in his more public exercises, "his voice and manner carried the truth," and, as for his prayers, "they were always equal to a sermon."

He called the members of his converts' class by their first names. "Maria," said he to one of the few among the ear-

liest who yet survive, "do you think you have seen the worst of your own heart?" "Oh, yes!" was her honest answer; when he replied, "My dear child, you little know yet what is in your heart."

Upon one of the many occasions in which he preached to the students of Union College he took for a theme *The Selfishness of Man*. At the close of the sermon, a student said to him, "I think I am not selfish." Mr. Kirk asked him if he would examine the motive of every act during the day and then declare what he thought of it. That same night the young man came back exclaiming, in half confession and half prayer, "My God! it is all true; every act I have done has been from selfishness." This underlying principle of selfishness in the human heart, was the thing oftenest exposed in his sermons and conversations.

A lady who had known him in boyhood, upon removing from New York was lost sight of for many years. Upon learning of her residence, and calling upon her in her weakness, he engaged in conversation and prayer. "Such a prayer," said she, after he had gone, "I never heard before, and shall never hear again; but oh, the voice! I think of it every day; I seem to hear it now." She continued, "Such a voice! it lives with me. I thank God I heard it."

And yet to those who have seen him not even the words or the voice and tone were all. Many have sympathized with the deaf old Dutch woman who, unable to catch a single word, would come to the evening meeting and sit in the front seat that she might look at him; for, said she, "I could not hear him, but I knew it was all good."

His sermons were models of directness and impassioned eloquence, ill-suited to calm the thoughtless. He was unsparing, as always afterwards, in his attacks upon sin in all its forms. Upon one occasion, a lady by no means friendly accompanied her neighbor to a service in which he took for his text, "Suppose ye that these were sinners," etc. By a profound analysis he laid the human heart so completely open that the lady angrily remarked to the kind neighbor,

“Don’t you ever ask me to come here again! You have told him all about me, and he has been preaching to me all this evening.”

It was his habit to deal alike with the severer and the gentler doctrines of the Scriptures. His habits of meditation and fasting and prayer prepared him, as the like did President Edwards, to preach with the deepest tenderness upon every theme. He was wholly absorbed in his great work of declaring the gospel. Upon one occasion, as he was in the study of the Rev. Dr. Joel Parker, of New York, a young man was admitted to converse with the doctor about entering upon the work of the Christian ministry. Dr. Parker called the attention of Mr. Kirk to the case of the young man. His plain Saxon words found a lodgment not to be forgotten: “Any young man who follows merchandise when he might preach the gospel, is doing little better than tending swine for the devil.”

The grossest misrepresentations were made and circulated concerning the methods and subjects of his pulpit exercises, yet crowds flocked to hear him every Sabbath, hungry for the plain gospel truths that he declared. His preaching was earnestness itself, but not boisterousness. His manner was quiet and persuasive, manifesting his constant communion with God. The following passage from his diary exhibits his interior life at this time:—

“*June 16th.*—I am greatly beset with this temptation. We have just commenced worship in our new building. More people of intelligence and high standing attend the services with us than ever before. I preached last Sabbath evening from John viii. 44, proving that sinners are the children of the devil. The Lord enabled me to handle a sharp weapon. ‘Now,’ says Satan (and some of my dear good friends have coöperated with him), ‘why not preach in another strain just now? You will secure the attendance of those people and do more good in the end.’ I call this a temptation, because I can write sermons of a popular character with great ease. But the others demand more prayer and thought, and a holier frame of soul. My reasons for not preaching such sermons are reasons of duty and of expediency. If the first can be determined, it is sufficient; but I think that there is expediency as well as duty, in keeping up a continued fire from the heaviest battery of heaven upon



the consciences of sinners. I may be mistaken, but my view of duty is this: I am bound, in justice to Him who commissioned me, to lay his claims, in their length and breadth, before his rebellious creatures, every time I meet them. I must not rest until God's glory becomes my heart's chief desire."

Mr. Kirk never forgot his mission nor the solemnity of his calling. He could never be said to merit the contemptuous remark of Dr. Johnson to Beauclerk, made in a company of clergymen "assuming the lax jollity of men of the world," "This merriment of parsons is mighty offensive." His whole being was absorbed in a purpose like that which Horace Mann has expressed: "Be ashamed to die until you have won some victory for humanity."

In the accomplishment of such a work he knew no fear. His pulpit was open to the Rev. Mr. Finney, while every other in the city was closed against him. Moral reforms were frequent themes of his pulpit. His sole aim was to make men better.

Yet the opposition still increased. When the forty had come off from the Second Church, some one remarked, "The Second Church has had a good skimming." "Yes," said another, "it is very important to skim off the cream." The Rev. Dr. — declared the converts in the Fourth Church to be all spurious. A prominent Dutch pastor openly denounced Mr. Kirk as a "heretic." An honest old lady said to one who had gone from their inclosure, "You are going to a rotten church." Roughs of the city, taking advantage of the ecclesiastical opposition, were unsparing of expedients by which to throw contempt upon "the pepper-box," as the church was called, partly from the peculiar shape of its steeple, and partly from the pungency of the doctrines proclaimed in its pulpit.

For years, as he has himself told us, the clergy of the whole city refused him their pulpits. We make but one exception in the case of Dr. Welsh, of the Baptist Church. Side by side, these two men of God worked on, their houses always filled. To express the influence of Dr. Welsh, Elder

Knapp quaintly said, "When his pot boiled over, he compelled the other churches to set theirs going." To the preaching of these two men was owing one of the greatest revivals ever known among the churches of Albany.

Thus Mr. Kirk experienced what every devoted minister of the Lord must expect,—opposition amounting to persecution. There is a moral in the scene where Paul withstood Peter to his face; it was a scene to be repeated many times in later history. What his biographer says of Dr. Emmons, is true the world over in the life of every most honored servant of the Master, "He buffeted a strong current all his days, both in the church and the world." The name of George Whitefield is still honored notwithstanding the fact that almost every church was closed against him; and notwithstanding the "testimonial" issued by the learned Harvard College against his piety. It is a sad commentary upon ecclesiasticism, that the bishops and clergy in council assembled—tools of a corrupt empress—silenced the voice of the great Chrysostom. Turning to the life of the honored F. W. Roberston, we read that "because he dared to be different from the rest of the world," the stings of slander pierced his soul; until, from the enmity of those who should have been friends, he died in the belief that his career had been a failure. The life of President Finney is another recent proof of the same truth. Great men and good men have often led the opposition, yet greatness and goodness sometimes cover a profound self-deception in the hearts of those who sincerely think they are doing God's service. "For three years," Mr. Kirk said afterwards (in his farewell sermon), "I walked the streets of this city feeling as if by God's command I was an intruder here. I have felt as if the very houses frowned upon me. Cheerfully would I have fled and hid myself, like Elijah, in a cave; but the very style of the opposition showed clearly that the controversy was with God and his word, not with the lips of clay which uttered it." History only repeated in his case what is recorded of Dr. Emmons, unlike as were the two

men: "He lived to silence the murmurs of his enemies, and to stand before the world an object of almost universal respect." "That is the kind of preaching that men ought to hear," was the verdict of Judge Conkling, who was "delighted with Mr. Kirk, and found him to be a scholar."

The explanation of this altered feeling is plain enough when we come to realize the spirit in which he actually worked, and see what his "new measures" actually were. Instead of depending upon the neighboring pastors, the whole dependence of the church was on prayer; in this lay the secret of their strength. From Buffalo to Albany incessant prayer ascended to God for the young church and its young pastor, and richly those prayers were answered. Assembling in school-houses, in vestrys kindly lent to them, and in the old tannery; going to meeting through mud ankle-deep; the Fourth Church of Albany passed such a season as it will probably never see again. Then began a series of revivals which made heaven and earth come into their joys. Prayer was the breath of the young band. "Vivid is the recollection of the midnight hour," recalled Dr. Kirk, forty years later, "when I was aroused from sleep by Edward Corning, afterward mayor of Brooklyn, to meet the first inquirer that God had sent as the seal of my ministry. The tide then began to flow. For eight years it was a steady flow; with the fluctuations of a tide, but with its constant recurrence. The first continuous meeting I ever attended was held in the church, in Troy, of which Dr. Beman was pastor. Following the example of the churches in Scotland, we had supposed four days was the proper time to devote to such a service. But the fact was, that at the end of the fourth day we found the people's minds had barely reached the point of concentrated attention. We saw that the iron was now heated, and the time for effective blows had come. But our superstitious idea for the four days prevailed against our better judgment, and the service was closed on Monday night.

"On Friday, I received a message from Troy,—'The

Lord is here; come and help us.' I found the chapel full, and preached from the words of Jesus, 'Ye must be born again.' There had been three young men in the city, two of them law students, one a student of medicine. Hearing of the meeting, Yates (one of the law students) said to his friends, 'Fellows, let's go and see the revival! I'll be the bell-wether, and if I jump over the fence, you'll see the people follow me like sheep;' — one of the many prophecies jocosely uttered, seriously fulfilled. I had reached the closing part of my discourse, when a stranger to me arose in the middle of the house, with an earnest manner, and approached the desk. Surprised, I paused, waiting for the sequel. It was Yates, an avowed infidel, a scoffer. Reaching the desk, he turned and faced the audience, remarking, 'Friends, you know me; you know what I have been. When a wrong has been done, it becomes the wrong-doer to make his confession as public as his crime. I have wronged the Son of God, my Saviour; I have wronged his disciples publicly. As publicly, I confess my sin. I repent of it. I here give myself to the Lord Jesus Christ, henceforth to love and serve Him.' He did 'leap over the fence;' they did 'follow him.' 'Come, sinners, come with me and give yourselves unto the blessed Saviour,' he exclaimed. At least forty clustered around him, as they kneeled in the aisle, while the church bowed herself in prayer for them. Gloriously did the tide of salvation then roll over the people; and it was said of Troy, as of old Samaria, 'There was joy in that city.' "

One of the most effective instrumentalities, apparently, was the assembling in private houses without formality, at any convenient hour, for prayer and directing inquirers.

The question of undue religious excitement, as involved in preaching of that "revival" sort which was characteristic of Mr. Kirk, was not overlooked by him. It is a question deserving serious attention and careful treatment, and, as a contribution towards its solution, we quote here his own views. He says:—

“Early in the history of the Fourth Church, I was startled by two occurrences which brought before me the inquiry, ‘Are you not producing too much excitement?’ The first case was that of an intelligent young lady, who, while Dr. Parker of New York was preaching, fell to the floor in a swoon. The other was the case of a man in middle life. He had published something which impeached the character of two leading members of our church. Discovering his mistake, unwilling to confess to them, he sought to pacify his conscience by attending one of our special services. The arrow of the Almighty pierced him. He retired from the meeting, shut himself in his counting-room; and the next I heard of him was that he was crazy.

“I had entered the ministry under the impression that the truths of the Bible were designed to reach the human mind in each of its departments; that the intellect must perceive the truths it proclaims, which truths are addressed directly to the emotional faculties; and that, through the reason and the feelings, the will must be brought to a right decision. A God of infinite majesty, power, holiness, justice, and mercy, is there presented; a hell of interminable shame, anguish and despair; a heaven of unending joy and unsullied perfection; a cross of bleeding love; an enemy of angelic subtlety and fiendish malice; a gate, difficult of entrance, opening on a narrow road to heaven; a gate, broad and enticing, popular and accommodating, opening on a road suited to every variety of taste, but ending in the second death. If men were to hear these truths—if the preacher, while preaching, were himself to be looking at these realities, I could not conceive how it would be possible for him or his hearers to put their emotional natures in a sack, and keep them out of the range of these overwhelming realities. I accordingly aimed to reach the emotions, and shall while I live.

“But what shall I do with cases like these? If women are to swoon, and men turn lunatics, under your preaching, there must be something wrong. Just then I met a book written by a clergyman in Vermont, describing the influence of the imagination. I remember nothing of it but that it confirmed my belief that no man was ever made crazy merely by believing that what God says is true,—by being affrighted when Christ says, ‘I tell you whom ye shall fear,’ etc., nor by rejoicing when God says, ‘Rejoice always.’

“But I entered at once upon an examination of these cases. I found that the young lady had been indulging in the use of sugar-candy until her appetite for solid food was entirely destroyed, and her nervous system entirely unstrung. I concluded it was the candy, and not the gospel, that threw her to the floor. I found the man had brought his nervous system into a very abnormal condition by the use of tobacco. It is my present impression that he went to his counting-room under a deep consciousness of sin, and passed two days alone, eating nothing but a

few crackers. On the morning of the third day he accepted Christ as his Saviour, and experienced a joy which his nervous system could not bear. But the judicious care of a kind physician in one day restored the lost balance. I concluded, in this case, it was the tobacco, and not the gospel, which unbalanced him.

X “RELIGIOUS MELANCHOLY. — Subsequent observation has brought me to two conclusions on this subject: that cases of mania attributed to religious causes should largely be interpreted as cause and effect in the inverse direction; that the mind deranged, from whatever cause, naturally is affected and occupied by subjects containing the elements of grandeur and awfulness; and that a deranged mind occupied with religious subjects is no more a cause for man’s neglecting religion than derangements from commercial excitement, or the social affections, are reasons for neglecting commerce, or refusing to exercise the social affections.”

After the success of the meeting in Troy, it became a custom with the new church to hold continuous meetings for preaching and prayer, in which the pastor was aided by the men whom he judged best adapted as instruments of the Holy Spirit to awaken the conscience and lead the soul to Christ. “I honor,” he declared in his reminiscences, “the memories of those faithful servants of God by whom the ministry was regarded as God’s instrument of producing immediate and immortal changes, — the same instrumentality in the year 1829 that it was in the year 33; their work only a continuation of Peter’s work when three thousand were converted under his preaching in one day; who regarded the apostolic succession to be most fully manifested in those whose labors produced the same results as those of the apostles.”

Yet this very method of working, like the divinest things that man handles, is liable to be stained and marred by his touch. To quote Dr. Kirk’s own words: “The evil I discover, in reviewing the history of these movements, was not that which very many have attributed to them, and which they have designated as ‘doing up the religion of the year,’ and ‘lessening the regard for the ordinary services,’ but the indolent, mechanical reliance on special means, without that special personal heart-preparation which God requires to

make them successful. With gratitude and love I record the names of Beman, Lansing, Parker, Clarke, and others who thus labored with me in the gospel. The Fourth Church, as it was then called, was sternly opposed; but God enabled us to gain the esteem and confidence of our fellow-citizens, not by retaliation or efforts at self-vindication, but by a steady pursuance of the work the Lord had assigned us."

Among his earliest efforts, Mr. Kirk became engaged in behalf of the young men of the city. He was one of the first to move for the founding of a Young Men's Association, or Lyceum, taking the preparatory steps in their behalf and never withholding his assistance. This association, founded almost fifty years ago, still exists, a power in the city.

Kindred with this effort was another, made later, in behalf of total abstinence from intoxicating drinks. To advocate this was almost as unpopular as to be an abolitionist; and it is a curious fact, that the men who advocated the one were usually advocates of the other. We listen to his own narrative:—

"When I read the address of Dr. Hewitt of Bridgeport to the General Assembly of the Presbyterian Church (about 1832), urging them to abstain from the use of spirituous liquors and beverages, I was indignant. This appeared a fanatical infringement on individual rights and personal liberty. In his address, and in that spontaneous feeling of one human heart, lay the whole germ of the history of the temperance reformation. He had been made to observe the effects of intoxicating beverages not as a philosophic spectator. Days, months, and years had God been schooling him, and training him as a champion in the work of reform. In the sacred circle of the family (his father's) had he witnessed with shame, with filial sympathy, with anguish, the practical effects of the wide-spread custom of using intoxicating beverages. No opposition, no threats of personal injury, could intimidate him. No subtle plea for vending or for using could change the convictions wrought into his soul by years of agony, reflection, and prayer. His was the eloquence of a heart on fire, of a logic the result of profound reflection, of a will that must conquer or die. Zeal for God, zeal for the relief of hearts agonized as his had been, zeal of compassion for those who, like the demoniac of

Gadara, were wandering among the tombs, cutting their own flesh, breaking every chain of obligation which bound them to their God and their fellows, — this was Dr. H. before the General Assembly, a representative of the noble men who commenced this great reform. I was no drinker — had no special desire to use intoxicating beverages. But when I saw this man dictating to me what I should eat and drink, denouncing me as a soul-murderer, I felt my right invaded. And when he pleaded with tears, I could recognize nothing but a fanatic. Thus we two were representatives of the two classes to this day which respectively favor and uphold the temperance reform.

“He understood the subject; he saw its various and vast relations between the individual and social welfare; he felt the pressure of a heaven-sent commission. I was sitting in my nut-shell, seeing nothing, feeling nothing in the case but my right to drink a glass of brandy and water when I should choose. But the train of reflection was started. The field of death was soon open to my view. Scenes of domestic misery, the ravings of the mad-house, the reports of police officers, the army of thirty thousand slain annually with this tremendous weapon, the paralysis of industry, the exposure of life and property and all public interests by the drunkenness of drivers, engineers, physicians, legislators, even clergymen, — these soon transformed the objector into an advocate.”

In 1833 the National Temperance Convention, held in Philadelphia, would advance no farther than to exclude brandy and rum. One old doctor of divinity said that these were “good creatures of God,” and, while men must be temperate in using them, he for one could not give them up.

The cause had made slow progress. Up to 1826 a ship or a house could not be built, a wedding celebrated, a child born, a funeral attended, a military display made, or any mechanical or mercantile business prosecuted, without the use of intoxicants in some form. And as for cultivating the farm and getting in the hay without rum, it seemed just as impossible as getting a harvest without planting.

The clergy generally were no exceptions. The Mendon Association, of which the Rev. Dr. Emmons was the standing moderator, regaled themselves with liquors as regularly as with food. Upon the 31st of October, 1826, this association passed the following vote: “*Voted*, that it be the rule of this association that no ardent spirits be presented at



their meetings." The origin of this vote was given in the following incident:—

The host of the association, the Rev. James O. Barney, then of Seekonk, went into Providence on the day preceding the meeting, to procure the due assortment of spirits which immemorial usage had made an important part of his preparation. He accomplished his object, and at sunset commenced his return with a choice variety of liquors. Driving rapidly out of the city in his haste to reach home, he was startled from his reverie by the loud laughter of some men upon the staging round a new house in the outskirts of the city.

Instantly thinking of his freight, he looked behind him, when lo! fragments of jugs, demijohns, and bottles, were dancing in and out of the basket, and a ruby stream of wines, brandies, and cordials, was allaying the excited dust of the street. What was to be done? Should he go back and replenish, or take it as a providential hint, and go on? The lateness of the hour decided him to proceed, and to state the calamity to the venerable body when they should assemble. He did so, and they *took the hint*, and promptly banished the sideboard from their meetings.

The Rev. Mr. Barney, from whom, in his advanced age, these facts were received, thus writes in closing his narration: "I have lived to see and watch the rise, progress, and blessed fruits of the temperance cause; and what I once regarded as a calamity to me, in the loss of my liquor, God overruled to be one of the greatest favors He has conferred upon the clergy, the church, and the world."

It was but a few years later when Mr. Kirk became a believer in total abstinence. Every great reform, and especially this, moves slowly. Appeals to the example of the clergy were made on all sides against the principle; and to advocate it in the face of such a public opinion was to take an unpopular course. Yet, once convinced, he was ready for his work, and that, too, in the city some of whose young men, less than a generation before, had presented

their popular pastor, Eliphalet Nott, with a cask of wine as a mark of their esteem.

During the five years from his change of conviction to the close of his pastorate in Albany, Mr. Kirk delivered ninety temperance addresses in forty-nine different towns, from Boston to Buffalo, and from Montreal to Philadelphia. He was a leader in the great work which had already commenced in Albany. As member of a committee with the Hon. Bradford R. Wood (since minister to Denmark) and Mr. George Dawson of the "Albany Evening Journal," he prepared the first total abstinence address ever made in the State of New York; and this same address he afterwards rewrote for Mr. Delavan as the *first national address* upon temperance in the country.

At the close of a brilliant speech in the old capitol, before members of the State Legislature, in which the orator carried conviction among his hearers, Chief Justice Savage said of the society then in existence, "I will become a temperance man now that you include all intoxicating drinks." As a result of this address, the Young Men's State Convention held at Utica in 1834, Bradford R. Wood president, took total abstinence ground.

We transcribe an autobiographic account of one meeting of the many:—

"On one occasion I was invited to visit the town of Amenia, in Dutchess County, and make an address on temperance. On landing at Poughkeepsie I was met by a gentleman, a physician resident in Amenia, who informed me that I was about to 'beard the lion in his den, the Douglas in his hall;' and that it was the most thoroughly anti-temperance neighborhood in the county; that his ornamental trees had been burnt down, bee-hives destroyed, and his family so annoyed on account of his advocacy of the reform, that he was going to remove his family from the town. As we were riding to his house, we passed a building, the upper room of which he said was the court room in which I was to speak. Whiskey was there literally the foundation of justice; for the whole lower story was lined with barrels of spirituous liquors, leaving only room for a narrow staircase to reach the tribunal of justice.

"At the appointed hour the doctor accompanied me to this court house. The grog-shop was filled to overflowing with the worshipers of Diana,

fearing that their craft was in danger. On entering the premises, I gathered these facts from what I heard: that they had a leader who bore the appellation of Uncle John; that there was a cursed Presbyterian minister coming there that night, to lie about them, to call them hard names, and solely for a political purpose. I proceeded to the upper chamber. My audience consisted of the doctor, in front of me, and a man and woman in the corner. Two candles illuminated the room, and I was going to speak from manuscript. I was obliged to organize a desk. I found a tea-chest, placed it on the bench, the candle and the address on the desk. I sat calmly conscious of rectitude, but very doubtful about my success. Suddenly the vociferation below was hushed, and the tramping on the staircase commenced. Leading the troop, appeared two men, one of large frame with a great horse-whip in his hand, flanked by a little man to my imagination a country lawyer. I had been informed, before coming to the place, that the probability was I should be mobbed. This looked to me like the beginning of the process. The lower hall was emptied, and my room was filled. I arose and said, with a little choking in the utterance, 'Gentlemen!' but they took the appellation in good faith.

"For forty minutes it was the reign of cold water. Some of them had never heard such talk before. What was working within, I could not tell; until at length a growl gave utterance to some rather unfriendly feeling. To my surprise, a man sitting near the growler stretched out his fist, and shaking it in the face of the offended man, said, with some energy of tone, 'You keep still!' This interlocutor I afterwards understood was the veritable Uncle John. Encouraged by this interview, I continued fifty minutes longer. I sat down a moment, and the little country lawyer (as I imagined him) arose and spoke to the following effect: 'Gentlemen! you came to hear this man in compliance with my request; I promised you that I would reply to him. He has endeavored to show you that the use of intoxicating beverages should cease; I shall support the opposite position. My arguments are few and brief, but conclusive. First, a vast amount of the industry of the nation is connected with the traffic in ardent spirits. The manufacturer, the cooper, the glass-maker, the wholesale vender, the retail vender, the shipper, the teamster,—what an array of industry is here! What a vast source of wealth is this! And this gentleman would persuade us to sacrifice it! Secondly, it is peculiarly important in its relations to that honorable and indispensable profession, the practice of medicine. Why, gentlemen, half our sicknesses come from the use of these liquors. and physicians tell me cases are protracted and their bills made proportionally large as the patient uses these substances.'

("I must be allowed to interrupt the speech here, by noting the 'change, like that of twilight, coming o'er the spirit of my dream.' I

was puzzled. My audience was puzzled. The speaker was calm and grave, but the speech began to tremble in the scale. No one could tell which side would go down. I proceed with the speech :—

“Third, I am a man of some observation, and have remarked that the custom of which we are speaking has a most important connection with family government. I know a father whose children ride right over him, when he is not braced by his glass; but when he comes home toned up, then look out; tongs, broomstick, shovel, everything that comes to hand, brings quiet and submission to that household. Lastly, this custom is promotive of the most eminent of the Christian graces,—humility. Let the proudest man in Dutchess County drink one glass of the pure article after dinner, and before night he resembles a hog.” He sat down. The audience sat confounded. I discovered that this gentleman was a clergyman, who had brought his stout friend to defend me, and a wagon to carry me out of the place.

“The meeting closed. A little Quaker judge addressed me: ‘Why, friend, if these things are so, I wish to know it. How can I inform myself?’ I believe he became a subscriber to our temperance paper.”

As a result of such zeal in the cause, at the expiration of six months five hundred young men of Albany had enrolled themselves as members of the Temperance Society.

Two members of that celebrated committee of three who prepared the state address, Messrs. Wood and Dawson, from a review of their early labors, have given expression to the rule that, then, “teetotalers and abolitionists were usually the same men. Teetotalism practically meant abolitionism. Leaders in the one reform grew into the other. It is the air we breathe.”

The principle here hinted at was certainly applicable to Mr. Kirk. We have already noted the tendency of his mind as expressed in his address at Princeton. He was an antislavery man. Yet antislavery and abolitionism were advocated by two classes of adherents. Antislavery men admitted the evils of slavery, yet said it might be confined to the South. Abolitionists, on the other hand, convinced of the curse of the system, said it must be overthrown in the South. Antislavery men supported the Missouri Compromise; abolitionists never.

Mr. Kirk was an antislavery man when he came to Al-

bany, — an opposer of the principles of the abolitionists. At a meeting held in one of the Baptist churches, the whole subject was thoroughly discussed. Mr. Kirk was present, and at a favorable moment arose and frankly said: “Brethren, I see that I have been in the wrong; I have by my course opposed the very race whose freedom I sincerely desire.” He then pledged his powers to the principles of abolitionism, — unpopular cause again! “Another sign of fanaticism,” many said.

From that time his pulpit was open to the most pronounced abolitionists of the day. With few exceptions, the public sentiment of the churches was against him. “What will that young man do next?” men queried. Mr. Alvin Stewart, a distinguished member of the bar, found that pulpit a platform for liberty of speech. The celebrated George Thompson, of England, and Gerritt Smith, were frequently welcomed. The alarm caused by the breaking up of a similar meeting by a mob elsewhere disturbed him not. One of his sermons, entitled “Africa,” has become historic from the intense opposition it awakened. These facts indicate the beginning of a work whose full development we shall narrate in a subsequent chapter, corresponding in date with the ripening of the fruits of this agitation.

Among the most important of his efforts were those which resulted in the Theological Seminary at Troy. The importance of this institution, although it was closed when Mr. Kirk went to Europe in 1837, is seen in the fact that out of it, as a germ, sprang the Union Theological Seminary in the city of New York.

As will be seen, both Mr. Kirk at Albany and Rev. Dr. Beman at Troy had felt substantially the same interest in preparing students for the ministry. From October, 1830, until October, 1832, eleven students had been under Mr. Kirk’s personal supervision. Against some of their names, in the private catalogue, is written, “Became a fanatic;” yet others have been long and widely known as eminently useful. We are highly favored in material touching the

history of the theological school. Dr. Kirk has himself given the following narrative of its origin and career:—

“ A few years after entering on the pastoral work in Albany, a young man, member of the church, came to me to inquire how he could prepare himself for the gospel ministry. He had only an ordinary education in the common schools. His case led me to reflect on the need of a provision of a course of study requiring less time and expenditure than the full course at that time required. It was obvious to me, that however indispensable it might be to educate the Thomas Hookers and Richard Baxters, it was equally so to get the John Bunyans into the ministry. I saw no such provision, and determined to commence with this young man, and lead him, as far as I might be able, through the most essential studies preparatory to entering the sacred office; feeling fully justified in meeting the necessary drafts on my own time and labor, by the demand it would make on myself for a more thorough revision of my professional studies. Shortly after commencing the work, application was made by other young men for admission to the class.

“ Deeply feeling, first, that more ministers were needed than our regular institutions will furnish; second, that, from painful experience of their defects, I could with altogether less learning and ability, but with my attention directed to those great practical defects, assist young men to be more efficient; third, that I needed something to make me thoroughly examine the subjects connected with my office, I determined by the help of God to educate two or three students for the gospel ministry. Having commenced in May, 1830, several applications were made. I rejected the greater part of them until September, 1832, when I became convinced that the experiment would be successful, although I had been unfortunate in two or three who came. The door was then thrown open, and I informed the students that I was ready to take as many as would come with certain qualifications.

“ Dr. Beman, of Troy, and myself, aided by Rev. Marcus T. Smith, amalgamated our classes and formed the Troy and Albany Theological School, in October, 1833, at Port Schuyler. We tried the experiment of the school in this form until November, 1835. We then removed it to Troy, and commenced laying the broad foundations for a school to educate as many as Providence should commit to us. Mr. Smith resigned, and Mr. William Larned was appointed professor of sacred literature; Dr. Beman, of theology; Mr. Kirk, of sacred rhetoric and pastoral theology.

“ It was at the time when the manual labor system was in high repute. And if our experiment should serve to prevent any others from repeating the effort under similar circumstances, it will accomplish more good in their case than it did in ours. We selected cooperage as employment for

our students. When we went into market to buy material, we were in disadvantageous competition with men who understood the business. When we brought the staves and hoops home, they were wasted, and tools were damaged, by our inexperienced youth. When we went to the market to sell the products of our labor, we again found ourselves under disadvantageous competition. We found, thus, that neither the sanitary nor the financial results justified our expectations; and we contented ourselves with the mental without manual labor. The history of the institution terminated at my departure for Europe in 1837. We educated there, more or less thoroughly, twenty-four students. In reviewing the list, many pleasant recollections are revived."

Among the number who have since become prominent, may be cited Elias R. Beadle, D. D., missionary to Syria; John J. Miter, D. D., late pastor of the First Presbyterian Church, Beaver Dam, Wis.; Samuel T. Spear, D. D., of the New York "Independent," and the Rev. John T. Avery, the successful evangelist.

The opinions of the teacher of such men, upon the defects marking the ministry of his day, deserve our earnest attention. A few years ago he made a statement of them, which is embodied in the outline that follows:—

“LACKS OF THEOLOGIANS, AT THE PRESENT DAY, AS A BODY.

“1st. Want of thorough exegetical study of the Bible, and consequent lack of full and symmetrical knowledge of what God has revealed.

“2d. Want of broad and comprehensive and profound views of the nature and necessity of God’s moral government, and a consequent deficiency in a vital, robust sentiment of loyalty.

“3d. Want of a deep, ultimate fellowship with the Lord Jesus Christ, and tender compassion for them that do not know Him.

“The weakness of the pulpit consists in the fact that the great truths of religion have occupied merely the intellect of the preacher. They have never penetrated his heart, quickened into action his nobler sentiments. Our preachers appear never to have stood with Moses upon Mount Sinai; with Elijah at Horeb; with Peter on the mount of transfiguration; or in Gethsemane and Golgotha.

“In fact, the Holy Scriptures are a world in which he that lives breathes, and finds his nourishment; opening his eyes on all its glories,—its heights, its depths; gazing now upon the King’s palace, and now bending over the brink of the abyss to hear the wailings of the lost; now listening to the songs of angels and the redeemed,—such a man

comes to the people a true prophet of God, in whose presence and before whose speech men forget their lower nature, their lower wants, and feel themselves subjects of God's kingdom, denizens of eternity, heirs of heaven or hell, men who have come to settle one grand question—Saved or damned? Oh, that we were such preachers!

“I had rather throw my theology and philosophy into the ashes than lose my reference to God's preferences and gratification or displeasure in all my actions. Enoch *pleased God*; which is something more than equivalent to saying, he did right because it was right.

“I do not know but there is to be another theological upheaving, and the points we are now upon indicate somewhat the track of the upheaval. I state nothing positively, nothing hastily on this great theme; it has been growing in my mind for many years.

“I trust I shall make no disturbing movement unless the matter assumes much more definite forms than it has yet reached. The deep question is,—first, is God's will the determiner of right; second, is it the reason for human action? By ‘will,’ in the first case, I mean: does God make right; or does right exist independently of Him, involving, as Finney and others state, that God Himself is under obligation to something exterior if not anterior to Himself,—something above Himself. By ‘will’ I mean, in the second case, his preference, his gratification, his authority, as distinct from, though in harmony with, right in the abstract.

“My growing impression is, that our students of theology find—if they do not, others do—that, by their professional studies, they have expanded their heads and cramped their hearts. Having measured God all around, they have found out a Fate back of Jupiter, and an utter chilling of all those affections which Jesus recommended to *his* theological class, when he took a child and set him in the midst of them. That is, I fear the diminution of reverence, of a regard to God's personal will; which would be illustrated by a family of children determining all their course of action by abstract right with no reference to the parental will, and thus the parents become simply notices on a sign-board of what is abstractly best to do.”

This deep interest in theological education grew with his years. He had perfected himself as a teacher, calling out the ardent affection of every pupil. As the result of his observation and experience, only two months before his death he dictated his convictions as to the mutual sympathy demanded between the theological teacher and the theological student. The paper which follows is probably the last finished production of his life. When the last sentence had



been dictated, he turned to the writer and said, "I hope the time will come when you will use this paper to the best advantage. It may assist in producing a more general conviction of the deep importance of a right preparation for the sacred office." That time has now come and we give the paper to the world:—

" THEOLOGICAL EDUCATION.

" What are the requisites of the highest theological teaching? It seems to me that they are —

" I. Respect on the part of the teacher for the latent powers of the pupil; making their harmonious and complete development his supreme purpose.

" II. To this end, discovering the intellectual, moral, and spiritual native defects and wrong habits of the pupil; regarding their removal essential, as the watch repairer must deal with individual watches.

" III. Guarding against all conventionalism, imitation, and undue deference to human authority.

" IV. The teacher ought to have a complete, comprehensive, elevated conception of perfect manhood; judge his pupil by that standard, and aim to bring him as near as possible to it.

" V. The hope of attaining this end should inspire the teacher with enthusiasm.

" VI. The inspiring of this enthusiasm in the pupil is essential to all success.

" VII. The first intellectual attainment to be sought is clearness of conception, accuracy of stating propositions, vivid conceptions of the reasons of believing.

" VIII. Inspiring profound reverence and intelligent admiration for the Holy Scriptures; cultivating the taste which exclaims, 'Thy word is sweeter to my taste than honey;' securing the conviction that the inspired revelation is a mountain whose summit can never be reached in this life, but whose ascending sides are ever bringing the soul that mounts them nearer to the open vision of God and heaven.

" IX. Convincing the pupil that theology, while essential to the teacher of religion, never has embraced the full harmony of the points revealed.

" X. Feeling himself, and cultivating in the pupil, the sense of entire dependence upon God, and delight in asking counsel of God.

" XI. Cultivating, as a controlling motive, the desire to please the Saviour, to win souls to Him, to prepare them for everlasting glory and blessedness; thus inspiring a detestation for the meanness of ambition and for the supreme love of fame in the sacred office.

" XII. Imparting to the pupil a clear view of errors to which we are

exposed in forming and in imparting our belief. The pupil must be led to see clearly, in forming his belief, the distinction between intuition and reason, and to discover the foundation of each specific belief, whether it be exegesis or philosophy, attaching to the former his implicit faith, and to the other his modified and modest faith. The pupil must be led to see, in imparting his belief, the difference between dogmatizing and firm convincing of truth.

“The attitude of the student in a class before his professor is accompanied with a very serious danger. The inducement of the position is to conceal his ignorance and defective habits of mind, that he may present the best appearance to his classmates. The student to a private teacher can more easily maintain the relation of a patient to his physician, exposing precisely his mental weaknesses, defects, and wants, and thus giving the teacher an opportunity not merely of informing his pupil, but of reaching the higher point of reforming his mental habits.”

The great popularity of Mr. Kirk led to even greater demands upon his time and energies than this work with his students imposed. His influence was not circumscribed by the city nor by the State. It was the period in which the great benevolent organizations of the church were appealing to the sympathies of the benevolent in the once famous Anniversary Meetings at Boston and New York. Repeatedly had Mr. Kirk taken part in these, to the satisfaction of all. When the proposition was made to hold meetings of a similar character in Cincinnati, men of the strongest qualities were needed to establish them. It is needless to say that Mr. Kirk was chosen as one of the speakers. The themes included the great movements of the day; and no one was better fitted to enforce their importance upon the assembled audiences. These were the religious and benevolent feast-days of the year.

Upon one occasion, in speaking of the work of the Tract Society, he pictured in vivid terms the wide gulf between the gospel and multitudes under the shadows of the churches. He said:—

“Strangely as it may sound to many, there are multitudes who have, from infancy almost, never crossed a church threshold, and to whom the services of the sanctuary would be a strange and unmeaning affair. There are others whom shame prevents. In the Christian temple you

find a people whom Christianity has affected even in their personal appearance. But there are others whom poverty forbids to clothe themselves even with comeliness. They are possessed of an immortal mind. Beneath all that is so unsightly there is a jewel which may yet decorate the Saviour's crown. But they will not bring it to the sanctuary, because the poor vase that holds it is so rude. . . . This, sir, is the gulf which, whosoever is to be blamed, is in fact impassable by them.

"Now, the gospel must go to them, for they will never go to the gospel. And it must *go over that gulf*. But how shall it go? It has neither feet nor wings. Charity, sweet charity, must carry it. Oh, sir, I love to plead here, with eyes that have never seen, and hearts that have never felt, and hands that have never labored in this cause. Your society, sir, must give the gospel wings to cross the gulf."

Probably these occasions, touching his heart so deeply, witnessed some of the very highest specimens of his almost unmatched eloquence. Accounts from every quarter declare the remarkable power he displayed at this time. Crowds hung upon his words, now smiling only to weep the next moment. We can never fully estimate the value of these seasons to the cause of the Master.

We have heard him allude to scenes and experiences in the following language:—

"About the year 1834 I was invited to accompany several clergymen (among whom I recall only Dr. Justin Edwards) to visit Cincinnati, for the purpose of aiding Dr. Beecher and others in establishing a series of anniversaries like those of New York and Boston. The effort proved successful. I can recall only some incidental occurrences. Among them was one displaying the playfulness which Dr. Beecher made consistent with the exhibition of great intellectual power and profound piety. We met at the house of one of his relatives to pass a social evening. While some one was performing a piece on the piano, the doctor took up a violin to play an accompaniment. The piece was lively, and some young gentlemen behind him commenced dancing. To see the venerable man fiddling for a dance caused a very general merriment. The doctor discovered that something was out of order, and turning around perceived the cause of it. He lifted his bow for a whip and chased the dancers. Some men's dignity might have suffered by such a scene; that of the doctor was safe.

"We rode from Cincinnati to Lexington in a stage-coach, nine clergymen, Miss Catherine Beecher, and a stranger. The mud was of the first class, being hub-deep a large part of the journey. At one stage the pas-

sengers were obliged to alight and relieve the coach. I remember Miss Catherine's sad plight. Her trunk was placed for her in the mud, but the precaution did not prevent her leaving a slipper there. During the ride I was led to discuss with her the question, What is the ultimate ground of moral obligation? The sparring was lively. My mind was more intent on victory than courtesy, and I hailed myself as conqueror at the close of the conflict. But judge of my surprise, when we alighted from the coach, at the stranger accosting me thus: 'That is a smart woman; she floored you this morning.' I had nothing to say.

"One evening we held in Cincinnati the anniversary of the Education Society. I made an address which afforded me considerable satisfaction in the review. I was complimented, and gratified with the compliment. But before we bowed in prayer around the family altar I discovered the workings of vanity in that gratification. Being invited to lead in prayer, I made confession accordingly. As we arose from kneeling, the whole family (Dr. Beecher's) gathered around me, protesting against the confession, saying, 'It was a good address, and you are entirely right in being gratified with its success.' This caused quite a debate, on the distinction between self-esteem and vanity. The only dissenter from the common opinion in the case was Miss Harriet (now Mrs. Stowe). She dissented from the positiveness of their decision, and we discussed it alone till midnight. Her final remark was, 'Do not mind the Beechers; follow your own convictions.'"

Mr. Kirk, at the anniversary of the Sabbath-school Society, was called upon to deliver the closing speech, making the appeal for money then to be taken by a collection. He had for the first time seen the peculiar steamboat of the western waters. The engine being of the high-pressure kind, the engineer was obliged to unship the paddle-wheels and keep the engine in full and of course in rapid motion. Of this fact Mr. Kirk made the following use in his speech:—

"We have had a grand time at these anniversary meetings. Our feelings have been raised to a high pitch. It is very important that we should understand our Creator's design in giving us these sensibilities. They are in our systems what the steam is in your river boats. I observe that when your steamers are waiting at the wharf for wood, for passengers, for freight, there is an extraordinary amount of noise and motion. Every wheel and machine is active, but the only result is to wear out the machinery. Now, what the engineer does is what I recommend you to do, ship the wheels. Let this pressure of feeling act on the pocket

nerve. Then feeling will perform its legitimate work. Ship the wheels, brethren! Ship the wheels! Let the collectors now pass around."

After returning home, he wrote to the editor of the "Cincinnati Journal," upon the great necessity for educating the *mind* and *heart* of the West: —

"Yes, I say, the heart. Ay, there is the rub. Educationists have proceeded on one of two false suppositions, to the immense loss of our race. They have believed, either that man has no heart, or that it need not be *educated*. How radical the mistake! But it was on the latter alternative they thought the intellect alone needed to be trained. But what is the intellect, trained and furnished, without an educated conscience and a disciplined heart? It is a chain of adamant, and an iron arm for a Cæsar. It is the burnished weapon of death, in the grasp of a Robespierre. It is the fire of hell that scathed all France, as it flamed from her infidel pen. Ah, you must educate the heart. Man is a social being, and prone to be selfish. Man is a subject of God's moral government, and yet prone to rebellion as the sparks to ascend. Man is the tenant of eternity, and yet prone to live with exclusive reference to time. The heart must be educated. And the Bible is the material for this department of education. Sound it from your mountain-tops and in your vale, — The heart of the giant West must be educated."

The secret of his activity, in these various organizations for practical benevolence, was doubtless indirectly expressed in an address at New York in 1836: —

"I confess, sir, there are times when fear strongly seizes my mind. There are two passages of the Bible which make me afraid when I think of going, a disembodied spirit, to be tried, not by my creed or my office, but on my naked personal character. In the one, the Judge of the quick and dead is represented as making common interest with the poorest and most wretched of those that are, and of those that are to be, his people. And he says to the arraigned criminal, 'I was sick, and ye *visited* me not. I was in prison, and ye *came* not unto me.' I hear the church and her ministers talk. I see them zealous for truth against error, for revivals, for moral reformation; but they do not *VISIT* Jesus; they do not *COME UNTO* Him. In the light of that passage I have looked at the church with a painful solicitude. Nor has it been diminished when I hear James saying, This is pure and undefiled religion before God and the Father, 'to visit the widow and the fatherless in their affliction.' True, sir, the ministers of Christ have so much to do in managing benevolent societies, in coming to address them, as I do this, from a hundred and fifty miles; in preparing sermons and receiving visits of

friendship and business ; true, the men in our churches are full of business before dinner, and of other things after dinner ; true, the sisters are and must be keepers at home ; true, we love benevolent societies and give them our money ; but, sir, after all, that passage rings in my ear like the death-knell of many a towering hope. Ye did not *visit* me, ye did not *come* unto me. Say, do I fear ; do I misinterpret the passage, by mistaking an allegory for a literal statement ? No ; that must be a literal exhibition of the Final Judgment, or there is none. Do I mistake in making a universal application of it to all men, saints and sinners, when it in fact belongs to a few ? No ; for then only a few will hear the welcome, ‘ Come, ye blessed of my father, inherit the kingdom, for I was sick and ye *visited* me ; I was in prison, and ye came unto me.’ Let professing Christians read these passages in their closets and upon their knees, and then decide concerning the duty of engaging in this work.”

In his parish, and elsewhere, he found an answer for every one. If persons intruded beyond their rightful bounds, his reply sent them back. Handsome, genial, scholarly, and eloquent, it is not strange that the ladies were often concerned about the wife they supposed he would take. Gossip had selected one who had been visiting Albany from Hartford, Conn. When he had gone to the latter city upon duties connected with some society, his absence and its supposed object excited the curious. Upon his return, a lady said, “ Mr. Kirk, as soon as you had gone, I put my hat right on and went from house to house telling the people that you had gone after a wife.” “ Well, madam, put your hat on again, and tell every one you saw that I have come back with the mitten.”

A few years after his removal to Albany his parents followed him, to accept his pressing offer of a home. Before they came, we find a letter to his mother, dated June 15, 1829. In it he speaks of his sister Harriet, who had not yet sought her Saviour. Then, after mentioning one and another of the family, he thus closes : —

“ My dear mother, have you yet returned to God, repenting of your sins and giving yourself to Jesus Christ as the Saviour of sinners ? God has warned you very mercifully. You have surely lived too long in sin and rebellion against your Maker. Oh, turn to Him and live ! You

travailed in birth with me; you kindly watched over me; your heart has followed me with anxiety. Now, I feel for you; my heart is burdened with the weight of your soul. Oh, if my dear mother should die in her sins, and meet an angry God and a Saviour whom she has rejected, and then sink to endless burnings! The thought is overwhelming. Then, turn and live while God in mercy spares you this side eternity. This, my dear mother, is the one thing needful. This is everything; for 'what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and *lose* his own soul?'

Your son, bound to you by duty and gratitude,

“EDWARD.”

It was after this, that, in Albany, at a meeting in his own house, in response to his invitation given to any desiring prayers, the mother arose, and, moving toward her son, was met by him amidst the sobs and tears of those privileged to behold the scene. Soon after, the weeping yet glad son baptized his mother, and received her to the fellowship of the church.

On the 8th of April, 1837, Mr. Kirk took the step of terminating his ministry in the city. The eight years had witnessed, as the fruits of his labors, the addition of ten hundred and twelve members to the church, or about a hundred and twenty-five a year. The men who at first had opposed him were among his warmest friends. He had endured reproaches and slanders without complaint and in silence. He was become master of the situation. All this deepened the sorrow of the loving church. “Experienced every proof of affection from my fellow citizens which my heart could desire.”

But against the unanimous voice of the church, he took the step. His object was to seek rest after his incessant labors, and to benefit his mind by travel in foreign lands.

The closing sermon, delivered to a congregation limited only by the capacity of the house, was full of pathos, as he reviewed step after step of their common progress. We append a few paragraphs: —

“I have felt my soul, my being, identified with this church. More than eight years have rolled away since I saw the first little band cluster together in the name and strength of the God of Israel, to raise another

banner to his glory. To have said much about it before the present time would virtually have been to speak of myself. But that period is past. Since the purpose has been fixed to leave you for a time, — perhaps for ever, — a new feeling has come over the heart. I feel as if I could stand aside with a more chastened affection and more impartial eye to behold the wonders and riches of divine mercy. Of the fifty-five who laid the first foundation-stone of this spiritual structure, only twenty-eight are now among us. Of the two hundred and thirty-two who constituted the church at the close of the first year, and saw that dark, distressing period, when nothing but the naked hand of Christ held us up among the roaring waters, only one hundred and eleven are now with us. They recollect, they can never forget, those days. It was ‘one day known to the Lord, not day nor night; but it came to pass, that at evening time it was light.’ To-night I take a review of that period with you. To those who now constitute this church, my message is, ‘Behold what the Lord hath wrought.’ It is befitting this solemn and trying occasion to recount, like Israel of old, the mercies of God, that you may praise his name; that you may understand more definitely the history of the principles of this association, with which you have become so intimately connected; that you may feel your obligations. It is usual on such occasions for the pastor to speak of his own labors. I cannot do it. . . .

“There were then two views taken of the enterprise. On the one side, both the friends and the enemies of God said it was an unholy enterprise, unwise and uncalled for; I was charged with fanaticism and boyish indiscretion. It was said by the sagacious, ‘What do these men build? behold, if a fox go up on their walls they will fall down.’ When this building was commenced, some ridiculed; objections met us in the usual financial arrangements, suspicions were set afloat concerning the safety of crediting any one connected even indirectly with the enterprise. When the first indications of the special presence of God’s Spirit were experienced, we were branded with the severest epithets, and the ears of God’s children were open to the falsehoods of the wicked. Then understood I the meaning of the Psalmist, and the feelings of the blessed Saviour in some measure: ‘My soul is among lions, and I lie even among them that are set on fire, even the sons of men whose teeth are spears and arrows, and their tongue a sharp sword; who whet their tongue like a sword, and bend their bow to shoot their arrows, even *bitter words.*’ Now, God forbid that I should refer to the past in a spirit of revenge or of boasting. I should loathe myself if I could ever indulge such feelings, but especially on such an occasion. God knows my heart toward this whole community and toward those who were once my bitterest enemies. I do not boast; but I say — On the one side were these views and feelings and predictions; on the other, with much human im-



perfection, we certainly had these for our leading principles and feelings, — a determination to sustain the plain, honest exhibition of the truths of the gospel, without consulting unconverted men, whether they were pleased or displeased, and an unwavering confidence that God would bless us if we served Him.

“There were many considerations which induced me to remain here. Low and selfish motives were attributed. My friends, — I say it to the glory of God, — I had as much confidence, when I met in the first prayer-meeting with twenty persons, that God would greatly bless us, as I have now that He has blessed us. Do not call it presumption; for I knew that I was surrounded by a praying band. Among many other considerations which induced me to remain and bear the peltings of the pitiless storm, was the fact, as stated then to me, that a number of Christians were engaged in prayer, from sunset to sunrise, that I might not be permitted to leave the city. That turned the scale; I could not desert such spirits; and I knew God would bless them. I saw it, I felt it; and I feel now as if I could go gladly to attack the spirits in the pit, if God sent me, surrounded by such hearts. And more than this, this enterprise and my unworthy name were on the lips of hundreds of God’s praying people, from this city to Buffalo. An eminent saint, who preached over a wide circuit, was in the habit of encouraging the churches to bear our cause to the mercy-seat continually. I consider this church a monument inscribed with the evidences of the power of prayer, and the faithfulness of Jacob’s God. The enemy said, By whom shall Jacob arise? for he is small. We replied, In God is our trust; we will make our boast in the Lord. Now let us see how the Lord hath dealt with us. Truly He hath encouraged the hearts of them that believed, and He hath silenced the enemy and avenger. . . .

“Forty-six of our brethren and sisters have changed their connection with the earthly for one with the heavenly church. How glorious it has been to see them turn to the Lord and seriously address themselves to preparation for death, and then to witness the reality of the change, and its importance tested and demonstrated in the honest hour of the soul’s approach to the judgment-seat. To see the law-condemned sinner repent, the rebel return and obtain forgiveness; to follow the soul through its successive stages of heavenly improvement and refinement; and then to stand on the verge of the river of death, to wade in and support the departing spirit until it catches a view of the celestial glory, to hear it shout, to see it just touching the blissful shore — this is a minister’s salary. Mine has been paid. . . .

“The plea for the Sabbath, and the plea for the seventh commandment, have been urged here. And I rejoice that on this platform has been urged the claim of the enslaved. I have heard of the danger of exposing the building and the audience to molestation. I have heard of some

thing worse, — the odium attached to the cause of liberty. But we have gloried to bear that odium. We rejoice that God enabled us to erect one of the buildings in this city where the cry of the oppressed and down-trodden could be echoed in the ear of Christian sympathy. We feel assured that it is right. We bless God for the assurance his providence affords us, that it is right for his church to be the pioneer of moral reformations. The right of opinion is a natural right; the right of expressing opinion is another conferred by the Author of the human constitution; and both sacredly guaranteed by the bond of our political union. And I know nothing more alarming in modern politics, than the attempt to browbeat free American citizens in the peaceful maintenance of eternal truths, and to persecute them for the candid, manly, and courteous expression of those sentiments. We have a right to try to convince the North and South. Ministers have a right from God, and a commission and a warrant from the American Constitution, to expose the sins and dangers involved in the system of oppression legalized and practiced among us. I am ashamed to hear it said there are places in America where you cannot candidly and temperately discuss great questions of public duty and safety. . . .

“My entrance here was flattering, my reception everything I could ask as a man and a minister. So long as Foreign Missions was my topic, all went well. But when I turned to show the amiable and moral and respected of this community that they were more guilty than the heathen, and were going to a deeper condemnation, they rose in might against me. I had never known an enemy before since my conversion. I had never been slandered. But now a new scene awaited me in this goodly city. I was reviled, my sermons and sentiments misrepresented, friends grew cold and enemies multiplied. For a stripling this was new, and, you may be sure, well-nigh overwhelming. My heart overflowed with love to all. I could not see why any should persecute me. But oh, it was a blessed school. I would not part with the lessons there learned for all the enjoyments of undisturbed prosperity. But I turn from that to speak of the hearts which cherished and the hands which upheld me in those trying days. Brethren, sisters, I thus publicly thank you. You gave not only a cup of cold water to a disciple when it was a reproach to you; you shared his sorrows, you shielded his reputation with your own, you would have died with him for Christ. You wept for me, you carried my burdens, you prayed for me. I know it. And my heart thanks you; my soul clings to you. But chiefly I recognize the goodness of God in it, in whose hands are all hearts. . . .

“Since commencing to form this church I have preached to you about one thousand sermons. I have assisted other churches in sustaining more than thirty protracted meetings. I have delivered ninety addresses on temperance; more than a hundred addresses on Foreign Missions; many

on slavery; many for objects in our city; for the Tract, Bible, Education, and other societies; attended and addressed the various societies in three anniversaries at New York, one at Cincinnati, one at Lexington, Ky., one at Boston, one at Troy. I have performed a tour through many principal cities in this State and into Canada, on the subject of common school education. . . .

“ And now, brethren, I am about to say, Farewell. I leave you, not because I do not love you. My heart grows closer to you every day. This church appears to me more interesting and more important than ever. I go because I believe I ought to go. Europe is dear to my heart; but America is dearer. And I know that, if permitted, I shall hail its shores again with delight. I go to gather light from the experience of ages, to see man in other climates, and under other institutions. My soul pants for knowledge, human and divine. But I would not indulge the desire, could not that knowledge, when acquired, be employed for greater usefulness. Be assured, it is not for myself. Whatever I am now, or may be hereafter, is my country's and my God's. I consecrate it to the church of Christ and to the human race.”

## CHAPTER VI.

TRAVELS IN GREAT BRITAIN, IRELAND, AND FRANCE.

1837-1838.

THE blessings of the Fourth Church rested upon their late pastor as he sailed from New York, April 10, 1837. No unusual events occurred during the voyage of seventeen days. Each Sabbath, passengers and crew attended the services of worship, led by Mr. Kirk. The key to his usefulness is thus expressed: "I was allowed to preach, to speak publicly at the table as I thought and felt on the subject; but if any good was accomplished, it was done by private conversation." The wonders of navigation had a charm for him. The ship became to him a "thing of life." From the compass to the rigging, he read in it the advance of the human mind. The schools of fish, the variable winds, the lights at length appearing along St. George's Channel, the bell rung by the surging waters whose mournful tollings warned of the places of danger, all appealed to his imagination.

At last he stepped upon the wharves and streets of Liverpool. We look upon Great Britain as he saw it, in some of its peculiar phases and charms: —

### "A STRANGER'S MISTAKES.

"I found myself making blunders perpetually. The first I made was about money. I paid for all my fellow-passengers their ferriage to the wharf at Liverpool, amounting to two dollars; and I thought they would be business men enough to reimburse, but was mistaken. My second was about the coaches. Supposing there was but one to London, I went to the ferry, and mounted the box of the first coach for London that stood there. 'Your name,' said the agent. 'Kirk, sir.' 'Where did you

book for ?' 'Where did I what ?' 'Where did you *book* ?' I *guessed* he meant, put my name on the coach register, and so I replied, 'For London.' 'Sir, you are *mistaken*.' Well, thought I to myself, it will not be the first nor the last time ; it must have been for the other coach. Then the coachman suggested that he could catch them. So I seated myself by his side, and was entertained with a variety of hints pointing to a common centre, namely, that he must be paid pretty liberally for running his horses. So when we overtook the others I paid him two dollars and a quarter. But lo, that was not the coach ; but I might get on that by paying fare to Birmingham. This was done accordingly, amounting to another item of eleven dollars. Reaching Birmingham, I found my coach, and was permitted to go to London without any additional charge. To continue the chapter of mistakes without exact regard to chronology, I was at one time receiving from guards and coachmen very profound bows when I paid their fees ; and, again, grumbling and scowls when I underpaid them. But mark the advantage they possessed : I knew nothing of the rates of reward or wages.

"I was, moreover, perpetually talking about baggage (*luggage*), drivers (coachmen), stages (coaches), etc. At Birmingham I asked the landlady where the gentleman of the house was ; I wanted to speak to him. She said, 'There is no gentleman of the house.' 'But I saw him, madam, just now.' 'No, sir ; that is the waiter.' 'I beg pardon, madam ; I have not yet learned your customs.' But I had not finished my lessons yet. In hastening away from the hotel, the waiters hovering around for their fees, I gave them a pound, or four dollars and a half, instead of one dollar and a half, their due.

#### " BIRMINGHAM.

"On approaching this city, the utilitarian philosopher who has been sighing over the lands abstracted from the useful, and wasted upon the beautiful ; who has exclaimed, as each lawn or grove or artificial lake opened upon his view, '*cui bono* ?' — to such an one an abundance of gratification is in reserve. Of all the desolated spots you ever saw, lying right beside verdure and beauty, this, perhaps, is the greatest. The sun seldom shines upon it. The atmosphere is thick with smoke which cannot often rise as fast, in this humid climate, as it is produced by the countless steam-machines which are employed for the various purposes of pumping the pits dry, raising the coal or iron, and smelting the iron. An extensive vein of coal crosses the country here, and is most faithfully taxed. One coal pit is a thousand feet deep ; and often the workmen are as far as half a mile from the shaft. They never remain very long under ground. But horses live and die there without coming to the light of the sun.

"*May 30th.* — In the morning I attended the Sabbath-school of the

church under the pastoral care of Rev. J. A. James, so well and so favorably known in our country. It is delightfully conducted, and with great order. Heard Mr. J. preach. His portraits do him injustice. They always were associated in my mind with a Polynesian face. But he has very good features except, perhaps, too short a nose. There is a very pleasant expression of intelligent kindness upon his countenance when speaking.

“LONDON.

“We entered this smoky, dingy little world in the long twilight of evening, and were constrained to realize more truth than wit in the complaint of Jonathan on his first visit to Boston, in not being able to see the town for the houses. I would that I were able to recall the stages of feelings, which successively occupied my mind. I went gazing along the streets, studying my map and stumbling against people, until they actually laughed at me.

“I felt truly lost in that great city. But gradually, as my acquaintance extended, as I became more familiar with its great divisions and with its monuments of taste and learning, its various objects of interest, and especially with the noble institutions which are concentrated there, I looked upon the city with increasing veneration; notwithstanding its physical foibles, its awkward streets, and abounding wickedness.

“*House of Commons*. — I obtained a seat there, first by purchase of an order; then by the kindness of Mr. Buckingham. I saw and heard nothing of peculiar interest. Lord John Russell, secretary of the Home Department, necessarily occupied the floor very frequently, as a ministerial measure was on the tapis. I saw Robert Peel, Admiral Codrington, the hero of Navarino, and other great characters. This branch of Parliament sits in an oblong room with three rows of benches rising above each other on the right and on the left of the speaker's chair. It is a perfectly free and easy assembly. And most of the speaking I heard was business-like conversation. I heard O'Connell make some humorous remarks, as I judged; not from hearing them, but from witnessing their effects on the house.

“*House of Lords*. — I had access to the room occupied by them; but it was during their session as a court, when but three of them are required to be present. One of these, fortunately, was Lord Brougham. I, however, merely saw him, and that at a distance.

“AGRICULTURE.

“It is very obvious that the people of Great Britain bestow much more labor and expense on their grounds than we do in America. This is emphatically so in Scotland, where there are so many rugged hills, and so much waste land, as to make whatever is arable, or capable of being

rendered productive, very valuable. The first peculiarity which meets the traveler's eye, is the absence of wooden fences almost universally. This is owing partly to the want of wood, and chiefly to the facility with which their beautiful hedge thorns are grown. And probably the stability of even their smallest bridges is owing to the first of these causes. The most peculiar feature is the neatness and even beauty of their stacks of corn and hay. They are almost uniformly constructed in regular cylinders, terminated by a graceful cone, or imperfect cones resting on the base of inverted cones which are cut off in the middle of their axis.

“As to rent, I have seen the poor wild fields on the mountains of Wales, where it appeared as if nothing but stones and moss could grow, being rented at £3 (or \$13.32) the acre; and of good land at £8 (or \$35.52) the acre.

#### “REGENT'S PARK.

“This is one of the great monuments of national liberality, — wealth I should call it, if they were not in debt. To see such an immense area of ground in the vicinity of such a city as London, all devoted to the mere purpose of ornament and health, is truly impressive. And there is not one alone, but St. James's on one side and Hyde on the other.

“On the one side of Regent's Park is the Coliseum, a building of circular form, containing the picture of London taken from the dome of St. Paul's. It is certainly a very admirable specimen of imitative painting. The illusion is almost complete. And it affords to strangers a better opportunity of seeing London than they can obtain from the cupola for themselves, having been drawn before the families had begun to kindle their fires, and to cover the city with smoke. On the west end of the Park is the Zoölogical Garden. This public garden is designed to contain, as far as possible, specimens of all the foreign animals. Among the rest are many inhabitants of the tropical climates, beasts and birds, which require an atmosphere artificially heated even now in the middle of May.

#### “WINDSOR PALACE.

“Rode to Windsor, one of the seven or eight royal palaces. It is reached by passing through Eton, the celebrated place of classic education. We saw the venerable school-buildings, and the boys at play. We crossed the Thames, and then ascended the hill to the castle which royalty has chosen for one of its places of residence. William the Norman, misnamed the Conqueror, found this site possessed, as most of the best in the country were, by the monks. He chose it for a palace, and it has ever since continued in that use. We were prevented from entering the State Room usually visited by strangers, as it was then employed

as a banqueting room for the intended feast at the inauguration of some Knights of the Bath. We ascended to the roof of the tower, from which a fine view of the country can be taken.

“The surrounding park, containing a ride of twelve miles, is a very appropriate appendage of a palace, and appears very pleasantly so long as you keep out of recollection the multitudes in this kingdom who are starving for the want of mechanical and agricultural employment. The tower now contains the apartments for guests. Sometimes the noble visitors are so numerous as to make it necessary for the gentlemen, especially the baccalaureate part, to retreat to these less comfortable apartments. The walk upon the terrace is delightful, and is condescendingly opened to the tread of vulgar feet every Saturday and Sunday afternoon. It is a broad, grand walk on one side of the palace, bounded by a stone balustrade; looking down upon a beautifully sloping bank, forty feet in height, around the base of which winds a serpentine walk finely shaded. From the terrace we went to the pleasure-garden, which is reached on all sides by broad flights of steps. It is not extensive, but beautiful, containing great varieties of flowers and statues, and, in the centre, an artificial pond with a *jet d'eau*. We saw the windows and some of the furniture of the king's rooms, with the maids and gentlemen of honor walking through them. We were just in time to see his majesty and his sister in their coach, as they rode out for an airing. We received from the Princess Augusta a very gracious bow.

From the palace we went to the chapel. To us who had not yet seen much of the genuine Gothic, this building appeared very finely. The windows are beautifully painted. The columns are altogether the most airy and graceful we have yet seen. The ceiling, like that of most other ancient chapels, is very wonderful to us, being composed of stone very finely carved. But the most beautiful object here altogether, is the tomb of the Princess Charlotte. We saw it to a very great advantage, the light shining brightly upon it through glass stained mostly with an exceedingly rich yellow. This threw over the tomb a very peculiar brightness. It was very rich, yet not glaring; quiet and solemn. The sculpture is in part the finest I had then seen in England, or have since seen after visiting many places containing modern statuary. The whole is disfigured by some angels, whose ethereal shapes are rather uncouthly represented in marble. But the Princess, lying in the stillness of death, with several female figures bowed in the most expressive attitudes of grief, with their heads completely covered, is the most eloquent group in marble that I have ever seen.

“Just before the time of the regular cathedral service, the chanters came in to act their part in the religious farce. It was really disgusting to see their levity just before going to repeat the solemn liturgical service. But their chanting was truly exquisite. We have none like it in America, I judge.



## “ A SUNDAY IN LONDON.

“ *May 7th.*—Went in the morning to hear a preacher of some celebrity, Rev. Christopher Benson, one of the clergy of the Establishment. He expounded the doctrine of the resurrection very well, so far as he went. In the afternoon, I wearied myself to find, and still more to reach, St. Saviour’s Church in Southwark, in order to hear another minister of the Establishment, on Papacy. It was a mere repetition of the trite topics. In the evening, I preached my first sermon in Europe to a congregation of Whitefieldian Methodists, in the Adelphi Chapel. Felt some awkwardness in managing the gown and bands. On returning from church, was introduced to a gentleman who had lived in Carthage. I had much conversation with him relative to American slavery. He had a better opinion of the system before the conversation than he had after it. This was one of the few instances in which I have found it necessary to move on that tack with an Englishman. I have generally been obliged to defend my countrymen, and to deny exaggerated statements.

“ I heard to-day a man whom I judged to be an Irvingite, preaching at the corner of a street. The pauses were too long.

## “ COURTS OF JUSTICE.

“ On Monday we passed through the principal courts. Judge Denman was sitting on King’s Bench; by his side were Talfourd, Fellet, and a brother of Coleridge.<sup>1</sup> The dress of the judges and lawyers appeared to us very odd, if not ridiculous. All of them wear a wig containing two or four rows of stiff curls, and a stiff queue all powdered. The former have a scarlet velvet or ermine tippet. The latter have black gowns, very similar to those worn by our college students on commencement day. We went to the Bail Court, the Court of Exchequer, where we saw Lord Abington, the lord chief baron. Here we were put in limbo. I suppose the fact was that our party, consisting of four, and coming together into a small room, appeared somewhat intrusive or rude; and the door behind us was locked very silently. This was soon hinted to us, and we were obliged to stand very patiently until the argument was closed, and then to cross the hall between the judge and advocates.

## “ PREJUDICE OF COLOR.

“ It is truly delightful to witness how nobly the English mind rises above the unchristian and unphilosophic spirit of prejudice that prevails in our country. And an American must be *here*, to know the various feelings of contempt and astonishment which this inconsistent feature of our character excites in their minds. Many and various illustrations of

<sup>1</sup> This is evidently a mistake. He probably means the nephew, Mr. Serjeant Coleridge, now the lord chief justice.

the feelings of this people toward the descendants of Africa have come under my observation. Black men of respectable character are called gentlemen. Like our own Hayne, there is one Preston, who is preaching with much success to a Baptist congregation of white people in Hadley. You may see the men of color in the pews of churches and on the platforms of anniversary meetings without any hesitation on the part of those who sit next and around them.

“ THE TOWER.

“ This venerable old building is a volume of England’s history, so many of her nobles have sighed in chains there, and her lovely princes have sunk to death within its grim precincts. Mary was here buried from the world, that she might not make her sister’s reign doubtful over the hearts of her gallant knights or the territories of the crown. We saw the *Armory*, with its chronological arrangement of the coats of mail, and its magnificent arrangement of the weapons ; the *Menageries* ; the *Mint* ; the *Regalia*, which are splendid.

“ DR. JOHNSON’S LODGINGS.

“ The place where the literary giant wrote his Dictionary under the pinchings of poverty is a literary curiosity. In fact, London abounds in places of great interest. So many literary men have lived there, so many interesting events of British history have taken place, that it must necessarily abound in noteworthy associations. To a Christian, Smithfield and the resting-place of millions in Bunhill Fields are not among the least. I had the privilege of preaching often in Rowland Hill’s chapel ; and where the venerable Mead has proclaimed the tidings of salvation.

“ SOCIETY IN LONDON.

“ Every man puts his own construction on that indefinable term, society. Generally, however, it means the wealthy and intelligent portion of the community, who associate, through wealth or talent, with those of high birth. These make up ‘ society.’ To enter that society is very difficult for an untitled foreigner ; and perhaps there could be found some who, after all, would not consider that entering into society. I am of that class. I got an admission into society. It was among intelligent and pious persons, and I found it but a repetition of what I had enjoyed at home. It was peculiarly delightful to meet, as members of the family of Christ, with such a large number of his children at once, and with not less than one hundred of them who were ministers.

“ BENEVOLENT INSTITUTIONS.

“ These are the glory of London, for it abounds with them. Its hospitals are immense, numerous, and elegant. Its free schools are among

the best in the world. Its orphan asylums are the very best. I examined one founded in 1813 through the exertions of Dr. Reid. Its situation is elegant, in the midst of a very large garden laid out in the finest style. It looks indeed like a country-seat. Its moral and religious influence is delightful. It contains now three hundred and forty-five children, at an expense of ninety dollars each child per annum to the public. They give rewards of money for good conduct, which is put in the savings bank. But they have a more powerful stimulus. Every child's character is drawn by the decision of his peers. Then the pre-eminent have their names inscribed in gold letters on the 'Table of Honor' when they leave the school. The whole establishment is thoroughly inspected once a month by a house committee. The machinery for airing and drying and ironing clothes is the most admirable I have seen.

#### " GREENWICH FAIR.

"I went down on the railroad to see Greenwich and Woolwich, and was quite pleased to find that I was in time to witness one of their fairs. But such a scene of wickedness and low amusement had never met my eye. I was delighted to find the pious young men of Greenwich exhorting and distributing tracts among the licentious crowd. Greenwich Hospital was a palace, and is now a truly noble edifice, making the poor mariner as comfortable a retreat as this earth can afford him. Woolwich Yard I could not see, for the want of time.

#### " ROUTE TO DUBLIN.

"We took coach for Oxford, and rode over a very delightful country. I fell into conversation with several young Oxonians. We debated the question of an Established Religion. Their great reliance was on the objection that voluntary contribution would not raise the means to support the clergy respectably. I was very happily able to speak of a great many men who were as respectable as character could make them, and to whom the addition of another coat a year would be as important as the fifth wheel to a coach.

#### " OXFORD.

"We entered this venerable town just in the evening, in time to behold, still by daylight, its forest of towers, needles, spires, and domes. The next morning a young graduate took us around to the most interesting objects. The structures of several are really beautiful; the Bodleian and Radcliff libraries are magnificent. We were quite reluctant to leave them. Many fine manuscripts, some antique painted glass, Guy Fawkes's lantern, were among the curious things we saw. From Oxford we proceeded to Woodstock and

## “ MARLBOROUGH CASTLE.

“ We were fortunately just in time to go through with the last party to be admitted that day. This splendid seat was given by Queen Anne to the great Marlborough. But oh, how is the fine gold dimmed! The present incumbent is a thorough imbecile. The park of twelve acres is one of the most elegant in England. The palace contains many fine paintings. Some of the rooms are lined with tapestry representing Marlborough’s victories. A china table is shown, painted by the Queen of France, and a statue of Queen Anne in a solid block of marble, which cost twenty-three thousand five hundred dollars. The library is one hundred and eighty feet long, containing seventeen thousand volumes, with superb ceilings and marble pilasters. It opens into a botanical garden two miles in extent. The door-strikers are fine specimens of workmanship; oak floors. Vandyke’s great picture there is prized at fifteen thousand dollars.

## “ WARWICK CASTLE.

“ After furnishing ourselves with Woodstock gloves, we hastened on to Stratford-on-Avon, to perform our pilgrimage to the cradle and the tomb of Shakespeare. His chamber is literally covered with the scrawls of those who would thus express their respect for his talents, — Byron, Scott, and who not. Some steal a fragment from the old wooden chimney-piece. I contented myself with a pebble-stone, which, though it had not seen him, had lain near his house. His tomb is in the church at some distance. A slab tells that he and others of his family are there. Warwick Castle we reached next morning. It is the best preserved ancient castle of England. It is partly Saxon. The family dates from the time of Elizabeth, from the celebrated Guy. We were shown through the portcullis and frowning battlements, along a winding road recently cut down in the high banks which flank the castle. We entered into the old hall of the domestics, completely lined with oak, still in good preservation.

“ The comfortable old fire-place which could eat up a cord of wood in a winter’s night, the old chairs, a table of precious stones three hundred years old, the state bedroom unchanged, the very bed of Queen Anne, the apartment of the Earl of Essex, — all carried us back to remote days whose recollections are to us all poetry and romance. There are some very good portraits : Charles I., by Vandyke; Joanna, Queen of Naples, enameled on copper by Raphael; a floor in mosaic; a room all lined with cedar well carved. Heard a sister of the earl playing the piano in the next room; and it was certainly *noble* playing. She very politely left the room to give us an opportunity of entering it. We were carried to the tower and guard-rooms of the ancient times, and along the walls

from which the bristling armor used to defy the foe. There is a subterranean passage leading six miles to Kenilworth Castle. The old gardener was very polite, and showed us his cedars of immense size, his elegant greenhouse, and the celebrated Warwick vase, the body of which, all in one block, is seven feet across the top, holding one hundred and sixty-three gallons. The whole is twenty-three feet high and of the most perfect style of workmanship. The top and base were found seven miles apart in a river. It was made forty years before Jesus Christ was born. At the porter's lodge they preserve the armor of Guy. He was nine feet high; his sword weighs twenty pounds. His stewing-pot contains one hundred and two gallons. His shield and spear weigh one hundred and seven pounds. Who can be skeptical after that of the facts recorded in the Bible of Goliath and the other giants? By the way, this said Guy must have been rather a coarse fellow, as you would judge from seeing the iron mess-pot from which he ate his porridge. The young Lord Broke was going out to ride, and, in passing, saluted us very courteously.

#### “ KENILWORTH.

“ It was a short excursion to Kenilworth. But when you get there, it is Scott's picture which gives it more than half its interest. It is, however, a very pretty ruin. It was built in 1106, being selected, as most other elegant sites were, by the monks. The buildings of Henry VIII. are still to be seen, Lancaster's building, the banqueting-halls above and below, Melvyn's bower, etc. But we could not fix the spot of Amy Robsart's prison-room.

“ We passed directly on to Coventry and Birmingham, where we took the mail-coach for Dublin. We passed the one hundred and sixty miles to Holyhead in fourteen hours.

#### “ WALES.

“ The scenery which presents itself on this route is very American. The road passes through a country which resembles our most sterile districts, abounding in limestone and in mountains without a shrub. In the lonely hills of Caernarvon I did not see even a solitary bird. Some huts were scattered here and there, as on the North River Highlands. The suspension-bridge which unites the island of Anglesea with the main-land is a noble monument of British enterprise. Its one span is five hundred feet in length, and is high enough for the tallest ship to pass beneath. I found an agreeable companion in Mr. Blake, member of parliament for Dublin.

#### “ DUBLIN.

“ We arrived here by steamer in the morning after leaving Birmingham, two hundred and twenty miles. When we landed, it was as much

as the policeman could do to keep our baggage from being mauled to fragments. And nothing could keep the beggars of all forms and sizes from assailing us. Poor Ireland! the first thing that one sees is thy poverty, fruits of priestly and political tyranny. Dublin is a beautiful city. Its inhabitants are said to be very refined, and its women elegant. We saw on Saturday many of them promenading, quite pretty in features, and with a sweet expression of intelligence and amiable disposition. On Trinity Sunday heard a defense of the Trinity in the chapel of Trinity College. The music of Haydn's "Creation" drew a great number to the first part of the service, who then left at the beginning of the sermon. The student's dress is rather pretty.

#### "JOURNEY THROUGH IRELAND.

"The Castle is said to contain an embalmed body, of which the story is, that the original rent-lease was given at a penny per acre 'as long as a body is above ground.' It is now two hundred and eighty years that the lessees have kept that body above ground. There are two things I do not know, — whether it be true; and, if true, whether an American jury would allow such trickery to prevail. Passed through Dundalk, where a fair was in progress for the traffic in potatoes. It was a truly Irish scene, as potatoes have come to stand for a kind of emblem of the agriculture and even physical life of the nation. Newry has a beautiful site, lying toward the sea, and the mountain views in this district are fine. Passed the Holy Well, where the sick come and leave some fragment of a garment as a charm. This is the most glaring sign of a national superstition we have yet met. There is a large bush completely covered with rags of all colors, which the poor deluded creatures have hung up to scare themselves into the possession of health. As you advance north in Ireland, a pleasing change takes place. But it seems to me that somebody's conscience ought to be troubled at the miserable condition of the Irish villages. That there should be, right across the channel from England, a people under the same government, who are so entirely contrasted from the English peasantry, — so filthy, so poor, so degraded, is owing to some immense moral instrument; either the political or the ecclesiastical lords must be held responsible. We passed a Danish fort of the olden time. It is very interesting to meet these landmarks and vouchers of history. There are here also some round towers, supposed to have been temples of the fire-worshippers.

#### "GIANT'S CAUSEWAY.

"We first visited a cave six hundred and sixty-six feet deep, ninety-six feet high, very grand in its appearance, and awful in the sepulchral reverberations of the human voice and of the waves of the North Sea, which roll in here with all their unbroken force. There are several

headlands composed of columnar basalt. I had formed a wrong estimate of the causeway by confounding it with Fingal's cave in Staffa. This induced a feeling of disappointment. I imagined columns two hundred feet high, all hexagonal, and extending a mile around the coast. But when you first go out in the boat, you are shown the Causeway, a low spot surrounded by hills two hundred and twenty feet high. The columns then appear very slender and irregular. The feeling of disappointment is somewhat diminished as you proceed to Bengore Headland, which has two strata of columns separated by an unshapen mass of basalt, the lower tier being thirty, and the upper fifty feet high. These and several other promontories are very imposing. You debark and walk over many of them, and are pointed to various objects which the superstitious imagination of darker ages associated with the persons and employments of the fabled giant who lived here. His chair, basin, pulpit, grandmother, court, chimneys, are all visible. Then you are led to the famed Causeway, which was the path he was constructing for the invasion of Scotland. The great Causeway is seven hundred feet long from its first appearance on the land side to the sea. You can then see it sloping down into the sea as far as the water is transparent. The columns here are fourteen inches in diameter, forming in but one known case a figure even nearly equilateral. That one is a beautiful pentagon. The others are three, four, six, nine sided, being all composed of pieces from six to fourteen inches in length, convex at one end and concave at the other. At Fairhead, it is said that there are columns one hundred feet long without a joint.

“ Sir Francis McNaughton has a beautiful situation near the Causeway. We wandered around the bold coast at Port Rush for more than a mile, being detained there in waiting for the steamer. My feelings of disappointment were somewhat relieved in passing the Causeway out at sea. The headlands are grand, although they throw the Causeway itself completely in the shade. The Causeway has no grandeur to the eye. The imagination, following it far down into the sea, makes it indeed sublime; but to the eye it is no more than curious, while the high bluffs rising four hundred feet with their successive strata of columnar basalt are truly majestic. It is no difficult effort of the fancy to transform them into coliseums and monasteries of gigantic structure, in the most beautiful forms of Gothic architecture.

#### “ PASSAGE TO SCOTLAND.

“ We entered the Frith of Clyde, May 26th. Stopped at Greenock, the first spot of my father-land which I touched; passed the Unicorn, a Liverpool steamer; went on board of her at Greenock. She is the most splendid vessel I ever saw. Went to Dumbarton; passed its famed rock and castle, but had not time to ascend. Went from D. to Renton, the

birthplace of Smollett. The citizens have erected a monument of granite to his memory. Sir James Cahoan has an estate on Loch Lomond, twenty-five miles in extent. Came in sight of Ben Lomond, three thousand one hundred feet high, being ascended by a road five miles in length. We prepared to mount, but were prevented by bad weather. Loch Lomond is wild and romantic.

“GLASGOW.

“Our sail up the Clyde was enchanting. It is a superb river. On Sunday I went first to the High Church (rather an ominous title), which was formerly the papal cathedral. It is one of the most beautiful specimens of Gothic, but poorly adapted to Protestant worship. The preacher was sound and strong, but abstract and somniferous, composing his audience one by one into calm slumbers. Oh, how much talent is wasted in the gospel ministry, by not being directed to the human mind in its actual state! *Cui bono! cui bono!* one is constantly forced to exclaim in hearing such sermons. A thousand of them would never trouble a slumbering conscience, nor turn a sinner to Christ. Yet to a mind accustomed to reflection on theological truth, this sermon was admirably calculated to deepen the impression of the glory and sublimity of God’s providence. But the preacher mistook his place. He ought to have delivered the sermon to a class of theological students. The whole service savored to me of that treacherous system which omits Christ and Him crucified; cold! cold!

“Dr. Wardlaw has a fine congregation. His church is a school; the people all having their Bibles and following him in his quotations and explanations of texts. His sermon was one of a series on moral duties.

“STIRLING CASTLE.

“This venerable pile is situated on an elevation which rises in great abruptness from the plain on the north side. From its height are seen the palace of James I. and V., Queen Anne’s buildings, Abbey Craig where Charles the Pretender drew up his troops, Ochill Hills with a well of water on the highest, and the only one having water. Edinburgh is seen thirty-four miles away. The Grampians are in sight; Craig Forth, a huge rock abruptly rising from a flat. The place is twelve miles distant, where Wallace and Bruce were victorious. Loch Leven, twenty-five miles, where Mary was carried by Douglas. Hurley Hockey, where in ’45 the rebels beheaded the nobles, and the farm given by James to a farmer who had often entertained him as ‘the guid man of Ballanquick’ are in plain sight. It is not known who built the old palace. The Parliament palace, the grating over the window of Mary’s prison, the room where James II. was beheaded by Douglas, Ben Lomond on the south-west side, the King’s Knot, or Round Table, Bannock-



burn, — all in view, — the rising ground where the women and children burst suddenly upon the sight of the English and alarmed them. In the castle is the den for the lions, the place of the ancient tournaments, and the room where James VI. of Scotland was educated by George Buchanan.

“*Route to Edinburgh.* — Passed by the beautiful valley of the Forth. Saw the birthplace of Mary Queen of Scots.

“ EDINBURGH.

“This is one of the loveliest of cities. It is in part singularly built, having streets crossing other streets twenty and sixty feet above them in the air. The houses in the new portion are in good taste ; and the public buildings, monuments, and gardens throw a charm over the whole city. Holyrood House was built by James V., and finished in the reign of Charles II. The ruins of the royal chapel show its former beauty. The tombs of the nobles are ranged around it. In this chapel Mary was married to Darnley. Here is the royal tomb with the bones actually exposed to view. But royal dust looks like other dust. You see the tomb of Bishop Wisheart, 1671 ; Lord Belhaven, 1639 ; the confession-room of Mary ; Marquis of Breadalbane’s apartments. The picture gallery was built by the Stuarts for a ball-room. All the kings of Scotland are there on canvas. The apartments of Mary are very interesting, containing her very furniture, — a mirror and a table brought by her from France ; her chair and Lord Darnley’s, and one wrought by her ; the old grate on the hearth ; her bed and tapestry ; a work-box with tapestry showing Jacob’s dream ; the room in which Rizzio was at supper with Mary and the Duchess of Argyle, when he was struck dead by Darnley and his associates. The stain of his blood on the floor of the outer chamber, whither they dragged him from the supper room, yet remains. The dressing-room contains the furniture she brought from France, and a glass put in by her father. Her miniature is there.

“I had letters to Dr Chalmers ; but unfortunately he was absent. He is preparing to shoot a death-shot at our anti-establishment doctrines.”

At the end of October Mr. Kirk returned to London. There he found but little rest, preaching in the Surrey Chapel (Rowland Hill’s) three times on the first Sabbath ; addressing the Maternal Association on Monday ; preaching on Tuesday evening for the Seamen’s Society ; for the Young Men’s Society on Wednesday ; for Mr. Philip, of Maberly Chapel, on Sunday, and, in the afternoon, to his Sunday-school ; in the evening, to the British Young Men in Dr.

Cox's; on Monday, addressing the Female Refuge; on Wednesday, preaching for the London Female Mission, besides making three temperance addresses.

“ROUTE TO PARIS.

“I suffered more in crossing the Channel than in crossing the Atlantic. At Calais it seemed to me strange that a number of military men should board the boat, take away our baggage, demand our passports, and altogether treat us like suspected persons. But I found that we had now come under the system of European espionage, and that there was but one alternative — calm submission. Calais is an old town, probably the port whence Cæsar set sail for Britain. It has a strong citadel and quite a pleasant promenade upon its ramparts. Calais will ever be a monument of patriotism because of the sacrifice of the six noble citizens who offered themselves in 1347 to save their country. We passed through a kind of country entirely new to me. It was strange to see no fences nor hedges, all the cattle and sheep grazing under the vigilant care of the shepherd and his sagacious dog.

“We passed through many interesting towns, and not far from the forest *Crécy*, where Edward the Black Prince gained his memorable victory. St. Denis contains a church originally belonging to a Benedictine Abbey, the burial place of the French kings. Revolutionary fury destroyed it. Napoleon began to restore it, and in the subterranean chapel he erected three expiatory altars, — one for the race of Clovis, another for that of Charlemagne, a third for the Capetians. The reparations are still advancing. Some very fine monuments are found there.

“The road from St. Denis to Paris is almost a street lined with houses, passing by Montmartre, Belleville, and Chaumont, which are memorable for resisting the allied armies or for being defended by the pupils of the Polytechnic School.

“PARIS.

“The gay, the wicked, the learned, the royal Paris is before me. Its gates have just opened. I come in a stranger to its customs; its people, its language, and everything strikes me as strange; the vehicles, the pavements, the houses, the signs. The first day after arriving, I started directly off to hear a French lecture, to begin to accustom my ear to the spoken language. I found that translating a language from a book is a very different thing from understanding it when spoken.”

During Mr. Kirk's stay in Paris, Dr. Baird, then secretary of the Foreign Evangelical Society, invited him to commence a Sabbath service in a little chapel in the Rue St. Anne. Mr.

Kirk consented, and was delighted to find immediate evidence that the arrangement was very agreeable to Americans passing through the city or resident there. Our excellent ambassador, Governor Cass, a true American, considered it an American institution, preventing the youth of our country then in that wicked city from being swept away from the morality of their fathers and the love of their country. Mr. Kirk used playfully to call Governor Cass "Deacon." The governor not only used to persuade his friends, American and English, to attend service, but performed the sexton's part in seating the people; often himself sitting on the steps of the desk to accommodate others. It was a strange sight in the midst of gay Paris, the long line of coaches of the nobility and the *élite* waiting in front of the little chapel every Sabbath. The British ambassador's wife passed by her own chapel, and was an habitual attendant upon this.

"I must pay a tribute," subsequently wrote Dr. Kirk, "to Governor Cass's amiable family, whose kind civilities were so agreeable to me in that land of strangers; and none of them will think it invidious if I should mention with special interest that amiable, modest, godly woman, the wife and mother, who gave to Europeans so beautiful an exhibition of the spirit of Christ in her high position."

The following letter recounts an interesting episode in this friendly intercourse, and prepares us for his departure from Paris to make a tour in southern Europe:—

"PARIS, *January 9, 1838.*

"MY DEAR SISTER,—I have postponed writing until this evening, supposing that you would be interested in hearing the report of my presentation at the court of France. Understanding from Governor Cass that I might go in a black dress with white gloves, I determined to be introduced to the royal family. I went with eight or ten Americans. We passed through the long suite of rooms in the Tuileries (perhaps ten rooms, of thirty feet in length), brilliantly lighted, with a liveried usher at each door. After waiting half an hour in the salon which contains the throne, we were arranged in single file all around the room, under our respective ambassadors, British, American, Austrian, etc. This was a small presentation, of not more than sixty. All but myself and a British clergy-

man were arrayed in brilliant uniform or a court dress. The royal family were at last ushered in. First the king is introduced to each person by name. He says a few commonplace things. After he has passed a little distance, the queen follows with the Princess Clementina leaning on her arm. She speaks to each one, the princess merely bowing. Then the Princess Adelaide, the king's sister, follows. And finally, the heir-apparent, the Duke of Orleans. The king asked me what part of New York I was from; stated that he had never seen Albany. Mr. Cass observed to him that I had not a sword because I was a clergyman. 'That is just as it should be,' he remarked. I said that by his majesty's clemency I was permitted to appear in my simple garb. 'I am delighted,' said he, 'to see you here as you are.' The queen made remarks upon the propriety of my appearing in the robes of peace; so did the duke. Mademoiselle Adelaide merely asked me how long I had been in Paris; how long I proposed to stay. The king and his son were in uniform; the ladies were dressed simply, the two elder having little riding-hats with the rim turned up in front, and feathers — the princess with a hat, and a white boa around her neck. This court is the most simple and unostentatious that France has had for years. Think what it was under Napoleon! when ladies found it necessary to practise for three weeks the step which they should make when introduced. Tomorrow night comes the grand ball, to which I am invited, of course, from having been presented to-night. But I will not go.

"We have had uncommonly mild weather until last night. And it is now cold, severely cold; yet nothing like our genuine Albany winter. But everything freezes, even in my chamber. In these mild climates they do not provide well for the winter. The houses are cold. Not a carpet have I seen in all the palace this night. I have none in my chamber nor parlor.

"I am purposing to travel in Italy in March. I want to be in Rome during the 'Holy Week.' As to Palestine, I am afraid that the want of time and of money will disappoint my hopes. Governor Cass has almost tempted me. He says that for five hundred dollars I can make the tour from Paris. You of course want to know what my plans are. I cannot tell you. They are not yet sufficiently determined. But it is not impossible that I shall stay here until Mr. Baird can go to America and organize the society that employs him, and return. He is very anxious that I should; and the importance of the work here almost induces me to consent to his proposal. Your brother, EDWARD."

## CHAPTER VII.

### TRAVELS IN SOUTHERN EUROPE.

1838.

ON the 1st of March, 1838, Mr. Kirk entered upon a tour through parts of France, Italy, and Switzerland. He left Paris directly for the city of Lyons, among whose many objects of interest to him were the bridge "built in part by the mighty Cæsar," and the ruins of an old Roman aqueduct.

From Lyons he went to Nismes, "the sacred spot of the enthusiastic antiquarian!" "You are there introduced to the Roman amphitheatre. There it is, the identical building in which the old Romans used to enjoy their brutal sports, capable of containing 23,000 persons. It was built by seven of the emperors." The seats of the magistrates, vestals, and emperors; the very cages of the lions; the immense galleries for the spectators, received more than a passing notice. The park laid out by Louis XV., containing the ruins of a temple of Diana, the immense Roman aqueduct, *Pont du Gard*, once twenty-five miles in length, are only reminders to us of the traveler's enthusiasm.

This journey from Lyons down the Rhone is thus described:—

"The descent of this river is enchanting, especially when, as now, the waters are swollen. You glide down so gracefully and rapidly that it makes a perpetually shifting panorama of mountains, now pressing upon the very brink of the stream, and now retreating a hundred miles; for the view embraces even Mont Blanc. Mountains, ruins, villages, and a constant succession of their ethereal chain bridges, make it altogether scenery quite unique. We found on this boat the custom of restaurants instead of a regular and general meal. In some respects it is quite

pleasant. But for the cleanliness of the boat and agreeableness of the food, not much can be said. We had one poor drunken creature who 'paid for his whistle' by being carried past his place of destination, and having to find, in two respects, that it is harder to row up stream than down.

"The approach to Avignon is quite impressive. It is an entirely harmonious scene of the sombre east. Everything is in keeping. Not a gay figure or color disturbs the one grave sentiment inspired by the old castles and walls of the city. All is antique, venerable, sombre, solid. We rested here to see the seat of papal grandeur in the days of its rivalry with Rome. Much of the old palace of the popes is remaining, though now changed into a casern for the army; opposite to it is the building then used for a mint, that must once have possessed some architectural beauty. Strangers are first taken to the Saloon of Reception; from that to the Tribunal of the Inquisition. Yes, it is a striking fact that cruelty and horrid injustice have left their indelible stain on this building; and it is the first thing which meets the stranger's eye on entering this palace of the pretended representatives of the merciful and righteous Saviour. The ceiling of this tribunal is a semi-cylinder, so contrived as that the sound of the criminal's voice should pass through eight or ten holes to an upper chamber, where the clerks of the court noted down all which could be made to betray the man into the power of that cruel institution. The next room is the Torture Room! Yes, here, under the same roof with the vicar of Jesus, was the room constructed with hellish ingenuity to drown the cries of the sufferers. It is open at the top of a high chimney, and the walls present a continually varying surface to deaden sound. Next is the Prison, where many a poor fellow has left the record of his solitary hours upon the stones. But they and their oppressors have long since stood before a common and impartial judge. Next is the chamber, eighty feet above ground, with a hole in the floor through which the condemned were sometimes thrown. The mark of their blood is yet pointed out. Next is the awful furnace for burning men and books. The smoke on the chimney was said to be sulphurous. I could not trust all our guide said, for he seemed quite unfriendly to the Romish Church. He pointed out a door, now walled up, which he said led to a secret passage passing under the river to the castle on the opposite side. If so, it was probably for security in the troublous times which so long agitated this country. The chapel of the palace was built on the ruins of an ancient temple dedicated to Diana. The front remains yet, an antique, and is truly beautiful. The next object of interest here is the Chapelle de Miséricordi, where the ten or twelve nuns have a hospital containing one hundred and sixty insane. The same nuns have charge of the prisoners; and formerly they had the privilege of redeeming one criminal from death every year. One whom they thus saved presented, as a mark of gratitude, an ivory figure of Christ on the cross."

From Avignon to Marseilles, — a city with a history of more than twenty centuries ; thence to Nice, over whose gardens, blooming with roses and yellow with the ripening oranges, rest each day the shadows of the Maritime Alps.

“ GENOA.

“ On Wednesday we started at 6 P. M. for Genoa. The coast was a very impressive object, as it presented directly in front its bold, dark rocks and ravines in contrast with the varied hills which reflected golden and purple rays as they stretched away in the calm perspective of the west. We arrived in good condition at Genoa, in the very time to see this beautiful city to advantage.

“ The Italians have called this *La Superba*. From the sea it rises beautifully in the form of an amphitheatre, on a declivity of the Apennines. But the beauty is all lost to one who has been accustomed to the wide and convenient streets in the United States, the moment he enters the town itself. To pass the everlasting topic of custom-house officers and porters as lightly as possible, I may say that we escaped very well ; for while the former were engaged in overhauling our goods and chattels, I remarked to one of my companions, ‘ Now get out your francs.’ ‘ No,’ said the presiding officer, a man of respectable appearance ; ‘ it is not permitted.’ But the issue was, that our trunks were lightly fingered ; and in the course of an hour a message came to our hotel that they would take the money we talked of giving. But fortunately for our purses and their consciences, we were not at home. The cathedral is not remarkable for anything except an emerald vase which it contains, and which is *said* to have been presented to an old Jewish king named Solomon, by one Queen of Sheba ! Now begins the tax on our faith. The other churches we omitted, except the *Annunziata* and *St. Maria di Carignano*. The latter contains some fine colossal statues, and is altogether characterized by a simplicity of taste which we have not discovered in Catholic churches generally.

“ The glory of Genoa was, that it contained the commercial enterprise of the world at the time of the crusaders, rivaling Venice in the mighty trade which those fanatical labors originated ; that it breathed a lofty spirit of independence in the days of the Dorias ; that it had a Christopher Columbus ! But those days have passed ; and now the traveler is introduced to the elegant though not spacious palaces, which are the purchase of that wealth ; but nothing else to show him what Genoa has been. We found it difficult to discover any monuments of gratitude to the great men who have given her so high a name on the page of history. It is true they do preserve in a large cylinder, resembling a Russian stove, the autographs of Columbus, and a bust. But as to the autographs, they are

under three locks, the keys of which are kept by three different officers; and, unfortunately for us, one of them was in the country, and so we took it all on trust. And as to the bust, I have now seen three; and am inclined to say of all of them, in the language of certain classic authors, 'None of your humbug.' There is a marquis who has a curious, rather than a handsome, garden on the steep part of a hill. He puts there the busts of the great, living or dead. He has the second edition, *enlarged* and improved, of the bust of the aforesaid navigator. They look as much alike as any other two human beings that have not lost any attributes of the race from their visages. Among other busts in this garden are one of Washington and one of the most celebrated living Genoese, — Paganini, the violinist.

"But after all this eloquent jeremiad and profound criticism on the condition of Genoa, let it be remarked, that we were there two days, and under the guidance of an uneducated cicerone. I had a letter to the American consul, who lives in one of the palaces, in truly splendid apartments, and with a degree of comfort which would certainly render any ordinary American house too small and too vulgar for his republicanism.

"The ducal palace, where the Doges once resided, is an ugly building, built on the ruins of the old palace consumed by fire. All the beautiful statues in it were destroyed by revolutionary frenzy. Oh, it makes the heart sick as one travels in Europe, to see that where time has paid a sacred regard to the beautiful achievements of human art, the barbarous hand of man has ravaged them, and left us but the fragments which provoke, not satisfy, our curiosity. Here you see a veritable prow of one of the old Carthaginian galleys discovered in 1597.

"To return to this matter of Columbus. I am willing to admit, in candor, two things: that I did not see everything which Genoa contains, and that we cannot expect Europeans to feel about the discovery of America as we do. We have all their feelings as men generic, and then others specifically American. But in regard to the first, after all, I think that a stranger should not be able to visit Genoa without having the name of Columbus mingling with the very rays of the sun. I think it a burning shame that in Genoa itself we cannot see the very features of the man to whom we owe so much. To be sure, the attempt to give us his likeness is praiseworthy. But it ought to be written so that none could mistake it; this is the ideal Columbus of such a man. In that light it is pleasant to look at the masterpieces of Grecian sculpture which embody their conceptions of certain intellectual and moral attributes which they ascribed to their gods. There it is well, because no one is deceived. But it is rather tantalizing to have approached a bust in breathless excitement to look upon the very features of some venerated man, and in the very zenith of your enthusiasm to have it intimated this was made



from descriptions and from the author's conception of what Columbus was in form and feature."

Through Genoa, home of Columbus, to the southward. "At one time you are on the edge of a precipice where the road has been hewn in the sides of marble rocks, on the very edge of the sea. On the one side is the immense sheet of water mingling its distant brim with the sky; on the other, mountains crowned to their summits with olive gardens, vine yards, and cypresses." Through Carrara, renowned for its marble; through Pisa, ancient town of Etruria, with its buildings of Grecian and Gothic splendor, its Baptistery, its Leaning Tower, its Campo Santo (Holy Field), so called because its soil was brought from Mount Calvary; through Leghorn — to the Eternal City.

"ROME.

"There is no spot on this earth which has so many associations of earthly grandeur as modern Rome. It is here we are now standing; and here we confess ourselves the subjects of impressions altogether novel. Perhaps the first reflection of a visitor from our 'practical' land is awakened on seeing the vast uncultivated Campagna around the city of Rome, and the paralyzed population that lazily tread its streets. How sad the lesson!

"The gay traveler visits Rome as one of the great cities of the world. He has been in London, in Paris, in St. Petersburg, in Vienna. He has had a round of exciting occupations, and hoping to live at the same degree above blood-heat, he comes to Rome. His disappointment is great. He arrives during the Holy Week. As he approaches the city, she sits in solitary majesty, like a widow in her weeds. The soil that lies around the vast sepulchre of an empire refuses to bloom with flowers or even to encourage the pursuits of agriculture. He enters the gate; all is grave, and often sombre, in her streets. He asks for her theatres; they are closed. He goes to lounge in a coffee-house; it is the day of a solemn festival, and the doors are closed. He sees every amusement checked; the ladies are in half-mourning. He has letters to families; they receive him kindly, but can offer him no gay circle, no soirée, no ball. He came to Rome to enjoy himself, and flies from it in disgust.

"The utilitarian comes from the land of commerce, railroads, and agriculture. The moment he sees the deserted plains around the city, in a vast circle of more than a hundred miles, he exclaims, 'Why don't they drain it?' He, too, enters the gate; looks for commerce, ships, steamers,

wharves, bustle, and all the signs of activity and of trade. But there are none. A few vessels from the Mediterranean approach the very extremity of the city ; and a few straggling fuel and vegetable boats lie along the banks of the Tiber, within the gates. But all is quiet as at one of our inland villages. No trade is carried on at Rome, above petty retailing and the sale of statuary, paintings, mosaics, etc. Multitudes of pilgrims to its festivals and to its works of genius are constantly there, except in the sickly season; but they cannot make it gay, nor even lively. To all this I became quite reconciled before quitting Rome the last time. It is fitting that the reflections inspired by the grave of an empire, amid the monuments of departed greatness, should be undisturbed by anything which encourages even the cheerful feelings.

“ In describing some of the features of modern Rome, I would present it under the aspects of the Fine Arts, Social Customs, and of Religion, because in these respects its impressions are very different.

“ *Architecture.*

“ My predilections being altogether with the antique school, I must at once say I cannot admire modern Rome in this respect. Unquestionably in many respects St. Peter’s stands unrivaled. But in some of the most important, I must consider it eminently faulty, and as a proof that mankind were but emerging from the period of corrupted taste when it was built. It lacks simplicity and majesty. The entrance is finely conceived; an immense semicircular portico of four rows of columns of massive size surrounding an open court more than six hundred feet wide and seven hundred and fifty long; followed by a corridor of two hundred feet (about), which forms a kind of wing to the church. These porticoes are crowned with colossal statues; and the Place, or court, has two splendid fountains, besides the immense Egyptian obelisk, for ornaments. The whole open space in front of St. Peter’s is one thousand and seventy feet long. The porticoes contain two hundred and eighty-four Doric columns, and sixty-four pilasters. Under the middle section two carriages can pass abreast. There is something very pleasant in the separation of places for worship apart from the ordinary buildings of a city. And the conception of Michael Angelo was indeed magnificent. He wished to form a portico entirely to the Castle of St. Angelo, perhaps a mile in length. Had he carried out that conception, and put the dome near the front of the church, I think no one would ever have heard of disappointment in first beholding St. Peter’s. This church was three hundred and fifty years in building; and, in fact, is not completed yet, if it is to be entirely lined with marble. It has cost thirty million dollars. Thirteen popes and fifteen architects have carried it through its successive stages. To return to its defects; it lacks the simple, chaste, round columns and the right-lined entablature of Greece. It is Roman, and

that is its fault. All its pilasters are cut up into strips, instead of being plain and massive. Its ornaments are rather tawdry and elegant than impressive. The mosaics of the dome are very rich; but they are not in good taste.

“But I have done with fault-finding; and I must now do justice to my own feelings. My heart became attached to it, and I quitted it with reluctance. Its proportions, magnitude, and riches, must be seen to be imagined. To compare its size: St. Paul’s, in London, is four hundred and ninety-nine feet by two hundred and fifty-one; Milan Cathedral, four hundred and ten by three hundred and twelve; St. Peter’s, five hundred and seventy-five by four hundred and seventeen. Its dome is its wonder. Bramante conceived the design of it. He erected for it four columns, each two hundred and six feet in circumference. It is one hundred and thirty feet in diameter, elevated on these four columns, one hundred and sixty-six feet high. It is itself, including its pillars, lanterns, ball and cross, four hundred and twenty-four feet high. Its walls are double, measuring twenty-two feet through. The proportions of the building are so exquisite that one is deceived in the size of everything. The eye is offended with nothing. To speak of its riches and splendor, — statues, tombs, marbles, precious stones, paintings, the largest and most exquisite mosaics, meet the eye everywhere. Bronze, gold, and marble seem to form a degree of splendor which I had never before conceived of. Particular descriptions I cannot give here.

“*Museums and Galleries.*”

“The Vatican itself is worth a voyage from America. If I had seen but it I had been repaid. It is a pontifical palace, pertaining to St. Peter’s, situated behind one of its porticoes. Its immensity can be appreciated by the number of its chambers, which is eleven thousand. Charlemagne lived in the palace on this spot when he came to be crowned by Leo III. For it should be remarked, that the present St. Peter’s is built upon the ancient one, whose chapels remain undisturbed in solemn silence and darkness, under the present magnificent structure.

“We begin with the two chapels which it contains, as you meet them first after mounting the splendid staircase. The Pauline Chapel is not remarkable. But the Sistine contains the great work of Michael Angelo. He was engaged nearly five years in painting the parts committed to him. The ceiling has rather an odd mixture of the Old Testament and paganism. But judges say that, as a work of art, it and the ‘Last Judgment’ on the wall at the end of the chapel are unrivaled. To my untaught eye nothing was impressive except the figures of the Prophets. But it is not in a few places at Rome that one feels his ignorance.

“The Lodges of Raphael are a kind of compartment or section into which the portico around the main court of the Vatican is divided.

These were ornamented by the celebrated arabesques of Raphael, together with his Old Testament history. I could see no special beauty except in the arabesques, a species of graceful but fantastical ornament.

“The Corridor of Inscriptions is a collection of the epitaphs found on pagan and ancient Christian tombs. They are very interesting, and some very touching. The emblems of death used by the Greeks and Romans were much more poetic than ours. We have a horrid skeleton. They had either a lion pouncing upon some feeble animal, or an angelic being mournfully holding a flambeau with its flame pressed upon the earth to extinguish it.

“*The Library.*—This surpasses all others in the world by the number of its manuscripts, Greek, Latin, Italian, and Oriental, and the printed works of the fifteenth century. The ante-chamber has seven interpreters employed by the government. The next apartment is two hundred and sixteen feet long, forty-eight broad, and twenty-eight high. This immense hall is lined with cases full of manuscripts. Next come two galleries four hundred paces long, full of manuscripts. Next, the collection of the sacred utensils employed by, and instruments of torture employed against, the ancient Christians. Then come other collections of pagan antiquities, chiefly in bronze.

“*Literature.*

“On the literature of modern Rome I must say less than on other branches; because very few strangers can get access to the literary treasures or men of that city. I had a letter which gave me a general acquaintance with the prodigy of his age, Mezzofanti. I found him talking Hebrew with his Jewish domestic. He turned and conversed very fluently in English and with very little accent. He is said to speak forty-five languages and to know more than fifty. He and Mai, both lately made cardinals, are perhaps the most learned men in the world. The system of education, except in the Propaganda, I *conjecture* to be very feeble. But there are many learned men, and several superb libraries.

“The student of Latin literature will find here a thousand objects to give a ‘local habitation’ to things which before had but a ‘name.’ There are so many remains which time and human barbarism have spared to locate public and private buildings, to demonstrate to the eye Roman magnificence and taste, to form the ground for local associations, that every former conception becomes more definite and vivid. There is in fact a reality given to men and things which mere descriptions are capable of furnishing to but few minds. You walk here amid the very temples, villas, groves, statues, columns, and arches which witnessed the presence, the triumph, the rise and fall of those mighty names. Here is the statue of Pompey, before which Cæsar fell. Here are the images or busts of Cicero, of most of the emperors, the idols they worshiped,

the tombs of their dead, their mighty mausoleums, their roads, their sewers, their theatres, their mile-posts. The scenes of the most interesting events in their history are here authentically indicated.

One cannot but feel an increased veneration for the intellectual traits of the old Roman character. They did everything on a mighty scale. The very ruins of the buildings, which they have left, carry the impression of their bold ambition. Rome with them was everything. She was the mistress of the world, and they meant to make her worthy of her title. Such massiveness and solidity of architecture, such extent and magnificence; such variety, quantity, and richness of ornament speak the lofty soul of that people. One must feel this when he rides over the very unremoved, unaltered pavement which they laid down two thousand years ago; and when he sees the Coliseum, composed of squared stones of large size, every one of which was brought from Tivoli, a distance of twenty miles.

“ But amid these monuments of their grandeur, you feel too that they were men. They have all passed away. And the religion which they so cherished has given place to another. Their temples have all been purged and consecrated to the religion which makes no compromise with any form of paganism. And yet as a Protestant I think that if one of the old priests should come out of his tomb in the midst of some of the ceremonies, he would find himself more at home with the modern worship than with that of him whom they call Prince of the Apostles.

“ *Amusements.*

“ We have left to us specimens of their theatres, amphitheatres, circuses, baths, villas. The theatres are those of Pompey and of Marcellus. The former seated twenty-eight thousand spectators. Nothing, however, is left but some foundation stones under a modern palace. Attached to this theatre was an immense portico to shelter the people in inclement weather. It contained the celebrated Curia, in which Cæsar was murdered by Brutus. Here you see the very spot. And in the Palazzo Spada you see the very statue before which it was done. What more can the enthusiastic antiquarian ask? But the remains of Marcellus’s Theatre are altogether more interesting, because so much more entire. It is interwoven with modern houses; but yet shows much of its ancient grandeur. This was the second theatre built at Rome, and was erected by Augustus in honor of his nephew Marcellus; and its architecture is so fine as to have served for a model to all succeeding ages. But one thing I must premise in speaking of the beauty of antiques. There is a great disappointment to many Americans who have heard such enthusiastic descriptions of European architecture and antique fragments. I take my own feelings as a specimen. In reading these delineations, I have always given play to my imagination, and seen splendid buildings

of chaste, unsullied marble brilliant in its virgin whiteness, or elegant in the variety and richness of its colors. No such thing is found. Not a marble building in Europe have I seen that, considered in regard to colors, is not disgusting.

“But with the antiques there are two sources of gratification, both in the imagination. The one consists in carrying out the fragments in their proper proportions, and realizing what was once the form of the entire building or statue. This is a kind of exercise very much like that of the great Cuvier. Only show him an old mouldy bone of a shape and proportions he had never seen before; he could soon restore the ‘entire animal;’ and all this from his profound knowledge of the animal organization. Such is the pleasure of a thorough antiquarian visiting Rome. He not only feels that his ‘tread is on the dust of empires,’ but he is able also to repeople these silent fields, to reconstruct their buildings, to give life and splendor to their scenes of war, of triumph, of luxury, and of mourning. There is in the gallery of the Vatican a torso or fragment of a statue which has lost its head, arms, and almost all the legs. Yet it is a perfect treat to the well taught connoisseur to see it. And this is because he finds in it the nucleus of beautiful conceptions of a statue. There is another allied source of pleasure, also independent of association. It consists in abstracting the conception of form from that of color. And although the color be, as observed, disgusting, by a proper direction of the attention, all that passes away and nothing is seen but the beauty of outline and form. But to return, Marcellus’s Theatre is a pretty shabby affair, any one might say who had once seen the capitol at Washington; and yet every time it is closely contemplated by the help of the voluminous treatises that have now accumulated on all these objects, the more interesting does it become. It was four stories high; formed in a semicircle terminated by a straight line. Each of the stories in the outer wall was of a different order of architecture. The diameter was two hundred and sixty seven feet.

“There are remains of two amphitheatres, which differed from the theatres in being completely round or elliptical. Before speaking of them, however, I must not omit to mention that a portico was attached to this theatre almost rivaling it in magnificence. It was called Octavia’s Portico, in honor of the emperor’s sister. It was in the form of a parallelogram with a double range of columns, which are supposed to have amounted to two hundred and seventy. It was ornamented with statues made by the masters of that day. Nothing is now left but the ruins of a side-entrance. You can now see four columns and three pilasters, which show what the rest were. The remains of the Temple of Juno, which stood within this portico, are likewise now visible. Of the remaining amphitheatres, one was in brick. It had two stories ornamented with columns and half-columns of the Corinthian order. It was appro-

riated to the combats of soldiers with wild beasts, and to military fêtes. From this circumstance it was denominated The Military Amphitheatre.

“*The Coliseum.*”

“The Emperor Flavius Vespasian caused it to be erected after his return from the conquest of Jerusalem. He placed it in the garden of the celebrated Palace of Nero, or of the Cæsars. These buildings were appropriated to those savage games in which the Romans delighted. Sometimes they continued one hundred days. Five thousand beasts and many thousands of gladiators were killed during that time. Sometimes the whole area was covered with naval combats. In the Middle Ages this was turned into a fort by the *noblesse* who were warring with their neighbors. Time had spared this noble building to that period. But the ruthless hand of man then began its destruction. It was afterwards changed into a hospital; and then the stones were removed to build the palaces of Venice, of the Chancelry, the Farnesian, and the Port Ripetta. It was not until the beginning of this century that special preserving care was given it.

“There were three rows of arcades on the outside, one above another, ornamented with demi-columns and their entablatures. Each row contained eighty arches. Above these was a fourth order, or an attic ornamented with pilasters and windows. The lowest rank of columns is Doric, the second Ionic, the third and fourth Corinthian. The building is oval, 1,641 feet in circumference and 157 high. A multitude of fragments of columns and statues have been found in it, so that it must once have been rich in these ornaments. The arena itself is 285 feet long, 182 wide, and 748 in circumference. Around it was a little wall to defend the spectators from the wild beasts. Then commenced the flights of seats or steps which went completely round, rising one above another. It seated 87,000 spectators. It was open at the top, and yet could be covered by an immense awning to protect from the rain and sun.

“One of the most interesting objects in Rome is the interior of this building as viewed from the highest story by moonlight. The immense size of the building, the ruins of one side overgrown with ivy, the light of the torches through the winding arcade, contrasted with the soft light of the moon stealing in on one side, and the thick darkness covering some of the recesses, the stillness of the same contrasted with the bustle and animation that once reigned there, the recollection of the groans of beasts and men, the savage shouts of the multitude, the pomp of the emperors; and then of the martyrdom of the Christians whose blood has stained that soil, whose spirits rose to rest from that thus consecrated spot, make altogether an hour of such emotions as one can never forget, and yet cannot wish too often repeated. There is as much poetry there as in any spot in Rome.

“Viewed merely in its present form, it possesses no other interest than that of a large mass of well arranged stones. All its interest must therefore arise from the memory and the imagination. In giving full scope to these faculties, we felt our first visit there to be among the most interesting which we have made in this wonderful city. We had at once history, poetry, and eloquence, addressing us with the most interesting themes. The fact that Titus tore down parts even of the golden palace of the Cæsars to make room for it, and all this to give a zest to the life of the meanest Roman,—this must be considered an evidence of at least intellectual grandeur; and no one can study such monuments without feeling an increasing impression from them. This is the agreeable train of reflections which occupies the mind there. But all the rest is sad. On the one hand, the scenes which once were witnessed within these walls, nay, for which they were erected, give them a painful interest. It was, indeed, but the spirit of the age. Still, it shows that Roman magnanimity and philosophy could not take away the brutal spirit of cruelty. This was the favorite resort of all ages, conditions, and sexes. Here the lisping infant was taught by the very mother that suckled it to lift his tiny shout when some poor beast or some more wretched man lay groaning and weltering beneath the fatal blow. And when Christianity had begun to soften the hearts of one part of the nation, the others only brought out their bloodthirsty spirit in stronger exercise; and in place of the beasts and prisoners who once gave life to the scene, and the sight of whose flowing blood gladdened Roman hearts, it was now the Roman citizen, the Roman matron, nay, the very neighbor, whose quivering limbs and expiring groans delighted alike the savage beasts and savage men of Rome. The Coliseum is a bloody monument; not the less interesting, however, as a monument. It is sad, too, to contrast the past with the present. Once what life, what brilliancy animated this spot! The emperors, the nobles, the poets and the philosophers, the orators and the soldiers of Rome have occupied these places—within these walls have been collected again and again the beating pulse of ambition, the hearts glowing with love and patriotism; tens of thousands have here lifted their thunder-shout to the heavens. But to-night all is still as a sepulchre should be; nothing breathes but the sentinel and the traveler; nothing is heard but their monotonous tread. Oh, it is easy here to feel that *Rome was*; that the pride and power of man is vanity.

“*The Baths.*”

“Moderns can have no conception of the extent to which the Romans carried their love of ease, elegance, and luxury, until he has seen or heard of the ruins of their baths. Instead of being a snug little box of ten feet by twenty, they have actually been large enough to contain four



such buildings as the City Hall in Albany. There are four particularly meriting notice. Of one, however, that of Agrippa, which was built in connection with the celebrated Pantheon, we need say nothing.

*“Baths of Caracalla.*

“These had sixteen hundred places for bathers. The famous Apollo Belvedere, the Farnesian Hercules, the Farnesian Bull, and the Farnesian Flora, most celebrated statues of antiquity, were found here. If they were ornamented with such works, their magnificence must have been inconceivably great. To get an idea of their extent: consider that they were one thousand and fifty feet long, as many broad, or four thousand two hundred feet around. There were chambers for guards and stewards attached to the establishment, splendid mosaic pavements, places for gymnastic exercises, library rooms, picture-galleries, etc. They are now a mass of ruins,—but the height of the remaining walls, the great vaults or alcoves in the two middle halls, the immense granite columns,—which have been carried to Florence,—the immense bathing tubs in basalt, all serve to fill the spectator with astonishment and respect, at least, for the energy and taste of ancient Rome.

*“Baths of Diocletian.*

“There were places for three thousand two hundred persons to bathe in. Beautiful porticoes, courts, groves, delicious alleys, magnificent saloons ornamented the immense establishment. Schools of science and gymnastics, the famous Ulpian library from Trajan’s Forum, contributed to its grandeur.

*“Baths of Titus.*

“Here the people bathed, philosophers discussed, orators declaimed, poets recited, and splendid libraries and picture-galleries spread their riches before the people. Agrippa first built one of these establishments, and set the example of making them public. These of Titus, though not so large as those mentioned, were more elegant. Here you discover actually remaining on the walls some perfect arabesques whose colors have retained their brilliancy so long. It is quite evident that Raphael was greatly indebted to them for his beautiful works in the lodges of the Vatican. Before leaving the baths, a word may be said of their bathing-tubs or vessels, on the same scale of luxury and taste as their buildings. These are not, however, ruins; for great numbers of them are perfectly preserved. They are made in white and black marble, in porphyry, in basalt, in granite, etc., varying from five feet to eight in length, and from three to five in height.

*“Palaces.*

“The remains of the stupendous monument of pride called the Palace of the Cæsars or Golden House of Nero, are found upon Mount Palatine. It was begun by Augustus with great simplicity, added to by Tiberius and Caligula; but at last stretched by the proud, sensual Nero to cover more than two hundred acres of ground. It is difficult to conceive of its magnificence. It was decorated with a portico containing three thousand columns. There have been found in its ruins an immense number of chambers and saloons ornamented with columns, statues, and precious marbles. The riches of the empire were concentrated in this palace. Marbles, ivory, gold, and precious stones dazzled on every side. The dining-rooms were decorated with tribunes, whence flowers and perfumes were poured out continually; all kinds of luxury, delicacy, and profusion were exhausted to contribute to the pleasures of a whimsical brute. The most famous architects exerted all their genius to make it singular and grand—and the celebrated Amulius employed all his life in painting it. When Nero had spent his first night in it, his only remark concerning it was, ‘Now I am accommodated like a man.’ The physiognomist has only to look at any of his many busts to see all that and much more written in the truth-telling lines of his face. But oh, the fate of human grandeur! Titus and Vespasian, having been accustomed to its riches from their youth, were satiated with its brilliancy, and found no scruples in destroying a considerable part of it to erect their famous Coliseum and baths. But its greatest suffering was under the Vandals when they sacked the city, and Genseric took away the vessels of bronze which Titus had brought from Jerusalem. At present you see vast piles of brick wonderfully strong in their masonry, and retaining a few of their stronger ornaments. But wreck and ruin meet the eye everywhere. You can stand on one of the terraces and look upon the same magnificent landscape which once pleased the Cæsars. You can see where lay formerly the vast gardens, the groves, the pools, the baths, the outhouses of this vast villa; but the noise of revelry is hushed, the pomp of the triumphal march has given place to the calm and humble employments of agriculture, the hooded monk chants where sung the flatterers of pagan princes, and the Italian gardener cuts his potherbs where the Roman emperor once collected the splendor of his vast dominions.

*“Trajan’s Column.*

“This is probably the most beautiful that ever existed. And it yet stands almost as perfect as it was seventeen hundred years ago. It was erected by the senate to Trajan after his victory over the Dacians. It is of the Doric order, composed of thirty-four blocks of marble united by

clamps of bronze. From its pavement to its top is one hundred and thirty-two feet. The statue alone is eleven feet. Its diameter is eleven feet two inches. It has a staircase inside composed of one hundred and eighty-two steps. Its pedestal is superbly ornamented with military insignia; an eagle stands on each corner. But its chief beauty is in the figures which cover its entire surface, describing the battle, and victories of the emperor. There are about twenty-five hundred figures of men, all differing, and each about two feet high. There is a large number of horses, arms, machines of war, ensigns, and trophies. A spiral cord runs round the column and forms a ground for the actors in each successive scene there described. This column itself stood in the open place of Trajan's Forum, which contained also many beautiful buildings, some of whose foundations are now found in cellars around the place; and the bases and steps and fragments of the columns of a public library are found there. Sixtus V. took down the statue of Trajan and put St. Peter in his place. And if ever the Fine Arts have a quarrel with the Church, she will put this in her bill of wrongs. It is ridiculous to see the apostle of the pacific Christian system surmounting this huge warlike monument."

The weeks spent in the Eternal City left no prominent object of interest unvisited. Every great monument of art, every temple and palace, every highway exhibiting "the very prints of the triumphal cars of the Cæsars," the immense sewers, the forums, and aqueducts, — all these were to him monuments of once living men.

"Strange as it may seem, Roman mightiness appears even in so humble an object as a city drain. The Cloaca Maxima, or great sewer, stands as perfect as it was on the day of its completion. It is made of massive stones, held together by their own weight and the accuracy of their formation, without the aid of clamps or mortar. It is said to be large enough for a wagon loaded with hay to pass through. This magnitude is required by the immense quantities of water thrown into the city by the freshets of the Tiber."

From lessons like these nothing is more natural than to consider with him the results of such a civilization in its present most important phase: —

*“Religion.*

“This is a subject on which I am less prepared to speak than I was on entering the Roman territories. The whole system of the Papacy has presented itself to me in new lights, which are not yet reduced nor harmonized. At Rome one sees some of the best and some of the worst features of the system. Among its best traits is its tolerant character. Yes, it is a fact, that although that church has persecuted the saints of God, and become drunk with the blood of martyrs, yet at Rome a Protestant may live in the most perfect security, enjoying his opinions and worship. Something, however, must be added. This the Romans call toleration; and so it is, compared with the events and spirit of St. Bartholomew’s Day. But compared with our notions, there appear in it some eminent defects. You are tolerated so long as no Catholic embraces your system, or attends your worship. You are tolerated if you will go outside of the walls of the Holy City, and bury your dead away from the consecrated spot. You are tolerated if you discuss nothing, publish nothing, which will make men think out of the old channel. Again, there is less glaring immorality at Rome than in the Catholic cities of other countries. External propriety, decency, modesty, characterizes everything at Rome. So much for the favorable. But the Papacy is the enemy of the dearest temporal interests of man. The political tendencies are all fully developed at the great metropolis, because there the political power is absolute. Nothing prevents the Catholic Church from making a full experiment on human nature.

“But what a population has it made of the Romans! True, it is not unfriendly to science within certain limits; and therefore Rome contains men of eminent learning. True, it patronizes the fine arts; and therefore Rome has some of the best painters, sculptors, and musicians of the world. But where are commerce, national enterprise, eloquence, industry, the useful arts, and, above all, the intellectual elevation of the mass of minds? Noble, manly thinking, and the higher moral attributes of the soul, wither under such an influence. I have less dread of the influence of statuary and painting in religion than formerly. But in coming to this feeling I have not entered into the operations of the uneducated mind. For the ceremonies, and the demi-worship of saints and the Virgin, I cannot say so much. The pictures of Rome have aided my conceptions of events and persons described in the Bible.

*“ROUTE TO NAPLES.*

“The old Appian Way serves for a part of this road. It leads the traveler in view of the ancient aqueducts, tombs, and villas. The hills which border the great Campagna Romana afford elegant sites for country residences. And to this purpose the tasteful Romans appropriated

them. Tivoli, Albano, Tusculum, and several others overlooked the vast plain which stretches out like a sea, and shows the great city in the background. The road is not peculiarly interesting in general. A part of the way across the celebrated Pontine Marshes is under a beautiful arcade of trees, through which we passed just as the sun was setting, and enjoyed a delightful landscape. The tombs of the Horatii and Curiatii are pointed out on the way-side. At Albano we saw a museum containing the cinerary urns and other furniture of ancient Etruscan tombs, which were overwhelmed, before the foundation of Rome, by a volcano whose fires have been long since extinguished. They possess a great interest from their antiquity, from the fact of their pertaining to that wonderful people, and from the resemblance of those urns to the huts of the Etruscans. Several metallic instruments are found in each of them. A singular specimen of coarse familiarity with sacred things shows itself in Anicia, a small town elegantly situated on this spur of the Apennines. Most of the houses have a kind of charm painted on them in some prominent place, — ‘Viva la sangre di Jesu Christi.’

“The spot where Cicero was murdered is marked by a monument. The pass where Hannibal was stoutly resisted by the allies of the Romans; the town which resisted him; the marsh where Marius was taken; the Appii Forum where Paul stopped on his way to Rome, — are all seen by the traveler. It is true that the antiquities of Rome are chiefly classical; yet there are some few associations with the heroes of another spirit than that of the warriors or emperors, which are very dear to the Christian. One’s faith is too much taxed at Rome; there are too many good things. But although we cannot believe that they have the heads of the two chief apostles, nor the print of Peter’s foot in a stone wall, nor the very fountain which they say sprang up miraculously to enable Paul to baptize his jailer, yet we know that Paul was there, that he formed a church there. We have much reason to believe that Peter was there. And if it be delightful to stand where Cæsar stood, to tread the fields of Cannæ, of Thermopylæ, of Thrasymenus; if we love to pause and hear the charming eloquence of Cicero, — why not dwell with raptures on the sacred spot where mortal man contended with the hosts of hell for the glory of God and the salvation of our race; where the heroism of martyrdom displayed the noblest and most rational courage; where the voice was heard which made kings tremble and persuaded the world to turn from dumb idols to the living God?

#### “NAPLES.

“We entered the city of Naples at night, passed along its main street, the Toledo, but saw nothing of interest; delighted, however, to exchange the rough stones of Rome for its broad, smooth pavements. Naples is an ancient Greek city which has survived singular changes, and bears in

its language, buildings, and manners the stamp of each. Its dialect is Italian affected by the Greek, Arab, and Spanish, and is the most disagreeable form of the Italian. Strangers speak of the Italian language as one; but a Roman cannot understand the *patois* of an uneducated Neapolitan. Its buildings are Romano-Græco-Morisco-Spanish, a jumble, in fact; agreeing in nothing but their flat roofs and light appearance.

“We may speak at once of the bay. It must be without parallel. It is like a vast lake bordered by an amphitheatre which rises up on every side, covered with villas, convents, gardens, villages, and trees, in a circumference of more than forty miles. From every point of view it presents peculiar beauties. Standing on the elevation of the castle of St. Elmo, you see on the one side the southern boundary of the bay; Cape Minerva or Sorrento; the little bay and village of Sorrento; the city of Castellamare; Vesuvius, lifting its blasted brow to invite again the bolt of heaven; above, all scorched and desolate; below, all life and beauty, covered with olives and the villages of Torre del Annunziata, Torre del Greco, and Portici.”

“At last comes Naples itself. Turning, you see the island of Capri, defending with its bold front this quiet sea from sympathizing in the troubles of the Mediterranean. Procida and Ischia are beautiful islands. The Cape Miseno bounds it on the north. This whole scene taken together, whether viewed from the heights of the city, from Mt. Vesuvius, from Capri, or Sorrento, is one of the most beautiful in the world. The city is nine miles in circumference, and contains as many inhabitants as New York, being the third city of Europe in numerical rank. The streets are broad and smooth, being entirely flagged, which makes the walking quite agreeable to one who has just left Paris or Rome. Its chief beauty, however, is in its Villa Reale, or Royal Garden, built by Murat. This is beautifully situated on the side of the bay. Its only fault is in its narrowness; and this is only comparative by the side of Hyde Park, the Pincian Hill, the Villa Borghese, etc. Strangers visit the churches and museum free of any other expense than a trifling fee to the door-keepers.

“*Museum.*”

“We first entered the chamber of the recovered cities, Herculaneum and Pompeii. Here are frescoes, mosaics, and statues without number. Their arabesques are beautiful, and put to silence all claims of Raphael to originality in that department, if Titus’s Baths had not done it before. The correctness and spirit of some of the drawings, the freshness of the colors, the expression thrown into their figures, really make modern art appear much less wonderful. Instead of hanging pictures, their houses were ornamented with these. The mosaics are not, however, to be compared to those of modern days. The library contains two hundred thousand volumes. I saw the MSS. of Tasso and of Thomas Aquinas, and

also the most exquisite little work of taste, probably, in the world. It is a Catholic missal 'illuminated,' that is, ornamented in the most finished style. The paintings and arabesques are rich and delicate beyond all conception. The government sets a value upon it beyond money. Nothing can buy it. It is called *The Flora*.

“*Miracle of St. Januarius.*”

“I went into Italy with my mind divested of prejudice against the Catholic Church; that is, I was ready to believe that they were honestly in error. But the more I saw with my own eyes, the more painfully was I brought to two conclusions: First, that the sincere may get to heaven through that religion, but in spite of some of its influences, and with many injuries to their soul, the direct fruit of part of the system; and I do rejoice, on the other hand, to give my testimony to the generous philanthropy, pure morality, and sincere piety which I have found in Catholics. Some of them I reckon among my very dear friends. My second conclusion is, that there are in that church a very large number of intelligent, shrewd hypocrites, duping their fellow-creatures with mummeries which increase their own power. God is my judge if I do not come to this conclusion with sorrow, and record it with pain. I say that the levity of cardinals in their religious services, the ridiculous mummery which was invented in an age of darkness, and which increases priestly power to the hindrance of vital piety,—these things, crowned by the blasphemous trickery in the presence of the nineteenth century in the miracle of St. Januarius, must disgust a pious heart, and bring the candid mind to the conclusion that papacy in Italy is a curse to the human race. I speak not of it now under the modifications it assumes elsewhere. I have now seen it for myself at the fountain-head. I have heard the scandalous reports at Rome freely circulated, and widely believed, concerning the personal character of the Pope and other chief dignitaries of the church. But I pass them and speak of what I saw and heard.

“St. Januarius, the patron saint of Naples, was beheaded. His blood was preserved in a phial. And ever since, on the anniversary of his martyrdom, the coagulated blood becomes liquid in the presence of admiring crowds, and at the moment of its liquefaction at Naples, the stone on which he was beheaded, at some distance from the city, sweats blood. The first part of this grand piece of blasphemous trumpery I saw. Bishop England, the Catholic primate of South Carolina, is reported to have said at a dinner-party in Philadelphia, that he had examined everything connected with that ceremony, in a spirit of utter incredulity; but that when he saw the coagulated blood lifted up above the heads of the people, and out of the reach of the warmth of their bodies, and then, in answer to the prayers of the faithful, the solid became instantaneously a liquid, he rushed into the nave, crying, A miracle! a miracle! Now, I had no

opportunity to examine the substance in the phial. But I stood among the squalling women who cried at the top of their cracked voices: 'O St. Januarius, have mercy' (and a more perfect resemblance of the priests of Baal calling on their idol cannot well be imagined), and I saw the solid mass in a phial passing from hand to hand and from lip to lip, and constantly in the midst of the mass of animal caloric formed by such a crowd, as well as the heat of numberless candles; so that if it was a frozen mass it must have become liquid, or if it was a chemical compound, its chemical process must have been quickened by its position. Is it not disgraceful to human nature to see such scandals in this age of light, practiced in the name of Christ? A good story is told of the French, when they found the power of the priests in exciting the common people against them was so great by means of this blood. The success of their patron's prayers is believed to be testified by the success of this miracle. And hence, if the priests wish to excite a popular commotion against any administration, they have only to keep the agonized multitudes in suspense two or three days waiting in vain for the favorable sign from heaven. If it comes not they can point the silent finger at the obnoxious power; and the work of fanaticism is begun. Thus they were opposing the French army, when Murat planted his cannon before their church door, and holding his sword for a signal in one hand, and his purse in the other, 'Now,' said he, 'take your choice: if in ten minutes the blood liquefies, you have the purse; if not, your church lies in fragments. Now begin your prayers!' And behold, in less than ten minutes, the gracious saint liquefied his blood!

#### “HERCULANEUM.

“More disappointments here. There is something so narrow and illiberal in the Neapolitan government, that one can scarcely restrain his indignation. They might open Herculaneum to the light of day; but instead of that, they take the rubbish from one excavation to fill up another; and therefore all you see is the interior of a theatre about thirty feet under the present surface. In the museum, however, are exhibited food,—bread, almonds, eggs, figs; colors prepared for printing; network, as it was in the hands of a lady; cooking-vessels; the purse of Diomedes's wife, from Pompeii; an onyx bearing the most precious cameo in the world; an asbestos cloth for inclosing the dead to preserve their ashes when burned.

#### “POMPEII.

“The visit here is gratifying to the full, and has no one emotion of disappointment. The imagination cannot have overstepped the bounds of truth in this case. Here you are in the midst of a Roman city, nearly eighteen hundred years from the fatal day when it was buried from hu-



man sight by the scoræ from Vesuvius; and here you see everything just as its dismayed inhabitants left it. Perhaps the most interesting parts of the city remain yet to be excavated. The house of Diomede, in the suburbs, shows much of the style of living among the wealthy. The conveniences and luxuries of life were possessed to a great extent. Each house was furnished with an inner court; or, in fact, each house forms a hollow square; and the rich had fountains either in the middle or on one of the sides. Diomede's wine-cellar was well stored. And there his unfortunate wife was found, with a purse in her hand, attended by a domestic. She had fled there for safety, and was overtaken by the horrid flood. The impression of her breast was made upon the melted substance, and can now be distinctly seen. The windows, like those of eastern houses, opened only on the court. Their walls are all painted, and the colors exist bright to this day. We walked along the ancient pavements and the forum; through their houses (all, of course, now with neither roofs nor upper floors), their theatres, their temples, their baths, their courts of justice, their military barracks, their shops, bake-houses, etc. The scribbling of the soldiers on the walls is as plain as if written yesterday. The fountain is still flowing in the temple of Isis, which it supplied with water. Immense treasures of sculpture have already been taken from this mine; probably much more remains. Too many things remain to prove that their morality was faithfully described in the first chapter of Paul's Epistle to the Romans.

“On the way to Pompeii we passed through the towns of Resina, Portici, and Torre del Greco, which have been boldly built on the very lava that once overwhelmed other cities. Part of the road is over a black, dead mass of lava. The fences and houses are built of nothing else; and in some parts the dust is almost insupportable. The royal chateau at Portici is rather a pretty place. It has a very fine view.

“VESUVIUS.

“Our ascent was by night, because there was then so little fire that we should not have seen it by daylight; we lost, however, the splendid view of the bay. We rode two hours on horseback, stopping at the Hermitage, the last human habitation, tenanted by a monk, and delightfully situated. Our horses were left where the road became impassable for them. It was then, for thirty-five minutes, rough mounting. Sometimes the masses of lava were so thickly clustered that one must step on them; at other times the ashes would slide from under us. Some of our company were obliged to strap themselves fast to their guides and thus be helped to ascend. I accomplished it in five minutes less than the ordinary time, because I found that, like other evils, the sooner it was over the better. My boots were cut to pieces.

“We descended into the first crater by the light of our torches, after

taking some refreshments. And a horrible place it was. The world was wrapt in darkness. We were unable to distinguish a chasm five feet before us. And thus we marched, with faith in our guide, over the very mouth of what had been four years ago a raging hell of sulphurous waves. When we came to the grand crater we discovered fire, and made an almost fatal discovery of gas. It poured around me in one place so pungently and densely that respiration was almost suspended. I was alarmed, for I knew not where to fly. A step to the right or to the left might plunge me into a lake of fire. I happened, however, to recollect having heard that a silk handkerchief placed over the face would enable one to breathe harmlessly an atmosphere filled with a noxious gas. The expedient was completely successful. In one place, I threw down lumps of lava into a little oven, and saw the dark smoke roll up, and heard the splash as it struck the melted mass below. In another place, we were scarcely able to stand, from the intense heat of the pavement beneath us. There we could put our canes into the crevices which were full of fire, and ignite them instantly. A great many awful possibilities were easily imagined in such a place.

“ After leaving the summit, we took a new route where there was nothing but land, or rather ashes. I ran down, almost without stopping, what appeared to me to be the distance of two miles, and, turning back to view my companions, enjoyed the most singular sight. They were coming down the black side of the mountain, one by one, each with his guide holding a torch. A *gendarme* followed us all the way to protect us from the imposition of the guides, and from the smugglers who sometimes hide themselves there. The guides formerly have taken persons up, and then, having them in their power, refused to bring them down but at an exorbitant price. Now everything is arranged by tariff. We met palanquins prepared to carry up several ladies. This is rather expensive work, as it requires eight men to one lady; four carrying her, and four reposing, or rather being relieved. We reached Resina at one o'clock, and returned immediately to Naples — sufficiently fatigued, as in that same day we had visited Herculaneum, Pompeii, Portici, and Mt. Vesuvius.

#### “ PÆSTUM.

“ This was the climax of all that we had seen in the way of antiquity. Here are the ruins of a Greek city founded long before Rome, and containing three magnificent buildings, which can boast not only of an antiquity superior to anything Roman, but being also a link in the chain, and landmarks of the progress of architecture, as it was emerging from the stiffness of the Egyptian and attaining to the grace of the Grecian. Some of the walls of the city exist yet; the foundation of a theatre, which itself was built on the ruins of a temple (there is antiquity for you!)

seven hundred years before Christ. How old is that foundation which was a ruin two thousand five hundred years ago? But the glory of the plain of Pæstum is in its three splendid, stately ruins, — the *Temple of Ceres*, the *Temple of Neptune*, and the *Basilicum*. The most beautiful is the Temple of Neptune. Its order, as is that of the others, is Doric. The material is a petrification. The whole style is massive and solemn. The blocks are immense.

“BAY OF SALERNO.

“Our next excursion was around the Bay of Salerno, which is the next south of the Bay of Naples. Many classic spots are in the vicinity. We landed at Amalfi, once celebrated for its medical school, and passed the Sirens’ islands. We crossed the promontory on foot and came again to the Bay of Naples at

“SORRENTO.

“This is the most charming spot I have yet seen on this earth. If I described an earthly paradise, much of the material should be found there. The house of Tasso is yet shown. The village is on the high bluff shore. And there, under a perfect climate, spreads around you a verdure as soft as velvet; a mass of verdure stretching for miles, and interspersed with the picturesque spires and convents and dwellings of southern Italy. Beneath you lies that masterpiece of Nature, — the bay *par excellence*. On the right is Castellamare and the plain of Pompeii. In front is Vesuvius, presenting a slope which is seen from no other point, and which is a line of the most graceful curve, and an angle as agreeable to the eye as that of a Grecian pediment. By the side of it is Naples, the third city of Europe, and the most elegant viewed at a distance. Farther to the west are the classic Baïæ and the lovely isles of Ischia and Procida. The whole is shut in from the sea by the noble walls of Capri, which look like a finishing stroke of Nature to fence in this perfect panorama from the rude visitations of the sea. The fragrance of the orange blossoms, and the myriads of olive-trees that greet the sense and the sight, are like the last touches in this enchanting picture. Sorrento is the only place in Italy where I wanted to *stay*.

“CAPRI.

“This island was the great resort of the emperor Tiberius; as can be believed from the fact that he had twelve villas upon it. And it must be understood that an emperor’s villa was no ordinary affair. We contented ourselves with visiting one of them. The view from it is one of the finest in the Mediterranean. The mosaic floors bespeak its former grandeur. But the most interesting object on this island is

*“The Blue Grotto,*

which appears to have been unknown to the ancients, and was to the moderns, until within a few years, when two Englishmen discovered it. I say, unknown to the ancients; but really mean, unmentioned in their writings left to us. It could not have been unknown to them; for although it is on the level of the sea, more than one thousand feet below the surface of a solid mass of rock, there is in it the termination of a staircase, leading no one knows where. The mouth of the cave is so low that in the least agitation of the sea you cannot enter; and in order to enter, you must lie flat in the boat. A party was once shut in there by the waves rising after they entered; and they came near starvation. On entering the cave, I had an awful sensation. If there be such a thing as a lake of liquid sulphur on fire, it must appear somewhat like that. The water is perfectly blue, and casts its rays up on the sides and roof of a cavern twenty feet high and forty feet broad. The oars dipping into the water become indigo; the hand put in is blue; the countenance of your friend is cadaverous. Looking down, I know not how far, you see the bottom of this sea-nymphs' chamber; and every fish, large or small, that makes his way there, is subjected to your close inspection. There you see them in all the wildness of nature and in the freedom of their gambols. In one spot no bottom can be seen, while the water is as clear as the atmosphere. This singular effect is entirely the result of simple circumstances. The mouth of the cavern above the water is so small as to admit of almost no light, while below the water it is very large. Hence, all the rays of light are admitted through the water, where, being subject to a certain degree of refraction, this singular effect is produced. The probability is, that the whole cavern was out of water before the year 70 of our era. When Pompeii was destroyed, the sea encroached on the land between ten and twenty feet; or the land sunk in the sea, all around that side of the bay.

*“ROUTE TO FLORENCE.*

“We left Naples to seek the cooler climate of Northern Italy, as the month of May was now advancing. Remained in Rome long enough to review at leisure the objects of chief interest, making an entire residence there of two months. Had the pleasure of meeting Dr. and Mrs. R., of London, with their niece, whom we accompanied to Florence. In going north, you rise very quickly to hills which give a fine view of Rome, and from which we took a farewell look. The hills are monotonous and without population, without cultivation. Gave myself up to musing on the advantages of traveling, and on the great objects of living in this world. The most of the first day was spent in a tame country; but toward evening we came to some charming scenery; we could see, too, the sites of

the cities and foot-prints of the ancient tribes who could have resisted anything but Rome. We took Terni in our route, on account of its celebrated cascade. The entire fall is thirteen hundred feet; but so broken into sections, and with so small a body, that it cannot be considered anything more than beautiful. Yet beautiful it is, and ornamented by the most perfect bow of colors I ever saw; it came the nearest to a circle of any. The moonlight views on our route were enchanting as we passed from the mountain-top to the deep valley, and saw the march of stars in that blue space which covers Italy.

“The valley of the Arno is another of those objects which disappoint. The Arno is a poor little stream in summer. But it does, indeed, flow through a charming country. The whole is a garden, and much of it a flower-garden, justly entitling the city to its name from Flora. I omitted, however, to speak of the lake where Hannibal in one terrible day slaughtered thirty thousand Romans. We passed over the spot where this sanguinary fight took place, and where the people still recall its history. The skill and courage of the Carthaginian became strikingly manifest, as did the rashness of the Roman consul. May Thrasymenus never see another such day!

#### “FLORENCE.

“*The Cathedral.*— This was commenced in 1290, and its great dome erected in 1445. It exhibits a bold specimen of the taste which existed just as the fine arts were about to dawn upon Italy. It is a great piece of patchwork, four hundred and twenty feet long, entirely covered with marble in alternate stripes of white and black. Michael Angelo is said to have admired the dome greatly, and to have considered it one of the most wonderful productions of man. It is not completely spherical, like St. Peter’s; yet its outline is very graceful. The lantern is made of solid marble. Over one of the doors outside is a very beautiful piece of mosaic. It is a horridly gloomy temple inside, and finds its chief interest, aside from religion, in possessing the tombs of Michael Angelo, Brunelleschi, Giotto, Farnese, Dante, and the seat on which Dante often sat. The Campanile, or bell-tower, which in great cathedrals is always separate from the church-edifice, was built in 1334; it is two hundred and eighty feet high, but has to my eye no beauty. It has some good statues by Donatello, the reviver of statuary. *The Baptistery*, as at Pisa, is a separate building, anciently a temple of Mars, octagonal in form. Its bronze doors, made by Ghiberti, are very famous and very wonderful. Michael Angelo is said to have studied them with rapture, and to have remarked that they were worthy to be the gates of Paradise. Some warlike trophies are hung on the outside, perhaps in a heathenish spirit, perhaps in a grateful Christian feeling.

“*Churches.*— Many of these are very interesting in their way. That

of Lorenzo is connected with the great library, in which I saw the Pandects of Justinian, written in the sixth century; a copy of Virgil of the thirteenth century; one of Horace, written by Petrarch and annotated by Dante, with portraits of Laura and Petrarch in it: Boccaccio's own manuscripts of his 'Decamerone;' Alfieri's autograph of his plays, with his criticisms on them. The chapel of the Medicis is unfinished, magnificent, and ugly. The richest marbles line it; the figures of Day and Night, of Time and Eternity, are wonderful embodiments of thought and sentiment.

"*Palaces.* — The old palace contains some of the most splendid paintings and statues existing. The Venus de Medicis, Niobe and her Children, the Knife-grinder, the Boxers, the Venus of Titian, the John the Baptist of Raphael, are above all praise. It is a sad fact that Titian's pencil addresses man's worst passions! The bronzes here are admirable. It is astonishing to what a height of perfection the ancients carried the casting of bronze figures. But John of Bologna has rivaled them in his Mercury, which, though in fact a great mass of black metal, weighing more than three hundred pounds, seems to be on the point of flying, and supported more by the ethereal spirit within than by its feet.

"The Pitti Palace (an odd name, taken from its foolish founder, who, though a simple citizen, erected this princely pile, and exhausted all his property) is now the residence of the grand duke's family. Its paintings are among the first. Beauty reigns in its long suites of apartments. One lives intellectually in a new world as he absorbs himself in these representations of the imagination. Byron has affected to be head and shoulders above the rest of mankind by not admiring painting. What is painting but poetry? I speak not now of the imitative Flemish school. That is for children. But I refer to the Last Supper of Leonardo, to the School of Athens by Raphael, and to the Prophets of the Sistine Chapel. Here is the expression to the eye of the profoundest conceptions of the intellect and the sublimest emotions of the soul: I say of the picture-gallery, as Milton's Eve of Eden, 'Must I leave thee, Paradise!'

"*The House and Study of Michael Angelo.* — These have been preserved with great care. His house, his painting-tools, some of the furniture of his chapel, the very oil that he left in his phials, the various sketches that he made of several great works, etc.

#### "ROUTE TO VENICE.

"We went *en voiturin*; that is, engaged with a coachman for a definite price, he to furnish meals and lodging, and to pay every necessary expense on the route. It is a very convenient arrangement for a party who have not their own conveyance; liable, however, to the objection of very slow movement, though having the advantage of allowing you to

stop where you please, to examine objects of interest, and saving you from all controversy with the dishonest hotel-keepers. On the 27th of June we slept in the bosom of the Apennines; on the 29th we reached Bologna, where we spent Saturday and the Sabbath. Several of their private galleries of paintings are very good. The public library is excellent. The Reading Society, or Casino, is fitting up a really splendid establishment, which is to be ready to open the next Carnival with a ball. Bologna is a city of colonnades. Most of the streets have their entire sidewalks under arcades, so that the upper parts of all the houses are flush with the carriage road. There is one colonnade three miles in length, leading from the city to St. Luke's Church. Nobles and priests have been ambitious for the honor of adding to this remarkable structure. But the chief object of interest there is the Campo Santo, or cemetery. It is the finest in the world. Père la Chaise has greater dust within its walls; Campo Santo, at Pisa, has the soil of Calvary; Mount Auburn has great beauty: but the first is excessively confused and crowded; the second is rather a museum than a cemetery; the third has no monumental nor architectural riches. But this resting-place of the dead is in a style of extraordinary taste. The arcades that divide it into several sections are sweetly simple and chaste. The ancient tombs, some of them more than twelve hundred years old, give it a peculiar impression of solemnity; the statues on the front gates, and those on the tombs, are in the most perfect harmony with one another and with the place. There is not a figure in the whole place which does not sympathize with either the noblest or the tenderest feelings which are connected with death.

“Canova told the young artist who composed the group of one tomb, that that was sufficient to immortalize his name. It is the tomb of a father and mother. It represents a pyramidal monument with its large door half open. The mother's urn is there (for she died first), and the vacant niche opposite to that which contains hers seems to be waiting for the father's. The children are carrying this to deposit it by the side of the mother's; and, as they march in solemn procession, they pass by the figure of Time, and regard with an expression of hope that of Eternity.

“One of the long corridors is terminated by a little alcove in which is some princely tomb. It is so contrived that the light of day, shining in, resembles precisely the light of a lamp, and seems to proceed from a taper suspended over the sarcophagus.

#### “VENICE.

“We approached Venice by boats at the opening of day. There is nothing striking in coming into the city, from any quarter. It necessarily lies flat, being constructed on the lagoons or marshy flats of the Adriatic. You appear to be sailing along an ordinary canal into an ordinary

city. The wonder grows upon you as you traverse it in every direction, and find nine tenths of its streets are canals, and the houses rise abruptly out of the sea. When you have been thus all through it, and then go out toward the Mediterranean and return, the view is enchanting. 'She looks a sea Cybele, rising with her domes and palaces as by magic from the waves.' A stranger naturally asks several questions.

"Why did they build Venice in such a situation? It at first consisted entirely of wooden houses erected on piles driven into the mud by the natives of the neighboring mountains, who were unwilling to submit to their barbarian conquerors. Their sacrifices at first must have been immense. In time, its admirable situation for commerce, together with the hardy and adventurous character of its population, drew to it the commerce of all the south section of the middle of the continent. The crusades enriched it greatly, as it furnished the transport vessels for the hordes of fanatics, their goods, and the various provisions sent to them when in Palestine.

"What destroyed Venice? The discovery of the passage round the Cape of Good Hope, by diverting commerce from her marts; the changes wrought in the political sentiments and condition of mankind; the corruption produced by her immense power and wealth.

"How is the city protected from the violence of the seas? By the great number of flats between it and the gulf; but chiefly by an immense stone dike, erected in the last century, fifteen miles below the city.

"Are there no inconveniences attending its situation? So we should consider them. I dislike the bilge-water odor that accosts you at low tide. I became lazy and depressed there for the want of bodily exercise. And to us it seems strange to be compelled in the evenings to postpone a visit to a neighbor because the street between you and him is four feet deep in water, and you have no boat at hand. But the people, accustomed to it from their infancy, are of course attached to that mode of living.

*"Doges' Palace.*

"This possesses a melancholy interest. A proud race of republican kings once sat with their senate there, humble imitators of fallen Rome. But now it is only a picture-gallery. The archbishop has his apartments in it. The old red cedar seats of the senate remain. The portraits of all the doges are there, except that of Marino Falieri. A curtain hangs where his likeness should be. Every evening, at candle-lighting, three lamps are kindled in the dome of St. Mark's as a signal to the faithful to pray for his unhappy soul. At the stroke of the bell they all go out instantly, I wonder Byron has not woven this poetic custom into his lines.



*“ St. Mark’s Place and Cathedral.*

“ This place is all it has been said to be. When the Austrian band is playing at sunset, and all the gayety of the city is there collected, sitting or promenading, it is indeed a beautiful and animating sight. The place is altogether unique and ancient, except the lower part of the Piazza (or Place), which Napoleon built somewhat like the Palais Royal at Paris. It is an oblong space, paved, and surrounded on three sides by porticoes, under which are shops and coffee-houses. Above them are apartments. On the fourth side is St. Mark’s, with its gilded horses, taken from Constantinople. They are splendid animals, but badly situated. Their history has been remarkable. It is supposed that they were cast in the beginning of the era of Grecian taste, at Rhodes, for a temple of the Sun. After serving that idolatrous purpose, they were carried to Constantinople by the Christians, and made to ornament a church. Then the Turks brought them into the Mohammedan service. Then the Venetians brought them back to aid Christianity in their capital. Napoleon in turn laid his hands upon them, and consecrated them to the glory of the French military spirit, by placing them on the triumphal arch opposite the Tuileries in Paris. When Austria became mistress of Venice, and the hero of Austerlitz was meditating in St. Helena, they were retaken to Venice, perhaps to see the last palace of that proud city crumble to the dust. Poor Venice! one’s heart grows sick as his gondola floats silently by moonlight along the Grand Canal, under the Rialto, and among her once magnificent palaces. They are crumbling to pieces. Venice is another tomb of greatness. The Jews bought up seventy palaces in one year, and were demolishing them. The government had to interfere.

“ Austria is trying to raise Trieste at the expense of Venice. The despots of Europe seem to dread the very place where free men have lived. Napoleon was a Roman throughout. He adopted the Roman policy entirely of restoring captured cities to their former greatness. He never wounded national pride by destroying monuments (except in his strong desire to make Paris another Rome; there he was true again to his Roman instincts). He gave Venice the only two gardens it has, as Murat did to Naples. And they are beautiful, but — deserted!

“ St. Mark’s Cathedral is a singular specimen of the gaudy, puerile taste of the Middle Ages. It is finished with mosaie. But such pictures as the most of them are! The twelves apostles are growing on a tree, like apples. St. Mark, however, is a splendid figure, and seems to belong to the modern era of painting.

“*The Arsenal.*”

“You see there what the Republic was; and you see what Venice is. The dockyard is immense; but only a small part answers the present purposes of Austria. The mast of the grand barge in which the proud Doges went annually to wed their city to the Adriatic is preserved. These are models of the old ships. And these are the only ornamented gondolas; all others in the city are entirely black.

“*Canova's Tomb.*”

“This great artist constructed a tomb for Titian; but posterity has given it to himself. It is a pyramid. The door on the side is half open; and the Arts are walking in with downcast countenances. It is very fine; but not as elegant nor as eloquent as that in the palace of the senators at Rome. Several of Canova's works are at Venice. His Hector and Ajax belong to a Duke Somebody. They are great.

“LIDO.”

“We went down to the islands toward the sea, and stopped at several villages, and even cities. Lido has the only carriage-drive around Venice. There Byron rode. Some traveler remarked that there were but eight horses in Venice; four of them belonged to Byron and four to St. Mark. A city without horses, — is it not strange?”

“I saw a great festival on the day of our Lord, as they called it. It ought to occur in the paschal week; but as it is a joyous festival they postpone it. The first night was celebrated by a hundred gondolas floating with lanterns of every color and form, music and feasting on board. The next day, the great canal and the part of the bay next to it were covered by bridges of boats more than three quarters of a mile long, to enable the people to pass freely to a church where the services are performed. Our protracted meetings in America would not frighten the Catholics of Europe. They go far ahead of us in the number of days they devote to religious purposes according to their notions.

“MILAN.”

“The entrance to this city is very pleasant, as all its main streets are large, and it is entirely surrounded by an ornamental boulevard. The first object that attracted us was

“*The Cathedral.*”

“It certainly had one uncommon architectural beauty. Its marble is white and glossy. Its thousand flowered needles, its ethereal Gothic air, its endless grace of details, its five thousand statues, make it a wonderful building. A rigid observation detects a great defect in its front,

where a mixture of styles destroys all harmony of effect. The inside is beautiful; the roof the most elegant of all. I saw there the elegance of the barbarous style more impressively than ever before. You mount the lofty tower to look over the vast plain of Lombardy. Venice is almost in sight. Padua, Marengo, Lodi, and all the theatres of Napoleon's ambitious wars on unoffending men, meet your eye, just as he saw them when he turned the summit of St. Bernard.

“The interior of the church was all in confusion with the preparation for the coronation of the emperor.

“*La Scala.*

“We were permitted to visit the great theatre in the morning, as it was now unemployed, and examine it and the preparations which were turning it into an immense reception room for the emperor. The stage alone is one hundred and thirty-two by sixty-six feet.

“ROUTE TO GENEVA.

“We went directly north from Milan in order to visit the lovely Lake of Como. Beautiful objects met our gaze in all this route. Como was the city of Pliny. We passed up to the point where the lake divides into two branches.

“From this lake we crossed to the Lago Maggiore, where we saw, at Arona, the native village of Charles Borromeo, his statue in bronze. The monument, one hundred and twenty feet high, was erected by a grateful people in memory of his virtues. Isola Bella must have appeared once like fairy-work, being a barren rock in the midst of the lake, now changed into festivity and beauty, terrace rising above terrace; statues, trees, and flowers crowning the whole. It is now on one side a garden of terraces rising in a pyramid; which makes it stiff, though pretty. We at length reached the military road which Napoleon constructed across the *Simplon*. It is an immense work. This passage of the Alps is sufficiently wild, going through a region of perfect desolation; cascades, ravines, snow-storms, and masses of rock immensely large. Napoleon commenced on the summit a hospice and put in it some of the St. Bernard fraternity. We crossed the Alps in safety, descended the valley of the Rhone, and, pressing on, came to the *Pass of Great Saint Bernard*. It took a day to reach that desolate spot, where none dwell but the kind monks who assiduously care for the necessitous traveler who passes through those dreary regions of the earth. The ascent was very tedious; most of the year it is nearly impracticable. You see nothing there which rewards you for your trouble, unless it be where three great warriors reposed their weary troops after the bold achievement of ascending that rugged mountain. The hospice is quite interesting; a benevolent Benedictine founded it six hundred years ago. The society has prop-

erty; they perpetuate their numbers by election. The stories about their dogs are poetically interesting and exaggerated.

“*Chamouni*. — In passing to this interesting valley, I was disappointed at the first view of Mont Blanc, because of its deceptive height when compared with that of the intervening mountains, which, being so much nearer, appear equally high. Went up to the Mer de Glace, a sea of ice fifty-one miles long, formed by snow packed by its own weight. It is full of deep chasms, in which you hear the water falling and roaring like the sound made by the water-wheel of a mill. I have a budget full of things to say concerning the garden in the midst of this vast frozen lake; of the movement of the ice backward and forward annually; of the rejection of stones, earth, and all impurities from its bosom; of the precious stones found here; of the chamois; of the glories of Mont Blanc; of the ascents made to its summits; of the avalanches; of the vale of Chamouni, settled nine hundred years ago; of the Needles; of Geneva, — of its lake; of Chillon’s prison; of the splendid sunset which cast its rosy tints on Mont Blanc to reflect them from Leman’s peaceful bosom; of the Genevise who have never bowed to a despot; of that spot where the human intellect burst half its shackles; where Luther’s friends carried out what Descartes had begun, and what America afterward applied to her political relations; of Leman, on whose borders have been the dwellings of three arch infidels and of the founder of the strictest sect of evangelists. I have many things to say of the dear friends of Christianity in Geneva; of the infant schools in Italy; of the religious degeneracy of Calvin’s city; and of the route to Paris; yet will make no further record.”

## CHAPTER VIII.

### REVIVAL AND OTHER LABORS.

1839-1841.

MR. KIRK returned to this country in September, 1839. Great as had been his influence before his departure, he returned to be yet more widely known in his labors for Christ.

“He foreign countries knew, but they were known  
Not for themselves, but to advance his own.”

Upon the voyage back, his thoughts often reverted to family, church, friends, and the various means employed, both in religion and in the cause of moral reform, throughout his native land. “These topics beguiled me of many a weary hour; and the impulse was felt, with new vigor, by which this journey was undertaken. I want, and by God’s blessing I determine, to be a blessing to that country.” He was about to enter upon the peculiar labors which gave so great an impulse to the energies of the churches.

Among the most interesting recollections of his life-long experience in revivals, is that embracing this period immediately succeeding his first return from Europe. He had gone there with several objects in view; one was to remodel his professional labors. Facility of utterance, he informs us, had become a great snare. In his pastoral life he had become possessor of only about two hundred written sermons.

This was the result of incessant labors in other directions. A large portion of his time, as already observed, had been occupied in traveling from one town to another, lecturing on temperance, slavery, education, and kindred subjects, besides

spending days and weeks in assisting his brethren in the work of revivals.

The consequences were, that his pulpit exercises at home, whatever they may have been in substance, were constantly and increasingly falling below his own standard. He determined to get out of that current. He also felt that for one who had undertaken to aim, with others, at the world's conversion, it was fitting that he should know more about the world. His had been a comparatively cloistered life; or, at least, somewhat apart from the great world of thought and action. He confessed a consciousness of great crudeness in attempting to deal with the profound questions that are connected with the progress of civilization. It was for this purpose he determined to study the language and views and customs of some country entirely unlike our own. He chose Germany, and left America with the definite intention of selecting one of the great centres of thought in that country for a residence of many months.

Taking Paris on his way, he was induced to change his plan by discovering that there were concentrated the most favorable opportunities for studying both men and letters. He was charmed at discovering that the whole course of lectures on history, language, art, science, literature, and philosophy, was entirely gratuitous. The working-hours of the day could be spent there in hearing the ablest men of France discourse on all these subjects. And not a small additional recommendation, in his case, was the fact that the instruction *was* all gratuitous, and therefore suited to his *res angusta domi*. He asserts, "However I may have failed in the main object of more than two years' residence and travel in Europe, there certainly resulted a great impulse to the intellectual faculties." He returned in September, 1839, and commenced his labors as secretary of the Foreign Evangelical Society (since become the American and Foreign Christian Union). On reaching Baltimore, he found the religious community deeply moved. The Rev. Mr. Knapp had been laboring with great success in one of the

Baptist churches. The Rev. Mr. Hamner, of a Presbyterian church, invited Mr. Kirk to meet his people and address them on the subject of revivals. Their first assembling encouraged him to continue. The divine blessing followed these efforts very largely.

Under the sacred impulse there received, he went to Philadelphia, witnessed the blessed work of the Spirit of God in several of the Presbyterian churches, and in the Congregational church under the care of Rev. Dr. Todd. Proceeding next to New York, he attended a meeting in the chapel of the Mercer Street Church (Dr. Skinner's). Few were present. The doctor invited him to the desk and insisted on his preaching. The text that then most fully expressed the feelings produced by the scenes through which he had but just passed was that in Ephesians, — 'Be ye filled with the Spirit.' The blessed Spirit did descend and condescend there to fill every heart with a desire to see the glory of God and the salvation of lost souls. At the close of the meeting, the elders came together and invited Dr. Kirk to begin immediately a course of labors for the conversion of souls. Glorious were the days that followed.

Among the results most interesting were the conversions of five young men, then members of Columbia College, all of whom have since faithfully and successfully served our Lord as ministers of his gospel. Two of them were the sons of ministers, but astray from the faith in which their fathers were walking. One of them was the son of Dr. Skinner. Early in the course of the meeting, the father's heart was filled with joy to see that son sitting clothed and in his right mind at his Saviour's feet.

In connection with this conversion, there was one incident of peculiar interest, from the following circumstances. Dr. Kirk's own language thus depicts it : —

“ In the State of New Jersey was a Mr. Scudder, who had given himself to the missionary service. In order to prepare himself more fully for his work, he went to New York to pursue a course of medical study. He boarded in a family named Waterbury, not a member of which, I be-

lieve, had confessed Christ. In that circle began his missionary labors. Two of the souls there given him as the seals of his ministry were Harriet and Jared, children of the household. Harriet became his wife, and has been a co-worker with him in his valuable missionary labors. Jared became a student of Yale College, preparing for the ministry. I was then a student at law in the city of New York. The blessed Spirit of God was then most mercifully striving to convince me of sin, righteousness, and judgment. Jared came down to the city from amid scenes of revival in Yale College. He assembled several young men in a private house to address them on the subject of religion. A friend took me to the meeting. I had heard of Christ from the cradle to that hour; but in that hour the eye of faith was opened to behold Him. Thus was Mr. Waterbury the human instrument of leading me from death to life.

“I now return to the case of young Skinner and his friend, Henry M. Scudder, to that time a companion with him in unbelief. The parents in India were pleading with their covenant-keeping God in the anguish of their souls, that he might be plucked as a brand from the burning. Thomas Skinner could not rest, after finding Christ himself, till, like Andrew, he could find his brother and say, ‘I have found the Christ.’ He engaged Scudder to attend our meeting that night, and that night Scudder, too, came to Jesus.

“Here was the wondrous chain of events in the hand of our Saviour. Dr. Scudder led Waterbury to Christ. Waterbury led me; and now God made me the instrument of answering their anxious prayers and leading their beloved son out of the path of death to Jesus the fountain of life.”

“Those meetings,” said Professor Fowler, “are an exponent of a noteworthy religious movement in America, — the revival movement. They are the first, fairest representatives of revival meetings. They constitute a marked feature of the American church. The leading idea of those who sustained them was, to arouse attention to religious concerns by special religious meetings, and then, by their daily repetition, hold the attention till it became rooted in religious conviction and bore the fruit of an abiding Christian character. They were sometimes continued for weeks; and one, two, three, and even four meetings were held each day. Some were prayer-meetings; some were allotted to lay exhortation; some to personal conversation; some to preaching. They were held at all hours; the rising sun looked in upon a company of suppliants; the man of business laid down his employment



and went to the sanctuary ; and at evening, especially, men and women gathered, the old and the young, either to hear or to exhort, or to pray or to scoff. For the time, all other gatherings were set aside. The social party and the literary lecture were made secondary. Even useful and necessary avocations were more or less neglected. Eternal verities asserted a controlling sway over the mind."

The scenes of Mr. Kirk's most prominent labors at this period were New York, Philadelphia, New Haven, Hartford, and Boston. In every place he has left a remembrance of that polished manner, thoroughly controlled by profound spiritual experience. His voice was as the music of the summer or as that of the autumn. He knew how to sow the seed, and how to reap the harvest. Many of his sermons, so vivid was their imagery, so close their logical analysis, and so deep their spiritual insight, were never outworn. Among them were "The Bridgeless Gulf," "Naaman," "Neglect of Salvation," the "Prodigal Son," and "Prepare to meet thy God."

We draw from the loving memories of two workers honored among the churches of to-day, their personal recollections of those impressive scenes. The Rev. Edward Strong, D. D., of West Roxbury, thus writes : —

"I well remember, when a student in the Union Theological Seminary of New York, the coming of the late Dr. Kirk to engage in revivalistic labors. It was in the winter of 1839-1840. Dr. Thomas H. Skinner, of honored memory, was then pastor of the Mercer Street Church, and to the pulpit of that church the preaching of young Kirk was chiefly confined. I say *young*, for he was still a young man at the close of his brilliant pastorate of ten years in Albany. Dr. Skinner had himself been a great worker, and greatly enthusiastic to promote seasons of religious awakening. Naturally, therefore, he sought and welcomed the ardent and magnetic Kirk to his pulpit, for a series of preaching services to awaken his church and save souls.

"I think I must have heard the first sermon of this zealous

Melancthon in that Mercer Street pulpit. Dr. Skinner's congregation was then one of the largest, wealthiest, and most intelligent congregations to be found in the city. He was himself in the pulpit, and took a pastor's part in the services. At that time he was in the strength of his years, and showed a profound interest in that revivalistic effort. The introductory services being over, I remember the impression on my mind as Mr. Kirk rose and announced his text. His appearance was eminently pleasing; his fine open face, his bright eye, his whole expression, — serious, earnest, and lighted up with a sort of inspiration, — his clear and strong voice, of quality so rich, and articulation so distinct as to be heard easily in every part of the sanctuary; his earnest, and, as he went on, impassioned manner, all combined to hold the fixed attention of the audience to the end. He seemed to have come there in the fullness of the blessing of the gospel of Christ, and flushed with the enthusiasm of his success at Albany. If there had been with some a vague fear of 'new measures' in Christian work, and a prejudice against evangelists, nothing of this kind stood in Mr. Kirk's way. He was rather a tried and honored pastor, going to a new field and new conquests for Christ. He seemed to me a man of rare ability and rare spirit, a sort of Spurgeon, without anything brusque or blunt in him; another R. S. Storrs, with more of the direct and pungent in his preaching; another Chrysostom, or a Melancthon, or Summerfield, with added power.

“What his texts and topics were in those Mercer Street meetings, I cannot say; but I can never forget the man, nor lose the impression of his thrilling appeals. If Moody, with no pretense of scholarly attainments, has stood before vast audiences and held them spell-bound, himself manifestly endowed with power from on high, — held them by the clear sincerity and tremendous earnestness he ever exhibits to save souls, — so in Mr. Kirk was manifest, then and ever afterward, the resistless fascination and power of such a spirit. His manner was graceful, even polished; his language sim-

ple and clear, sometimes (though not often) bordering on the colloquial, yet never descending to vulgarity nor violating good taste.

“His coming to New York was to us students a benediction. It was second to nothing as a help to our theological training, for it inspired us, while it showed where, under God, the preacher’s great strength is found. To this day ring in my ears not a few of his impassioned words, and live in my heart the impressions they made. Nothing could be more serious and forceful than some of his appeals. Turning on one occasion to the unsaved, he said, ‘You feel, each of you “I ought to become a Christian.” You *know* you ought!’ And this was a specimen of his directness. It was impossible to get away from it. I remember at another time, when he was speaking of the sure exposure and punishment of sin, he said, ‘Suppose a murder has just been committed in the city. The question is immediately asked, Who did it? Everybody is asking; everybody is looking for the guilty one. So, in the moral government of God, the sinner cannot escape.’ He made us feel that men are lost sinners, and can by no possibility escape otherwise than through the Lord Jesus Christ.

“The next year, in February, 1841, Mr. Kirk was invited to labor in a similar series of meetings in New Haven, Conn., where not a little religious interest was already manifest both in the city and in the college. As I had been invited to pursue my theological studies in connection with a tutorship at Yale, and had gone there, I enjoyed the high privilege of hearing him there also. Some of the themes on which he spoke in New Haven I am able to give, and to indicate his method of treating them. This may illustrate somewhat his traits as a preacher at that period. His first sermon, if I remember, was on a part of the nineteenth Psalm, — ‘The law of the Lord is perfect,’ etc. . . . ‘Men’s want of interest in the Bible,’ said he, ‘is not the fault of the Bible, but their own. As Pierpont said of himself, in reading Milton, that, in order to the fullest appreciation and

highest effect, he needed to be Miltonized, so in reading the Bible. At first, as in looking at Niagara, we have or may have a feeling of disappointment; but we need to dwell upon the sacred word, and let it grow on our appreciation.'

— "His fidelity, and great plainness of speech, came out more in his next sermon, on 'Without God in the world.' Having explained that some of the relations we sustain are dependent on our own will, and others not, he took up a strain of solemn, earnest, direct appeal. 'You,' said he, 'who are impenitent, have banished your God, slighted Him as your Redeemer, and are without Him in heart and life. You have no God in your families, none at church, none at the bed of death, none in eternity.' His conscientious fidelity, and his determination, like Paul, to do and endure, that by all means he might save some, appear in the very choice of his subjects. 'He that believeth not shall be damned,' brought from him a bold, pungent sermon, in which he said, 'The sinner without faith in Christ can no more reach heaven than a new and splendid ship, with a hole in its bottom, can cross the sea. A link is gone in the chain that should bind him to the throne of God.' His next discourse was eminently plain and solemn, on 'The Impassable Gulf,' contrasting the condition of the rich and the poor here, in heaven, and in hell. He made it to be FELT that Death sends his victims opposite ways.

"Very tender and touching were some of his appeals to Christians. He spoke, for instance, early in that series of meetings on 'The signs of a backsliding church.' The sermon, while eminently direct and plain, was yet tender. 'You have left your Saviour, left your Bible,' he told them; 'your repentance did not go to the root of the matter. You have not strengthened your pastor's hands. Brother! sister!' he at length exclaimed, with resistless tenderness, and ringing voice, 'come back, I entreat you, come back!'—'Strive to enter into the strait gate,' was another of his texts. In the course of his sermon on it, he said, 'Here are twelve hundred souls: shall I meet them all in glory? Let each ask,

“Shall I be there?” Proceeding then to divide the assembly into the three classes of those who agonize and enter in, those who only commence, and those who never seek, he said, ‘It is the *will* that prevents you from entering in, — the same will that made you say, “I can’t,” “I wont,” when a child.’

“It is needless to multiply illustrations of his direct, earnest, tender, impressive, effective preaching before he came to Boston. Many in New Haven were added to the Lord, including not less than seventy-five students in the college. These were not, however, all of them the fruit of Mr. Kirk’s labors; nor did he come to New Haven till the work in the college had made considerable progress.”

The Rev. Increase N. Tarbox, D. D., of Boston, thus writes of his labors in another city:—

“If my memory does not mislead me, it was near the close of the year 1840, or in the opening weeks of 1841, that I first heard the voice and saw the face of Dr. Kirk. It may possibly have been a year earlier, for I have not such records as would fix the time exactly. Notices of his labors as an evangelist had prepared me to be favorably impressed with the man and with his preaching. The religious newspapers, week after week, were giving accounts of his labors and of the blessings which attended them; and when the opportunity came that I could see and hear him for myself, I embraced it with gladness.

“It was a clear, cold winter night. I was teaching school in East Hartford, Conn., and Mr. Kirk was to preach in the old Centre Church at Hartford, where Dr. Joel Hawes had then been the minister for more than twenty years, and where he was to remain for more than a quarter of a century longer. A brisk walk of two miles through the frosty air brought me to the meeting-house, where the choir was nearly through with the opening hymn when I entered. I found the large audience-room filled to its utmost capacity. As I went through the porch and opened the swinging door leading into the central aisle, my progress was barred by a solid

mass of humanity, which had first filled the pews and then the aisles and passageways, even to every nook and corner. All I could do was simply to edge myself in and take a standing-place close by the wall under the gallery. As the choir finished the hymn, Mr. Kirk arose in the pulpit to read a chapter from the Bible. His selection was the second chapter of the book of Lamentations. There was such a sonorous fullness to his voice, such a distinct articulation, such a musical intonation, that the reading was invested with a charm new and peculiar. From that day until this, I have never read or heard that passage of Scripture without thinking how those words came to me as I stood wedged against the wall in that Centre Meeting-house of Hartford, as remote from the pulpit as I well could be, and with many hindrances in front to the transmission of sound. But every word and syllable fell on the ear with a ringing clearness:—*‘How hath the Lord covered the daughter of Zion with a cloud in his anger, and cast down from heaven unto the earth the beauty of Israel, and remembered not his footstool in the day of his anger!’* So marvelous to me was that articulation, that every word seemed to come in its absolute perfection, as some material thing, like a new piece of coin fresh from the mint, taken up and tossed out on the air.

“Then followed the prayer, free, fervent, tender, beautiful, in sympathy with all sin-tossed and troubled souls, bearing them in their wants and weaknesses, in their fears and temptations, to the throne of the heavenly grace. There was nothing rough, loud, repellent, such as all of us have sometimes heard in prayers offered on similar occasions. It was winning, sympathetic, Christlike.

“Mr. Kirk was at that time in the very bloom and vigor of early manhood, with all the graces of pulpit oratory, and with every power at command. But that which gave him such sway over his audiences was, that he seemed to lose sight of himself; he forgot that he was an easy and finished speaker and a man of attractive presence. He was so bent upon bringing the simple gospel of Christ, the story of the

cross, to bear on human souls for their regeneration and sanctification, that all else seemed to be hidden from his thought and consciousness.

“I do not recall the exact text or the specific and central idea of that night’s discourse. But the general impression made by it remains as fresh almost as though the scene occurred but yesterday. I remember that there was a most persuasive voice pleading with sinners to come to the Lord Jesus Christ, ‘as a hiding-place from the wind, and a covert from the tempest; as rivers of water in a dry place, as the shadow of a great rock in a weary land.’ I could not but know that the house was full of a tender and half tearful emotion. There was that solemn silence so indicative of wakeful and intense sensibility. One felt himself in the midst of heart-throbs and the deep communing of souls.

“No doubt, when one looks back over the lapse of thirty-five years to call up a scene or an event like this, and to report the impressions made by it, something must be allowed for the imagination of youth and the transfiguring power of time. But after all, one can in some degree measure these former experiences, by comparing them one with another, and finding out whether they are freshly or only dimly reported by the memory to-day. Brought to this test, we know that the preaching of Mr. Kirk that night in Hartford fastened itself on the conscience and heart in a very marked and peculiar manner.”

During his sojourn in France, Mr. Kirk saw more clearly than ever into the workings of the papal system. It was his conviction of its strange perversion of the pure religion of Christ which led him to solicit funds for mission-work among the Romanists. Shortly after his return to this country he was informed that an interesting mission had been commenced among the French Canadians by Madame Feller, a Swiss lady, who had no human helper but a young student of theology. She was struggling amid great embarrassments, unsustained by any organization, eminent for zeal, judgment, trust in God. Mr. Kirk readily accepted an in-

visitation to visit her mission in the Grande Ligne,<sup>1</sup> on the river Sorel, or Richelieu. He found everything hopeful ; but the purse was empty, and the mission house unfinished. Madame Feller's influence over that peasantry was admirable to behold. Her lofty character, her maternal tenderness, her sound judgment, her spirit of self-sacrifice, had been a new revelation to that priest-ridden people. It was obvious that it was only necessary for her to be seen by the ladies of the churches, and to have them acquainted with her story, to insure all the funds needed to place her mission on a permanent basis. She was then unable to speak our language in any but broken phraseology. True to his sense of duty, therefore, Mr. Kirk invited her to accompany him to Montreal and the great cities of the States. He was not disappointed. She won the hearts of the friends of Christ. The mission at once commenced the process of expansion. She now rests from her life of toil ; but had she lived in a superstitious age, her name had surely been found in the catalogue of the canonized. With great regret, Mr. Kirk was compelled, many years after, to cease all connection with this most valuable mission, because by some means it passed into the hands of another denomination. At the dedication of her chapel, on which occasion he was invited to preach the sermon, two young men, members of the Romish Church, had come ten or twelve miles to hear what this new religion might be. They were both converted, joined the mission school, pursued their theological studies under Merle D'Aubigné, and became preachers of the gospel among the French.

One of these young men, the Rev. Narcisse Cyr, now of Boston, thus narrates the story : —

“ When the mission house was to be opened, for the erection of which Mr. Kirk, in company with Madame Feller, had raised a good portion of

<sup>1</sup> Grande Ligne is the name of a farming settlement, thickly inhabited, more or less distant from a village ; its name is derived from the straight road, from five to seven miles in length, on which the dwellings of

the inhabitants are built. As the farms on both sides of the road, although a mile long, are only three hundred and sixty feet wide, the houses are almost as near each other as in many villages.



the money, it was very natural to invite him to preach the dedicatory discourse. It was in the summer of 1840. The occasion was favored with a beautiful August day, and early the converts and the friends of the mission gathered at the ringing of the bell, whose notes, the first Sabbath-calling notes ever heard in that region, resounded loud and clear over the plains. A large number of friends attended from Montreal, Boston, and New York. An audience of about two hundred and fifty, the fourth of whom were French Canadians, collected for the morning service. The exercises were all conducted in French. After a prayer by Rev. L. Roussy, who had preached the gospel in a private house close by since 1836, and the singing of a hymn by the congregation, Mr. Kirk read portions of the eighth chapter of the book of Kings, which describes the dedication of Solomon's temple; and taking his text in Matt. iv. 16: "*The people which sat in darkness saw great light; and to them which sat in the region and shadow of death, light is sprung up;*" he dwelt eloquently upon the evangelical light, which had begun to dawn upon Canada, and the need of its divine rays for every soul. He reviewed briefly the history of the mission, and stated that the objects it had in view were four: 1st. To teach the Bible — not Protestantism, not Presbyterianism, not Baptism, but simply the Bible; to teach every child to read the Bible, and to place it by the grace of God in a few years in every family in the country; 2d. To preach the gospel, teaching the necessity of faith; 3d. To work for the conversion of souls, personally and individually; 4th. To raise up a branch of the Church of Christ.

"The writer of this account, then a Romanist, was present, having been induced to come from a distance of twelve miles, with a Protestant friend, who had offered him a seat in his buggy. He well remembers the impression made on him by the eloquent and solemn tones of the preacher. Mr. Kirk, during his residence in Paris, had acquired the French language in a remarkable degree. In France he had spoken only in social meetings, not daring to venture before a large audience of highly cultivated persons such as would have naturally assembled, had he preached there; but at Grande Ligne he felt free to speak to an audience composed of English-speaking people and simple French Canadian farmers. He did not read his discourse, for that would not have been preaching in the French sense of the word; he improvised, having only a few notes before him. His French was grammatical and idiomatic; the way he pronounced the liquid *l*'s was 'music to the ear.' His American accent made his delivery more interesting.

"He spoke again in French at four o'clock, and it was announced that he would preach also on the evening of the next day. I felt a great desire to hear him again, as my soul had been deeply stirred. On my way home, I conversed upon religion with my Protestant friend, whose religious feelings had been warmed up by the American preacher.

“I had another friend, a very pious Romanist, who had not dared to attend the opening of the mission house. I wanted him to accompany me to hear Mr. Kirk on the Monday evening, and yet I was afraid to broach the subject to him, as I thought he might not only refuse, but use his influence to prevent me from going. However, as my heart was set on hearing Mr. Kirk again, I decided to invite him to accompany me. Great was my surprise and joy to find him pleased with the invitation, and ready to accept it. We went, taking a roundabout road, so as not to pass before my father’s house, and on the way we conversed earnestly on religion. My friend was somewhat surprised that I was so much interested in the subject. The gospel had commenced to dawn in beauty before my awakened soul, and out of the abundance of the heart the mouth spoke.

“We were very warmly received, and entertained for the night at the mission house. The attendance from the people of the neighborhood was greater on the Monday evening than on the day previous. Many had felt ashamed to appear in their home-spun vestments by the side of the broadcloth of Montreal and Boston; but as the visitors had then nearly all departed, they felt free to come. About a hundred listened to the sermon with great attention and interest. Some remained after the service to converse with Mr. Kirk. As to the two young men who had come twelve miles, they had certainly been interested also, but they could not help feeling somewhat disappointed. The preacher had discoursed on the text, *What think ye of Christ?* and although the sermon had been excellent, it seemed to present nothing to them essentially different from what they had been taught from their infancy concerning Christ as a Saviour. After conversing that night, as they retired, they both came to the conclusion that it was not worth their while to break away from the church of their birth, grieve their parents, and incur the ill-will of their friends, in order to profess the Protestant faith. Their hereditary belief, however, had received a severe blow. The preacher had set them thinking (‘*what think ye?*’), and the Bible had been opened to them; they resolved not to accept dogmas blindly any more, but to inquire into the foundations of their faith.

“When Mr. Kirk visited the mission the following year, these two young men went again to hear him, and were deeply moved as he urged them privately to give their hearts to God. And some six months later, having read the New Testament with care and prayer, both knelt down one evening, in the room of one of them, and when they rose, they felt that they had passed from death unto life. They were baptized and joined the church at Grande Ligne. After due reflection and prayer, they both studied for the ministry under Dr. Merle D’Aubigné, in Geneva, and are now preaching the gospel, the Rev. T. Lafleur in Montreal, and the writer of this sketch in Boston. They always felt very

tenderly towards Dr. Kirk, as his words, more than those of any other person, had been blessed to their conversion.

“Mr. Kirk continued to visit Grande Ligne almost every year, spending his vacations most usefully in preaching and advising the missionaries. His influence was deeply felt, and all looked with great interest for these visits. In 1843 he did not consider it beneath his dignity to preach the dedicatory sermon of a very humble house of worship in the forest of the township of Milton. He was accompanied by Deacon and Mrs. Safford. The place had been called Berea, on account of the readiness with which the new settlers had embraced the gospel. A log-house, designed to serve as a chapel and school, had been built. In winter the place was easy of access, but in summer it was almost inaccessible except to hardy pioneers. As there was no carriage-road for the distance of six miles, Dr. Kirk had to ride with his Boston friends on a sled of very primitive construction, being seated on two or three bundles of straw. The sled was drawn by a yoke of oxen through the woods, over a rough path, such as is cut in the forest for winter roads, in which mud, stones, and stumps abound in summer. The writer well recollects how dignified the doctor looked when he started in this novel equipage and how prostrated he seemed to be at the end of the journey.

“He preached, however, that night, in the little school-house, and the next day in the open air, under the shadow of the trees, where he took for his text : *“I am the vine, and my Father is the husbandman.”* He had at hand the means of illustrating his subject, and used them admirably. The simple dwellers of the forest, many of whom had really awakened to a new spiritual life, were both delighted and strengthened in their new faith.”

In a letter from Philadelphia, June 5, 1840, Mr. Kirk thus speaks of his labors in the city in connection with this enterprise : “The Philadelphians have not given me much rest. I spoke almost every day while the Assembly was sitting ; wrote a narrative of the state of religion ; wrote and preached a sermon ; attended to my duties in the Assembly ; and at the same time had Madame Feller here, holding meetings in private houses constantly with her. The ladies of this city have given her a noble reception. We have raised among the ladies alone about \$1,000 to complete the mission house at Grande Ligne. She is an eminently pious woman, and is doing great good to the young converts here, as well as to older Christians. She stays with a family, recently one of the gayest in the city, now turned to the Lord

and his service." This enterprise has long been a power in Canada in respect of the interests of education and religion. Among the friendships of his life was one formed during this period.

"While in Montreal advocating Madame Feller's mission, a young man introduced himself to me, his name John Dougall. Was a member of the Unitarian Church: of Scotch descent, if not a Scotchman. Had been attending our services. His mind was fully aroused to the conviction that he needed a greater Saviour than was contained in the interpretations of Scripture to which he had been accustomed. With a broken heart and an earnest faith he came to trust in the God-Man, crucified for sinners, exalted to give repentance and remission of sins."

From that time forward he followed the course of this young man, "probably the most useful man in Canada," as editor of the "Christian Witness" of Montreal; but now better known as the editor of the "Daily Witness" of New York, doing through the press the work of an evangelist.

From the very beginning of his religious labors, Mr. Kirk was pressed with the most urgent invitations, from the most prominent churches, to assume again the functions of the pastorate. In 1828, alone, he had received seventeen calls to settle; and in later years the same kind of invitations were repeated. Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York, Charleston, Hartford, New Haven, Cincinnati, Buffalo, Chicago, and other places of less note, had urged the claims of their churches upon his attention. Oberlin had offered him the professorship of Sacred Rhetoric and Pastoral Theology. The trustees of the University of Michigan had elected him to the presidency of the institution.

Boston had solicited him with calls to three of her churches, — the Salem Church, the Union Church, and the Pine Street Church. Each one of these calls came too soon; yet toward Boston, of all cities, he had felt the strongest attraction. In the midst of his revival work, a number of religious people in Boston, chiefly members of the Park Street society, seconded by the Rev. Dr. Aiken, arranged for a series of special services, to be held in the Park Street Church. On Satur-

day evening, June 27, 1840. Mr. Kirk preached his first sermon in Boston. — his text, "Prepare to meet thy God." For nine successive days, twice each day, the doors of the church were opened to the multitudes thronging to hear his message. Long before the time of service, people were gathering outside, ready in the first few moments to fill pews, aisles, and pulpit. No audience-room was large enough to hold the multitudes that came together. Upon three occasions these special services were held in the same church, the last in the autumn of 1841. They resulted in the formation of the church with which the name of Kirk is ever associated. — the scene of many an earnest endeavor to make Boston more thoroughly Christian: with what results the following pages will disclose. We append some letters belonging to this period: —

"BOSTON, July 3, 1840.

"MY DEAR SISTER. — Here I am, laboring harder than ever. All this week I have had three meetings a day. To-day I shall have but two: to-morrow, none. On Sunday I shall preach twice, attend the monthly concert on Monday, and then retire to Bolton and spend a week with Mr. W.'s family at their lovely country retreat, hoping to find repose. The interest in religion is rising here. The Unitarians are said never to have taken so much interest in the Orthodox service before.

"They have personally treated me with the greatest kindness. Many of them declare that they have long been dissatisfied with the coldness of their own preachers. I am only sorry that I cannot now remain and labor longer here, since it seems as if God would crown my labors with success. But I must stop. The weather is very warm, and I must relax the bow, or it will snap. So my friends say in every place; and yet they urge me to labor for them, and then stop.

"I am very sorry to find that our arrangements for going to Canada are to be somewhat deranged. The house will not be prepared for entering until the 9th of August. Of course, it is needless for me to go up so soon as we anticipated. This will disappoint several friends who were going to accompany me. I trust, however, that it will not prevent your going to Montreal as soon as your vacation commences. You can find some opportunity, I hope. Mr. M. will know of some one going who will take charge of you.

"Precisely what course I shall take after my week at Bolton is terminated, I know not. Perhaps I shall go to New Haven and finish my work there. I have preached, but have not yet taken the money for our,

cause. If I find myself still exposed to be injured by laboring in the hot weather, I shall make an excursion, which I have proposed for years, to Long Branch. . . .

“Believe me, dear sister, your affectionate

“EDWARD.”

His apprehensions in regard to his health, hinted at in the foregoing letter, proved to be only too well founded. He broke down under the severe labors of the spring and summer. In his protracted illness, news of his father's death came to him:—

“NEW YORK, *August 27, 1840.*

“MY DEAR MOTHER AND SISTERS,—The blow is then struck which severs the bonds that bound us to husband and father. I am too weak to write to you as I wish. But I must commune a moment with you on this solemn event. It costs me but one painful emotion: that is, the vivid review it causes me to take of all my filial ingratitude and disobedience now deeply affects me. But that he has forgiven; and may God forgive it, and not visit on me the sins of my youth. For him I sigh not, but rejoice with fervent gratitude to God. Another ransomed soul has entered its rest, another conqueror has gone to join the great procession who march with palm-leaves over heaven's golden pavements, their robes made white in the blood of the Lamb. I see him there, I hear his song. He loved the Redeemer of sinners, and Jesus loved him, loves him now, will love him forever. Blessed be his name! Yes, my father is in heaven; and he is bending over us, beckoning us to follow him. Earth is growing lighter to my poor trusting heart. Thanks to God, he is multiplying the links which bind to heaven.

“I would that I could be with you at the funeral; but I have not been across the threshold of my chamber until yesterday. I am now improving; but my physician says my danger will not be past for a month yet.

“Your affectionate

EDWARD.”

## CHAPTER IX.

### SETTLEMENT AND FIRST YEARS IN BOSTON.

1842-1845.

THE distinguishing characteristics of Dr. Kirk as a pastor may be thus briefly expressed: He made each of his two churches the living centre of a power to be felt far and near; he was never content to make the enlargement of the local church the motive power of his work; he always looked beyond even the extreme limits of his parish.

The Mount Vernon Church of Boston owes its origin to no special reformatory efforts. Its founders were men of marked personality, yet they assumed their self-imposed functions simply upon "the condition that the Rev. E. N. Kirk consents to become its pastor." There was no distinctively temperance nor even antislavery basis of fellowship; but under the lead of such a pastor its name has become somewhat like that of another Mount Vernon — of national repute. From 1842 to 1872, as always since, truth in all its many-sidedness was given with no trembling voice or hesitating manner from that pulpit. Truth, and not expediency, was its motto. The preacher's audience were frequently to be startled by his boldness, and sometimes they expostulated against it; yet no man ever made him timid. Like Mark Antony, he "talked right on," and in the same line of truth.

A young man, in the early history of the enterprise, once ventured in a missionary concert to draw a few moral lessons. He had described the treachery of the slaveholders of Georgia to the Indians of the Choctaw and Cherokee tribes, when he directed the thoughts of the assembly to the

worse treatment given the blacks, enlarging upon the evils of slavery. At the close of the meeting, he was accosted by an honored senior with the remark, "Now that you have got rid of so much bile I suppose you feel better." There was a great deal of such so-called "bile" in the Mount Vernon pulpit; and in the dark and trying days to come, the truth, no longer of bilious aspect in the public eye, was sent forth from that station on Beacon Hill to be read by every camp-fire kindled in the great struggle for human freedom.

The influence of Mount Vernon Church has been felt in two great social movements, — the aggressive work for revivals of religion and the struggle for liberty.

It were well to analyze the elements of such an influence, exerted by such a pastor and people. Men of inferior ability and feebler piety are sometimes made prominent by their settlement over a strong and flourishing church; Mr. Kirk found no church awaiting him when he came. Others have exalted churches of less dazzling appearance to positions of the greatest prominence. Such has been true of the little church of Bethlehem, Conn., historic solely because of its renowned pastor, Dr. Bellamy. President Edwards has given an undying fame to the old church of Stockbridge, numbering once as his auditors only a few whites and a remnant of Indians. The name of Emmons, never to be forgotten, has been the rich endowment of the little church at Franklin.

Scores of churches had presented their claims to the polished preacher; and among them were some of the wealthiest and most powerful in the land; but none of these moved him.

A little company — looking scattered even in a parlor — with no organization upon which to rely, and of course knowing not where they should find a place for their public worship, moved him to do what no others had done. He determined, in coming to Boston, to build upon no other man's foundation, but to *add* his efforts to those already put forth to make the city of his adoption more thoroughly evangelical.



The multitudes of a Sabbath morning were safe guides to the church where the young Chrysostom was to preach. Unitarians in great numbers deserted their own churches to hear him. Many a worshiper in some half-filled upholstered pew was nettled at the contrast ; and if tradition be true, — and tradition is a tree of many branches, each branch bearing the same truth-telling fruit, — several, pricked in their hearts by something besides religion, privately suggested, and even once openly, that Kirk should have a church of his own.

It matters not who made the suggestion ; the idea, first spoken half in jest and half in earnest, was a good seed flung upon good soil. Daniel Safford, George W. Crockett, Julius A. Palmer, Charles Stoddard, William W. Stone, Pliny Cutler, Moses L. Hale, Charles Scudder, and Secretary Bliss of the Tract Society, — themselves afterwards members of the first committee to carry out the project, — heard the ironical proposition as others did, and mutually suggested that it must have been God who spoke.

At a meeting held in Deacon Safford's parlor, December 16, 1841, these men were chosen, out of a company no less worthy than themselves, to embody the newly formed purpose, and to supervise all matters involved in the undertaking. Deacons Cutler and Stoddard were providentially debarred from serving on this committee, and their places were afterwards filled by others.

Such a committee must bear a commission from noble men. Honored as many of these names have become in the churches, it is nevertheless true that, in every church, the official records, stirring though they may be, only serve to hint at the grander history made by names which do not appear. What were such men as these even, were we to forget Eliphalet Kimball who for ten years had persistently followed the young Albany pastor to secure him for some Boston field, — piously anxious all the while, until the memorable May 14, 1842, when it was announced to the little group in Mr. Safford's parlor that Mr. Kirk had decided to come? What were these, without the clear-headed, calm,

earnest Samuel Hubbard, judge of the supreme court, who gave his deliberate judgment upon all questions touching the new church? Side by side sat the church financier, the business Crockett, and the quiet, genial Marshall S. Scudder, the latter chosen to the diaconate in the twenty-third year of his age. And what would be the history of this church without the name of Albert Hobart, prompt, accurate, beloved, and always in his place of duty — the man who never forgot the place of prayer? It was he, of whom his brethren facetiously remarked, that if on some Friday evening, sickness should keep him at home, his boots would surely be found on their way to his usual place in the chapel.

These men were a few of the earlier representatives of what in later years has become an historic church. Yet faithful as were these and kindred workers, they added no brilliancy and delegated no new power to their pastor, who had already established a reputation equaled by few. Still, led by such a pastor, each man added to the efficiency of the whole by a self-denial and self-sacrifice which has been well rewarded.

Not yet had Boston recovered her own ground, lost from the faith. The conflict, long waged between the advocates of Unitarianism and of Trinitarianism, was still going on. In 1800, among churches of the Congregational order, the "Old South" alone was faithful to the doctrines of the New England fathers. In 1809 Park Street Church was added, a tower of strength and of safety. For thirteen years these two churches held the field alone. In 1822 the Union Church, then upon Essex Street, was another movement begun in prayer. The next year, South Boston witnessed the formation of the Phillips Church. The Hanover Church began its rich history in 1825, under the leadership of Dr. Lyman Beecher, afterwards moving from the original site and becoming otherwise known as the Bowdoin Street Church. The Salem Street and the Pine Street (now Berkeley Street) churches began their career in 1827. The "Central" was organized eight years later. In 1836 the Maverick Church of East Boston was added to the fellowship.

To the Rev. Silas Aiken, of Park Street, more than to any other man, was due the formation of the Mount Vernon Church in 1842. While other pulpits were not in the fullest sympathy with the labors of evangelists, the doors of his church were for three seasons open to Mr. Kirk. The friendship formed between the two was never broken. The survivor wrote of his friend, after the latter was called home : " Dr. Aiken was a man of great integrity of purpose, a high sense of ministerial responsibility, of great candor and charitable disposition, very regardful of others' rights, and of more than ordinary humility. He was a man of solid acquirements, of firm principle, of thorough devotedness to the cause of Christ, and of great simplicity. I never knew him to make an injurious or unkind remark."

The preliminary arrangements having been completed, the council was convened on Wednesday, June 1, 1842, at nine o'clock, A. M. The first great obstacle presenting itself to the representatives of the churches was the new body's confession of faith. Not that it was heretical ; but the ring of the old formulas had not yet lost their music in dogmatic ears, and many of the fondly cherished phrases were missing. Mr. Kirk had prepared it, and it had been unanimously adopted by the proposed members of the new church. Members of the council regarded it as too rhetorical. Some said it was an attempt to be original. After they had cut it into very small pieces with their criticisms, the scribe gave back what remained of this " attempt at originality," into the care of the church committee ; and then the council adjourned for an hour or more, to await the church's action.

It was the old question of independency and fellowship. The church met and voted at once to adhere to their original confession. Among the five appointed by the council to confer with them was Lieutenant-governor Armstrong, deacon of the Old South Church, and among the pleasant memories of him is the advice that he privately gave these sons of the Pilgrims to make no change in the phraseology of the paper.

The church reported back to the council their decision ; and the council threw their choice criticisms into somebody's waste-basket, and voted to organize upon the paper as originally drawn up, politely backing down and leaving the church alone in its supreme authority, from which no departure has ever been made.

Adhering strictly to the early principles of the denomination, the church met between the sessions of the council, private and public, and elected Mr. Kirk to its membership, in the firm belief that the pastor is first to be a member of the church, and is then to be ordained by the church through the council. They then formally called him to the pastorate, ratifying all previous action. The impression produced by this action was doubtless voiced by Mr. Winslow, who in his charge to the pastor at the public installation services spoke of the church as "a lusty infant with a remarkably strong constitution."

The public services of the afternoon were participated in by the following clergymen : —

Introductory prayer,	REV. GEORGE W. BLAGDEN.
Sermon,	THOMAS H. SKINNER, D. D.
Installing prayer,	JUSTIN EDWARDS, D. D.
Charge to the pastor,	REV. H. WINSLOW.
Right hand of fellowship,	REV. SILAS AIKEN.
Address to the church,	REV. NEHEMIAH ADAMS.
Concluding prayer,	REV. JOHN A. ALBRO.

It is needless to say that Mr. Kirk came to Boston as a Congregationalist in the strictest sense. He believed most emphatically in the authority of the local church rather than of the presbytery. We are fortunately able to trace the workings of this change in his own language : —

"As a Presbyterian minister residing on the borders of New England, I had unconsciously accepted the notion prevalent in the church, that Presbyterians and Congregationalists were so essentially alike that, as a matter of course, every New England minister taking a pastoral charge out of New England would enter the Presbyterian Church.

“ At the same time two influences were preparing me to take a different view of the subject. The one was a deep natural aversion to usurped authority, — a profound respect for my independence as an individual man, and of the independence which God had made the inalienable birthright of every other man. The other was the fact that a growing acquaintance with the history of the conflict which ended in the exile of the Pilgrims, was opening the future to my view. The struggle with the Stuarts, I found to be one of the great hinges of history. In the events of that period, I saw that the Independents had made the discovery of the fundamental principle on which both civil and ecclesiastical governments must be founded ultimately. It appeared to me that whatever may be the personal excellence of the individual members of the Episcopal or of the Presbyterian churches, they were committed to the rejection of that principle ; when the power had fallen out of Episcopal hands, it was fought — resisted — just as fearfully by the Presbyterians as it had been by the Prelatists. The discoveries made by the Pilgrims have given this republic the vital elements of its civil policy. From the compact written on board the *Mayflower* has come the grand result, — a nation whose organic law is a written constitution subject to changes only by the will of the people, solemnly and deliberately formed and expressed; whose specific laws are framed, whose property is taxed, only by the representatives of the people chosen annually or biennially. From the profound and prayerful examination of the word of God made by this suffering people, came the principle that must prevail when the members of Christ’s body shall have passed from the state of pupillage to the maturity of Christian manhood. That principle is — in the matters of faith and conscience call no man Master neither be ye called Master. From this principle has grown Congregationalism, securing the most sacred regard for the rights of the individual conscience and of the local church.

“ It is often remarked that Congregationalists are singularly deficient in zeal for their own cause. My interpretation of the case is, that Congregationalism presents nothing that strikes the senses or enlists the imagination. I account for this by the baldness of its worship, and the absence of all show of power and authority in its discipline. The real value of the system as an ecclesiastical polity is its reserved power. A Congregational and a Presbyterian church may work side by side for a century, with no observable difference. But let the day come when the rights of the obscurest member of the church are invaded, when the officers of a church use their official authority as an instrument of their personal will, or when a general assembly deprives an obscure pastor of his rights, then that obscure disciple of Christ, that little flock, that persecuted minister, will discover why the Pilgrims determined to reduce human power in the government of the church to the minimum of quantity compatible with order.”

The new church worshiped for several months, or until the dedication of the new edifice, in the Masonic Temple, at the corner of Tremont Street and Temple Place, the building now occupied by the United States courts. The spacious hall, seating about a thousand, was always crowded. The greatest interest was manifested in the prayer-meetings held in the upper vestry of the Winter Street Church. So great was the disposition to attend them on the part of members of other churches, that the Mount Vernon Church passed a resolution inviting none but members of their own body. This resolution was necessary in order that no complaint should be made of them as seeking to undermine other churches. The judgment of Mr. Kirk, early expressed, was often repeated, that the Mount Vernon Church prayer-meetings were in the long run the best he ever attended.

These meetings demand more than a casual notice, inasmuch as they were emphatically *sui generis*. As in the crowded congregations was manifest the power of the pastor, so were these weekly gatherings for prayer the expression of the spiritual life of the church.

Upon the deacons has always rested all the responsibility for their leadership. Each of these in turn, as his captain's subaltern, was charged, as "officer of the week," with the care not only of the church meeting, but of providing a preacher for the pulpit in case the pastor was absent or from any cause unable to preach himself; charged also with the pulpit notices, excluding everything unauthorized or unsuitable; charged also with the duty and privilege of caring for the sick and the afflicted, the poor and the needy. It is not beyond the truth to affirm that a call to the diaconate of such a church involves duties hardly inferior to those of the pastorate in many a smaller field.

From the pastor's conception of the dignity and requirements of such a calling, it may readily be inferred that something more than mere exhortation, trite assertion, and superficial experience, must be brought to the prayer-meeting. No emphatic notice was needed to fill the spacious chapel

each Friday evening. Every part of the service partook of a deep solemnity; and when at its close, as was his invariable custom, the pastor occupied the fifteen minutes in his own inimitable way, it was easy to observe the marvelous strength to be gained in such an atmosphere. It was the family meeting, and its beloved pastor was always *at home*. We append a statement kindly furnished by Dea. James W. Kimball:—

“Dr. Kirk at the start said to his people, ‘I want it to be fully understood that our Friday evening meeting is in very deed the *church’s* meeting. I wish to attend it as one of the church, myself conscious of the need and of the privilege of such waiting upon God. I do not wish to be burdened with the charge of it. In common with others I will contribute what I can to its maintenance.’ By this arrangement he considered that he was kept well-informed of the status of his several members and of the spiritual tone of the church. It was the understanding and the endeavor of the brethren that fifteen or twenty minutes should be saved for his use in rounding out the evening’s services. It is doubtless true that these church meetings were interesting and useful beyond the average of such meetings. The high spiritual and intellectual tone of Dr. Kirk would of course exert a controlling influence. There was always the utmost freedom for prayer, praise, and intelligent utterance consonant with that tone. Assuredly there was much prayer, patient thought, and painstaking on the part of the deacons to provide and to initiate some scriptural lesson, as each in his turn was required to lead the meeting. Each did what he could himself,—did all he could to encourage others. There was no systematic endeavor to coerce thirty men to ventilate the wisdom of Baeon or St. Paul in as many minutes, nor yet to extract as many wise or unwise experiences from those who had more to learn than to communicate.

“If it was sometimes complained that Mount Vernon Chapel was a hard place in which to speak or pray, it may well be questioned if the moral and intellectual restraint therein imputed was less or other than a valuable means of grace. If any would serve Christ and his church by utterance of prayer, praise, or suggestive and instructive thought, why should it not cost them something? Indeed, the utterances most useful and welcome have ever and must always cost more than the complainers are at all willing to pay. In the prayer-meeting, as elsewhere, only those are much needed who are willing,—who in effect do take their lives in their hands, and go as with Paul to Jerusalem, not knowing the things that may befall them there. Only the simple believer in the indwelling Comforter may safely attempt to serve Christ and his church in the

prayer-meeting. Habitually waiting on Him, both as to when and what to speak, he shall be lifted above all undue concern about man's judgment, and empowered to speak that which his Lord would have spoken. Herein lies the secret of real power and lasting usefulness in the prayer-meeting. And this I would fain believe is the true account of what has made the Mount Vernon Church prayer-meeting to be gratefully remembered. One other contribution to its spirituality may well be named. The pastor and deacons maintained through Dr. Kirk's ministry a half hour prayer and conference meeting on Saturday P. M., and almost all their intercourse was leavened with prayer. A motion to adjourn on any occasion was scarcely in order without a preliminary motion to pray."

That sometimes, in proportion to the spiritual life of the church, the intellectual culture and formality of these meetings were too prominent, may readily be understood: young men occasionally complained that they were not expected to participate in them. But no greater mistake was ever made; all were expected to be equally at home in them.

It was because of this misapprehension that probably more men of fervent piety and known ability have been silent there for years, than can be found in any other church. The men silent there have in many instances become leaders in other places upon removing thence. Such a meeting might be an injury to many churches; yet it is safe to say that to this, more than to any other agency except the pulpit, Mount Vernon Church owes its power. The names of those chosen to the office of the diaconate will awaken in many hearts the recollections of a precious history:—

#### DEACONS.

THOMAS ADAMS, chosen June 1, 1842; dismissed February 5, 1847.

DANIEL SAFFORD, chosen June 1, 1842; died February 3, 1856.

JULIUS A. PALMER, chosen June 1, 1842; died March 14, 1872.

MARSHALL S. SCUDDER, chosen June 1, 1842; dismissed November 21, 1845.



HENRY HILL, chosen January 16, 1846; resigned January 18, 1850.

OLIVER B. DORRANCE, chosen February 19, 1847; resigned January 17, 1851.

JAMES WILLIAM KIMBALL, chosen February 19, 1847.

ANDREW CUSHING, chosen February 19, 1847.

JOSEPH C. TYLER, chosen February 1, 1855; term of office expired February 2, 1871. Reëlected.

LANGDON S. WARD, chosen February 2, 1855; resigned May 9, 1873.

JOHN M. PINKERTON, chosen February 17, 1860.

THOMAS Y. CROWELL, chosen February 21, 1872.

JOSEPH D. LELAND, chosen January 20, 1875.

From the records and manual of the church we learn that "the first meeting with reference to the erection of a house of worship was convened January 3, 1843, by a public notice from the pulpit on the preceding Sabbath. At this meeting it was determined, after deliberation and prayer, that the time had arrived when they were called, in the providence of God, to go forward and erect another sanctuary for his worship. A subscription was accordingly commenced for the purpose, and subsequently the following gentlemen were elected a building committee, with full power to select the location and erect the building, to wit: George W. Crockett, William W. Stone, Daniel Safford, John Slade, Jr., Roland Cutler, Freeman L. Cushman, and George F. Homer.

"After many ineffectual attempts to obtain a situation combining the requisite advantages, the committee in the month of May succeeded in contracting for an estate on the north side of Somerset Court, now Ashburton Place, a site unequalled perhaps by any in the city for the purpose at that time, considering its quiet location, and its advantages for ventilation and light."

On the 23d of June, 1843, the church voted to assume the name of the "Mount Vernon Congregational Church."

“The corner-stone was laid on the morning of July 4, 1843, on which occasion an appropriate address was delivered by the pastor; and the Rev. Lyman Beecher, D. D., led in prayer.

“The house having been completed on the 4th of January, 1844, just six months from the day on which the corner-stone was laid, it was solemnly dedicated to the worship of Almighty God. The pastor was assisted in the services of the occasion by the Rev. Messrs. Adams, Winslow, Rogers, Aiken, Blagden, and Jenks.”

The edifice is Grecian and not Gothic, and is without a spire; unpretending in its construction, yet commodious and rich in its very simplicity. The origin of its name is thus given by Dr. Kirk:—

“I have often desired to explain the title of this church. It was given in deference to me, I believe, and I will give you my reason, as it involves what may be of importance. I do not like to call a church by a street. I do not believe a church lives in a street; it lives in the house of God. ‘Ashburton Street Church’ does not please me. I did not like to call it by a mere number—that is too cold; and I named it, just as you name your children, from fancy; not from Mount Vernon Street, but because it is a pleasant and euphonious name, and simply for distinction. As for naming it after a saint, I do not believe in that, nor after a sinner either. Then there is what we call ‘the Chapel.’ I tried hard to keep the phraseology. It is not a ‘vestry’—we do not change our vestments. I preach there just as much as here; therefore it was called ‘the Chapel.’ These are minor matters, but what I have said explains to some people what has seemed inexplicable before.”

At the formation of the church, Mr. Crockett dryly remarked, as he looked upon the little company, that each man could have an office if he so desired. But from the day of this handful down to 1874, or until their pastor “fell on sleep,” 1,596 were added,—919 from other churches, and 677 on profession of their faith. It was a steady growth; and although not so large as was that of the church in Albany, was yet a growth carrying with it greater strength. The benefactions of its liberal members, through the hands of their treasurer, to outside benevolent work amounted in



MOUNT VERNON CHURCH.



this one pastorate, or until the close of 1874, to more than \$315,000, varying from \$3,975.90 the lowest, to \$19,477.46, the highest in any one year.

Nearly every church in the vicinage has unconsciously written upon its records, by letters missive, their own internal troubles or pastoral changes. Few pastors and churches, if any, have proved truer friends to those needing assistance and fraternal advice. In the time of this one pastorate, in response to invitations given, the church has been represented in two hundred and ninety-nine councils.

With his change of field from Albany to Boston, Mr. Kirk adopted many new methods. The extemporaneous style of delivery was given up for the written. Repeatedly did he afterwards regret his use of the former, on the ground that it led him into too diffuse a style; yet upon the other side it must be said that men whose judgment is worthy of our trust often urged him to throw aside his written discourses and be himself again without the "paper wings." In reference to this vexed question as connected with his experience, we are painfully impressed with the fact that doctors disagree. Suffice it to say, his sermons of the greatest power were never written.

One habit he never changed, — he remained the same *man of prayer*. No theme was too trivial for the divine blessing. "I am more and more convinced," he said, just at the close of his active pastorate, "that my power, if any I have, has its origin in this room — in prayer." Men in trouble and seeking for counsel were often struck with his opening suggestion: "Let us ask our Father about this now." His marvelous power in prayer in the pulpit was due to this his more than habit. Prayer was his life. The Lord Jesus was always present. Meeting some seeker after truth in the cars, he would reach forward and in the tenderest accents seek the Father's blessing. The whole expression forbade any suggestion of affectation or mannerism. Said one who had known him many years, "Often have Dr. Kirk and I walked the streets of Boston, while in his conversation he

would remind me in every word and movement that the Lord Jesus was with us. I used to be often surprised ; but now that trouble has driven me to a closer communion, I know, from my own experience, that he ‘walked with God.’”

Not long before his death, he remarked to one of his people, “When I find, as I do now so often and almost always find, that I cannot pray with any considerable freedom ; that I cannot count upon words or even ideas ; that I cannot be at all sure of myself, knowing not what my utterances shall be ; I begin to be in doubt whether after all the past freedom was anything more than mere gift.” It *was* a gift, just as his faith was, — from God ; and it may be doubted if many men have ever made so good use of this among their other gifts.

The testimony of one who had sat under his Boston ministry from the very first is to the point. “I never yet knew of any phrase, cant or stereotyped, which was peculiar to him.” In prayer, as in all his other efforts, the freshness of his thought and language was remarkable. We shall follow him through scenes of intense activity, but we must never for a moment forget the real source of his strength and hope. How his daily conduct in his calling impressed those who witnessed it with the truth that his “life was hid with Christ in God” may be seen in the following letter from Dr. Edward Beecher : —

“BROOKLYN, *November 24, 1876.*

“My more particular and personal acquaintance with Mr. Kirk commenced after his settlement in Mount Vernon Church in Boston. At that time I was the pastor of Salem Church, and was brought into familiar acquaintance with him, in our ministerial meetings and in the councils of the churches. In addition to this, I saw him in his own family, and in familiar interviews in his study. One of these made a deep and lasting impression on my mind. It was after his installation over Mount Vernon Church. In that interview he laid open his views and feelings as to his past life and labors, and the predominance in them of evangelistic work ;

and declared his purpose to devote himself anew to a more profound study of the Bible, and of scientific and practical theology and of human society, to fit himself for the discharge of his great duties as a settled pastor, in so important a church, in so commanding a centre of influence. I could trace in him no element of self-consciousness, ambition, or conceit, but a fair and discriminating judgment of the past, and an earnest desire and firm purpose by the grace of God to prepare himself to the extent of his abilities for the new and immense responsibilities imposed upon him. Nor was his prayerful purpose vain. By divine aid it was carried into full effect. No one can have been with him in such interviews without being struck with the nearness of his spirit to God and the deeply prayerful habit of his mind. It was his delight to open consultations with prayer; and an aspect of simplicity and godly sincerity pervaded his whole life. No idea of management, or intrigue, or craft, or indirection, could arise in dealing with him, but he ever acted and spoke as in the sight of God.

“It was the habit of his mind to grasp truth in practical forms. He studied theology ever as a system to be preached; and in preaching, his fervid eloquence was simple and direct. He did not involve himself in perplexing metaphysical speculation, nor seek admiration by ambitious rhetoric, but by manifestation of the truth commended himself to every man’s conscience in the sight of God. The firmness of his belief in the inspiration of the Bible and his unwavering assurance of eternal things were among the chief elements of his power. No man more boldly or effectively than he wielded the sword of the Spirit which is the word of God.

“Yet that his study of systems was wide and comprehensive, and his knowledge of the lessons of history, and of the great laws of human society, and of the true modes of cooperating with God in the renovation of man was profound, no one can doubt who has studied his lectures on Revivals.”

The young and accomplished pastor was a student of both

the word and the works of God. The changing seasons hinted to his active mind parables without number. Every tree and plant was his recognized teacher; and not a rivulet but reminded him of his Father's care. From his summer "home" he looked upon the sea, undisturbed in the calm or lashed into fury by the tempest. To his poetic mind it was the mirror of his infinite Father. The mournful roar of the ceaseless tides and the hissings of the waters cut by the breakers were parts of a minor anthem he loved to hear. Hour after hour, away from the sound of every human voice, he would sit near some fragment of a wreck, or upon some towering cliff watching the restless sea-gulls in their unequal flight, looking "through Nature up to Nature's God." Likewise the mountains, in their wild, lonely grandeur, reminded him of sacred things, — some Carmel or Horeb, some Pisgah or Tabor; and still oftener, the lonely Sinai, overmatched by historic Calvary. To him, God was in the tempest, and His "the still small voice."

He passed over the pavements of fashion, and down the streets and along the wharves of commerce. He learned what men were doing. He looked upon every weather-beaten sailor as an undubbed professor of geography, from whom he might receive information. He politely accosted many a farmer and gardener as one who should add to his stock of information about the cultivation of the soil. Tradition has written that when Dr. Emmons was informed by his servant of a stray cow that was making havoc in his corn-field, he reproved the messenger for intruding upon his study-hours with such a message as that, and — kept at his work. Dr. Kirk would have attended to the cow, and derived a lesson from the aggravating occurrence. He found sermons in the stones of the highway and the field. Everything in nature was a commentary upon the revealed word.

"Keep yourself informed," he said, in later years, to a student of theology, "upon every advance made in scientific research, and upon every new suggestion in philosophy. Make yourself familiar with the three great branches of hu-



man discovery and industry, — agriculture, manufactures, and commerce.” It was this knowledge of men, this breadth of research, added to his profound intelligence and piety, which gave Dr. Kirk so strong a hold upon their sympathy.

He has been sometimes called illogical in the plan of his sermons. We apprehend the criticism to be ill-timed, yet savoring of truth. His mind like his philosophy was *intuitive* in its workings. He possessed the quickness of perception usually accorded to the gentler sex. He saw the many sides of every subject and portrayed them; yet frequently the second or following division of the theme, while logically in its place, was not fully reasoned out from the preceding thoughts. His sermon, as a piece of mechanism, was not a *chain*, but rather a *string of pearls, each pearl in its exact place*, — a great doctrine revealed by a strict analysis of its underlying truths.

Few preachers have so continuously held congregations of so various a composition. Men of the acutest minds in Boston and Cambridge were in his audience every Sabbath. A distinguished professor in the Law School at Harvard University walked many a Sabbath from and to his home in Cambridge to hear this “rising preacher;” while the very poorest and the “wayfaring” listened with the same delight to the themes so simply and yet so skillfully handled.

Steadily the Mount Vernon Church and its beloved pastor advanced to a front rank among the churches of the city and of New England. Unjust and personal attacks were frequently made, sometimes by those calling themselves “liberal,” and usually by those from whom better things should have been expected; but all to no purpose.

Mr. Kirk’s relations to members of the Unitarian denomination were of a most interesting and peculiar nature. His own love for the men while denouncing their doctrines was met in their own hearts by a similar response. Some of the strongest personal friends of this uncompromising preacher were in their ranks.

The following letter to the “Christian Register,” in 1841,

speaks of an act which in those days produced a divided sentiment, even as the repetition of the same has in later years been wrongly construed: —

“MESSRS. EDITORS, — Not many days since I noticed a paragraph in the ‘Brooklyn Daily News’ headed ‘Signs of the Times,’ stating that the Rev. Mr. Kirk had lately preached before a Unitarian society in Boston, by ‘request of its pastor.’ A paragraph in the ‘Journal of Commerce’ of New York of Friday last also stated that the Rev. Mr. Kirk had lately preached to great acceptance before the religious society under charge of Rev. Mr. Clarke (Unitarian).

“Now, gentlemen, were I in the occupaney of a Unitarian pulpit, I think that I should not have the slightest objection to any so-called ‘Orthodox’ clergyman of ‘respectable standing’ being permitted to officiate in that pulpit, provided he recognized the congregation under my charge as a *Christian* congregation. For the special consolation of the Christian congregation worshipping under charge of the Rev. Mr. Clarke, I beg to state the following fact: A short time since I went to the Rev. Dr. Cox’s church in this place to listen to a discourse by this same Mr. Kirk in behalf of an effort making to establish a missionary station in France. In that discourse Mr. Kirk asked the following question: ‘But what, after all, is this boasted French nation?’ And how think you he answered the question? Why — by the following insulting declaration. ‘It is a nation of atheists, of infidels, of *Unitarians*, of men of the world — *indeed of any and everything but Christians.*’ Now, Mr. Kirk either uttered these words in the honest sincerity of his heart, or he did not. If he did not, he knew well that he uttered an atrocious calumny and falsehood — if he did, then in consenting to address Mr. Clarke’s congregation, knowing as he must have known, that they claimed to be a *Christian* congregation, and that neither they nor their pastor probably had a doubt that he so regarded them, or that otherwise he would not have been suffered to occupy their pulpit, he played the part of a consummate hypocrite. What more disgraceful, than for a clergyman to visit a place where he knew that the prejudices against Unitarians were of the bitterest kind, and by a declaration like that above quoted, knowingly add to and strengthen those prejudices, and then return again to Boston, where he knew that an entirely different state of feeling prevailed, and accept an invitation to preach in the pulpit of a clergyman, whom, and whose congregation, he had just before, when at a distance, virtually denounced as ‘any and everything but Christians.’

“Hereafter, unless Mr. Kirk should fully and unequivocally retract the gross slander he has uttered against Unitarians, it is to be hoped that no pastor or congregation of that denomination will be found so far

wanting in self-respect, or in respect for the faith they profess, as to suffer him again to enter their pulpit.

“BROOKLYN, L. I., April 5.”

Because of this act and of the letter, the editor of the “Register,” knowing whereof he affirmed, thus replied, in part: —

“Suppose Mr. Kirk, in the plenitude of his infallible knowledge of God’s truth, has decided that Unitarians are not to be regarded as Christians, and ought to be classed with infidels and atheists, this is no reason why he should not preach to them, if he is invited, and his engagements permit; but, on the contrary, a strong reason why he should. He may denounce them in New York, and yet preach to them in Boston, without exposing himself to the charge of inconsistency or hypocrisy. Our correspondent, we presume, will acknowledge this, when he understands the circumstances under which Mr. Kirk preached for the Rev. Mr. Clarke. They were on this wise, as we have been informed, and we have the more pleasure in stating them, because they show that, however false Mr. Kirk’s position with regard to Unitarians, he maintains that position frankly and openly. He and Mr. Clarke were introduced to each other at a social meeting at the house of a common friend. After some general conversation, Mr. Clarke invited Mr. Kirk to preach for him, and said he should be pleased to have him. Mr. Kirk in reply alluded to his numerous engagements, and the difficulty of finding a time when he was at liberty. After this point was settled, Mr. Kirk expressed some surprise at the invitation, and gave Mr. Clarke to understand that he could not regard him as a Christian minister, and that if he had pastoral charge of a pulpit in Boston he could not receive him into it, and that if he preached for him, he should go to preach truth where he felt that error was commonly preached. To which Mr. Clarke replied, ‘That is of no consequence: it only proves that I can do more than you can. You cannot ask me to preach for you; I *can* ask you to preach for me.’ This, we have been informed on good authority, is in its general features a correct account of the circumstances under which Mr. Kirk preached before the society worshipping in Amory Hall. And surely, if he was thus explicit with Mr. Clarke, he is by no means obnoxious to the charge of hypocrisy or inconsistency. Some difference of opinion may exist as to Mr. Clarke’s course. Some may think he was wanting in a just self-respect in pressing the matter, after Mr. Kirk’s explicit avowal that he should not receive him into his pulpit, had he one under his charge. Others may behold in this only a noble example of an enlarged Christian charity. But no one can deny, it seems to us, that Mr. Kirk acted openly and honorably in the case. The whole thing is by no means so important as our correspondent at a distance seems to regard it, nor will

it be followed by any important practical results. It will not break down, or undermine, or shake a hair's breath, the wall of separation between Unitarian and Orthodox Christians. It is only what has occurred many times before. Orthodox clergymen have always been ready to stand in Unitarian pulpits when invited, though they have been and are unwilling to invite Unitarian ministers into theirs. If any Unitarians choose to invite them on these terms, let them do it."

It is needless to say that, notwithstanding the persistent private discussions of these two men, a cordial friendship always existed between them.

In the paper subjoined, a perplexing question and its answer, bearing upon this point of theological differences, are tersely described. The paper was given more than a quarter of a century after the event narrated in it, consequently it expresses Dr. Kirk's theological position at the last.

"When Dr. Channing died, a member of his church proposed this dilemma to me: Has Dr. C. gone to heaven or to hell? It was a fair question, but one of those which do not disclose the motives of the inquirer, and which cannot be safely answered without reference to the possibility of an unfriendly intention. Many of the inquiries proposed to the Saviour, apparently natural and honest in purpose, were really mere traps. The inquirer saw but two answers, one of which would probably be given; either of which would serve not to enlighten him but to damage the respondent. I know not to this day the motive of the inquirer, but saw at once the danger of my position. He had proposed an inquiry, which he knew I could no more answer than he, but which consistency might require me to answer in one way, or policy in another. If I had said, 'He has gone to hell,' that would best have suited the inquirer if he were malignant in his purpose. If I had replied, 'He has gone to heaven,' it is obvious that I might as well have said (what I do not believe) that it makes no difference in our future condition whether we love, trust, obey Jesus Christ as merely an eminent man, or as God and man. The answer I gave him contains an essential principle for us who are in the midst of a people whom we respect and love for their many excellent qualities; to disagree with whom is to oppose them — is a constant source of pain; who require us to keep our religious convictions out of their sight in all our intercourse with them; to see them even intensely hostile to the claims of our dearest friend; to see them look with contempt on truths which are the rock of our salvation, — without which eternity to us is a horrid eclipse; and yet they exercise only superficial

feelings of our own social nature; and make all their intercourse with us entirely agreeable.

“The reply was this: ‘God did not send me here to judge any man, or to fix his eternal destiny. But I have come with clear and fixed convictions. I *believe* something, and the opposite of that something is to me error, not truth. I believe that charity and bigotry do not pertain to the intellect, but the heart. I believe in the right of every human being to adopt the system which he thinks to be true, accountable not to men but to God. Dr. C. believed in that right, and exercised it. He was not a bigot; he was not uncharitable; but he believed that Unitarianism was Christianity. In the exercise of the same right, I believe that it is an enemy of Christianity. I have a right to judge creeds but not men. I hope most earnestly to meet Dr. C. in heaven, but I believe it must be by some way other than that which he taught.’

“Riding in a stage-coach with a Unitarian minister, he denounced us (the Orthodox) as bigoted. ‘What do you mean by bigotry?’ ‘It is the rejection of sincere men from your fraternity.’ ‘But you reject the truth, and we have apostolic example for some severity in opposing those who teach men false religion: the inspired Apostle says, ‘Though we or an angel from heaven preach any other doctrine (Heterodoxy) let him be accursed!’ ‘But we are as sincere in our belief as you are in yours.’ We were just then passing a saw-mill. I observed, ‘Suppose that miller had attended a lecture last night, and that, with varied argument and much learning, the lecturer had proved that, as the back of a saw would cut as well as the edge, economy required that its position in sawing should be reversed. The man is convinced and comes to his mill this morning, sincerely acting out his conviction. Would his sincerity ever cut the log in two?’ The hit brought a laugh from the whole company. ‘Oh,’ he replied, ‘ridicule is n’t argument.’ But I used no ridicule. I simply used an illustration, — an appeal to common sense. The Chinese sincerely believe it is right to bandage the feet of their children, but that does not make it right nor best to do it. You must admit that some errors are poisonous to the soul; you may be sincere in believing the doctrines and in preaching them. We do not impeach your sincerity, but oppose them as hurtful to the people.’”

## CHAPTER X.

### THE EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE.

1846.

THE ordinary life even of extraordinary men is monotonous. Only he who is faithful in the things which are least, will be successful in the things which are greatest. As a rule, the routine of daily attention to the details of duty absorbs the time of the greatest as well as of the humblest men.

This is especially true of the life of the American clergyman. Week after week the preparations for the coming Sabbath engage his profoundest attention. Visits to the sick, services in the house of mourning, with the thousand other duties, consume all his spare time. The minister, more than other men, knows not what a day may bring forth; knows not whom the day will bring into his study. As a rule, his callers rejoice to test his faith in the promise, "it is more blessed to give than to receive." He gives, and they find it very much to their satisfaction to receive.

Dr. Kirk knew no exemption from these every-day burdens of a minister's life, and he sought none. These pages, however, are not to chronicle the private and silent triumphs of a life like his, but must take account mainly of those events which have a more public bearing.

In 1846 a great "Ecumenical Council of the Protestant Churches" was announced to be held on the 19th of August, in London. The origin of what was then and there organized, now known as the "Evangelical Alliance," is briefly told. For many years the impression had been

steadily gaining ground, both in Europe and America, that a union of all Protestant churches was imperatively needed, as an expression of their mutual sympathies. The first preparatory meeting had been held a few years before in Liverpool. Most of the morning in this first meeting was spent in reading the Scriptures and in prayer. Six conferences were held, presided over by John Angell James, Bickersteth, and men of the like spirit. From these preparatory gatherings came the call for the "World's Convention."

The Mount Vernon Church responded to the call by appointing as delegates their pastor and Deacon Daniel Safford.

They sailed from home May 2d, carrying with them the ardent love and the fervent prayers of their brethren. We quote from the diary and letters of this period:—

"AT SEA, STEAMSHIP CALEDONIA, *Monday, May 4, 1846.*

"Yesterday at Halifax I attended the service in the kirk. It was too late for the sermon but not for the administration of the Lord's Supper. By reason of the exclusive system of that church, I was not permitted to unite with my brethren in celebrating the death of Christ. But I found it very sweet to hear the hymns, the prayers, and exhortations. It is a great privilege, to one who generally is obliged to lead the devotional exercises of others, sometimes to follow. I was peculiarly impressed with the singing. The hymns were the Scripture paraphrases, and the tunes were those with which I heard the praises of God during my childhood. I formed a hasty impression, which I am not now well enough to examine, but which I would record. It is, that we have lost in our sacred lyrics by not adhering more closely to the scriptural aspects of subjects, and in our sacred music by not preserving the simplicity and commonness of our tunes.

"The tedium of sea-life tries new characters very effectually in some respects. It peculiarly develops the appetite for cigars, spirits, and gaming. I have before heard the acknowledgment, and now hear it repeated that we are not on shore what, at sea, we appear to be. Oh! the weariness of the sea to a nervous man! The inability to read or think, the monotony of the employments and amusements, the increased loathing of the food from its increased unsavoriness, the inability to sleep soundly, all these are items to be weighed by him who seeks the benefits of *being* across the sea by *going* across it. I was prevented from preaching on the first Sabbath by the confusion connected with landing at Halifax and getting again to sea. On the second Sabbath, I preached

to a respectful audience from the delightful story of Bartimeus. The greater part of the passengers and officers, as well as many of the crew, were present. . . .

“LONDON, *May 14th.*—We are in London on the thirteenth day after leaving Boston, having traveled more than twenty-nine hundred miles by steam, over water; and more than two hundred by steam, over land. For the thousandth time let it be said, wonderful power produced by means so simple! We arrived too late to attend the most interesting meetings of the religious societies, and also too late to hear the close of the debate in the House of Commons upon the Corn Laws.”

“LONDON, *May 15, 1846.*

“MY DEAR MOTHER.—We are here quietly settled down, by God’s hand kindly guiding us. Our voyage was favorable, and as comfortable as that unnatural mode of life can well be. We landed on the wharf in Liverpool on Thursday morning, after an early breakfast, and took the railway cars immediately for London. We wrote you a few lines from Halifax, which we trust you received. The company was mixed, as usual; a part of them quite agreeable. Among the others were some Quakers, whom we have learned highly to esteem; one of them being an old acquaintance of mine in Paris.

“I preached on Sunday last, but the ship rolled so greatly as to prevent me from standing up to deliver my discourse, and my brain was too much addled to admit of making an extemporaneous sermon, which would have been more consonant to the occasion than reading.

“A kind and intelligent Irish physician very cordially invited me to visit him in the north of Ireland. I should be greatly gratified to comply, if we can so arrange our movements. His remarks on British and Irish political and ecclesiastical affairs I found to be very instructive.

“There was the greatest amount of cigar-smoking I ever saw. The use of wines and spirituous liquors was very free. I find many indications that the temperance reformation is not advancing.

“We hastened to London, in order to inform ourselves of the possibility of reaching Jerusalem and returning to London in time for the great meeting in August. We have now, though reluctantly, abandoned the hope of accomplishing it. The reasons are, mainly, the danger of a summer journey; the necessity of too great haste; the possibility of failing of one chief object of the journey to Europe, an attendance at the August convention; and our aversion to commencing a sea-life immediately after having survived one sufficiently disagreeable. Our present plan is, therefore, to spend the next week in London, attend the General Assembly of the Free Church of Scotland the ensuing week, and then shape our course by circumstances.

“I called this morning on my old friend Challis, who has been made



one of the aldermen of London. He is deeply immersed in public affairs, but seems as much devoted to the cause of Christ as ever. You may remember that he treated me with great kindness, entertaining me so long under his hospitable roof, and offering me every inducement to remain with him and the Spa Fields Chapel. He introduced Mr. Safford and myself to the Union of Congregational Ministers. I was cordially welcomed as an old friend to many of them. They had a fine spirit and some interesting discussions. I can see great progress already. They are improving the whole system of their operations, and taking more fully their right position as a portion of the great Church of Jesus Christ. Heretofore they have allowed themselves to be kept too much in the background by the overshadowing of the Establishment.

“*Saturday evening.*— I find many changes here in seven years. Deaths and marriages have made London appear to me very different from itself in 1839. I have just received very kind letters from Mr. Challis’s two eldest daughters, who were lovely young ladies when I domiciled under their father’s roof, but are now at the head of their own families.

“I have agreed to preach for Mr. Sherman, of Surrey Chapel, to-morrow evening. In the morning I hope to hear the Rev. Baptist Noel. Mr. Safford and myself have spent the day in sight-seeing. He begins to discover that London is an immense city, and contains a great many wonderful things. He will describe what he has seen, in his own freshness of feeling, and you will enjoy the narration more than if I put it down with a more subdued tone of admiration. We closed the rambles of the day by stationing ourselves at Hyde Park, where the queen passed us in her coach with six horses and three outriders. Prince Albert, as usual, was at her side. I saw only a part of her face, as she happened to be looking in the direction away from me.

“I find that I am an older man than when I was here before. The keenness of curiosity is greatly diminished; and the emptiness of earthly greatness is more apparent. I bless God more earnestly than ever for the degree of evidence I possess of being his child, and for the privilege of preaching his gospel. I feel much happiness in the prospect of returning to minister to that beloved people among whom God has cast my lot; and while I am conscious of needing the relaxation I now enjoy, yet the prospect of resuming my labors is very agreeable to me.

“I trust that you will be kept in perfect health and peace during my absence. I commend you all to our kind and almighty Benefactor, for the life that is, and for that which is to come.

“Much love to the household.

“Your affectionate son,

“EDWARD.”

“EDINBURGH, *May 25, 1846.*

“MY DEAR SISTER, — I now write to you from the most beautiful city in Europe except Constantinople. I doubt if our excellent father ever saw this capital of his native land, as he left his home when quite a youth; and if he had, he would now scarcely recognize it as the same. True, the old town remains with many of its rugged features, but when viewed in connection with the new city, they only add to the picturesque beauty of the whole. The charm of this city is in its position and its buildings and streets. When you get on one of its eminences, you look out upon the beautiful Bay or Frith of Forth, the bold Bass Rock standing alone in the sea, the rugged Arthur’s Seat, the Pentland Hills, and many other ranges stretching around on every side. Many of the streets are wide and beautiful, and the local objects of interest are very many. Among them is Holyrood House, the residence of Scotland’s kings from the time of David I. in the twelfth century. On the other side is Edinburgh Castle, once an impregnable fortress. John Knox’s house and other antiquities are shown. But the modern monuments are all beautiful; none of them, however, grand. Walter Scott’s monument is especially beautiful, although not quite finished. We arrived here on Saturday noon in twenty-eight hours from London, a distance of four hundred and thirty miles. We went directly to the General Assembly of the Free Church, but heard nothing of interest. We then strolled off to the extremity of the city to find Mr. B., but he had gone out of town to preach. I saw him to-day at a distance; but he has not yet called upon me. I am disappointed in not hearing Dr. Chalmers. But he is failing and retiring from public life. We heard three good sermons from the Free Church ministers yesterday. One of them, I think, was in the first deputation. His name, I believe, is Somerville. We went this morning to the Assembly of the Kirk, or Established Church. They met in a beautiful building recently erected for them. There sits the lord high commissioner in court-dress, with the golden mace as an indication of his acting by the authority of her majesty. I was happy to hear them discussing with some zeal the subject of Foreign Missions, and to hear them speak with much courtesy and affection of the Free Church!

“The Sabbath I spent in London was divided between two public services. In the morning, I went to hear Baptist Noel. After the service I followed him to his vestry, and introducing myself, begged the favor of an interview. He promptly invited me to dine with him on Monday. This was more than I could have expected without a shadow of recommendation to him. He resides about four miles from town, in one of those beautiful villas with which England abounds. He has no property in his own right, being the brother of a wealthy lord who inherits the family estates. But his title of Honorable comes from his connec-

tion with the nobility. He has, however, an infinitely higher title. He is a faithful disciple and minister of Christ. He stands like a pillar against the seductions of his social and ecclesiastical position. He is the most liberal Episcopalian I have met. My desire to see him was chiefly to ascertain how the good ministers of his church regard the Evangelical Alliance. You will find the result of my conversation with him in a letter to the "Family Visitor," which is sent to me every Thursday. His wife was a lady of fortune, and thus he is enabled to live in very good style and to preach independently of his bishop. Our afternoon and evening passed very agreeably, there being another clergyman, his brother, his lovely children, and several intelligent women there. At family prayer, seven domestics were present, of whom he entertains the hope that all are pious. He gave me the Bible, and requested me to read and comment on the passage. He is, indeed, a fine specimen of true piety.

"My arrival in London was so unexpected that my friends were utterly unprepared to receive me; and I assure you it seemed strange to me to be in London and not welcomed by a multitude of friends. But before I left them, the old importunities were coming upon me. The Challis family retain all their kind feelings. It was strange to me to find the three elder daughters at the head of their respective families. We dined together at the house of one of them on Wednesday last, with the parents. I stayed at the same house that night. In the morning we rode out eleven miles, to the beautiful residence of Mr. Challis. His is a still more charming place than Mr. Noel's. I am enjoying my tour; but shall be happy when the day comes for my return to a country and a people growing perpetually dearer to me. When you shall be reading this, I shall probably be roaming on the Continent; for we expect to see Paris in about ten days. We may go hunting for the Kirks in Kirkcudbright. Kind remembrance to all.

"Your affectionate brother,

"EDWARD."

At Edinburgh the two friends separated for a season, Mr. Safford to go by Glasgow and Liverpool, and his pastor by Dumfries, to meet in Manchester. Mr. Kirk went down to Kirkcudbright to search for his deceased father's relatives. But the time was too short to enable him to find their precise localities. Mrs. Carson, the innkeeper of Kirkcudbright, took his address, and promised to make inquiries, and inform him about them should she be successful. We return to his journal:—

“*Saturday, May 30th.* — I arrived in Manchester at 10 o'clock P. M., and Mr. Safford was not waiting for me at the cars as I anticipated he would be. My situation was far from comfortable. I could not know that he had reached Manchester; and if he had, and, by some misunderstanding, should be searching for me at some other depot, I knew not what anxieties he might entertain in regard to me. But this I must commit to the care of Him who has said, ‘Cast your care upon Him, for He careth for you.’

“*Sunday, May 31st.* — I considered it my duty go out this morning and search for Mr. Thornton, on whom Mr. Safford had probably called if he had come to M. But unfortunately the directory gives Mr. Thornton's residence at Withington; and Withington is a district of many miles square. After some fruitless searches and inquiries, I abandoned it, and went to church in a very uncomfortable mood. Heard a discourse from the Rev. Dr. H., of the Independent Church. It was a plain practical address, without much method, depth, or style. The elocution was utterly contrary to nature. But the subject was appropriate to Whitsun week, a British holiday, when temptations to vice are magnified and multiplied. How strong is Satan's hold of the world! The festivals of the church are the occasions when custom sanctions extraordinary wickedness. His text was from Mark xiv. 38: *Watch and pray*, etc. His exegesis was — We must not enter into temptation voluntarily, because we are prone to sin. His arrangement was, (1) an explanation of temptation; (2) a consideration of avoiding it in consequence of the weakness of the flesh. The sermon did not seize the mind strongly at any point, because the preacher had not strongly grasped the subject. His sermon was delivered without, I think, even a brief. But I am sure he who preaches without a written preparation ought not to venture (if he is not compelled for want of time) to deliver a discourse until his soul has seen every prominent point of the subject with an eagle-gaze, and glowed with the kindlings of its heat, — until he is impatient to pour out his expanded heart and share the delightful and profitable excitement with others. The preacher gave an interpretation which had not occurred to me before, — ‘The spirit is willing,’ he made to mean the spirit is presumptuous, willing to enter the conflict, because unconscious of its danger. ‘Willing’ then would mean, ready to meet the trial; and the scope of our Lord's injunction would be, that we must watch and pray after temptation, instead of being willing to enter it. This the preacher reconciled with James's exhortation to ‘rejoice when we fall into many temptations,’ by making the one mean trials of patience and faith; the other, allurements to wickedness.

“I had gone so far in my record, when, to my surprise, Mr. Safford was announced. God was kind thus to relieve me from anxiety, and give me, without seeking, what I had so earnestly sought in vain. And

then Mr. Safford announced the reception of letters from Boston. This turned all my sorrow into laughter, until we came to read the letters; then we wept for very gratitude and joy at the exhibition of God's goodness to us and to those we love. We shall devote to-morrow to letter-writing. That will make it a delightful day to us, if our Father will. The subject of the morning's sermon has been unfolding itself to my view, so that I may make several discourses upon it."

The journey to Paris, made by the two devoted companions, and the deep enthusiasm inspired in Mr. Kirk by the memories of his sojourn there eight years before, need no description here. Brussels, Antwerp, and Cologne were visited, and awakened the greatest interest in the two reflective minds. From Cologne to Bonn, and thence to Mannheim, up the Rhine! And on yet farther, to Geneva and the Alps; then back again to Paris.

The most lasting impressions gained in this tour are thus recorded in the following letters, the first to his parishioner and friend, Mr. E. S. Tobey, and the second to his niece, now Mrs. Keep, of Lockport, New York:—

"PARIS, *June 13, 1846.*

"MY DEAR FRIEND,— You desired a recognition from me in this distant land. Your request is not forgotten, and I am happy in assuring myself that your friendly feelings will attach some interest to my salutation. The rapidity with which I pass from place to place hinders me from coming in such contact with the most interesting personages as would at once gratify me, and enable me most fully to interest and inform my friends at home. I find France greatly advanced in some respects, since my former visit.

"The pacific reign of Louis Philippe has greatly developed the resources of an almost exhausted territory. The fine arts have been greatly patronized. The palaces of the royal family, and the residences of the wealthy, are growing in splendor. Railroads are increasing travel and giving a new spring to commerce. But, at the same time, the military spirit and the spirit of Romanism seem to be reviving. M. Thiers, who leads the Opposition, is aiming to lead France back into the old attachment to military glory. And Paris has become a great barrack; bayonets seem to be the domestic power of the king, as they are the foreign power of the nation. It is really striking to see the old Roman Churches undergoing repairs everywhere. The priests are a better looking and better dressed set of people than when I was here in 1839. The churches

are more fully attended ; and their decorations are more in the modern French taste, gaudy and brilliant. The pure Greek and the pure Gothic are alike absent from the modern religious architecture of France. The Madeleine is a magnificent structure, but is loaded with gilding, paintings, and florid ornaments. My present impression, in attending the Roman service, is that of deeper pity than I ever felt before. It seems to me a wonder that we can behold our fellow-creatures thus deluded in the matter of highest moment, — their communion with God, and the mode of attaining his favor, — and not, at least, more earnestly pray for their deliverance. Satan is certainly regaining his lost territory ; he is surely preparing for a tremendous assault upon the Messiah's kingdom. And happy are they who know how to be alarmed and sufficiently assured to excite them at once to action, and to joyful expectation.

“ Depend upon it, my dear friend, our worldliness and apathy are very reprehensible. We shall soon see our position, our duties, and our privilege, from another point of view. And I have no hesitation in endeavoring to arouse my own mind, and the minds of my friends, to address ourselves anew to the work. A kind Providence may restore me to my people and my work: the anticipation is to me most delightful ; but I trust that He who calls us to the work, may abundantly replenish us for it. Our church has done well in many respects ; but, alas ! what deficiencies of attachment to such a Redeemer and such a cause ! What indifference to each other's spiritual progress, and to the salvation of our fellow-men !

“ Present my kindest salutation to your esteemed parents and to Mrs. Tobey. You and your little ones have a place in the affections and prayer of your pastor, as I trust he has in yours. With much esteem,

“ Your brother in Christ, EDWARD N. KIRK.”

“ LONDON, *August 1, 1846.*

“ MY DEAR MARY, — Did you ever receive a whole letter from Europe ? I believe not. Then I will give you that pleasure and honor, for such I see George and Daniel consider it. But as to letter-writing, I utterly yield the palm to my fellow-traveler. He writes everything he sees and hears into a book, and then gives it out to his friends with a vividness and detail which almost transplants the reader into the scenes themselves. But I deal in generals and reflections which have no narrative interest. So then you must take me just as I am, only I will strike a little into that vein, and tell you something of my life at Geneva, which has been the pleasantest part of my journey, though the most trying to my friend. We could not leave it sooner than we did, because I had sent for Bargnani, and he was to come and meet some gentlemen with myself there. Mr. Safford could not go out into French society ; the very great social enjoyment I had there made a trying contrast for him.

“Geneva is to me one of the pleasantest spots in the world. It is a quiet, unpretending city, at the foot of its own sweet lake, where the pure blue Rhone shoots away in a deep, rapid torrent, dividing the city almost equally. On the one side (northwest and north) are the Jura Mountains, separated from the city and lake by a gentle and beautiful slope of land highly cultivated, and covered with country-seats; among which, that formerly of Madame De Staël (author of ‘Corinne,’ which Harriet has been reading) is pointed out. Then the lake stretches quietly and beautifully away to the east, and on the south, the bold Alps of Savoy begin their swellings, rising tier on tier, until you see the giant Mont Blanc on his snowy throne, overlooking all. Geneva, then, seems like a bright gem set in its verdant frame, pure and bright as the diamond. Its inhabitants are an intelligent, social people; I found those with whom I mingled peculiarly so. We arrived there on Thursday evening. The next morning, after finding and reading over letters, I went out to call on Colonel Tronchin, as the person best known to me. He has two beautiful villas, one on each side of the lake. In the winter he occupies that nearest the city, and on the lowest ground. I found him there. He at once insisted on my spending the day with him. I did so, and could not get away until late in the evening. The next day I called on Dr. Malan and on Mr. Wolff’s parents.

“I should have said that Colonel Tronchin took me out to his other villa that evening, which is situated on the summit of a high slope on the south side of the lake. There he has built in a grove a tower, from the summit of which you overlook the whole surrounding country, and have a fair, unbroken view of Mont Blanc. We stayed and watched the setting sun tinging its summit when all else in view was shaded. The color fades into a yellow, then turns to a bright rose, then sinks away into a cold, firm, snow-white. We descended from the tower, and went to a beautiful *châlet*, or Swiss cottage, which he has erected for the benefit of poor invalids, that they may have medical attendance at a very reduced price, and some for nothing. Here he holds religious meetings every Sunday, and as often on week days as he can. But here I find my paper will scarcely hold out for the first three days. I shall have therefore to fall into my own strain of generalities, and say, as you said on another occasion, ‘What a nice time I had.’ On Tuesday morning, we started for Chamouni (pronounced Shahmoonee).

“In quitting Geneva, you go over successive ranges of the Alps, continually varying in grandeur and beauty. We alighted at the baths of St. Gervais, one of the most romantic spots in the world. A hotel is built up as far in the gorge of the vast mountains as possible. It covers a variety of hot and sulphur springs. It has large music-rooms, beautiful and wild promenades, a fierce cascade back of the house; in short, a lovely retreat for invalids and citizens. We clambered from the baths up to the hotel

of Mt. Joli, to spend the night. In the morning we took three horses, for ourselves and two other gentlemen, to go up to the very foot of Mont Blanc, and there, at the Pavilion, pay our respects to his awful majesty. But all that I can pass over, because Mr. S. has given it in detail. We returned to Geneva on Saturday.

“On Sunday I Went to the Oratorie, the church erected (or, rather, hired) by Drs. D’Aubigné, Gaussen, and their colleagues. I heard M. Pilet, their best preacher, and there I found Count —, an Italian of whom I had often heard; of one of the most distinguished families in Italy, and a truly devoted Christian. It was a source of great delight to me to see an intelligent, converted Italian, and ascertain his views in regard to the Christian Alliance. We made an appointment to meet together on Monday morning at Colonel Tronchin’s beautiful villa, La Prairie,—that nearest the city. We breakfasted and worshiped together on Monday morning, in the sweet, simple style of the Swiss, at prayers each one making such reflections upon the portion of Scripture read as seemed to him desirable. After breakfast, we went out under the shade of a beautiful grove, from the side of which you overlook the city and the southern mountains. There we spent the morning in delightful contemplation about the kingdom of Christ. (Of course it is desirable that names should not be much talked about, nor published, in connection with Italy. Therefore, if you read any part of this to others, just omit names which can be of no use to any one else.) On Tuesday, I passed the morning with Colonel Tronchin, and dined at another beautiful villa, belonging to M. —. In the evening, met a large circle at Professor Gaussen’s. He lives just beyond the walls of the city in a lovely cottage, surrounded by shrubbery walks and a lawn. We took tea in the open air, and supper in the house. It was a brilliant circle of intelligent and pious people.

“On Wednesday I dined with Professor Gaussen. He has an interesting family, consisting of his mother, sister, and daughter. He is an enthusiastic man, highly educated, full of learning, simple as a child. His conversation was the most delightful fountain of joy to my heart. We talked much of “Theopneustie,” his work which I translated. I could not break from him until ten o’clock in the evening. When he and I met on Cromwell’s character, we were on the winged horses of Pegasus, and the chariots of Aminadab. It was a series of sky-rockets for about an hour. I had just gone through a severe contest with M. and Mme. Tronchin on this same topic. They are highly aristocratic in their feelings, and can scarcely believe that he who could sign the death-warrant of a Stuart could be a good man. The earnestness of their attack upon my friend only the more prepared me for my interview with Gaussen. On Friday afternoon I went out to the more distant country-seat of the Tronchins to dine again with them. In the evening,



I preached to his little hospital congregation. I spent the night with them. In the morning walked all around the grounds with his two charming daughters, Helen and Mary; the one of Sarah's age, and the other of yours. They speak French, German, and English.

"After breakfast, M. Bargnani appeared. He was very glad to meet me again. We spent the morning in discussions. On Sunday I heard Professor Gaussen preach to two congregations of children, and went home to dine with him. After dinner he took the Bible and laid open the scheme of prophecy with great clearness and eloquence. My intercourse with him is among the most delightful of my delightful reminiscences of Geneva. I was much delighted with all. Merle D'Aubigné is a very agreeable man, but cast in another mould. Mme. Merle is a charming person. On Monday I dined with Colonel Saladin. Mme. Merle was the only other guest. Mme. Saladin is a great translator of English and American works. Col. S. lives in a *châlet*, or Swiss cottage, directly on the borders of the lake, on the northern side. There I heard the first sweet private singing I have heard in Europe. Mme. Saladin and Mme. Merle sing sacred music admirably.

"Thus I closed my residence in Geneva, and I left it on Tuesday with some regret. But not with any reluctance did I turn my face toward home. I selected this portion of my time to describe to you, because it has left upon my mind such pleasant impressions, and because I visited so much more than ever before in the same space of time. I have literally lived in these Genevese families for a fortnight like one of their own number. I am now in London, a very different sort of place. I have more friends here than there, but it is difficult to get a home feeling amid this smoky wilderness of brick walls. God bless you, my dear child. Your  
UNCLE EDWARD."

The appended letter to his mother gives us a hint of his impressions at the time of the first meeting of the Evangelical Alliance.

"LONDON, August 18, 1846.

"MY DEAR MOTHER,—I am now setting my face homeward. On the 4th of September we hope to step upon the great road that leads to Boston. But a most interesting week lies before us. The salt of the earth seems gathered here. I never saw a more interesting collection of men. And if the Lord is with us, it will be heaven on earth. I am in an improved state of health, and prepared to profit by our anticipated exercises. I have just seen Mr. Ross, the friend of Mr. Gough. He remembers Boston with intense interest, and especially Mount Vernon Church. He says that Dr. Cox and I, and many other Americans, are taken down in wood-cuts, as we were at a public meeting. The doctor's

is a good likeness, mine indifferent. If I can find them, you shall see them. Dr. Cox is making the most brilliant display of his powers here. The rest of us are very tame. I never was much flatter in my life. Miss S. wrote me a dazzling description of the light which her minister was to shed on Britons; but she did not know how dim my taper was to be amid these great luminaries. Dr. Beecher does not appear as he used to; and yet he retains some of the old fire.

“I have n’t yet met your maternal anxieties by telling you just how many times I have coughed or taken pills this summer. On the whole my health has been improving. My extreme nervous depression and sensibility have diminished. My sleep is more refreshing; but I have had a slight attack of bronchitis, which is now passing away. The family of J., with whom I have passed a week, have taken the kindest care of me. They were formerly Quakers, and have introduced me among Quakers. They have much intelligence, refinement, and piety. They live in much more beautiful places than I supposed their views of duty would permit. Their furniture is plain, but their grounds are beautiful. Attended their meeting twice, and I assure you it was strange for me to sit still nearly two hours, and neither hear nor speak a word. But it was better to me than a great many noisier meetings I have attended in England. Poor children and youth! I pitied them, but I admired their tranquillity, and the discipline that could induce it. What would our dear Mary do in a Quaker meeting! . . .

“We now go off to the meeting, on a tolerably bright summer morning. But you will be in September when this reaches you. We shall probably bring our next letters ourselves.

“Greet all the household; may our God be your portion.

“Your affectionate and grateful child, EDWARD.”

Upon the 19th of August, the great convocation was held in the spacious and splendid Freemasons’ Hall. It had been summoned by no civil or ecclesiastical authority. It was convened for no legislative action; and to strengthen no party, unless there were an evangelical party. It was not held in order to widen any breaches already existing; nor to oppose any body or system.

Clergy of the Established Church and Dissenters from the Establishment sat side by side. Sons of the old Covenanters, fresh from the Highlands and Lowlands of Scotland, — heroes in the Disruption, — were there with an unyielding faith in the great principles of truth. Ministers of Christ from the Emerald Isle, keen in scholarship as well as in wit,

deepened their sacred fellowship with the brave, generous, and impulsive neighbors from just across St. George's Channel. Germany sent thither some of her choicest thinkers, to receive a new baptism in Christ's fellowship, with their brethren from France, and in fact, from almost every Christian nation or land. In the midst of such a company, or rather themselves of it, were some sixty or seventy Christian heroes from the New World, prominent among whom were such men as Beecher, Emerson, Cox, Mason, De Witt, Skinner, Peck, Schmucker, Safford, and Kirk.

No such scene had ever been witnessed before. It declared that Christian love is mightier than an organized ecclesiasticism, and has roots reaching far deeper than those of any sect. Said Deacon Safford, "Praying and singing might be heard in different languages, in the general meeting or in the committee-rooms. Never did I hear such praying before, — old, gray-headed ministers, with tears confessing their uncharitableness, the unkind and censorious feelings they had indulged, and words they had uttered; their prayers for pardon, and that they might be filled with love to each other and to their common Head, and that they might all be one."

The "week of prayer," with all its since thrice-blessed fruits, was there suggested. It was a union in Christ against the world. Rome laughed at London. Priests and cardinals grew witty over what they thought the "jargon" of the nine hundred delegates in the great assembly. They pronounced it "the league of certain Protestant sects for the promotion of infidelity in all Catholic countries, especially in Italy." "Meanwhile," said the Boston "Tablet," "we cannot deny that this so-called Christian Alliance, designed as it is to act in concert with, and mainly through, the disaffected Italians, will cause much mischief. It is evident that it intends to foment a political revolution in Italy." Concerning the American Christian Alliance, which helped to bring about the World's Evangelical Alliance, and which met on June 19th of the previous year, the same authority had thus written at the time: —

“The so-called ‘Christian Alliance’ appears to be designed to strengthen and coöperate with this infidel party; for we can hardly question that such men as the Rev. E. N. Kirk, the Rev. Dr. Bacon, and the Rev. Drs. Beecher, father and son, have much more in common with infidelity than with Catholicity, and would much rather men should have no religion than the Catholic religion. The ‘Christian Alliance,’ therefore, is improperly named. . . . We are not quite sure that citizens of one country have the right under the law of nations to band together, concert and carry on measures for the purpose of overthrowing or revolutionizing governments with which their own is at peace; and should they do so, we are not sure but the governments attacked would have the right officially to complain of the want of good faith on the part of the government tolerating them; we are not sure but the governments of Italy would have the right to demand of our government the suppression of this Alliance, and in case it did not suppress it, to vindicate themselves by hanging or imprisoning every American citizen they could find within their dominions.”

The leader in this movement is characterized in the following language: —

“The Christian Alliance is to be regarded, not merely as a Protestant Association, not formed merely for the spread of the principles of the so-called Reformation, but as a grand society for propagating the glorious principles of the American Revolution. It is to spread abroad at once freedom in religion and freedom in the state. It is to be, as it were, a grand committee for propagating universal freedom throughout the world. What American will not hail it with rapture, and be eager to contribute to its coffers? All ardent minds, all young enthusiasms, ‘Giovine Italia,’ ‘la jeune France,’ ‘das junge Deutschland,’ ‘Young England,’ ‘Young America,’ all the youngsters and younglings of the world, will enroll themselves under its banner, and follow the Rev. E. N. Kirk of Mount Vernon Church, in Boston, as generalissimo, to the demolition of the time-battered church, which has withstood all the beating of the winds and waves of Paganism, Mahometanism, Schism, and Heresy, for these eighteen hundred years — to the overthrow of all old thrones and dynasties, and to the erection on their ruins of a universal republic, one and indivisible. Grand! sublime! thrilling is the prospect! Glorious will be the enterprise, and all-powerful the appeal it must make to — our *pockets!*”

Dr. Kirk ever afterwards referred with the greatest delight to his participation in the proceedings of this assembly. The friendships formed in it were never broken; and the results were far beyond the anticipations of those who brought

it together. Here is an interesting reminiscence of this memorable season : —

“ One afternoon Dr. Bickersteth, senior, Dr. Tholuck, Professor Adolphe Monod, and myself occupied an apartment in a railway coach, on our way to Dr. Bickersteth’s parish to hold a meeting for the benefit of the Bible Society. Professor Tholuck spoke with great admiration of President Edwards. His remarks led me to inquire what he regarded as the characteristic of the American mind. He replied, ‘*Scharfsicht* (sharp-sightedness), the power of distinction, and the power of analysis.’ He then related an anecdote of a Catholic priest who never was known to give a direct answer to any inquiry made to him: his uniform reply was, ‘*Distinguo.*’ On one occasion, at a dinner party, his bishop being present remarked to some of his friends, ‘I’ll throw this man off his guard.’ In the midst of general conversation, turning suddenly to the priest, he said, ‘What is your opinion? Is baptism administered with broth valid?’ The imperturbable priest, true to himself, replied, ‘*Distinguo*: if your grace should so administer it, it might be valid; but not if I should.’

“ Turning to M. Monod, I remarked, ‘I see that you have just been delivering a lecture to your students at Montauban on the thesis, “Theology and advancing Science.” If I were asked my opinion on the subject, my reply would be, *Distinguo*: if by Theology you mean the truths revealed in the Scriptures, I believe there will be no progress, no rectification, no addition, no fuller light, to the end of time; but if you mean Hermeneutics and Dogmatics, or our *interpretation* of the Bible, and our scientific arrangement of its truths, I believe there will be continual change, progress, and improvement.’ ”

Usurped authority, whether in church or in state, always received his unqualified condemnation. He called no man Master, and had no aspirations after power himself. Repeatedly he spoke of the dangers of the Papacy, and with such unmistakable clearness and force that his friends were often afraid for his life. He thus tersely recorded his convictions, upon one occasion : —

“ The great eye of the world, which frightens popes more than does the great eye of God, is on Rome and her political allies. It is morally impossible that the rights of humanity can be outraged, and the laws of God violated, by prince or priest, as openly as in former days. What has been said of the internal government of nations, may be said of

princes and cabinets, — a new power has arisen to modify them. There is a Public Opinion; not made up as formerly of the policy of the governing, but formed by Man; by Man as the student of God's government; by the conscience of the world. Men in power may affect to despise it, but they might as well affect to despise the laws of gravitation and combustion. Be he pope, prince, or lover of the slave-code of America, every tyrant must feel the power and pressure of ripening, strengthening public sentiment. It comes like the spring-tides of old ocean; sometimes rippling and gentle and unperceived; sometimes even retreating; and anon, rising, rushing, roaring, — a broad, dark, awful, and resistless wave, that in an hour desolates a continent."

Referring, in 1852, to the seizure and condemnation of Francesco and Rosa Madiai in Italy because of their distribution of God's word, he thus wrote: —

"It must be remembered that this is the age of steam-power, telegraphs, and patent presses; the age of travel, thought, and growing fraternal feeling among the nations of the earth. The Grand Duke of Tuscany now becomes a spectacle to the world; and he will discover before long that the world is looking at him. His illustrious predecessor on the throne, Lorenzo de Medici, crushed the civil liberties of Florence; but he tolerated the growing independence of thought which characterized his age. The present prince retains the obstinacy of his predecessor, without his grandeur of soul. Yet he can feel contempt; he can hear the roaring of the winds that come from the ends of the earth, echoing around his feudal castle the sighs of the Madiai.

"And what it behooves Christians now to do is, to increase supplications to God while Rome is increasing supplications to Mary. Pray for the Pope; for the cardinals, bishops, and princes of the Roman Church. Pray for the oppressed; pray for the benighted subjects of those benighted sovereigns. God is the hearer of prayer; and He is almighty.

"It becomes us also to hold the attention of the civilized world to cases like this of the Madiai. Some have regarded the movements of American Christians as too feeble to reach the Vatican. In 1843 we formed a Christian Alliance, whose specific object was to maintain the rights of conscience and plead for the oppressed. In 1844 the Pope honored us with a notice, the meaning of which was this, — 'Gentlemen, you have touched a weak place in my body politic.' One of the very objects of that alliance was, to address letters, respectful but earnest, to all the tyrants of Europe; and to lay before them considerations which, if they could resist, the world would appreciate. This course, pursued for a few years, would demonstrate to the candid and honest men

who still support these powers that they are tyrants, the tyrants of the nineteenth century. We can cry in the ears of these men, Shame! shame! The press will echo it; the human heart will echo it; God will echo it, to their hearts. The trade of tyrants must become more and more difficult. God has so decreed; and let all the people say, Amen."

## CHAPTER XI.

### MINISTERIAL LABORS IN BOSTON.

1847-1856.

ON the 18th of September our two delegates were welcomed home to their accustomed places. Crowding congregations, Sabbath after Sabbath, filled the spacious church, and by their intensely silent attention bespoke the power of their pastor as no words could ever have done. And from every side came evidences of his increasing influence and repute. Invitations from churches, far and near, summoned him to preach upon their special occasions of interest,— the ordinations or installations of their pastors. Societies for general benevolence sought his advice and assistance. Editors requested articles from his pen. Schools and colleges honoring him with their invitations were honored by him in his addresses and orations before them. The monotony of such a life was like that of the table-land far above the common plains.

This career of usefulness not only had its professional burdens and trials, but as the years advanced private sorrows were mingled with the cares of public life. In 1849 he and his sisters were called to mourn the death of their mother. The consolations of Heaven were not wanting to them at this sad hour. He has left this record of the event : —

“ *October 4, 1849.* — This day our dear mother was called away from us. She has suffered greatly, and our prayer has been, that we might have the recollection of one season of respite and peace. The prayer was answered. We received a pledge of her future blessedness that will ever rest a sweet, soft beam upon her tomb.”



Private grief, thus sustained by heavenly faith, did not unfit him for his public duties. He showed himself able to cope with these, even in their sternest aspects. It was at this time that the community of Boston was startled by the announcement that one of her highly respected citizens had disappeared in some mysterious manner. A period of awful suspense was succeeded by tantalizing days of suspicion; finally, the conviction of the criminal produced a shock that was felt throughout New England, and, in fact, throughout the whole country. The melancholy tragedy ending in the execution of Professor Webster for the murder of Dr. Parkman, struck a thrill of horror, even in hearts unused to emotion.

Mr. Kirk seized upon the event, as did hundreds of others, to declare its lessons. The same spirit that led Chief Justice Shaw, in a voice choked with its bitter sorrow, to pronounce the sentence of death upon his own friend, was manifested in the Mount Vernon pulpit. Having first dwelt upon the crime in its civil relations, the preacher passed on to consider it in its religious aspects. From this part of his sermon, we quote:—

“II. *The Religious Aspects of the Case.* They are many, and of supreme importance.

“A crime of the most heinous character has been committed by a man standing in the first rank of society; honored by the position to which he was appointed; favored by all the influences and appliances of science, and the intercourse of a large, refined, and intelligent circle of friends; having every worldly inducement to obey the laws of God and man. But he has first squandered his property, outlived his means, and thus been long unjust. He has betrayed the confidence that was reposed in him, and committed fraud upon his friends. Having exhausted the patience of his benefactor by delays and prevarications, he at last invited him to his lecture-room, under pretense of meeting his claims, but really to destroy him (as some things indicate). He there maliciously extinguished the life of his friend, and sent him without warning to meet the dread realities of eternity; then, with a brutal insensibility, proceeded to dismember that body, so familiarly known, and to destroy it by piecemeal. He then from that horrid scene returned to his family and friends in apparent good humor; set on foot various reports to mis-

lead an inquiring public; basely tried to turn suspicion upon an innocent man; when arrested, is supposed to have attempted suicide; on his trial manifested a disgusting levity. When convicted he made the most solemn denial of his guilt; calling on the Searcher of hearts to attest his innocence, and again insinuating that some malignant person had committed the murder, and thrown suspicion on him. Suddenly he is penitent; confesses the crime; is submissive to his fate; is prayed for as a child of God, and made confident that he is going directly to heaven from the scaffold.

“Now this whole history is certainly very wonderful, in a religious point of view, and particularly in this community. It will be evident, on a moment's reflection, that some of the main principles of the Christian system are involved in it. This community is divided fundamentally on the questions, What did Christ teach? What is the gospel? Some maintain that there is no real division. But we shall here find that there is a difference real and grave. Some maintain that the differences are not important. But all who say so are of one party. And, in the present instance, their importance will appear to be as great as that of Christianity itself.

“This, of all cases, seems most to forbid angry controversy, harsh polemics, or coarse personal remarks. Men are of minor moment in such a discussion. Nor are we called upon to judge of men's standing before God, nor of their position in the world of destiny. But we are called upon to state what is, and what is not, the gospel of Jesus Christ. And I am relieved by the thought that no one class of our citizens can consider this an attack upon a party; for the views which I shall oppose are held by various persons, and not entirely by, perhaps, even one congregation, much less one denomination. This case has illustrated—

“1. *The Majesty, Beauty, and Indispensableness of Public Justice.* The necessity of justice between man and man every one appreciates. But as you ascend to her higher sphere, where she holds her balance, determining between man and the public good, men's vision becomes more obscure. And when you ascend to justice as an attribute of the Divine Being, and an element of his government, many, even wise men in other matters, are utterly without vision; and, mistaking their want of vision for the non-existence of this perfection in God, they caricature the reality, while they deny its existence. So, on the day of the execution in this city, it is reported that placards were posted on the walls which represented public justice as a murderer. At the time of the trial, a portion of the press seemed to be frantic. Editors at a distance undertook to decide, on mere newspaper reports, over the heads of twelve men on oath, who heard the whole testimony. They could all see, however, the evidence of guilt, even in the testimony partially reported, but would not allow the jury to see it. The verdict of the jury filled many with horror

and anger. Nor did the venerable bench escape these censures. But the friends of order were firm. They knew they were but performing their duty, and therefore calmly awaited the issue. The European press was deeply interested by the peculiar features of the case. But their judgment, so far as I have seen, was not with the clamorous press of this country. They sanctioned the decision of the jury.

“ So men rail at the justice of God as exhibited in his threatenings. But just so steadily will He hold his course. ‘ The soul that sinneth, it shall die; he that believeth not shall be damned.’ But is this arbitrary, malignant, cruel? No more in God than in human governments. In each it is necessary, it is lovely. Every honest man knows that government is indispensable, and that justice is indispensable to government. All the theories and rhetoric on the other side are calculated for another meridian than this apostate world,— for a world where wrong is not known, where intelligence and power are not turned into fraud and violence. At which stage of this tragical affair could she have paused? At the search for the body? That was surely necessary. The public good requires that when a citizen is lost from his accustomed places of resort, and from his dwelling, to the utter dismay of his family and friends, there be an earnest search for him. And then when his mangled frame is found, hewn into fragments, cauterized, burnt, a member here and a member there, surely there is a necessity, if men are to live together as men, and not as brutes, that inquisition be made for blood. A feeling of intense indignation stings every soul. It is not wrong, it is right; it is not cruel, nor malignant, nor inhuman, nor ungodly. It is a faint reflection of God’s own indignation. The man is found who did it; yes, the very man. What then shall be done? Try him, every one will say. And what if the trial shows him to be the murderer? God has spoken there. Human society has spoken there. The wisest and the best have said, He must die. But why, it might be said, why not pause after obtaining his confession, and restore him to his family and the enjoyment of life? Because there is a vast human family, is the reply of Justice. Life is more secure in Boston to-day than it was one year ago. Contrast the city of the Puritan with the city of the Quaker, in this respect. Here it is demonstrated that the murderer will encounter Justice with her bandaged eyes, her even balance, her keen sword. Here she knows no names nor parties. She fears no mobs, she feels no partialities. Her ægis is here held over human life alike in the mansion and the hovel. We know that there is a necessity for this. And why is it not equally necessary in God’s government? And how stern, but how pure, majestic, and lovely an attribute of character and of government it is! It is not revenge; it is a wise preference of right to wrong, of the happiness of the good to the selfish gratification of the wicked, of the general to the private good, where one of them must be sacrificed. It

is the purpose to defend innocence, virtue, and right against lawlessness and fraud, and to punish and destroy vice and violence.

“Massachusetts stands forth to-day to the world in greater majesty than before this painful event. Many supposed that somewhere, in the process, she would falter, and somehow fail to bring a man to the ignominy of such an end from the height of such a position. In her view, the ignominy lay in the crime. Some persons in Europe questioned whether the American courts had firmness sufficient to carry such a case through. Their respect for us, they declare, is increased by the result. But why? Because Justice is lovely and majestic. She is stern, but not cruel. Never was a trial conducted with more propriety and moderation than this. There was no abuse of witnesses, no straining at points, no professional trickery. There was an earnest searching for truth. Justice sat with unsullied ermine on that judgment-seat. But judgment was tempered with mercy throughout. And shame on the tongue that uttered its reproaches where no commendation is too strong to express what the public owe to one who, for so long a period, was compelled to hold in check the distressing sympathy of the man while he represented the majesty of law. I believe it is rare to find a jury entering on their work with prayer. If sacred interests are to be committed to men, let them be men, if you can find such, as fear and trust God — men who ask for his guidance and blessing.

“Justice has reigned, and the issue will be a blessing to this community. The wicked are terrified. The good may now dwell together in greater confidence. But Justice is infinitely more pure, lovely, and majestic in God and his government, both in uttering and in executing its threatenings. God loves individual happiness, but the general good more.

“2. *This Case furnishes important Testimony on the Question of Man's Apostasy and Depravity.* The Bible assumes that the human race is not in its normal state of moral excellence. It is fallen, apostate, or depraved as a race. Sin is not the exception. Extreme depravity is but a difference in degree, not in kind. There is a brief description of the manner in which this apostasy commenced, without any speculation or theorizing, or replying to objections. The awful fact is merely stated for practical purposes, to lay the basis for the remedial system which is the essence of the gospel. Deny the fact of human, universal apostasy, or debasement from its normal state, below the true standard of human excellence, and you make the Scriptures an absurdity and a lie. The universal need of regeneration is asserted by our Lord in his conversation with Nicodemus, and the reason assigned for it is a universal one: ‘for that which is born of the flesh is flesh.’ Now this momentous fact is denied by large numbers, — was probably denied by him whose case we are now considering. He was certainly a wicked man within the last

year, not only in action, but in heart. The Saviour says, 'Out of the heart proceed murders;' 'The tree is known by its fruit.' The principle in him that wrought such effect must have been one of great malignity, making the pleasures and profits of wrong-doing very attractive; leading on its victim insidiously and gradually; hiding consequences from his sight; promising impunity; exposing all the dearest interests of society, of his family, of himself in time and eternity; enslaving the will; blunting the finer sensibilities of nature; involving the innocent in shame and anguish; laying up stores of misery for years, as the fruit of the indulgences of an hour; defying the omniscient eye of God and his omnipotent arm. Surely this is a most malignant principle.

"The fact is, then, incontrovertible, that here was one of our race a sinner, a very great sinner. Now, was he originally holy, virtuous, innocent, at some particular time undergoing an apostasy, and falling into this condition of depravity? That is the question which divides us: whether he began his life acting from a holy principle, and then exchanged it for this murderous disposition; or whether he began his moral course as a sinner, having, cherishing, and developing a selfish heart. If he thus fell, when was it? Who is willing to affirm that this man, somewhere in his life, underwent just such a change as expelled Adam from Paradise? If he did not so fall, then he was never holy, but always depraved. If he did so fall, we have another inquiry to propose: Under what influence was it? It is often maintained, in order to defend the theory of man's native goodness against all the stubborn facts of history and observation, that example and instruction account for such instances of wickedness as do occur. But what attractive and seductive example of murder has led him on to this? Was it instruction? Did his respected father, his venerated mother, teach him this; or was it the venerable school in which he was a teacher? I know of nothing outward which can be assigned as an adequate cause for so great an effect. 'Every man is tempted when he is drawn away of his own lust, and enticed,' is the testimony of Scripture. (James i. 14.)

"We have another inquiry: Was this man singular as a sinner, an apostate spirit amid those who had never fallen? He may have been self-willed and cruel beyond many others. But was there between him and other children so marked a difference, that men were accustomed to say, Those are holy beings, this is a depraved being? The Scriptures affirm, not that we are liable to depart from God, but that 'we all have gone astray.' Surely human nature is not now in its normal state.

"And it might be asked, in reference to some theories that have recently been set forth, Was his fall a rise, and is human nature advancing by such experience to the perfect likeness of God? Is this the progress by the very laws of nature, of which we hear so much?

"I do not doubt that this remarkable case will make more silent

changes in men's theories on many points of religious belief than any thing that has ever occurred here. It shows the vanity of that confidence which some have had in human nature, and in the security furnished by worldly accomplishments, high alliances, and mere cultivation. Many will now believe, who have never believed, that man is fallen, and must look out of himself for a Deliverer. Many will now admit that neither a liberal theology, nor respectable connections, nor refinement, nor elevation, nor good society, can prevent a man from being a sinner, and even a murderer. Many will begin to believe that the sin which is in all our hearts is the only real evil to be dreaded. It begins, like the great rivers of the earth, far back in the mountains of childhood, small and insignificant ; but, as they run they expand, and swell into torrents and seas. In the present case, it seems to have been at first an excessive fondness for self-indulgence. Certain forms of worldly good seemed to him indispensable to happiness. The gratification of those desires led to expenditures beyond his income. That led to fraud, which exposed him to constant vexation and irritability, and even hatred ; which is murder, in God's sight, long before it assumes an outward form ; for 'he that hateth his brother is a murderer.' It is easy to hate those whom we injure, and those who interfere with our selfish indulgences. When the distinct purpose of murder was formed, we cannot know ; nor what processes of thought reconciled him to it ; nor how he promised himself to escape detection. But we know that he must for some time have indulged such a hatred and such a conviction that the life of that man was incompatible with his happiness ; that when, on that fatal day, his anger reached a certain pitch, he was fully ripe for that deed. He struck the murderous blow ! He was from that moment a murderer in the eye of human law ; his life was forfeited ; existence became a curse to him ; his name a disgrace ; his family's peace a wreck ; his soul exposed to an aggravated doom. Such is sin, in its remote beginnings, traced on to its issues. When it is finished, it bringeth forth death. Perhaps many of us have indulged anger and hatred, which needed but to ripen into maturity, and we should have been what he is. . . .

“ 5. *That of Regeneration.* I feel authorized in saying that the impression has been fully conveyed to the public, that he was prepared to enter heaven when he died. He was prayed for as a child of God, to whom the gate of heaven might be opened ; not as one yet to be fitted for it, but now ready. His calmness is spoken of as a very encouraging indication that all was bright before him. Here, then, is not the exercise of private judgment concerning religious doctrines, to attack which might be officious and offensive, but it is the public announcement of two facts of supreme importance to mankind, — that man may be regenerated ; that this man was regenerated. That scaffold was not merely the place of execution. It was also a pulpit, from which the civilized world has been

addressed. And these have been the announcements: A very wicked man can be regenerated within a few months; and the evidence of such a change in this man was entirely satisfactory. The cheerfulness that was encouraged was a declaration of his ministering friend equivalent to this: 'I think you are prepared to go among the holy and the blessed.' Now, whoever coincides in that belief has fully embraced all that we understand by regeneration; a change so profound and radical, that by it a man whose word cannot be believed on his most solemn declaration, whom men cannot trust to live on the earth, may be suddenly fitted for the presence of God and the holy society of heaven.

"But was he converted? We may well be thankful that it is not made our duty to determine that point; as we must all admit our inability to do it. There is, however, another question we have a right, yea, an obligation, to examine and determine. Are the evidences presented to the public such as God's word justifies; or has this judgment of his state been formed in disregard of that word? I answer unqualifiedly, The latter, so far as yet appears. Understand me: I am not now judging any man; I am dealing with a religious system, which has, on this occasion, preached its peculiar doctrines to the largest audience it ever addressed at one time. Within one month from that day, Europe and America heard its utterance. I am judging a system which I deem to be unscriptural, and dangerous to men's souls, while it claims to have renounced the delusions of our fathers, and to furnish the people with the pure gospel. And, knowing that it would here be put to a severe test, I have anxiously, and with the most truly friendly feeling toward him who represented it, watched its manifestations. I wanted to know whether it would go into that cell, and tell Mr. Webster, 'Sir, you are a sinner, and cannot be saved by the same gospel which saves us good men. Sir, you cannot be saved; for a wicked heart like yours cannot be changed. There is no provision to change wicked hearts. We do not believe in that; it is all fanaticism, and encourages wickedness. Sir, you cannot be forgiven, for there never was an atonement made for sinners; all that Christ did was to set you an example of goodness, and inculcate the precepts of virtue. But since you have not imitated his example, nor obeyed his precepts, Christ can do nothing more for you. It is all a dream that God steps out of the regular course of nature, and, by supernatural influences, interferes to destroy the power of habit, to quench the unhallowed fires of passion, and create light amid darkness, and call the dead to life. Christ did this when on earth in a material sense; but it is all a delusion that He is now exalted to do it in the higher spiritual sense; you must not expect it. The mighty wheels of nature roll on. Law is God; and its decree is, "As a man sows, so shall he reap; he that is filthy, let him be filthy still."' To be consistent with itself, I thought this would be its utterance. I have regarded it as a system made for the good, and

not for the bad. But here, it seems, it proclaims regeneration to the depraved — sudden, radical. That is as we believe it should be.

“But now for the evidences of regeneration. Of course, as he was not to return to society, we could not look for those which would be furnished by his taking his position there, and glorifying God by obedience to his commands in the ordinary intercourse of men. All that can be required is, that his mental exercises and his expressions exhibit a radical change of heart. We may then apply two texts from the Scriptures. Let me repeat, I am not judging the man. I am reviewing the judgment virtually pronounced by another, and given to the public; whether correctly or imperfectly, we speak of it only as the public have received it. When men came to Christ and inquired, ‘What shall we do that we might work the works of God?’ he replied, ‘This is the work of God, that ye believe on Him whom He hath sent.’<sup>1</sup> When Jesus sent forth his apostles to preach the gospel, He bade them tell every creature this, ‘He that believeth and is baptized shall be saved, he that believeth not shall be damned.’<sup>2</sup> When the apostles preached the way of salvation, they proclaimed ‘repentance toward God and faith toward our Lord Jesus Christ.’<sup>3</sup> Did this man give evidence of repentance toward God? He had regret; but that is not repentance. He had remorse. He professed repentance toward the friends of the deceased. But was he penitent toward his injured benefactor? Had he been, might we not have looked for the expression of forgiveness for what he had once thought worthy of death in his friend? Did he show himself ready to meet that man in the pure and peaceful society of heaven? But, chiefly, was there evidence of repentance toward God? For one, I must answer, I have not seen it. ‘Against thee, thee only, have I sinned,’ once exclaimed a penitent. We ask not for the repetition of this language; but we look for the spirit of it in every penitent. We longed to see that dreadful perjury in the petition to the governor acknowledged and repented of. And did he believe in the Lord Jesus Christ? If he did, he does not say so. As, then, an exhibition to the world of what are the evidences which should satisfy a dying man that he is prepared to enter heaven, I feel constrained to say, it is not in accordance with the Scriptures.

“There is yet one other theological point essentially connected with this case.

“6. *The Forgiveness of Sin.* If the gospel is glad tidings only to moral people, and was designed to comfort men that have never exposed themselves to the divine displeasure, then it was not the gospel that poor man needed. He wanted pardon, deliverance from ‘the wrath to come.’

“But he was assured of forgiveness; and on what ground? Let not men of science scout this question as technical and trivial. They see every process of nature based on a principle. And it is only in answer

<sup>1</sup> John vi. 28, 29.

<sup>2</sup> Mark xvi. 16.

<sup>3</sup> Acts xx. 21.



to such inquiries that science advances, yea, exists. Let not statesmen or jurists treat it lightly. The principle involved in the enactment of a law, or in an act of diplomacy, may be infinitely more important than the immediate interests involved in the law or the act. Does God proclaim forgiveness absolutely and universally, or conditionally? If conditionally, do the conditions limit both himself and the transgressor seeking forgiveness? Judging from such light as we have, this man hoped for pardon on the ground of divine mercy alone, and on the alone condition of repentance. Then he was misled; for God is restricted in the exercise of forgiveness by his justice. He must have respect to the sacrifice of Christ in pardoning sin, as the ground of pardon, and to the sinner's faith in Christ crucified as the condition of pardon. That is the gospel. The other may be the theology of some men's reason, but it is not the theology of God's word. It is the light contained in heathen systems, but not the light of Christianity. If the gospel affords any hope for the sinner situated as this man was, it must present two doctrines to him: Regeneration by divine power, and atonement by the voluntary self-sacrifice of a divine Redeemer. He had committed an enormous crime. Guilt was on him. Human government found it there; divine government equally found it there. What shall be done with it? Human government says, Nothing will secure the ends of justice, and the public welfare, but blood. Divine government says, 'Without shedding of blood is no remission;' 'the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin.'<sup>1</sup> If Christ has not made atonement for this murder, it never can be forgiven. And you ought to tell him so. It is gloomy; but if it is true, he should know it. If you proclaim pardon on the condition of repentance alone, tell him, at the same time, that it is in disregard of a large portion of the Bible, which represents it as impossible that God could have pardoned sin, if Christ had not died for it, and that He cannot pardon our sins unless we have faith in that blood as cleansing us from sin.

"The world is now to believe that this man was regenerated by the power of his friend, and not by the supernatural power of the Holy Spirit. Murder and perjury have been forgiven without any faith in the atonement of Christ. A dying man may be calm and firm without having his mind at all on Christ. The true policy is to divert his thoughts in death. The world is to believe that he has gone to heaven, not by trusting in Christ, but by being sorry that he has done wrong. In all the solemn scene of that hour, when his spirit is to present itself before its holy Judge, not an allusion is made even to the name of Him who appeared on earth to save our souls from sin and hell. We look in vain, in all that account, to find one mention of those blessed names, Redeemer, Jesus, Christ, Saviour. They are not there. The fifteenth chapter of first Corinthians is represented as affording him great consolation; but

<sup>1</sup> Heb. ix. 22; 1 John i. 7.

no allusion is made to the distinguishing fact, that it is 'they that are Christ's,' 'they that are fallen asleep in Christ,' that are to be gloriously raised. We hear nothing from him in reference to that victor's shout with which the apostle there closes his description of the resurrection, — 'Thanks be to God, who giveth us the victory *through our Lord Jesus Christ.*'

"As we understand it, a soul has been sent into the presence of God utterly disregarding the 'cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,' which exhibits the supreme glory of God in meeting the exigencies of our apostasy, in recovering and healing our souls. Paul renounced everything he might count good in himself, that he might 'win Christ, and be found in Him, not having his own righteousness, which is of the law, but that which is through the faith of Christ, the righteousness which is of God by faith.'<sup>1</sup>

"Friends, here are two gospels. The one is from God, the other from men. And every man must choose on his soul's peril between them.

"This case then contains two points of supreme interest to us all.

"We see the evil nature of sin, and God's hatred of it. The case is wonderful as an exhibition of the providence of God. Concealment gave this man the hope of impunity in crime; concealment aided by great skill, and the most favorable position for preventing detection. But, in the prisoner's own expressive language, 'the web of circumstances' entangled him. It was a web, indeed; it always is a web. The way of transgressors is hard. A thousand unseen sentinels keep watch for God. And they will appear in his court against us, and often at man's tribunals too. But sin is the same in its nature, and in all our hearts. To induce each of us to dread its dominion there, to repent of its actions, to seek supremely deliverance from its guilt and its power, should be the first result of this case.

"We see here the preciousness of the gospel. If sin remains unpardoned, we perish; if our hearts are not renewed by the Spirit of God, we perish. This is the very blessing the gospel offers from God. 'If any man thirst,' said our Lord Jesus Christ, 'let him come unto me and drink. He that believeth on me, out of his belly shall flow rivers of living water. But this spake He of the Spirit, which they that believe on Him should receive.'<sup>2</sup>

On the twenty-first day of February, 1850, the "Mount Vernon Association of Young Men" was formed at the suggestion of Dr. Kirk. Its aim, as foreshadowed by his words, was the mental and moral improvement of the young men in his congregation. At the first meeting twelve signed

<sup>1</sup> Philippians iii. 8, 9.

<sup>2</sup> John vii. 37, 38, 39.

the constitution. Hundreds were afterwards enrolled in what became for years one of the most vigorous associations in the Commonwealth.

No one excelled the pastor in devotion to the work of this society. The members read their compositions, declaimed, and debated in his presence with the greatest freedom, though knowing well, all the while, that his criticisms would not be spared on account of their feelings. He was too much of an artist to suppose that the mental sculptor, in producing pure thought in others, can work without chisels. He never flattered his young associates, but he loved them.

The usual routine of such associations needs no elaborate description. The "giants," following with more brilliant effect some "maiden speech" of a novice, spoke with feeling of the "able and eloquent effort" of their colleague (or opponent) who had just taken his seat; while he, abashed and discomfited, saw, like Disraeli, in his first awkward attempt, his only hope to be in the future. The parliamentary tactics at the outset might have surprised Cushing greatly; but the author of the "Manual" was a youth once. The virtues of manhood were sometimes inculcated with a dignity rather unbending for men so young; yet as artists must perfect themselves in drawing straight lines before they can produce the more graceful curves, even so the dignified dignity and the more than precise precision of those early days have given many men of strength and culture to honor the society in which they have maintained their places.

Hardly a year passed but that he addressed this association upon some public occasion. We append the following both for its historical and practical importance. It was delivered November 26, 1860.

"MY YOUNG BROTHERS, — We have agreed together that the time has come for a brief review of our position, and a stirring up of the zeal that characterized the commencement of our enterprise. It is now nearly eleven years since this association was organized. And if we inquire what it has accomplished, I may reply: More than any of us anticipated.

“It has on its catalogue, from the beginning, three hundred and four names. Some of them have finished their earthly course; some are in remote parts of the land and the world. About fifty now may be considered as its active members.

“By this organization and its exercises we may thankfully affirm that the following benefits have been secured:—

“The religious character of our young men has been cultivated by conference and prayer, and intimate Christian friendship.

“The social character has been cultivated.

“The mind has been educated.

“Preparation for taking part in the conduct of public affairs has been cultivated.

“A powerful influence has been exerted on young men not before interested in their own spiritual welfare.

“A strong band has here been thrown around young men strangers.

“My object is now, to quicken your zeal, and to call the attention of such young men among us as are not in the institution, to its claims on them.

“The writer of the Epistle to the Hebrews displayed the characteristic wisdom of inspiration in penning this sentence: ‘Forsake not the assembling of yourselves together, as the manner of some is; but exhort one another; and so much the more as ye see the day approaching.’

“Man must do some of his most important work of self-cultivation alone. But it is not good for him to be always alone. For his own good, and for the good of others, he must not forsake the assembling with others. But everything depends on what kind of assembling is intended. The apostles had reference mainly to meetings for directly religious purposes.

“It is a very interesting thought to pursue: in what different relations men may meet each other; for what various purposes organizations can be formed; and what different results may come from their meeting together.

“When two men engage in traffic, they call into exercise not the higher faculties of our nature. Each regards the other chiefly as an instrument of promoting his own interests. Memory and judgment may be cultivated by such intercourse; and it may give occasion for communion of a higher kind. But we want something very different from the ordinary intercourse of life for our highest cultivation. For this purpose God has provided religious associations and assemblies, that we may meet and recognize in each other our nobler nature and destiny. The church, and its various meetings, are God’s means of cultivating in man the character that fits for heaven.

“And when arrangements can be made within the church to employ any peculiarities of condition, which shall make any part of its membership peculiarly helpful to any other, it is wise to do so.

“ To encourage you in reviving the spirit of your institution, and in inviting others to partake of its benefits, I will call your more particular attention to the capabilities of such a society, already suggested; and which your experience has fully tested.

“ I. *It can promote your religious interests.* To advance in a knowledge of God, in the love of God, in the faith of Christ, in brotherly love; in zeal for human welfare, is an end you here seek. The very proposing such an object is ennobling. To meet each other in that capacity, to recognize each in the other an immortal being, a redeemed spirit, a child of God and heir of heaven, is ennobling. To pray together is a benefit; to compare your views of the word of God, to stimulate each other to more earnestness in the service of Christ, is one of the most profitable employments of your time. A sincere man, in the exercise of faith, never goes to a religious assembly in vain. Our young brethren have been blessed of God in assembling together as young Christians for his worship. That you have made the progress you should, I cannot affirm. Nor can I say how much less you would have made had you not employed this auxiliary. That it has been a blessing to you and to the church, I fully believe. The very fact that our young brethren feel a confidence in endeavoring to exhort or pray in your meetings, which they cannot at first feel in the general meeting, is one feature of its excellence. This association cultivates:—

“ II. *The social elements of character.* General religious meetings must preserve a degree of order that does not admit of free social intercourse. But your association provides for that, by a class of meetings which removes these restraints. One of the not few benefits of a college life is, that it lays the foundation for some of the most valuable friendships. The very nature of their common pursuits; their intimate intercourse at a period when the whole being is just expanding its receptive faculties to their utmost capacity, contribute to make the acquaintances of college life very valuable ever afterwards. But this is your college. Here you are under an intellectual and a spiritual training, somewhat different, and yet much like that of a college. The past fifteen years have manifested here this benefit of the association, and the church has felt the value of a compact band of young men who know each other intimately, love each other cordially, and are together cultivating mind and heart. Another benefit of the association is:—

“ III. *Intellectual.* Our little library has been the pilgrim's staff which has helped some to begin their march in the paths of general knowledge, to which they have felt themselves greatly indebted. The debates have been very valuable to many. They have led to a research, which, but under such a stimulus, would never have been made. It has led to an earnest, independent thinking, which is one indispensable element of manhood. And this, with your declamatory exercises, has been signally

successful in teaching you to speak with propriety and force. I know no other place or employment beside such associations where our young men, not taking a college-course, can be trained for the conducting of public meetings for discussion or action; and especially for addressing such meetings with ease, propriety, and effect. And yet under no other political institutions beside our own is this attainment so important for young men. Your greatest deficiency has been in the department of composition, and so important do I deem that, that I would advise you to undertake some course of exercises which shall have a tendency to develop the power of writing.

“There is another part of mental discipline, which even our college-courses do not furnish, but which powerfully affects our entire life. I allude to the whole subject of evidence; believing; the formation of opinion; included essentially under the term Moral Evidence. If it were once set fairly before your minds, you would not rest satisfied without coming to a tolerably full survey of that subject. Most men pass their entire lives entertaining as truth, prejudices, delusions, sophisms, false estimates, and errors on all subjects; and this in consequence of their entire ignorance of those principles which should regulate the formation of opinions.

“If the thing were feasible I should be happy to form a class simply for the study of this subject. But I state this, not in the hope of realizing so desirable an object, but to induce you to turn your attention to it.

“Your association, imperfect as it may be, tends to make a four-square manhood; for, as one remarks, reading makes a full man, writing, an accurate man, talking, a ready man. And, I would add, thinking is necessary to make any kind of a man.

“There is then another effect of the association to be noticed, —

“IV. *Its influence on young men who come as strangers to the city.* This commends your association strongly to the favor of all good men. The perils of a strange city to a young man are peculiar. But God has helped in this matter. And pious parents and pastors throughout the country should be thankful to God and to our young brethren for it. The same probability does not now exist that once existed, of the vices and follies of the city ruining such young men. No one can overestimate the advantage of their finding here a strong band of young men at once to shield them, and to give them a safe channel for the gratification of their social feelings.

“In the matter of joining such an association every young man in this society must be his own judge. We believe in no dictation, we indulge in none. But we may meet some objections sometimes heard, and ask for a revision of them. It is said, ‘I have not the time to attend the exercises.’ How then do you employ the time allotted to them? If in something to which God calls you; if in something in which as much

good is to be gained and imparted, that determines the question. But if it arises from thinking you need no such helps, religiously or intellectually, you may be in error; probably are so.

“I trust, then, that a new impulse may be given to this valuable institution, and that all our young men may feel inclined to combine together for their own and the general benefit.

“And now, young brethren, I commend you and your efforts to our gracious Lord. Oh! if He blesses, you are blessed indeed. Let your association be consecrated to Him, not formally, not in words, but really. Then your enthusiasm will never diminish, but increase; every exercise will be an act of friendship and loyalty. If your dear Friend, your chief Friend, who is at the same time your Sovereign and the Prince of Heaven, looks on this association as devoted to Him, if He loves it as an instrument in His service, a company drilling for His holy battles, then you may well love it, and prize its exercises. When the apostle says, ‘Exhort one another, and so much the more as ye see the day approaching,’ he had in view two facts: the immense importance of our social influence, and, the shortness of the period of working. Watch over one another, care for one another, speak the seasonable word to one another, impart to each other the light you have received. And so much the more as you see one of your number passing away, and another following; so much the more as you see the mighty current of time rolling past the great landmarks; so much the more as the day of accounts, the day of rewards and glorious coronation for faithful laborers is approaching. Mighty events in the world are but streaks of the morning light flashing on the horizon. Find out what is best to be done; and then do it with your might, for the day is approaching.”

In his estimate as to the value of such an association in giving a nobler character to life, Dr. Kirk was not mistaken. Nothing was too trivial for his attention. Faults of grammar and of manner must be overcome. He counseled patience toward those whose tastes inclined to the bright and more “flashy” colors both of speech and appearance, knowing well that these tendencies, rightly educated, may be supplanted by a taste subdued and beautiful. Simple and severe in his own tastes, he admired simplicity and severity in others. “Dress well!” he used to say, “but wear nothing marked by which attention will be drawn from yourself to your apparel. Many a man has been spoiled by a showy watch-guard.” The Mount Vernon Association, like its prototype

in Albany, has proved to be a power that cannot be overlooked in recording the work of its founder and guardian.

Mr. Kirk was now in the period of his greatest power. Honored everywhere, it is not strange that other churches should invite him to their fields. Among all these invitations was one from a new Presbyterian church about to be formed in Philadelphia. A committee of five, one of whom was the Rev. Albert Barnes, came on to Boston to enforce the claims expressed in the letter-missive. Mr. Kirk weighed each argument carefully, yet knew not what decision to make. The strangers were invited to meet the Committee of Mount Vernon Church in order to discuss the subject. Letters were sent him in great numbers, urging his attention upon one point or another. No one knew what the issue would be. At last the answer was given; he decided to remain among his devoted people.

Upon this decision, a member of his church remarked, "Well, I hope we shall not worship him." Mrs. F., an aged lady belonging to his church, was so warmly attached to her pastor as to make him a continual subject of conversation. Her friend Mrs. —, also an excellent Christian woman, not a member of his church nor even personally acquainted with him, became very weary of the oft-repeated theme, and relieved her feelings by remarking one day, that "If Mr. Kirk *should* be taken away, she was thankful the Bible would be left!"

The reply sent to the committee from Philadelphia was one of more than local interest: —

"To JOHN A. BROWN, WILLIAM MCKEE, THOMAS FLEMING, ESQs., and others:

"GENTLEMEN, — The request that I would become the pastor of a church about to be organized has now been carefully considered. It has been stated before the face of our common Lord, with supplication that we might all know and do his will. The result of this reflection is, that it does not appear to me desirable to exchange my present field of labor for that proposed by you. This decision is stated thus distinctly, concisely, and in the opening of this communication, that, having thus disposed of that which is of chief practical importance to you, I may be



at liberty to lay aside the man of business, and speak to you all as brothers and friends.

“Your application has produced in me a strong and painful conflict of emotions. From the first, I did not believe that any closer survey of my relations to Boston and Philadelphia would produce a conviction that my sphere of action was to be changed at present. Nor, in any stage of my investigations, has it at all appeared to me that such was my duty. And as it is duty, and only that, which should be considered in such a case, feelings, so far as possible, have been held in suspense. But their turn has now come; and it is proper that they should find at least a partial utterance. It is right you should know that while I have had to sit as judge between two conflicting claims, the heart of a man has beat beneath the ermine; and that, if not your pastor, I regard myself as henceforth, more strongly than ever, bound to you by those ties which are more enduring even than the pastoral tie.

“On returning from Europe in 1839, I was led, in the providence of God, to preach the gospel in many of the larger towns of the United States. The recollections of that period are full of intense interest to me, as well as to many others. That form of professional labor being necessarily temporary, I looked for a permanent field of ministerial labor. Each of the chief cities presented its peculiar attractions, especially Boston and Philadelphia. But I was a captain ‘under authority, and what had I to do with choosing a battle-field in reference to climate, personal friendships, or any other considerations of a personal nature? The Commander-in-chief seemed to stand before me, as before Joshua, and to say, ‘Go up, and plant my blood-stained banner there where my Deity and my great atonement are rejected.’ ‘Go in this thy might, and contend earnestly for the faith once delivered to the saints.’ And ‘immediately, I conferred not with flesh and blood; nor was I disobedient to the heavenly vision.’ I came; and am thankful for it. And here I remain, simply because I do not yet see my specific work completed; or a call from abroad, making it clear that I ought to abandon that work. Tender friendships bind me here; but they do not determine my duty.

“Be assured, gentlemen, that this cordial invitation from old friends and new friends, presented in writing, and enforced by the personal visit of a part of your number, found its way to the fountains of my heart. Reminiscences were revived; the freshness of feelings was proved to be unimpaired by the passage of years, or by my transition into the first stages of senility. I love you all as much, nay, more than ever, since I see your affection so unabated. Your love is among the jewels treasured in my heart. God has taught me the worth of such affection.

“And should I here go into particulars, it would require an extended document to do justice to the feelings long cherished, often forgotten, now called into vivid exercise. I should begin with Albert Barnes, first

in the order of time, and (none of you will take offence, if I say) first in the veneration and cherished love of my heart. His image was daguerre-typed on my soul in 1822. As I entered the chapel of the Theological Seminary in Princeton, he was sitting by a table, holding the pen as Secretary to the Missionary Society. For an instant, I fancied it was the 'beloved disciple' sitting there before me. I have known him now for thirty years; in the school of the prophets, and in the school of affliction; in the labors of his ministerial office and in his peculiar trials; and I must here record it, that not a line of that lovely picture has been effaced by anything he has said or done. To stand by him in health; to learn of his wisdom and imitate his goodness; to give him my sympathies in his work, would have been a great privilege. But now that he is passing through deep waters; now that he can merely look on, and see the shifting phases of the conflict, without being able to lift a hand, most gladly would I be one of those that should try to 'supply his lack of service.'

"And thus I might pass through one third of your list, referring to those whom I know personally, and state the impressions produced by this expression of their desires, and by the painful necessity of refusing to meet their wishes.

"Allow me, gentlemen, to say that I am surprised at the unanimity and earnestness of the call you have presented to me. Such expectations as your proceedings imply must surely have met with some disappointment, had I complied with it. Without extraordinary aid from God, I could not have met such expectations. On that aid I might have relied, indeed, could I have been sure that He called, as well as you. On your friendship and coöperation I could rely, and should have relied, without any reserve, but the work you appointed me to do would require a supernatural and special aid from on high; without it, all human help is vain.

"When I think of your enterprise, my soul is stirred within me. Your call is to me like the thrilling note of the trumpet to the war-horse. Invasion, aggression, annexation, are the true orthodox doctrines when the question lies between Christ and Belial. You offer me just the kind of work I love to perform. And you are just the kind of men with whom I love to work. Your future movements will therefore be very interesting to me; and my prayers shall be for your most abundant success.

"May the Lord from on high guide you to the choice of a leader in this great enterprise. May his richest blessings descend upon you all, and upon your families. "I am, gentlemen,

"Yours, most affectionately,

"EDW. N. KIRK."

"BOSTON, *January 28, 1853.*"

The most highly gifted men have, at times, dull and sleepy hearers; occasionally one was seen in Mount Vernon Church. One such we recall, scarce honored then. Original remarks, made from time to time, had revealed the fact of an active mind beneath the expressionless face — that was all. A country boy, he chose for his place a seat in one of the obscurest pews in the gallery. Not yet had his soul become imbued with the New Life. Wearied as he was by the arduous toil of the week, not even the prayers of his pastor could awaken his drowsy spirit. The songs of worship were to him only the enchantments of dream-land. Text and sermon fell far short of reaching him. The old fabled Morpheus had laid the young man's head comfortably upon the arm of the pew, and sleep came, — “sleep, that knits up the raveled sleeve of care.” His hearing was closed against the majestic notes of the organ and the volume of praise from the great congregation; Orpheus was defeated. The closing prayer was almost spoken, when the heavy hand was lifted from the youth. His opening eyes were upon a devout congregation, and his ears caught the four closing words, “for Christ's sake. Amen.” The young man received the benediction with the rest; but on his way home, the words came ever uppermost — “for Christ's sake. Amen.” He reached his room, and still he heard them, — “for Christ's sake. Amen.” God meant to use him to waken other and heavier sleepers, — to make whole cities heed his voice. He was to be a chosen vessel “for Christ's sake,” and tens of thousands aroused by his words have responded, “Amen.” That sleeping youth in Mount Vernon Church was Dwight L. Moody; and the last words of that closing prayer, leading to his conversion, have become the motto of a life which alone would be a glory to any church and pastor, — a motto very simple, but covering time and eternity: “For Christ's sake. Amen.”

His pastor thus analyzed this great event even before such cities as Edinburgh, New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, had felt his power: —

“In the autumn of 1855 I met a young man who had been brought up in a Unitarian church, in a family which never assembled for prayer. He was as ignorant of the Scriptures as one must be who never reads them nor hears them in the family; and only fragments of them twice a week in the public services. His uncle, a member of Mount Vernon Church, induced him, on coming to this city a stranger, to attend the Sunday-school. Being absent the second Sunday, his teacher went on Monday morning to inquire into the reason. The young man, with characteristic candor, replied: ‘I found myself so ignorant of the Bible and of the Christian religion, surrounded by young men to whom both were so familiar, that I was ashamed to appear among them again.’ But his faithful teacher overcame his reluctance, and induced him to return to the school.

“In reflecting on his case, I see what the Scriptures mean by the doctrine of election; and I see what Jesus intended when He said to his disciples: ‘Other men have labored and ye have entered into their labors.’ There has been too much one-sidedness in the majority of the narrations I have ever seen or heard which describe either local revivals or individual cases of conversion. The people of Jesus’ day were feeling, unconsciously, the effect of a resolution made by one man in the court of Pharaoh, amid the darkness of Egyptian paganism, fifteen centuries before that time. Somewhere in that court was Moses, pondering the mysteries of human life, probably in the vigor of his manhood. His choice to suffer affliction with the people of God, and to abandon the splendid pleasures of sin, was made: he decided that the reproach of Christ was greater riches than the treasures of Egypt. Out of that one decision came, by the grace of God, the wondrous history of the Exodus, the fifteen centuries of the history of the ancient Church,—may we not say, in one sense, the whole of what is most glorious in modern history? Is it exaggeration to say that every convert to Christ is affected by that one choice?

“No human eye can trace the threads of influence that were that day weaving the web of Moody’s character and destiny, and of those of millions that are yet to live. Who was first in this mighty work of converting that one soul? Was it his pastor, or his uncle? his teacher, or Gabriel? Is there unity in the boundless variety of human history? Are the results of human actions utterly unanticipated even by the Omniscient? Are they not all executions of a purpose infinitely wise, holy, and good? If so, that is election; and Moody was elected to eternal life. How unbecoming the chisel of Michael Angelo, to rise in the presence of his statue of Moses, and say, ‘What a mighty chisel I am! I made Moses!’ Such is too much the mode of speaking about the instruments in revival and conversion.

“In a few days Moody was among the inquirers after the way of life.

He soon avowed himself a disciple of Christ, but on presenting himself as a candidate for church membership, he displayed nothing but his earnestness and want of acquaintance with the scriptural views of Christian character and life; or, more probably, his case was an instance showing that we, his examiners, were too far routinists and wanting in sympathy with Him who was then laying the foundations of the temple of God in that human soul. We could not conscientiously propose him to the church. Pained, but not discouraged, he waited through one or two terms. At last we saw some faint evidences of conversion which justified us in recommending him to the church."

As the days and years of Dr. Kirk's ministry moved onward, the commonest duties, as well as those of greater mark, were carefully performed. Letters from London, Paris, Edinburgh, Glasgow, and Dublin came asking his wise counsel. Missionaries, drawn by his reputation, confided to him their troubles. Persons about to visit Europe came to him for preparatory suggestions. Church committees inquired of him concerning some candidate; and candidates inquired concerning churches. Students in college gave him their history. Letters of his loving flock were quickly answered. So lived he, "known and read of all men."

## CHAPTER XII.

### WORK IN PARIS AND TOUR IN PALESTINE.

1857.

It had long been thought desirable to supply greater religious advantages to those of our countrymen residing in Paris. The American and Foreign Christian Union undertook the supervision of such an enterprise. To carry out their design required a man of remarkable powers. He must command the respect and love of the highly cultivated as well as of the humbler classes. He must be able to speak the French language fluently. He must be a man of good business capacity. And last, but not least, he must be a man of fervent piety.

The society immediately looked to Dr. Kirk. The call affected both himself and the Mount Vernon Church. It was made a subject of much thought and prayer with him ; and had been virtually settled, so far as he was concerned, when he laid the whole question open to the church. It was no easy matter to decide. It called for a strong self-denial, to say that he should be absent and that others should occupy the pulpit in his stead. After mature deliberation, the church reluctantly, yet cheerfully, acceded to the call.

His previous residence in Paris had prepared the way for such a work. Welcomed on that former visit by pastor and congregation, he had for many months preached in French in the Chapelle Taitbout, where his name and memory are still honored and cherished. At this same time, in the winter of 1838-39, Professor Morse was in Paris, and was then

for the first time exhibiting his invention of the telegraph to the savans of Europe. Dr. Kirk associated himself with him, — was his companion and room-mate, in fact; and, being a fluent speaker of the French language, explained the instrument to Arago, Daguerre, Humboldt, and others, who were invited to examine it.

The memories of “the gay city” were not effaced in the eighteen years intervening, and with the benediction of his loving people he entered upon his mission. His own narrative will invest this part of his life-work with a vivid interest: —

“The opportunities of usefulness amid the whirl and wickedness of Paris surprised me. In fact, on returning home and repeating much I had seen, I was charged with exaggeration and misstatement. One may live in Paris and feel that he is in a world without souls; and come home and report it so. One may live in Paris and find that there are a thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal. My hope for France is not in Thiers, Gambetta, or Favre, but in the ‘few in Sardis who have not defiled their garments.’ One may live in Paris and not pass a day without an opportunity unobtrusively to repeat to some dying soul the precious words of Jesus.

“I remember two servants in one of my boarding-places who were an embodiment of the frivolous pagan spirit of Paris. I had invited some American and English friends to assemble in my apartments to form an association for distributing tracts in Paris. I had always found French domestics kind and obliging. I requested these two to prepare a slight collation and serve my friends with it at a certain hour in the evening. It was a very pleasant occasion, which we closed with prayer. As soon as the friends had left the room, this man and woman rushed in, laughing violently, and fell on their knees by the side of a chair. In those two kneeling, laughing figures, I saw France, Paris, semi-heathen Paris, and gave vent to indignation mollified by pity, exclaiming, ‘You poor heathen; do you think the eternal God is shut up in your papal cathedrals and churches, and that his children cannot address Him anywhere? You have never seen a company of ladies and gentlemen pass a social hour delightfully, and then together thank their Father for the enjoyment. It is time you did.’

“But the spiritual needs of our own countrymen in Paris made a constant appeal alike to one’s patriotism and piety. I will relate one (probably, however, an extreme) case. To state it, I must begin at two very different and distant points; the one in the Rue Chaussée

d'Autin. My landlady there, like each of the three I had met in Paris, was kind, generous, ignorant of God. I conversed with her freely about her soul, I fear with little success. But she received from me courteously a copy of the Scriptures in French, with my name inserted on the fly-leaf as her friend.

"We now go to New York city. A prominent clergyman there had a daughter of promising talents who unfortunately was beguiled into an affection for her music-teacher (a 'count,' of course). He took her to Paris. She married him, to the grief of her parents; but, alas! the brilliant vision soon vanished, and the poor girl found she had exchanged a home, a loving father and mother, for a man morally and socially beneath her — unworthy of her. To escape his brutality, she fled to a boarding-house, enlisted the sympathy of its keeper, and procured a hiding-place in the fifth or sixth story of the building. Knowing that the police were sent by her husband in pursuit of her, she was obliged to conceal herself in solitude unrelieved except by the presence of her kind hostess.

"We must now return again to New York. I was sitting in the obscure light of a room in which was exhibited a panorama of Jerusalem. A gentleman took his seat by my side whom I did not recognize, as the light was so dim. He, however, recognized me, and said he had long desired to relate to me an incident which had not only revived the memories of college days, but also formed a new link of attachment to me. 'You perhaps remember,' he remarked, 'my unfortunate daughter who was bewitched by a very bad man and went with him to Paris. He there made her life wretched, but, to my great relief, I one day received a letter urging me to come and take her to her home. I hastened to meet my child. She related to me this incident: "One day," she said, "as I sat here in my solitary grief, the hopes of my life blasted, my kind hostess came to me and inquired what she could do to help me. I replied, But one thing: my flight was so sudden that I have not only left many articles of convenience, but, unspeakably more precious to me, my hymn-book and my Bible. Oh, exclaimed the kind-hearted woman, I have your Protestant Bible! She brought it. I opened it. Judge of my feelings when I saw on the fly-leaf —

'MADAME D.,

De la part de son ami,

'E. N. KIRK.'

Here was my father's friend providing for me! A Bible was an angel of God to my burdened soul.'" (She came back with her father.)

"This, with hundreds of instances different in form but of the same import, convinced me that the American Church ought to provide a convenient, tasteful house of worship for our countrymen temporarily or per-



manently in Paris. Accordingly, when the directors of the American and Foreign Christian Union invited me in 1856 to go to Paris and to superintend the erection of a chapel for the services of our countrymen there, I was ready to accept the appointment."

Reaching Paris in January, 1857, Dr. Kirk was awakened in the morning after his arrival by a gentleman till then unknown to him. His first announcement was regarded as a direct answer to many an anxious prayer concerning the work. It was Dr. Thomas Evans, a favorite in the emperor's family, having a European celebrity in his profession as a dentist. He apologized for intruding so early by stating that he had awaited his arrival with great anxiety. It seems that a chapel in the heart of the city, near the residence of the British ambassador, was owned by the Rev. ——, an Episcopal rector, who had become disaffected towards his countrymen in Paris, had closed his ministry there, and had given the refusal of his chapel to Dr. Evans. The latter was awaiting Dr. Kirk's arrival to offer the building for his purposes; but he remarked, "The English are exceedingly opposed to having the building pass into American hands. The ambassador, Lord Cowley, has informed me of the disturbance this offer is making among his countrymen, and has requested me to invite you to meet him as early as possible." The two went that morning to Lord Cowley's office. On hearing his statement and his request that they should not accept the offer of the chapel, Dr. Kirk replied, "You may be assured nothing needless will be done by me that shall give offense to our British brethren; but while your lordship is acting under grave responsibilities, I, in a more limited sphere, equally represent the rights and interests of others." The chapel was found to be unsuited to their purposes; and they were accordingly happy thus to find that duty did not compel them to wound the national pride of others.

Friends of the chapel enterprise ought to know how much their agent was indebted, principally to Dr. Evans, and to many others, for their kind and indispensable assistance.

The first work to be done, though contrary to any express stipulation with the Union, was to raise the money requisite. Dr. Kirk found himself compelled either to raise the funds by personal solicitation or to abandon the enterprise. "Having once had experience in that hard service, it was my first annoyance to find myself shut up to this unpleasant work. But, to the honor of my countrymen, I found it only the occasion of forming many very pleasant acquaintances; and, to the credit of our Episcopal friends, my largest receipts for this Union Evangelical enterprise were from members of their body."

His first call was on a gentleman who had already subscribed to the chapel fund. From him was received the first and the last rude reply. He was an eccentric man, and had just then become interested in another church enterprise. He talked very gravely about the difficulties of the proposed work, and of his doubts concerning its feasibility. It was the critical moment of the affair. There was no middle ground to be taken. If this man represented the feelings of Americans there was nothing else to do but return home. The subscription paper was handed him with the remark, "I have come here to build the American Chapel; and it is to be built, sir. If you have any reluctance to pay your subscription, will you be so kind as to erase your name?" The name was not erased. The money was paid, and the gentleman became a firm supporter of the chapel. On returning to a friend, awaiting him in his vehicle at the door, who knew the man well, and relating to him the interview, he replied: "That was just right; you've gained him."

That was the first difficulty; but soon there was reason to suspect that some persons in the United States had prepared certain obstacles to the enterprise. Through Dr. Evans information was gained that the emperor had received erroneous impressions about the mission in a somewhat unfriendly way. But He who placed Mordecai as a favorite in the court of Ahasuerus, had placed this patriotic American in the same

position in the Tuileries. The emperor treated the matter fairly and kindly, making but one concession to priestly influence: that of inserting in the government permits the restricting clause that preaching in the French language was not to be permitted in the chapel. The only other interference—if it was indeed such—was made by a stranger, a Frenchman, who called and made very many minute inquiries about the proposed objects and plans. Dr. Kirk immediately suspected his aim to be the discovery of any point in the movement that could be attacked.

“We had selected the site in a pleasant street running out of the Champs Elysées; and proceeded with our notaries to the house of the lady who owned the land. The interview I will describe; but first allude to the location. A large portion of the Americans resided at the distance of one mile from the Rue de Berry. One day, dining at the house of a friend with James Lenox, Esq., of New York, Mr. Lenox remarked, ‘It seems to me you have selected the site a little too distant from the centre of the city.’ Had I then possessed a prophetic vision, I might have made a very sensible reply: The emperor is about to revolutionize Paris architecturally, and extend its western boundary so far as to make the Rue de Berry the real centre of residences. But having no prophetic vision, I made the perhaps equally sensible reply: If Mr. Lenox had been here a month ago, and said to me, Here are twenty thousand dollars which will enable you to purchase a site in the Rue Royale, the chapel had been located there; but as I had not the twenty thousand dollars, a lot was selected suited to the state of our exchequer.

“To recur to the interview with the two widows,—the owner of the land, and her daughter. We were present, silver in hand, to pay the first installment on the land, give our mortgages, and take the deed. Two features of the interview were quite amusing. The first was, that when the deed had been read the mother remarked, ‘I wish you would insert a clause binding the chapel society to forfeit their title to my heirs if that building is ever sold to the Roman Catholics.’ ‘Madame,’ I replied, ‘make that clause of iron, if you please. But why do you, a Catholic, insert that?’ Her reply revealed simply her French aversion to anything funereal near her residence. When the last signatures were about to be made, the daughter turning to me observed, ‘You intend, of course, to pay the pin-money?’ ‘Pin-money?’ I replied; ‘what do you mean by that?’ ‘Why, sir, every transfer of property is accompanied by a gift of pin-money to the ladies of the family.’ My Yankee blood was stirred, and I believe I spent one hour in discussing that subject with her. I began with logic: ‘Madame, I am but an agent; the money is

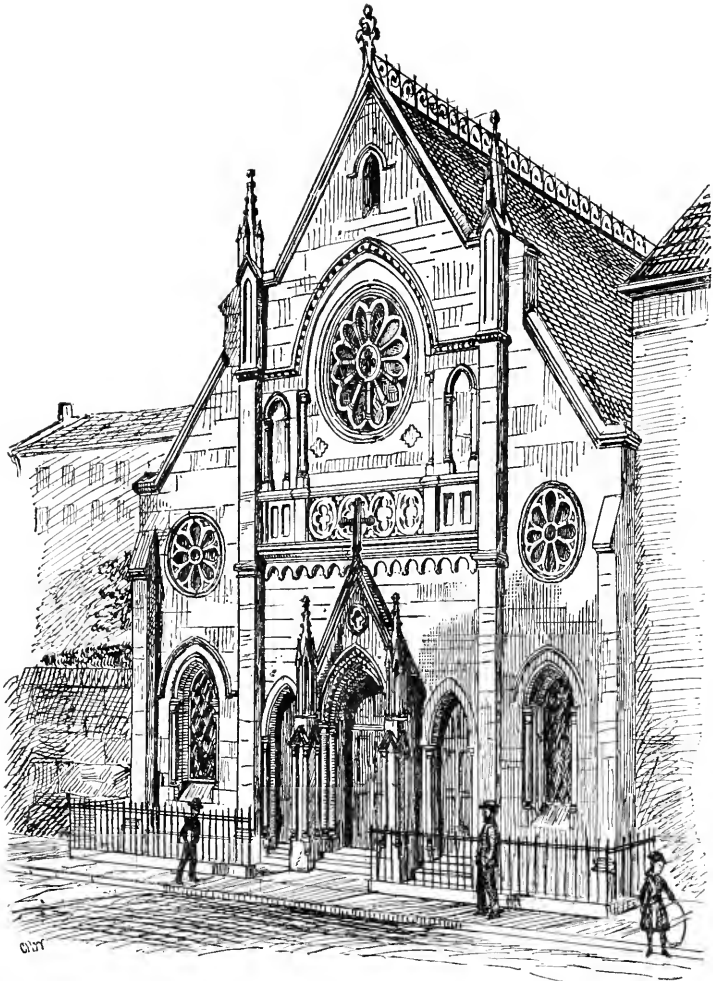
not mine to give. I have made for my employers a fair bargain with your mother to pay a definite sum for her land. I am ready to fulfill my part of the contract when she is ready to fulfill hers. Giving money to you or any one else, has nothing to do with the affair.' 'Sir, it is the custom of our country to pay pin-money, if only a *cow* is purchased.' Then I tried the vein of raillery : 'Just think, madame, that your amiable countenance is daguerreotyped on my memory, and I am to carry it through life; and am I always to see an outstretched beggar-hand, and to hear the cry, Pin-money ! pin-money !' But her feminine heart responded to nothing but the hope of three or four hundred francs.

"Seeing my efforts vain, I took my hat, bade the ladies good-morning, and nodded to my attendants, retiring with as many bows as a Frenchman from the scene. Now the contest was between mother and daughter. The difficulty was speedily surmounted. Seeing that bag of silver carried from the room, the finer sensibilities of the mother were overcome, and a servant was sent to call me back. There was no more about '*l'épingle.*' The papers were signed and the site of the American Chapel was secured."

Two great questions now arose. Who shall own the chapel? was the first. It appeared that no foreign corporation could own real estate in Paris. This set Dr. Kirk on a track of inquiry with Protestant churches, benevolent institutions, and Roman Catholic churches, how those of them which represented foreign nations held their titles. All their methods appeared unsuited to his views; and after much consultation with the directors in New York, it was agreed that the title should vest in Dr. Kirk personally, he giving the society a *contrelettre*, or government claim, that should bar his heirs from succeeding to the ownership, and a kind of will bequeathing the title under the same restrictions to two others named.

Out of this ownership arose another very important question. By the laws of France, every transfer of property subjects the property to a government *ad valorem* tax of nine or ten per cent. At his decease, the chapel would thus be obliged to pay five or six thousand dollars for registering the property in the name of the new owners. This appeared very formidable; especially as it might come on the society at a period of great financial weakness, and perhaps be fatal.





THE AMERICAN CHAPEL AT PARIS.

Lawyers, statesmen, financiers, directors of benevolent societies were again extensively consulted, but none could furnish relief. (Among those thus consulted and remembered with interest was Jules Simon, who has been conspicuous in recent affairs.) The result was the simple expedient of diffusing the payment of this enormous tax over a series of years. Dr. Kirk's life was insured for the sum, the chapel paying the annuity premium, and possessing the title to the money due at his decease.

The directors of the Union years afterwards requested him to give a power of attorney to an individual, authorizing him to constitute Dr. Kirk again a member of a new company to be organized in Paris, which company, being itself immortal, and owning the chapel, would avoid a repetition of this tax. Dr. Kirk refused to concur in the arrangement, believing it to be an evasion of the French law, wrong in itself, and liable to very serious consequences. The friends in Paris were led to propose it in imitation of the example of the American Episcopal Church in Paris, which had adopted it.

The building is Gothic, unpretentious and yet attractive. Going one day to overlook the workmen, Dr. Kirk found them quite excited. Directly in the rear of the building boarded a French clergyman, Napoléon Roussell, well known in this country by his admirable evangelical tracts. His little daughter, knowing that this was a Protestant chapel, was shocked on a Sunday morning to find the workmen employed as on other days. Like a genuine tract-distributor, she wrote her own tract, inclosed it in an envelope, attached a stone to it, and threw it from a window to the workmen. It fell like one of the recent German shells among them. They read it with indignation, and were still conversing about it when the doctor arrived on Monday. They immediately clustered around him on the scaffold, while, forgetting the ever-vigilant French police, taking his text from the letter, he told them that in America the Sabbath was the poor man's day, — no one could exact labor of him; that they were really enslaved by the views their nation had of

the Sabbath. Their anger ceased and the tide of sympathy was rising for the American Sabbath. But their employer did not dare to finish the sermon with an application, under the circumstances, as he had really been betrayed unintentionally into a partial breach of contract by preaching in French outside of the walls, if not within.

The directors settled this question wisely by authorizing the payment of six days' work and seven days' wages.

The next question naturally came up, as follows: Shall a church be formed? It was, however, manifest that that must be deferred to a future day. It has since been accomplished by the Rev. Dr. Robinson.

Still another question arose concerning the use of an extemporaneous service or the ritual of the Episcopal Church? In view of the pecuniary rights of Episcopalians in the project, and their strong attachment to their own form of worship, that form was adopted as far as it could be under the circumstances.

This was the fourth tour he had made in Europe, and still had not fulfilled the desire of visiting the Holy Land. The chapel building was so far advanced that without detriment to its interests a two weeks' tour through Palestine was possible.

We are chiefly indebted to the Rev. R. H. Neale, D. D., of Boston, for the facts relating to this tour. Side by side these two men had labored for fifteen years at home. With a persistency characteristic of the man, Dr. Neale went to Paris to secure the company of his friend Kirk upon such a tour, and made known the object of his visit. We now quote from his narrative:—

“‘Brother Neale,’ said Kirk, ‘I believe Providence sent you here. I want to go to Palestine, but there are four or five objections. I do not see how they can be obviated. But I believe in prayer. I do not want to do anything without the will of God. Let us seek his advice.’”

At once they knelt, when every objection was brought up in prayer; the chief difficulty being the action of the board in whose service Dr. Kirk was engaged. Every day for



three weeks prayer was offered over these difficulties, until one by one all were removed; and in the early summer of 1857 they were ready. Mrs. Smith, wife of a missionary in Palestine, then in Paris, said, "It is as much as your lives are worth to go in the summer season;" to whom Dr. Kirk replied, "The Lord has answered our prayers in removing the difficulties and I am willing to trust my life with Him."

It was during the Indian mutiny in Hindustan. The steamer upon which they had taken passage for Alexandria was detained a day or two by direction of the government, for Sir Colin Campbell and his officers to arrive.

The two travelers, being among strangers and consulting economy, took tickets in the second cabin, having the liberty of the deck. Their gentlemanly and intelligent appearance attracted the attention of the "first class" passengers and especially of Sir Colin, who insisted upon their occupying the first cabin with him, and sitting at his right hand at the table. Dr. Kirk preached to the company on the passage. The friendships there formed were never forgotten.

From Alexandria they started for Jerusalem. At the outset they agreed to call each other by their first names in their familiar intercourse, their hearts open to every new scene. In a public meeting after their return, Dr. Kirk declared that Dr. Neale would not have entered the Holy Land save as he had "boosted" him in. Dr. Neale thus describes the event: <sup>1</sup> —

"We went from Alexandria to Jaffa, the Joppa of the Scriptures. The town has no harbor except one naturally formed, and the boatmen came off to the steamer in little boats to take us to land. Then we were obliged to climb up some very high rocks in order to get really and fully ashore. Probably a dozen boatmen with as many boats would come out to take travelers ashore, and they were full of jabber, and apparently scolding, and neither of us could fully understand them. But Dr. Kirk could understand every one that spoke French and Italian. He was re-

<sup>1</sup> This entire narrative of Dr. Neale was taken down by a stenographer while the doctor recited the events. Among all the papers in the possession of the writer of this biography, there was none touching this very interesting journey. The survivor has given, in his racy, inimitable way, facts not only interesting in themselves, but affording repeated glimpses into his fellow-traveler's character.

markably versed in several European languages, so that he could talk wonderfully.

"I depended on Kirk to do the talking and to make a bargain with the boatmen. We knew they would never be satisfied, whatever was done. Each of us had a carpet-bag, and the arrangement made was this: I said to Kirk, You settle with the fellows for what we agreed to pay and we must be off. He had already stipulated with the men and fixed upon the price.

"'Now, Edward Norris,' I said, 'I will take the bags, and you help me up;' — the rocks were breast-high — 'you just help me up on the rocks with the bags, and you pay the bill.' Of course it was funny, but we did not think of it then. He did literally 'boost' me on to the rocks with the bags. He settled with the fellows, and as soon as this was done, I pulled him up after me; and then we showed the fellows as good a pair of heels as any one can see. They yelped and ran, but could not help it. They could not catch us. That was the pleasant part of it."

At Jaffa they followed the custom of all travelers. They hired two horses for themselves, hired a dragoman who had under his control three servants on horses. Their cooking apparatus, stoves, and food, and the materials for the tent under which they were to rest, were carried on mules. Thus they entered upon their rough journey in the very style of travel adopted by the patriarchs. The servants went on before, selected a place where to stop over night, and put up the tent.

Going through the valley of Sharon, on the way to Jerusalem, everything was in bloom; the valleys were beautiful in their verdure; the veritable rose of Sharon was there, and the lily of the valley filled the air with its delightful fragrance. Said Dr. Kirk, "There is evidence of the value of prayer: I looked to the Lord for everything, and I did not believe He would destroy us."

When they were come to the place where David gathered the five smooth pebbles from the brook, it began to seem as if the shadow of Mrs. Smith's prophecy were falling. "But," said Dr. Kirk, "I don't lose faith in prayer yet." There, by the historic brook, they rested for a while, and again resumed their journey.

Three hours later, after all the fatigue of the dangerous

mountain-paths, they came in sight of the Mount of Olives, and soon of Jerusalem. On this mountain of sacred soil, in sight of the city over which Jesus wept, Dr. Kirk sang, in the first moment of his vision, "All hail the power of Jesus' name." It was a journey in prayer and praise.

His companion thus describes their first Sabbath in Jerusalem:—

"We spent the next Sunday after our arrival in the Garden of Gethsemane, and in going over the Mount of Olives. The doctor was always very careful: he was a good, thorough Puritan and proposed that we go to church. Said I, 'Cannot we spend the Sabbath better in Nature's sanctuary, especially on the Mount of Olives and in the Garden of Gethsemane?' He felt it at once. 'It would not be wrong, would it?' said he. (He would always satisfy himself of that. No one more deeply enjoyed the associations of the place than he.) We went down into the Garden of Gethsemane and spent some two hours there, he reading over the account given of the scene when our Saviour was there, from the different gospels, and then singing 'Jesus, I love thy charming name.'"

The friends visited all the places of interest in the city. Dr. Kirk's first inquiry was for the Pool of Bethesda. The place of the old Temple, the house of David, and, above all, the scenes of our Lord's sufferings, called out his intense sympathies. The only drawback was the sight of so much superstition. The following incident is recorded by Dr. Neale:—

"He disliked the Catholic priests. When he first saw them in Paris, said he, 'See that gown;' or some sarcastic remark about 'a long gown.' And then he disliked beggars very much; sometimes I was a little more kind to them than he was, and would say, 'These poor creatures deserve to be treated kindly.' But he had got the idea that the fellows were impostors, and he hated shams.

"He was deeply impressed with the religious associations of Palestine. We walked from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, and were there also on the Sabbath. We saw the house of Simeon, and the path that our Saviour trod from Bethlehem to Jerusalem, and from Jerusalem to Bethlehem. We had a guide or dragoman with us to point out all the places. We knew that that must be the road which Mary and Joseph took with the Child.

"On our way, we saw a mother with a child coming along the road. 'Oh,' said the doctor, tears coming into his eyes, 'you see that! How

often the mother of our Blessed Saviour trod this same path with her infant child! I am carried back to that sacred time.'

"Well, I sympathized with him, and he wanted the dragoman to tell her what he said, — the thought he had expressed. The dragoman did so, when the woman very modestly said she was not worthy of the comparison. That touched the doctor still more. 'You hear that, Rollin? She has the spirit of the Virgin.' He took out his book and said, 'I shall put that down and tell it to my people when I get home to Boston.' And he wrote it down. Meanwhile, she continued her talk to the dragoman. 'What does she say?' asked the doctor. Said the dragoman, 'She thinks that as she has said what you wanted to know you might give her some *backsheesh*.' How quick the mercury went down to freezing point. 'What! did she say *backsheesh*?' exclaimed he; 'she is a beggar!' He put back his book.

"Said I, 'Look here, Edward, better put *that* down to tell your people in Boston.' Said he, 'I don't know about that.' I intended to be faithful to him, and would not tell of it myself until I learned that after he came home he did tell his people the whole story, and so I venture to give it.

"He became more reconciled to the Catholics, on account of their generosity. We went to Bethlehem, where we found a Catholic convent, or a religious hotel. They do not charge anything, though they expect contributions to the holy purposes of the church. We stopped at those places in Bethlehem and Nazareth as we went north. In Bethlehem we saw what is called the Holy Manger, where our Saviour was born. There is a tablet of marble over it, and on it is inscribed, 'Here, Jesus of Nazareth was born.' I remember very well the deep impressions made upon the mind of Dr. Kirk; he lingered about it; he would have sung but he did not wish to disturb the priests who were around there with their candles; and he treated them with consideration on account of their showing such great respect for the place. There was a marked change in his feelings toward them on account of their guarding so sacredly the sacred places.

"We bathed in the Jordan where the Saviour was baptized. He was more timid than I was. We had a debate there on the mode of baptism. Said I, 'If there had not been a change in the river at this place, I should give it up, for we could not have immersed here without drowning.' We could not go far out in the stream. I told him there had been a change in the current, as I was informed by writers. 'No,' said he, 'John stood here, no doubt about it, and in a gentlemanly and genteel way he did not expose people to the danger of drowning;' and he made the best use he could of the utter impossibility of immersing at the traditional spot, claiming that John poured or sprinkled the candidate. I was somewhat surprised at his position in not thinking our Saviour was im-

mersed. That was his opinion really. He said he would go according to the example of Christ, and I believe he would have done so. He was always in a pleasant mood of mind, whenever we talked freely about the subjects upon which we differed.

“In going through Palestine we had a very intelligent dragoman, and the doctor, who understood French perfectly, could converse with the utmost freedom in French, and, I should judge, in Italian too. He conversed with most of the men with whom we stopped at various places on the journey. He was always indulgent and treated people where he was with great respect, and yet he was as faithful as Mr. Moody in introducing the subject of religion. There was one man on the Mediterranean steamer, a Hungarian, but who conversed in the French, Italian, and English languages. The conversation at one time was in English, and the doctor, using the orthodox phrase, asked the Hungarian whether he had been converted or not. He was a sort of reckless fellow, but good-hearted; he did not recognize us as ministers, for we did not dress exactly like ministers. He knew Dr. Kirk was an intelligent man who understood the difficulty between Austria and Hungary, as the conversation occurred about the time of the difficulty. The doctor plied him on the subject of religion as he did the sea-captains and everybody else, and asked him if he had ever experienced a change of heart. ‘Yes,’ said he, ‘oh, yes.’ ‘Thank God for that,’ said the doctor. As we walked away, I said, ‘I doubt whether he understood what you meant; I notice you talk to all these men (as you ought, and it sets me a good example), but I have a suspicion that he would not understand it, as he did not talk English very fluently, and you used some technical phrases.’

“Said he, ‘Of course he understood me.’

“I replied, ‘I doubt if he knew what you meant.’

“We went back to find out the truth of the matter. Said Dr. Kirk, ‘I asked you if you had ever experienced a change of heart, and you said you had; you know what I meant by that?’

“Said the Hungarian, ‘Yes, I suppose so; whether I had undergone a change in my opinions. I have, during the Hungarian troubles.’

“The doctor said: ‘Thus the Lord worketh with such things to bring back man.’

“But the man went on and said: ‘I used to think well of the Austrians, but during those Hungarian troubles I found them to be the greatest rascals I ever heard of.’

“I must say, I don’t know when I laughed more than I did then. He was such an honest, clever fellow, but while he was intelligent, he did not seem to know anything about religious matters. He wanted to agree with the doctor, and when asked if he had experienced a change of

heart, he thought all the doctor meant was, whether he had undergone a change in his political feelings.

“During our journey in Palestine we would sleep under our tent, and in the early morning the tent would be removed. It was the business of the dragoman to remove the tent after we were through breakfast. Once while we were busy talking at the table, away went the tent.

“‘Why,’ said the doctor, ‘our tabernacle is gone!’ But he looked up, and, seeing the heavens, quoted the passage, ‘We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle be dissolved,’ etc. Said he, ‘Who cares if this earthly tabernacle — this tent — is removed, when we have such a tent above us? I should n’t wonder at all if that illustration came from just such a removal of a tent in this pleasant land.’”

Throughout the journey the travelers recognized the hand of God. The strange desolation seemed like a mildew or blight. “It appears like a land that rejected the Messiah,” said Dr. Kirk. “Well,” said the dragoman, though by no means religious, “it is cursed of Heaven; there is no law, no religion, no government, no God.”

They slept in but one house during all this journey. They journeyed from early morning until ten o’clock, then finding rest, during the oppressive heat, under some fig or juniper tree, of which there were a great many. The cooling winds from the Mediterranean, relieving the oven-like oppressiveness of the atmosphere, called to mind the well-known hymn,

“God of the cooling breeze,”

which was often sung.

Upon the road to Jericho, these lines were frequently repeated by Dr. Neale, and as often sung by his companion:—

“In foreign lands and realms remote,  
Supported by thy care,  
We pass o’er burning sands no more,  
And breathe enchanted air.”

Then would come a good-natured dispute, “Rollin, do you understand those lines? What is your opinion of them?” “Well, I think they mean just what they say; that we pass over burning sands no more, and breathe enchanted air.” “No,” said Dr. Kirk, “that is not the meaning; it means that if we breathed tainted air we could not live;

that we breathe purely and freshly, though tainted air is around us."

His companion was not inclined to dispute him, provided they should get over the burning sands and have no more of the tainted air. Dr. Neale's narrative continues: —

"We spent Sunday in Nazareth and went to the house of Joseph and Mary. It was a carpenter's shop. They showed so many relics that the doctor got a little tired of them, and said, 'What liars these fellows are! I don't know about them.'

"It was so when we came to the grotto in Bethany, which they called the Tomb of Lazarus. Said he, 'These fellows get up a grotto or tomb for anything, and I don't believe Lazarus was ever here.' He did n't doubt, however, that Lazarus was dead, and was raised from the dead, but the certainty of the precise locality disturbed him, and he hesitated about entering it. Said he, 'It does n't look like a grave at all.' We had already gone down into the grotto, and I was a little before him, but still he hesitated; said he, 'These fellows lie so; they have ever so many stories about these sacred localities; I don't believe them. How do they know that this was the place where Lazarus was buried? There are other grottoes and soft rocks all round us.'

"He was about going back, when I said, 'Don't do it. We have paid for believing, and we might as well get the worth of our money.' We went into the so-called tomb."

Nothing escaped the notice of these true pilgrims to the "sacred fields." They stood upon the brow of the hill where the townsmen of Jesus sought his life. They stood likewise, if rightly informed, upon the exact place of the cross in Jerusalem. The valley of the Jordan was "holy ground." The throbs of the Dead Sea waves upon the beach were voices of an awful past. Mount Carmel, overlooking the sea to catch the rising cloud, recording sentinel of the truest heroism, was itself a Scripture lesson of the divine strength. They entered, though with some doubt of its identity, the house of Simon the Tanner at Joppa, where Peter lodged. They stood upon the house-top where the apostle was in prayer just previous to the summons to visit Cornelius. They visited Melita, where Paul landed after the shipwreck, and where the viper clung about his hand. The way-side of Jericho recalled the restoring of sight to the blind. The

dreams of their lives had become real, and the reality was more inspiring than any anticipations.

We have recalled these scenes of enjoyment to illustrate in their own mirror-like way the life of Dr. Kirk. Travelers are never hypocrites; and we close this fragmentary narrative with the testimony of Dr. Neale: "I was delighted with Kirk's youthful emotions, showing that while he was strictly religious, and had almost something of the Puritan about him, yet no man more enjoyed all that was right in life, and all that was good."

In due time the travelers returned to Paris, and Dr. Kirk began his labors in the American Chapel. The remembrance of these was cherished ever afterwards. Standing in that gay city, the Christian prophet and patriot thus spoke:—

"We owe it to our God to recognize Him by erecting here a new house of prayer. We are a Christian nation; we believe in God; we believe in Jesus Christ; we believe in the providence of God as the source of our blessings; in the Christian Scriptures as the foundation of our institutions, the charter of our freedom; and it becomes us to erect here a monument to our national faith, and to that faith a national monument. Not a monument to the glory of our republican institutions; that would be out of place. Not a monument to our great names and great achievements; those are appropriate to our own land. But a monument to the glory of God our Maker, and Jesus Christ our Lord and Saviour. . . .

"This is the first church the citizens of our republic have erected in Europe, to meet their own religious wants. As an American, I am more rejoiced to see it than to see the proudest monument we ever erected to immortalize the fame of our mechanical skill, our military prowess, or our literary achievements. Here the American Republic declares that she honors God. Here she says to her absent sons, 'Remember the God of your fathers and honor Him among strangers. Remember the Saviour who redeemed you, and honor Him among the nations of the earth. Remember that your dignity is consistent with an unpretending simplicity; that loftiness of principle and purity of manners were the glory of your fathers; that the starting-place of our national greatness was virtue and godliness.' We have erected a noble national monument. Americans, sustain it! And not as a dead monument; but as a living offering to the Author of our being and our blessings."



Among his last letters was one to the Rev. Dr. Hitchcock, pastor of the American Chapel:—

“MY DEAR BROTHER,— . . . I hear good tidings from the dear chapel. May our blessed Saviour continue to give you the marks of his presence and favor. Why, dear brother, do we not love Him more fervently? Why do not our very faces shine with more brightness than did the face of Moses on the Mount? He saw the beams of glory that shone through the clouds of Sinai: we, with unveiled faces, behold the glory of Calvary.

“I long to be a rejoicing follower of our blessed Lord. The sun of the gospel appears to me to be concentrating to this focal point; the rays, after covering a vast surface, converging in the old command, upon which hang all the law and the prophets — ‘*Thou shalt love.*’

“Your loving brother.

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

Two weeks from the day this letter was sent, the hand which wrote it was folded in death, and the message was, to the pastor and the church receiving it, almost as a message from heaven.

In the autumn of 1857 Dr. Kirk returned to his own church and people. If for a season fewer strangers had found their way to the church on Ashburton Place, it was so no longer. Mount Vernon Church was itself again.

But the dark and heavy clouds of a nation's peril were rising higher and higher, casting their shadows over North and South alike. The storm had not yet completely gathered, but when it should burst, this church and its pastor would be found in their places. They were wedded to each other for the great work.

## CHAPTER XIII.

### ANTISLAVERY.

UNTIL 1861.

IN one of the darkest days of the civil war, when our flag knew little but defeat, the heroic courage of President Lincoln almost failed him. In reply to some despondent expression, Mr. Stanton, his secretary of war, asked him, "Mr. Lincoln, have you forgotten that prayers are offered up for us, and the cause we represent, in every sanctuary of the North?" The very suggestion chased away the worn and weary look from the president's face, and he became himself again. So important a part did the churches and pastors of the North fill in the conflict.

Yet it may be said that for every hundred pulpits outspoken after Fort Sumter had become historic, there had been but one outspoken before. Few clergymen had the courage to take the part of the slave when to speak was to brave a defiant public opinion. Many of the leading pulpits in the cities of New England and throughout the North were apologists for the slave-holder. Northern men, owning shares in slave-ships, whose profits depended upon the infamous traffic, recommended their pastors to keep silence with regard to the "peculiar institution." Cotton was dubbed king in the republic, and its prime ministers held offices in church and state. Bankers and merchants, to avoid the repudiation of what was due them, complimented the pseudo-philanthropy of the Southern gentlemen; and these bankers and merchants were largely church-going men. The spindles driven by our northern rivers hummed a tune whose

doleful notes were first struck upon the plantations of the South. Cotton was king.

The "South-side View" was elucidated in leading pulpits. Great benevolent organizations grew timorous. Censors of Christian publications eschewed every work offered upon the curse of human bondage. Leading professors in our theological seminaries argued that Christ did not expect any breaking of the captives' chains in the nineteenth century, — especially in America.

Our Constitution was interpreted to be a compromise in order to avoid greater evils. Numbers of our statesmen were professional compromisers. Principles of righteousness were set aside for the sake of expediency. Upon the floor of the senate, clear arguments for liberty were answered with clubs. The pulpits of the South were a unit; those of the North were mostly with them. In an earlier day, a third of the Congregational ministers of Massachusetts were in antislavery societies; but now nine tenths of them were comparatively silent touching the evil in their public efforts. The idol of the Whig Party, in the speech through whose murkiness his life must always be viewed, said to the sons of the Pilgrims, Be still! And, with few exceptions, they obeyed him.

It cost something for a minister of Christ to speak the truth in such times. The preacher of the celebrated sermon "Africa," delivered years before in Albany and calling down upon him the insults of thousands, was now in the Mount Vernon pulpit. He, too, for nearly a decade, concerned himself more with other topics and themes. He was never afraid to speak, yet, in the multitudinous duties of his office, he referred only occasionally to what he knew was a national curse. He, too, hoped that Webster's course was wise.

But not always such reticence! There came a morning on which Kirk stood in Boston, as did Sumner on another in Washington, unmoved by any considerations of policy. He spoke as he had long ago spoken in Albany. He stood forth at once in the advance-guard, with such men as were despised and insulted, better known as abolitionists.

Hardly had the suns of a year passed over the grave of Webster when the great issue was presented. The "Missouri Compromise," made in 1820, had been regarded as the great wall against the encroachments of slavery. Public sentiment sustained the law in sending back from every free State each fugitive slave. But this was not enough. In 1854, it was moved in the national congress to repeal the Missouri Compromise, and thus decree slavery permissible in the territories of Kansas and Nebraska, west and north of the established limits. The movement was a violation of public faith, yet the law was enacted granting the admission of slavery provided a majority of the people should sanction it.

The Mount Vernon pulpit was from that day abreast with the foremost. Politicians declared that politics in the pulpit were out of their place. Timid merchants said, "Preach religion for our souls and leave these secular themes for the secular press." Legislators said, "Ministers of Christ are supposed to be ministers of peace; why then preach discord?" Men framed the laws in behalf of slavery by bribery and chicanery; and then, turning especially to the clergy, said, "Obey them that have the rule over you."

But, somehow, Dr. Kirk did not hear them. One voice alone was distinct,—one "still small voice;" to that he gave heed. In an address upon "The Clergy and the Slave Power," he spoke as follows:—

"Some of our citizens have undertaken to give the Slave Power an ascendancy in the government of this country. To effect their purpose, they have, among other things, deemed it necessary to define the powers, prerogatives, rights, duties, metes, and limits, of the clergy. Perhaps they have laid themselves open to several rebukes here. To be sure they have this answer at hand to any rebukes coming from our ranks,—the ignorance of civil affairs which the sacredness of their office requires of the clergy unfits them to judge of the high functions and actions of a civil legislator. Mr. Timson may be perfectly cognizable by his father while he is making bureaus and tables in his native village, but when he has passed the rubicon of an election to congress, it becomes either a sin or a presumption for that same father to form a judgment of his legislative acts, as to their wisdom, their morality, their bearings on the rights and civil responsibilities of that clergyman, and of that country in

which that clergyman may feel as deep and as pure an interest as any law-maker on the floor of congress.

“ But suppose the democratic principles of that cabinet-maker should be so refined as to allow that the clergy and the negroes may *think ad libitum*; the crime is (so Archbishop John has defined liberty of conscience) to utter it when it is thought.

“ Now, as I am so much of a democrat as to suppose ‘ a man ’s a man for a’ that, and a’ that,’ I will venture to utter one or two things which I think about our present position.

“ And my first thought is a perplexity. I cannot understand the zeal of a democrat for holding slaves! The democrats of Europe hold three doctrines which seem to me to hang together logically and honestly. They think a man is a man, — under any parallel of latitude, with a skin of any color, a nose of any shape, a heel of any length, a hair of any degree of curliness. And to that they append another, — that tyranny is the assumption of the right by one man to deny the humanity of another man, and the carrying that assumption into practice, so as to prevent one man or a hundred men from governing and guiding their own actions, and receiving the rewards of their own labor. Then they have a third doctrine, which is, — that every democrat is bound to labor in every legitimate way to break down every tyranny in any part of the world.

“ That seems to me consistent. But here we have a democracy which glories in the right of preventing men from being democrats; anti-monopolists, who glory in the power of making every owner of a slave thereby possess a greater share of power in the government than one who respects the right of self-government too much to own a slave, and so deprive another of that right. Yes, I am astonished that sensible democrats are advocating the principle of offering a premium on slave-holding. They say that if the Southern people migrate to Nebraska, it will not increase the number of slaves in the country. Admit that. But it does another thing; it gives to the men holding these slaves the power to elect so many more representatives than they could before.

“ But, to leave that aspect of the matter in the hands of statesmen, I wish to affirm here, for the information of any who may wish to know why the clergymen of New England have taken this subject in hand as they have, that we regard the present attitude of our government as revolutionary. And we who would stand in our pulpits, and preach and pray against nullification in the harbor of Boston; against rebellion in the streets of Boston; for the same reasons, and from the same impulses, in our pulpits preach and pray against revolutionary action in the legislative halls of Washington. If, however, Senator Douglas and President Pierce can show us, not by violent language, but by reasoning, that we misapprehend the subject, we are perfectly open to conviction. We belong to no parties in church or state. We exult in the freedom where-

with Christ has made us free, and of which neither pope nor president can deprive us. And we are very thankful for the freedom of speech and of the press which our Constitution guarantees to us; and which, we pray God, we may never be permitted to abuse. We have no interests to promote but such as belong in common to every citizen of this beloved republic, be he black or white, Christian or infidel.

“But we are both citizens and ministers of Jesus Christ. We are intrusted by our Maker with certain degrees of power, to be employed according to our best judgment; and are under responsibility to our God to promote the best temporal and eternal interests of men. We are thankful to any man who will show us our duty. But we shall follow, not another man’s, but our own convictions of duty. And on this one thing these political gentlemen must calculate: that, until our convictions are changed by new light, we shall lay the entire weight of our influence, be it more, be it less, in the path of those who attempt to carry out the present policy of the general government in regard to the institution of slavery.

“In a sermon preached in reference to the Nebraska Bill, while yet before the lower house, I affirmed that the measure was revolutionary; and that, if it was adopted, it would put the country back of all compromises, even that of the Constitution itself, which secures the rendition of fugitive slaves. For the sake of others’ opinions, that portion was not published in the discourse. I now should prefer that it had been; for that is my conviction. And for the defense of it, one remark may at present suffice.

“When the Constitution was formed, the slave-holders demanded, as an ultimatum, that they should be allowed to hunt and retake their prey on free territory. It was reluctantly conceded; but it *was* conceded. Another point was conceded, in consideration of the sparse population necessarily found where slavery exists. It was, that “representatives shall be apportioned among the States by adding to the whole number of free persons, three fifths of all other persons.” The day that Missouri was admitted as a slave State, the revolutionary wedge was entered. But the movement of the last month is a more undisguised and unqualified avowal of the Slave Power on these points:—

“1. That slavery is a permanent and not a decaying institution.

“2. That the general government shall so far recognize it as consonant to the genius of our institutions, as to use none of its power against the increase of slavery and slave territory.

“3. That the floor of congress is a gambling-board, where southern votes are to be played for by northern gamblers.

“4. That the great interest of this government is, to make slave-holding honorable; and the chief glory of American history, that it **makes men free to hold slaves.**

“5. That under the guise of democracy this land is to be converted into a slave-market ; and the one hundred millions of white democrats who are to rule in it are to have fifteen millions of slaves.

“6. That loyalty in the North is to sustain one-sided compromises, to fulfill broken treaties, to send back their fellow-citizens to bondage, and then let slave-holders and their flatterers do what they please with their own pledges.”

On the 19th and 20th of May, 1856, Charles Sumner delivered his great speech upon “The Crime against Kansas.” Two days later, Preston S. Brooks of South Carolina felled him to the floor, — a Southern tribute to Northern free speech. His constituents presented Mr. Brooks with another cane in appreciation of his services to the country. Meantime the constituents of Mr. Sumner apprehended the situation.

The following extracts from a sermon by Dr. Kirk the succeeding Sabbath morning display an almost prophetic insight into the terrible events that five years were to bring : —

“The Slave Power is now ready for a struggle. Justice and oppression have now met in the field of contest. Kansas is our Sebastopol. The war centres there. And I fully believe that, unless there be a special interposition of Heaven, neither party will yield until such a war has been gone through as the world has not seen. I am not saying what will actually take place; but am merely describing what threatens to occur, and where we are. I am merely pointing to the thunder-cloud that hangs over us, ready to discharge its terrific battery. God may avert it. Man cannot. Coaxing, compromise, let-alone, are all too late. Depend, my fellow-citizens, depend upon it, Mr. Brooks is nothing in this matter; Mr. Douglas is nothing; the Democratic Party is nothing; nor any other party. Canning’s prophecy, that wars were henceforward to be wars of principles, is here about to be fulfilled.

“The doctrine that *a negro is not a man* and the doctrine that *the negro is a man*, have now come to the death-grapple; and a nation will heave with every convulsive struggle of the contest. Neither party will yield until a continent has been swept with the deluge of civil war. The party that counts upon the cowardice of the other, miscalculates. You cannot frighten, you cannot persuade men trained from infancy to play with negroes and to abuse them with impunity. They are accustomed to dictate; to have their will executed, not resisted; to use violence where it is resisted, — and this even toward their friends: how much more toward us, whom they affect to despise! But they equally miscalculate, if they

count upon our cowardice. They will try the cry of "the Union," as long as it will make us submissive. That game is now over. Two races are growing up here that cannot live peaceably until, like Russia and the western Powers, they have fought each other into a new treaty. The practice of carrying bowie-knives, cowhides, and pistols, as part of a gentleman's equipment, — as necessary, even at home among friends, we must regard as evidences of a march backward toward the savage state. The false sense of honor, the boast of chivalry in the nineteenth century of the Christian era, the murders and duels in which men of the South and Southwest are so constantly engaged, — all these we must regard as a natural growth of that peculiar doctrine. And when this southern chivalry undertakes to form the customs of Freedom's metropolis, and gutta-percha bludgeons take the place of candid discussion, the friends of freedom will bear it no longer. And to that point, I believe in the depth of my soul, we have now come. What, then, is before us? War, war; fratricidal war!

"There are cowards at the South, and cowards at the North. The former can whip men that are pinioned, and can challenge men who do not set up their lives at the same price as a ruffian's. The latter can goad others on to a war in which they mean to take no dangerous place or part. But when you have put them aside, there remain men, on both sides, who will go to the end, after a beginning is made. But if we begin, even the cowards must at length fight. And when man has tasted blood, he becomes a tiger; the angelic, the human, retires; the animal comes up to control his powers and guide his actions.

"Some talk coolly about dissolving the Union. There is, probably, but one dissolution to be brought about by a fanatical war, of which, at length, men will become weary; and then some Napoleon I. or Napoleon III. will take the reins of empire; and so many white men as may be left, will make up, with the negro, the slave population of America. Yes, you can dissolve the Union, — not into North and South. When it takes place, believe me, it will be a moral dissolution, not a territorial separation. When brothers fight, they fight to the death. And when the Union is dissolved, Freedom bids the western hemisphere farewell; the hopes of our fathers, the hopes of the oppressed, the hopes of the best spirits in Europe, sink for the present century!

"I am afraid that a cowardly calculation emboldens some of us. They seem to rest in the expectation that in case of war the negro population will join us; or, at least, will make so strong a police necessary, as to cripple the Southern military power. But this may prove a very vain calculation. My firm belief is, that a civil war in America will be a war of the world. The despotic powers of Europe, — the Catholic powers, will take the side of the Cavaliers against the Puritans."



Referring to the tragedy in the senate, he thus spoke: —

“We need distinctly to recognize our perilous and painful condition. Even if there were no danger for the future, it is a spectacle which no American citizen can contemplate without a sense of humiliation, that ruffianism has now become the order of the day in the conduct of our national affairs. Cold-blooded murder, marauding bands of drunken brawlers, are now representing the purposes and appliances of slavery in a new territory. Ruffianism now penetrates the senate chamber of the United States — the sacred senate chamber — and stains it with the blood of one whose office alone should have shielded him from violence; — the senate chamber, next to the sanctuaries of God, the most sacred spot within our vast borders; the senate chamber, which once presented the sublimest spectacle on earth, where the learned, wise, and grave lawmakers, sent up by the sovereign States, assembled to guard the rights and freedom of these millions; the senate chamber now become an appendage to the bar-room, where violence and scurrility supply the place of argument, where reason and philanthropy, where justice and truth, have been stricken down by brute force, in the person of their representative, because he had dared to utter language offensive to the ears of slave-owners!

“American citizens! Do you know where you are, and what this means; are you awake, or are you dreaming; are you not afraid; do you believe that this is the end? God calls you to turn aside from your merchandise, your schemes of accumulation, your party manœuvres, and look on the terrible chasm that now yawns at your feet! If you recognize the evil, then recognize the hand of God in it. Put away forever the false philosophy that excludes the Maker from his works, God from the events of his own providence. Remember that when Assyria conquered and oppressed Israel, Israel’s God employed her as the rod of his anger. He raised up Jeroboam to punish Solomon’s defection, and Absalom to punish David’s transgressions. Ruffians are his instruments, when He would scourge a proud, careless, disobedient people. Let us look away from man, so far as to see the hand of an offended God; for He is threatening to remove our candlestick out of its place.”

It will be interesting to trace the steps by which this point of intense antislavery feeling and conviction had been reached. As already hinted, Dr. Kirk only came to it by degrees. The germ of the principle of liberty was early planted.

“My attention was turned to the African race in early boyhood by a single expression of my mother. One day I made some careless refer-

ence to her about a *nigger*. She was a woman of great decision, kindness, and common sense. She gave me a look which abides until this day, earnestly remarking, 'Never let me hear that word from you again!' The seed was there planted; it grew into the Christian idea in my mind, that *a negro is a man*. Living in New Jersey, almost on the borders of the Southern States, the idea did not germinate very rapidly; for the general impression of the community, as I remember it, was: He is a kind of amphibious being, living more in the domain of beasts of burden than of manhood."

When the colonization movement began, he was entirely ready to enter into that with enthusiasm. There was a society in the theological seminary at Princeton, which he addressed upon the subject while a student. He was appointed a delegate from the seminary to attend the annual meeting of the Colonization Society at Washington about 1824.

During the period of his Albany pastorate the Hon. George Thompson, on a visit to this country, made an address in which he convincingly declared that the Colonization Society, formed by men of true benevolence, had become a safety-valve for the escape of many of the dangerous gases formed by slavery; that this had made it popular with many of even the negro-hating slave-holders. His laconic description of the society was: "It is a sponge, absorbing all the sympathies of the friends of the black man." Mr. Kirk then discovered that there was in this no remedy for slavery; and he accordingly entered the ranks of the abolitionists.

During his visit in Europe in 1837, addressing an antislavery meeting in London, he remarked that there were two methods of dealing with the slave-holders: the one regarded them as men to be scolded into their duty; the other, as to a large extent having as much conscience and kindness as other men, and accordingly to be convinced and persuaded to do right. He expressed his approbation of the latter course, and gave the following illustration: "Many of the abolitionists are infidels. Imagine one of them sitting in the pew and myself in the pulpit. There are two methods: I might say, 'You are a vile infidel; you must repent;' and, to en-

force my argument, I might descend from the pulpit and add the blow with the force of my fists to the blow of my words. That method is virtually adopted by many of my countrymen. Objurgation and censure constitute the artillery which these men employ. To me it seems preferable to feel after whatever of conscience and humanity there is in the South, and enlist it to destroy slavery by the only means in my view feasible, — a peaceable change of the laws which give slavery its existence. The genius of slavery will never be rebuked by the genius of infidelity, but will ever be crying, as of old, ‘Jesus I know, and Paul I know; but who are ye?’”

In a short time, he saw an antislavery paper from the United States reporting his speech and informing him that his absence from the antislavery ranks would be more welcome to his brethren than his presence. His zeal, however, never abated, nor did he ever lose an opportunity, in the Northern or Southern States, with abolitionists or slaveholders, to express his abhorrence of slavery.

“I remember a conversation with the Hon. Langdon Cheves which surprised me by revealing to me the views of a Southern statesman in regard to the Americo-African race. It must have been about 1825. I inquired what were his anticipations concerning that race. He replied, ‘I expect them to dispossess the whites and become the sole inhabitants of the Gulf States.’

“I was in Boston when the last stages of the struggle between the friends of freedom and the opposers of slavery commenced. Brethren in the ministry, prominent members of my own and other churches, either approved of slavery or of letting it alone. Many a sermon, many a remark, have I made in my pulpit on this subject, to the manifest grief of beloved friends. Many a remonstrance and persuasion was employed to prevent even an allusion to it. I had even been insulted by friends, lay and clerical, because I would plead for the oppressed. In the most terrible crisis of our civil war I was unwilling to have our Christian fellow-citizens called together for prayer; because there must be an utter silence before God concerning the very sin which had made the war, or unkindly feelings, if not discussion, by the mention. A prayer-meeting about the war, without an allusion to slavery, seemed to me as solemn a farce as a prayer-meeting for the removal of a pestilence without any reference being made to the disease. When the Missionary Association

was formed, I was not prepared to censure the American Board, and join an institution formed in direct antagonism to them. But it was a striking revolution of sentiment in a large number of us, when we gave in our adhesion to it, — I think at the annual meeting in New Haven. We had then discovered the wisdom of God in causing that institution to be organized which we saw so wonderfully adapted to the new and wonderful crisis of the day.”

At a meeting in the Old South Church, in which several addresses were made, Dr. Kirk took ground which startled his colleagues. Dr. Gannett privately remarked to him, “You go entirely beyond me.” The occasion had some reference to the colored race. The substance of his prophecy was this:—

“It will yet be found that God is making a nation here which shall give full scope to the best peculiarities of every race on the globe. It may yet be found that the negro possesses elements, in a peculiar degree, which shall be found to be indispensable in the highest form of fully developed manhood. Among these elements we may already anticipate the æsthetical or the social. The African is now crudely fond of bright colors, polished manners, mirth and song: a being peculiarly susceptible of gratitude, veneration, and social attachment. Under the refining influences of Christianity, education, freedom, American citizenship, his may be no small share of contribution to the grander civilization of the coming age.” Time alone will demonstrate the truth or the falsity of his opinions.

Dr. Kirk was a radical trying to be loyal to truth in all its forms. His radicalism found its scope in many avenues. He believed that the Gospels were the most revolutionary books in his library, embracing all the virtues in their catalogue, and condemning vice in every form. He was not a man of *one idea*, unless the gospel could be termed the one great idea covering all others:—

“You may carry your zeal very far; yes, you may even be radical; only do not repeat the blunder I committed last summer. A friend having set me to weeding in his garden, I came to a bed of beets; and, in the fervor of my radicalism, I said to everything in the spot, Woe to

thee, thou unfortunate intruder, if thou canst not say the shibboleth of the beet-party! But, alas! my friend had placed some favorite parsnips in the same inclosure. What cared I for parsnips? Nay, rather, what *knew* I about them? And, with my sharp reforming instrument, I made radical work among the parsnips as well as the weeds. And some of my neighbors have made the same mistake. They began weeding out from their hearts some *pro-this* and *pro-that* which they had discovered, to substitute some *anti-this* or *anti-that*. But, alas! charity, modesty, humility, and I know not what other lovely plants, fall under the sloop of their sharp weeding-instrument. One of the best ways of reforming the world — that is, for a great many of us — will be, to reform ourselves.”

True to his zealous purpose, he planned, in 1860, a Southern tour with his friends the Hon. Gardiner G. Hubbard, of Boston, and Professor Guyot, of Princeton. The reasons for this trip, and the early incidents of it, are thus given: —

“I had been desirous to spend as much time as possible among slave-holders. My hope for abolishing slavery had been in them. And though one man can do little to affect such a body of people, every one is responsible to do just what he can. And there was one thing I could do, — help keep before slave-holders considerations which, in their circumstances, they easily forget. Public sentiment had slid backwards perhaps more rapidly in this country on the subject of chattelism than ever before on any other subject in any part of the world. I had wished the masters to abolish the system, and therefore felt that my business was with them.

“I left Boston on the afternoon of Tuesday, July 24, 1860, with my friend Hubbard. We sent our trunks on to Abington, Virginia, by railway, overtaking them there on Thursday afternoon. It is a genuine Southern town. The stamp on them all, to a Northern eye, is perfectly distinct and uniform. The only exceptions I have ever seen are in the new towns, Chattanooga and others, which the railways have brought into existence. The peculiarity is the evident result of slavery. Slavery is a system designed to enrich the master alone. The slave’s wealth, his elevation as a man, is an object at which the system cannot aim, or it must lose its identity. Hence there is always a manifestation of the improvidence and uncleanness of the negro, and the indolence of the master, in the out-houses, fences, streets, and roads. Put me down in a slave country from a balloon, and I would know it by almost an instinct, by my eyes, and by my ears. The whole white population speak a language peculiar to themselves, not only in its provincial terms and phrases, but also in its pronunciation. The African blood has no more surely tainted the white in all that unhappy country, than the African speech

has tainted the purity of the English tongue. I will mention a few instances.

They are a superlative people, and have exaggerated so much, that the word *mighty* has come to be used ridiculously. Speaking of a man who has been severely injured, they will say, 'He had a *mighty small* chance of getting over it.' A man will ask if he may *tote your plunder* meaning, carry your baggage. A man was selling his fruit: he had a *right smart little chance* of getting rid of all of it. One was comparing the slaves with 'you poor people that have to sell goods, and do carpenter and other degrading work;' he said: '*Them niggers is a heap better off than them poor* ——;' (no matter for the other elegant term). 'Her parents *give her a mighty good chance* of education.' 'That fellow is a *heap* stronger than you.' 'Oh, yes, Mr. Johnson is a *pear* man.' I assure you that all through the States south of Virginia, that is the kind of lingo you will hear all day from three fourths of white and black out of the large towns.

"Abington is reviving by the influences of the railway. We remained there until Monday, to make as good a selection of horses as possible, as we were from that point to take the saddle."

The narrative is continued in letters to his sisters and to his friend Mrs. Hubbard. He begins with one to Mrs. Hubbard, whom he had known intimately from her girlhood: —

"BURNSVILLE, N. C., August 2, 1850.

"DEAR GERTRUDE, — Here we are in the midst of the mountains, in the highest town of the State, it is said; and to our great delight we find that we can ascend the Black Mountains and revisit the scenes which you and I so much enjoyed together. We shall pass the night at Wilson's, and in the morning ascend to Clingman's Peak, and pass the night at the Mountain House. We have been greatly favored in all our journey. The horses we purchased are strong, and endure the journey perfectly well, so that I am now, for the first time, realizing my ideal of traveling on horseback. Last summer's experience seemed to explode all my plans, cherished for years, of an equestrian tour. But now we are successfully through the first three, and nearly the fourth day's journey, a little fatigued, but improved in health and increased in the power of performing and capacity of enduring. Our first day's journey was twenty-eight miles, the second, twenty-four; the third, thirty; and to-day we have come twenty-four at one stage, intending to add ten to them. Is not that well?"

"But you should see your loving spouse and his friend. Neither of them having looked at a razor for more than a week, it would be difficult for you to fancy their present appearance. Gardiner is lying on the bed,

and requests me to hand him the mirror. My reply is, that it has already one crack, and I cannot contribute to the production of another. He then tries to get off some severe rejoinder in regard to my visage, but as the rocks unharmed dash back the foaming waves of the sea, so my venerable beard dashes back the waves of ridicule. I am sorry to find that we are to be so short a time with Mr. Guyot. But one week on the mountains with him will be a great privilege to enjoy. We have thus far met no embarrassment from our being residents of a Northern State. On the contrary every one talks with us candidly and kindly on the terrible theme; and one old gentleman in Tennessee, as I was leaving his mansion, knighted me by bestowing upon me a spur and putting it with his own hand upon my feet. When shall we hear from you, and know how you are? Kind remembrance to all who are with you.

“Yours, as ever, most affectionately,

“EDW. N. KIRK.”

It must be borne in mind that the time chosen for this journey was during the exciting campaign which resulted in the election of Abraham Lincoln to the presidency of the nation. In more ways than one the journey could not be termed “smooth.” In going southward a canvas was made in one of the trains as to the purpose of the voters. Only two announced their intention to vote for Mr. Lincoln; these were Dr. Kirk and his friend Hubbard. News of their choice for president was carried to the passengers in another car, where it was seriously debated whether the two republicans should be put off the train. They were saved only by the fact that in declaring their preference they were answering a civil question; and did not announce their opinions unsought.

In Franklin, N. C., the proposition was made to tar and feather them. In Marietta, Ga., they were threatened by a mob. The tragic, comic, and real, gave zest to the excursion.

“BLACK MOUNTAINS, *August 3, 1860.*”

“DEAR GERTRUDE,—I go right on, not leaving Gardiner room for his signature. But you are so familiar with it that your imagination can supply the vacancy. Here we are, on that piazza on which you and I passed so many delightful hours. Everything is unchanged, even the work-bench that limited our promenade. You remember my apprehension lest the rattlesnakes should come up the great chasms in the hearth.

They remain as great and as alarming as they were four years ago. That room is now appropriated to ladies; but as none are now here, we are allowed to take it. And here we are requesting the landlord not to let the fire go down.

“The scene is unchanged, and will be so centuries hence. And yet, while the main features are immutable, the Creator’s kindness is manifested in throwing the varied drapery of ever changing lights around these everlasting hills. We have just been witnessing such a display of clouds as I have never before witnessed. From every valley gray mists were rolling up to the summits. Earth was returning to the heavens the first-fruits of the blessing it had just been so copiously receiving. And the sun before closing his day’s task did not deem it beneath his dignity to bring out his magic pencil and touch the panorama with varied colors. The whole process of cloud-making passed before us. And once a vast bank, — terminated not as usually by graceful convolutions of various shades, but cold, abrupt, even perpendicular, until it resembled the wall of some giant’s castle. And even the parapets were not wanting. This dense mass of vapor concealed the sun from our view but did not prevent the mighty orb from pouring his beams of bronze through the opaque substance. In a word, the scene has lost nothing to our memories or feelings by a second visit. And if you were with us, a third visit would probably but increase them.

“Will you observe in the papers (for we are not in the same sphere with them) whether on the night of Thursday, August 2d, about ten or eleven o’clock, an extraordinary meteor was observed anywhere. Last night I could not well compose myself to sleep when I reflected what an amount of humanity was compressed into that one sleeping-room: our experience at Smith’s is not to be mentioned in the same day with this. At about half past ten a strange blue light flashed in at all the chinks of the wall. The master of the house and its mistress started from their couch and rushed out of doors to see if the house was on fire. The light seemed to me to pass from the east to the west, and grow in intensity until it vanished. This appearance, however, may have been caused simply by the fact that the largest opening between the logs composing our walls was on the western side.

“I have just asked Gardiner to study his geography and ascertain if we cannot fix upon some place to which letters may be sent us. Now I must bid you good-night, praying for the richest blessings upon my dear friend.

“Ever yours,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

“ASHEVILLE, N. C., *August 4, 1860.*

“MY DEAR SISTERS, — . . . On Thursday we reached Wilson’s cabin, at the foot of the Black Mountains. In one room slept Mr. and



Mrs. Wilson, Peggy, a young lady, six young Wilsons, Mr. Hubbard and your brother. When the ladies saw us preparing to retire to our corner of the room, they retired to the outside of the house. When they returned, the light was extinguished; then day dresses, I suppose, were exchanged for those of the night; and in a few moments we were each in our allotted place for rest.

“On Friday we took Wilson and ascended where few horsemen have ever ascended, — to the highest peak, or in other words, to the top of the United States. But unfortunately, like other aspirants, when we reached our goal the whole scene was veiled from our eyes, and we descended to the Mountain House through a strong rain. But we had views enough to compensate for all the fatigue. We are traveling amid enchanting scenery, and are to-day stronger than when we started, having rode twenty-seven miles before twelve o'clock; and we may add to it six or eight for the evening, spending Sunday at Sulphur Springs.

“We hope to meet Mr. Guyot next week. I cannot yet speak with certainty of any place to which you could direct a letter to me.

“Your affectionate brother,

“EDWARD.”

“FRANKLIN, N. C., August 9, 1860.

“DEAR SISTERS, — . . . We go to bed at eight o'clock when traveling, and rise at five. When pausing, nine o'clock is our hour for retiring. We are both gaining health and vigor for our labors. On Sunday, at Asheville, I preached twice. A young physician, whose father would have nothing to do with us in 1856 because of our birth-place, was deeply impressed. He followed us on Monday to the Sulphur Springs, where I had appointed to see a dying man, and said he had been completely awakened from spiritual torpor by the services of the Sabbath.

“Our reception everywhere is the kindest. For the first time, last evening I had a sharp discussion with a gentleman from Georgia. But we parted, this morning, excellent friends. I never saw Hubbard appear so well as he did in the discussion with this person. His argument was purely political, and it was perfect, except in one point where his recollection of a fact was not positive enough for him to press his antagonist. He was calm, clear, courteous, resistless.

“We are now awaiting Mr. Guyot, who fixed this day and place for meeting us if we should not be able to meet each other sooner. Everything, accordingly, remains in suspense until he arrives.

“The scenery through which we have been passing is truly beautiful. The grandeur of the Alps is not here, but the beauty of the Appalachian range is its own. There has been a manifest progress in this country within late years. Railroads and mining operations are producing im-

portant changes. Rich veins of gold, lead, iron, and copper run across these mountains; and Northern capital is beginning to stimulate labor in working the mines.

"I met a gentleman last evening who told me much about my old college-mates. The emotions it produced were very peculiar: to hear of Joseph Lumpkin as a judge of the Superior Court of Georgia, and a man of unequalled popularity; to hear of Rembert and McCormick and Finley as men of prominence, brings back my boyish days and feelings in strange contrast with my present circumstances and feelings. . . .

"The Lord preserve and bless you.

Your brother,

"EDWARD."

"FRANKLIN, N. C., August 13, 1860.

"MY DEAR SISTERS, — On Saturday evening, to our great relief, Mr. Guyot appeared. I preached on Sunday morning in the Presbyterian Church, to fifty or sixty persons. It rained so violently all the afternoon and evening that we did not go out of the house. This afternoon it is clearing off, and to-night we are to hear Mr. Guyot address the people on the structure of the mountains. It would have been tedious to remain in this little town if from Wednesday to Monday we had not had such good company. Unfortunately, I have sent all my collars to Dalton; I therefore appear in a gray beard, gray shirt, and no collar, — or one I have worn since Wednesday last.

"It surprises me to learn what hardships Mr. Guyot has endured in the advancement of science. He was three days without food in the mountains last year. He has slept out in the open air nine successive nights, on one occasion sleeping with the rain pouring upon him. He awoke in the morning, and found himself surrounded by a little lake, and his feet lying in it. That kind of camping out I hope to be spared.

"To-morrow we shall probably start anew on our mountain-tour westward. We are all in good health and spirits; and I shall be glad to cross my saddle again, if my horse is only sound. We feared we must sell him at a sacrifice on account of his lameness. But it now looks as if he may serve us for the rest of our journey, and then bring a price which will not be below what we paid for him.

"So far from meeting any unkind treatment thus far, I am now earnestly invited to remain and preach at the camp-meeting commencing next Thursday. The camp consists of permanent shanties, owned by the families of the town. I inclose you a notice of us in the Franklin 'Observer.'

"Your affectionate brother,

"EDWARD."

"FRANKLIN, N. C., August 16, 1860.

"MY DEAR SISTERS, — I am still here, having waited from Wednesday until Monday for Mr. Guyot; and then until Tuesday, for clear

weather. On Tuesday we ascended the mountains, and slept in camp that night. It is my first experience, and not the most encouraging. We tied some of our horses to trees, but Gardiner left his loose. In half an hour he ran off, and left us there minus a horse for the rest of the trip. We had an Indian with us. He cut down trees, made a fire, and commenced preparing our supper. It consisted of coffee made by boiling water (each man's portion in a tin cup) and throwing the coffee into the water, and a little sugar into that. Pieces of pork were cut, and each one put his own on a sharp-pointed stick, and held it in the smoke and flames until it became thoroughly roasted. This made our butter and meat. We then sat around the fire, chatting. Mr. Guyot was called on for a lecture. He spoke an hour on his admirable discoveries in regard to the correspondence between the classification of plants and the revelations of geology.

“You may faintly imagine the scene, perhaps. The forest is awfully dark. I never before conceived it so. I found myself afraid to stir ten steps beyond the faint rays of the fire. We were on a slope at an angle of twenty degrees. You try to find a level, but there is none: the globe seems obstinately determined to prevent your walking firmly. You step, but cannot tell how far you must calculate to go: bears, wolves, or rattlesnakes may be there to greet you. Of this, however, I believe there is in fact very little danger; only sufficient to give the imagination an opportunity of exercising itself. There were Mr. Hubbard, two gentlemen who accompanied us, myself, and the Indian, — all sitting before the camp-fire. The lecture ended, we called on the Indian to make an address in Cherokee. He spoke for half an hour, rather stupidly as to gesture and tone, which was all I understood. His countenance expressed as much devoutness as I ever saw in a human face, peculiarly impressive as seen by the flickering camp-fire. I then repeated hymns, we sung and prayed, and retired to the ground for sleep. But it was a failure for me. The smoke blew directly into our eyes. We could not move to the windward side of the fire, as our heads would then be lower than our feet. We could not go back, because our feet must lie all night toward the fire. We could not build the fire anywhere else, for you can make no arrangements after the night has set in. I passed a sleepless night, kept from rolling down hill by a log at my side, whose neighborhood became somewhat disagreeable before morning. But, after all, I would repeat the experiment if anything were to be accomplished by it. I gained one thing by it, — a sounder sleep in my bed last night than I have had for a long time.

“Our lost horse is found. We shall probably start to-day for Clayton, leaving Mr. Guyot. I find that his labors are of such a nature as to make it tedious for any one to be in the mountains with him. He was yesterday, for instance, five hours running from point to point, laboring most

earnestly; but we in the mean time had nothing to do. His society, indeed, in the evenings, would be compensation enough for a lost day; but now he is going on a long, rough foot-tour, where we had better not follow him.

Your affectionate brother,

“EDWARD.”

We insert here extracts from a letter of Dr. Kirk's companion, Mr. Hubbard:—

“TALLULAH FALLS, August 19, 1860.

“DEAR GERTRUDE,— . . . We bade adieu to Mr. Guyot with much regret, and left Franklin at half past two o'clock, Thursday,—I mounted on Dr. Kirk's horse, which has almost entirely recovered from his lameness. We started for a house nine and a half miles distant, and rode on slowly up the valley of the Tennessee, rich and beautiful, with high mountains on either side. My respect for this river has greatly increased since I found that it rises in Georgia, flows across the entire State of North Carolina, then into Tennessee and Alabama, then into Tennessee again, finally uniting its waters with the Ohio in Kentucky, not far from the Mississippi River. We reached our house, but it was already full. ‘Mr. N., two miles beyond, took in strangers.’ Mr. N. was absent and they could not keep us. ‘Mr. D., three miles beyond, would keep us.’ On we rode until we reached Mr. D.'s, as the shades of night were fast gathering around us. The husband was in bed, probably drunk, as we afterwards learned, and his wife would not take us in, and even declined to let us lodge in the stable.

“Mr. G., about a mile and a half beyond, was prepared to keep people, they told us; the road was straight, the ford good. We asked if the water was deep. The boy thought the horses would not have to swim: ‘they were very large.’ On we went, with some misgivings, over a very rough road, when, as we came to the ford, we overtook two men just returning from a hunting expedition. It seemed to be entirely providential, meeting these men at this time and place; with one exception, the only men we had seen on the road all day. They directed us across the ford. The water was not deep, but it was only with difficulty that we could find the opposite landing. Without the aid of these men we might have met with an accident. We soon arrived at Mr. G.'s, and he agreed to receive us. A fire was soon blazing on his hearth, and Dr. Kirk busy instructing his two sons. The people were kind and neat. As a proof of it, they had the floors of all their rooms sanded so that they should not see the dirt. We passed the night, slept some, but were partially interrupted. During the evening, we had passed from North Carolina into Georgia but saw no great change in the country or people; the roads were rougher than any of the other main roads we had traveled.

“Started Friday morning at seven o'clock for these falls; the road

was quite rough, descending the Blue Ridge. It is a peculiar feature of the mountains in this section, that the descent on the east side is much more abrupt than that on the other, and so we found all the hills as we rode along. No more mountains, but high hills, and a rough rolling country. Pressed through Clayton, and on to within ten miles of Clarksville and then turned off for these falls, which we reached at ten o'clock. Found a small but very comfortable house, kept by a Virginian, once a soldier in the —th Dragoons, in the Seminole War. He is an original character; has nine children, — Rolla, Tallulah, Cherubuseo, Magnolia, Grandiflora, Potomac, Optimus, Palestina, Minima; the next is to be named Ultimus or Ultima, according to the gender.

“We were congratulating ourselves yesterday that we were to have no company, when two young men appeared, swearing and drinking. They had not been here more than fifteen minutes before Dr. Kirk was engaged in conversation with one of them on his plans and hopes for this and another world; and before he left this morning, he promised of his own accord to stop drinking. Friday evening, Dr. Kirk had the young ladies, Tallulah and Magnolia, in the room, instructing them in singing and reading. They have quite pleasant manners and show much refinement, more than almost any other ladies we have seen; they were deeply interested afterwards. Dr. Kirk had prayers with all the family. Saturday evening brought, besides the two young men before mentioned, another party of four young men, with one wagon, two riding and two walking by turns. They were fast young men of the middle class, not very pleasant companions. After tea, the young man most interested came and asked Dr. Kirk if he would not give them a short sermon. The doctor said he should lead the family prayers, and would be pleased to see them there. They then went to their room and played cards until prayer time; then all came and listened while Dr. Kirk read the parable of the Prodigal Son, making running comments. It was beautifully done, and all were very deeply interested. The young man stopped after the rest had retired, to have a further conversation with Dr. Kirk, and again this morning.

“Yesterday, our landlord sent word around, that a strange minister from Boston would preach in the school-house about four miles distant; and this morning we started, Dr. Kirk and our landlord on horseback, I on foot, and the rest of the family in an ox-cart. The day was very hot. Dr. Kirk preached his sermon, — ‘I stand at the door,’ etc. It did not strike me as forcibly as before, but I was very much heated. The audience seemed attentive, and were profuse in their compliments. Among them were a number of rich Southerners who reside near here in summer; and three or four carriages — very appropriate for Broadway but as unfit for these roads as the landlord’s ox-cart would be for Broadway — were at the school-house, with the black servants and attendants. One

of the gentlemen, a Mr. Rembert, invited Dr. Kirk to go home with him to dinner. He has not yet returned, though it is now nearly six o'clock.

"We never have had a journey on which we have made so many friends. I had some misgivings in coming, for fear we might not be always friendly received; but, on the contrary, we have only to express a want or desire, and some kind hand is ready to aid us. Dr. Kirk is justly much gratified at his success in interesting the people by his sermons, and finding ready access to the hearts of all whom he approaches, both old and young. He is almost inclined to spend six months in traveling through this country, preaching from place to place; and if his strength held out, I have no doubt blessings of God would follow his labors, and that as abundant harvests would be gathered as in days gone by."

We resume Dr. Kirk's own correspondence:—

"MOUNT JONAH, *August 20, 1860.*

"DEAR GERTRUDE, — This morning we left our pleasant mountain home to search for gold. The landlord here is talking to Gardiner, and rather damping the ardor of our zeal in this pursuit. I will now follow G.'s narrative.

"I had refused Mr. Rembert's invitation to dine, but in riding home I overtook him. He then repeated the invitation so earnestly that I could not refuse. The rain overtook us. But the instant my eye met the scene that spread before us from the piazza of his house, every other sentiment was lost in admiration. It is altogether unique and you must not forget it if you ever visit this country. On the left hand, you see the mighty chasms which could contain four Niagaras. Through them the Tallulah and Chattooga rush, to meet and form the Tugaloo, which flows directly below Mr. Rembert's yard, fifteen hundred feet down. The slopes of so many vast mountains coming down to witness this meeting of the waters, form a splendid spectacle. Then you see, back of them, range rising above range. Directly in front, the eye rests for a moment on a kind of screen, — a mere mountain slope of even outline and uniform verdure. This is an agreeable preparation for the imposing scene on the right. It is one of what are called here 'the ocean views.' You overlook all the successive table-lands which let the traveler down from the mountains to the lowlands. The illusion is almost complete: you think you see the ocean stretched before you, while it is in fact only the lowlands at sixty or seventy miles distance. The Seneca River is seen, separating the sister States of South Carolina and Georgia.

"After a very kind reception of my host, I left him to return to the hotel. It was four o'clock, and I had four miles to ride through a lonely forest, where houses are found only at three and four miles' distance from each other. In about an hour I was convinced that I was off my

track. I then began to recall all I had learned about the road, reason the matter as well as possible, and then started anew. Five o'clock came, and I was wandering. Three times I reached the same point, — three miles from home. At length I gave the reins to my horse, thinking his instinct would do better than my logic. But he was soon leading me to I know not where nor what. I then tried the value of prayer. Still I wandered. Six o'clock came; evening shades were drawing a veil over my path. The prospect became pretty certain, that I must camp out again, without even the aid of smoke. My mind became entirely bewildered about the landmarks. Committing myself to God, I then turned the horse's head to the road before me, and said, I will go until I meet a house. I knew that Gardiner would be troubled, but utterly unable to aid me. Just as night was closing her curtain, the answer was given to my prayer. The very negro who had helped me mount my horse at Mr. Rembert's door, suddenly emerged, like an apparition, from a thicket. He was on his way to see his mother. He turned my horse's head, and put me in the right way. I arrived at the hotel at half past seven, greatly to the joy of all. I think I can preach about 'being lost' as never before. We are resting in a pretty little town near the beautiful mountain whose name it bears; intending to go a little farther this evening, that we may reach Dahlonega to-morrow. There I hope to find your letter to me, directed to Waynesville.

"Remember me to each of your children, not omitting *Minima*. Why did not we think of Tallulah for a name? Blessings on you all.

"Yours ever, EDWARD N. KIRK."

The recollections of the Sunday at Tallulah were dwelt upon some ten years later, in recording his thoughts upon antislavery: —

"At Tallulah Falls I was invited to preach to some poor people in a school-house. Dressed in a gray suit, with a very unseemly gray beard, I went, supposing myself as well attired as any of my audience would be. How I was disconcerted to find at the door of the log edifice a handsome carriage, and other indications that there were some there who might be shocked to find a preacher in such a guise! But I was in for it. The service closed, I hoped the well-dressed people would retire and subject me to no close inspection. But no; their courtesy kept them in their seats until mine compelled me to come forward and salute them. The gentleman of the party stepped forward with the graceful mien of a Southerner: —

"My name is Rembert.

"K. Indeed, sir! Are you a brother of James Rembert, once a student at Princeton College?"

“*R.* I am, sir.

“*K.* I am happy to meet you and hear from him. He was a noble fellow, — a beloved classmate of mine.

“*R.* You will dine with me?

“*K.* Oh no, sir, you will excuse me; my attire unfits me for the presence of ladies at the dinner-table. I did not expect to meet persons like yourself here.

“He insisted, but I persisted; we turned our horses’ heads to different paths. I had not ridden a mile, when, to my astonishment our paths and our horses met again.

“*R.* I have you now; you *must* go with me.

“*K.* Well, sir, you take all the responsibility of my attire, unworthy of your presence and that of the ladies.

“*R.* It is the Sabbath, and I am not accustomed to make politics the topic of this day; but we are living in times of great responsibility and great peril. You must allow me to ask for whom you propose to vote next November.

“*K.* For Abraham Lincoln, sir.

“*R.* (Pallid and surprised, he drew back.) Do you mean that, sir?

“*K.* I mean it, sir.

“*R.* Well, it is fortunate you told it to me and to no one else here. My cousin, Bob Toombs, has set this county on fire. I am a Bell and Everett man; I am for union and peace. But for you to make this declaration to any other man, would probably cost you your life.

“*K.* Is that, sir, Southern chivalry? Have we come to this, that an American citizen in New England must come to Georgia and ask whom he may vote for? I have told it from Boston to Tallulah, and I shall tell it all the way back.

“We dined together, but there have been more genial and festive occasions than that was.”

We now return to the correspondence: —

“Crow’s, near Sweet Springs, Alleghany Co., Va.

“MY DEAR SISTER, — . . . Our reception in North Carolina and Tennessee was very cordial. But the most impressive of all the scenes through which we have passed was our entertainment on Sunday the 17th inst. Arriving at Jonesboro’ on Saturday afternoon, we found the town so disagreeable, and the hotel so comfortless, that we determined to venture on the hospitality of any farmer at whose door nightfall might find us. We accordingly drove on until we came to the house of a Colonel Haynes, a distinguished lawyer living in the wilderness. I alighted and stated to him our circumstances, asking if he could entertain us until Munday. He said he never entertained strangers for profit, but that we



should not spend the night in the open air; yet he had had sickness in his family, — all of them were exhausted with watching and anxiety. They treated us in the kindest manner. We had the subject of slavery discussed from root to branch. In fact I have discussed it with every gentleman whom I met under favorable circumstances. In one case I was attacked in a car by a man who ascertained that I hailed from the Bay State. Our conversation was heard by the by-standers, but no one molested me, or interfered in the conversation. That man traveled many miles with us, and was very civil. My observations in the South do not diminish my fears of the future, but show me more clearly than ever that it is the action of demagogues that is bringing the country to the verge of destruction. If honest men North and South could come together, this difficult question could be solved. But there is no prospect of honesty or wisdom guiding our national affairs at present.

“ Our future course is not decided any farther than to reach home next week.

Your affectionate brother,

“ EDWARD.”

Throughout the whole journey, Dr. Kirk was both a learner and a teacher. He witnessed the horrors of the slave system and came North more decided than ever as to his course. Ex-president Tyler, with whom he had often conversed, asserted that the slaves were happier than the free-men of the North. “ I believe you,” was the ready reply; “ but horses are still happier.”

In less than three months the ballots of the citizens had chosen Mr. Lincoln to the chief magistracy of the nation. The impending storm began to threaten from the South. The North said, “ It will blow over.” Poor prophecy! Shipments of arms were made by traitors in the government from Northern to Southern forts; vessels of the navy were ordered away from the Northern harbors until only two fit for active service were left in the waters of the United States, and yet the North said, “ The South is not in earnest.” The terrible delusion bound the North as with a spell. Garrison and Phillips predicted the war, and were derided as fanatics and fools. Dr. Kirk predicted the same event.

Several months before the outbreak of the Rebellion, he met upon the street Mr. Josiah Hanson, the reputed “ Uncle

Tom" of Mrs. Stowe's great novel. Said Dr. Kirk, "I wish you to come to my study as soon as you can. I wish to see you on particular business. Can you be there between nine and ten o'clock to-morrow?" At the time appointed, the old colored hero was welcomed into the familiar study. "I wish to know," said Dr. Kirk, "whether you have faith in God unwavering, — faith that God will answer prayer at once. Do you believe in a direct answer to a direct supplication?" "Yes, sir," was the answer. "Unwavering?" "Yes." "Now, I want some mind which can take hold of God. I wish to unite with you in prayer for a special object. I have a great burden upon my mind. A great event is soon to take place, and I am troubled. I have reached one point, and if that is settled I shall be satisfied. We are going to have a war." "Is that so, really so?" asked the old negro. "Yes, and there is one thing I wish to pray for. I wish God to turn the hearts of the moneyed men in favor of the North. Can you pray for this?" The old negro kneeled by his side, "trying to ask the Lord for this blessing." Dr. Kirk followed him, "praying," says Father Hanson, "as though he was talking face to face with God." It was not a prayer to be reported, yet the remembrance will remain through eternity. "Now, O God, we come to thee, our only hope, our last hope." The tears flowed down his cheeks as he agonized for this one blessing, until, without apparent connection in language, the supplications were abruptly ended with the exclamation — "God be praised, God be praised! the answer is come!" Then, having risen from his knees, he paced the floor with that perfect assurance of faith which is as real in the promise as in the fulfillment.

In the sunset of what had been a dark day of human bondage, when the clouds of war were all driven from the sky, Dr. Kirk thus recounted the growth of his convictions, and the reasons actuating his course, on the great national question of slavery: —

"In reviewing my course as a minister of the gospel and a pastor of churches, my riper judgment and diminished sensibility occasion me no

regret for a word I can remember, a position I assumed, or any influence I exerted on this momentous subject. So far as I can now analyze, I passed through three stages of conviction and feeling on the subject.

“The first referred almost solely to the pitiable condition of the unhappy colored people, mingled with little or no censure of the slave-holders, many of whom were among my dearest personal friends. Mingling continually with the citizens of the Southern States, I saw only their finer qualities. Ignorant of the terrible details of slave-life, I was not led to connect the effect with its cause, and trace the horrors of the slave system to the selfishness of the slave-holders.

“The second stage brought on in my own mind the painful struggle. The question was broad and complicated. I could not embrace the doctrine of ‘*sin per se*’ in slave-holding. I knew instances of slaves being purchased from the purest, highest motives, — for the very purpose of present defense and ultimate emancipation. No eye could tell where the line should be drawn between sinful and benevolent slave-holding; and when in the Evangelical Alliance in London an unqualified attack was made upon our country, that was my defense. I cited the case of Professor Howe in South Carolina, who sold his own library to purchase a little boy, that he might prevent him from being deprived of the care of his mother. In this stage of feeling, I indulged the hope that at least all in the Southern States who felt themselves redeemed by the same blood which redeemed the negro, — who hoped to sit down in the same heavenly seats with the negro, would do the two things which were in their power. When sorely pressed on the subject, the stereotyped Southern answer was: ‘We can do nothing. Slavery is a creature of the law. Emancipation consigns the negro to a doom worse than slavery. Why disturb us? You can only agitate us, while doing the enslaved no good.’ The two things they could do, I for a long time hoped they would. They could pray for the removal of slavery: undoubtedly many did. Slavery was a creature of the law; but law was a creature of the slave-holder; man made it and man could unmake it. Had every Christian man in the South prayerfully set himself to change the slave laws by changing public sentiment on the question, I must believe emancipation would have taken place without laying waste half a continent.

“The third stage was reached when Rev. Dr. Palmer, of New Orleans, the preacher of most extensive influence in the Southern States, delivered his famous sermon. He proclaimed to the Southern people, as an ambassador of Christ, that the peculiar and glorious mission of the South was, to build up a church and a state whose corner-stone was the slavery of the African race. From the hour I read it, the season of compromise, of hope, of delay, had passed. The Peace Congress at Washington seemed to me a solemn farce. Tyler laughed in his sleeve, as the Charleston Convention did at Mr. Butler’s overtures. The mind of the South was made up. It was time that ours was.”

An enforced journey on account of ill health found him in Washington in the early spring, just after the inauguration of President Lincoln. The following prophetic letter was sent to his friend Mr. E. S. Tobey : —

“WASHINGTON, *March 21, 1861.*”

“MY DEAR FRIEND, — I am now on the fifth week of banishment from my pulpit; and must pass at least one more silent Sabbath. I spent the first week in New York, and until yesterday with Professor Guyot in Princeton. Last evening I reached this city. It is very cheerless here, by reason of a raw atmosphere, high wind, and a permanent cloud of dust.

“This morning I attended the senate and heard a speech from a Delaware member. He proved to his own satisfaction that the party in power was logically necessitated to carry out its opposition to slavery to the extent of destroying the institution. The president keeps his own secrets so well that outsiders cannot talk very wisely in advance. You know at Boston as much as the loungers here, about public affairs.

“The more I hear, the more I am led to believe that God is now permitting the friends of slavery to bring it into a position where it must perish. If the seceding States ever come back, it must be with fewer guarantees than they have heretofore had. If they remain apart, they must at least go through a terrible and perilous crisis before there will be enough of the practical out of the North enticed among them, to give them an independent national life.

“And yet, how little they or we know the purposes of divine wisdom and goodness. It is well that our chief duty is to pray for all men, slaves, slave-holders, and the friends of human freedom.

“Yours ever,

“EDW. N. KIRK.”

In the succeeding month of April, Mr. Tobey, then running a line of steam-packets to Charleston, invited his pastor to accompany him thither in one of his vessels (the afterwards famous South Carolina). The party was composed of several ladies and gentlemen. The agitation had begun. Owners of merchandise were afraid to send their goods to a Southern port. The ship was consequently but half freighted. Being constructed of iron she rolled very uncomfortably; and so dangerously, that it seemed actually impossible to pass Cape Hatteras, and they were obliged to put in at Norfolk. As they passed through Hampton Roads,

the United States steamer Pawnee was about to leave for Charleston, with supplies for Fort Sumter. At Norfolk they passed a few days in a hotel, receiving very kind attentions from the citizens, and even a complimentary notice from the city newspapers. By Saturday morning, however, Mr. Tobey had become alarmed for the safety of his ship and even of his friends. Countenances began to change. There were groups at corners and various other indications of a coming storm. Mr. Tobey announced to the company that his ship must return to Boston forthwith, and that they must hasten to Washington. They had but just taken their seats in the omnibus, when the telegraph announced, — “Fire opened upon Sumter this morning.”

The cloud so long in its gathering seemed to burst over their heads and the ground to be shaken under their feet. The war was opened. On board the cars were large numbers of men highly excited, who seemed to have some common and momentous errand. In answer to the inquiry as to what it all signified they said: “We are summoned to Richmond by Henry Wise, to surround the convention.” One speaker went so far as to add, “to give them backbone.” The company passed the evening at the Spottswood Hotel, Richmond, conversing with men of all classes.

One of these conversations was with Mr. Tyler, junior editor of the Richmond “Enquirer,” and afterwards on General Lee’s staff.

“*Kirk*. Why do you wish to fight in opposition to the North? We are opposed to slavery, but the majority of the North is equally opposed to the views of Messrs. Phillips and Garrison. We believe we have no right to use either military or political weapons against slavery. Do you mean to interfere with our right to think?”

“*Tyler*. No; you have a right to think.

“*K*. Independently?”

“*T*. Certainly.

“*K*. What, then, if we think that slavery is a wrong in you and a curse to us all?”

“*T*. I expect Northern men to think so.

“*K*. What then do you propose to do by fighting? You cannot pre-

vent our judging slavery to be wrong. We intend to fight it with all the power of pen and speech. But we would defend you by arms, if any one should attempt to crush slavery by force.

“*T.* There is no profit in talking. I believe in the right of every State to be independent; and we shall fight ourselves loose from you.

“*K.* You are going, then, to desolate our beloved country on the ground that you own the country south of Mason’s and Dixon’s line? And we have no rights either in this vast territory for which our moneys were paid as well as yours, for which our fathers fought as well as yours? You acknowledge no rights of ours in the glorious history of our country, and in its institutions, which are the admiration of the world?

“*T.* We intend to leave the Union, sir.

“*K.* Then we shall have war to the knife.

“There are two other points which I would have presented, if I had seen them as now. The one is that so ably presented by Mr. Webster, — that after the failure of the Confederation, our fathers made not a *contract*, between independent States retaining their absolute independency, but a *constitution*, between the citizens of our new nation. The second point was the entire preposterousness of their repeating the experiment of making a confederacy of States retaining their unqualified independence of each other, and yet competent to make treaties and laws, from which any member might retire at its pleasure. This they saw as soon as Georgia expressed the desire to leave the Confederacy. She found herself anything but an ‘independent State.’ ”

On Monday morning Dr. Kirk among others went into the convention, remaining outside of the railing inclosing the members, for more than an hour, when Mr. Nelson, a member from the Shenandoah Valley, came out and invited him to take a vacant seat by his side. It was a strange place for a confirmed abolitionist to occupy. But in passing him, Ex-President John Tyler gave a friendly salutation. Henry Wise occupied a seat on the second row of benches before him. It was evident that the reins were in the hands of Wise and other fire-eaters, and the whole business of the occasion was to browbeat the reluctant, and dragoon them into line.

“Wise I had never seen before; he was a spare man, of medium size, eminently theatrical in attitude, utterance, and gesture. I perceived not a spark of genuine eloquence. Pathos, strength, logic, were wanting; only passion, will, and vehemence were there. Sitting by a Union man, I compared notes with him continually, and at length felt so much at

home that, under a sudden impulse, I almost rose to give them a piece of my mind. It would probably have been my last, if I had.

“My last interview, terminating at two o'clock on Tuesday morning, was with Nelson in his chamber. He was a God-fearing man; but having also a sprinkling of the fear of man, I think he yielded to the current. My last words to him were: ‘Nelson, I may be called to the battle-field. If I meet you there attempting to crush my country and the cause of freedom, I will pray for you, and then shoot you down if I can.’”

“RICHMOND, VA., *April 15, 1861.*

“TO FRIENDS AT HOME, — On leaving Boston to travel as an invalid in the Palmetto State, I cherished the wish to commune with you about the scenes around me, so far as might comport with prudence, honor, and the good faith of a guest. But in the storm off Cape Hatteras I saw the hand that has often led me by resisting me, turning my steps away from the scenes of strife. In our so unexpectedly arriving at Norfolk, the sensational writers found a fruitful source of excitement. They had it that we were met by a ship returning from Charleston; were alarmed by the intelligence we received; and in our flight, took refuge in a more northern port; all of which was a sheer fabrication of some vivid fancy.

“Our reception at Norfolk was very gratifying to us, and honorable to those who, while allowing us to exercise the right of private judgment on institutions and policy, extended to us the courtesies of a genuine hospitality. One of the citizens has recently been deservedly honored by election to membership in the Massachusetts Historical Society. I allude to Hugh Blain Grigsley, Esq. And it may interest some of you to mention that he has put forth with arguments, thus far unanswered, the proposition, that the settlement of Virginia by Cavaliers, is, to some extent, a fiction; the discovery and occupation of the country having indeed been by Cavaliers and Churchmen; but the actual progenitors of the existing people being, to a much greater extent, Cromwellians and Covenanters.

“We arrived in Richmond on Saturday evening, expecting to find the town in a blaze of excitement, or the convention in session, the intelligence of the attack on Fort Sumter having just been received. But no such demonstrations are witnessed. I am informed that the secession flag raised on the state house was lowered by order of the government. At the opening of the convention on Saturday morning a member arose and inquired if the chairman could give any confirmation to the rumor of the opening war. He replied in the negative. But shortly afterwards he announced to the house that the governor had sent him a dispatch, communicated by Governor Pickens, confirming the intelligence. If, said my informant, he had announced that cotton had risen one cent a

pound, the sensation would probably have been no less than at this announcement. In the evening a crowd came to the Spottswood House, and called for a gentleman of the secession party. His speech was so lacking in genuine enthusiasm, that if I were sure of his being a man of intelligence and influence, I would pronounce secession a failure. But probably another state of things will be witnessed here on Tuesday, when a thousand secessionists are coming to make a wall of fire around this *cold* convention; whether to turn their flames inward or outward, is not said; probably the former.

“Deep anxiety rests upon the hearts of the best men here. The position of Virginia is really painful in a peculiar degree. I have no time to fill my sheet.

“Kind remembrance to all our dear friends.

“Your brother,

EDWARD.”

The company left Richmond that morning, and on reaching Washington found the city in a blaze of excitement, expecting an attack at any moment. Mr. Tobey called upon the Hon. Cassius M. Clay, who under great excitement warned him to take his party forthwith from the city. Said Mr. Clay, “Rush into the streets of the North, and tell the people to come down and defend this capitol.”

Accepting this admonition, they proceeded to the Washington station of the Baltimore railway, where they were rejoiced to meet the Massachusetts company of soldiers under the command of Colonel Parker of Worcester, who announced their errand “to defend Washington and to make their head-quarters that night in the capitol itself.”

Proceeding thence to Baltimore, they found just as marked an excitement, — a mob of ten thousand people gathered in Monument Square, calling for Charles Sumner, who was then in the city concealed from them. At the hotel, a Massachusetts merchant, a democrat, who from a sojourn of thirty days had learned the drift of public opinion, urged the travelers to leave Baltimore by the earliest morning train. They took, instead, the second train, meeting, just without the city limits, the Massachusetts troops, among whom were those destined to be the first martyrs in the great national struggle, — to fall by the hands of the mob in the streets of



Baltimore. It was the last train north for some days, as the tracks between Baltimore and Philadelphia were torn up that morning, soon after its passage.

The streets of the Quaker City were literally illuminated with flags, and were filled with eager and excited throngs, who were welcoming until midnight the troops from the old "Bay State," under the command of General Butler.

"I had three sources of fear; — the democratic party of the North; the capitalists of Philadelphia and New York; the Roman Catholic clergy and people. Each of these fears was relieved on reaching Philadelphia. The stars and stripes were waving from the Catholic Cathedral; the merchants and bankers of the North were liberally subscribing to aid the government; while Hallet and Butler, with other leading members of the democratic party, had pronounced for the Union."

Upon leaving Philadelphia the company separated, Dr. Kirk taking a further tour westward, the others returning home.

The following letter hints at his convictions as to the great national crisis: —

"NEW YORK, *April 21, 1861.*

"E. S. TOBEY, — . . . Through what an interesting period of our lives we have just passed in intimate intercourse! I shall always be thankful for it. Men can know each other well and love each other strongly only by intimate comparison of views. There would be opportunities, unsought and natural, for unlocking the inner chambers of each others' souls, and saying to each other, 'there, that is what I *am*,' to make friendships that are to bear the strain and stress of time and change.

"I consider this nation to have grown more in all the elements of true greatness within the period since our embarkation at Boston than in all the years since the Revolution. And we have been permitted to live and witness that growth! I thank our God for it.

"How Virginia has sunk from her former greatness! She is now a divided people, controlled by a low spirit of covetousness, and destined to be the battle-field of this terrible war. Do you know that in Richmond there are annually sold slaves to the amount of \$8,000,000? No wonder they cry, 'Great is Diana.' But the meanness of her course in screening treason until it became a power, and then joining it, cannot admit of her recovering her former moral station.

"Will you see Governor Andrew, and tell him I hear his praises on all sides for his prompt and manly action and utterance. Gentlemen

here are saying, 'We shall look to the state governors if Lincoln fails in firmness and promptitude.'

Yours most affectionately,

"EDWARD N. KIRK."

"CHICAGO, *May 13, 1861.*

"MY DEAR SISTERS, — It was a sudden move to come out here, but it was probably as good as anything else. It has kept up the diversion of mind and release from study. Yet the weather is not at all agreeable. Cold, damp winds are constantly blowing. Our journey here was pleasant, however. I have met several old friends. At Cleveland I strolled into a prayer-meeting, on Friday evening, and came directly upon Mr. Hardy. They prayed in earnest then for the government. I went home with Mrs. Brayton, and saw my first portrait, which her husband had painted. It is a fierce-looking young man. Mrs. B. says, my remark on seeing it first, was — will it preach? I cannot say how many have recognized me on this tour. Mr. Mather, formerly of Albany, has invited me to sojourn with him. But I am staying with William Hubbard. Mr. Banks has just returned to town. He promised a friend to call on me, but I have not yet seen him. I walked two miles last evening to hear Mr. Beaubien, but heard young Monod. I have not yet seen Beaubien.

"Chicago has grown to great dimensions, but is now suffering greatly from its banks having been founded on southern securities, which just now are among the most insecure of human institutions.

"The zeal of the Northwest in our country's cause has not been overestimated.

"I traveled in the car with the treasurer of this State. He says that Abraham Lincoln came to him when he was twenty-one years old, to be employed by him in plowing prairie land. Lincoln lived with him eight or ten years. He was industrious, honest, highly moral, studious, firm. All he lacks is experience and a thorough business talent. Both of these can be supplied by time and by competent counselors and aids. I feel confident that the government is planning wisely and firmly; or rather, God is working for a righteous cause.

"My own present fears are on two points: some departure of our people from their present high vantage ground of patriotism, submission to law, determination to uphold government, and a patch-work peace with rebels.

"God save us from both. Our country never occupied a sublimer position than at this time.

"I now hope to be home by the 20th or 21st inst.

"Your affectionate brother,

EDWARD."

Homeward through New York, whose streets were tramped

by tens of thousands to the stirring music of fifes and drums! Homeward to assist in a work compared with which our country has never seen a greater. Not all in Boston, however, were of one mind. More than the death of Ellsworth was needed; yet the Commonwealth and the city of Governor Andrew were in the extreme front of the fray.

After an absence of several weeks in the midst of such stirring scenes, Dr. Kirk returned with health improved from his enforced vacation.

“*Sunday, May 26th.*— Permitted to enter my pulpit again. Much of the social gratification was spoiled by the aversion of my people to hear me preach on the war. I was conscientious in it; but it has led to so many severe remarks that a few more repetitions of them would convince me my work was done here.”

It was only a momentary depression. He had passed through so many trials as ought to have convinced him that for every unfriendly criticism spoken a hundred commendations were in store. Their evidence soon told, and he worked right on, until the Mount Vernon pulpit voiced the willing, beating heart of the congregation in the great struggle for liberty.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### THE CIVIL WAR.

1861-1865.

THE war for the Union, and against slavery, practically restored to the clergy a power of which they had long been deprived. The greatest abettors of the revolt against the tyranny of England at the period of our Revolution were the ministers of Christ. Bancroft says, "the great questions crept into every loyal pulpit as a part of religion itself." The fire of Christian patriotism glowed even at an earlier date; the first public exponent of the principles of the war for independence was John Wise, the minister of the Chebacco parish (now Essex) in the old Bay State; who in 1687, for his daring assertion that taxation without representation is tyranny, was imprisoned twenty-one days by the government, and fined fifty pounds sterling.

When the great struggle with the mother country began, side by side with their parishioners these men stood as privates, flint-lock in hand. They preached their men into the army, and then went themselves. They officiated as chaplains. They prompted the action of the town-meeting. Back of Otis and the Adamses were Dr. Mayhew, Dr. Chauncey, and Dr. Cooper, of Boston town. In that herculean struggle, hill answered to hill the words uttered in the valleys by such ministers as Dwight, Bellamy, Hopkins, Strong, Langdon, Goodrich, Trumbull, and others of the same profession. It was a fitting signal that the beacon-light of the Revolution should first be struck in the belfry of a church. Believing, with the old prophets, that only right-

eousness can be a permanent basis for a true government, the earlier New England clergy recognized their functions in dealing with evil wherever found.

After independence had been won, the one weak beam in the framing of the national Constitution was slavery. And the more widely this evil extended, the more subtle grew its power in shaping public opinion. But slavery was recognized in the Constitution; hence, to attack it, especially by force of arms as did John Brown, was called treason. Every political movement came at length to be connected with the system; when, therefore, ministers of Christ were advised not to preach politics, the injunction meant, by a fair interpretation, that they should not touch the question of slavery. The terrible system had shorn the ministry of its power. Politicians claimed the exclusive right of dealing with this question of national import; and, with few exceptions, the pulpits of the North were silent. But when the Slave Power struck and dismantled Fort Sumter, tearing down the nation's banner, the "gag" was removed from pulpit and from press alike.

During the great conflict of the civil war, and long before it, Dr. Kirk was the compeer of Dr. Jonathan Mayhew of earlier fame. With prophetic knowledge, weeks before Sumter became historic, he declared that the end of slavery had come.

The record of every battle and skirmish of the war was kept in his study. Every movement of the several armies was carefully traced upon the war-map. He could almost predict the next order for the navy. But while he observed and studied war as an art, he forgot not those who were enduring the terrible burdens: every hero on the battle-field he called his friend.

"Our first work is with the army. It presents a missionary field such as the world never before saw. It is composed, we are told, of the members of our churches, to the extent of one seventh of its whole number. These brethren, by going to fight our battles, have not excommunicated themselves, nor withdrawn from our fellowship, nor from our watch and

care. Nay, they are nearer our hearts than ever, and have stronger claims than ever on the sympathy and fraternal vigilance of the church at home.

“Write about home, — the farm, the dairy, the shop, business, the baby; keep home-scenes fresh; stir up the domestic affections. Let out mother’s heart, father’s love; let sister’s tear stain the paper if it will. Keep the soldier’s heart alive all through. Touch the paternal chords, till they vibrate; wake up all the husband’s tenderest love, the brother’s heart, the kind regard to neighbors, the esteem for the pastor and the Sunday-school. Keep the camps and the iron-clad steamer moored to home, sweet home, so far as the perception of the heart is concerned.

“Write about Christ. If the soldier does not know Him, go into your closet with the Book that has Christ’s likeness in it. Gaze on it until your own heart is all aglow with admiration; read the story of the manger, the garden, and the cross, until you cannot be reconciled to having one you love refuse to love Him. Then put the burning coals in a letter, and send them to the camp. It is probable that thousands of pastors, and parents, and brothers, and sisters have been able to express to unconverted soldiers by letter what they never could have said acceptably under any other circumstances. This is the day when missionary work is preëminently to take on the epistolary form. Write cheering words to the godly chaplains if you know them.”

It was God’s battle these men were fighting. It was a divine decree they were carrying out; and back of every cloud of defeat Kirk knew the sun of a new day was shining. Thus he spoke upon Thanksgiving Day, 1861; words of inspiration in the day whose only reason for thanksgiving rested in Him who for the present was hiding himself. To a city bewildered and saddened by the almost continuous national defeats the Mount Vernon pulpit became like a spring of cooling, living waters.

“TEXT. — I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing. — *Psalm* ci. 1.

“This is a royal Psalm. It seems to have been written on some occasion when the king was led to renew his consecration to the sacred functions of his office. Its sublime theme is mercy and judgment, the holy attributes of Jehovah, which he makes both the subject of praise and thanksgiving and the model of his own conduct.

“Mercy and judgment are not identical, either as feelings in the heart or as external courses of action. But they have the same spiritual origin; and they seek, by different methods, the same result. God could not be God without both. And we are not Christians if we do not love both.

They are equally occasions for our admiration and our gratitude. Mercy is so direct in her action, so agreeable in her expression, that all men praise her. But Judgment has fewer admirers, because its methods are severe. In fact they are so unwelcome that many in every age have tried to represent God as solely a God of mercy, and not of judgment. The Psalmist viewed it otherwise: 'I will sing of mercy and judgment.' He means to say: 'Both make me happy; both I admire; to both I am thankful. And as song is the natural expression of admiration and thankfulness, I will sing of both.'

"Judgment deals with wrong. It is the form that benevolence takes when she encounters injustice. What shall be done with wrong? Shall it be condemned after a fair trial? Certainly. But that is judgment, holy judgment, which respects not persons. Shall we show our abhorrence of wrong by checking it with the strong arm of power? Certainly. But that is judgment. Should we punish it after checking it, for the good of the whole? Certainly. But that is judgment. Mercy looks only to the welfare of the individual; Justice, to the good of the whole. Both are holy, beautiful in holiness: Mercy in her tenderness; Justice in its sternness. I will then sing unto the Lord, of both his mercy and judgment; particularly as they have been manifested so signally in the recent history and present condition of our country. God has arisen among us, and put on his robes of judgment, summoning a guilty people before Him. He has sent upon us the most terrible of scourges for a nation—a civil war, introduced by treason and bitter hatred. Shall we then sing to-day? Yes, to-day; and our theme shall be judgment and mercy.

"And no one should refuse to contemplate the dealings of God with us, because they enter our secular life. Many do not use proper discrimination in their censures of preaching on secular topics. One may preach about bread, and in so doing violate the proprieties of the pulpit. It will not be, however, because bread is a material substance and in daily use. One could not preach on the Lord's prayer without speaking of 'our daily bread.' No; religion embraces everything. God is in the earth and sea, and flowers and thunder-bolts, in sunshine and war. And it is our religious duty to follow and find Him there. God was manifested in the wars of Israel, and in the abolition of slavery in Egypt. And you cannot read your Bible through without meeting war and abolition in that most religious book. The revolutions of kingdoms are the great theme of prophecy, because they are vitally connected with the coming of Christ's kingdom.

"We are scourged. This is his judgment. A more sudden abasement of national pride, and a more wicked interruption of national prosperity has rarely been witnessed in the history of the world. A more causeless, unreasonable, and bitter alienation of one part of a country

from another has seldom been seen. We have just passed through a period full of imminent danger, and through a great trial. War is God's scourge; especially a civil war. And the worst feature of it, in our case, is, that we deserve it. Justice has done it; not revenge, nor tyranny, nor mere passion. It is justice. God's hand is guided by high and holy principles in these occurrences. Great principles direct his actions, and great issues are before his eye, that reconcile Him to all this evil. God is glorious in holiness, fearful in praises. 'I will sing of judgment: unto thee, O Lord, I will sing.' But why should we be thankful for the scourge? Because, it is tempered with mercy; because it is less than we deserve; because 'He chasteneth us for our profit.' Observe, then,

"I. *We might justly suffer much greater evils than those which are upon us.* We deserve, as unfaithful stewards, to be put out of the vineyard, that more faithful men may take our places. We have manifested so much irreligion, ingratitude, and rebellion against God, that He would have been just in abandoning our nation to destruction. And yet we are not destroyed; we are only scourged.

"II. *This is strictly a defensive war.* Look upon this fact. Were it a war of aggression, our condition would be tenfold worse than it is. If the conscience and the religious sentiment of the country were not with the government, our position would be as terrible as it would be perilous. Many of us have lived to see what we had imagined we should never witness: that is, a war in which the conscience and heart could so fully and unreservedly sanction the feelings of patriotism in desiring military success. Toward God we are all guilty, government and people. But toward man our government, our country, stands spotless, in the calmness, dignity, firmness, and unrevenged spirit of righteousness. Its record is clear before the God of justice, before the tribunal of the civilized world; ready to be entered on the solemn scroll of history.

"Our brethren have tried to make themselves a distinct people from us; have challenged us, before the universe, to save our government from annihilation, and ourselves from subjection to a tyranny whose corner-stone is enslavement of man. They have struck the blow at our flag; the symbol of our existence, of our rights, our freedom, our honor, and our position in the family of nations. Thanks be to God that He has not abandoned us to such a mad ambition and hatred of our brethren; that we did not commence the strife with deeds of robbery and perjury; that we did not strike the first blow in this fratricidal war; that we have violated no compact, and claimed no right to oppress the weak. Our enemies being judges, of what are we guilty? What are the crimes that call for them to bring upon us the horrors of civil war? How have we merited their hatred? Why should they endeavor to reduce all our national glory to dishonor, and to create by our side a hostile kingdom, which must forever prevent them, and us alike, from attaining any na-



tional greatness? They accuse us of hating the enslavement of man; of believing it to be a crime and a disgrace; of proclaiming that conviction to the world; and of intending to do so still. That is true. But war will not change our convictions, nor seal our lips, unless we, too, are made slaves. And they must make war, then, on the civilized world, on the same ground. Again, we outvoted them. That was no crime against God or them. Then we endeavored to feed our starving soldiers in a national fortress. This is all we have done to make them our enemies. To-day let us thank God that since we must be in a war, must suffer and sacrifice, perhaps die, it is in such a cause. Every blow we strike is in the defense of constitutional liberty; of all that a nation can hold dear: its honor, its property, its capitol, its right to choose its own rulers, nay its very existence; may we not say, that of Christian civilization itself.

“Since justice must let us be involved in war, what could we ask of mercy beyond this: that we are not guilty of destroying the peace of this land, of disgracing as noble an ancestry and as grand a history as any nation ever had; that this is, on our side, a righteous war; that if we must destroy life, we destroy only the life that has staked itself against our country’s very existence?”

“Look at another of its features:—

“III. *The present financial condition of our country is a merciful arrangement of a kind Providence.* It was supposed by our enemies at home and abroad that our dependence upon Southern planters and European bankers would throw us into the power of both. King Cotton had, but to frown, and the Northern slaves of mammon would cower and sue for his clemency. London bankers would give us money only on condition of our annihilating the unity and power of our country.

“But God, in his mercy, has left us to no such alternative. I need not dwell on the familiar fact. Yet this day it is one of the pivots on which the destiny of our country turns. And the existence of that fact we owe to the mercy of an overruling Providence whose power is felt on the exchange, whether it is there acknowledged or ignored. In the midst of a terrible and most costly war, we have \$75,000,000 in banks, sub-treasuries, and mints. The very expenditures of the war are preventing that poverty and stagnation of industry and trade which usually accompany war. Think not this comes by accident. Some men look with solicitude at the accumulation of an immense national debt. But we may see that while private debts are often perilous, public debts, as in England, serve the double purpose of enlisting private interests for the maintenance of the government, and thus prevent the temptations arising from fullness in the public coffers.

“IV. *Every step and stage of the war is an advance toward the desired end: not excepting our defeats.* What have we in view?”

“First, the consolidation of sentiment in the free States. There was especially needed in reference to the future welfare of this nation, a profounder sentiment of patriotism, a deeper attachment to the country, the Constitution, the common name, and the flag. We were in danger of dropping apart by our very magnitude and weight. There were deadlier enemies at work among us than rebellion itself. And now rebellion has been permitted to arise, and either destroy them all, or diminish the dangers they make. I allude to the ambition of politicians and the immense power of political organizations; to the retaining of national feelings by the Germans and Irish, which made them permanently foreigners. I allude to the growth of covetousness. I allude to the very great geographical distances which separate San Francisco from Portland, Boston from New Orleans. I allude to the apparently rival interests and the local jealousies of cities, states, and sections, of which demagogues have so availed themselves. But the war is now fusing us into one nation. Its welding heat is making one people of Irish, German, and British races. The love of country is becoming a sentiment that can control the baser passions of covetousness and ambition. That flag which condenses in itself our national name and history, our institutions, our principles, our home, and our hopes, is becoming dearer than ever to our hearts. This is just what the nation has lacked: sentiment and patriotism. This is now growing, by the grace of God. The first ball that struck Fort Sumter shook the continent like an earthquake. The Scripture was fulfilled, and a nation was born in a day. The political party that had been the ally of Southern statesmen, in one day sprang from the low level of partisanship to the lofty ground of patriotism. Wall Street and State Street ceased to look after the accumulations of private fortunes, and gave their mighty energies to saving the country. Oh! it was a glorious sight. It may take Europe some time to appreciate it. But it will yet be appreciated. Our beloved country never grew so rapidly in everything that makes a country, as she has grown since the day when treason aimed the death-blow at her heart. And what did the retreat of Bull Run accomplish? It was the passing of the child into the vigor of youth. It was the second stage of an awakening of patriotism. And what did the defeat at Ball Bluff? It was the transition of patriotism from youth to manhood. The country then awoke to appreciate its critical position, its glorious commission, its solemn work. I do not know but I may say, it brought the government to its feet, opened its eyes, brought its heart into full play, dispelled its last generous but illusive dream of coaxing rebellion and of handling it mincingly. Hatteras and Port Royal come better after Bull Run than before it. We are to-day a more united and patriotic people than we have been since the century opened. Native and foreign-born, we have but one country, one government, one flag, one interest. For a nation living under a popular form of government, this attainment is worth all it has cost.

“ When I reached Philadelphia, in April last, after leaving the murky atmosphere of treason in Richmond, and of fear in Washington and Baltimore, the first sight that greeted my eye was the national flag waving from the Catholic cathedral. My heart thanked God, as it does this day. The Celtic heart is loyal, I said. Irishmen and Catholics are true to the nation that has adopted them. I have always entertained fears in that direction; because they are a generous, excitable people, loyal to their national ties; and I feared they would be misled by demagogues. Irishmen and Germans are now found true to their oath of naturalization. This war has proved it, has sealed it. And the same is true of sectional distinctions, East and West, North and South. Those barriers of ice are melted away that threatened to make us a group of contending tribes, instead of one mighty people. We are, by the necessity of the case, sending Northern troops, not to conquer, but to recolonize Virginia; for they are finding wives and homes there; and to South Carolina to build a new metropolis of commerce on a better site than Charleston occupies; we are inoculating free, recompensed, and respected labor on their enervated constitutions.

“ Then, too, the question of popular government is now passing triumphantly through its last and severest ordeal. It has stood the test of time, of European convulsions, of prosperity, of foreign wars. And now the last and fiercest of all is treason, seated at the South and ramified throughout the North. And what is the result? It is found that the people love the Constitution; and that they intend, God helping them, to maintain it. It is true, this war has come as a thunder-storm to ravage the land, to destroy many private fortunes, desolate individual farms, and devour the fruits of personal industry. But its lightnings have burnt up the miasma that threatened the life of its entire people. It seems impossible that with Washington as corrupt as it had become, the immense nation that will soon cover this continent should not have experienced internal convulsions at a time when there should remain none of the healthful power of resistance that still exists. The race of political stock-jobbers is now greatly reduced. The country has become sufficiently patriotic to demand patriotism in its leaders. Love for the government, an appreciation of its value, confidence in the Constitution, the discovery that the doctrine of State sovereignty and secession is rebellion and the tool of demagogues — this is the gain of the war. It needed a baptism of fire and blood to fit us for the work before us. We had become imbecile and blind. That a rebellion could be hatched, that the president could connive at it; that the war and navy secretaries could have played their desperate game in sight of the nation and the army; that the free States could have been so duped and drugged as to permit this to proceed so far; that we should come so reluctantly to grapple with the enemy of our righteous and beneficent government, nay, of our national existence; all this shows we needed the shock of an earthquake.

“And mercy has let it come. And I am here to-day, not to talk of religion in the abstract, nor of mercy as a thing of the fancy, but to point you to that mercy which we can trace in the actual events of our day; that mercy whose banner and shield have been over us continually, as over our fathers. In the very midst of the civil war God has permitted us to bind the remotest West to the extreme East by the mystic cords of the palpitating wires — a pledge of the permanent union of our happy States.

“Again, we observe, slavery has been unmasked by the war. Its influence was mighty, but unsuspected by a large portion of our people. It was almost protected by good men, and used for their own ends by bad men. At the South it was making a separate nation from that old republic which had been founded by the wisdom and patriotic zeal of the fathers, cemented by their tears, their blood, and their prayers. It was inflating the pride and stimulating the avarice of planters and of traders in flesh; producing a contempt for the industrial classes, who must ever be the majority of a healthful nation; insatiable in its demands for power; contributing to make a small but dangerous aristocracy, a small middle class, and a vast mass of brutal, ignorant ruffians to constitute, with slaves, the body politic. This thing could not have gone much farther without reaching a crisis, even if the free North had not prevailed, this term, at the polls.

“I will not tarry to rehearse the wonderful progress we have been making in a harmonious apprehension of that evil. We have not made war on slavery; but we are finding that slavery has made war on us. Its history for eighty years is now passing before the solemn tribunal of the Northern conscience. Its doom is probably sealed. That is from the mercy of God.

“Look, then, in another direction. When the first messenger from the North reached the president, he was sitting in his palace like a palsied man. He had escaped an intended assassination himself, but the blow had just been struck at his country in the harbor of Charleston. There the messenger found our chief sitting at a table, looking through a telescope at the heights of Arlington. Commander-in-chief of the American army at the capital, but stripped of arms, forts, fleets, men, all the munitions of war! The sworn defenders of the country were daily deserting their country and joining its enemies; men nurtured and trained by the mother whom they were rising to destroy. There he sat, watching to see the tide of villainy roll over the eminence before him and sweep the capital from the face of the earth. What was to hinder them? Why did they not come? Let us to-day sing unto the Lord of mercy and judgment. The enemy has not advanced one step by power; all his advantages have been gained by fraud and perjury; not one furlong by the force of arms. This is a fact this day to be remembered with

thankfulness. Eleven States seceded. But how stands the case to-day? Delaware, Maryland, Missouri, Western Virginia, and the Eastern shore of Virginia, Northern Kentucky, and Eastern Tennessee, and many counties of North Carolina are probably secured to the national cause. In North Carolina, South Carolina, Florida, and Mississippi we have gained a military footing and a basis of military operations. The sea is almost wholly ours. The only advance, then, that has been made, has been made by us, and on slave territory. And let us devoutly recall the recent achievements of our navy, with the gallant struggles of the army. That both our fleets survived those Hatteras gales and went straight on to victory, calls for our grateful acknowledgments. How many incidents there are in these enterprises that should come before us in the services of this day. The peril of the fleets awakened the feeling of our dependence on God. Admiral Dupont declares that his faith in God did not fail amid that terrific storm and darkness, in which his fleet was entirely scattered. And it is said that the most terrible weapon in the enemy's fort was shattered to fragments at the opening of the fight. And as the flag-ship came up to the fort, pouring forth her destructive fire, the wind blew the smoke away from the fleet directly in the eyes of the enemy. Our ships were thus veiled from their view; and being in motion, the enemy's fire must be uncertain; while the forts being stationary, the aim from the ships was sure.

“ I would, then, animate your thankfulness by another feature of our present condition. It is,

“ V. *The relations we sustain to Europe.* The terrible discovery is made, so far as represented by the press, that England proves false to freedom. We have revered her as its champion; we cared not to assimilate her political forms to ours. Her faith, her spirit, her policy, we admired. Her future king we welcomed among us with a sincere heart. But now the real feeling of very many of her people appears to be unmasked. We fear it may be found that she loves cotton more than she hates slavery; that she opposed slavery among us for the same reason she now favors it. She has not escaped the witchery of the magic dollar, for which she reproaches and ridicules us. We find her jealous of our power, and hating the popular form of government to an extent which, in enlightened Englishmen, amazes us. She is exulting in the supposed dissolution of the Republic! In the words of the Earl of Shrewsbury, ‘ Democracy has been on its trial in America, and has failed.’ But what is she going to do? The mercy of our God, we find, is controlling the answer to that question. Beside the entirely threatening condition of continental affairs in Europe, a secret mistrust of France, and a threatening Irish famine, beside the impression produced on her statesmen by the unanimity of the North and the financial independence of the free States; beside the fact that our ability to raise an army of half

a million citizens in six or eight months cautions them against meddling in our affairs, God has put another hook in the nostrils of the British aristocracy. He has showed them that they are more dependent on Northern wheat and corn than on Southern cotton, to keep their poor from starvation; and that the Northern States furnish the most important market for the fabrics that employ their operatives. These arrangements come not by accident.<sup>1</sup> We have not effected them by our wisdom. God has made them, and they are a bulwark against us, that prevents that proud nation from insulting us and attacking us. We shall not drift into another war with England. And thankfully this day may we think how different is the case of two ambassadors chatting harmlessly in Fort Warren and the same men plotting mischief in London and Paris! Let us now look in another direction, at

“VI. *The moral influences of the war upon the national character.* I have already spoken of the national need of patriotism. I now look at it more in a moral than a political aspect. There are ambitious men promoting the war. But ambition was not its mainspring. We have sought to invade no territory of a stranger; scarcely have we defended our own. It is for country, for government, for principles, for freedom, we are contending. The aim is noble; and every pulse that beats quicker for so grand an object is itself ennobling. This is the very spirit of heroism, of martyrs and confessors. Loyalty is next to the religious affections in grandeur.

“The afflictions of 1861 are a blessing inasmuch as they have checked the culminating corruption of 1860 and of the twenty years preceding it. In righteous judgment God has arrested the dreadful descent by which we were hastening to a level of insupportable wickedness. Eighty years of peace and prosperity had effeminated us. The accumulation of political power, the growth of wealth, the growing luxuriousness of living, had

<sup>1</sup> The Hon. Bradford R. Wood, of Albany, was at this time, to which Dr. Kirk refers, our minister to Denmark. The consuls in that Danish court declared that no nation had ever insulted England so often as had our own, and war must come. The capture of Mason and Slidell heightened the fever in England. Our great diplomatist Seward began his correspondence, yet this did not heal the wound. Richard Cobden, the staunch friend of America, wrote Minister Wood before the meeting of Parliament, “Nothing but short crops will avert the war.” Some weeks later Mr. Cobden wrote again, saying that the severe drought had cut the crops short.

Parliament assembled; and in it only about six men outspoken in favor of America. No sympathy was expressed for Presi-

dent Lincoln. No honor was given Secretary Seward. No respect was expressed for the valor of our armies. One member after another raised his voice against us, calling for immediate war, which there was no cotton trade to avert.

In the midst of that hot discussion Cobden held his peace, or until near its close. Every eye was fixed upon the great commoner; and every ear was that of a listener when he rose to speak. His opening words declared, what we now know to have been the sole reason of our escape: “Sirs; all the gold of England cannot buy bread enough for her use anywhere out of the Northern States;” and we were saved from England’s intervention in behalf of the South, solely because of her lack of bread.

gained on us at a fearful rate. This is now checked. There are probably many bad men still in Washington. But nobler thoughts and graver purposes have succeeded to the baseness that was there gradually absorbing to itself the sources and resources of the nation's power. Let us sing of the scourge that has chased from the national temple the gamblers and robbers who occupied it.

“The baser sentiments had gained an immense ascendancy everywhere. Avarice and luxury had spread like the Asiatic cholera, threatening to destroy the moral vigor of many of the leading classes of society. But what a deliverance has God sent us! Blessed be the war for thousands of our young men, for hundreds of our families; because it has induced a simpler style of living, a higher conception of life, a deeper sense of responsibility, a cheerful sacrifice of property; yea, a ready devotement of life itself, a consecration of beloved sons, brothers, husbands, fathers, to the public good. And what lessons are learned in this war! There is, indeed, intemperance and profaneness in the camp; but probably never under so many moral checks and seldom under so much religious influence as now. Whatever officers in the army may once have thought of temperance pledges, there are few who do not now give their entire influence to debar intoxicating drinks from the camp. And while the church of Christ is aroused to an uncommon degree to supply religious reading for the army, the whole civil and military authority of the land have combined to promote this object in every way within their official powers. And to-day there are no returns from the camp more gratifying to the heart of Christian patriotism than the reports of the chaplains and our agents for distributing religious books and tracts in the army. Nor can the attentive observer look with indifference upon the advantageous side of military life in other respects. The very training bodies of young men is a national gain. The discipline, the vigilance, the familiarity with hardship, the subjection to authority, all are so important as to have furnished favorite figures for the sacred writers in inculcating Christian manliness. ‘Endure hardship as a good soldier of Jesus Christ,’ is a Christian counsel that gives honor to the camp.

“ ‘What constitutes a state?  
 Not high-raised battlement, or labored mound,  
 Thick wall or moated gate;  
 Not cities proud, with spires and turrets crowned;  
 Not bays and broad-armed ports,  
 Where, laughing at the storm, rich navies ride;  
 Nor starred and spangled courts,  
 Where low-brow'd baseness wafts perfume to pride;  
 No: *men*, high-minded *men*, . . . .  
 Men who their duties know,  
 But know their rights, and knowing, dare maintain.  
 These constitute a state.’

“We are advancing in manhood. The whole spirit of this war is judgment tempered by mercy.

“VII. *The religious effects of the war demand our thankfulness.* In the first place, it is a teacher of religious truth. It is inculcating the very principles for which evangelical religion has been keenly opposed and bitterly hated; and if any one is not thankful for that, he ought to be. It is now demonstrated and admitted by many who once thought otherwise, that there is something more important in the universe than the happiness of rebels; that the power to destroy is essential to a government; that it is not wrong in God or man to threaten the wicked with real and tremendous evils; that the God of the Old Testament is the God of the New; and that the destruction of his enemies was not, after all, a proof of malevolence; that a holy Being may justify and encourage a war; that the Quaker non-resistance principle is not the teaching of our Saviour.

“The war has also given to many persons views of life which urge the claims of religion. War is a stern and serious reality, familiarizing the mind with hardship, self-denial, and the nearness of death and retribution. And the consequence is, that many of our soldiers have become deeply thoughtful in the camp; many of them truly religious. And I presume that in no former war have Christians so fully regarded the army as a field for missionary labors. Never was an army so supplied with Bibles and religious books as this has been. Never were so many thousands of dollars expended for this object. Never before have we heard of an army hymn-book and a religious paper made expressly for the soldier.

“In previous wars the disbanding of an army was almost as bad as the invasion of an enemy; it sent back to society men so depraved in their characters and brutalized in their manners. This is now changed with our army. A strong religious influence is exerted, sanctioned by the rulers of the nation, and by the example of men at the very head of the army and the navy. We thank God this day for General McClellan’s proclamation concerning the Sabbath.

“I suggest but one other occasion for thanksgiving:—

“VIII. *The reasonable anticipation of the issues of this war is so bright.* I allude first to the material results! In regard to the destruction of life, it is a striking fact that a kind Providence has led us to avoid the principal causes of mortality in war. Intemperance, bad food, needless exposure, neglect of diseases and wounds, are said to destroy three or four for every one killed in battle. Never has an army so early in a war been so well provided against these several evils as our own. And it is not improbable that the manly drill of the camp, the simplicity of diet, the vigorous exercise of military life, really strike the balance on the side of an immediate gain for the nation in regard to both disease and death.



“ In addition to this, we may anticipate that there will come out of this convulsion an entirely new order of things in the slave-holding States.

“ The longer the rebellion continues, the more extensive will the area of free and requited labor become. And that is the only labor which really adds to the wealth of a country; the other is an exhaustive process. Virginia, from her soil, climate, mineral resources, and exquisite scenery, should be the glory of our country. Under a new order of things she may be. That new order, in all probability, will be introduced, and she be doomed no more to make her chief commerce in trafficking in human flesh.

“ Missouri is desolated now, in part. But in ten years after the war she will probably have made more progress than in twenty of her past history.

“ I allude also to the political results. The question was first pressed very vehemently: Are you going to coerce the South? Then it became: Are you going to subjugate the South? The answer is, Neither. What then? We are going, by God’s help, to make every citizen respect the government, and every traitor flee from it, or pay the penalty of treason. And we thank God this day for the prospect of accomplishing it.

“ And now what will probably be the future position of slavery? Look at its condition when the rebellion burst into existence. It is the creature of local or State law only, of which the Constitution simply makes one provision, — the delivery of a fugitive slave on claim, while not a word is found in that instrument against moral opposition to slavery. Thus the Southern and the Northern sentiment were held in check, and operated in political harmony, leaving the institution secure within its original limits.

“ But the rebellion has changed the condition of things. The government has not now a single constitutional obligation, on this or any other point, as respects the rebels. They themselves have taken slavery out from whatever protection or guarantee of any kind the Constitution by any construction may have furnished it. They have now let the two sentiments loose on the field of battle. It was prophesied after the French Revolution that wars were thenceforth to be wars of opinion. The present is rather a war of principles and sentiments than of opinions. The Southern principle is, that society exists for the few; that government, law, military power, commerce, literature, art, and science are for the benefit of a class, not of the people; that rank, titles, and wealth are necessary to the happiness of a few; that labor is a badge of inferiority, that slavery is the basis of a high civilization.

“ The effect of these principles is to produce a small class cultivating military science, general elegance of manners, and a large class characterized by meanness, pride, ignorance, cruelty, poverty, and coarseness,

with a desire to own a man, and a universal hatred of our sympathy with the negro race. The Northern principle is, that manhood, not color nor national origin, is the ground of respect; and that the object of law is to secure the rights of all; and the happiness of all is the true end of government. Labor is honorable in all, and the color of the skin makes no difference in men that the law should recognize. The two principles are now in open conflict. The government indeed is still trying to hold itself to the Constitution, while the rebels have abandoned it; but that which we have this day to recognize with thankfulness to God is that, as already remarked, the free States are coming to harmonious views about the institution; that the army is in fact an emancipator; that it is already seen that we have four millions of friends in the very midst of our enemies; that even if slavery survives the conflict, it will never again tyrannize over the free States, nor monopolize the Federal Government for its special benefit; that apologies for the institution will no more disgrace the free North. The friends of slavery, in their madness, have been left to concentrate the whole military power of the government and sentiment of the North and West against this baleful institution.

“Now we meet the question: Are we thankful for the judgment and the mercy of God? In order to be, we must see the hand of God in events, pleasant and unpleasant. God either does, or procures, or permits to be done whatever takes place, so that we may thank Him for even what Judas or Nero does, and what we may despise them for doing; for in it we shall find either the judgment or the mercy of God.

“There can be no enlightened, honest, fervent thanksgiving where men understand by ‘nature,’ laws of nature, or natural forces, anything that banishes, limits, or interrupts the permissive, or executive agency of God. God is in this war. God is moving it on to its issues. And in every step and stage we see his goings forth; his judgment or his mercy.

“And to-day we will acknowledge Him, by penitence for our offenses that call for his judgments; by fervent thankfulness for the past; by humble reliance and fervent prayer for the future; ‘I will sing of mercy and judgment; unto thee, O Lord, will I sing.’”

Steadily the great work was carried forward until at the close of the first twelve months of war the North had gained fifty-six battles and skirmishes to eight gained by the South. In the day of triumph there was danger that the lesson of trust learned in the hour of defeat should be forgotten. If the armies of the North were God’s avenging hosts, admiration for the deeds of the heroes should in no wise supplant the remembrance of Him to whom alone victory belongs.

“Who selected an obscure Western lawyer to take the helm of this tempest-tossed, shattered ship, drifting in the currents of treason among the reefs where lie the wrecks of other republics? A few shrewd political men. Why did they choose him? They had their reasons. But God chose him for other reasons. When Samuel went to select a candidate for the chief magistracy of Israel, he had no knowledge either of what the times would demand of the king, or of what was in the several sons of Jesse adapted to meet the demands of those times. There was One who knew both. He was watching over Israel; and he chose the uncultivated shepherd-boy. . . . The same hand led Mr. Lincoln to the place he now occupies. We needed an honest man at the helm; for there had been a lack of such; a man of penetrating observation, of large views, of immovable firmness, of genial disposition, and of sound judgment. To-day let the people praise the Father of lights, from whom cometh down every good gift, for this link in our chain, without which it might have failed under this tremendous strain.”

Again, he turned to those who under Southern skies were bravely carrying on the sacred work: —

“Imagination has thus been aided to keep every camp and bivouac and march and fight vividly in view. We have seen and suffered with our brothers in the tedious march to Newbern. We saw them sleeping in the rain; freezing in the night at Donelson; cutting through twelve miles of swamp at Obion. I need not now carry back your thoughts to the hour when the sound of victory burst on our ears from Hatteras, then from Port Royal; and so onward until we heard from one of the Gibralters of the South, that its defenders had become faint at heart, sent out the flag of peace, and given the key of the Middle Mississippi back to its rightful owners.

“We watched them with trembling as they planned the bold scheme of furnishing General Pope a transport, by passing their boat across the path swept by the enemy’s heaviest artillery. But God put his shield over them, and led them safely through. Then we saw the army of the Union landing behind the intrenchments to cut off all hope of retreat for the beleaguered foe.

“And just below that point we saw the most skillful and the bravest of the leaders of the traitors make their well-concerted attack on our unsuspecting forces. Awfully rolls the tide of battle; shock on shock against the small party of the army yet across the river. Johnson is there, Beauregard is there, Bragg is there; Polk, Hardee, probably Price and Van Dorn. Yes, but God is there too; our God, to whom belongs the victory. Our war secretary declares that he hears with apprehension so much said about ‘military combinations, and organizing victory;’ a cant which began in infidel Paris, and ended in Waterloo. He de-

mands, 'Who can organize victory? Who can combine the elements of success in the battle-field? We owe our recent victories to the Spirit of the Lord, that moved our soldiers to rush into battle, and filled the hearts of our enemies with terror and dismay. The inspiration that conquered in battle was in the hearts of the soldiers, and from on high; and wherever there is the same inspiration, there will be the same results.' Probably no modern army had before heard such a warning. It is a step forward."

A wish long entertained to visit the Army of the Potomac was gratified in April, 1862. His intimate friend and parishioner, the Hon. E. S. Tobey, having been appointed by Governor Andrew a commissioner on harbor defense with Lieutenant-governor Hayden, invited his pastor to accompany them on a visit to the fleet at Hampton Roads. Secretary Stanton, in giving them passes through the lines, playfully remarked that Dr. Kirk should be the commission's chaplain. And such he was all the way.

He closely inspected the little Monitor, just become historic in naval warfare after her successful engagement with the Merrimac, which braggart craft had been compelled to seek shelter from the "cheese-box" in the harbor of Norfolk. He was catechist of the expedition equally with his friends.

Thence to the army of General McClellan from Cheeseman's Landing, riding horseback nine miles through a furious "northeaster," over deserted plantations, upon a road extemporized by the army. He looked upon the fortifications in Yorktown, three days before the Confederates left them to the Union forces. He saw the tented acres of the Northern hosts. He addressed and prayed with all of the soldiers he could meet. He for the first time learned what war means. It was a valuable lesson. The map in his study became ever afterwards more than a mere chart; it marked the bivouacs of living and dying men. The pictured birds above the hills seemed to him frightened by the flash of the muskets below them. The fifes and drums in the streets of Boston were reminders of drearier scenes. The banners untorn and unstained foretold by contrast the horrors of the

carnage their bearers must pass through. Sermons, prayers, addresses, — all included the army.

President Lincoln issued his proclamation of emancipation January 1, 1863. Notwithstanding the slowness with which he decided to take this step, he was yet far in advance of the people. Prejudice against colored soldiers was general. Men were glad they were free, yet regarded them as unfit for recognition as citizens or soldiers. In an address in the Old South Church, May 28, 1863, Dr. Kirk thus referred to the despised race: —

“God is now urging the negro’s claims by his own wonderful processes. He is sweeping away prejudices with an astonishing rapidity. Who could have anticipated the Divine Wisdom in this? The white man must see the negro fighting for liberty, then he will respect him. One instance may illustrate the process now going forward. When the negro regiment was hard pressed in its Florida raid, a Connecticut regiment was ordered from Hilton Head to go and reinforce it. The order was received by them as simply ridiculous. But it must at last be obeyed. The Connecticut soldiers reached the place just while the black men were bravely contending against superior numbers. They saw there, not the crouching slave planting cotton under the lash, but the man defending his manhood and his country. Their prejudices were transformed into admiration. They rushed in side by side with their colored brethren, carried the day, and came out of the fight glorying in their brave companions in arms. They returned to Hilton Head joyously together. And when they landed, went arm in arm together to the house of God.

“How often have we heard the exclamation within six months, ‘My feelings about slavery and the negro are all changed!’ Thankful may the negro be; more thankful shall we be when God shall have completed this work — removing the prejudices of twenty million hearts towards an injured race.

“But, can the negro fight? I will answer that inquiry by making a little catechism.

“When Major Pitcairn, of the British marines, leaped on the redoubt of Bunker Hill, shouting, ‘The day is ours,’ and striking terror into the colonial troops, who sealed those lips and laid the invader in the dust? Peter Salem, a negro.

“When the struggling colonies were contending for American freedom at Bunker Hill, who stood side by side with our fathers? The negro.

“For whom did the principal officers in that fight petition the general court for some special token of approbation, describing him as ‘a brave and gallant soldier?’ Salem Poor, a negro.

“Whom did Samuel Lawrence, of Groton, one of our noble patriot ancestors, lead to the fight of Bunker Hill? A company of negroes.

“What makes his grandson so zealous a friend of the negro? Because he is true to the sacred memories of his ancestor, who was rescued from extreme peril by the determined bravery of this same company of negroes.

“Who, before our degenerate times, in the days of true patriotism, was admitted to stand in the ranks with the white man? The negro.

“What Southern State, in 1775, passed an order for enrolling slaves as military laborers? South Carolina.

“Who first promised freedom to all slaves who would join the British army? A British nobleman, Lord Dunmore, governor of Virginia.

“Was the proclamation of Lord Dunmore a *brutum fulmen*? It aroused the whole colony, and led the masters to promise freedom to every slave who could fight that would stand by his master.

“Who seized Major-general Prescott, chief of the royal army of Newport? Prince, a valiant negro, who knocked the door of the chamber open with his head, and then seized his victim in bed.

“Which is pronounced the best fought battle of the Revolution? The battle of Rhode Island. But it was saved to us by a negro regiment that three times repelled the Hessians with a desolating fire.

“When was Colonel Greene murdered at Point’s Bridge? Not until the enemy had laid his negro guard all dead at his side.

“Why were vigorous efforts made, in the war with George III., to enlist negroes in Georgia and South Carolina? Because there was not patriotism enough in the whites to make an army to resist the enemy.

“What did General Jackson say to the free negroes of Louisiana in September, 1814? ‘Through a mistaken policy you have heretofore been deprived of a participation in the glorious struggle for national rights. This no longer shall exist. As sons of freedom, you are now called upon to defend our most inestimable blessings.’ In December, 1814, in another proclamation he says: ‘I expected much from you; for I was not uninformed of those qualities which made you so formidable to an invading foe. But you surpass my hopes. I have found united in you those qualities,—that noble enthusiasm which impels to great deeds.’

“What does General Saxton think of the negroes as soldiers, laborers, and men? That they show ‘as much aptitude as the white soldier; and properly led, they will do as efficient service in battle.’

“God is now removing the burdens that have oppressed this people, and the barriers that kept them from entering the domain of citizenship and fellowship. The laws against teaching the negro to read are null and void on the whole Southern coast, and in at least three slave States. The political power of slave-holding is now destroyed, never to be recov-

ered. God, indeed, is threatening to extinguish the 'peculiar institution,' bringing on the accomplishment of Washington's desire, 'to see a plan adopted by which slavery in this country might be abolished;' not, however, 'by law,' as he desired, but against unrighteous legislation.

"What, then, are we to do? Supply the lack of action of our government wherever, for want of time to attend to it, they must neglect any interest. We must organize a protective system for this poor people emerging from a degrading position. Their rights must be vigilantly guarded by a wise supervision. Their indigent, infirm, adults and infants, must be brought under a Christian guardianship. There must be a clothing the naked, feeding the hungry, healing the sick. There must be an industrial organization; providing farms and workshops, and instruments and seeds; starting them on a new career of a fair competition of industry and skill with their white brethren. There must be educational organizations, bringing up the enslaved mind out of Egypt into the land of promise. They are eager to learn, apt to learn. They must be taught order, cleanliness, system, domestic economy. The better class of minds must have the wide door of literature, history, science, and statesmanship opened to them. There must be a thorough spiritual supervision of them until they can organize their own churches and sustain their own pastors.

"This we must do for Christ's sake. He loves the African; He died for him, and will welcome him to the same heaven to which we are going. This we must do for our country's sake. The body politic cannot any longer bear to have such a gangrene of ignorance, animalism, and concubinage festering within it. This we must do for the world's sake. The barbarism of the United States as it was before the month of April, 1861, must now pass away forever. This we must do for our own sakes. The day is coming when the Lord will say: 'I was naked, I was hungry, I was ignorant. Come, ye blessed, who pitied and relieved me. Depart, ye cursed, who despised me because I was not fair-skinned.'"

Dr. Kirk's frequent visits to the various camps around Boston were always welcomed. Fortunately among his papers is an early address to those who had enlisted:—

"CITIZEN SOLDIERS,—I congratulate you that your patriotism can take on a practical form. Mine, at present, must express itself in words; you lay your lives on your country's altar. I congratulate you, that, while you are under military rule which must secure absolute submission to one controlling will, it is not as slaves or as machines. In the present case, the cause of the rulers is the cause of the people—of God. You are sovereigns contending for the sceptre intrusted to your hands by the King of kings.

“As a minister of Christ’s gospel of peace, I am free to encourage you in your present course. I could not, if it were merely to avenge insulting words, or to show our military power to a world that seems to have held it in light esteem. I could not encourage you to go even to give freedom to four million souls and their forty million descendants. But you are now an arm (not an instrument, but an arm) of government. You are the sword of the magistrate, which God, an apostle declares, places in his hand ‘not in vain,’ not for holiday parades, but to strike death-blows. You are God’s instrument, ‘a minister of God, a revenger to execute wrath upon him that doeth evil.’ You are the arm of government, protecting itself, punishing treason, defending a continent from anarchy and tyranny.

“Never was an army surrounded with more Christian sympathy. Not only your godly fathers and mothers, wives and sisters, pastors and friends, are praying for you continually; the whole Northern church is bowed on her face before the Eternal God on your behalf.

“Believe me, our hearts throw the cords of their tenderest sympathy as a girdle around you. Your march, your bivouac, will be traced by ten million fingers on the map. Virginia will be the centre where twenty million hearts will meet. Your perils, your battles, your victories, will move the heart of a nation as of one friend or brother.

“Be cheerful, for you are engaged in a glorious cause. Be serious, for it is a serious work before you. Above all, be Christians; for that is man’s first duty.

“And to help you to become believers in our blessed Redeemer, with a living, practical soul-transforming faith, our generous and patriotic neighbor, Mr. H., has furnished this parcel of little religious books, which I have now the privilege of distributing to you.

“And suffer me, your brother, to give you a word of counsel, as soldiers and as men. A soldier must be a gentleman that respects himself; that loves his country and her banner; prompt to obey every military rule; patient in toil and privation; holding his life too precious to throw away rashly, and the triumph of his cause more precious than his life. He should promote temperance, purity, cheerfulness, and good-will in the camp. He should be a Christian gentleman, a man prepared to live usefully, ready to die; for his work lies on the confines of death.

“May you return from the strife to meet the welcome of your friends, and the gratitude of your country. May we celebrate the freedom of a continent, secured on the 4th of July, 1862. May we meet in heaven, to celebrate an eternal triumph under our great Leader.”

In the spring of 1864 another opportunity was presented of visiting the army. The request came from the members of the Christian Commission.



This organization was formed in the earliest period of the war by a convention of the Young Men's Christian Associations of the United States, held in New York, in the church of the Rev. Dr. Tyng, senior. Its avowed purpose was "to extend material aid and to minister to the spiritual needs of the army." Mr. George H. Stuart, of Philadelphia, was chosen its president. All the Young Men's Christian Associations of the country, true to their indomitable energy and far-sightedness, were in the fullest sympathy with the organization, and coöperated with it through committees of their own appointment.

Prior to this organization, the Boston Tract Society — formed to meet the exigencies which the parent society had failed to meet — had commenced its work of furnishing reading-matter for the soldiers. Dr. Kirk, as its president, was naturally in the deepest sympathy with its work, and believed in extending the field of its operations. He was prepared, however, to engage in the kindred work of the commission. The delegation of the commission consisted of eight representatives, from Boston, Providence, New York, and Philadelphia.

This was doubtless one of the most deeply interesting experiences in the whole public life of Dr. Kirk, bringing him as it did into such intimate relations to the spiritual work among the soldiers. The party proceeded at once from Washington to the Army of the Potomac. The simple badge of the commission was itself a free pass to any part of the army. Even their baggage was exempt from examination. The time of their visit was only a few weeks before the advance of General Grant upon Richmond. General Meade was at Brandy Station, and there the commission had fixed their tent. "It is a church in a camp. Its steeple is a white banner bearing its simple name. It represents Christ and the gospel. Men who desire religious instruction and direction naturally flock thither."

The chaplains welcomed the faithful workers. "Indeed, it is obvious that the office of chaplain has received a new

value and efficiency from this agency. The first impression it makes is that the religious interests of the soldier are regarded by the churches as of supreme importance. The chaplaincy is a civil affair, a formal appointment: the commission is a heart-expression."

"BRANDY STATION, VIRGINIA, April 8, 1864.

"MY DEAR SISTERS. — Here we are, after some inconveniences, but much interested in our visit to the camps around Washington.

"Yesterday morning we were all in a tent of the Christian Commission, when the colonel in command of the post came in. He has just been converted. I talked to him in presence of our whole company. His replies to my inquiries subdued every heart. A Unitarian gentleman from Boston is with us. He was very much affected at that spectacle: especially when we bowed together in prayer, and then arose and sang 'Crown Him Lord of all.' The meeting in the evening with a thousand soldiers was very interesting.

"This morning we came by rail through Bull Run, Manassas, Bealton, etc., etc., to Brandy Station. Our plans are a little uncertain yet. I am well, and doing well.

Your affectionate brother.

"EDWARD N. KIRK."

Sunday, April 10th, came in without a cloud. Veterans who had made the terrible history of Fredericksburg, Chancellorsville, Gettysburg, and who had tramped the banks of the Potomac and the Rappahannock, were resting from their daily burdens. The deep stillness of the day was broken only by an occasional reminder of the impending battles from artillery hoarsely roaring its mission of death.

"We went," wrote Dr. Kirk, "to General Meade's headquarters, and to the chapel of the Christian Commission. A large part of the audience consisted of officers. Its intelligence and attention stimulated and concentrated my powers. I had slept imperfectly on Saturday night, but grace enabled me to preach with directness. General Meade invited me to stay with him. In the afternoon, I held a meeting in the chapel at the station, — well attended. Four remained for personal conversation. In the evening, another meeting in the chapel. It was full. Two aged negroes came to see us. They are religious leaders, and eminently taught of the Spirit."

During the week the delegation visited the residence of the Hon. John Minor Botts, supposed to be a Unionist, although he declined to take the oath of allegiance; not, however, because he was not in full sympathy with the Union cause. On account of his Union sentiments, Mr. Botts had been imprisoned in Richmond by Jefferson Davis. It was a memorable meeting — that of the little company of ten or twelve in his parlor — with one who had held so high a position in the politics of Virginia. “An interview,” said Dr. Kirk, “full of intense interest. He read us a letter giving his opinions of Mr. Lincoln and his administration. It was candid, eloquent, instructive, powerful. I dissented from a few of his views, but it was a noble document. I left him very reluctantly. He spoke of his ‘History of the War;’ of which he said, ‘No Northern man can write it. No Southern man, except myself, who could, would write it.’”

In this statement Mr. Botts remarked that it was claimed by the Confederates to be their purpose to set up a separate government, but that this was not the fact: it was their purpose to seize upon the capital and archives of the nation and thereby obtain possession of the entire government of the United States: “A crime against the human family, I say it reverently,” Mr. Botts exclaimed, “not equaled since the crucifixion of our Saviour.”

No one of that little company can ever forget the interview. It was fitting that Mr. Stuart should delicately suggest that the war-preacher of Boston should lead them in prayer. Eyes accustomed to scenes of distress were suffused with tears while their leader with rapt devotion commended those present, but especially their host, to the kind protection of the God of all truth.

The church at Culpepper Court House, near the headquarters of General Grant, was likewise occupied by the commission. The body of the house was used for the daily prayer-meetings of the soldiers. The galleries served as sleeping-rooms for the Christian workers. Day after day

the house was crowded with the "boys in blue." It was an inspiring scene, deepened in intensity by their rendering in grand chorus the songs so often sung at home, "Nearer, my God, to thee," "Shining Shore," etc. This was only fourteen days previous to the march across the Rapidan, at the end of which journey of death many joined the chorus of the redeemed.

They prayed to be ready for the hour which should call them hence. They spoke of their hope and of their friends at home. No moments were wasted there. Few meetings like those!

These Christian workers rode from place to place on horseback until they came to Pony Mountain, the outer signal-station of the army, whence the fortifications of the Confederate army could be distinctly seen across the Rapidan. At this high point of special interest the delegation united in prayer with Dr. Kirk, — prayer for the country and its enemies.

"We rode out to a good point of observation, where we could see the rebel and Union armies. On our way, we came to a battery commanded by Captain ——, who heard we were in Culpepper, and whose life had been in great measure saved by the Christian Commission at Gettysburg, and he arranged at once for a special artillery drill for us, — a thing not often seen in the army.

"I sat in my saddle. I found that General Stuart (George H. Stuart), knowing that I could not get out of the saddle, had by some manœuvre brought me right in face of the men, and my orders were that I should preach to the men from the saddle. Having preached to them, and prayed with them, an inquiry meeting was appointed on the field of drill. One anxious man came out from the drill lines to talk to me about his soul, and no officer restricted him!

"When I began to talk to the men, a large number were behind me, pitching quoits and frolicking on their playground. But they came pressing up; and, looking behind me, I saw I was surrounded by earnest, eager men, solemnly listening to what I had to say about Jesus and the great salvation.

*"I have seen a good deal of the world, of the church, of revivals and religious operations, but this is something peculiar in the history of the world and the church."*

Returning to Brandy Station, and thence to the camps in and around Washington, they visited regiment after regiment and every hospital. Leaving one of the most memorable of these, that at Camp Convalescent, about ten o'clock at night, they were told a password. Mr. Stuart was intrusted with the secret. Upon being challenged by the first sentinel, Mr. S. gave the word, — given by mistake at the camp. "I know you, Mr. Stuart," said the sentinel, "but you must return immediately to the camp for the true password."

The time was impressive, as they passed in the darkness for several miles over muddy roads, challenged constantly by the faithful sentinels upon their watch. The talismanic word on the Potomac that night was "Massachusetts," the name which during the long struggle cheered many a weary heart.

The result of the war depended upon two great conditions, — the success of the Union army and a strong public sentiment in the North. The year 1864 opened upon a critical situation. The Army of the Potomac was no nearer Richmond than at the beginning of the war. One general after another had failed. On the first day of March General Grant had been placed in command of all the armies. The terrible battles in the Wilderness, at Cold Harbor, and at Winchester, notwithstanding the encouragement they gave, still left a disheartened feeling at the North. The terror struck by Forrest's raid through Tennessee and Kentucky, was felt in States far northward. Fort Pillow and its butchery only deepened the Northern distrust. Sherman had not begun his march to the sea; and the victory of the Potomac army was not yet assured.

In such a year, and amidst a growing despondency, the two great political parties were engaged in the presidential struggle. It was proposed by the Democratic party to elect General McClellan, whom they nominated in the hope of changing the whole machinery of government, and thus inflicting untold delays upon the success of our arms. No one

could tell how wide-spread the distrust of the people had become. Politics, for the first time in nearly a century, seemed to have become sacred. Ward-meetings and caucuses laid a new claim upon every loyal citizen.

The Mount Vernon pastor entered the campaign, giving the strength of his intellect and rhetoric to the republican cause. His were no doubtful words. He criticised men and parties with the vigor of youth. He believed that the party which had borne the brunt of the conflict before the war, and under whose administration the war had been carried on, was upon the side of righteousness; and that, as a preacher of righteousness, he was as truly concerned in politics as in the other duties of his profession.

His first campaign speech was made in a meeting held in the Sixth Ward of the city of Boston. Having been unexpectedly "called out," he made one of his characteristic and stirring appeals in behalf of the Union. This led to repeated invitations to speak in other places, — invitations which he not unfrequently accepted. The following are extracts from his "stump speeches:" —

"It becomes every person, be his profession or position what it may, who by either speech or action can throw one ray of light on his country's troubled path, or one grain of influence into the scale which holds her honor and her welfare, not to withhold such words or deeds.

"Every one should speak, write, labor, pray for his imperiled country, for the dearest interests pertaining to this earthly life. We should labor to show, especially to every one entitled to vote, that voting at such a time is one of the most serious acts of his life; that he is now approaching the most solemn and important exercise of that grand political function, the right of suffrage, ever demanded of a citizen since the federal government was founded. I am here to-night to do my humble part in this patriotic and Christian work.

"Two men are the candidates for that post which an archangel ought not to be willing now to assume unless God commissioned him. No human mind can measure the interests intrusted to that office at such a time. But the men, however important in themselves, are chiefly so because of the policies they respectively represent and adopt for their official guidance. My remarks will therefore be directed mainly to this topic. . . .

"You have said, 'The war should be abandoned from prudential

considerations; *prudence* demands a cessation of hostilities.' Does it? 'A prudent man foreseeth the evil, and hideth himself.' That is, if he sees a bear about to attack him in front, and no way of escape but through a cold, swift stream, *prudence* tells him to take to the water. Here are two evils: fighting these men, and giving them a respite just when they are almost subdued, that they may attack us under a new condition of things when they can carry their point more surely.

"Gentlemen, do you not know the men of the South? I do. I have such knowledge of them, that I never would trust the leaders of this rebellion with anything I prized if they wanted it. They would have it, or something I held still dearer, if force and fraud could get it. Charles Sumner went down to Jericho once, among them. They are no worse by nature than we. You know we Orthodox believe in total depravity, and this war is remarkably orthodox: it is full of the old Puritan spirit and tone. Slavery, however, has taken hold of the original virus and Satan has had things there much his own way.

"There are two evils in this case. One is, that of bloody fighting and conquering these men, the other is, yielding to them. And the question is, Which is most prudent? 'Yield, because the war is a failure.' What do you mean by failure? They had, when the war began, 1,653,852 square miles under their control, in ten States and Territories. They now have 342,668 square miles, having lost 1,311,184 square miles. Would that be called failure in State Street? They had 12,121,234 people in their confederacy. They now have 4,458,232, having lost 7,663,002. Is that a failure? One of two things must be true: either the war is subduing them, and they are tired of it; or, it is a failure, and their purposes are unchanged. Are they changed? What then has changed them? If they are not changed, your negotiations will be spurned as they always have been. Can anything be more puerile and unstatesmanlike than a proposal for armistice with an enemy that has just as much reason for fighting as at the beginning, and altogether more encouragement?" . . . .

"The third objection to our policy is, that war is against the spirit of Christianity. I have need of but few words to show that *it is a Christian duty to prosecute this war to the point of victory, — complete.* I interpret the passage: *The powers that be are ordained of God*, as all sound commentators do, to mean, Government is a corporation for the maintenance of peace and the prosperity of mankind, which God has ordained, and to it He has intrusted physical power, including an armed police, called here 'the sword,' to defend individuals and the government. Christianity is the pillar of every civilized society; and it has no arguments, motives, or influences which oppose defensive wars.

"War is not necessarily unchristian. Christ is the founder of every civilized nation, and Christianity is the pillar of every Christian govern-

ment. But what is government? It is power organized to protect the order of society and the rights of individuals. 'Obey the powers that be,' is a command of Christ. The magistrate has a sword from God, is the teaching of the Bible, — a sword to be used when the order of society is invaded. The sword means monitors, fifteen-inch guns, bayonets, and every instrument that an organized army and navy can employ to disorganize the opposing army.

"The spirit of Christianity is a meek, gentle, forbearing, forgiving temper, that avenges no private and personal wrongs, that incites to every generous and self-sacrificing labor to secure to every man eternal well-being. But there is nothing pusillanimous or cowardly in it; man is not unmanned, but exalted by its influence. It is no hiding-place for men that count their gold, their party, their lives more precious than the welfare of society. Where Christianity flourishes, you find men whom tyrants fear. Cromwell and Knox were terrible to those of their day. Macaulay says the Puritan could whine over his sins in his closet, and come out to tread on the necks of kings and cut off the heads of royal murderers." . . .

"Turn now to the Chicago Platform. It is a wonderful document, and destined to an immortality — of infamy. It will be, hereafter, the conspirator's text-book. There is nothing *heroic*, nothing *patriotic*, nothing even *manly*, in its tone. It is as wicked and mean in what it omits as in what it affirms. In a political address to the world from a great body of citizens, at the very hour when the honor and life of the nation is threatened, there is found not one word that condemns rebellion, not one word of censure or even disapproval of the plots, designs, and most villainous deeds of the rebels; not a word in favor of the nation; not a cheer to its heart as it struggles to throw off the vipers attempting to strangle and sting it to death; not a word encouraging the magistrate to use the sword that God placed in his hand to punish the wicked! Amid their negations and scandalous abuse of the administration, what do they affirm and what propose? They affirm that the war on our part was an experiment, leaving the false impression that the government has been trying a cruel experiment of murder on a loyal and unoffending people. They affirm that our self-defense is a failure, while the attack on Fort Sumter is neither a cruel experiment nor a failure. The rebels, we must infer, have not failed, though they have lost 1,300,000 square miles of the territory they claimed and seized, and 7,700,000 of their population; though they have retreated and retreated until their shattered army is shut up mainly in four fortresses.

"The war, they say, must *cease immediately*. Yet they throw a sop to Cerberus, and declare that the Union must be preserved. But mark it, not by conquest. It is, then, by compromise. Who that loves his country can bear to look at this document as an exponent of the sentiments of a noble nation in the presence of an almost conquered enemy?



“Take a copy of it to Richmond. No, that is needless. Its birth was probably there, before it traveled to Chicago. Has it made a single rebel tremble before the rebukes of an outraged and indignant people? Has it caused one of them to repent of his wickedness? Has it raised the mud-sills a hair-breadth in their estimation? Read it to their armed hosts: what would be its effect? Contempt for its authors, and hope for their own cause. Listen to Alexander Stephens: he declares that it comforts his heart made sad by the rude manners of Grant and Sherman. Read it along our lines, where brave and suffering men are defending their country and its honor at any cost: it will either paralyze or exasperate every man who has gone there to serve and save his country.” . . .

“What is a democrat? A man who believes that a man is a man wherever he was born, whoever his father was, whether he wears black cloth or bear-skins, whether his nose is long or short, his hair crisped or curled or smooth; that he has a right to all the fruits of his labor. What is a democrat? If he is an Irishman, he believes that the English aristocracy grind the poor Irish to the dust; and therefore he flees to a country where there is no hereditary aristocracy, and where poor white men or poor black men have elbow-room, a fair chance, an even start in the race of life, the ballot in their hands, representation going with taxation, public schools open for all their children, the pathway to offices of honor and trust open to merit, and not to complexion nor inherited titles.

“John C. Calhoun a democrat! Jefferson Davis a democrat! Is it not monstrous? Is not the definition of man once given well given: ‘The most gullible of animals?’

“John Slidell a democrat! My fellow-citizens of the so-called Democratic party, let me remonstrate with you. Let me entreat you for the honor of one common humanity, to cut your eye teeth. A democrat abhors any other aristocracy than that of merit. But what is John Slidell, who calls you mud-sills, and despises your greasy hands? I will tell you. He is one of the grandees of the new Celestial empire, that is to counterpoise the globe on this side against China on the other.

“Now, what has this to do with the question of compromise before us? Much, every way. If George B. McClellan becomes President of the United States in 1865, the republic expires. Mason, Davis, Slidell, Lee, & Co. become masters of the White House, and the grand scheme for orders of nobility, the enthronement of Cotton and Capital, and the enslavement of Labor, white as well as black, will take place; and you, Irishmen and Germans, who fled from an aristocracy at home to vote into power an aristocracy in the only strong republic of the world, will have finished your mission on earth, and extinguished the last hope of the groaning millions you left behind you.

“God forbid I should utter such things to carry a party vote. Credit

me on these two points: I now express what I believe in my inmost soul, and my belief is founded on a knowledge of facts and men.

“ I know not merely what Northern men have said, but what Southern men think and feel and intend. I know why Lord Shaftesbury sympathizes with the rebels, why the “ Times ” thunders its thundering lies, why Palmerston and Napoleon are watching their chance. Gentlemen, these are serious times. If you want an honest pilot, elect Abraham Lincoln. If you want a man who is master of the whole position, the man who has sufficient grasp of thought and knowledge of American politics to overthrow the Little Giant, first read the debates of Lincoln and Douglas in 1858, and then vote for Abraham Lincoln. If you want a magnanimous, fair, kind-hearted democrat, who once split rails and boated on the Ohio, and who declared ‘ It really hurts me very much to suppose that I have wronged anybody upon earth; ’ if you want a genuine democrat, who said in debating with Mr. Douglas, and while utterly demolishing his logic, ‘ I have a rough exterior, and but little education, but I know what belongs to the inside of a gentleman; ’ vote for Abraham Lincoln. If you want a man who has conscientiously governed his public action by the Constitution, notwithstanding all the outcry against him, elect Abraham Lincoln. If you want to choose the man most respected and most feared by the whole menagerie of rebeldom, elect Abraham Lincoln. If you want a speedy, honorable, permanent peace, elect Abraham Lincoln.

“ But if you want the tactics and the atmosphere of the Chickahominy Swamp carried to Washington, elect George B. McClellan. If you wish Jefferson Davis to rule in Washington, if you wish to gratify the vilest men out of perdition, vote for McClellan. Hear one of a hundred of my reasons for saying this: ‘ The miscreants and murderers who slaughtered, scalped, and mutilated our unarmed soldiers at Centralia, howled for McClellan, and cursed Lincoln, as they tore the scalps from the heads of living men, and wiped their bowie-knives, all reeking in the warm blood of helpless, sick, and wounded soldiers. ’ ”

“ *November 7, 1864.* — I made my last political speech at South Dedham; and I thank God that I have lived to make these efforts for my country and my race.

“ *November 8th.* — The turning-point of the nation’s destiny. To-day we elect Lincoln or McClellan. Life or death ! ”

The cause suffered no detriment in the great political excitement. Mr. Lincoln was elected by an overwhelming majority. The armies of the East and the West knew little but of victory. Sherman, by his brilliant march to the sea,

had prepared the way for Grant to accept the surrender at Appomattox.

Rejoicing everywhere! Grief only for the dead! Hearts long anxious, grew lighter in anticipation of the tramp of the army homewards. Rejoicing was heard even in homes of sorrow, since their heroes had not died in vain. Cheer upon cheer of victory was given in every Northern camp. The cruel war was over. The Union was saved, and slavery was destroyed. The greatest work of the century was completed.

Just before this break of day it had seemed very dark. President Lincoln, obeying his naturally deep religious impulse, had appointed as a day of fasting and prayer, Thursday, the 13th of April. The day came, but it proved a day divinely fore-ordained to thanksgiving. A great congregation gathered in the Mount Vernon Church to hear the patriot preacher. The theme was that announced at the opening of the war, — *Dependence upon God* :—

“ Let us notice how God has heard and answered our prayers. Every hope of our enemies has been disappointed; and that, when some of these hopes were to human view very solidly founded. Men of leisure, for whom others toiled without compensation, they had made partisan politics a study and a life's work. They were shrewd, far-seeing, perfectly masters of the votes of their section of the country, every five white inhabitants counting eight in congressional representation; they knew all the resources of the government, all the cowardly compromisers of the free States; they were well-informed as to the plans and wishes of the ruling classes in Europe. They laid their schemes deep and broad, with ample time to mature them. They had the Rothschilds and the London ‘Times’ on their side. They selected their own time, when they had a traitor on the throne, to strip the government of its weapons of defense, and then struck the blow which they believed would paralyze, and either make it surrender to its conquerors, or forever withdraw from the field of competition with their new-fledged government. It seemed to them they must succeed. Never have more sanguine expectations been announced. The grass was to grow in the streets of New York. A planter was to call the roll of his slaves on Bunker Hill. I think a ball was announced to be conducted by rebels in the White House, soon after the war began. We prayed that it might not be so; and it has not been so. Great Britain and France were to come in to aid the rebels directly

and openly, as well as stealthily and immediately. But we prayed against intervention, and it never came. They expected to find that we were Puritans who had forgotten to keep their power dry as well as to pray; that there was no spirit in the Northern people to resist their movements. We asked God to move on the Northern heart, and the prayer was answered, and as brave and patriotic soldiers as ever fell or conquered, have fallen or conquered in the Union army, cheerful sacrifices; nay, sacrifices of joy have been bound to the horns of the altar of God and father-land.

“Our finances were confidently expected, both by the rebels and their friends in Europe, to become early embarrassed, and thus our overthrow to be insured. But God heard our prayers, and gold mines, and silver mines, and petroleum wells, offered their treasures to us; and thus we were secure in that direction.

“The battle-field of the war was to be within the free States. Sacred South Carolina was to cover the hated North with blood and ruin, while she remained secure within her own domains. But the North has never been invaded, except on its southern border. We prayed God to keep back the enemy; and if there must be war, let him have it on his own fields; and the prayer has been answered. The war could not close until South Carolina had perished by the sword she had taken.

“The conspirators counted upon the subserviency of a political party in the North, even after they had themselves reduced it to such weakness that it swayed the country no longer. But they found to their dismay that there were too many honest and loyal men in that party to make it continue to do their work.

“They expected Northern capitalists to sacrifice country for the favor of cotton-planters. It was, by God’s grace, made a miscalculation.

“They thought the North could raise neither an army nor a navy. How sadly, how bitterly have they discovered that they knew neither God nor man; what we could do, and what God would do for us.

“They believed they had monopolized the educated talent of West Point, if not Annapolis; but God had in reserve a Sherman, a Grant, a Sheridan, a Farragut, a Dupont, a Foote, a Porter; and hundreds of subordinate officers and thousands of noble patriots for the ranks and the ropes, who could gird the republic about, as with a wall of fire.

“They calculated the odds between a shrewd, polished politician long schooled at the capital, and a crude Western lawyer, who could not grace a drawing-room; and believed their leader could insure them success, and ours would insure our overthrow. When our president elect left his western home to assume the terrible responsibility of leader of the nation on the verge of ruin, his request was, ‘Pray for me.’ We have prayed for him; and God has answered our prayers. And shall not the nation say: ‘I love the Lord because He hath heard my voice

and my supplication. Because He hath inclined his ear unto me, therefore will I call on Him as long as I live.'

"Our God has done it, and we will praise Him. Who can look back without horror upon the perils we have escaped? Our president was almost in the grasp of the assassin. Our capital lay, twice at least, at the mercy of the foe. The Monitor reached Chesapeake Bay just in time to save our whole blockading fleet from the Merrimac. The foreign secretary and the foreign ministers steered us through Sylla and Charybdis. Grant was almost captured. The battle of Gettysburg was almost lost. But our God has saved us; and we will praise his holy name, and tell the generations to come of his wonderful works of mercy.

"And now, what shall I say of the position He has assigned us among the nations of the earth? Four years ago, our few friends in Europe were trembling for our very life. Gloating enemies could not contain the glee with which they watched the ruin of the hated republic. The bulls of Bashan roared through that vilest of mouth-pieces, the 'Times,' our funeral dirge. But to-day we stand honorable in our patriotic zeal, our forbearance toward the insults and injustice of professed neutral powers, our material resources and skill to use them; able to maintain a national existence, to carry on the most formidable war, and crush the most formidable revolution of modern history. We have conquered without the machinery of Libby prisons. There is no Belle Isle, or Andersonville, or Salisbury, to cry to heaven against us, or to be monuments to future generations of an element of barbarism in our civilization. We conquered our enemies in the field and the fort and on the deck, by skill and courage, in fair conflict; not by starvation and vermin and malaria in prisons.

"All this we trace to the good hand of our God upon us."

The would-be assassin of 1861 had indeed been foiled, but now another was ready. On the 14th of April, the very day when the Union flag was again flung out over Fort Sumter, President Lincoln was assassinated, and Secretary Seward's life also attempted. The brief thanksgiving of Thursday was all too suddenly swallowed up in the grief of "Black Friday."<sup>1</sup> Telegrams every hour made known to every city, town, and village, the condition of the dying president. On

<sup>1</sup> We have kept the term marked in his note book, although fully aware that the term "Black Friday" has more recently been applied to the great Wall Street panic of 1873. The terrible significance of the

one was felt by the hearts of the nation, while that of the other was seen in the legitimate natural fruits of stock-gambling in a single city. The historic national Black Friday was in 1865.

Saturday morning, the greatest martyr of the conflict passed away.

All business was suspended for the day. A funereal gloom settled over the stricken people. The flags hung at half-mast. The streets were draped in mourning. The church-bells, in every village, town, and city, were tolled in the grief that was too deep for speech. Music refused to utter itself except in dirges; that inspired by the war-marches, quick-steps, songs, was now ending in the "Dead March in Saul." Churches and halls were opened, that the multitudes might congregate for sympathy. Men unused to weep, wept. A nation bowed themselves in lamentation.

Boston was stricken with the rest. Her merchants met on 'Change only to speak the general sorrow. Traffic seemed as much out of place as in the sanctuary. The people had learned well the lesson of the war. Statesmen and soldiers were in the city; yet to no one of these did the men of State Street look. In their despondency they remembered the Mount Vernon preacher, and sent for him. They beheld his erect form, his face saddened and yet beautified by the conflicts of sorrow, his hair once raven-black now whitening in the service of Him who came to make men free. His words were those of a father to his children. His cadences of sadness, like rich minor music, calmed them into perfect peace. And then, in response to their request, he led their hearts in prayer.

Three times that day he was summoned to speak, — on 'Change, at a flag-raising in Pearl Street, and in the mass meeting in Tremont Temple. Probably the speech at the Temple surpassed in brilliancy every other address in his whole career. Every chord of the human heart was struck by the wise counselor.

It was in this speech (of which no adequate report was made) that he compared the nation to a great harp out of tune. All its chords were in their places; all its screws were rightly set. One man after another had attempted to tune it, but in vain. The major chord of victory had been

followed by the minor chord of defeat. Jealousies, rivalries, and factions, had done their work. "But at ten o'clock last night," said the speaker, "God put his hand to the chords; and now the nation is in tune."

Mere printed abstracts afford us no adequate conception of the addresses and sermons of that grief-stricken time.

In the winter of 1866, a journey through the South, from Virginia to the Gulf, only confirmed his previous judgment as to the condition of the Southern people. In the light of subsequent events, the following record of his views on reconstruction is of significant interest:—

"Reconstruction is the order of the day. But not to avenge our outraged country; not to secure a refunding of the millions spent in the war; not to make the rebels pay more than their share of the three billion dollars of debt they made us contract by their madness; not to add one other pang to their mortification and disappointment, or to the misery their folly has brought upon them.

"The reconstruction we want is, first, that rebellion against the federal government shall be demonstrated to be so costly, so despicable, so hopeless, that a thousand Calhouns, Masons, Rutlins, and Davises, can never again 'fire the Southern heart' to undertake it. Secondly, such a *quietus* put upon the Hotspurs of the South, that in case of difficulty with any foreign power, the mortified demagogues shall not be in positions to avenge themselves by combining their forces with those of the foreign foe. Thirdly, a guarantee that the black man shall be a citizen, fully and everywhere protected, as every white child is, by the whole military power of the country, and in full possession of his rights of manhood. Fourthly, that that article of the Constitution shall be put fully in force, by which the federal government is bound to secure to each State a republican form of government. Fifthly, that every citizen shall be proportionately taxed to pay the debt of the government, and that no citizen shall be taxed to pay the debt of the rebels, accumulated in the effort to destroy the nation."

## CHAPTER XV.

### TRAITS AND SOURCES OF POWER AS A MINISTER.

NOT every good man is fitted to become a good preacher ; but every good preacher must be a good man.

In analyzing the power of Dr. Kirk as a pastor and preacher, we need no demonstration of his fervent piety, other than has already been given. His assertion concerning the celebrated Dr. Archibald Alexander is eminently true of himself : “ God was his dwelling-place ; and, like an affectionate child, he was timid about getting far from home.” “ It is a great attainment,” he afterwards said, “ to believe that God has appointed you to a work ; to obey his call to that work and then lean on his almighty arm. Then the soul is poised, and at rest. It finds there strength and gentleness, energy and tranquillity. It aspires to nothing more, covets nothing more, pretends to nothing more, envies no other servant of the same master ; but rejoices in the success and glory of all and each.”

Days of fasting and prayer were sacredly set apart and kept in the midst of his most arduous duties. He believed with Luther, that to have prayed well was to have studied well. Whatever may be the philosophical reasons of the fact, it yet remains true that those most honored in the church have been men most accustomed to prayer.<sup>1</sup> This was the marked characteristic of every prominent reformer. Said Luther, “ I have often learned more in one prayer than I could have got from much reading and composing.” The writings of John Calvin declare his unfaltering trust in the

<sup>1</sup> See chapter i. of *Prayer and its Results*, by William W. Patton, D. D. It gives valuable references, a few of which we have here transcribed.



same agency. Queen Mary bore witness to the fact, although ignorant of its philosophy, in the assertion that she "feared the prayers of John Knox more than all the armies of Europe." Without the same undying trust, Melancthon would have been shorn of his power. The names of David Brainard, Harlan Page, Henry Martyn, Edward Payson, Robert M. McCheyne, and the Wesleys, are only a few of the many whose power lay, not in the mere intellect, but in their living piety.

Dr. Kirk's own convictions of the great truth here involved, were thus expressed in an address to the students of Chesnut College, founded by Lady Huntington: "It was well said by a French divine, more than half a minister's work must be accomplished in his closet; it is an affair between him and his God. Each Christian must be a man of prayer; but chiefly he who undertakes to negotiate between God and man in the matter of salvation. The life of all our services, the power of our appeals, the light of our instructions, the efficacy of our consolations, the savor of our example, all depend upon the degree of our communion with God. We are bound to live in view of both worlds, — to cherish the sentiments of heaven, while we live on earth; we are like ambassadors to a rebel province, who, by constant correspondence with the sovereign and his loyal courtiers, preserve ourselves from contracting the spirit of rebellion, while we deeply sympathize with the wretched condition of our rebel fellow-subjects. And where does the pastor tread more closely in the steps of the Great High Priest than when, with the names of his people on his heart, he is before the sprinkled mercy-seat? The church ought to look with much anxiety to this point, — that her ministers be men of prayer, of eminent prayerfulness."

Dr. Kirk was endowed, to be sure, with outward gifts of the highest order; persons of the most varied tastes and habits were alike charmed by his power in the pulpit; the very place assumed a sacredness from the time of his entrance; and remark was habitually made of his delicate

sense of propriety in his every action. But was this all? A critic advocating the world's surface-view, thus records his judgment:—

“Mr. Kirk enters the pulpit with a grace of manner which pleases the eye, and at once creates a favorable impression. He handles a hymn-book, or a Bible, in the same elegant manner; and slight as these things may seem, and as little worthy of notice, they open to us the chief secret of his success. He is as graceful in mind as he is in person, and this single fact forms the leading charm of his public addresses.

“Teachers of dancing, gymnastics, or etiquette, may strive in vain to impart a style like Mr. Kirk's even to the most refined and graceful person, unless nature has furnished a contour of parts as admirably adapted to it as in the instance in question. Some perhaps may think we lay too much stress upon this point. But we do not. We agree that if Mr. Kirk had not been blessed with excellent intellectual taste, as well as with elegant manners, he would not have succeeded as well; but we add, that, with twice the ability without the manners, he would have been even more unfortunate. Mr. Kirk's personal manners, then, in our estimation, give the entire tone and effect to his discourses.”

But men more gifted than he have failed. Men more graceful even than he have been as “sounding brass.” In a deep beyond the reach of the subtlest analysis of any merely natural gifts, we find the key to such a power as he wielded. From an old book worn and faded, sacredly kept among his choicest papers, we read the secret source of his strength. It is only an enlargement of what he had often before subscribed:—

#### “THE COVENANT.

“BOSTON, *January 29, 1850.* I now renounce all creature-excellence, wisdom, and power, in so far as they may be rivals of Jehovah; ‘all the vanities and cursed idols of this world;’ the pleasures, the profits, the honors of sin.

“I engage to delight and trust supremely in the Infinite and Eternal God.

“I will make it the supreme design and desire of my soul, that God may be more glorious than all his creatures in my view, and in the view of all men.

“I will endeavor evermore to stand with God, alone upon the foundation of his covenant, — the person and work of the Lord Jesus Christ.

“My study shall chiefly be directed to this practical end: to discover

how I can fulfill these promises; wherein I come short; how to penetrate my soul most deeply with a sense of the evil of such failure; and how to please God after such failure.

“This covenant is made after nearly thirty-six years spent nominally in the service of God, with various emotions:—

“Thankfulness that I am permitted to make it;

“Fear that it may aggravate the guilt of my future unfaithfulness;

“Absolute distrust of my own heart;

“Implicit and cheerful reliance on the love and power of my Lord Jesus Christ.

“To it I affix a name eminent in its unworthiness. And may the seal of the Spirit be upon it, as expressive of God’s holy approbation!

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

Yet no man was more deeply interested in learning for his own behalf, or more emphatically contended for a learned ministry. Beyond question, his convictions in this regard were another main source of his power. In Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, besides many of the modern languages, he was well instructed. He studied carefully, in the original, the meaning of every text. “The Hebrew and Greek Scriptures,” such were his own words, “ought to become the familiar companions of a gospel minister. There is a sweetness, unction, and power in them, which can be felt but not translated. The meaning may be expressed by circumlocution; and the translation will thus be equally instructive as the original; but it cannot be equally impressive either on the imagination or on the heart.” His note-books attest, moreover, the close attention given to every advance in thought. The statements of those whom hasty men denounce as “infidel” were closely examined, and commended either to the criticism or to the approbation of others:—

“It remains true, that the church is called upon, by the providence of her Lord, to secure a ministry profoundly learned, and disciplined in all the higher range of intellectual exertion. By the learning of the ministry, we mean to describe both knowledge and cultivation: a knowledge of the Bible, and of all that can throw light upon its meaning; a knowledge of the various shades of error which have misled men in past ages, and to which they are still exposed; a knowledge of the human heart, as gained from the study of the Bible, of history, of our contemporaries, and of ourselves; a knowledge of the dealings of God with his

church in each period of her history; a knowledge of whatever bears upon the interests of man as a subject of God's moral government; and a thorough discipline of mind, or the power of using the mental faculties in the highest exercise of which they are capable."

Repeatedly, as opportunities were given in addresses to the students of our colleges and those interested in education, he maintained the necessity for a ministry able to cope with errorists: the church of Christ should control men intellectually as well as by example. In an address delivered in Newark, N. J., October 30, 1851, he thus enforced his views: —

"In Germany, this potent instrument [education] has fallen into the hands of infidelity. And how dreadful the consequences have been! Once in Austria the proportion of Catholics to Protestants was one to twenty-nine. And for years scarcely a man could be found to enter the priesthood. Now she has become the sword-arm of the Papacy. And how? The Jesuits were permitted to control the universities. Luther was a teacher, and spread his doctrines greatly by his students. You remember Abelard, John of Paris, and Wickliffe; what an immense influence they exerted by their professional labors. You remember the venerable Simcon of Cambridge. He probably did more than any other man to restore an evangelical spirit to the Episcopal Church in England. Revert to the critical position of things in our country when Jefferson came into power, and gave his gigantic influence to favor the infidelity of France. There was one man, who probably did as much, if not more, to furnish an effectual resistance to his influence, than any other. That man was Timothy Dwight. He has stamped his own impress deeply on the religion of this country and on the moral department of its politics. His power over the students at Yale was immense; and most faithfully did he use it for Christ and his truth."

This interest in every scheme for a higher education deepened with his years. Next to the church, the Christian college held in his estimation the highest place: —

"It is the beneficent dispenser of God's highest intellectual gifts; the great gymnasium where the spiritual powers are trained; the fountain of light for the teachers of mankind. It is the hospital where ignorance is cured; it is the section of life's highway where experience and inexperience come together in the most living and effective intercourse; nay, it is the consecrated place where all the masters of thought, from remotest ages and lands, meet together to enrich the youthful mind of the present

generation. There, Homer's harp still sounds. There, Demosthenes still animates the soul to emulate his sublime eloquence: and Cicero still teaches how to become mighty in defense of truth. All sages, philosophers, statesmen, heroes, historians, poets, and orators, there live a deathless life, to keep the world from gliding back to ignorance and barbarism. What is the Christian college? The sacred place where Christian scholars teach, and govern, and counsel our young men; where the light of a godly example shines in the men whom our youth love to honor; where the worship of God is a part of the daily life, and where daily prayer lays all the hallowed interests of the beloved youth under the dew of the mercy-seat. In the Christian college, Moses comes before Socrates, David before Homer, Paul before Plato, and Jesus Christ is on the throne. Over the sacred, classic inclosure, rests all day the cloud of a covenant-keeping God; and from its altar rises constantly the incense of interceding prayer."

In addition to this profound regard for sound learning, we must count, as another source of his success, his clear comprehension of the value to the minister of a masterly expression. His own powers in this respect were the result, not only of nature but of study. His life-long friend James W. Alexander once wrote him of a common acquaintance: "He is a manly and forcible speaker, perhaps a little disposed to neglect those minor accomplishments of voice and mien which you and I, my dear fellow, have in a good long career lost nothing by regarding."

Dr. Kirk was possessed of a fine and commanding presence, a voice of uncommon compass and power, and a manner as graceful as his voice was melodious. His was the culture of Everett, with whom he was often compared as to diction and delivery. His reading of the Scriptures and of hymns always impressed men with his power. Many a minister came to him to learn the secret of such an utterance. One of these has told the story of his discipline. Said Dr. Kirk, "You may read the hymn of Watts, beginning —

"Stand up, my soul! shake off thy fears,  
And gird the gospel armor on."

The clergyman began in his customary manner; but his tones only awakened disgust in the teacher. "Call your soul John Jones, and then read with enough authority to

make John Jones stand up and shake off his fears and march forward ! ”

The voice of the learner assumed at once a new tone ; he read as directed, —

“ Stand up, John Jones ! shake off thy fears,” etc.

and the lesson was never forgotten.

Worshippers charmed by the doctor’s reading in the sanctuary and elsewhere, never knew with how great diligence he had learned to become so artlessly natural. In a volume entitled “ Pulpit Portraits of American Preachers,” the writer, Mr. Dix, thus refers to this accomplishment of Dr. Kirk : —

“ Seldom have we listened to a pleasanter or more impressive voice than that of Mr. Kirk as he reads a hymn. There is a slight tremulousness in it, which betokens that the reader feels the sentiments of the author. The soul seems to tremble under the influence of the emotional excitement. Free from everything that could impose, or attract, or excite by appeals to the senses, yet the recital of a hymn from his lips thrills us as we never were thrilled before ; and you observe, that, in reading the Scriptures, you are listening to a paraphrase, to a new translation, to a running exposition, in which is substance and matter for many sermons. But the prayer — oh, the prayer ! how shall that be characterized ? And indeed, we all feel that prayer is no subject for comment ; and yet did you ever listen to prayer like this ? Quiet, deep ; — the hushed fluttering of a dove-like spirit through the heaven of its devout contemplations. This we may notice in it, that adoration and ascription and devotion form so large a portion of it, and petition so little. It is in prayer that we feel how powerful is the voice of God and eternity in the soul of our teacher ; our confidence in him is deepened. We know that he has traveled into ‘ the heavenly places.’ Oh, reader, the human heart is deep and deceptive ; but do we not all know our instructor by the tone of his prayers ? Do not his supplications make our best music ? And when our preacher discourses to us, he still lingers near the light that rayed through his prayer. Subjects how remarkable, how simple, how full of majesty, how full of love, how full of light. We have never heard Mr. Kirk without being disposed to apply to him the words of Salis, so beautifully translated by Longfellow : —

“ Into the silent land !

Ah, who shall lead us thither ?

Clouds in the evening sky more darkly gather,

And shattered wrecks lie thicker on the strand.

Who leads us with a gentle hand  
Thither, O thither,  
Into the silent land?

“ O Land ! O Land !  
For all the broken-hearted  
The mildest herald by our fate allotted,  
Beckons, and with inverted torch doth stand  
To lead us with a gentle hand  
To the land of the great Departed  
Into the Silent Land ! ”

Fortunately, we are able to report in his own words the workings of his mind as to his preparation of sermons; and they, in turn, reveal the character of the man and the preacher: —

“ My earliest tendencies were to philosophical studies, which probably failed to balance properly with other kinds of investigation. Two evil consequences resulted: my personal faith was hindered from attaining a full and free development; and my pulpit efforts partook too much of the dead, didactic, abstract style which in our day so hinders the free march of gospel truth. My later studies have been more in the department of fact and sympathetic life, the region of the heart and poetic sensibility. The effect is twofold; the Bible is becoming to me a more luminous and glorious book; and my preaching is reaching and affecting a wider and higher range of minds, and effecting (under God) deeper transformation of character.

“ The church seems to me to owe a debt to the leading theologians of New England. Yet the sons of New England, and the admirers of her theology, ought to mark precisely the kind and extent of benefit the labors of these great and good men have conferred. It appears to me to be only, or chiefly, negative. They have guarded us against those false statements, or modes of presenting revealed religion, which arm the skeptic with an invulnerable coat-of-mail. I think they have taught us nothing very positive. Their philosophy of moral government and of the atonement may do very well, but I always felt when using them as David must have felt with Saul’s armor. Give me, I now say, the sling and pebbles of ‘thus saith the Lord,’ and I will go earnestly to meet the Goliaths of unbelief and pride. The abuse of their writings has been, to fill our pulpits with exhibitions of the *rationale* of doctrines, while souls were hungering for the very truths themselves. We must return more closely to the current of thought and sentiment which characterize Whitefield, Baxter, Howe, Flavel, and others like them. Nay, I may say we must preach more as Edwards *preached*, and preach less as Edwards *philosophized*. If any champion is terrible to the enemies of the gospel, it seems to me it will be ‘the man of the Book.’

“*Thus saith the Lord.* There may be too much ‘vindicating the ways of God to man.’ It betrays a want of that holy courage and simple confidence in the character and word of God which distinguished Paul,— ‘Who art thou that repliest against God.’ That community which has been taught rigidly to search the meaning of the Bible, and fully to confide in its truth, is in a healthier state than that which has built its theological faith on powerful reasonings.

“*Preach to every creature.* Thus said the Master; and yet many a servant contents himself with preaching *about* every creature, or *above* every creature, or *away* from every creature. In a word, the preacher must comprehend both the gospel and the creature, and preach the one to the other. The most truly powerful sermons are those in which the preacher’s mind and heart have comprehended, felt, and expressed the deepest, clearest, largest, sweetest, most thrilling truths of the gospel in their harmonious connections with one another, and at the same time in their immediate bearings upon the minds addressed. Biblical truth is to be *experienced*. Every truth of the gospel finds each mind to which it is addressed in a particular state relatively to itself. One has never so seen it as to find any interest in it, nor opposition to it: to preach to that man on that truth is to present it so as to interest him in it. Another has intellectual objections; they must be met. Another has antipathies definite and expressible; his very phrases ought to be handled and held in the sunbeam until they melt and evaporate. Another has deep antipathies that he has never distinctly recognized in himself; they must be summoned up from the ‘vasty deep,’ and exorcised by the word of the Lord in the mouth of his servant.

“*Sympathy with the hearer* should characterize every preacher. It will distinguish the permanently successful preacher. This exhibits the source of the evils adverted to in the preceding article. Some men are very powerful in a certain way; they can grasp a subject in its intrinsic magnitude, seize upon its higher, vaster, remoter relations, and they are very powerful in convincing men that they are powerful. But if power consists in an ability to interest men in the gospel; in arousing the conscience; in awaking the slumbering desires after God and heaven and holiness, then these men are weak. They have not the faculty (or, having the *faculty*, they have not the *facility*) of seizing the subject in its bearings upon the moral sensibilities of the hearer. To remedy this, requires an intense longing after the conversion of sinners and the sanctification of ourselves.

“*Feeling and animation in the pulpit.* I knew a minister who always wept in the wrong place; nobody was ready to cry with him; and sometimes the very opposite feeling to sympathy, by a standing rule of mind, was awakened. I have known men who literally raved in the pulpit; and the people looked on, as upon an unhappy subject of the St. Vitus’ dance.



These are well worth examining as specimen cases. Why does Dr. A.'s solemn tone produce so little true solemnity? Why does Mr. B.'s tenderness make no other heart soft besides his own? Why does Mr. C.'s earnestness arouse the genuine feeling in the hearers? One of two evils, or both of two evils, may perhaps exist in each case, and explain the whole phenomenon of an animated preacher and a dull audience. There is a want either of sympathy with the subject, or with the objects of the address; with the 'gospel' or with the 'creature.' "

The themes of Mount Vernon pulpit all centred around the person of Christ. Whatever was of interest to the sacred cause, found there a place. The great reforms, chiefly those of Temperance and Antislavery, were boldly upheld. The weary and the down-trodden found unspeakable comfort in the sympathy always expressed; and many an outcast has arisen there, like the prodigal, to go to his Father.

His parishioner, Deacon J. W. Kimball, thus writes of Dr. Kirk's preaching:—

"Dr. Kirk was certainly a man of his own kind, and yet from time to time, and in changing scenes and circumstances, he might for the moment be claimed, on the one hand and on the other, by classes extremely unlike and in their rudiments quite incompatible. To the kindly, warm-hearted, impulsive, he belonged always; to the outspoken, demonstrative, laborious, no less. When exigencies in church or state were imminent, no man was more prompt to utter his sonorous note and render a reason. When our people were at the top of the wave of exuberant joy over the election of Harrison, at a moment when most men of his profession would have deemed it the extreme of folly to attempt to win the ear of earnest politicians for Christ, he astonished the citizens of Boston at once with an illustration of his sympathy with his kind, and no less his knowledge of the facility with which a master hand can turn a powerful excitement to his own purpose, by inviting an audience exclusively of men to Park Street Church. The house was packed. A word or two of cheer may have been accorded to the happy issue of the election, a mound from which to fling his banner to the breeze, something in this wise: You have done well, aye, nobly; for it is well to be zealously affected always in a good cause; but, my friends, there is one concession intertwined in this achievement, which you are not to lose sight of; henceforward, when you find us, the servants of the Son of God, enlisting all our energies to secure a more exalted, an infinitely higher election, you are not to charge undue enthusiasm, extravagant excitement, or fanaticism. He then went on to one of his most felicitous and triumphant appeals to men

to become loyal and true to God. No man who heard that thrilling appeal could doubt that Dr. Kirk was master of the art of swaying human hearts to sympathy with his own glowing words. Such appeals made impressions that were not forgotten. When the great rebellion called for loyal hearts and hands, his voice was repeatedly heard and welcomed in places unusual for the clergy.

“The multifarious invitations poured in upon him obtained a ready hearing, but none of these things diverted him from his one great concern, to make the gospel of salvation intelligible and persuasive to all who were uninterested in Christ. To suppose that Dr. Kirk, in the beginning of his ministry, did not render due regard to the canons of both logic and rhetoric to the utmost extent of his ability, would be to indulge an absurd supposition. Few men have known as well as he, how to thus marshal his forces to the best advantage. In this regard, his sermons just before and subsequent to his settlement in Boston might be studied with advantage. And yet, as these lines may be read by those who never saw or heard him, it is in place to say that God had given him physical advantages far from common. He had a robust frame, with a broad chest and shoulders, a sturdy arm, a voice of uncommon power and musical tone. Of an emotional and passionate nature, he knew and used the way to the heart, and during much of his ministry rarely if ever failed to place many of his hearers in a melting mood. Assuredly his was no mere superficial power, no paper blaze to kindle only touchwood sensibilities. Those longest used to searching truth, and most unused to tears, could least withhold just tribute to his irresistible array of motive and of illustration. But as tens of years rolled on, and the doctor, in his solicitude to influence heavenward as many as he might, could not refuse the ever-multiplying invitations to installations, ordinations, society addresses, and evangelistic labors of almost every nature, can it be wondered that one of such abounding labors should find less and less leisure for new investigation? Or that he should surrender himself to the ever-available alternative of so full a mind and so vivid an imagination? The considerate will not be surprised to learn, that when, now and then, astonished by some overwhelmingly interesting discourse, the question was asked at the close of a Sunday morning’s service: ‘Why, when in the world did you find time to write that, doctor?’ the answer would be, ‘After I parted with you yesterday afternoon.’ No less obvious will it be, that not much of four or five brief hours could have been surrendered to analysis. Such was his facility, that one bright thought would give a steeple-chase to his ready mind and unfaltering pen, kindling the imagination, enlisting the sympathy, and more or less instructing the congregation, who could as easily report the successive phases of a gorgeous sunset, or the vivid illuminings of the Northern Lights, as make any extended reproduction of what they had heard.”

The duties devolving upon the minister in his relations to public worship, gained a deeper hold upon Dr. Kirk's thoughts year by year. His own peculiar manner in this sacred function — peculiar (shall we affirm?) in its pure naturalness and its great solemnity — awakened in many a mind questions as to the time spent in preparation for the service, as well as its underlying motives in the preacher's mind. All those upon whom these exalted duties rest, will especially ponder the following suggestions, dictated just at the close of his active ministry for just this purpose: —

“WORSHIP.

“I. *Responsibility of conducting Public Worship.*

“1. *In aiding worshippers.* — Woe to the man who diverts his congregation by any display of himself, by trickery, or by discussion of theological doctrine; by merely exhorting sinners to repentance; by bringing attention to anything personal, — health, etc.; or leaving them only half way to the mercy-seat. The essence of worship is the heart, not the intellect. Read Edwards on the affections, and see how prominent a place they have in religion! A thousand people are before us and we are left to lift them up. They are to praise and pray before they leave the house. The leader should be as near like a seraph as possible. He should mount the chariot of Aminadab, — the fiery chariot of Elijah. His eye should be fixed on the infinite majesty, purity, justice, power, love, and wrath of God; on the adorable and mysterious Trinity; bidding his intellect lie low, while his heart is glowing with celestial fire; now crying with Job, ‘I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear;’ now gazing with Isaiah unto the ‘Holy, holy, holy,’ and with John, as in the Revelation of the Alpha and the Omega. Let this be settled in the leader's mind: I am to get all these people, like a mother-eagle carrying her little ones on her wings, up, up, out of the smoky atmosphere of earth into the empyrean, amid adoring angels and children of the first-born who are casting crowns at Jesus' feet. In that sacred hour, heaven and earth must commingle. All the nobler elements of human nature must be brought into exercise: adoration, love, trust, submission, thankfulness, loyalty, penitence, holy aspiration, zeal for God, hope, joy, benevolence, tenderness. When a man wishes to push a rock from its place, he must have his foot against a stone of more than a ton's weight. He is to lift a very dead weight. The dull, the earth-clogged, the world-bewitched, the daring, the besotted, — all are there, and he must carry every heart in the audience as thus unfitted, — powerfully

gravitating towards earth,—and lay it a living, palpitating, glowing, cheerful sacrifice on the altar above. The minister who does that must be more than a man; he must be a man full of faith and of the Holy Ghost. He must pray in the Holy Ghost. The Spirit which searcheth the deep things of God must reveal them to him, and help his infirmities.

“ 2. *In teaching them to praise and pray.* People learn more what prayer is, and how to pray, in hearing one real prayer than by all the sermons and talks they ever heard or will hear, and all the tracts they will ever read on the subject. A mother inquired of me, How shall I teach my child the doctrines of religion, when the mind is unprepared for abstractions or to comprehend any subject not within range of the senses? My reply was: The birth-place, the home, the hearth-stone, of religion is the *heart*, not the *head*; your child will learn more about God in a thousand things by the influence of which you are perfectly unaware, than by any of your abstract teachings. The quick sympathies of a child make it an eager and successful student of the mother's heart. If she loves the invisible Father; if the strongest, tenderest cords of her heart are fastened up above; if her love, her trust, her thankfulness, her delight in God, now bring her to the bended knee, now lead her to snatch the moments for reading that mysterious Book, and for singing the gentle hymns, now lift the eye beaming with joy or suffused with tears to the beloved Invisible, or lead her to take the little one by her side to bend its knee and look upward; if all this makes a perfect contrast between her and many who visit her; that child is in the best theological school, has the best professor, the best catechism, that for the time being can be furnished it. This may aid in illustrating the relations between the pastor and his people in public worship.

“ 3. *In convincing and impressing infidels.* Paul says, ‘ If all prophesy (that is, in contrast with uttering unknown tongues, with which the Corinthians had become prond, but which when uninterpreted were mere jargon to a large part of the audience) — if all prophesy (that is, speak under the power of the Holy Ghost) of things revealed in the gospel, and there come in one that believeth not, or one unlearned, he is convinced of all, and thus are the secrets of his heart made manifest; and so, falling down on his face, he will worship God, and report that God is in you of a truth!’ I believe that a living man gazing on the face of God, and with his whole heart addressing the Eternal, does more to overcome infidelity in the majority of hearers than all the arguments or discussions they have ever heard or will hear. Let a man have the vision of faith which is the realizing sense of all that is revealed in the Bible; let him believe that God is, and is the rewarder of them that diligently seek Him; let his soul be the focus on which are concentrated the beams of all the glorious Divine attributes; let his soul be looking with horror on his own sins, his heart be bleeding and breaking as he gazes on the cross;

let his pride and self-righteousness be utterly crucified; let his heart be panting, his heart and flesh crying out for the living God, let his paternal eye be looking over the whole range of the Church of Christ, feeling the unity of the Spirit, the preciousness of the tie which binds the body of Christ together; let him in the sanctuary of God understand the end of the ungodly, exclaiming with the Psalmist, *Surely thou didst set them in slippery places: thou castedst them down into destruction. How are they brought into desolation as in a moment! they are utterly consumed with terrors,* — and his prayers will probably do more than the best of his sermons to overcome the skepticism of the human heart.

“ II. *Mode of Conducting Public Worship.*

“ 1. *Secure the timely and proportionate introduction of all the parts.* Let a full conception of man, as created by God for a priesthood, royal, etc., take possession of the mind. The book of Psalms was made to instruct the priesthood. The book of Leviticus was made in the Jewish form for the same purpose, to be christianized under the new dispensation. We must study that book. When John was elevated to close the sacred volume, he beheld man, not as a warrior, not as a statesman, not as a scholar, but simply conjoined with the holy angels in worship, and strikingly singled out from them when the central theme of thought and of praise was touched, — ‘Worthy the Lamb.’ Fill your souls with the most exalted conception of a congregation of people, filled with the vision of God’s glory; each heart overawed, elevated, enraptured with the sight, like Abraham and Moses speaking with the Eternal face to face. To secure this, is the business of the ministry. Give them clear conceptions of the sentiment of adoration: what it is; what inspires it. Study the book of Psalms to this end. Get into the spirit of the hymns of Watts and Charles Wesley, of the confessions of Augustine. Be familiar with the Scripture phraseology of prayer and praise. Then include —

“ *a.* Praise, — loyalty and submission;

“ *b.* Thanksgiving;

“ *c.* Confession;

“ *d.* Adoration;

“ *e.* Consecration;

“ *f.* Supplication, — for temporal good, for spiritual good to yourselves, families, church of God, country, race. Avoid cant phrases; life is varied.

“ 2. *Secure the expression of the suitable emotions and desires.* Suitable, that is, to the general condition of the people as men; to their special condition as individuals; especially, God’s present dealings with families and communities. A leader of public worship should be constantly watching God’s dealings. Give utterance of the heart high and low, of weeping and rejoicing, saint and sinner. Thus secure freshness, variety,

adaptedness; and, by God's grace, create a feeling in the people that would make them as reluctant to use printed prayers, as a sound man to use crutches.

“3. *Be in the right tone yourself*; reverential, humble, earnest, confident, joyous, simple, tender.

“III. *Preparation for this Office.*

“1. *General.* Give the liturgies a thorough examination. Nothing more arrogant than to call it *our* liturgy. Notice the prayers of laymen. See how they reach towards God. Read the Bible in reference to this whole subject. Study the wants of your own heart and of others' hearts. Cultivate sympathy with their wants. Associate God's peculiar presence with the sanctuary. Form the habit of looking into God's face when you pray, and of feeling, when you have prayed, *I have talked with God.*

“2. *Specific preparation.* Devote half an hour or an hour to reflect upon the worship you are to conduct. If the providence of God and his Spirit furnish you the tone and topics, follow them; if not, take the Book I have mentioned, select what seems to you the topics of the occasion until they become real desires in your heart.

“There is a vast difference between expression and impression. As the matter lies before my mind at present, I regard this to be the line of distinction between preaching and worship. The chief end of preaching is impression; that of worship, expression; and while we rejoice in the impressiveness of public worship, we may fear the effect of aiming to secure it. Its real impressiveness lies wholly in the genuineness of its expressiveness. To make a machinery of a conversation with God, a reverential ‘address’ to Him, appears to me nothing short of sacrilegious mockery. May not this principle apply equally to sacred music as to prayer?”

The influence exerted by one man over others is measured, in the end, by his personal character. Thus the pulpit simply multiplies the personality of the preacher by the number of his hearers; and we may rightly pass judgment upon every preacher of the gospel by seeking for his permanent effect, not in his sermons, but in his daily life. The remark has more than once been made of some *pulpit star*, “His sermons are admirable, but would have greater power were he to be shut up by himself so that others should not see him during the week.” But from the beginning of his ministry, in 1826, until its close, in 1874, though multi-

tudes gathered wherever Edward Norris Kirk was announced to preach, and though during all this time he lived in the sight of all, there was no want of accord between his message and his character. His personal traits, founded deep in piety, fitted him to be a leader among men. He never aimed to make a great impression of himself; he presented the truth as hewn from the Eternal Rock. As of John Knox, so it must be said of him, "he never feared the face of man;" yet the secret of his courage lay in his humble faith in God.

In the summer of 1852 he was invited by the church in Duxbury to preach for them. His host, the Hon. Seth Sprague, remarked in the morning, "Mr. Kirk, you will have Daniel Webster in your audience to-day." "Well," was his reply, "I have only one gospel to preach." Mr. Webster was present at the services; the sermon was upon Prayer, moving by its logic and pathos the great statesman equally with the humblest auditor. It was the last sermon Mr. Webster ever heard, and the last public service of worship he ever attended. He is known to have said, "One may live as a conqueror, a king, or a magistrate; but he must die as a man." The broken-hearted statesman listened that day not as a magistrate,—that honor was denied him,—but as a man; and, as a man soon to die, though he knew it not, he listened in the providence of God to a message that spoke, and spoke with heavenly authority, to that humble humanity which alone was to be his strength in the flight of "the lone soul to the lone God."

The following sketch of Dr. Kirk's ministerial career, by the Rev. Dr. Leonard Bacon, of New Haven, justly portrays his characteristics:—

"My first acquaintance with Edward Norris Kirk was in the autumn of 1826 (more than fifty years ago), when he, fresh from the Princeton Seminary, came to New Haven, in company with the returned missionary, Dr. Bardwell, to speak at the foreign missionary anniversary which we made

an effort to keep up here in those days. I remember little more of him on that occasion, than that he made then just the impression on me which, in all my after acquaintance with him, grew deeper and more distinct. The same enthusiastic zeal for the work he had in hand — the same eagerness to catch ideas from anybody that could tell him anything — the same earnest and graceful eloquence in public discourse which characterized him afterwards — belonged to him then. Perhaps I might say that he was not unconscious of his rare gift, — the gift of a most winning and effective utterance, but it was at least equally evident that he had learned not to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. His unaffected modesty, without embarrassing or painful diffidence, was not less winning than his eloquence.

“I do not remember seeing him again till the General Assembly of 1831, — an assembly famous in the history of the Presbyterian Church in the United States. He had, in the mean time, become the pastor of a congregation gathered and organized under his own ministry at Albany, and his spiritual sympathies had brought him out of the Triangularism of his early training and his Princeton studies, into the light of what was then beginning to be called, in the Presbyterian Church, ‘New School Theology.’ As a preacher, he had found the need of a gospel which should offer salvation, not only to an elected portion of mankind, but to all men as sinners for whom Christ has died; and such a gospel he found in the Scriptures. The staid orthodoxy of Albany Presbyterianism was more than half afraid of him. He was more than suspected of sympathy with Mr. Finney, whose name had become a terror to conservative and judicious men however imbued with New England theology. Dr. Beman, of Troy, whose election to the moderatorship of that General Assembly had alarmed the Triangulars, was his admired and honored friend. The religious awakenings of the period, which had their beginning in Northern and Central New York, had in some respects made a new man of him, — or, at



least, a new preacher. If he had ever been hampered with the theory that the relation of God's word to the regeneration of sinful men is not really the relation of means to end, but is only like the relation of the sounding rams'-horns to the falling of the walls of Jericho, he had got rid of that incumbrance. Already he was beginning to have a measure of celebrity, as a preacher who could command the attention of hearers, and under whose presentation of the gospel men felt that the doctrine of the cross is the power of God to salvation. I suspect that few at the present time are aware how difficult it was in those days, for a young preacher, whether trained at Princeton or at Andover, to break through the network of traditional and metaphysical difficulties about 'inability' and the sinner's dependence on the electing sovereignty of God — how difficult to preach with an unswerving and unembarrassed conviction of the divine sincerity in the offer of eternal life to every hearer of the gospel. The New School divines were struggling, as their predecessors had struggled, to solve old paradoxes, and to demonstrate the consistency of doctrines that seemed to contradict each other. But already in 1831 the young man Kirk had risen (may I not say?) above such difficulties. Without rejecting any formulated doctrine in the *consensus* of Calvinistic theologians — without exhausting his hearers or himself in the logical discriminations and refinements by which New Divinity, from the days of Edwards, had maintained its position as the only 'consistent Calvinism,' he had become, I think, unconscious of any conflict between God's eternal and sovereign providence and the freedom of responsible creatures, or between the ability of sinful men to repent and their dependence on God to give them repentance. Having a gospel to preach, he preached it as good tidings, expecting it to take effect, and not doubting that those who heard him could accept its offers. I do not remember that, then or afterwards, I had any talk with him, distinctly, on the questions that were in those years the subjects of theological controversy, but, then and thenceforward, it was evident

that if ever he had been embarrassed (as so many were and still are) by the metaphysics of theology, no such embarrassment remained in his conception of the gospel or of its relation to his hearers.

“ His reputation as an effective preacher grew year by year. Consequently his aid was often sought by other pastors in times of religious revival. Some who disliked the methods and feared the influence of professional revivalists, were glad of his help, because he was a pastor and knew the heart of a pastor. I am not sure that I remember correctly all the occasions on which he visited New Haven to help us. He was here a little while in 1837 ; and again, in the winter of 1840-41 ; and again, ten years later, in my absence from the country. Sometimes, on those occasions, he was a guest in my family ; and we found his presence under our roof a privilege and a joy. Sometimes he was at Dr. Taylor’s ; and wide as was the difference between him and the great theologian in their special gifts and aptitudes, there was a bond of the closest sympathy between them. Dr. Kirk was not more a ‘ revival preacher ’ than was Dr. Taylor, whose experience in that special work had been great, both in his own congregation while he was a pastor and elsewhere in later years. Indeed the chief and constant aim of Dr. Taylor’s studies in theology was not speculative for speculation’s sake, but practical for the sake of converting men to God. He studied and argued that he might disentangle the gospel from misinterpretations put upon it by erroneous philosophy. If he elaborated fresh statements of old doctrines, it was, at first, that he himself in his own pulpit, and afterwards, that every young man who sat before him in his lecture-room, might preach effectively, as Paul preached, ‘ by manifestation of the truth commending [himself] to every man’s conscience in the sight of God.’ The passion of his life was so to preach — and to instruct and train his pupils so to preach — that conversions should follow, not at some future day, but immediately. This was the special sympathy between him and Brother Kirk ; and more than once, when sitting in the

same pulpit with the two, I have seen the theologian, as the preacher paused for a moment, prompting him with a whispered word of counsel, such as 'Bear down a little more on that point;' or, 'Follow up that appeal.' It seemed as if their mutual interest was like that between an elder brother and a younger.

"We in New Haven had few opportunities of becoming acquainted with Dr. Kirk save under exceptionally favorable conditions. Preaching to great assemblies sensitive with religious thankfulness — preaching discourses not read from manuscript nor recited from memory, yet with every thought and illustration familiar to his mind — he gave us, I think, the best specimens of his power as a preacher; and that was all that the most of us knew about him otherwise than by report. Yet, for myself, I can say that, meeting him from time to time at the 'anniversaries' and elsewhere, and conferring with him in various consultations for the common cause, I had occasion to see the depth and vividness of his interest in all sorts of Christian enterprises. The breadth of his sympathies gave him breadth of vision; and he was large-minded because his heart was large. His personal relation to the revival and extension of evangelical Christianity in France and Switzerland did not diminish his interest in missions to Turkey or China. His mind and heart, and his eloquent voice, were ready in any reasonable and hopeful work for our own country. In the temperance reformation he had a leading part from the beginning. In the conflict with slavery he was never wanting, — not even when powerful organizations, making unctuous profession of godliness, sustained by most honored names in church and state, and formidable in the strength of accumulated capital, were demanding 'the approbation of all evangelical Christians' for methods of evangelization on a 'catholic basis' which would permit no word of protest against the wickedness of one man's selling another man's wife and children by virtue of a pretended right paramount to the divine right of the husband and father. It is difficult for young men (and, per-

haps, for some old men also) to conceive and understand that only twenty years ago we were fighting that battle. But such is the fact; and, as I remember the conflict, I thank God that, by his grace, Edward Norris Kirk was on the right side."

Among the many and diversified labors of Dr. Kirk there are, perhaps, none which in their entireness more fully reveal the man than did his connection with the world-renowned Mount Holyoke Seminary. The methods and characteristics employed and exhibited in his large parish, were there exhibited in their peculiar beauty. In a cordial response to our request, Professor William S. Tyler, D. D., of Amherst College, a trustee of the seminary from its foundation, has written an account of this deeply interesting part of Dr. Kirk's life. No one so well as he can record the sacred associations there formed. We append the narrative:—

"Next to the salvation of souls and the emancipation of the slaves, including also the full enfranchisement and elevation of the freedmen, perhaps Christian education, especially in our colleges and higher seminaries, was the cause that lay nearest his heart. I shall never forget the lively and persistent interest which he manifested in the Premium Essay on Prayer for Colleges, published by the Western College Association in 1855, and reissued in so many forms and editions since. As a member of the committee that awarded the prize, he became interested in the essay, and spared neither time nor pains for improving the book and extending its circulation. After the prize had been awarded, he visited the author at Amherst for this express purpose; and we read the entire essay over together, praying as we read and revising as we prayed. The whole subject was familiar and congenial to him. Both parts of it—PRAYER and PRAYER for COLLEGES—touched his own experience and moved his heart. His criticisms were not numerous, but free and at once generous and just. His suggestions were rich. Both in matter and manner the essay was much improved and enriched by this revision. And it illustrated at once the variety of his attainments and the kindness of his heart, that he took the occasion to intersperse not a few valuable suggestions, incidental *lessons* they might be called, in reading and elocution, which none who knew him will doubt he was admirably qualified to give, and which the writer only wishes he had been able more fully to appropriate and apply.

“The first visit of Mr. Kirk to Mount Holyoke Seminary was in 1844, when he delivered the annual address at the anniversary. A printed copy of the address lies before me. The title-page reads as follows: ‘The Greatness of the Human Soul. An Address delivered at the Seventh Anniversary of the Mount Holyoke Seminary, South Hadley, Mass., August 1, 1844.’

“Mr. Kirk’s interest in Mount Holyoke Seminary began at a still earlier period, at the house of Deacon Safford in Boston, where he first met Miss Lyon, and not only found in her a kindred spirit, but in the Christian school, in the founding and upholding of which Miss Lyon and Deacon and Mrs. Safford had so set their hearts, an object in which his sympathies could not but be easily and heartily enlisted. It was not, however, until after the death of Miss Lyon that he became officially connected with the seminary, or began to labor for the religious welfare of the teachers and pupils.

“His second visit was in June, 1855, when Deacon Safford came up on one of his frequent labors of love and care for the external affairs of the seminary, and Mrs. Safford and Mr. Kirk accompanied him. ‘It was within six weeks of the close of the school year,’ writes Miss Chapin, who was then and for many years after principal of the seminary, ‘and we had already begun to feel the pressure of the closing days. I do not think the idea of *special religious effort* for our school at *that time* had occurred to any of us. In fact, if it had been suggested, I suspect it would have seemed inopportune. Our friends came Thursday, the day of our weekly religious meeting, and Dr. Kirk spoke to us in the evening. In reply to his remark as we were going into the hall, that he would like to give an invitation to *inquirers* to meet him for conversation, I told him frankly that I would be glad to have him do so, but I feared there would not be a ready response on account of the pressure of the season. At the opening of the service, Dr. Kirk said, if there were any present seeking the Saviour, who felt that human sympathy and counsel could avail them anything, he would invite them to come to him as to an elder brother, and made an appointment to meet any such inquiring ones at my room at the close of the meeting. The subject of the evening’s discourse was the Parable of the Prodigal Son. More than twenty availed themselves of the opportunity for personal conversation, and at least one that evening found peace in believing. Dr. Kirk spoke to us at our Friday morning prayers, and also, by request of the school, held an extra service in the evening, and on both occasions the Spirit seemed to give him just the right words for our instruction. As opportunity offered, he conversed with a large number of our pupils, *always*, I think, closing the conversation with *prayer*. Christians in darkness and doubt and backsliding, as well as impenitent ones, of their own accord came to him for counsel. The work grew upon his hands, and he remained until he was called home by

an engagement with his own people. In two weeks he returned according to promise, to take up the work where he had left it, and remained from Thursday till Monday. Again he came the Saturday before anniversary, and remained till the close of our school exercises. . . . I think many who heard him that last Sabbath evening on the text, "Redeeming the Time," will long remember his words: "In all the future let your religious duties be supreme. I must meet the *Bible*; I must meet the *Cross*; I must meet *Christ*. This should be the language of *every heart every day*." There were at least thirteen cases of hopeful conversion in connection with Dr. Kirk's labors these last six weeks. But I think his work was more with professing Christians. Many of these received from him an abiding impulse to a deeper, holier, more earnest Christian life.

"This summer's experience opened wide to him the door to the hearts of our pupils. They ever after hailed his coming with joy. In the busiest times, when their studies pressed most heavily, they always seemed glad to listen to his words of counsel. They looked upon him as their spiritual guide. They *knew* that he could say with Paul, "God is my record, how greatly I long after you all," — for your conversion — your growth in grace — your consecration to the service of Christ. We who were teachers were always strengthened and encouraged by his coming. From this time onward he aimed, as far as other duties would allow, to visit the seminary at least once during each year, *that he might win souls to Christ*. He was frequently there on the day of prayer for colleges — was particularly interested in being there at *that* time because he had so much *faith in prayer*."

"At their annual meeting in August, 1856, Dr. Kirk was elected a member of the board of trustees. In 1858 he was chosen president of the board, and was reelected to that office each year till his death in 1874. It was in 1856 that Deacon Safford was removed by death, after twenty years of unwearied and most unselfish devotion to the service of the seminary; and it was to fill the place of that faithful, holy man, his intimate friend and trusted parishioner, that Dr. Kirk was chosen a member of the board. Miss Lyon had also finished her work and gone to her reward. He felt that he was *baptized for the dead*, and was called by a holy calling to enter into their labors and in their spirit carry on their work.

"He spent two or three weeks with us in the winter of 1859," writes one who was then a member of the Senior Class and is now one of the associate principals, "and many souls were given him as the reward of his labors, though probably the number was not so great as it was in some of the following years. He once requested the young ladies to hand him written questions on theological and practical subjects, and expressed surprise that so many of them related to the Origin of Evil and

the Doctrine of Election. He interested himself in the class work and gave some stimulating lectures on various subjects. I remember especially one on elocution, in which he pointed out the usual faults in a young lady's style of reading as faithfully as he would have done in any matter affecting the salvation of her soul. The impression he made upon us in those days was that of a great and good man wholly intent upon drawing us away from that aimless, selfish life to which he knew so well how to show us we were tempted, to one of earnest consecration to Christ. He came again at the close of that school year, and spoke several times anniversary week, always on the same theme. The graduating class have not yet forgotten the opening sentence of his address to them before presenting their diplomas: 'Young ladies, your course of study here is now closed. It remains to be seen, whether you are to live for self or for God.'

"In 1862, Dr. Kirk delivered the address at the celebration of the Twenty-fifth Anniversary of Mount Holyoke Seminary. The main points in the address were: 1. A rapid sketch of the life and character of Miss Lyon. 2. The distinctive principles and spirit of Mount Holyoke Seminary; in other words, the chief ends for which it was founded, and the peculiar plan and method for the accomplishment of that end. 3. A concise outline of the history of the seminary, especially its religious history, during the first quarter century of its existence. 4. The results, direct and indirect, already achieved and yet to be anticipated, and some remarks by way of inference and application. Miss Lyon he regarded as almost the impersonation in a healthy and vigorous body of strong common sense, cultivated intellect, and self-denying, self-sacrificing Christian love. The vital principles of the seminary, as stated by him, are the permanent endowment securing a thorough course of study at a moderate expense to the pupil; the disinterested spirit and the soul-saving labors of the teachers; the cultivation of the missionary spirit, and making usefulness the end of living in teachers and pupils. In reference to 'the housekeeping department,' 'about which much has been said, much too unwisely,' he declares, and it is a point on which he often insisted with great earnestness, that Miss Lyon's main motive was not economy, still less to teach housekeeping, but 'to honor labor, to cultivate independence of feeling, unity, kindness, health, and energy.' The most striking feature in his summary of results is this: 'Of the first seven senior classes not one member went from the seminary without a hope in Christ; we have the record of seven hundred and thirty-nine conversions in twenty years, the largest number in one year having been seventy, the lowest definitely recorded twenty-five.' The spirit of his application may be seen in his address to the teachers: 'Let me remind you that your efficiency depends on two grand but simple principles of action: you have forever renounced looking out for ease, honor, emolument, position,

power, pleasure in the world; you walk daily, hourly in the very light of your Saviour's presence. The instant you come down to the common ground of self-seeking, you part company with Mary Lyon and you betray her dear seminary. May her Saviour keep you, as He kept her.'

"The year 1863-64 was distinguished by the most remarkable outpouring of the Spirit perhaps in the whole history of the seminary. The last work of Fidelity Fisk's holy and useful life was done (largely in her own room and under great bodily weakness) in that revival; and her account of it is given in the twenty-seventh chapter of her Memoir, which is entitled 'Last Labors at South Hadley.' I have before me a full narrative of it in the Annual Report of the principal (Miss Chapin), made at the close of the year to the trustees. Gladly would I copy the whole, but I must confine myself to that part of it which narrates the labors of Dr. Kirk. At the beginning of the year there were one hundred and twelve of the pupils without hope in Christ. Of these from thirty to thirty-five were hopefully converted in the first term or near the beginning of the second. But the large number of those especially in the upper classes, who were still unconverted, and the low standard of Christian living among professors of religion and young converts, showed the necessity of a more copious effusion of the Spirit. The teachers deeply felt this necessity, and their prayers and efforts had already been blessed in the reclaiming of backsliders and the quickening of Christians, when about the middle of February Dr. Kirk visited the seminary. 'He addressed the school Tuesday evening, Thursday morning, and Friday evening. At the first two meetings there was an appearance of solemnity and a manifestation of tenderness of feeling that gave evidence of the working of the Spirit. Friday evening the Holy Ghost came down upon us with unwonted power. There seemed to be a manifested presence of God that could be felt. There came over the audience a deep, solemn silence that was almost painful. The subject of Dr. Kirk's discourse was, "Choose ye this day whom ye will serve."<sup>1</sup> There was no appeal to the feelings, but a strong setting forth of the claims of God upon the service of the heart and life. It seemed as though every impenitent soul was brought to face the question: "Will I choose God or self, holiness or sin, heaven or hell?" Such of those who had not chosen the service of God as wished an opportunity for personal conversation were invited to remain after the close of the service. [Dr. Kirk's usual method at the seminary was to invite inquirers to meet him at a *private room*.] The benediction was pronounced, but not one moved from her seat. They seemed afraid to break the spell that was upon us. I indicated to those near me that they might go. Slowly and silently they went out, but their thoughts were with those they left behind; and

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Kirk is remembered to have said that of all his sermons that on this text had been blessed to the conversion of the greatest number of souls.



we knew that many Christians went, singly and in groups, to plead for them at the throne of grace. Teachers with each other and with pupils, and pupils with each other, moved with one impulse, poured out their hearts with strong crying and tears. About forty remained for conversation. The scenes of that hour I will not attempt to describe. I never before had such an impression of the mighty working of the Holy Spirit.'

"At the urgent written request of one hundred and forty students, a part of them irreligious, Saturday was for the most part given up to private and social prayer. 'Monday evening seventy-five attended a meeting for conversation converts. A large proportion of the forty who remained for conversation Friday evening were found at this meeting. A few have since been added to this number, making about eighty-five in all. Deducting those who have left the seminary during the year, only nineteen remain of those one hundred and twelve who came to us without hope at the beginning of the year. . . . I believe that one of the deepest impressions left on the minds of teachers and pupils by this revival is that *prayer* is a *reality*, that it has power with God.' 'Another feature or result of the work is the going out of the heart in prayer and labor for friends away.' At the instance of Miss Fisk, the young converts generally wrote letters to their unconverted friends. The last evening of the term was given to prayer for friends at home. And not a few conversions, and at least one revival, seemed to be the result of these prayers and efforts.

"While Dr. Kirk labored thus for the religious welfare of the school, he was scarcely less anxious to secure the highest standard of teaching and scholarship in language, literature, science, and art. He had private interviews with individual teachers, sometimes also with pupils, in which with Socratic patience and skill, and very much in the manner of Socrates himself, he conversed with them about their studies, drew out from them by question and answer their difficulties and dangers, pointed out to them their errors and defects, encouraged them if they were too diffident and desponding, and taught them to seek and, so far as possible, to realize the highest ideals. He went into the classes, and there, in like manner, set before teachers and pupils the true idea of the science, the art, the author, or the book they were studying, and the best methods of study and of recitation. The pronunciation of Latin, the study of the modern languages, and reading, elocution, singing, were subjects in which he felt an especial interest and made his influence felt in the seminary. He wrote letters, sometimes to the principal, to solve her doubts, relieve her personal or official perplexities, and stay up her hands when they grew weary and seemed ready to faint; sometimes to the corps of teachers, insisting on the necessity of keeping Mount Holyoke Seminary ever in the foremost rank of schools and colleges for the sex, as in Chris-

tian character and life so in the standard of scientific attainment, literary culture, and all high and true womanhood; sometimes to the whole school, impressing upon teachers and pupils alike their responsibility, not only for making the most of the best there was in themselves as individuals, but also for making the seminary, both in learning and in religion, all that Mary Lyon and the other noble founders intended it to be; nay, more than all that they ever imagined it could become.

“Thus, as early as 1857, he addressed to the whole school a letter from Paris, in which, after a graphic sketch of the brilliancy and yet the spiritual degradation and misery of the people by whom he was surrounded, he takes occasion to write a concise but highly instructive lecture on the lessons of foreign travel and the study of history, and then concludes as follows:—

“But young as our country is, afflicted as it is with a national evil that threatens to involve the whole people in its destructive influences, yet you may be content that you were not born in Europe, and that your field of labor is America. The part that country is to bear in future history seems hardly questionable, if it survives the struggle through which it is now passing. But its future influence depends on its future character. And to what an extent is that in the hands of the women of America! If that fact, my young friends, inflates your vanity, then *you* will not be the women of whom it will be true. If it enkindle in you noble aspirations to be qualified to aid in forming a truly great people, if it press you with a sense of your responsibility, and bring you often to the mercy-seat, then you will have that honor. Oh, avoid the dreams of those of your sex who are content to aspire after great influence, but not willing to qualify themselves for the greatest usefulness. You know that the first element of usefulness is disinterestedness, that which so eminently characterized your institution's illustrious founder. Nothing is more unbecoming to the hallowed walls that surround you and the sacred ground that surrounds her resting-place, than selfishness and female vanity. Rejoice in the privilege of living in a house and feeling the power of a discipline which still bears so much of her impress and so strongly stimulates you to a Christ-like benevolence. . . . My dear young friends, if you continue to manifest that spirit, they who teach, we who watch over you, yea, perhaps they who on earth enshrined this school in their inmost hearts and who still love it, will rejoice and give glory to God.

“I do not write so much to instruct or even to counsel you, as to signify to you that, though far away, I do not become indifferent to your welfare nor cease to pray for your intellectual and religious progress. The blessing of the Highest be on you.

“Your affectionate friend,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.

“PARIS, *May* 21, 1857.’

“ His addresses to the graduating class from year to year at the anniversary were very much in the same strain. The following is from his address to the class of 1871: —

“ ‘ You have selected a noble motto. Were you aware of its beautiful, comprehensive ambiguity? Was that your purpose? If so, I echo it in the fullness of its meaning: —

“ Non nobis solum’

breathes the humblest spirit of Christian dependence, the loftiest aspiration of Christian heroism. Not by our created strength and wisdom, not to our selfish earthly ends will we live. This disengages you from earth, identifies your will with God’s, girds you with supernatural strength for every work and conflict, elevates your toil, purifies your affections, makes your earthly life celestial, dear young friends. Write your motto, each in her inmost heart: ‘ Not of myself, not to myself.’ A thousand paths stretch out from the gate of this school. Which have you chosen? On which will your feet alight? May the God of all grace guide that step. Nobis, or non nobis? That is the momentous question. Has all your learning come to this, that you have found nothing nobler to live for than the petty gratification of selfish desires, nothing stronger to lean upon than an arm of flesh? To-day we would exhort you by all that is beautiful and glorious in living for God and your race, by all the purest joys and sublimest honors of an eternity in heaven, to give your entire selves to Christ, to make his glory your chief aim, to live on his promises, gird yourselves with his strength; and in that strength go forth to make this poor human race as good and as blessed as possible.’

“ From those general exhortations, he proceeds to speak of the great debt which every pupil owes to Mount Holyoke Seminary, and, in six particulars, to suggest how that debt is to be paid. Of these particulars the first is so fundamental and so characteristic of Dr. Kirk as well as of Mary Lyon and the institution which she founded, that I cannot withhold a part of it : —

“ ‘ 1. Get clear views of the principles which characterize this institution, of its spirit and its aims. Acquaint yourself with Mary Lyon, and that which distinguished her among women, yes, among Christian women. She lived wholly for Christ. None that knew her can recall the action that aimed at exalting herself. She saw the piety of her day commingled with worldliness, ambition, petty jealousies, low aims, self-seeking. She saw that woman had not come up to the height to which Christ would exalt her. And she laid herself upon the altar for Christ and her sex. Her life work was to found a school in which the heart

should be educated with the mind; but the heart for its own sake, the mind as the instrument of a benevolent Christ-like heart to bless a perishing world. She regarded no gift as bestowed on a woman for that woman's sake, to make her the focus of admiring eyes, but as an instrument for Christ to employ in executing his benevolent purposes. She looked on the education of woman as the process of developing her faculties to work for Christ's glory and human welfare, apart from fashion, display, luxury, and frivolity. It is a paltry conception of her sublime work and of this school, to suppose that she chiefly designed to make housekeepers, teachers, missionaries, or missionaries' wives. I say paltry, not as underrating these positions, but simply to show the narrowness of many who regard their own views as very broad and peculiarly refined. She did not dispense with servants for economy's sake but for higher reasons. She sought to educate woman: to send out into the world fully developed Christian women, with minds enlarged, with faculties disciplined, with taste and manners refined, with a preparation to take their place among the cultivated anywhere, but preëminently unselfish women, women who still enter any neighborhood with the supreme aim of being a blessing to it. I charge you to go forth prepared to detect the spirit of selfishness as it characterizes the world and disfigures the church, and understand that you have failed to be educated just so far as your natural selfishness remains.'

' "In 1873, at the close of a visit to the seminary, he addressed the following note to the corps of teachers:—

"RESPECTED FRIENDS,—My present visit to this beloved institution has awakened in me new convictions of the responsibility of the trustees who are selected to watch over its sacred interests. I am impelled to propose to you several questions, the answers to which may enable us to aid you more effectually to put in execution your noblest plans and to keep this institution where its founder placed it, and where we fully believe she would place it, if permitted still to watch over and guide it.

"I. What do you consider to be the present state of the seminary: 1. As compared with its past history. 2. As compared with the most advanced schools and colleges?

"II. What are the improvements in the mode and means of education which ought to be made here?

"What can the trustees do in order to enable you to realize your highest aims? . . .

Respectfully yours,

"EDWARD N. KIRK.'

"*Excelsior* was always Dr. Kirk's motto, as in religion, so also in education — as for himself, so for the church, for the school, for all indi-

vidually and collectively for whom he was in any way responsible, over whom he could exert any influence. He would have his beloved Mount Holyoke Seminary abreast of 'the most advanced schools and colleges,' with the most advanced and ever advancing curriculum standard of scholarship, methods of teaching, ways and means of education. The last letter I ever received from him was full of this matter, and was written for the purpose of enlisting more fully the coöperation of the Amherst professors, especially those who are trustees of Mount Holyoke. The last letters that he wrote to the principal manifest the deepest interest in the erection of the new building for science and art; and in more than one he has sketched a plan for the building with his unsteady hand and imperfect vision. He was greatly interested in the funds for the building, yet curiously he always insisted that he had no capacity for begging, and strangely enough the direct solicitation of funds was the only thing that he was not willing to do for the institution.

"While he contended earnestly for the faith and spirit of the founders, and insisted on keeping the seminary true to the principles on which and the purposes for which it was established, he was never afraid of changes and innovations that were in the line of real progress. Indeed, he often remarked that the seminary was one great innovation, and Miss Lyon herself was the greatest of innovators. Hence, besides improvements in the curriculum and in the manner of teaching, he strongly favored the introduction of a resident doctress instead of employing outside doctors, and it was with great satisfaction that he saw a well educated female physician established in the school and prescribing for her sisters with a skill and success, to say the least, fully equal to the medical practice from without which was thus superseded. He had no fear of modern science, but often expressed a wish that he were young again to grapple with its problems, and always encouraged teachers and pupils in the fearless investigation of all truth, though it ought always to be in a humble, teachable, and believing spirit. 'Why don't he say GOD?' was his indignant exclamation as he heard some one reading to him the report of Tyndall's lectures, and saw how 'nature' had usurped the place which belonged to Him.

"He never let slip an opportunity to drop a word in season that would be remembered, to teach a lesson that was needed, 'to help all who were about him in every way possible, from the sublimest doctrines of theology down to the smallest points of etiquette.' 'During one of his visits to the seminary,' writes a teacher, 'I passed through the parlor where he was sitting alone in his half blindness. He put out his hand to stop me and said very earnestly, "Do you love Jesus, my child?"'

"'While two of us were conversing with him one afternoon, he said suddenly, "Do you understand the difference between the new and old

school of New England theology?" Then followed a careful explanation of what he considered the important distinctions, our ignorant questions only calling forth the most patient and painstaking answers. One hour later he was suggesting to a little group, who were walking with him on Prospect Hill, that one could walk with more ease and grace by forming the habit of placing the foot properly upon the ground. Nothing seemed trivial to him when it was a question of benefit to others. And in giving such lessons or making his suggestions, he united a keen insight into personal deficiencies with a gentleness of manner that disarmed all offense.

"Don't you remember," writes a former pupil to the principal, "when we called on Dr. Kirk as he was sitting in the sunshine at the farther end of the room, reading his Bible? He was very cordial, and you talked with him about seminary matters and the church in South Hadley; and then the subject of the taxation of church property came up. He thought it was a subject destined to come before the people more and more; and he was decidedly of the opinion that church property *should* be taxed. "I don't give up any of my manhood by being a minister," he said. Then the conversation drifted on to mental philosophy.

"Who could describe the impression he produced our first year in the seminary — so real, so intense. Was it the power of a strong and tender nature with God in it? Was it his dear love to Christ and his desire to gather souls to Him, or was it all God and no Dr. Kirk that made him such a blessing? He talked so earnestly, right out of his heart, that it did not seem like preaching, but took us right along. Speaking about humility one time, he said he used to imagine it was a little white dove that came and perched on one's shoulder, but, he said, it was nothing like that — it was getting right down before God, conscious of our sins. How we all admired that discourse on the Two Builders, and how his whispered "But the sand!" thrilled the audience! When he preached that wonderful sermon on the Prodigal Son — if anything so alive could be called a sermon — it was as if Jesus himself were there telling the story. The only words that I can recall are: "But these rags." Yet the effect of the sermon will remain through eternal ages, for, as he spoke, with all his soul in the words and God's soul in them too, something within my heart said, "I will arise and go unto my Father."

"I have been struck with the indelible impression which Dr. Kirk's words made on so many of the pupils at South Hadley. Miss Ward once asked the members of her senior class to fill out the last quarter of a recitation hour by each of them putting on paper something she remembered of or from Dr. Kirk. The papers which they wrote — anonymous of course — were preserved and are before me. One remembered a single sentence, another an illustration, a third the plan of a discourse,

a fourth little more than a word with the look or gesture that accompanied it. But something of the man and his utterances was rooted in every memory. A volume of his sayings and doings could doubtless be collected now from the recollections of those who saw and heard him in his visits to Mount Holyoke Seminary. And it would be a live volume, full of living thoughts and burning words on the greatest variety of subjects.

“The following extract is from a letter without date, but written in 1857 or 1858, not long after his return from Europe. It is addressed to the principal of the seminary.

“MY DEAR MISS CHAPIN. — I am here again [Boston], too busy to look after my flock in South Hadley, but not forgetful of them. If I should make out a course of lectures on Palestine, it would be pleasant and profitable to deliver them to your household. But I can hardly count upon time sufficient for that. My time at South Hadley is all gold, because it is such a rich, ripe harvest-field to reap for souls. There is no feature of the institution which presents it to me in so impressive a light as this. I can go there and find such a group of young women as are seldom brought together, concerning whom Agur’s prayer has been *answered*, spoiled neither by poverty nor riches, children of the covenant, rightly taught at home, *sancæ mentes in corporibus sanis*; in a school consecrated to Christ; under discipline completely Christian; surrounded by an atmosphere of prayer. When I come, everything combines with my ministerial labors, every heart sympathizes with my objects and desires. The whole arrangement of the school harmonizes with my plans. You may be sure I appreciate my privilege, and shall always be happy when other claims allow me to labor in your house.’

“The remainder of the letter is personal—semi-pastoral and semi-parental, and so full of sympathy, wise counsel, and timely encouragement to the principal, that it must have greatly sustained and strengthened her under her responsible duties.

“In December, 1861, he wrote to Miss Chapin as follows: ‘I sympathize with your sorrows, and share your joys. I know it is only by keeping our pride abased, that our gracious Lord can lift us up. And if this precious institution is to be employed by him in advancing his kingdom, it will be strange, not that it is sorely tried, but that it should have no embarrassments, no burdens to carry to the Burden Bearer.

“‘How much I should delight to be with you at this time. But I am engaged in revival scenes elsewhere. I go this afternoon to Portland, to Dr. Payson’s old battle-ground. A blessed work of the Spirit is advancing there. I have passed nearly one week here, and shall preach there until Thursday of next week. Lift up your heart to God for me. I de-

sire to have my poor ministry made more fruitful as I approach its termination.' Ten days later he wrote again: 'My heart rejoices with you in the manifestation of God's goodness to our beloved school. Never did I see more clearly than now that that institution can keep its original position only by extraordinary grace on God's part and fidelity on our part. The peculiarity of the school is chiefly that tone which the Spirit of God gave it through Mary Lyon. Its domestic arrangements and intellectual process are secondary and subordinate. The self-sacrificing love to Christ that led its founder to work without compensation, to make the school a nursery for rearing the self-sacrificing, laborious, praying, efficient women of the church,—this is the glory and strength of Mount Holyoke Seminary. Human nature, of itself, will never hold to that. It was from above the breath of life came that made it what it is. And forever must the Holy Spirit keep it in his blessed charge, or it will sink to the low level of other institutions for education. When He forsakes it, the defection will begin probably among the teachers. And no one should consent to assume that office without a full understanding of the very peculiar spirit of its founder and a full consecration to the work of carrying out her intentions in her spirit. And now the blessed Spirit has given another pledge of his kind intentions in regard to it. Still the prayers of Mary Lyon and her friends are in those golden vials before the throne. Mount Holyoke Seminary is not to lose its spiritual character. We are yet to have the Great Teacher with us there. Praised be his name.

“In regard to myself, I am sorry not to meet your wishes. I have just spent two Sabbaths away from home laboring in a revival in Portland. It has much exhausted me, and is not compatible with my responsibilities. This is Christmas week here, in which we have a festival for our Sunday-school. New Year's day is always a day of social intercourse between pastor and people with us. Therefore if I am at all permitted to mingle in the hallowed scenes through which you are now passing, it cannot be before the second week in January, if then.'

“Just after the celebration of the twenty-fifth anniversary in 1862, he wrote, July 26th, a brief note as follows: 'How much occasion for thankfulness we find in the anniversary! I am especially thankful for the cheerful tone given to our anniversary; for the character of our trustees' meeting; for the hygienic improvements made and to be made; but most of all for the revival of Miss Lyon's memory and instructions; for the Lord's loan of Miss Fisk to you all; and for the blessed work of the Spirit during the year. May you come together next year prepared to labor yet more efficiently for the spiritual benefit of the school.'



“‘BOSTON, *February 12, 1863.*

“‘MY DEAR MISS CHAPIN,—I have to-day been listening to Miss Fisk as she read her collection of the sayings of Miss Lyon. They display more intellect than anything we have seen from her. The book we propose to make<sup>1</sup> will, I trust, accomplish a great good. And then another is projected, which shall contain an account of three revivals,—one in Mount Holyoke Seminary, one in Oroomiah, and one in Oxford (in the Western Seminary, Oxford, O.). I anticipate much good from that. The church is to receive new light on the subject of revivals. The spirit and practice of Mary Lyon will do much to show the right way.’

“‘BOSTON, *July 18, 1863.*

“‘MY DEAR MISS CHAPIN,—The Master has sent his messenger, forbidding me to enter my pulpit to-morrow, or go to South Hadley next week. I returned from Oxford yesterday. I had gone there under the oppression of a cold which made it a question whether I could speak to the people. But I was carried through my work there, and tried to start homeward on Monday morning. Between the *Morgan rail* at one end and the Fernando Wood riot at the other, my journey was a trying process, but particularly in the suffocating spasms to which I am liable and which I can hardly explain to one who has not seen me in them.

“‘I arrived at home yesterday morning. In the night I sprang from my bed in the agonies of suffocation. This is the most terrible attack I have ever endured. Death seemed to have come in this ghastly form. I have now sent for a physician. Whatever he may counsel, it is now settled with me, I must stop work abruptly; it would be madness to go one step farther.

“‘Perhaps I thought I was of some consequence to the sacred cause which the seminary represents; perhaps I took upon me at this time what the Master did not lay upon me. Be that as it may, all is right on his part. May his presence be with you. Present my kindest salutations to Miss Fisk and your associates. I shall send a line to the trustees.

Yours most truly,

“‘EDWARD N. KIRK.’

“To this letter Miss Chapin (now Mrs. Pease) appends the following note: ‘Written just before anniversary. Miss Fisk and I remained at the seminary during the vacation after the anniversary, and Dr. Kirk came and spent a few days with us. He was very feeble—could not sing or pray without his voice breaking. While there he had one of those terrible suffocating spasms of which he speaks, with a frequent

<sup>1</sup> *Recollections of Mary Lyon*, by Fidelity Fisk, 1866.

tendency to return. We felt and he feared that his work "for the sacred cause" might be nearly done; and his desire to do *something more* for the institution — to talk over some plans for its improvement, led him to undertake the journey notwithstanding his feebleness.'

"Letters similar to the above were addressed by Dr. Kirk to Mrs. Stoddard, Miss French (now Mrs. Gulliver), and Miss Ward, the successors of Miss Chapin in the principalship. But I have already occupied more space than I intended or you expected, and I must hasten to a conclusion.

"MY DEAR MISS WARD, — Dr. Clark notifies me that he intends to leave Boston on the 9th inst. (Wednesday next) in the 9 A. M. train for South Hadley. If it shall appear to be prudent at the time, I shall accompany him. This purpose is to pass a day with you. Now I have several requests to make:—

"1. Will you be so kind as to have every arrangement made to facilitate our doing all the time will admit, to ascertain the exact status of the institution — to compare your curriculum with those of Vassar, Cornell, and other colleges — to determine what changes may seem desirable in the terms of admission, in the curriculum, in the lecture system by scientific men — to determine what may be done to secure a more complete and practical enlistment of the several committees of the trustees in the great work of keeping our seminary in the front rank of educational institutions; for without that the work cannot be effectually done.

"2. If I should conclude to protract my visit, as Dr. Clark will leave soon, can I depend upon one of the teachers to accompany me as far as Springfield on my return?

"3. Will you inform me immediately on the receipt of this letter; for if I do not receive an answer, it will not be prudent for me to venture to go.

Yours truly,

"EDWARD N. KIRK.

"Boston, April 3, 1873.'

"An answer was promptly received. The arrangements were made according to his wishes; he went to the seminary on the appointed day and remained there a month (from April 9 to May 9), making the longest visit he ever made, and in many respects the most interesting, useful, and agreeable both to himself and to the teachers and pupils.

"Soon after reaching the seminary he addressed to the teachers the letter which has already been given,<sup>1</sup> which shows how earnestly he gave himself to labors for the whole well-being of the seminary. On his return to Boston, at the month's end, he wrote as follows:—

<sup>1</sup> Page 344.

“ ‘MISS WARD AND THE BAND OF TEACHERS:

“ ‘*Dear Sisters*, — I write to inform you of my safe arrival home. The rain caused me no embarrassment, and the journey enabled me to take my residence for two hours in India.

“ ‘I find all well. But I am hardly at home yet. There are no house-bells here, and I feel the loss of at least twenty friends waiting to see what they can do for my comfort. But the memory of the last month will, I trust, help me in whatever work the Lord may have for me to do. Be assured your kindness to me is warmly appreciated, and the memory of your expressions of affection will quicken me *in talking of you to our Heavenly Father*.

“ ‘May the blessed Saviour manifest himself in greater and ever increasing clearness to each of you. *The more completely self is subordinated and kept out of the range of vision and of motive*, the more simple and earnest is the purpose, and the more cordial too, the more will He manifest his appreciation of that purpose and cheer your hearts with the evidence that He does recognize it.

“ ‘I hope to send you soon the caricature likenesses of

“ ‘Your loving friend,

“ ‘EDWARD N. KIRK.’

“ ‘I have ventured to italicize two passages in the above letter, because they suggest two marked peculiarities of Dr. Kirk. One is the subordination of self — self-forgetfulness. No topic was more frequently insisted on by him than the debasing influence of selfishness as the root of all sin, and the divine excellence of unselfishness or disinterested benevolence as the essence of all real goodness and greatness; and nothing was more manifest to all who knew him than his forgetfulness of self and his entire absorption in the work of doing good to men and honoring the Master. The other is intimate communion with God — ‘talking with our Heavenly Father.’ ‘I remember,’ writes one who was a senior at the time of his visit in 1873, ‘Dr. Kirk’s praying often in the midst of a discourse or conversation with any one. When he was speaking most earnestly, he would very often stop, and turning his darkened eyes upward, utter such prayers as these: “Dear Father, help them to see it. Reveal thyself unto them.” It seemed heaven where Dr. Kirk was, and he seemed always to realize the immediate presence of God with him as he spoke. Of everything connected with Dr. Kirk, nothing then seemed so wonderful, nor now so delightful to be remembered, as his simple, childlike, earnest faith as shown in his prayers — it really seemed like standing by one who talked with the Father, face to face.’

“ ‘The principal, Miss Ward, remarks the same characteristic feature: —

“ ‘One thing that impressed us greatly during the visits of his later

years, was the readiness with which he passed from conversation to prayer, especially ejaculatory prayer. He would often, during any important discussion, speak of the Lord Jesus as if He were as visibly present in the room as the friends to whom his remarks were addressed. Indeed, when he turned his almost sightless eyes upon us, it seemed as if we were even less present to him than the Friend who was invisible to our earth-blinded eyes. Once when I was riding with him and speaking to him of various perplexities and anxieties, after he had given sympathy and wise counsel in abundant measure, unexpectedly to me he gave utterance to a tender, earnest prayer of some length, committing the whole case in simple confidence to God.

“‘If Dr. Kirk’s labors for us had ceased at any time before he began to feel the burden of his declining years,’ writes Miss Edwards, one of the associate principals, ‘the record of his usefulness here would not have been quite complete. We should have honored and revered his memory, but should hardly have known how deeply we loved him. It needed the rare and beautiful twilight which marked the close of his life, and much of which we were permitted to have, to relieve us of the awe with which we had regarded him, and to see the full sweetness and gentleness of his chastened soul.

“‘After he had given up all other public efforts, he still enjoyed spending a few weeks at a time with us, and exerting the last of his failing strength in our behalf. He still retained his erect form and springing step, but his eye was dim, and his slightly palsied tongue hindered his utterance. It was pitiful to see the once strong man groping his way through the halls, almost disdaining assistance, yet accepting it at last with all the submissiveness of a child. He did not repine over the dreary prospect of a long season of inactivity, but thought it a peculiar evidence of a Father’s mercy. “I have been too busy,” he said, “pointing others to heaven, to prepare for it myself as I ought, and now I have this season of quiet thought before I go.” His gratitude for every little service rendered him was touching. He would say “thank you,” in a way that made us wonder how that worn-out phrase could convey so much meaning. Though he could not discern objects clearly, he could distinguish color, and said he derived peculiar enjoyment from this, and often said that he was much better off than those who were deprived of their hearing.

“‘He seemed a little fearful of a failure of mental power, and strove against it by committing long passages of Scripture to memory, as well as by the most careful preparation for every attempt at speaking before the school. He often sought the aid of some friend to assist him in this by reading texts of Scripture while he would walk up and down his room repeating and commenting upon them, until his old vigor would come back again for a time, and he would then take his stand at the desk in

the Seminary Hall, and cause us almost to forget how great a change had come upon him. If possible, he was more earnest than ever in seeking immediate results from his labors, and thought if at least some one impenitent soul was not awakened every time he spoke, some fault in himself must be the cause. It was noticeable that he took especial delight in conversation with Christians, and rejoiced much over any evidence he saw of growth in grace in them. He was present at a meeting of the Alumnae on anniversary day, and spoke to them of the great power they could exert by their prayers, saying that he believed there was a power in prayer of which the world had as little idea now as it had of the power of steam fifty years ago. "Why," said he, "there is power enough in the prayers of those in this room, with the blessing of God, to bring the world to Christ."

"Dr. Kirk's last service for the seminary was rendered March 20, 1874, one week before his death. 'I called upon him that day,' writes Miss Ward. 'During the interview I consulted with him about the purchase of a piano for the seminary. He willingly accompanied me to the ware-room and gave his opinion as to the tone of the instrument. The friend who was with me asked him a question about the employments of heaven, a subject that was occupying her thoughts at the time. In his reply he intimated that we must wait until we entered that blessed place for full and definite knowledge. "The believer," said he, "is like a royal infant in his cradle; he knows very little of the glorious inheritance that awaits him."

"I saw him again Wednesday, March 24th (only two days before he died). He was never more full of kindness and cordiality. After we had said "good-by," to him in the parlor, he accompanied us to the street door, again shook hands and promised to pay us another long visit at the seminary at an early day.'

"Dr. Kirk bequeathed the bulk of his valuable library to the seminary and quite a portion of his property when his sisters should no longer need it. Thus he showed by word and deed that he regarded the seminary not only as his 'flock' but as his child and heir. And the seminary in turn rejoices in the honor and the privilege of being the child of his thoughts and cares and toils as well as his affections; the heir, not of his possessions only, but that far richer inheritance, his prayers. Mount Holyoke was the scene of his last social and public labors, and who shall say that it was not the field from which his richest harvest has been and will be gathered. Cultivated minds and sanctified hearts, converted through his instrumentality, enriched by his teaching, inspired by his example, and almost transfigured by his influence, are to be found in families, in churches, in schools and colleges, in home and foreign missions, in all the continents and islands of the sea, wherever there is any work to be done for Christ; and the harvest of souls saved, of good to men and glory

to God, so far from having ceased at his death, will only grow wider and larger and richer all through time and down eternity.

“Like Apollos, he was ‘an eloquent man and mighty in the Scriptures.’ Like Barnabas, ‘he was a good man, and full of the Holy Ghost and of faith.’ Like Paul, he could say, ‘I am crucified with Christ; nevertheless I live; yet not I, but Christ liveth in me.’ Like John, he might have written, ‘That which our eyes have seen and our hands have handled of the word of life, declare we unto you, that ye also may have fellowship with us; and truly our fellowship is with the Father and with his Son Jesus Christ’ — so vividly did he perceive spiritual realities and so habitually did he walk and talk with God. In child-like simplicity and humility, in spirituality and heavenly mindedness, and above all in prayerfulness, his prayers being the secret spring of his life, and his life being, in the language of Justin Martyr, ‘all one great prayer’ — I think he surpassed all the men with whom I have ever had the happiness of being associated. There was the hiding of his power. These are virtues and graces that need to be cultivated in our day. And may a Christian public long feel the influence of his godly life!”





Edward R. Kirk.



## CHAPTER XVI.

### PERSONAL CHARACTERISTICS.

EVERY man of influence is faithful in the things which are least. Nothing of importance in the parish escaped the attention of Dr. Kirk. As a pastor he visited but little from house to house; yet knew his people well. Every child of the large parish was remembered with some token of his love, upon each New Year's day. The church moulded by his ideas was a home. Himself without a wife, the church was his bride, and all its members treated him as children would treat a father.

Everything in the quiet home on Staniford Street was subservient to the needs of the church. Curious people have asked why Dr. Kirk never married; but we shall do better to respect his manifest reticence. His silence equaled that of Washington Irving upon this subject. His affection for his sisters, who made his home so attractive, needs no demonstration. He once said, "If I could find a woman like my sister —, I would marry her." His interests were theirs; their love for him was like that of Caroline Lucretia Herschell for her honored brother, Sir William. They ministered in all things to his comfort and enjoyment as did Martha and Mary in the quiet home in Bethany; and amid all our admiration for his more splendid and public career, these faithful sisters will not be forgotten. Added to the comforts of his home, the thoughtful attentions of many a family in his parish, and outside of the parish, made his life's work more easy of accomplishment. The "prophet's chamber" was kept for him in many a dwelling. The delicacies and luxuries of life were shared with him.

The modesty and Christian graciousness with which he received the tokens of his friends' esteem, are well shown in the following letter:—

“NEW YORK, *January 19, 1857.*”

“MY DEAR MRS. TOBEY, — I rather tardily acknowledge the kind expressions of your note. They are all reciprocated. You can easily conceive of an embarrassment I experience. All the kindness expressed by an affectionate circle of friends I prize most highly. The sadness caused by my separation from them must be regarded by me as genuine. But if it is, then I am the object of an esteem beyond my deserts. I have weighed the question much, and especially of late: Shall I charge my dear friends with insincerity by not believing their expressions; or, shall I believe myself worthy of so much regard? And I will tell you how I am inclining to dispose of it. I am tending more and more to the belief that God gave us our qualities, either by nature or by grace. And if they are such as secure to us the kind regards of others, we must acknowledge his goodness in it, and enjoy the love of those who may esteem us. So I welcome every expression of confidence and esteem to me as a friend and a pastor; and to every expression of regard from yourself, your beloved husband, and your dear children, I return a full response. You all have a place in my heart and in my prayers. And I trust it may be my privilege to lead your children, one by one, to Him who bids us bring them.

“Please say to Mr. Tobey, that I thank him for his care of me, and that, in obedience to his suggestions, I have deferred my departure until I could secure a place in a Cunard steamer. Give my most cordial salutations to all your circle; and remember me at your family altar, and when alone you speak with your God and my God.

“Your affectionate friend,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

He was especially *sympathetic*. He recognized the worth of the human soul, under whatever conditions placed. He claimed among his strongest friends men of the highest position and culture on both sides of the Atlantic; and with the same delight welcomed in the same pure friendship those of far humbler station, —

“Not a lamb in all Christ's flock  
He would disdain to feed.”

The world was his home, and no mountains or seas confined him to any one place, — no bounds, political or ecclesiastical, satisfied his free spirit, and no condition of manhood

was too low for his assistance. We are in possession of many incidents illustrating the power that this quality gave him over the fallen.

The mission school on Hanover Street brought him more and more into a personal sympathy with the poor and the sorrowful. The case of a woman of desperate character, about to be ejected from the school, was made known to him. All efforts for her reformation seemed without avail. Dr. Kirk asked to see her, and, during the interview, her hardened soul melted under his persuasive words, and was transformed from the spirit of a demon into the spirit of Christ. She is now a Christian, living in a Christian family, all of whom esteem her very highly.

One Sunday evening he was leaving the premises of Mr. H., in Great Barrington, about 10 o'clock P. M., when a man accosted him, and said: —

“Friend, have n't I undertaken more than I can perform?”

“What is that?”

“To reach Barrington to-night.”

“No; that is not difficult.”

“But I have been drinking whiskey.”

Dr. Kirk approached him, and found him staggering, and his breath thoroughly saturated by the liquor.

“Why do you drink the horrid stuff?”

“Yes; why do I?”

“It takes away your brains and your purse.”

“Oh, the purse is nothing; the brains — that is the thing! O God! He can't hear me; He has forgotten me!”

“You have forgotten Him, and that is the reason why He has forgotten you. But Christ has shed his blood for you.”

“Yes, He has; you talk like a friend.”

“You have been drinking for ten days; it is horrible.”

“It is horrible!”

“Can you not break off when you get sober?”

“Oh, I wish I could! Who are you that I can come and see you?”

“You have served the devil long enough; it is a hard service.”

“Yes; hard in this life, and harder in the next, I suppose.”

“You must become a Christian; Christ will help you.”

“Christ *dare* not help me; I am so wicked! I wish I could become a good man!”

“Shall we kneel by the fence and pray together?”

“Yes; I will pray with *you*.”

While Dr. Kirk was asking for some blessing from God, the man said:—

“I hope He may!” and laid his hand on the doctor’s arm.

“You have been ten days drinking, and robbing your family.”

“You don’t mean to injure me; you are a real friend. Won’t you let me take your hand? I wish I *could* go to Christ? He died for me just as well as for you?”

Rising from his knees, he said:—

“You have almost sobered me.”

One of his young men thus draws from a tender recollection the following reminiscences:—

“On one of Dr. Kirk’s visits to Europe, he was called upon to address a large and distinguished audience in Exeter Hall, when Lord Shaftesbury presided. In commencing, he said, substantially, ‘My lord, when I landed upon your shores and beheld your crowded marts, your wondrous advancement in civilization, and compared this small island with the broad domain of America, I said, Can this be “*multum in parvo*”? And [now he turned back his coat-sleeve and pointed to the blue veins in his wrist] I thanked God that English blood ran in these veins!’ None who ever heard him in his prime, and know the thrill and power of his eloquence on such occasions, need be told that this ‘*nate (neat) introduction*,’ as my Scotch friend called it, was received with a storm of applause.

“He could win the plaudits of a large and brilliant assembly, and yet in the spirit, and following the example of his Divine Master, stoop to lift up the degraded and throw the whole energy of his soul into an appeal when he had but one auditor, and he a partially intoxicated man. Thus I saw him on a stormy night, near the rear entrance of his church, after a Friday evening meeting, earnestly entreating one ‘*never to touch* the vile stuff again.’

“I am one of hundreds of young men who can testify to his warm personal interest, both in their temporal and spiritual welfare, and

within whom he sought to kindle something of the fire of his own earnest, unflagging spirit. He disapproved of anything that looked like display. Modest himself, he would have his young men, as he called them, 'do all the good they could and not make a fuss about it.'

"His frequent addresses to young men were soul-stirring, and 'coming from the heart went to the heart,' moulding their characters and directing their purposes. It is scarcely more than fifteen years since a young lad of foreign birth came to Boston in search of employment. He had been living in New York city with a sister who had brought him to this country. He left without her knowledge, and with some rather wild companions came to Boston, because, as he afterwards said, his sister was 'too pious for him.'

"Finding employment at his trade, he was soon after induced to attend the evening prayer-meeting of the Young Men's Christian Association. At one of those meetings the arrow of conviction reached his heart and his conversion followed.

"For nearly a year he continued at his trade, striving to do something for the Master. Homeless — with but few acquaintances apparently, uneducated, save in the simplest rudiments, one evening found him in Tremont Temple with many others listening to an address to young men on Self-culture, by Dr. Kirk. The stirring sentences uttered, the power for good of a cultivated mind and heart unfolded, the grand results within the reach of all declared, the counsels and directions given, made a deep and abiding impression on this youth. His whole nature was aroused and his purpose soon fixed. He repaired to a country school, where he fitted for a high school, and then entered college; took the usual course at the theological seminary, whence he stepped into an important pulpit in one of our New England churches. Not long after, he preached as a supply at Mount Vernon Church with Dr. Kirk in the pulpit as listener. At the close of the service, retiring to the ante-room adjoining the pulpit, Dr. Kirk placed his hand upon the head of him who was the obscure boy in Tremont Temple twelve years before, but now the eloquent young preacher, and with hardly suppressed emotion pronounced an impressive benediction."

Every man was his brother. He called no man master and was not called master. As a servant of Christ he ministered unto men. The degree of Doctor of Divinity, with which he was honored by Amherst College in 1855, became him as well as it did when long before given him by the people. He could not be known by any other title than "Dr. Kirk."

Yet this his native dignity was equaled by his love for

all,—a love that showed itself in his daily life. His politeness was proverbial, and as natural as his breath. He never spoke lightly even of those who wronged him. They who conversed with him were assured of his sincere friendship. Yet it must not be assumed that he was not sensitive to every unjust act. “If when upon the street,” he used to say, “some one should step on my foot, and at some other time repeat the offense, I should feel it my duty to pass over to the other side, that he might find no other occasion.”

Everywhere this same urbanity, built upon the purest sympathy, was manifest. The Rev. Dr. Neale records that in the latter part of the journey from the Holy Land to Paris a Romish priest became one of the company. After days of social enjoyment, in which the name and the person of Christ were the great themes, the time came for their separation. Dr. Kirk invited the priest to kneel with them in prayer. The “heretic” led in the devotions. After committing each and all to the Father’s care, he prayed, as only he could pray, for the priest — that he might be rightly directed at every step. Upon rising, the priest with face suffused with tears came up to Dr. Kirk, and embraced him as a brother beloved. Of faith, hope, and love in the world, — “these three,” — the greatest is love.

The Rev. Jacob Chapman, formerly Professor in Franklin College, Lancaster, Pennsylvania, bears witness to the same characteristic as follows: —

“DR. KIRK ON A JOURNEY.

“Many a preacher, on the platform, or in the pulpit and in the parish, is so different from the same person on a journey, that it is hard to believe him to be the same.

“In company with other students of Andover, I had heard and admired Mr. Kirk, in Boston, more than thirty years ago. We did not wonder at his popularity; but we could not tell its *why*. We could not discover the hidings of his power. In his extempore efforts, he sometimes seemed to excel himself.

“In those addresses there was no aim at the eloquent or the sensational; no attempt to be very wise or witty; but a peculiar simplicity and downright earnestness. I had met him at Andover, and heard him do

credit to himself in the old chapel, where he addressed us, students and professors, as men of like passions with others. But I removed to Pennsylvania, then a great distance from Boston, and did not, for some ten years, see or hear much of Mr. Kirk.

“ In April, 1850, going from Washington, D. C., to Indiana, I noticed near me in the car a gentleman, reading ‘Littell’s Living Age.’ When he had closed the magazine, I was permitted to take it, and soon a conversation commenced which showed, to my surprise, that he was familiar with the theological literature of this country and of England. When we came to the dinner-table at Harper’s Ferry, this gentleman chanced to be seated at my side, and no old friend could have been more polite and agreeable than this stranger was to me.

“ Before leaving the train at Cumberland, Md., to take coaches for the trip over the mountains to Wheeling, he expressed a desire to take a seat in the same coach with me, which offer I thankfully accepted. I then took the liberty to inquire the name of my new acquaintance, and was surprised and delighted to hear the name of E. N. Kirk. He was the last man that I should have expected to find traveling at that season from Virginia to Missouri.

“ From that time we were traveling companions day and night for about a week, spending the Sabbath together at Wheeling, and some two days at Cincinnati,—occupying the same state-rooms in the boats and the same rooms at the hotels. I had opportunity to observe his devotional habits in his leisure hours. I must say, that, much as I have been moved by his power in the pulpit and the press, these hours of social intercourse had more influence than all his other labors.

“ It was said, I think, of Edmund Burke, that ‘No man could take shelter under a shed in a shower thirty minutes with him, without coming out a better man.’ The same could be said of Dr. Kirk. If I have not, for twenty-five years, been a better man for this casual acquaintance, it was not his fault; for in all his intercourse with me and others, without any direct *preaching*, he seemed to shed a hallowed influence over all that associated with him.

“ There was one old Episcopal clergyman, of the strictest sect, in our company; he seemed to stand on his dignity, and make no acquaintance with any of his fellow-passengers. When I had by a desperate effort broken over his cold exclusiveness, and entangled him in a little conversation, Mr. Kirk came along, and was introduced, when the old man threw off his icy reserve, and seemed happy to think that *some* good men could come out of the *Congregational* community. Mr. Kirk seemed to have a word for *every* one that came in contact with him. The servants were not neglected by this stranger to them.

“ In such circumstances most men would have been tempted to neglect their usual caution, when far from home, among strangers. Worn down

by protracted labor and anxiety for his large society, he was seeking rest and recreation of mind. In all this time I cannot remember one act or one expression inconsistent with his character as a preacher of the gospel. He was social, accessible to all, without compromising his dignity. His was a natural dignity, which did not need artificial stays to *stiffen* it. He was cheerful without any undue levity. He did not impress us by his *preaching* in private, or his brilliant conversational powers; but by a sort of sanctified common sense, which enabled him to say the right thing, and nothing else, at the right time, and in the right place. He was remarkable for his modesty. When I addressed him as *Doctor* Kirk, he corrected me, and told me he had not attained to that honor. His extensive knowledge of Europe, its peoples, and their languages, appeared only incidentally. As we were walking the streets of Wheeling, inhaling the sulphurous smoke from its furnaces, he remarked, 'I cannot divest myself of the idea that I am in England,'—naming some of the manufacturing towns in the north of England, where bituminous coal is extensively used.

"When in the evening we were sitting alone in our state-room, before our evening devotions, he asked me to tell him fully and freely my religious experience from the earliest period that I could recollect. While I was telling him the dealings of God with a little child, he listened with apparently more interest than if I had been reading to him the records of the origin of an empire. He asked questions, and answered my inquiries, but made no extended remarks. When on Saturday evening we reached Wheeling, I was sick. But Sabbath afternoon he thought he could safely take me out to public worship. Dr. Weed, formerly of Albany, pastor of the Presbyterian Church, preached. Dr. W. had been—in the troublous contentions which divided the church—one of the firmest *Old School* men, and Mr. Kirk, when at Albany, one of the ablest *New School* men.

"When, after service, the unexpected meeting of these leaders took place, it was pleasant to see how thirteen years had matured their piety, and with what cordiality they met. Dr. W. regretted much that he had not known of the presence of his good brother Kirk, and had not had the pleasure of hearing again his voice in the pulpit; and Mr. Kirk expressed his regrets that the state of his health rendered it necessary that he should rest from such labors at least for a time.

"At Cincinnati he introduced me to his friend, Dr. Lyman Beecher, and together we called upon Professor Stowe, who had been my teacher at Dartmouth.

"During twenty-three years of labor in Pennsylvania and Illinois, I made the acquaintance of many excellent men whose memory I shall cherish with gratitude, but no man, in so short a time, made impressions on my *heart* and my *mind* so deep and lasting as the Rev. Dr. E. N. Kirk, of Boston."



The Rev. F. R. Abbe from a long acquaintance thus writes of him : —

“ There was about him a sort of majesty of goodness, which made me oftentimes shrink from him and avoid his society; partly because I felt crushed into such insignificance in his presence, and partly because I was afraid he would talk with me religiously on subjects which I disliked, and urge me to duties which I detested.

“ A decided example of this feeling occurred at Geneva, in Switzerland. One day, as I was standing on the wharf watching the disembarkation of the passengers from a steamer on the lake, suddenly Dr. Kirk appeared on the plank, and walked rapidly ashore. My first impulse was to draw back; my second was to rush forward and grasp his hand in a strange land. But it was too late, and he was lost in the crowd. And though I made diligent search at the hotels and elsewhere, I got no trace of him, except in his handwriting on a letter to America, exposed in the post office for lack of postage. And a few days after, at Martigny, I just missed him, for I found his name on the hotel register, and learned that the owner had left but an hour before. I gazed long, regretfully, on the dear signature.

“ In the summer of 1856 Dr. Kirk made a tour through parts of Western North Carolina and East Tennessee. I was in that region at the same time, and though I did not meet him, I found strong traces of his passage. For example, at Elizabethton, Carter County, Tenn., he had stopped with a Mr. Cameron, who kept a little hotel, entertained ministers without charge, and had in his blood a strong taste for doctrine and godliness such as Dr. Kirk's. When I stopped with him a few weeks after, he was full of enthusiasm over his guest. ‘ Did I know him? Did I ever see such a man? Was n't he considered very remarkable in Boston? Were ever such gracious words and gracious ways? And then what prayers! Every member of the family lifted in the arms of his prayer, as if he had known them for years, and knew just what they wanted! What a face! What a voice! What a form! Did n't he come nearer to my idea of Jesus Christ than any man I ever saw? ’

“ Dr. Kirk also spent a Sabbath, without preaching, a few miles from Jonesboro', Tenn., with a Colonel Haynes, a lawyer, a poet, a gentleman, a man of large culture; and I found that he had made a similar impression upon him, as a man of unusual intellect, character, and piety; if anything, deeper, as his stay was longer. For it was true of him (what is not often true even of our new-born humanity), that while his first impression was always good, his second was better, and his last the best of all.

“ During my ministry I occasionally consulted him, not as often as I should, not as often as I might have done; for he was wonderfully acces-

sible and ready, the one who wanted to see him, as he used to say, being just the one he wanted to see. And his counsel was always practical, pertinent, stimulating, holy. He had the glorious faculty of downright positiveness in thought, purpose, and statement. For example, when asked in regard to the best method of treating the heterodox and skeptical elements in a parish, he sent me the following directions, June 24, 1868:—

“1. You are to guard your hearers against the sophisms and attractive features of erroneous systems.

“2. It is undesirable to excite a party spirit.

“3. It is important to show that opposition to a doctrine is no unkindness to a person or a party.

“4. It is important to furnish your hearers with popular refutations and defenses, in such a neighborhood.

“5. It is desirable to get at fundamental principles which are denied or neglected by any set of errorists, and instill them thoroughly into every mind you can reach.

“6. Work for posterity; patiently, consecutively, steadily, earnestly, kindly, conscientiously.’

“I have always considered it one of the very fortunate circumstances of my life, that for so many years, from boyhood to manhood and beyond, I enjoyed the society and friendship and influence of such a man as Dr. Kirk; was impressed with his character, was intimate at his fireside, was fed at his lips, was warmed at his heart. And I have often summed up his impression on me in this exclamation,—‘Oh, for that man’s eternity!’”

Enthusiasts fondly cherishing some pet scheme, visionary men aiming at some impossible eminence, were patiently listened to, and then perhaps for the first time were given a sound criticism upon their projects. Counterfeits are always proofs of something real. In that study were canvassed some of the greatest plans for the benefit of the race that this generation has seen. Philanthropists found there a man of kindred spirit; and men of science an apt scholar. The idea of the college whose shadows grace Lake Waban was matured there. Thither the teachers in the time-honored “Mount Holyoke” came to get counsel in every day of perplexity. The larger efforts in behalf of the enslaved African race were there debated; and often new suggestions were made whose force is now everywhere manifest. The young men of his adopted city consulted Dr. Kirk as a watch-

man who knew the city's wants. Pastors, weary or heart-broken, from far and near, confided to him their troubles, — and no one ever left but with a lighter heart. He who knew the heavy burden himself, knew well how to fathom the depths of the troubled hearts whose stories he almost daily heard. From one of the many thus aided we have received the following, which to many a heavy-laden pastor will doubtless be a well-spring of comfort: —

“DEAR BROTHER, — In regard to your personal affairs, suffer me to remind you that *every* case is peculiar: God never repeats himself. And moreover, that every heart learns one secret of his discipline for itself. I am quite sure that I know some things the blessed MASTER would say to you, were He to speak personally to you about your history. He would remind you that duty is yours; consequences are his. He would assure you that He loves you, if the universe should despise you. He assures you that you are not overlooked by Him, because you are by this busy, selfish mass of human flesh — containing a *minimum* of spirit — around you. He would tell you that faith untried does not work experience, either of yourself or of Him. Your duty is to try then to trust, though all your trials prove failures. Learn, my dear brother, oh, learn that hard, sweet, holy lesson. It will fit you for heaven more than ten thousand days of sunshine.

“Yours most affectionately,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.

“BOSTON, *April* 12, 1856.”

This spirit of true humility pervaded all his own conduct, and unquestionably gave its peculiar charm to that mingled authoritativeness and graciousness which were so characteristic of the man. We have an instance eminently in point. A friend thus writes: “Dr. Kirk once made a remark, generous and kind in intention, but easily misunderstood. Having in vain tried to convince the other side that it had mistaken his intention, I went to him.

“‘Dr. Kirk, your pardon, but —— is pained by a remark you made.’

“‘So I have been told. But,’ with his pleasant smile, yet decided tone, ‘*my conscience is clear.*’

“‘I know that it is. But will you permit me to tell you how it sounded to ——’s ears?’

“‘Yes! *tell me.*’

“As I told him, he looked down. When I had stopped, he looked up with his quick, bright smile, and said with his pleasant voice, —

“‘*I am very glad the fault is mine.* Now it can be cleared right up.’

“And taking his hat, he went direct to the house. As he took all the blame upon himself, the other was ready to take it from him. And they agreed to bear it mutually to its grave, and bury it forever.”

In his dealings with brethren in the ministry he sometimes “magnified his office,” but always with the same benign courtesy. A prominent clergyman of the Episcopal Church held a long discussion with him, in a series of letters, upon the question of ordination for the ministry.

The position taken by the churchman was, “that the only true ministry is one ordained by a set of men who have been invested with the office of bishop, or superior to one or two orders of clergy; such bishops being able to trace without doubt or dispute their ordination through a perfect, pure, unbroken line of successors.” The arrogance and presumption of such a doctrine led to this closing remark of the correspondence: —

“This, dear brother, suffer me to add, turns our feet into two diverging paths for this life. That we shall meet above, I doubt not. But our communion, our coöperation is severed by this schismatic dogma, as I regard it; vital point, as you esteem it.

“The Lord be with your spirit and crown your ministry abundantly.

“I am yours, with unabated esteem,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.

“BEACON STREET, *January 26, 1844.*”

It would be a history of profound interest were we to know the details of his personal influence in the conversion or education of ministers of Christ. That history would cover a long list of worthy names, yet must remain unwritten, and unknown until the Great Day. The lamented R. T. Robinson, of Winchester, thus spoke at an anniversary in Mount Vernon Church: —

“I did not study theology with the pastor of this church, though he did advise me in the matter, and at my request marked out a course of theological reading. But for what I am as a minister, and for the measure of success that has attended my labors in the ministry, I am more indebted to him than to any other man, living or dead. He was before my mind for four years as a model preacher. I do not like to say it before him, but it is true, — there was about him a spirituality, a weanedness from the world, a devotion to the work which God had given him to do, a depth of earnestness, of religious feeling, that gave an unction to his preaching, and revealed to me what of all things I most wanted to know, — just where is the hiding of the preacher’s power: not in profound and original thought, not in pulpit oratory, — though the pastor of this church certainly was not wanting in either of these things — but in close and constant companionship with God. How to get Christ before the eyes and into the hearts of my people — Christ in the beauty of his character, in the power of his subduing and sanctifying love — that has been my one thought and endeavor; and in this matter I have been marvelously assisted, I cannot tell you how much assisted, by my acquaintance with Dr. Kirk as a preacher.”

His brethren in the ministry well knew his spirit. They sought his assistance in every time of religious awakening. The following letter, one of many, expresses the spirit with which every extra call was met: —

“DEAR BROTHER, — My heart would leap to join you in the blessed work committed to your hands, but I cannot make another engagement to leave Boston at present. Our matters have reached a critical point. I must not leave my post. Let me suggest to you, —

“1. Tell Christ, every ten minutes, how weak you are.

“2. Reverence the Holy Spirit. Walk tenderly amid his glorious operations.

“3. Try to keep the church low before God.

“4. Put the converts immediately under three sets of influences: — *First*, instruction in the word of God; *second*, stimulating to abide in Christ; *third*, benevolent effort, in the case of every one.

“May God continue this mercy. Your brother,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.

“BOSTON, February 3, 1866.”

Among his favorite resorts was that so well known as “Hillside” (the home of Mr. John B. Gough), the home whose loving hearts retain both mementos and sweet mem-

ories of his deep friendship. One letter of many revealing at once the playfulness and the earnestness of the man, we append: —

“Boston, *April* 15, 1859.

“MY DEAR MRS. GOUGH, — Your good and true friend, Mrs. James, came to see me to-day, and read me your letter to her. When I saw how much satisfaction you had received from the simplest expression of sympathy and kind remembrance by your friends, I thought I could please Christ and one of his children by sending ‘a line from home.’ I understand all about the pleasure inspired by ‘pumpkins.’ They were simple messengers, but they told you of home and childhood; two green spots that lie between our Egypt and Canaan.

“Then you are sharing with John the toils and trials of his arduous employment. Does he think that his is the hardest handle of the plow to hold? I know, if I were married, it would not be so. I should say, I had all the agreeable part of public speaking to perform, which compensates for much of a public man’s sufferings; but the wife shares only the anxieties and abuse. I think of your exile with satisfaction, only as I think of the faithfulness of Christ. I am so sure that you have committed your ways to the Lord, and that He is leading you, that I rejoice in your very privations — they must be best for you. He knows how you would enjoy the repose of Hillside. But He also knows that when He takes you to that beautiful mansion He is getting ready for you, among your many joys will be this, that He thought more of completing your education than of making your life here one of quiet and uninterrupted comfort. ‘Home, sweet home,’ get ready, Mary, for home. Do not think of making Hillside anything more than a good caravansera for passing a few hours of the journey. Shall I tell you, as the children say, what a good time we shall have when we get home? Do you know how many nice things He has got for us? No more boarding-school fare and restraints; no more cross teachers and ugly school-mates. No; and better still, we shau’t be ugly ourselves any more. Won’t that be nice?

“Tell John all about it, and cheer him with sweet stories of the good times that are coming.

“Mount Vernon Church is becoming increasingly precious to me. It is a dear people. And I do not say it because they ‘surprise’ me, or flatter me. They do neither, but they hear me attentively, they pray for me, and they love me. I am teaching the children the Westminster Catechism with very encouraging success. It is hard corn; but I grind it up very fine, and give it to them in small portions, sweetened with familiar illustrations. What a capital teacher John would have made, with his faculty for illustrating!

“Horace James has ennobled himself by his manly course in regard to the attacks on John’s character.

“ God be with you both. I do not know whether Mrs. Knox and Lizzie are with you. If they are, remember me to them affectionately.

“ Your brother, EDWARD N. KIRK ”

Mr. Gough thus writes of his friend : —

“ Our memories of Dr. Kirk, and his sojourn in our family, are very precious, and stand out in clear relief from many other events. His power to be happy and to enter with strong sympathy into all that concerned us, was his in an unusual degree.

“ He would often come to us at ‘ Hillside,’ and spend a few days in our family. He was a delightful companion, engaging in all the family amusements and fun with a boyish heartiness, yet never compromising the dignity of the minister of Christ. While enjoying a joke and laughing most heartily at some funny story, or accompanying the piano with his flute, or singing with the family circle, or romping with the little ones, he was always the gentleman; and even when prancing like a horse through the parlor, with a sweet child on his shoulder, or playing ‘ hide and seek,’ or parlor ‘ blind man’s buff,’ and unbending to the sports of the youngest, he did it with a dignity and grace peculiarly his own. He believed thoroughly in cheerfulness as becoming a Christian. Then he had a warm, loving heart, and, as far as I knew him, was of a deeply sympathetic nature. I could go to him with any trouble or doubt, sure of a patient hearing, and loving, judicious advice. Naturally skeptical, I have been often perplexed on difficult questions, and have received serious injury from some to whom I have gone for help, treating me as if I had no right to doubt, or as if it were a heinous sin to ask a question of how or why. Not so Dr. Kirk. He would send me away soothed and strengthened, confirmed and trusting.

“ He generally had some *protégés* for whom he would work and interest others in their behalf. The last interview I had with him was in his house in Boston, he having requested me to hear a young man read that I might give him a recommendation, as he wished to raise funds for an education by public readings.

“ I fear he was deceived and played upon more than once, but there are many who call him blessed for the help and encouragement they have obtained from him.

“ He never permitted an opportunity to escape him to do work for the Master. I remember once when riding horseback with him, I said, ‘ There’s a very wicked man.’ He said, ‘ Do you know him?’ ‘ Yes,’ I replied. ‘ Then introduce me,’ which I did. The man was sowing oats. Immediately on the introduction, Dr. Kirk said with wonderful pathos, ‘ Behold a sower went forth to sow,’ and then came such a delightful and simple exposition, such opening up of the Scripture, for a few minutes, as I scarcely ever heard. Then came the pleasant ‘ Good-

morning,' and we rode away. Some time after, the man accosted me, 'Mr. G., was that man a minister that talked with me the other day?' 'Yes.' 'Well, you get him to preach here, and I'll go and hear him.' Dr. Kirk *did* preach for us soon after. The man *did* hear him, and did not like it. The text was, 'How shall we escape, if we neglect so great salvation?'

"Swift once said, 'It is in man as in soils, where sometimes there is a vein of gold which the owner knows not of.' So I have often thought Dr. Kirk seemed to be unconscious of the wonderful power he possessed over the hearts of men, and so was continually dispensing sunshine and transmitting light with no thought of the medium. I would only remark further that one of the most delightful recollections of my life, and one of the great privileges I have enjoyed, has been the intimate and kindly relation with Dr. Kirk for nearly thirty years."

As a man Dr. Kirk exhibited this large-hearted sympathy in his gifts of benevolence. He regarded himself as an almoner of his Father's bounty. He was generous in the broadest sense. His charity was systematized. It was his custom to set aside a certain amount credited "Benevolence" at the beginning of each year. This fund, from ten per cent. to forty per cent. of his income, was sacredly held apart from his other accounts. With so much to distribute, he examined closely the various claims presented. Foreign missions, in which cause he had begun his Master's work, were always remembered. Yet the many branches of the great home work, in the West and in the South, as well as in city missions, were never neglected.

Special providences were always remembered in a thanksgiving offering; as in the year at the close of the war, in which he records a thank-offering of a thousand dollars, over and above all his other benefactions, bringing the amount up to forty per cent. of his income.

The spirit manifested in these offerings is attested by one who was always a welcome visitor, the Rev. Joseph Emerson, now of Andover:—

"When connected with the American Education Society and the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West, I knew Dr. Kirk as a kind and courteous pastor, into whose pulpit I was admitted, and by whom I was cordially aided.



“ But when I entered the service of the American and Foreign Christian Union, I was drawn much nearer to him, and knew him better. He had been personally connected with the effort for the evangelization of Romanists in its early years, and to the end of life identified himself with it.

“ I was far from the head-quarters of the society, and but partially informed in regard to the work. I needed just the sympathy and counsel which Dr Kirk was able to afford, and I soon found him to accord them in full measure. He seemed to look upon my work as his, because it was connected with Christ's kingdom; and especially *his* because he had enjoyed special facilities of aiding in it. When I asked an interview, I do not remember that he ever put me off to a future time because of present pressure of work. If I asked when he could give me a little time, his answer would be: ‘ Now. It is the Master's business.’ If the case was one of difficulty and doubt, he would generally say: ‘ Let us go to God with it first,’ and would bow for a season in prayer.

“ Nor was his help limited to sympathy and advice. He was ready to give hard labor. On one occasion, I was disappointed by another pastor, who had engaged to preach at our anniversary. I was in trouble; for there were, I think, but four week days before the discourse should be delivered. I went to Dr. Kirk. He kindly said: ‘ Come to my study, and we will talk over the matter.’ After a little conversation, seeing how the matter stood, — that a sermon would be expected, and very hard to procure on such short notice, — he said: ‘ I must stand in the gap and do what I can. Give me a text.’ I mentioned one on which I had intended to write, and in regard to which I had some illustrative facts. He accepted the text, took the facts, and was ready at the time.

“ It was not a question with him, whether he could do himself justice, and maintain his reputation in the effort, but whether Providence, in the circumstances, seemed to devolve the duty on him.

“ Neither did he confine his aid to sympathy, counsel, and labor. He gave his money. He gave it without being asked. It was my habit, after presenting the cause in his pulpit, to make the collection by personal solicitation among his people. It was common for him, after the sermon, before leaving the pulpit, to ask for my subscription-book, and put down his own subscription, which would sometimes prove the largest on the book.

“ As I went among his rich parishioners, who gave more than those of any other church, it was a frequent remark: ‘ I don't see how Dr. Kirk can give as he does.’

“ In conclusion, I would only add: It seemed to me, from all I saw of him, that Dr. Kirk exceeded all other men with whom I had been acquainted, in making the honor of Christ and the advancement of Christ's kingdom his aim in *every* word and act.”

With the exception of five years, we have the records of his various benefactions from 1826 to 1872. In 1847 this note was written: "Since I began to receive an income in 1836 my receipts have been \$35,145, of which I have given to benefit my fellow-men, not in my family, \$4,154." This act of giving was as imperative to him as the payment of his rent; and he never allowed a debt to stand against his name.

It was no gift measured out by the amount in his hand at that moment; but his account with the Lord was kept in as true a business manner as any other account.

We record a few of the yearly amounts. In 1852, with an income of \$3,778, his benefactions amounted to \$769, or more than twenty per cent. The next year it was \$944, with only a slight increase in his receipts. In 1856 his benefactions reached the sum of \$1,240; in 1863, \$2,052; in 1864, \$2,500; in 1865, \$2,265. In 1866 is the following minute:—

*"Benevolent Fund.*

Last year I owed it . . . . .	\$750.00
I subscribed as thanksgiving . . . . .	1,000.00
This year twenty per cent. of my income will be . . . . .	1,547.00
	\$3,297.00."

It is needless to say that the whole amount was paid into the Lord's treasury, through the numerous stewards in the different departments of his work.

His benefactions from his earliest small income in 1826 to the time when he left the active pastorate (leaving out the five years whose records are mislaid) amount to \$29,626. Adding to this an estimate of the missing years, based upon the known amounts of the previous years (which is certainly a fair estimate) we behold this servant of his Master dispensing more than \$33,000 saved from his moderate income. Careful computation might determine its present worth, had it been put at interest and allowed to accumulate; but Christian stewards have no right to calculate thus.

Not every pastor has been surrounded with such prudent

advisers as was he. His investments, under their careful advice, were well made, thus adding little by little, year by year, to a moderate competence.

It cannot be denied, that now and again some worthless impostor availed himself of such a helper. Known to the inmates of that quiet home on Staniford Street, was a son of "sunny France," a beneficiary of our charitable friend, — aiming to give instruction in the French language, yet unfortunate in finding no pupils. By some strange freak, — perhaps as a compensation for the absence of anything else to do, — this beneficiary, without a dollar to his name, took to himself a wife equally poor. Of course, what had once seemed a charity, now seemed so no longer. Debts accumulated upon the young housekeepers. The manly head planned in the second emergency as he had in the first, only changing his methods; now stealing what he could not beg. He shared the fate of all small thieves, — he was embraced by an official arm, and led into the street, his bride following close after. Having attempted to beg a release from the officer, but all to no purpose, he sounded his watchword, "*Dr. Kirk!*" Passers-by stopped to listen: "Take me to Dr. Kirk! I *must* see Dr. Kirk!" and had it not been for the impolite officer, the same smiling face would have attempted another interview at the well-known study on Staniford Street. None but men of large hearts are ever imposed upon by beggars; yet it must be confessed that no impostor, if succeeding once, could long hold his own against Dr. Kirk.

With all his severe yet gracious dignity, and with all his supreme occupation with the serious side of life, Dr. Kirk believed in joy and in the use of the rational pleasures of existence. He sometimes unbent, and could be sportive on occasion; as witness this note to his friend Mr. Tobey, sent in acknowledgment of a gift of Norfolk oysters, from the "Old Virginia shore:" —

"STANIFORD STREET, April 9, 1860.

"DEAR FRIEND, — Now that is a return to the good old paths, a revival of pure orthodoxy, — not to touch a good thing until the Levite has received the tenth part!

“I can’t give Virginia up so long as she provides such mollusks, and sends them on here gratuitously to my friends. You will henceforth hint to my friend Wise, who took the oyster-beds under his particular charge, that, if he wants to stop my mouth, he must put oysters in where words come out.

Yours thankfully,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

That this openness to delight was not a mere impulse, but was accepted upon deliberate conviction of its usefulness towards greater ends, is seen in this other letter to the same friend:—

“BOSTON, August 19, 1859.

“EDWARD S. TOBEY :

“*My dear Friend*,—I am relieved in hearing that your cough has ceased to trouble you. Now I say to you, what I say to myself: there is such a thing as a wise economy in labor, as well as in spending money. Give your constitution an opportunity of putting forth its recuperative power. You are a grave man, and therefore need more direct volition to secure that varied exercise of your powers which is essential to health. A man who laughs much and heartily— even a man of levity— while his life is not worth so much to the world or to himself, will in similar circumstances enjoy better health than one who steadily contemplates life on its more serious side. I am thankful that you look at life as you do; but you should also see that it makes it the more important that you do not keep the bow strung too long at a time. Now that our dear friend Crockett is rewarded, we must be the more earnest.

“I am sorry not to meet your kind wishes now. I had written for rooms in the Berkshire Mountains, on the day of my return, and was awaiting a reply, or I would have answered yours earlier. On my return, I hope to spend some pleasant days with you in your cottage. Kind regards to your beloved household. Truly yours,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

But how carefully he guarded the uses of joy and beauty, may be gathered from his views on music. After laying aside the active duties of the pastorate, he thus dictated his thoughts upon what is from the nature of the case an important subject in every church, namely, the Service of Song in the Sanctuary. The conclusion was reached in his ripened judgment:—

“For eighteen years, more or less, I have felt the paralyzing influence of unchristian views, entertained by even members of the church, con-

cerning the nature and design of music in the sanctuary. It has been boldly avowed that the attraction of the worldly-minded and the approbation of artists are supreme considerations in organizing the service of the sanctuary. The principle is unworthy the service of Most High God. Being carried into practice, it has quenched the spirit of devotion; it has rendered the audience so far unfit to hear the word of God, and take the attitude either of souls exposed to the second death or of penitents before the cross. The manifest, if not avowed, design of the performers has been to exhibit their powers and help their hearers pass so many moments of sensuous enjoyment; a state of mind as opposite to that of pure worship, as are the dreams of the morning slumber to the mental action in solving a problem in geometry.

“If a choir can be formed on two conditions, it is very desirable. If not, let us have a nasal preceptor rather than a fashionable quartette. Those conditions are: First, that they consent to assume the office as the pastor assumes his, and for the same purpose, — not the display of their own powers, nor the gratification of their own tastes, but to assist hundreds of immortal souls to approach the most High God with reverence, penitence, confidence, gratitude, and love. The other condition is, that they shall consent to obey the divine injunction — *Keep thy foot when thou goest to the house of God.*”

His practice during one of those periodic excitements concerning this subject is exhibited in the ensuing communication.

“STANFORD STREET, May 5, 1862.

“TO THE MOUNT VERNON SOCIETY:

“*Dear Friends,* — As a pew-holder, I would attend your meetings, but the other relations I sustain to you seem to render it advisable for me not to take any part in the direction of our financial affairs.

“For a long time the question of our music has seriously divided us, as it has so many other societies. Whatever my personal views or feelings might be, I would never have dictated your course, nor united myself to any party movement. Cliques in a church are my abhorrence.

“As a church we are brethren; as a society we are friends. Yet, if my own mind could have reached any clear definite decision, and determined what was right, I should not have hesitated to give you my opinions. But all I yet see is, that there are two sides to the question. I cannot yet fully range myself with either.

“The church of Christ appears to me to be passing through a very important stage of her history in the matter of worship. None of us, therefore, is authorized to have a very strong opinion or will in the case, until the Head of the church shall furnish us a light we do not now enjoy. I respect the views of both sides. Both are true, but like the

truths of a science in its cruder stage, apparently irreconcilable. The modesty of science always waits patiently for the solution, and spends its energy in aiming to discover the principle which shall reconcile the seemingly discordant views.

“On the one hand, then, it will not do for me who am not satisfied with the present fashion, to say: ‘this is all wrong; it is mere artistic exhibition; it is not worship, it is amusement.’ I confess to you, dear friends, my heart says so. But my judgment says, I have no right to reach that conclusion. It is certain that God should have the best talent, the highest culture at both ends of the sanctuary. And I cannot see why I might not as well discard rhetoric and elocution and college-taught ministers, as thoroughly trained choirs.

“This consideration has for many years kept me from entering the party who insist on exclusive congregational singing.

“And I have believed also that there are portions of Scripture, and pieces of semi-inspired poetry which can be effectively rendered only by a well-trained choir.

“Yet, on the other hand, looking at the case as it is, I must say, that the objections to paid choirs are very strong; not strong enough perhaps to neutralize the considerations I have just presented, but too strong to be put down by ridicule or authority or will or scientific opposition.

“They come substantially to this: *The majority of the members of the church are not satisfied, edified or aided in worshipping God by the present style of music in our churches.*

“On this point I recognize a change in my own feelings. When our church began to worship in this present house, I enjoyed the services of the choir. The mere fact that I was required to be silent while the choir was leading appeared to me no more objectionable than the people’s silence while I led them in prayer.

“But gradually my feelings changed; the choir seemed to me to go continually farther from me, until at length I came to be like a post standing in my pulpit, waiting until something was finished at the other end of the house, which I could not understand, in which I had no part nor sympathy. As leader of the public services, I felt myself interfered with; not personally, but officially. With me it is a matter of supreme importance to have a religious meeting get at the opening of the service a certain tone, which may be called the key-note. If that is not secured from the beginning everything is marred, if not lost.

“This may be fancy. And if it is, I certainly would not have it direct the proceedings of a society like ours. If there is anything in it, there is much in it. The pulpit and the organ-loft must fully harmonize. They do not now harmonize. I am stating only the fact. To change it, the choir must abandon, as sacredly, as scrupulously as the preacher, all artistic exhibition.

“When I hear it declared by good men that young people will go to the churches where the best music is performed; and when I understand that praising God has become a trap to catch the silly, I am confounded. Dear friends, let us have no part in that. The church of God is lost, the Sabbath, the sanctuary, the worship of God, the grandeur, solemnity, reality of our religion are annihilated, as soon as that principle is conceded. I can never give in to it. I never will sanction the singing a hymn of penitence and praise to amuse the young. I never will be partner in a religious interest that must be sustained by such desecration.

“Let us together abandon that ground. If Mount Vernon pews must be emptied of the lovers of music because some other concert room has better performances, let us close the concern at once. I cannot consent to carry it on on those grounds. I am of the party who maintain that God should first be pleased with our music.

“Why has music thus continually been an apple of discord in the church? Because it is so easy to make it an entertainment to the irreligious. Get more piety, is the prescription I would make for our troubles.

“When I commenced my ministry I was driven from a church. Older members of the profession told me I never could have an audience if I continued to preach as I did, so plainly and pungently, and against so many of the artistic rules of the profession. My reply was: ‘Brethren, if God will only help me to be really in earnest, I will risk my popularity, and the effects of earnest preaching on my congregation.’ So I say of music: get more heart, and people will come to hear and be profited. I have heard singing in revivals of religion that would draw together more infidels, and produce on them profounder convictions of the truth of Christianity and the sincerity of Christians than all the choir-singing I have ever heard. We want more heart, more faith, more simple earnestness.

“But now, the practical question is, What shall we do just as we are? I reply, let us make a complete, fraternal compromise. Determine that music shall not make us discordant; that this question shall not split our society nor alienate friend from friend. Let us only agree that exhibition is not the end of our choir-arrangement.

“Let us do the best we can in the circumstances; respecting each other’s honest differences, not dictating to each other, not triumphing over one another; but loving, as brethren.

“Having thus fully expressed my views and feelings, I shall cordially acquiesce in any arrangement you may see fit to make. If my feelings are not met in the matter, they shall not embarrass your movements.

“Your loving friend and pastor,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

No respite came to the indefatigable worker, and he sought none. Failing health only hindered, but did not stop, his active labors. Scarcely had the echoes of the terrible war died away, before the churches of the North recognized a new object for their charities. Four and a half millions of the colored race were now free citizens. The elective franchise, with all its significance and power, was bestowed upon this people. It was a risk incurred without a precedent in history, the only seeming prudence of the act being prospective, as expressed by President Lincoln in 1864: "The time may come when the colored freedman by his ballot shall restore the jewel of liberty to the diadem of the republic."

Trained in the school of slavery, they brought into freedom its great vices. It thus became a national as well as religious duty to educate and train them in the principles of purity and truth. The antagonism of their late masters was shared in part among well-meaning people of the North. Strong prejudices were to be overcome both North and South.

Upon the American Missionary Association devolved by right this great work, as it had for years held the ground. The comparatively few who were previously interested in the work were determined to lift the society into greater prominence, and secure for it the coöperation of the churches of the North. To accomplish this herculean task it must overcome the deep-rooted prejudices of many Christian men. With a faith broad as the charity which they prayed for, they met in the Plymouth Church, Brooklyn, N. Y., Oct. 25th and 26th, 1865, to organize the "new departure."<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The American Missionary Association is the consolidated product of four other organizations, viz: the "Amistad Committee," formed in 1839; the "Union Missionary Society," in 1841; the "Committee for West India Missions," in 1844, and the "Western Evangelical Missionary Society," in 1843. The three bodies first named, were merged in the A. M. A. at its formation Sept. 3, 1846, and the last, two years afterwards. It should be noticed, however,

that they were all organized on the general principle of carrying the gospel and its related institutions to the despised races in this and in other lands. The Amistad Committee was the seed-germ of all the rest. It was composed of gentlemen who undertook to collect money and secure counsel to aid in the defense and liberation of the forty-two Africans who had risen against their captors on board the Spanish schooner "Amistad," and killed all but the two whom they



It was all important that the president of the association should be a man who represented and embodied in himself the very spirit of the great work to be accomplished. They not only needed a man whose position *at the time* was right on this greatest of the public questions which then demanded a solution, but a man whose past character would be a guarantee, to the churches and to all good people, that the society which he represented would be faithful to the trusts committed to it. The man chosen was Edward Norris Kirk, D. D.

“It is my impression,” writes one of the secretaries, “that in looking the country over no man could have been found who would more fully have bodied forth the spirit of the work among the lowly. His name was familiar and revered in both hemispheres, and was a tower of strength and confidence to the association among all good people.”

In a sermon of great strength and pathos founded upon Acts xvii. 26, Dr. Kirk in that meeting forecast the great work upon which they were entered. He spoke for God's honor, for the redemption-work of Christ, for the nation's honor and welfare, for the rights of the injured African:—

“Four millions of Africans, cultivated, refined, among us, would have made the Southern States like another world. There would have been

reserved to navigate the vessel back to Africa. They knew that their country lay toward the east, and in that direction they compelled these men to steer during the day, but when night came on the men would turn the vessel about and run for our coast. After drifting off and on in this way for a number of weeks, the schooner was finally picked up by one of our revenue cutters and brought into New London, Conn. A brief examination of the negroes in the United States district court, resulted in their being held for murder on the high seas, and they were committed to jail in New Haven to await trial.

The case went from court to court, until finally in March, 1841, at the demand of the Spanish government, which claimed the schooner and its cargo, it was argued in the supreme court of the United States,—John Quincy Adams and Roger S. Baldwin for the prisoners, who were pronounced free.

It was such a triumph for the committee

and for those who had engaged in the defense that it seemed to them an appropriate moment to establish a mission in Africa. These Africans, so strangely thrown upon their hands, were at once put under Christian instruction, and in the November ensuing, sailed for their native country accompanied by three missionaries. This was the beginning of the Mendi Mission, born so manifestly of Providence, and continuing its favored child until now. And it is worth noticing that the work of the committee and of the organizations which were merged in the A. M. A., in 1846, were, up to that date, *wholly* for Africa, so that African missions were properly the mothers of the association. And though the work has been broadened, and the methods somewhat changed, yet the salvation of the African race is still the central idea of the association's plans and efforts.

no millions of white trash; no bowie-knife, bullying, blustering, treason-breeding civilization.

“No, it will not do for a great nation to settle questions about the negro merely by taste and preference, by convenience and custom, by even policy and expediency. Eternal principles are involved in it. God’s eternal government takes cognizance of this subject in all its dimensions and ramifications.

“The question before us now is, as it ever has been, What is right?

“We surely have learned one lesson at great cost. It will not answer for a Christian people to put a leprous stone in the very foundation of their great temple. It will infect the whole; and at last require to be taken down, that the infected parts may be cast away.

“War was sent, with its rough hand, to tear it down, while the envious nations sat and mocked the misery of our condition.

“Shall we build so again? The demon is exorcised; but he is wandering about in dry places, seeking rest and finding none. If he returns, he will bring with him seven other spirits worse than the first.

“Can we afford to enter on another epoch of our history with our old notions and habits unchanged? Have we learned nothing by such a war? Is it not manifest that God has forgiven our old sins, and put us on probation once more?

“Assert the manhood of the negro; make it appear as horrible to defraud him as to defraud a white man of his rights; to inflict on him penalties for being what his Creator intended him to be; to make him the mere tool of another’s selfishness; to discourage his reaching the highest attainments and position he is capable of reaching and attaining. Insist on the principle, no matter who is to enforce it, the general or the state government, that nationality and color shall not be the test of the right to elect our rulers, to testify in our courts, to sue before them, and, if a native, to be chosen to sit in the presidential chair. In a word, every human being shall, on this part of God’s earth, stand on a perfect level with every other man before the law. Caste-legislation shall no longer dishonor us and mar the beautiful simplicity of our democratic government.”

Year after year these annual meetings were carefully noted as opportunities to voice the call to a further advance. It seems almost invidious to cull from addresses of such beauty any lines as more beautiful than others. But better this than that all should pass unnoticed.

In Springfield, Mass., 1868, after a fitting introduction he said: —

“Let us see to it that we get God’s point of view. The question was

proposed to me years ago, 'What makes a great man?' I have found no better answer since than that then given — Sympathy with God.

"We are now in the midst of great events. Events so wonderful have followed each other in such rapid succession, that we have almost lost the sentiment of wonder. We are now at the beginning of one of the world's great epochs. The King has made another grand movement to prepare the highway through the desert. Mountains are leveled, valleys are rising, crooked ways are made straight. The last Bourbon crown has fallen. There is trembling in Babylon. Spain is free, politically, religiously. Prussia is taking the lead of southern and middle Europe. Austria is entering on the course of a liberal policy. Italy opens her doors to the gospel. Slavery is dead in the republic, destroyed by the mercy of God through the agency of its defenders, bound and barred in its sepulchre by that very Constitution which slaveholders designed to be its bulwark, but which, in the circumstances, empowered our chief magistrate, by a stroke of his pen, to terminate the bloody history of oppression.

"The negro is here, to be disposed of by us either to our great benefit or our immeasurable loss — perhaps our ruin. God has put him here through man's wicked agency. And now the white man is on probation. God is watching his treatment of his brother, holding up to our view the terrible period of the war as a warning. As my friend observes, 'The sufferings of us Southrons are not your work; no, nor our own — God has done it. The South was, one day, a family filled with pride, with power, with wealth and beautiful young life. Into this family suddenly came the angel of death, riding on his pale horse.' Yes, this is a just and terrible picture. We can see the terrible riders, War and Death. With the fell sloop of their merciless scythes they cut down beauty, wealth, and power. They trample King Cotton and his crown into the dust. They send swaying armies of both friend and foe across the smiling fields, leaving in their track a barren wilderness, whose only monuments are dreary chimney-stacks, showing the hearths whose fires are quenched, around which the storm may howl, but the song upriseth and the greetings of affection are witnessed no longer.

"I then insist on another point. Our unchristian, inhuman prejudice against this and every class of men, whether springing from our own injustice to them, or any of their physical peculiarities, must be abandoned by us, more even for our own sake than for the sake of those whom we despise. The brotherhood of man is as much a doctrine of Christianity as the existence of God. Drive them to Africa! — a scheme as preposterous as it is impolitic. Why not send me to Scotland because my father was born there; and all the descendants of Elder Brewster back to England?"

The last meeting which he attended was held at Newark, N. J., November 5, 1873. It was a meeting never to be forgotten, because of his thrilling words of exhortation and his marvelous prayers.

His last public address to the association, written by an amanuensis and read by Secretary Woodworth amid an intense silence, was as follows: —

“BELOVED BRETHEREN: I congratulate you on the signs of the times. God be praised for

“I. *The wonderful upward tendency of the African race in our land.* When the spelling-book was first put into the hands of this people, their reception of it awakened contrasted emotions in the white race. The wonderful eagerness of old and young to learn the art of reading was regarded by one class as ‘merely another proof of unchangeable childishness. A book was a toy they never could own before; and now they wished to grasp it, and play with it, and be like the white race. But the novelty would soon pass away, and all would perceive that the Creator had never designed the black pigment to cover a cultivated mind. They are, and ever must be, a lazy, unaspiring people. Our beneficent Creator had designed them for unrequited toil and merely physical development. Their present eagerness to read has no other origin than superficial curiosity and a desire to read for themselves the mysterious book.’

“Probably this might be called the conviction of half our neighbors North and South. With a cynical and skeptical eye they saw this zeal for books and papers. But another class of us saw the whole matter in another light. We reverence the soul made in the image of our Creator. We regarded color and other physical peculiarities as in no way excluding this race from a full participation in the rights and privileges of humanity.

“Some interpreted the war as merely changing the external relations of this inferior class. We saw in it the hand of God revealing to us our relations to them, our solemn responsibilities and our new privileges produced by their external change. We interpreted this love of the spelling-book as a pulsation of the human heart. We recognized in it the badge of brotherhood, for we saw in them just the feelings we should have had in their circumstances. The soul, long imprisoned in the darkness of a dungeon, was struggling upward to greet the light just glimmering into that darkness. The cold tents around the Hampton Institute, the tearful eye and downcast visage of hundreds knocking in vain at the doors of the schools in Tougaloo, Atlanta, and Selma, are perfectly natural. They do not surprise us. We behold in these scenes the hand of Africa’s God and America’s God pointing to us the work that we are to

do. It is our fathers' God interpreting to us a part of his mysterious design in our national history.

"Brethren, it is an amazing spectacle: upwards of fifteen thousand souls enrolled on our school-lists, eagerly awaiting our guidance into the great world of literature, to make them sharers of its glorious treasures! What an appeal they make to our noblest sympathies! What an encouragement to us who hope to see that race emancipated from ignorance as they have been from the chattel state! What mission field in the world inspires such hope? Where do the heathen so rush to the missionaries, supplicating admission to their schools?

"Must not the good sense, the humane feeling, of our white brethren soon perceive that the negro is a man — a man entitled to all the rights and privileges of manhood? Will they not soon share our conviction that the well-being of our common country demands the expulsion of ignorance from every class in the land? Yes, brethren, I see

"II. *A change rapidly advancing in the Southern States.* Men of observation and reflection are accepting as facts, that the negro can be educated; that he ought to be educated; that our motive in sending teachers and books, in planting schools and colleges in their States, is purely Christian patriotism; that their local interests and our common interests are promoted by our action.

"I congratulate you above all on the fact that

"III. *The seal of the Holy Spirit rests on our labors and our laborers.* We devoutly acknowledge his presence and power in the numerous revivals of religion in our churches and schools during the past year. And we especially thank Him that these blessed manifestations have conveyed to this neglected and misguided people new ideas of the mode of conducting revivals; and especially that physical excitement is not the end to be sought in them; that the essential element in them is a radical change of heart manifested in a new life of conformity to the will of God."

His sympathies reached deeper than abolitionism. It was not enough that men should be free, but they must be built up in the principles of Christian liberty. While many of the leaders in the antislavery reform were disbanding their organizations because their work was done, he who had begun the great work long before they thought of it, regarded his work as simply changed in form. It is only another illustration of the fact that Christianity is more than reform. Tearing down slavery is not the building up of the slave. Abolitionism is Christian, but is not Christianity. Chris-

tianity in all its development is reformation, or regeneration. The abolitionist attacked a system; the Christian must destroy the evil system and build up those who were injured by it. Not every Christian was an abolitionist; and not every abolitionist was a Christian, judging by their own pretensions. Edward Norris Kirk was an abolitionist and a Christian; or, rather, he recognized the destruction of slavery as necessarily involved in the precepts of the gospel.

The churches of America have been accused of cowardice in the work of abolition, but upon the churches alone, under a civil government, depends the chief burden of benefiting the colored race.

The following communication from the Rev. George Gannett, Principal of the Gannett Institute, Chester Square, Boston, presents from the standpoint of an intimate friendship, an estimate of Dr. Kirk's mental and spiritual habits:—

“For ten years and more, Dr. Kirk was my friend and pastor. He possessed marked individuality, and as a person he holds in the memory of the writer a place peculiarly his own. Externally, he stands before me still, a man of fine presence and noble bearing, whose every movement was graceful, whose every action was seemly.

“Possessed of clear and quick perceptions, delicate and refined sensibilities, and an instinctive discernment of all things required by the law of fitness in social intercourse, he was ever recognized as a true gentleman, in all the varied circles in which he moved.

“His mind, eminently vigorous and comprehensive, was intuitive rather than logical; the truths which he discovered were seen clearly as by an inner light; but his intuitions were not those of the mere rationalist; they were illuminated by the gospel, and became to him living convictions incomparably precious. The versatility of Dr. Kirk's mind was somewhat remarkable. He evinced a cultivated taste and judgment in the direction of general literature, poetry, and art.

“But his imagination and æsthetic faculties did not dominate. It was not so much in an ideal as in a real world that he lived. He sought chiefly for that kind of truth which was adapted to recover the soul to God. His love for the human soul, and for the truth that would save it, was intense. As a theologian, in the technical sense of the term, he was not preëminent; but he was more and better than a mere theologian. To him truth was infinitely more than formulas and human speculations. So well balanced and conservative were his views of doctrines, that the

most acute minds might listen to him from Sabbath to Sabbath without being able to decide whether he was an Old or a New School man.

“The writer once spent several hours with him, in an earnest discussion of theological questions. The remembrance of this interview is exceedingly pleasant, such was the impression made of his great fairness and candor, and of his sincere desire to consider carefully both sides of important controverted themes.

“Those who knew Dr. Kirk only as a preacher, distinguished for a practical style, could scarcely be aware of his mental tendencies towards, and his deep interest in, psychological and metaphysical inquiries. A few years before his death, he stated to me that he had formerly, for the culture of his own mind, as well as to gratify his taste for such studies, carefully thought out and written the outlines of a system of mental philosophy; and he proposed to me to supplement the instructions which I was then giving to my pupils in this department, by a course of lectures.

“The matter arranged, he appeared in my class-room once a week, promptly at the moment fixed, until ten or twelve lectures had been given.

“While I did not expect more than a superficial treatment of such a subject by one the greater part of whose life had been devoted so positively to the concrete rather than the abstract, I must confess that I was amazed at the extensive research, large resources, and clear, decided views exhibited. It was evident that he had read not only the works of the English and Scotch philosophers, but that he was, in some good degree, familiar with the most advanced philosophical thought of the modern world. Upon the essential phenomena and laws of the mind he had seized with a comprehensive grasp, and was able to use intelligently the nomenclature of the latest and most approved text-books.

“In the education of the young, and in the work of the educator, Dr. Kirk exhibited a deep interest. His address on the subject of education at one of the commencements of my institute, was characterized by great ability, earnestness, and eloquence. More fully than most men who are not professional educators, did he recognize, as necessary to the student’s highest intellectual achievements, that he should attain and perfect himself in that trait of character which Dr. Arnold calls ‘moral thoughtfulness,’ or ‘the inquiring love of truth, going along with the divine love of goodness.’ But Dr. Kirk’s chief title to nobility lies in the greatness of his heart, in the breadth and genuineness of his sympathies, and in his consecration to the service of his Divine Master.

“His capacity and disposition to bear the burdens of others — burdens of sin, sorrow, and suffering — were almost unlimited. All classes of persons were attracted to him, and felt themselves in the presence of a true friend as well as a wise counselor. More than any man I have ever known, he impressed me as one thoroughly imbued with the spirit of his

Saviour, and as living in the most intimate communion with Him; and I am sure that in the Christ of God, and in Him alone, he had found the secret place of the Most High, where he constantly abode, and where he still abides, beholding with unclouded eyes, the Father's glory as it radiates from the face of the Son."

Recognizing the necessity of continuous hard study to an active mind, he kept up during all his ministry the study of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, besides being a proficient in several modern languages. The following letter explains one of the secrets of his ever brightness of thought. Becoming interested in the new method peculiar to the writer of this letter, he commenced of his own accord, a review of the classical languages, in order to test the method.

"BOSTON, *September 9, 1876.*

"DEAR SIR, — I first met Dr. Kirk, at Stowe, Vermont, in the summer of 1864. He had come there with Deacon Pinkerton to visit Mount Mansfield. One Sabbath afternoon he preached in the village, and as he came out of church, I ventured to introduce myself to him, thinking that he might assist me in the work in which I was about to engage in Boston. He manifested an interest in what I said that quite surprised me. Said he, 'I was going home to-morrow, but I will stop another day to talk with you about this.' The next day he called at my house, and we spent three hours in conversation about teaching and studying Latin and Greek. He told me to call on him in Boston and he would review his studies in these languages with me. He began the writing of Latin and Greek as the best method of refreshing his mind in the grammars of the languages. We first took Richards's Latin Lessons, and he wrote all the exercises in translation of English into Latin, making but few mistakes, and those in the more unusual constructions in the use of the subjunctive and infinitive moods. He then took Professor Crosby's Greek Lessons in the same way, and I have several specimens of his writing Greek which are remarkably accurate. He then proposed reading Horace, and we went over nearly all of the Odes and Satures and several of the Epistles. He was greatly interested in the scanning of the Odes in their varied metres; and would frequently stop and make a thorough analysis of a line into its feet with his pen. As his sight grew more and more imperfect, so that reading and writing on paper were painful, he had a blackboard placed on an easel in his study, and on this, with his crayon, he would write whole paragraphs from Horace or Cicero, and then study upon them until he could repeat the Latin and give a good translation of it. Finally, when he could no longer do this



in consequence of almost total blindness, he expressed a desire that I would spend two or three evenings in a week with him, in giving him slowly lines from Homer. We took the *Odyssey*, and by my rehearsing it to him, he committed to memory and could easily repeat a large portion of the first book in the Greek.

“The last interview I ever had with him was in visiting a class in Latin at the Girls’ High School. This was only about a week before his death. He was in good spirits, and after the Latin lesson Dr. Eliot took his arm and conducted him into the various apartments in the building, and in each of them he had some word to say which showed his appreciation of what was being taught. He asked the teacher of chemistry whether she adopted the ‘atomic theory’ in her teaching, to which she replied in the affirmative. As we were returning home, he remarked that he wanted to review some of the points that were taught in the Latin class, and then visit the class again. But before we had accomplished this purpose, news came to me of his death.

“I have given here in few words an outline sketch of exercises in which he never grew weary, and for which he showed the keenest relish. Whatever he might be doing when I entered his study, he would lay all aside, and take down some book, in Greek or Latin, and spend an hour or more in hard work over it. If he had a call to be absent from home at any time, and he knew that I was coming for one of those exercises, he would write out the lesson and leave it in a conspicuous place on his desk.

“Others knew Dr. Kirk far better than I did in the varied ministerial and other relations in which he was called to act. Testimonials enough will come to you, and you knew him sufficiently well personally in those relations, to render further words from me needless. Hoping that what I have written will tend to render one feature of his life more vividly known and remembered,

I am most truly yours,

“R. L. PERKINS.”

His proficiency in Hebrew was remarkable; and his love for the old language grew with his years. After his recovery from his blindness, one of the first books which he took up for recreation was the Hebrew Bible. As a student, few men in the active ministry have equaled him.

He carried out in practice the motto of the Christian college, making every study redound to the honor of Christ and the church, — Christ above and over all as the great power in perfecting the race.

“Now Paul knew this fact, that the gospel is the instrument by

which the Spirit of God contends with, and overcomes, all the enemies of Christ. And he felt about it as Robert Fulton felt when he put the first steamboat on the North River. Fulton knew that God's power would be put forth to turn his wheels when steam should be placed in certain relations to them. Men looked sage as they surveyed the mass of dead wood that this enthusiast was going to set against wind and tide. Some laughed, some argued, and some pitied. But Fulton said, I am not ashamed of steam : it is the power of God; and if man will only use it as God has appointed, it will prove a mighty instrument of good. He had proved it. So Paul felt about the gospel. Roman wits, Roman captains, Roman courtiers, and Roman priests may despise it; but 'I am not ashamed' of it, 'for it is the power of God unto salvation.'"

We close this chapter with the statement of his intimate friend, Professor Arnold Guyot:—

"PRINCETON, NEW JERSEY, *December 2, 1876.*

"Though it was my privilege, for more than a quarter of a century, to enjoy all the advantages of a most intimate friendship with Dr. Kirk, our correspondence, owing to our busy life, was very limited, and consisted mostly of short French letters relating to private matters which would hardly be interesting to the public at large. Instead of sending these hasty notes, allow me to tell in a few words, how our friendship was formed and steadily kept up; for these personal experiences will show better than any occasional letter, some of the most prominent and delightful traits of his character.

"In the autumn of 1848, when I first landed in New York, on the urgent invitation of my old friend and colleague Agassiz, with the view of spending at least a year of exploration in this country, I met accidentally, providentially, I should rather say, with a Swiss clergyman, also just arrived, who had a letter of introduction to Dr. Kirk. Having decided to go directly to the West, where he intended to settle, and hearing that I was bound for Cambridge, he requested me to take charge of this letter. I did so, and a few weeks afterwards stood at the door of Dr. Kirk with no other idea than to perform my errand. He received me in his private study. After a short conversation in French, for I could scarcely speak a word of English, he inquired into my position and my intentions for the future with that characteristic directness which in him indicated the desire to be immediately useful. His frank and sympathetic cordiality at once gained my confidence and drew me out completely. After having conversed for some time on this subject, and seeing how vague my ideas still were, how indefinite my prospects, though entirely uninformed as to my religious convictions, he immediately proposed to me to seek for light and help where he knew they would be found. The next moment

we were both kneeling before the throne of grace. He poured out his heart in a fervent prayer which touched my own to the quick, and we arose feeling like brothers. A common faith and mutual trust and sympathy had bound together, by ties never to be broken, two souls which an hour before were strangers to each other.

“From that moment to the time of his removal to his heavenly home, this dear friend never ceased to watch over my steps with the warmest interest. Not one was taken without its wisdom being first discussed and prayed over with him, and I never regretted having trusted his judgment. When in an hour of more than usual perplexity as to the right course to pursue, I still see him bowing down his head, holding it in his hands, and after a moment of silent prayer, raising it again to express in a serene, but decided manner, the conclusion to which he had arrived under divine influence.

“His nation he understood thoroughly, for he was in strong sympathy with all classes of his people; from the humblest workman to the most cultivated and highest in social position he knew them all, was in constant relation with all and embraced all in his Christian solicitude. Himself an embodiment of the noble qualities which constitute the true American and make him everywhere a leader in the path of progress, he gave me, by word and deed, a deeper and truer insight than I could gain from any other source, into the nature of this people among whom my lot was providentially cast, and whom it is so difficult for one foreign born rightly to understand.

“The greatest number of our occasional interviews, however, were entirely occupied with discussions ranging over the widest domain. The whole realm of nature, geology and the Bible, the wonders of natural and physical science, man and his laws, mankind’s history, philosophy, and theology, all had their turn, and the connection of all these branches in a great tree of knowledge was the ever-recurring final theme of our conversations. His thirst for knowledge was truly wonderful. He never tired of hearing of the beauties of this finite world and its marvelous adaptations, in which he recognized God’s goodness and divine intelligence. His candid, unprejudiced mind was open to every truth; but to obtain it was not to him a mere intellectual luxury. Having once grasped it, his first impulse was to turn it to the advantage of his ministry. With his clear and methodical intellect he put it into a tangible shape, making it accessible to all, and showing, with a warmth of conviction well calculated to gain that of his hearers, its intimate relation with some great moral, or gospel truth.

“As to the knowledge of the world infinite, inaccessible to our physical senses, metaphysical formulas could not satisfy him. For one who has apprehended and tasted by faith the realities of the supernatural world, there is no longer room for such empty forms. God in Christ and the Spirit is the fullness thereof.

“ These qualities of mind and heart, seldom united in such a degree, that profound sympathy for man in all conditions, in joys and sorrows and in moral suffering, but above all that love of souls and an ardent desire to lead them to Christ and secure their salvation, these were the secret of the power which made Dr. Kirk the popular revivalist and, to the end of his days, the blessed and beloved pastor of old and young. It was Christ’s Spirit in him, the only power which can change man’s heart, regenerate his nature and restore him to purity without which he cannot enter the kingdom of heaven.

“ The last time I had the happiness of seeing him was on the occasion of the funeral of Agassiz, when I spent a night in his family. Soon after I entered his house he returned from a church festival, led by a friend, for he was nearly blind. The sight of his serene, contented face, which was in strong contrast with his apparent infirmity, filled me with a mingled feeling of grief and pleasure. During the evening he began, as of old, one of our long conversations on some of our favorite topics, which he wanted to present to the young men of his church. His mind, though somewhat slower, was just as eager, his heart just as warm. When slowly pacing his parlor with his arm in mine, I could not help noticing, however, that his step was unsteady, his eye dim, his hearing dull. The physical man, sown in weakness for temporary purposes, was passing away; the man of faith and love, the spiritual man made for eternity, was full of life, of joy, and of hope. That hope was not deceived. A few months after, he fell asleep in the arms of his beloved Jesus.

“ These are some of my experiences with this dear and faithful friend. To have known and loved him is a blessing for which I shall forever thank God.

A. GUYOT.”

## CHAPTER XVII.

### LATER YEARS AND DEATH.

1861-1874.

THERE is a pathos in the long and fruitless search of the Spanish navigator, Juan Ponce de León, for the fountain whose waters were to impart perpetual youth. To an active mind there is something repellent in the infirmities of old age, and Dr. Kirk shared the common feeling of aversion at their approach. But this was not the feeling manifesting itself in the act of coloring the hair which God whitens in glory ; nor in the vain attempt to adorn the body with the fashions of youth.

Upon one occasion he was called "our venerable friend," when he arose and said, "I may be venerable in appearance, but am not so in my feelings." His conviction was firm that men must not grow old. He believed that, in every one, youth can be renewed like the eagle's. He looked upon man as more than mere flesh. "Whoever lives in the pleasures of the body must equally live in its pains. It is the prerogative of the spirit to live very much above both ; but it must be of both, or neither. The man who considers his black locks and magnificent beard, his round cheeks and vigorous limbs, his firm step, his physical vivacity, his keen relish of motion and the pleasures of life as his glory, the better part of himself, shall, when these wither, wither with them ; he must rust and rot into an ignoble grave. Dust he chooses to be, and to his kindred dust he returns. . . . The exclamation is sometimes made, in contemplating a cheerful group of young persons, 'What a pity they are to grow old !' God's

wisdom does not so speak. Our Creator never uttered a word to make us discontented with anything but sin. . . . What provision then has our bounteous Creator made in his word and providence for renewing our youth ; or, what rules may be laid down for this end ? We laugh at the laborious men who sought for the philosopher's stone that would turn to gold any substance it might touch. But there was, after all, a deep wisdom right in the neighborhood of that folly. There is such a thing as turning pebbles into gold, sighs into songs, tears into rainbows, old age into youth. There is an old elixir for securing perpetual youth, and our task is to show how it is to be made and taken.

“ This is, then, the first step toward renewing your growth perpetually. Make more of your immortal nature, and less of the mortal. Regard the body as a kind of vehicle, carrying the spirit through a country where the roads are sometimes very rough, or very muddy. Regard the body as a hotel in which you pass a night, but on which you do not concentrate your affections. The spirit is immortal, and its birthright is immortal youth ; having, at the same time, the advantage of exchanging the inexperience and immaturity of childhood for the ripeness and wisdom of age. Paul says, ‘ I keep my body under.’ If you magnify the importance of its comforts or its pains, you make it master.

“ How strangely it would sound in heaven to hear some one inquire of Gabriel, ‘ How old are you ? ’ — inquire whether he had begun to grow infirm ! How strange, a million ages hence, to ask Paul or Isaiah whether they are one or two million years old !

“ Put your life in the spirit, and not in the body, and you will find it as young and fresh a century hence as it is to-day ; you may become sick, and blind, and deaf, and lame, and toothless, but you will never grow old as men generally understand that term.

“ There is brightness in youth ; but there is serenity in the later period of life. There is clear vision at first ; but there is a brighter mental vision when the bodily organs fail.

There is vigor in the youthful step ; but there is a grander vigor in a well-trained will. There is a keen relish of life in youth ; but there is a more tranquil enjoyment of a more spiritual kind as a Christian advances. Mirthfulness is not as valuable as cheerfulness. When the ear grows deaf, the well-trained spirit is open to celestial converse and music."

The rules for such a youth he laid down as follows : "Count your spirit as constitutionally yourself. Be thoroughly godly. Be thoroughly a philanthropist. Share the joys of others. Share the sorrows of others. Love children." On the last point, he enlarged as follows : —

"We have heard of taking blood from the veins of a young person, and injecting it into the veins of an invalid.

"There are two ways of doing it, — the one is purely mechanical, the other is spiritual. By entering into full sympathy with the spirit of a child, one feels that young blood has entered his veins.

"When children are innocently at play, enjoy their mirth, checking it only when it annoys the unsympathizing, or is rude and boisterous. Take pleasure in the trifles that amuse them, for their sakes, and because they afford them pleasure. You will thus catch the contagion of their youthful feelings. Of course I speak to those who have not tried the experiment. Others do not need the advice. I once lived opposite a public school. After removing from that residence, a friend congratulated me on the deliverance from the noise of the children, which must be annoying, he remarked, to a student. My reply was, No; that is my loss. To observe those children going alone or in groups to school was a more pleasing occupation than to contemplate the most beautiful scene in Nature. Watching them, I seemed to blend all the maturer joy of manhood with the buoyancy of childhood.

"And when those little prisoners burst at midday from their books, and their silence, and inaction, with a shout, a scream, a laugh, a race, my whole soul laughed, and screamed, and shouted with them. For the time I was as young as they ; and it took me some time to recover from the illusion. But when I did, I had renewed my youth.

"Win the love of children. A little boy once stood by the side of his mother while she was discoursing of heaven to her own delight. But on directing her attention to Johnny, he was looking very gloomily on the carpet.

" 'Why, Johnny, do you not want to go to heaven ?'

" 'No, ma'am.'

" 'Why not, my boy ?' exclaimed the disappointed mother.

prostrated by severe sickness he knew no rest. He never laid aside the instruments of his labors. Death found him hard at work. This portion of our history is therefore no record of decay, but rather of an undiminished zeal in the Master's service.

His doctrine as to old age was practically true, exemplified in a serenity of life more and more beautiful as the years passed on. The first serious warning of physical prostration is recorded in the following memoranda:—

“It is easy to object to private diaries, as magnifying unduly the experience of an individual. There is a flippant style of objecting to memoirs which would be seen in its true light if it were turned against the biographies and especially the autobiographies of the Scripture. I am now writing under this date on the third day of March (1861), because on the twenty-second of February I began to succumb to a combination of physical difficulties, the common seat and fountain of which my physician hardly describes. The confinement to my room really began on Tuesday, the nineteenth. The following Friday I found I must relinquish two favorite schemes: one of going to Saxonville, to conduct the services in an incipient revival; the other, my annual visit to Mount Holyoke Seminary.

“All is mercy in my disappointments and deprivations. In my confinement I have been permitted to see some of my dear friends. Among other interesting visits are the following: Mrs. W. brought her little daughter, twelve years old, whom she regards as manifesting true faith in her Saviour. I was gratified with the interview. Another was a young clergyman, in a desponding mood. He has since written me a letter which shows that the Lord has not silenced me, nor taken his blessing from my labors by shutting me up here. Another was a mother with her son, whom she thought I might help her to lead into the right way. Another was a member of a neighboring church, in despair. How much the Lord may have enabled me to do for her, He has not permitted me to hear.

“The use I am trying to make of my condition is, — to review my life more seriously; to rejoice more in affliction; to get more of the barriers between Christ and my heart out of the way; to pray more for my church, as I cannot labor for them.”

At the request of his physician, Dr. Kirk commenced a journey South, for the recovery of his health. The painful meditations attendant upon his “silent Sabbaths” were lightened by this opportunity for recreation and preparation



for greater usefulness in the trying years to come. This journey, mentioned in a previous chapter, was not of sufficient length and quiet to restore the wasted strength.

“*Friday, April 5th.*—My physician banishes me again. God’s will be done! Good Shepherd, feed thou the flock!

“*Saturday, April 6th* (to his sister, Mrs. Center).—I can see that my afflictions are directed by paternal love. I have been disproportionately active, without sufficient deep meditation. We become superficial by such a process. Truths of the greatest moment, the most exalting and refining, thus fail to affect us. . . . You have, I presume, heard the particulars of my prostration. I am now gaining an appetite. To-day I was to have sailed for Charleston. The storm delays us. . . . We intend to return about the end of this month. I hope by that time to be able to resume my pastoral work, which I never resigned with more reluctance than at this time. But my Father is wiser than I am. The doctor wished to send me to Europe. But I was not ready to go so far and be absent so long.”

“*July 4, 1861.*—This morning I met Dr. Lane. He gave me his views fully in regard to my health, and urged me to resign my pastoral office without delay. It was a solemn moment. Did the Lord speak through him? I mentioned it to Mr. and Mrs. Tyler and my sisters. Others ridicule the idea.”

“*September, 1861.*—I am in better health than usual, and have resumed my labors very hopefully.

“I am happy to hear that the children are able to resume their studies. Yet I would care more for confirming their physical constitutions now than for any amount of acquisition they may make at school. Do not suffer little Eddy to grow up with a disordered stomach or a sluggish circulation, if any pains or expense would secure to him robust health and cheerfulness. I regard the expanded chest as one of the most important physical attainments. Deep breathing of pure air is essential to a healthful condition of the animal frame.”

It was this beginning of physical prostration which led him to more frequent schemes for rest, — nearly all of which, however, were carried out in excursions where he might receive and accomplish some good.

The following letters exhibit a true picture of the “rest” which he took when away from home:—

“LOCKPORT, *August 4, 1862.*

“MY DEAR FRIEND,—I had intended to write to you before receiving your kind letter addressed to me at this place. By various deten-

tions, I did not arrive here until Friday night. It was difficult breaking away from Saratoga. The place is becoming attractive, whereas it used to be repulsive to me. I found there many persons whom it was a privilege to meet; especially one that recalled my boyish days with a vividness and fullness that surprised and delighted me. It is the brother of James Alexander, Col. William Alexander, of New York. He has a prodigious memory, and has the whole of my boy-life written in the tablets of his memory.

“But the chief attraction to me there was the blessing that seemed to crown my efforts to do good. Arriving on Tuesday afternoon, I conducted the daily prayer-meeting on Wednesday. The Spirit of God rested on us. I was requested to remain over Thursday and hold a meeting in the afternoon. I consented; and at the most inconvenient hour of four o'clock the house was well filled, and a deep impression seemed to be produced.

“I was earnestly requested to remain over Sunday. But I had determined not to be diverted from the track marked out by me, unless indications of the divine will to the contrary should be very clear. I saw none such, and came here on Friday.

“They kept me quite actively at work yesterday, preaching twice, addressing a mission school, baptizing Mary's baby, and all that in an atmosphere much above freezing.

“To-morrow I am to go with Mary's children and Mrs. G. to the Falls. In regard to your suggestions, I would now say it appears to me desirable to continue my journey, at least as far as Hannibal. There my friends will give me full information of the condition of the country and the safety of the journey. If it shall then appear undesirable for me to advance, I shall retreat; and it will not be the first time in my life that my valor has made the same manifestation of itself. You pulled a strong cord in the projects you laid before me. We could pass our time most satisfactorily together when recreation should be the duty to be performed; and I hope that my present pursuits will not prevent our realizing that satisfaction yet this season.

“Yours most affectionately,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

“HANNIBAL, MO., *August 12, 1862.*”

“MY DEAR SISTERS, — I was disappointed by not arriving here before Sunday. I suppose you have heard from Lockport, how pleasantly my time was passed there and at the Falls, with Mary and Mrs. G. I left the Falls on Thursday; met a Canadian Englishman. We had some pretty smart sayings between us before we separated. Among mine was this: ‘Come on, if you envy our growth, and look only at the almighty dollar; come on, and murder our people in the interest of that slavery

for which you have so abused us! You will find in us the old English pluck you so much admire; and when the Sepoys and the Irish secede, we shall copy your illustrious example, if that seems to be best at the time.' My contempt has seldom been more excited than in view of the arrogant assumption of a right to intermeddle in our affairs for their supposed interest.

"At Detroit I met three more Englishmen. But how different our intercourse! One of them is son of Lord Dacres, one of the most historic families, and the wealthiest, of England. The other two are gentlemen's sons. We talked matters over very candidly and courteously. Young Dacres is on the military staff of the governor of Canada. He said his prejudices had been greatly diminished by the little he had already seen of the Northern people.

"At Chicago I met another agreeable companion, Dr. Morgan, the rector of St. Thomas's Church, New York, who, I think, regards himself as converted under my ministry. He is haughty in his bearing, but of the gentlest and kindest spirit. We did not reach Quincy until Sunday morning at two o'clock. To-day I start with Rev. Mr. Sturtevant for Council Bluffs, to return here by the 24th inst. God bless you.

"Your affectionate brother,

"EDWARD."

"*Sunday, February 22, 1863.* — Released to-day to preach. It was blessed."

"*Saturday, July 18, 1863.* — Doctor shuts me up. I am even compelled to vacate my pulpit and refuse to go to commencement at South Hadley."

Such are the occasional records extending over the later years of his life; yet, in nearly every instance, when the "Doctor shut him up," he managed to get out very soon. Only his Master's business gave him comfort. He rested while he worked.

Sleeplessness, that foe of health, led him morning after morning to his study, at two or three or four o'clock. Many a sermon of entrancing eloquence was mostly written between the early hour of rising and daybreak. Poor medicine this to nerves disordered! yet better far, he thought, than the sleepless tossings of a long and weary night. Prayer-meetings for the country, gatherings of soldiers, missionary meetings, ordinations, weddings, and funerals, — these, with the demands of a large parish, drew upon the strength which had already, though slowly, begun to diminish.

The most rigid self-examination in regard to his motives and his methods of labor was kept up, even to the last. He passed the so-called ministerial "dead line of fifty years" without knowing it; and no one knew when he passed it. Men never thought of his age when he spoke: the years of the speaker never add to, nor take away from, the freshness of the living truth. Dr. Kirk recognized the fact that the mode of expression in religious themes must agree with the present methods in other avenues of thought, — knowing well that the truth gains nothing by being presented in an old-fashioned style. He always presented the same doctrines, yet had "the art of putting things" in the most natural manner. He preached in the language and tones with which his audiences were familiar in their daily life. His sermons, like those on "The Prodigal Son," "Naaman," etc., which never lost their power, were the same truths delivered year by year in a new form. He knew how to be young even in his methods. In the sixty-fifth year of his age he was informally invited to one of the most prominent churches in the city of New York. Many churches know no difference between a young man and an old man who keeps young. He knew that the moment a minister of Christ (and the same is true in every other calling) is satisfied with his methods, that moment men become dissatisfied with him. Instead of repeating his old sermons unchanged, Dr. Kirk severely and often analyzed his own productions, trying to discover the weak points. The following is his own estimate of himself, deliberately written after one of these self-examinations.

"MY PREACHING IN 1862-3.

"*Its good points as I see them.* — 1. *Attractive.* Original; cordial; scriptural; moving the deeper sensibilities. 2. *Instructive.* Goes to root of principles; applies them to life and consciousness; shows Christ and way to heaven.

"*My dangers.* — 1. *Perfunctoriness.* I love business for its own sake. 2. *Men's favor is agreeable.* 3. *Power is pleasant.*

"*My duties.* — 1. *Supremely to desire God's glory.* 2. *Next, the eternal good of the people.* 3. *Be thankful for my enjoyment of preaching.* 4.

*Earnestly to seek my subjects and views of them in prayer. 5. Earnestly to implore blessing on my hearers. 6. Earnestly to follow preaching by personal applications of the truth."*

The following letter has its history. The trustees of his Alma Mater at Princeton were at this time in search of one to fill the president's chair. Informally Dr. Kirk was approached, and the reasons given for his undertaking the duties of the office. These he duly weighed. In order to a more ready understanding of the situation he was invited to deliver a lecture before the students. The success of the effort is alluded to in the letter, as also is the proposition that he should assume the functions of the presidency. After due deliberation he yielded to his convictions that the remaining work of his life must be done in Boston. The compliment awakened his profoundest feelings of gratitude. In response to a letter from his friend of earlier days, Mrs. Sarah Miller Hageman, of Princeton, he thus wrote: —

"BOSTON, September 2, 1865.

"DEAR MADAM, — Your note and the kind invitation it contains caused me much delight, and has given me new occasion to say — 'Father, I thank thee!' particularly because that last visit to Princeton had to me a meaning none but myself could interpret, a value only I can estimate; and now you show me I did not overestimate it. If you have any interest in my feelings, I will tell you something about it. In Princeton I commenced a godless childhood. But the grace of God led me back there to prepare myself for a good and useful life. Then came a long separation, geographical, ecclesiastical, social. Then again I am led back there. Whether the visit would be sad or satisfactory, I was uncertain. I did not know but what I had grown into some mental stature that would prove me no longer of their kith. I was not sure but that the committee had made a mistake in their selection. I was sure of my own feelings, whether others would understand them or not. But there was to me something of an experiment in the visit. I went, and found it one continued festival to my heart. To have my humble effort to promote the interest of the occasion so kindly received, to have such impressive evidence that every heart welcomed me, to find my views of life so entirely acceptable, to have the opportunity of saying words of paternal counsel to those dear young men, — I cannot express the satisfaction I find in all this. And now you add to this one kind word. I thank you cordially. As to the visit, if you mean only a visit, I can

speaking promptly, that I hope the opportunity may arrive for this. But the other part of your invitation is a graver matter; and on it I can only say, if you really hope I could promote the spiritual good of the people in any special degree, pray for me that the Lord will show us his will in the matter, and not suffer me to go unless He intends to bless me in my efforts.

“How could you think that I needed to be reminded who Sarah Miller was, or the beautiful Margaret Miller, or even Aunt Betsey Sargeant, or my venerable teacher, Dr. Miller? Princeton, from 1812 to 1826, is a panorama to my memory, full of images more interesting to me than when they moved within the range of my bodily vision. Tell Mr. Hageman how much I was gratified to find him and yourself in a prayer-meeting for the salvation of our outraged country. With much respect and thankfulness,

Your sincere friend,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

On the second Sabbath in January, 1867, the congregation of Mount Vernon Church were startled by the illness of their honored pastor in the midst of his discourse. It was then that many learned of his sufferings often experienced alone. For years he had been subject to a spasmodic affection of the throat, — a nervous irritation produced by excessive use of the voice.

The sympathy of his people was unbounded. For the first time they became really aware of the beginning of the end. They urged him to take a protracted rest. They begged him to refuse all extra calls upon his time. They urged a journey, — gave every counsel that loving hearts could prompt. But to him there was no place like home, — and his home was found in the affections of his people. He seemed a father tenderly cared for by the children. The gifts of love — flowers daily upon his desk, delicacies for his table, tokens of varied expression — were as medicine to his soul.

His work was not yet done. The sun was clouded only for a season, and he was soon in his pulpit. Mount Vernon Church was itself again. Men of power discoursed in other and neighboring pulpits to large congregations; and yet every Sabbath the spacious church was filled. Strangers sought him out. The old and the young were alike attracted to him.

An occasion of great interest presented itself June 2, 1867, upon the twenty-fifth anniversary of Mount Vernon Church. The reunion of old parishioners, the tender expressions of respect for the departed, the respect and love so delicately shown in their treatment of him, was a crowning testimonial to his faithfulness and their appreciation of it. In reply to a committee who placed in his home rich and artistic gifts of their affection, he thus wrote : —

“PARSONAGE, *June 3, 1867.*

“DEAR BRETHREN, — Every expression of your kind letter to me meets a response in my heart. Your solid, beautiful gift is fully appreciated by me as an ornament ; immeasurably more, as I know the sentiments it expresses.

“Ties the most precious and enduring bind us to each other. Death may sever them to sense, but never to memory and affection.

“I trust God will keep me where He has placed me in your hearts, but never suffer me to overstay my time in the pastorate of our dear church.

“Let us love Jesus and each other more and more.

“Yours, in these precious bonds.

“EDWARD N. KIRK.”

The following letter from Deacon Palmer to the chairman of the committee of arrangements is of more than local interest touching this occasion : —

“PARIS, FRANCE, *May 14, 1867.*

“MY DEAR SIR, — I remember the intention of the Mount Vernon Church and Society to observe in some appropriate manner the twenty-fifth anniversary of its formation and the settlement of its pastor. If at home, I might be expected to take a part in the celebration. The desire to do so is not diminished by the distance that separates us; and, therefore, I will take the liberty of sending you, as chairman of the committee of arrangements, a few of the many recollections and reflections which the occasion may suggest.

“I retain a very distinct memory of the state of evangelical religion in Boston during the years which immediately preceded the formation of the Mount Vernon Church and the settlement of its pastor. The controversy between the Orthodox and the Unitarian branches of the Congregational Church had passed away in revivals of religion, which gave an impetus to the evangelical cause, increasing the number of our churches and adding largely to their membership. This growth reached its culminating point about 1836. The few succeeding years were

marked by controversies among theologians, — disagreement about measures for building up the church, among pastors, — and the consequent coldness and worldliness of professing Christians. The years 1839 and 1840 were anxious ones with many of the most spiritual, earnest, praying members of our churches, — most of whom have now passed to their rest and their reward. Some of us may still bear witness to the solicitude of such brethren as Hubbard, Safford, Proctor, Noyes, Kimball, Grosvenor, Crockett, Adams, Scudder, Armstrong, and others, as they discussed and prayed over the declining state of piety in the churches. It seemed like an answer to these prayers, when the Rev. Mr. Kirk, warm and fresh from the revivals in Baltimore and Philadelphia, was sent to Boston on a mission for the Foreign Evangelical Society. While advocating faithfully the cause in which he was employed, his zeal for the immediate salvation of men pushed him to follow out the same strain of preaching which had been so successful in other cities. There was such an immediate response as indicated clearly to many hearts that the Master was calling his people to a higher standard of Christian labor, and a more aggressive warfare on the part of his church against the world.

“That there should have been differences of opinion amongst good men respecting the prudence and expediency of measures for promoting the growth of piety was but a matter of course; and should only be remembered now as an illustration of the fallibility of all human judgment. The success which has followed the progressive party is no evidence that the brethren who adhered to more conservative counsels were not equally sincere and conscientious. But let it never be forgotten that the Mount Vernon Church was organized for the purpose of advancing the cause of Christ by special efforts to promote revivals of religion, by the constant and persevering use of the lay element in the spiritual care of the church, and by an aggressive warfare on every form of sin which arrays itself against the power of the gospel. This anniversary should commemorate the faithfulness of our covenant God, who for a quarter of a century has given such success to the truths thus proclaimed by the pastor, and such prosperity to the church, while it has adhered in good degree to its primitive design. Let those who now constitute this church, and those who may come after us, remember that its founders aimed at ‘keeping a perpetual fire burning upon their altar,’ and that any theories of the Christian life which permit supineness and inactivity (where there is strength to work) are inconsistent with the views of duty which were current here twenty-five years ago.

“It was in consequence of the *supposed* difference of views on the ways of working to advance the cause of truth, between this and many of our sister churches, that this church, especially in the earlier years of its history, was left to the exercise of its right of independence rather more



than is usual or desirable amongst Congregational churches. It seemed better that we should work harmoniously together than seek for union where there could not be entire cordiality. It is hoped that the day is passed when we need fear any detriment to the moral power of our views, if we are but true to them *ourselves*, by the most free fellowship with all our sister churches.

“But I have been led into a different strain of writing from what was intended when I commenced this letter. It was that clear, bright morning of June 1, 1842,—the early gathering of the little band which was to constitute the church; the meeting of the ecclesiastical council; its memorable discussion of our articles of faith, and their unanimous approval without the alteration of a sentence; the reception of the church into fellowship; the dinner with the council; the installation services in the afternoon; the church meeting in the evening for praise and thanksgiving and for the election of deacons. It was of these scenes, all occurring on that first day of June, 1842, that I intended to have written. But these will be remembered and spoken of by others, who will attend your meeting, and whose memories may be better than mine.

“The success of our enterprise has a lesson for those who are seeking to evangelize our large cities. Let them begin with the prayer-meeting, and draw together first a company of kindred spirits, around some Christian pastor of like sympathies and aims. Let them follow him from the beginning, in their organization—building a church—and arrangements for worship and for work, and so the permanence of the pastoral office will be preserved. The method of commencing such an enterprise with a money subscription, and a building committee, is too apt to end in disagreement about a pastor, and an inefficient working organization.

“May I not say that our success has a lesson, also, for those who are seeking to distinguish themselves amongst the servants of God? Let them not seek for a tablet on the walls of the sanctuary, as is so common in older countries. The memory of Safford will be fresh and fragrant in many hearts after the effigies in Westminster Abbey and St. Denis shall have crumbled into dust. ‘They that be wise shall shine as the firmament, and they that turn many to righteousness, as the stars for ever and ever.’

“Praying God to bless your celebration, and with much love for the church and its pastor, I remain, with Christian affection,

“Yours very truly,

“JULIUS A. PALMER.”

Calls to outside efforts Dr. Kirk could not refuse. Prominent among these was that of the trustees of Andover Theological Seminary, that he should deliver a series of lectures

upon revivals to the students. Two years previously he had written upon the same theme for the public press, and now he could expand the thoughts there merely suggested. He accepted the trust, and in 1868 delivered the course. We need no demonstration as to his power. We dwell not upon even one of the many kind expressions made by professors and students. One sentence sums up the whole, — “*December 17.* Closed my course of lectures on revivals to the students at Andover. God helped me.” This consciousness of the divine assistance was worth more than all human commendation.

“1869, *January 8th.* — Elected chaplain of the [Massachusetts] Senate, to my utter amazement!” It was an election in which the office sought the man rather than the man the office. His election was not because no others were willing to serve, since several ministers of different denominations were seeking the position. This very self-seeking on the part of so many led one of the members, now a judge in the Superior Court of Massachusetts, to remark that in order to maintain the dignity of the office he would propose the election of some one who had not sought the place.

Accordingly, the names of a number of representative clergymen were mentioned, and among them that of Dr. Kirk. A lawyer, a Unitarian, said: “Dr. Kirk is not of my denomination, but he is a Christian gentleman, and I will vote for him.” He was chosen by a very full and cordial vote. Special requests were sent him by various members, urging that, notwithstanding his impaired health, in view of all the circumstances, he ought to accept the appointment. The Rev. Edmund Dowse, at that time a member of the senate, thus writes of the chaplain: —

“Although in feeble health, Dr. Kirk was very regular and prompt in the performance of his duties during the whole session. His manner was always such as to dignify his office and honor his Master. His prayers were manifestly addresses to God and not to the senate. It had been charged that the chaplains took occasion in their service to give utterance to their personal and party views upon the orders of the

day, thus making political speeches to the members instead of offering prayers to God. This was not true of Dr. Kirk. He was not ignorant of, nor did he ignore, the business before the senate; but he addressed himself to God alone, earnestly seeking his presence, guidance, and blessing. He was very concise in the service, but never so much so as to savor of undue haste. There was no sameness nor monotony in his prayers. The language each day was varied, and so much so that no two services of the session were in the same form. There was one peculiarity that is worthy of notice, and that was his habit of quoting readily, largely, and very appropriately, from the Scriptures, and particularly from the Psalms. His intercourse with all the members was characterized by his usual urbanity, nice scholarly taste and attainments. His devotional services indicated a thorough knowledge of the Scriptures and a reverential familiarity with God in prayer. On the whole, he was a model chaplain."

This public service was peculiarly pleasant in that it brought him into a yet closer relationship, if this were possible, with his intimate friend, Mr. Claffin, at that time in the governor's chair. The great questions touching the interests of the Commonwealth laid their claims naturally upon his attention. The same enthusiasm which was manifest in the time of war was just as unbounded in everything touching the welfare of the people in the equally testing time of peace.

At one of the windows in the beautiful home at Newtonville, whither he often resorted, the chair still holds its place on whose arm he leaned, while at the coming up of every question touching personal duty, whether in a public or private form, he bowed his head in prayer that the right way might be discerned. Thus even until the last, whatever in politics, even as in science, philosophy, and religion, interested others, likewise interested him.

During July, 1868, he made this record in his diary:—

"I am yet troubled with sleeplessness; but am able to do some head-work. I have a rheumatic affection which acts on the left hand like incipient paralysis."

His convictions as to his position and duty were thus expressed a year later in a letter to a friend:—

“The dealings of my Father with me have always been very gracious. But they are at present a test of my confidence in Him, the future lies so completely beyond my control, the imagination presents so many possibilities. The experience of our church last spring, the experience of Winter Street Church, the present position of our denomination in Boston, all turn my heart wholly to the Lord. The wisdom and power of man are utterly vain except as humble instruments of his wisdom and power.”

The action foreshadowed in every line of this letter was soon taken. Anxiety lest he should “overstay his time in the pastorate of their dear church,” led him, in the sixty-eighth year of his age, to tender the following communication; an act whose importance, judging by his love and attachment, few can appreciate and understand.

“TO THE MOUNT VERNON CHURCH AND SOCIETY:

“*Dear Brethren and Friends,*—I have anxiously awaited the test of time to determine the will of God concerning my future course. My own experience confirms at length the judgment of my medical friends, that, in justice to the Lord whom I serve, to the people so dear to me, to the cause I have supremely at heart, I can no longer bear the responsibility of acting pastor of Mount Vernon Church.

“You imperatively need a leader in the full possession of all his powers, mental and bodily.

“I ask not a dismissal from the pastoral office, but from its cares, duties, and emoluments.

“Choose then a man of God, competent to take the entire charge of the church. Let him understand that I shall be, in fact, his assistant, and ready to render every aid in my power.

“I do not ask for a severance of the tie that now so happily unites us, because I have no desire to form any other connection. Whatever my future relations to you may be, my heart shall ever revert with thankfulness to God, to the memories of the past. And my desire and prayer will ever be for your prosperity as a church, for the presence of God in your dwellings, and for your eternal salvation through our Lord Jesus Christ.

“May you receive a baptism of the Spirit of grace and supplication for the present important crisis in the history of our beloved church.

“And may grace, mercy, and peace be with you evermore.

“Your affectionate pastor,

“EDWARD N. KIRK.

“NANTASKET, *September 1, 1869.*”

The solemnity of the step and the spirit in which it was taken, may be gathered from another communication of the many concerning it.

“Only let me assure you, dear brethren, of these things; the best interests of this church are dearer to me than personal considerations; time does not diminish, but strengthens and mellows my love for this people. I shall never stand, I trust, one hour in the way of their known wishes for a change; my preference is, to die in this pastorate, even if unable to do anything but pray for you, and another must serve you.

“Look then, dear brethren, not at me, but at the precious interests of this body; and under the sought guidance of Him to whom the church is so dear, seek and determine and do whatever seems to you adapted to promote the best interests of this body.”

With a courtesy equaled only by their love, Mount Vernon Church insisted upon his remaining in the pastorate, voting him an annual salary of two thousand dollars, yet relieving him of every pastoral duty.

No one in all the parish more cordially than he welcomed to the pulpit he so long had filled, the associate pastor, Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, who was installed over the church on the 12th of April, 1871. Never to this day has mention ceased to be made of the prayer offered in the little room every Sabbath, for a blessing upon his associate who should unfold divine truth. It was “holy ground,” for there, during a pastorate of twenty-seven years, God had spoken to him, and because of this communion he wist not, what his people knew, that his face shone. He sought the same blessing upon his beloved associate.

The friendship between the two pastors knew no break. Side by side they stood in the sacred desk for three years save as sickness interrupted, — the heart-searching, scholarly sermons of the one followed by the beautiful benedictions of the other. He who knew so well how to preach knew just as truly how to listen. So powerfully did his benedictions impress the congregation, that a friend took down a few, which are here given with the text from which Mr. Herrick had discoursed. The central thought of each sermon Dr. Kirk imparted in the blessing of the people.

What is true in these few instances was true of his whole ministerial life, he never repeated even the same benediction.

BENEDICTIONS.

Text: 1 Cor. ix. 26. "May grace be given us to enter the course, to run the race, and to obtain the crown, and we will give all the glory to Father, Son, and Holy Spirit, forever. Amen."

2 Cor. ix. 15. "Thanks be unto God for his unspeakable gift, and may his grace be added to lead us *now* to accept this gift. Amen."

"And Ruth clave unto her." "May the spirit of adoption be ours to cry 'Abba, Father,' and may we behold the reconciled face of our God, through our Saviour, Jesus Christ. Amen."

Luke xv. 17-20. "May you know the blessedness of meeting a reconciled Father, and of hearing Him say, 'Thy sins be forgiven thee,' and finally be admitted to that home, to go no more out forever, through faith in Jesus Christ. Amen."

Rev. ii. 9, l. c. "May the convincing, consoling, sanctifying power of the Spirit, be with you, and a crown of life be yours forever, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Friday evening after Deacon Palmer's death. "May He who converted, justified, sanctified, and has now glorified, our dear brother, be your Saviour, Sanctifier, Comforter, and Guide, for his name's sake. Amen."

Deacon Palmer's funeral. "May every mourning heart have grace to say cheerfully, 'Thy will be done,' and that same grace, through faith, obtain for us all the crown at last, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Gen. vi. 22. "May grace and wisdom be given us all, to believe that the deluge is coming, to enter into the ark, to float safely over all the sorrows and wrecks of this world, and be received at last into the glories of heaven, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

Preparatory lecture, Sol. S. ii. 4. "May the Spirit show to each of us this banner of love; under it may we fight, under it may we suffer, and under it may we rejoice through time, and evermore through the ages of eternity, through Christ our Saviour. Amen."

Ps. l. 14. "May grace be given to each of us, to revive the memory of broken vows; may we go to God for strength to keep these vows, and love and serve Him for ever and ever. Amen."

Prayer-meeting. "May grace be given us, to despise ourselves as sinners, to look upon ourselves as beloved of God, to take advantage of that love, and creep up to his heart, and there live forever, through Christ our Redeemer. Amen."

Is. xxviii. 16. "May this be the prayer of each of us; may we all know what it means to be near God, through Christ our Lord. Amen."

Job xv. 4. "May you all learn to pray, and may the Spirit help your infirmities, that when you have ended a life of prayer, you may begin a life of praise above, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen."

2 Tim. ii. 9. "May the Spirit give you the ear to hear the word, faith to understand, and grace to do the will of God. Amen."

Acts ix. 3-6. "May there not be one heart untouched in this assembly by the finger of God; may every heart respond to the love of God; and may the grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all. Amen."

For three years the shadow like that which fell upon Milton came upon him. As already hinted, his vision, becoming more and more indistinct, was at length lost in blindness. Book after book, beginning with those of the smallest type, he laid one side; but last of all, the Bible, always open upon the student's desk, was unread. The powerful magnifying glass was given up as useless while he waited for the total eclipse. He would sit at his eastern window in the morning and in the western toward night to catch a single beam of light before it should be too late; but soon every beam had lost its power.

His physician thus writes:—

"The failure of sight came very gradually upon him. This, probably, was one of the greatest trials of his life. The optic nerve of one eye was seriously damaged, and cataract began to develop on the other. He was cautioned to avoid night study; but to obey this injunction was to change the whole habit of his student life. When called out by night I frequently noticed the bright gas-light in his study-windows at twelve, one, or two.

"When reminded of this imprudence his reply would be, 'Ah, doctor, my books, my books, my old companions! how can I desert them?'

"At length, at my suggestion, Dr. Kirk consulted an oculist, who advised extraction of the cataract. The day for the operation was appointed, ether was administered, and the operation was successfully performed. His wonted courage and calmness did not fail him. As a result of the greatest service and comfort to him he recovered his sight."

His physician met him one day, with the remark, "Dr. Kirk, I think you must be lonely." "Oh no, bless you, I should never know what it is to be lonely. I pity the man who has no spiritual and mental resources." Upon one occasion his friend, Mrs. Claffin, said, "You really seem to

rejoice over your blindness!" "Well," was his reply, "I have such beautiful views of heaven and of Christ in my silent life that I am reconciled." His hope, like that of every one, was best tested in the days of darkness. No doubt remained. "I was never so happy in my life as I am now," he said one day to his sisters while they ministered to his wants. Day after day, and hour after hour, each day, they read to him, especially from the Scriptures.

The history of the months of total blindness is private rather than public. It is enough for us to know that he was never heard to complain.

When hardly able to distinguish any objects, he often insisted upon walking out upon the streets alone, and no harm ever befell him. A young man, at that time a member of the Theological Seminary in Andover, writes of this period as follows: "Some time during his blindness I saw Dr. Kirk standing on the corner of Tremont and Boylston streets, leaning on his staff, whereupon my friend, leaving me, went to him and asked if he wished any assistance? 'Ah, I was waiting for some one to lead me across the street. I knew I should not have to wait long for a friend to help me. Thank you.' His standing and waiting suggested to me more of his trust in man, and faith in the unseen Friend, than the pen can possibly describe."

It is impossible to magnify too highly the kind offices of hundreds whom he met. Strangers to him asked the privilege of rendering him assistance. Conductors on the horse-cars often insisted upon leading him to the sidewalk, even though he had an escort. It was the same everywhere. As he had done to others for threescore years and ten, so did others to him.

On the 17th of May, 1872, the operation was performed which resulted in giving him sight again. Brighter and brighter grew his life. The homes in city and country which had been always open to him in his blindness were made still more happy by his joy. It will not be called invidious if among the hundreds of families who delighted to do him



honor there should be recalled such names as Tobey, Warren, Durant, Claflin, Hubbard, Littell, Safford, friends most intimate, whose deeds, uncounted and untold, especially helped him to a more tranquil and serene old age.

He grew more and more tender in his expressions and in his feelings. Mere dogmatism grew more repulsive than ever to him. "Were I to begin my life over again," he said, "the only creed I should have would be an answer to the question, 'Do you believe on the Lord Jesus Christ? Do you love and trust Him?'" He often repeated the story of the old Scotch woman, who presented herself for admission to the church of his childhood, that of Dr. Mason in New York. To every question upon the creed she gave the invariable reply, "I dinna ken." The wise and experienced men were amazed at her boldness in seeking admission with such ignorance, and politely suggested that she consider still further the several points of their creed. Wearily she left the room, only to open once more the door she had closed and to say, "I canna speak for Him, but I can dee for Him." Such an experience would be covered by Dr. Kirk's creed.

Yet his faith did not become mere sentimentalism. A friend asked him, "Don't you think you could do just as much good by leaving out some of the severe expressions." "My dear friend," he replied, "I cannot improve upon God's ways."

Again, one spoke to him: "I know I am a Christian, but I desire to show myself a Christian in society; what shall I do?" He replied: "I always try to put myself into this attitude before leaving home: Lord, give me an opportunity to honor Thee, and a heart to embrace the opportunity. This is all our Lord requires."

Speaking to his friend, Mrs. Claflin, who in her deep sorrow often visited the grave of a daughter, he said: "Going there unfits you for your active duties." But having gone thither with her several times, he one day remarked: "I have been greatly mistaken; even the resting-places of the dear departed have their lessons in the midst of life." He

waited for a moment and then continued : “ When I am gone will you sometimes come to my grave ? ”

The sun in his western journey sees farther than we see, and the nearer he is to his setting, so much the more clearly do the objects beyond our horizon appear. Not a great public movement escaped Dr. Kirk’s vision ; his undiminished sympathies were with the living, and yet he looked more and more deeply into the things which, to those of us nearer the rising of the sun, are hidden. His own words, written years before, were becoming true : —

“ *Ripe for heaven.* Perhaps a few more suns must shine upon you, a few more rains must fall ; he sees something yet not quite complete ; but the time is near, it hastens, when you will feel the sickle. Fear it not ; you know what hand holds it. It cuts down only the straw. The precious grain is garnered. There may come the sharp-edged sickle, and then the tremendous blow of the flail. That ends your earthly history. The rest dates from heaven. A soul ripened for glory in this field of sin and death ! Surely the joy of the harvest thrills through the heavenly mansions.”

A while before “ he fell on his last sleep ” he was heard to say : —

“ Go to Mount Auburn ; read the records of that city of the dead ; see that comment on the words of holy writ : Dust thou art, and unto dust shalt thou return. Dust, — particles of clay that are most exquisitely put together, cemented by a principle too subtle for all science, for all observation, yet still but dust, — that crumbles at a touch. What is life ? God calls it a vapor. It is a breath, a breath you did not create, nor can recall. You can no more control it than you can the winds. It may leave you now, or as you rise to go out, or when you sleep to-night, to-morrow when you are trafficking, when you are serious or trifling, dancing or praying. You may be attired for the gayest scene, awaiting a friend, securely seated at your father’s fireside, and in an instant be in the fierce and fiery embrace of death, exchanging your rich garments for a winding-sheet of flame, breathing in an atmosphere of fire ; in an instant, unwarned, unattended, unaided, gone ! What is your life ? A vapor.

“ One day a beautiful young creature, that seemed made for endless youth, turned and said to an attendant, ‘ I feel strangely ’ ; she gasped, she fell, not to rise again until the heavens and the earth be no more. Her life was even a vapor. A beautiful, gilded cloud, it floated over

our earth, and threw an enchanting veil over everything around. But it was a vapor. Life has a hundred laws ; if one of them is infringed it evaporates. It has a hundred threads ; if one of them is broken it perishes. How mysterious, how precious, how uncertain is life ! This law is universal. Life with us is but a process of decay. The period of decay begins with some at birth. From the summit of life the progress is downward. Sickness is before us ; pains and privations await us ; old age will soon be upon us. Instead of remembering their own steady decay, and that every pulse is but a ‘ muffled drum ’ beating our funeral march, the young and the healthful look on the sick and dying as separated by a great gulf from them. We think we shall never be overtaken by such calamities. But whether in youth, or in manhood, or aged and infirm, we are certain to die and pass to the judgment. We must leave all that is loved *here*, and go to all that is dreaded *there*.

“ And this solemn fact is the more impressive to us as we survey the long procession of the dying from age to age. What numbers, what talents, what loveliness, what goodness have passed away from the earth ! How impressively has one spoken of it, — a man whose name for a time filled Britain and America, — Walter Scott. No sounder piece of British manhood was there in this nineteenth century. Yet, alas ! his fine Scotch face, with its shaggy, homely sagacity and goodness, when he passed over Edinburgh streets, was all worn with care, the joy all fled from it, plowed deep with labor and sorrow. We shall never forget it. Thus life is a vapor that appeareth but a little time. The human frame is beautiful, and it is painful to see it wasting away and decaying like the leaves of the forest. The flow of youthful spirits is like the rush of morning light, like the dance of the woodland rivulet, like the footsteps of angels. The hopes of the human heart are like prophecies of heaven, echoes of its songs, foretastes of its blessedness. And yet they are here only in fragments, scattered like the ruins of Nero’s golden house, like the pillars of the Parthenon. Since life is so lovely, why is it as fleeting as a vapor ? There is but one answer : ‘ Death entered by sin.’ These wastings and changings, this sorrow and dying, may help us unclouthe ourselves of earth and put on the robes of heaven. Never allow the soul to live on a vapor, so as to die with its evaporation. Value life for its highest ends, as the seed-time for an eternal harvest, and then you can smile in the chamber of sickness, and praise God at the gate of the tomb.”

To everything there must be a last time. In the early part of January, 1874, he penned the following communication to the Mount Vernon Society. Though he knew it not, it was to be his last.

“STANIFORD STREET, *January, 1874.*”

“DEAR BRETHREN AND FRIENDS, — If I have once expressed to you my appreciation of the feelings which prompted you to refuse my proposition that our relations to each other should cease, and I should cease to be your pastor, you will not take it amiss that I here repeat the expression of thankfulness to our heavenly Father that you desire to call me by the endearing title of pastor.

“But I am led to address you now because I have a feeling in this connection which it will much relieve me to express, connected with your vote declining my proposal, offering to express your affection by the annual grant of two thousand dollars. As an expression of affection for me it rejoiced my heart. It was a timely proposal too, because without this addition to my income, I should have found it necessary to make domestic changes which would be very inconvenient, if not make my worshiping in the place now become so sacred to me no longer possible.

“But there were circumstances connected with your offer which caused me much embarrassment. At the close of my pastorate our society was rapidly diminishing, and consequently the society’s income. I saw with sorrow that our beloved associate pastor was embarrassed by our inability to furnish him promptly with his quarterly stipend, in itself incompetent to relieve him from all solitudes in one occupying his position.

“Indeed, if it had not been for the delicacy of the position, it would have relieved me for some months to have refused the sum you offered to furnish me, or to have offered half of it to my beloved colleague.

“But I have now an offer to make to you, which gives me relief on all points. You may continue to express your kindness in the same form. I may remain where I am, and you may proceed in your present course without resort to an increase of the rate of pew-taxes, and without recourse to mortgages that may cause you embarrassment, or needlessly expose our present financial weakness.

“I now propose that for the present you pay me what may be due, from time to time, by promissory notes in such form as may suit your convenience ; so framing them that I may draw upon you for cash occasionally ; which, as my affairs now stand, will not be very often necessary.

“In the uncertainty of the duration of life, it is prudent to recollect that our junior pastor may not be permitted to live to realize the very encouraging prospects now opening before him. In view of this contingency our society may be compelled to sell this house and pay off its mortgages.

“May I not be living to see the event. But the payment of the notes that may then be held by my heirs will be a burden to no individuals.

“Permit me, dear friends, to embrace this occasion to express some

thoughts to you in regard to the great subject of the Christian use of money.

“ 1. In voting to spend money, I have seen, not in our church particularly, but in many others, two great evils. The first is, that in voting expenditures for repairs, and for music especially, care is not taken to ascertain whether the vote of taxation is a fair representation of the wishes of those who pay the taxes. Every vote for an expense not approved by the majority of tax-payers is an injustice. And to vote an increase of the tax on pews is very often a vote to send some worshiper away from your sanctuary. If the glory of God, and the general interests of the society, require the vote, pass it though individuals suffer.

“ 2. Many good people regard the money they pay to sustain the church with which they worship as a selfish expenditure, to be counted with their other personal expenses. What they give to benevolent societies they consider sacred. This idea has many evil results.

“ Nothing on earth is more sacred than the individual, local churches, which together constitute the universal, visible church. If the money your local church expends is for the gratification of pride or any other selfish sentiment, then you are robbing the great treasury of charity. But if the life and healthfulness of Mount Vernon Church require you to withhold your money from the benevolent societies, the text is applicable to you : ‘ He that provideth not for his own has denied the faith.’

“ Each local church is a living fountain from which our charitable society draws its life. If you would know the value of Mount Vernon Church to the kingdom of Christ, you should not only consult the treasurer’s books of our benevolent societies, but also visit the churches of our land near us and remote from us, and see what a school it has been for training the men and the women who are the efficient workers in those churches.

“ In addition to this, remember that your church is the school, the spiritual gymnasium, where your children and your neighbors’ children are training for the service of our Lord. Sustain it, therefore, in its exercises, by your presence and your coöperation; in its finances, by your cordial contributions. Affectionately yours,

“ EDWARD N. KIRK.”

Full quickly passed the months. Daily mementos of friendship gladdened his heart. Friends old and tried, and those new and true, flocked to see him. Invitations for him to speak and to preach came in great numbers; and, so far as his time permitted, he heeded them. Visits to his friends in Cambridge, Waltham, Newtonville, and Boston filled up the time with sacred pleasures.

Calling upon one at her boarding-place, he was conducted into the parlor, while the lady of the house announced in rather a loud whispered tone the name of the caller: "It is Dr. Kirk, perhaps you had better go down." "But," said he to the friend when she came down, "I wish to go up." As soon as he had ascended the two flights in his brisk manner he asked, "Who said that I should not go up-stairs?" To the same friend, who introduced her brother, he asked, "Which one?" "My younger brother," she replied, "who is studying law." "That's right, that's right," said he, "then work into the ministry as I did."

Thus to the last, even as of old, his first and chief thought was of the ministry of the gospel to dying men. The following is a description of his last sermon, by his warm friend, Rev. S. H. Hayes, pastor of the Salem and Mariner's Church:—

"I have thought a word about the last sermon he ever preached might be of some interest. It was on the evening of March 3, 1874, in the Hanover Street Methodist Church, which we occupied while our new house was building.

"It was a cold, cheerless evening, but he was expecting to preach; and upon calling I found him walking his parlor with quick step, his face all aglow with the animation of his earlier years. When I spoke of the meeting he said, 'I am ready,' and started instantly for his outer garments. As we set out on the walk, half a mile or so, he told me he should preach from Matt. v. 14, 'Ye are the light of the world,' and at once began to lay out his discourse, covering a grand field of thought, marshaling the church for the mighty victories of grace, leading her on and on, and with prophetic vision seeing the glorious conquests. I was startled, and said, 'you will not go over all this ground to-night,' as I knew my congregation would be composed largely of young people, and he replied that he was only speaking it as it lay in his mind. But he presented it in a simple, comprehensive, impressive manner, gaining and holding the attention of all present, and at the close young and old crowded near to take his hand. He had a tender word of exhortation for each, and we bade him good-night, little thinking that most of those present would see his face no more."

On Monday morning, March 23d, he addressed his brethren in the ministry upon "Revivals." So interested were

they that they made the unusual request that he continue the discussion of the same theme next week. The following Thursday he asked: "Does my memory seem to fail?" and "do I speak indistinctly?" We could not call him *old*; but he was growing infirm. He complained of indigestion, but was so much relieved by a simple remedy that he was able to fulfill an engagement with some friends, and passed a very enjoyable evening.

On Friday he ate his breakfast with a good appetite; and after family devotions began his work upon the second discussion upon revivals. At about eleven o'clock his sister Harriet entered the parlor where he was writing. Soon after he rose, laid down his pen—it was the last time—walked backwards and forwards as was his wont—now for the last time. *His work was done, and well done.* His unsteady gait attracted his sister's attention, who assisted him to lie down upon the sofa. To her anxious inquiry he could return no answer, although consciousness was manifested by his giving her his spectacles and the ease in which he had vainly endeavored to put them, laying them aside for the last time. He motioned his wish to be taken to his room, and immediately sank under the stupor of apoplexy.

His physician, Dr. Ayer, another honored parishioner, Dr. Green, and the ever faithful sisters, were the last to minister to his earthly wants. He had heard the call, "Come up higher!" and he was ready. The old Puritan prayer was being answered: "May we so live that to us a sudden death may be the most happy!" There were to be no farewells spoken. From the moment he heard the call he was unconscious touching all things earthly.

The gate of glory was slow in opening; and how much he saw of things concerning which the human lips cannot speak, before passing hence, we do not know. The lines of Mrs. Browning, his favorite poem oftenest repeated, — yes, a thousand times repeated to friends, — were coming true, though others must recall them: —

“Life, we have been long together  
 In sunny and in cloudy weather.  
 ’T is hard to part when friends are dear,—  
 May cost a sigh, perhaps a tear.  
 Then take thine own time,  
 Give little warning;  
 Say not good-night,  
 But in some brighter clime  
 Bid me good-morning.”

In the afternoon of that same Friday, March 27, 1874, at ten minutes of five as we count time, he passed through the gate of glory, beyond which there is no night. His sun set in splendor. He went home at evening and found it morning there.

The hymn he had perhaps sung oftenest had been that of Hillhouse, beginning with the line, “Trembling before thine awful throne.” By anticipation of the future the last three stanzas had often been almost a means of his transport by faith to the home of the redeemed.

Our hymn writers are only inspired for earth, and our best music might be discordant in the better land; yet, in our highest conception of him as he now is, we ponder the words of his own pure choice, so often giving him comfort while here: —

“Earth has a joy unknown in heaven, —  
 The new-born peace of sins forgiven;  
 Tears of such pure and deep delight,  
 Ye angels! never dimmed your sight.

“Ye know where morn exulting springs,  
 And evening folds her drooping wings;  
 Loud is your song; the heavenly plain  
 Is shaken by your choral strain.

“But I amid your choirs shall shine,  
 And all your knowledge will be mine;  
 Ye on your harps must lean to hear  
 A secret chord that mine will bear.”

On the following Tuesday, March 31st, his body was borne from the home on Staniford Street to the church. Hardly yet were the loving people accustomed to the truth that he was gone. Their grief was too deep for expression.



The pulpit was heavily draped. Upon either side of the pulpit recess hung heavy folds of black crape. Festoons of smilax and flowers spoke their own language. The gallery-rail and the organ were elaborately trimmed with black and white drapery, lending to the whole interior a consistent as well as a solemn beauty.

Long before the time of the service the spacious church was densely packed, hundreds being compelled to stand, while hundreds more could find no entrance. It was like the mourning for a father and a friend. The opening chant by the choir, "Passing Away," voiced the beating heart of the great concourse. Appropriate selections from the Scriptures were then read by Mr. Herrick, the associate pastor; following which the choir sang the beautiful anthem, "Rest, Spirit, Rest." Addresses, eulogistic of the man and his work, were made by the Rev. G. W. Blagden, D. D., pastor of the Old South Church, Rev. Rollin H. Neale, D. D., of the First Baptist Church, and Rev. E. K. Alden, D. D., of the Phillips Church, South Boston. A fervent and appropriate prayer was then offered by the Rev. E. B. Webb, D. D., of the Shawmut Church. The closing service of the choir was followed by the benediction pronounced by the venerable Rufus Anderson, D. D. For more than an hour the people thronged the aisles in their desire to look, though but for one moment, upon the face they so often had seen, now beautiful in its repose. No man was ever more loved, as the tears and suppressed sobs of the great company bore witness. All classes of society and men of every creed were there. It was their last public tribute to the man they had learned to respect and honor.

That afternoon the precious dust was laid away in Mount Auburn,—one more honored name added to its noble list. Over that grave many a friend has silently bowed, saying: "Because of his precepts and example I have lived a better life." The world is better because he has lived; and without such a tribute every life is a failure.

The tower and chapel in Mount Auburn greet the spires

and towers of Boston and its suburbs from the rising to the setting sun. The city of the living sends one by one her inhabitants to the city of the dead. From the elegant mansion to the narrow house! From the crowded streets to those where laughter is never heard! From the city of strife to that of peace! The last gift of earth is a grave.

The dweller in the narrow house is borne but once over the silent streets. The trees of pine and of cypress, of maple and of willow, whisper and sigh their plaintive notes day and night. No watchman patrols its streets. Gold, silver, and title-deeds are not there.

Bankers guard their safes in the other city, where thieves find their way. Merchants plan and toil. Ships of commerce, laden to the highest mark, enter and leave the harbor day by day. Lovers of pleasure keep up their restless search. Reformers continue at their almost thankless task. Educators give themselves no rest. Physicians engage in the unequal contest with disease and death. Men of culture unselfishly labor on. Hundreds crowd their way to the benches of justice, to see which scale shall decree their fate. Multitudes of a Sabbath wend their way to the houses of worship. Yet the stranger who visits the city of the living visits likewise the city of the dead. The names carved upon the tablets of marble have the richest history.

The sun which gilds the dome of the capitol in the one lights up the grave of its architect in the other. Merchants whose names even to-day are a tower of strength, rest there in peace. Theological controversies, still rife among the living, date back to names carved on Mount Auburn's silent streets. John Murray, Hosea Ballou, Thomas Whittemore, are they whose memories tens of thousands still rehearse. Many a traveler seeks out the grave of William Ellery Channing. Stout defenders of the old Puritan faith, there are many. Students read the names of Kirkland and Quincy, honored in their Alma Mater. Scientists linger at the grave of Dr. Bowditch, the worthy disciple of Newton and La Place. Jurists rehearse at the graves of Story,

Choate, and Ashmun, merited tributes of love and respect. The works of Hannah Adams and those of President Sparks are still read, but on these silent streets their authors sleep.

In such a city, on Bellwort Path, is the resting-place of Edward Norris Kirk. The sun lights up at the same moment his grave and those of Everett and Pierpont, Burlingame and Sumner. Just across the path, upon an untrimmed boulder, has been graven the name, — Jean Louis Rodolphe Agassiz. Names like these form only a part of the roll which leaves Mount Auburn more and more noted with the years.

In the strength of his hope, Edward Norris Kirk could say with the Apostle, "O death, where is thy sting? O grave where is thy victory? . . . Thanks be to God who giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ." And he among those that are wise "shall shine as the brightness of the firmament;" and with those that have turned many to righteousness, "as the stars, for ever and ever."



## APPENDIX.



### LIST OF DR. KIRK'S PUBLISHED WRITINGS.

THE annexed list has been compiled from various sources. As far as possible full titles, with date, place, and form of publication, have been given. In many cases our only guide has been Dr. Kirk's private memorandum book, which contains but the briefest mention of the subject, without title, and generally without information as to whether the discourse was printed in pamphlet form or in some newspaper.

Those which appeared only in newspaper form are designated by N. ; those whose form of publication is uncertain, by a \*.

1829.	
Memorial of Rev. John Chester, D.D. . . . .	<i>Albany.</i> 8°
1831.	
Address at the Anniversary of the Society for the Relief of Orphan and Destitute Children . . . . .	<i>Albany.</i> 8°
1835.	
Sermon. On the Traffic in Intoxicating Liquors. Preached in Albany in 1835 . . . . .	<i>Albany.</i> 12°
Music . . . . .	*
1836.	
Oration, July 4, 1836 . . . . .	<i>Albany.</i> 8°
Address at the Annual Meeting of the Young Men's Temperance Society, Albany . . . . .	<i>Albany.</i> 8°
1837.	
Valedictory Sermon at Albany, 1837 . . . . .	<i>Albany.</i> 8°
Sermon. The Christian Ministry . . . . .	<i>London.</i> 12°

## 1833.

Sermon. The Temperance Reformation connected with the Progress of Religion . . . . .	<i>London.</i>	12°
Sermon. Agreement with God . . . . .	<i>London.</i>	12°
Sermon. Obligations of Young Men . . . . .	<i>London.</i>	12°
Sermon. Man's Natural Enmity to God . . . . .	<i>London.</i>	12°
Church Music. Three discourses . . . . .		*
Prodigal Son . . . . .		*
Carnal Mind . . . . .		*
Maternal Association. . . . .		*
Children . . . . .		*
Love to Christ . . . . .		*
Moral Affinity . . . . .		*

## 1839.

Jesus, the Great Missionary : a Sermon, November 13, 1839, at the ordination of S. Wolcott as a foreign missionary . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	8°
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## 1840.

Sermons in England and America . . . . .	<i>New York.</i>	12°
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## 1841.

Oration on the National Fast, May 14, 1841 . . . . .	<i>New York.</i>	8°
President Harrison . . . . .		*
Oration before the Academy of Sacred Music, 1841 . . . . .	<i>New York.</i>	8°

## 1842.

Translation of "Theopneusty, or the Plenary Inspiration of the Holy Scripture, by S. R. L. Gausson" . . . . .	<i>New York.</i>	12°
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## 1843.

Address in Gilmanton, N. H., July 13, 1843 . . . . .	<i>Gilmanton.</i>	8°
Plea for the Poor : a Sermon, December 20, 1842 . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	16°
Pastor's Address to the Maternal Association of the New Congre- gational Church, organized October 6, 1842 . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	12°
Address at the Laying of the Corner-stone of Mount Vernon Church, July 4, 1843 . . . . .		N.
Successful Ministry . . . . .		*

## 1844.

Address to the Ladies' Grande Ligne Missionary Society of Boston, November 12, 1844 . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	8°
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Greatness of the Soul: an Address delivered at the Seventh Anniversary of the Mount Holyoke Female Seminary, South Hadley, Mass. August 1, 1844 . . . . . *Boston.* 8°

The Unrivalled Glory of the Cross: a Sermon at the Dedication of the Mount Vernon Congregational Church . . . . . *Boston.* 8°

1845.

Speech at the Annual Meeting of the Christian Alliance in New York, in 1845 . . . . . 8°

Sermon preached on the Sabbath after the Death of Miss Sophia W. Willis . . . . . (*In Amer. Pulpit for October, 1845.*)

Religious Liberty . . . . . \*

1846.

The Drunkard's Character and Destiny: a Discourse . . . . . *Boston.* 32°

Beauty . . . . . \*

1847.

Address before the Ladies' Society for the Promotion of Education at the West . . . . . \*

Daniel in the Lion's Den: a Sermon . . . . . 8°

1848.

The Church Essential to the Republic: a Sermon, May, 1848. . . . . *New York.* 8°

1849.

Address to the Members of the Boston and California Mining and Trading Company, January 7, 1849 . . . . . N.

Anna the Prophetess . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)

Christianity and Arts . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)

Church and State . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)

Church and the World . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)

Harvard College . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)

Imputation . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)

Music Teachers' Institute . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)

Mysteries of the Bible . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)

Nourse's Past . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)

Spiritual Strength . . . . . \*

1850.

Discourse occasioned by the Trial and Execution of J. W. Webster . . . . . *Boston.* 8°

Robbing God; a Fast Day Sermon. . . . . (*In Amer. Nat. Preacher.*)

## 1851.

- The Church and the College: an Address . . . . . *Boston.* 8°  
 Church Choirs . . . . . \*
- Sermon. The Danger and Evil of departing from God.  
 (*In Amer. Nat. Preacher, November, 1851.*)
- Temperance . . . . . \*

## 1852.

- Sermon on the New Liquor Law, July, 1852 (*In Christian Observatory.*)  
 Great Men are God's Gift: a Discourse on the Death of Daniel  
 Webster . . . . . *Boston.* 8°  
 Laura Bridgman . . . . . (*In Christian Observatory.*)  
 Speech at the 28th Anniversary of the Amer. S. S. Union, May  
 27, 1852 . . . . . *Boston.* 12°

## 1853.

- Address to the Mothers in Mount Vernon Church . . . . . *Boston.* 12°  
 Effectual Prayer . . . . . *Boston.* 32°  
 Installation, Noyes . . . . . \*  
 Pilgrim engraved . . . . . \*  
 The Consecrated Child: a Sermon Occasioned by the Death of J.  
 F. Warren, February 13, 1853 . . . . . *Boston.* 8°

## 1854.

- Congregationalism . . . . . \*
- Europe . . . . . (*Article in Cyclopedia of Missions.*) *New York.* 8°  
 Prayer for Rulers: a Sermon in Boston, February 12, 1854 . . . . . N.  
 Religious Liberty . . . . . \*  
 Sabbath . . . . . \*  
 The Love of Pleasure: a Discourse on the Opening of a New Thea-  
 tre, September 10, 1854 . . . . . *Boston.* 8°

## 1855.

- Introduction to "Daily Monitor," by Rev. John Allen . . . . . *Boston.* 32°  
 Justification by Grace through Faith: a Discourse in Boston,  
 February 10, 1855 . . . . . *Madison, Ind.* 8°  
 "Louis Fourteenth, and the Writers of his Age," by Rev. J. F.  
 Astié. Translated, with Introduction, by E. N. K. . . . . *Boston.* 12°

## 1856.

- God delights in Faithful Preaching. Sermon at the Settlement  
 of W. C. Whitcomb, January 3, 1856, in Southbridge *Boston.* 8°  
 Address at Installation of Rev. T. S. Ellerby, Toronto, October 1,  
 1856 . . . . . N.



Discourse at the 13th Anniversary of the Society for the Promotion of Collegiate and Theological Education at the West, November 11, 1856 . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	8°
Address to Church . . . . .		*
Lectures on Christ's Parables . . . . .		*
On Duty in Perilous Times : a Sermon, June 1, 1856 . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	8°
The Fear of Death . . . . .	<i>(In Watchman and Reflector.)</i>	
Employments of Heaven . . . . .		*
God's Love to Man . . . . .		*
Glory of Christ . . . . .		*
Atonement Complete . . . . .		*
Miracles . . . . .		*
Christ a Preacher . . . . .		*
Our Sanctification . . . . .		*
Parental Solitude . . . . .		*
Children Praising Jesus . . . . .		*
Fasting . . . . .		*
Paul Reviewing Life . . . . .		*
Glory in Reserve . . . . .		*

## 1857.

Public Worship a Universal Duty : a Discourse in Paris, September 6, 1857 . . . . .	<i>Paris.</i>	8°
Sermons . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	12°

## 1858.

Life, a Vapor . . . . .		*
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## 1859.

Introduction to About's "The Roman Question" . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	8°
Paul, the Apostle : a Sermon before the B. Y. M. C. A. . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	12°

## 1860.

Discourses, Doctrinal and Practical . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	8°
The Evening and the Morning; or, Evil followed by Good . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	16°
Sermon before the American and Foreign Christian Union, Boston, May 29, 1860 . . . . .	<i>(In National Preacher, November, 1860.)</i>	
Sermon at the Ordination of Rev. W. L. Gaylord, September 14, 1860 . . . . .	<i>Keene.</i>	8°
God's Glory Hidden ; a Thanksgiving Sermon in Mount Vernon Church, November 29, 1860.	<i>(In Daily Atlas and Bee, December 15, 1860.)</i>	
Forsaking all for Christ . . . . .		*

Protestantism and Romanism . . . . .	*
The Church . . . . .	*
Charity . . . . .	*

## 1861.

Review of Discourse in New Orleans, November 29, 1860, by Rev. B. M. Palmer, D. D. (On Slavery, etc.) <i>(Prepared expressly for Daily Atlas and Bee, January 12, 1861.)</i>	
Crossbearer. (Edited by E. N. K.) . . . . . Boston.	12°
Address to Soldiers at Camp Cameron, June 26, 1861 . . . . .	N.
Sermon at the Dedication of the North Church, Newburyport, October 23, 1861 . . . . .	N.
Singing of Judgment and Mercy. Sermon of Thanksgiving, No- vember 21, 1861 . . . . .	N.
Childhood of Jesus . . . . .	*
Worship . . . . .	N.

## 1862.

Canon of the Holy Scriptures, by Gausson. Translated and abridged, by E. N. K. . . . . Boston.	12°
Circular of the Christian Women of Boston to their Sisters scat- tered throughout the United States, September 8, 1862. (Pre- pared by E. N. K.) . . . . .	
Miss Lyon and Mt. Holyoke Seminary . . . . .	*
Victory ascribed to God. Sermon. April 13, 1862 . . . . .	N.

## 1863.

Address at the Annual Meeting of the Educational Commission for Freedmen, May 28, 1863 . . . . . Boston.	8°
Address to the Convention of Sabbath School Teachers, Pitts- field, June 24, 1863 . . . . . Boston.	8°
Africo-Americans . . . . .	<i>(In Recorder.)</i>
Church and Army . . . . .	<i>(In Recorder.)</i>
The Church and the Rebellion . . . . .	<i>(In Recorder.)</i>
God and Magog . . . . .	<i>(In Recorder.)</i>
The Army Disbanded . . . . .	<i>(In Recorder.)</i>
Dr. Beecher and Henry Scudder . . . . .	*
Introduction to "Gasparin on Happiness" . . . . . Boston.	16°
Introduction to "The Hidden Church" . . . . .	*
The American Tract Society, Boston. <i>(In North American Review, July, 1863.)</i>	
Wives and Husbands. A Sermon . . . . .	8°
Conversion of Children . . . . .	*
The Curse Averted . . . . .	*

## 1864.

Christian Sympathy awakened; or, the Hearts of the Fathers Turned to the Children . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	32°
Address at the Fiftieth Anniversary of American Tract Society, May 26, 1864, at Boston . . . . .	( <i>In Tract Journal.</i> )	
Communication at Graduation of Female Medical College, March 2, 1864 . . . . .		N.

## 1865.

Assassination of President Lincoln . . . . .		16°
Behold the Lamb of God . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	24°
Christian Missions; a Work of Faith. (Annual Sermon before the A. B. C. F. M.) . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	8°
Fasting unto the Lord. Sermon at Mount Vernon Church, April 13, 1865) . . . . .	( <i>In Daily Evening Traveller, April 15.</i> )	
Godless Constitution . . . . .		*
God's Covenant with Mothers . . . . .		*
Mustered Out . . . . .		*
Self-culture . . . . .		*
Tract Literature . . . . .		*
The Waiting Saviour . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	32°
God testing Character . . . . .		N.
Walking by Faith . . . . .		*
Only one Human Race . . . . .		*

## 1866.

Address at Eighth Anniversary of Mount Vernon Association at Mount Vernon Church, February 22, 1866. (On Washington)		N.
Hints to Reapers . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	24°
History of America . . . . .		N.
Power of Prayer . . . . .		*
Revivals . . . . .		*
Salt without Savor; or, The Backslider . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	24°

## 1867.

A Particular Providence . . . . .		*
The Cretan Insurrection . . . . .		*
The Church . . . . .		*
Mount Vernon Church . . . . .		*

## 1868.

Educated Labor . . . . .	<i>New York.</i>	8°
The Africo-American Race . . . . .		N.
Temperance . . . . .		*

Protestantism and Romanism . . . . .	*
The Church . . . . .	*
Charity . . . . .	*

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Address to Soldiers at Camp Cameron, June 26, 1861 . . . . .	N.
Sermon at the Dedication of the North Church, Newburyport, October 23, 1861 . . . . .	N.
Singing of Judgment and Mercy. Sermon of Thanksgiving, No- vember 21, 1861 . . . . .	N.
Childhood of Jesus . . . . .	*
Worship . . . . .	N.

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The Church and the Rebellion . . . . .	<i>(In Recorder.)</i>
God and Magog . . . . .	<i>(In Recorder.)</i>
The Army Disbanded . . . . .	<i>(In Recorder.)</i>
Dr. Beecher and Henry Scudder . . . . .	*
Introduction to "Gasparin on Happiness" . . . . . Boston.	16°
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Godless Constitution . . . . .		*
God's Covenant with Mothers . . . . .		*
Mustered Out . . . . .		*
Self-culture . . . . .		*
Tract Literature . . . . .		*
The Waiting Saviour . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	32°
God testing Character . . . . .		N.
Walking by Faith . . . . .		*
Only one Human Race . . . . .		*

## 1866.

Address at Eighth Anniversary of Mount Vernon Association at Mount Vernon Church, February 22, 1866. (On Washington)		N.
Hints to Reapers . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	24°
History of America . . . . .		N.
Power of Prayer . . . . .		*
Revivals . . . . .		*
Salt without Savor; or, The Backslider . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	24°

## 1867.

A Particular Providence . . . . .		*
The Cretan Insurrection . . . . .		*
The Church . . . . .		*
Mount Vernon Church . . . . .		*

## 1868.

Educated Labor . . . . .	<i>New York.</i>	8°
The Africo-American Race . . . . .		N.
Temperance . . . . .		*

The Tongue . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	24°
Unbelief . . . . .		N.
1869.		
Heaven . . . . .		*
1874.		
Lectures on Revivals. Edited by Rev. D. O. Mears . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	12°
DATE NOT KNOWN.		
Address at Dorchester Village, on The True Design of a Church . . . . .		8°
Address before the Mass. S. S. Society . . . . .		*
Address at Philadelphia on the Organization of the Ladies' Christian Commission . . . . .		16°
Addresses to promote the revival of religion ; delivered in Surrey Chapel, London . . . . .		16°
The Army . . . . .		N.
Breakfast in Montreal . . . . .		*
Contributions to Congress . . . . .		*
Discourse in Roxbury . . . . .		N.
Growth of the Holy Child. A Sermon . . . . .		8°
Introduction to " Child and Man " . . . . .		*
Introduction to " The Crucible " . . . . .		*
Introduction to Question Book . . . . .		*
Ladies' Christian Association . . . . .		*
The Lamb that was Slain . . . . .	<i>Boston.</i>	24°
Letter about Gough . . . . .		*
National Repentance . . . . .		N.
Observance of the Sabbath . . . . .		N.
The Perversion of Music . . . . .		N.
Remarks at the Funeral of J. H. Lane . . . . .		8°
Results of the Temperance Reformation . . . . .		8°
Response to Ministers of the Gospel in England. By Kirk and others . . . . .		N.
Sermon on the Nebraska Question and in Defense of the Clergy . . . . .		N.
Some of the Results of the Great Rebellion . . . . .		N.
Three Sermons. Contents : Nature and influence of maternal associations ; Children urged to hearken to instruction and to fear the Lord ; Practical love to Christ . . . . .		12°
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