



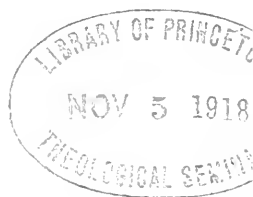






J. H. G. 1842.

THE LIFE



OF

SPENCER H. CONE.

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P R E F A C E .

THE life of Spencer Houghton Cone must speak for itself. In attempting *some account* of it, we expressly recognize that a better, a more complete history, survives in its effect upon the country and times in which he lived, than can be given in the mere verbal record of particular actions. It has been our aim to tell with simplicity and truth the story of his life. It was a life of action, and one full of good purposes, many of which he lived to see brought to a happy issue. To narrate its events, and with such clearness and fidelity as our capacity allowed—present also his views of Christian duty, doctrine, discipline and practice—has been our only thought. We could bring to the work no skill or cunning of authorship, and could devote to it only such leisure as the brief intervals of business allowed. Many kind and able hands have been extended to aid us, however, and we please ourselves with the hope that their contributions will more than supply our deficiencies. His letters have been submitted to us, with very general kindness and promptitude; and the extracts made from them, and from his public addresses, will be found, we think, to express unmistakably his sentiments and feelings upon every important point. To these, many of his “brethren beloved in the Lord,” have added their testimony, and described those events and characteristics, with which they were more particularly acquainted, with a warmth and eloquence it would scarcely have become us to use, had we been able to do so. Their love and goodness will be gratefully remembered whilst memory lasts.

In some parts of the narrative it has been impossible to observe a strict chronological order. Many of the benevolent enterprises in which he was active were going forward at one time; whilst clearness required that they should be treated of successively.

Some repetitions may also be observed. These, it will be seen, we think, were in most cases also unavoidable. Expressions of the

same thought, almost inevitably occur in communications, from different quarters, referring to striking qualities of the same individual. We have made no effort to avoid this, nor could we have done so, without taking a liberty which we did not feel authorized to take. Indeed the desire to do this was wholly wanting. His praises are too grateful to us.

In the following pages we have been careful to make it plain to whom, and for how much, we are indebted. The reader of the Memoir will readily perceive that it would be impossible, in the limits of this prefatory notice, to name, and properly thank, all those whose affection for the man, and interest in the great objects to which his energies were so long devoted, have prompted them to assist us.

NEW YORK, *April .0th*, 1856.

CONTENTS.



	PAGE
CHAPTER I. Influences,	7
II. Childhood,	15
III. Boyhood,	27
IV. Youth,	41
V. 1810-11-12,	64
VI. 1813-14-15-16,	84
VII. The War,	104
VIII. Foes Without and Fears Within,	121
IX. Alexandria,	140
X. Catharine and Eliza Cone,	186
XI. Leaving Virginia,	197
XII. New York,	215
XIII. 1823 to 1830,	235
XIV. 1830 to 1841,	247
XV. The First Baptist Church in the City of New York,	259
XVI. 1841 to 1845,	275
XVII. Foreign Missions,	299
XVIII. The Bible and the American Bible Society,	314
XIX. The American and Foreign Bible Society,	348
XX. Revised English Version and Events of 1849-50,	366
XXI. The American Bible Union,	386
XXII. His Conduct to Young Preachers—Directions—Advice —Views of Christian Character, Faith and Practice,	414
XXIII. The Last Year,	417
XXIV. Love Stronger than Death,	461
XXV. The End,	470
APPENDIX,	479

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TO

THE BAPTISTS OF AMERICA

THIS VOLUME IS RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE SONS OF

SPENCER HOUGHTON CONE.

CHAPTER I.

INFLUENCES.

I HAVE undertaken to write my father's life. Many of his best friends have urged me to do so. They say that although his public life, in all its parts and acts, is known to many thousands, and written everywhere in the History of the Denomination for which he labored near half a century, none living, but his own children, know the home life—his daily walk and conversation, and what in him was every hour good and worthy to be recorded. No one else knows, as we know, the inner life, made up indeed of little things, but yet not trifles, which is the life of the heart. That part of a greatly good man's existence which the holy circle of family intercourse and duty and employment, bound and shut in from the common view of men; the relaxation and unbending of the mind; the resting of the soul amongst ordinary things, to which it yet communicates something of its own higher character, and invests with a beauty and significance beyond their nature—who else could know so well?

His friends and ours tell us this; and it is true. We knew him altogether; for his home was a happy one. Gentle and happy there himself; always cheerful, always sympathizing, always even-tempered, his coming in brought pleasure and bright looks, and his brief absences left an empty place, in house and heart, we never knew how to fill.

And so, to please those to whom he was dear in this world, and who are looking cheerfully forward to a renewal of their intercourse with him in a world where there is no sorrow and no death; and not with the vain idea of doing justice to the subject, or of adding anything to the fame of his virtues, or the appreciation of his services, I will try, with my brother's help, and that of other good friends to his memory, to write down all we know of him.

It may not be well done, but it will be done faithfully and lovingly; and if it lack that close analysis of motive, or nice comparison of strength and weakness, faults and virtues, which colder judgments might be capable of, our apology is that we are his children, and lived too near him, and were too proud of him to look for blemishes, or indeed if we had looked to be able to see anything but a daily beauty in his life. We are excused in this, too, by the common testimony of all who knew him, since from his childhood up he produced the same effect even upon his ordinary acquaintance, so that hardly any desired to find fault with him or remembered him unkindly. We must think then, and it is a happy thought, a thought full of inspiration, that we are telling the story of his life to a circle of friends too interested to be critical, too kind to be exacting. He had enemies, and opponents. It was impossible he should escape. All greatness and all goodness stir up against themselves, by a law of nature, the envy of mean minds—the hate of evil ones. But we do not write for either, and their censure or their praise is alike indifferent. "In the great hand of God he stood:" and with that master who never forsook him living, we leave his memory.

We Americans have not much faith in blood or ancestry, and that of Spencer H. Cone is important only as

showing with what little variation the character which made martyrs in Mary's time, and Republicans in Charles the First's, was transmitted through several generations. For we find that his paternal ancestor, Roger Conant, came to Massachusetts about the year 1620, and in 1625 (Hubbard, 102, 106-108) removed to Cape Ann, and engaged with one White, a minister of Dorchester, a Puritan, in the attempt to found a settlement. (Prince, 224, 229, &c.) Of this Roger Conant Bancroft says (Vol. 1st, p. 339): "Having already left New Plymouth for Nantucket, he (Conant) through a brother in England, who was a friend of White, obtained the agency of the adventure. A year's experience proved to the Company, that their speculation must change its form, or it would produce no results; the merchants, therefore, paid with honest liberality all the persons whom they had employed, and abandoned the unprofitable scheme. But Conant, a man of extraordinary vigor, "inspired as it were by some superior instinct," and confiding in the active friendship of White, succeeded in breathing a portion of his sublime courage into *three* of his companions; and making choice of SALEM, as opening a convenient place of refuge for the exiles for religion, they resolved to remain as the sentinels of Puritanism on the Bay of Massachusetts."

In course of time, as the little bands of Pilgrims scattered around Boston Bay, grew strong, and pushed their pioneer settlements back into the land, the children of Roger Conant came to East Haddam, Connecticut, and there his father was born, and named after the stalwart old "Sentinel of Puritanism," Conant Cone. Three or four generations had lived and died between them, and the *three* companions in the city of refuge, the new Salem, had grown to well nigh three millions; but the same stubborn determination, the same lofty and daring

principles, robust products of a new world of energy and thought, had come down, with unbroken strength, from father to son. The Puritan fugitive of 1620—the Independent, the despised Baptist hunted from the England of James the First, was the father of the sturdy Republican of 1776; the men predestinate, by God's high purpose, to sever from the England of George the Third her fairest colonies, and shaping the institutions of the new Republic after the model of a Baptist Church, indelibly impress upon them the character of its divine Democracy.

Conant Cone inherited all the principles, and much of the "extraordinary vigor" of the ancestor after whom he was named. Well-formed, athletic, expert in all manly exercises, and a master of his weapon—the first struggle of the Colonies with Great Britain found him in the field. His face was eminently handsome; and I have often heard my mother say that, although the severe wounds he had received, and especially a bullet lodged above the knee, rendered walking painful and laborious to him, his carriage was the most soldierly, and his manners the most polished and delightful of any man she had ever seen. His voice was one of great compass and sweetness, and he had a remarkable natural gift of eloquence—so much so, that he was constantly called upon, at the funerals in the neighborhood where he lived, to speak at the grave words of honor to the dead and consolation to the living.

He was born in East Haddam, Connecticut. Why, or when he left there we have never heard. Probably no graver motive impelled him than the time-honored one which pushed many of our hardy ancestors across unknown seas, and still makes the furthest corners of the world pay their daily tribute of admiration to American enterprise. Yankee restlessness, and Yankee craving

after the new and untried were as strong then, as now. For these reasons, no doubt, he came away to New Jersey and, settling in Hunterdon county, married there the daughter of Colonel Joab Houghton. This Joab Houghton was one of those who first began to take the measures against the royal government which resulted, during the year 1776, in the organization of the Provincial Congress of New Jersey, and the arrest by Colonel Heard of the Royal Governor (Franklin) who was afterwards handed over, by order of the Continental Congress sitting at Philadelphia, to the custody of Governor Trumbull of Connecticut. (Life of Lord Stirling.) Joab Houghton was also amongst the first appointments of field officers made by New Jersey in the contingent raised for the army of the United Colonies—and when a State Government was erected, by the choice of representatives to the two houses of “Council” and “Assembly,” and the election of Livingston as Governor, he was one of the first members of Assembly returned from the County of Hunterdon. It was in old Hopewell Baptist meeting-house where Conant Cone and Alice Houghton alike worshipped, and where they were immersed, that Joab Houghton received the first news of the Battle of Lexington, and the defeat of the Earl of Northumberland, the haughty descendant of the hero of Chevy-Chase, by the half-armed yeomanry of New England. Stilling the breathless messenger, he sat quietly through the services, and when they were ended passed out, and mounting the great stone block in front of the meeting-house, beckoned to the people to stop. Men and women paused to hear, curious to know what so unusual a sequel to the service of the day could mean. At the first words a silence, stern as death, fell over all. The Sabbath quiet of the hour and the place was deepened into a terrible solemnity. He told them all the

story of the cowardly murder at Lexington by the royal troops; the heroic vengeance following hard upon it—the retreat of Percy; the gathering of the children of the Pilgrims round the beleaguered hills of Boston. Then pausing, and looking over the silent crowd—he said slowly: “Men of New Jersey, the red coats are murdering our brethren of New England!—Who follows me to Boston?” And every man of that audience stepped out into line, and answered, “I!” There was not a coward nor a traitor in old Hopewell meeting-house that day.

On the same spot, Spencer H. Cone lived to preach. We were children then, and not more impressionable than others of the same age, but we remember that his preaching in that place had a peculiar effect upon us, and that he preached if possible with more than his usual fervor. At that time, which must have been somewhere about 1825, one of his grandfather’s brothers, William Houghton, still lived on one of the farms about seven miles from Hopewell meeting-house, and many of the old friends yet lingered around the spot; the majority, however, had long before emigrated to Kentucky and other parts of the great West. Old Major Morford, one of his father’s companions in arms, was still postmaster at Princeton: or if not, had but lately been succeeded by his daughter, Fanny Morford, who was appointed, at his death, *Postmaster*, by Andrew Jackson, as a mark of respect for her father’s services. The old hero never let slip such an opportunity, and was not to be turned aside from caring for the war-worn patriot or his child, by any such little anomaly as making a postmaster of a woman. Nor in that case could he have made a better choice, for Miss Fanny discharged the duties of her office to the satisfaction of all the little world of Princeton, whether students or townsmen, and the post-office was for years

one of the pleasantest and best-ordered gossiping places imaginable.

These things cannot be irrelevant to Spencer H. Cone's life, since they always made a part of his thoughts. Nay, down to the latest period, so long as he could think at all, he loved to dwell upon the scenes of his childhood; to recall the stirring period of the revolution, the graves of whose martyrs and heroes were yet green and freshly-heaped within his remembrance; from whose battle-fields his father had come home, a scarred and broken soldier ruined in fortune and crushed in spirit, by the helplessness his wounds and privations had entailed upon him, to sit down amongst them; and many of whose most romantic and striking incidents had occurred to his relatives, or the companions who had accompanied them to the field. For these his father's and grandfather's houses were chosen gathering-places; there he listened to their stories of the camp, the march, and the battle-field; the Tory's treason and the Whig's revenge—all the burning memories of that glorious drama of Freedom, in which many of them had acted no mean parts—and who can doubt that it was there he drunk into his childish heart that pure American feeling which never left him after, but growing with his growth, and strengthening with his strength, governed with a lofty sentiment of patriotism every act and period of his existence. These accidents of childhood gave a tone and color to his after life.

The boy is father to the man.

He learned his first lessons in life from the bronzed veterans of the Continental army, the heroes of Bunker Hill, Saratoga, and Yorktown; and his first childish aspiration was for a field in which he too might act the hero. God gave him a glorious one.

He had a thousand anecdotes and tales of those times

always fresh upon his tongue, and never wearied of recalling them. A single incident, however, connected with himself must close this introductory chapter.

His father had been brought, by some of the circumstances of the war, under the particular and favorable notice of the Commander-in-Chief; he had acted as guide during the retreat into the "Short hills" of New Jersey, and his intimate knowledge of the country was principally instrumental in enabling the General to conduct it with the necessary celerity. Transferred to the commissariat, and charged especially with the purchase of iron, and material for the smith work, and the supervision of part of the work itself, he had come more frequently in contact with him than his grade would, under other circumstances, have permitted. Like almost all who were privileged to know the "Father of his Country," he felt for him a sentiment little short of adoration. After the war, therefore, when President Washington was making the progress through the Northern and Middle States, during which triumphal arches, and almost worship, everywhere saluted him, Conant Cone took his baby Spencer in his arms, and went out to meet his General, and when Washington saw him, he stopped his horse, and taking the baby in his arms, he kissed, and blessed him.

The blessing of George Washington! It was no mean fortune for an American to enter life with. But God blessed him more abundantly. To the father he gave the high honor of a soldier of freedom in the contest for political Independence: to the son the highest of all honors—to be a soldier of the Cross, a captain of the Lord's host, an unflinching defender of the independence of the churches.

CHAPTER II.

CHILDHOOD.

SPENCER HOUGHTON CONE was born in Princeton, New Jersey, April 30th, 1785.

At that time part of the village of Princeton lay in Somerset County, and part in Middlesex. The line which divided the Counties ran through the middle of the main street, and the house in which he was born stood on the Somerset side of the street. Not far away from the spot rise the walls of Princeton College, dearer to its students and to the ears of Princetonians as "Nassau Hall." The "Campus" or play-ground which surrounds it, stretches its smooth green lawn to the edge of the street, along which a few fine old trees, veterans of the forest which has elsewhere disappeared from their neighborhood, stand like sentinels between the world of students and of townsmen. In the centre, marked by a certain grandeur, for it is a stone building of considerable extent, and although without much architectural pretension, massively and conveniently built, rise the venerable walls of the College. Behind it the "Campus" breaks in some places into miniature valleys, not unpicturesque, and affording every variety of ground for the ordinary sports and recreations of boyhood and youth. The College and its Campus are of course the great features of the town, and in the latter part of the last century, the former was the beau-ideal of solid magnificence.

Born within sight of the halls of learning then most

famous in the land, and indeed never since much undervalued to any other Collegiate Institution of our country, it is not hard to fancy that, with a character so impressionable as his, the child's thoughts must have very early connected the ideas of influence and worth with those of study—intelligence—learning. How early those ideas took root he could not probably tell himself; but their effect upon his after life prove that they must have been dropped into the soil, long before the ranker growth of worldly ambition or pleasure had time to possess it.

In a little old-fashioned frame house—not only old fashioned but after the fashion of plain country houses of that time, which means a very plain house indeed in ours—his childhood's experiences begun.

The sacrifices of the war had not entirely exhausted his father's means, although they had greatly reduced and straitened them. The pay he received from Government aided but little during the war, its paper money being almost worthless; and indeed a short time after the close of it became altogether so. As a proof of what it was, Mr. Cone said one of the first things he took notice of and wondered at as a child, and always recollected from that fact, was his father's paying eighteen hundred dollars continental money for a saddle horse worth in gold or silver about seventy or eighty at the same period. They had enough however for comfort, and one elegance they always indulged in to the last limit of their means, and very often a little beyond it—books. Both his parents were great readers. If the meal tub was empty they could take it with great philosophy—but they always kept the mind full. He has often related an anecdote of his mother which illustrated her singular thirst for knowledge very pleasantly, and which throws a clear light upon the influences which

were at work in his childhood's home, to make the basis of the man's character.

At one time, when quite a child, they moved away from the town. The house they were to go to was some miles back in the country, and early in the morning his mother went away with the first load of household gear to the new domicile, for the purpose of setting it in order, and making preparation for the rest. Towards evening the remainder of the family arrived. Everything about the new house was quiet. Not a mouse stirring. No mother watching to receive them; no mother to be seen anywhere. They went into the hall and kitchen, cellar and sitting-room: up stairs and down. Not a glimpse of her. They began to be alarmed—very much alarmed. Could she be lost. No!—The things were there. The horse was in the stable, and the wagon she had come in stood by the door.—Could she have been murdered?—Hardly: for there were no marks of violence or blood!—At last, after every other place had been ransacked, they bethought them of the garret. And there, at last, they found her, seated on the floor, her elbows on her knees, and a *book* in her lap—reading! She had found an odd volume of Hume's history of England in the house—picked it up, become interested, then absorbed, and finally forgotten all about house or supper, or moving, or anything in the world but her book; and had sat there well-nigh the whole day—studying history instead of cooking, or putting chairs and tables in order.

It must not be supposed, however, that she commonly forgot the real in the imaginary world, or the present in the past. Order and regularity were marked qualities in her character; and a miniature of her when quite old, by Anna Peele, represents a woman still beautiful, and with all the lines of thought and energy so clearly stamped upon the face of her son. The resemblance

between their faces is so striking, indeed, that but for the female cap and dress it might be easily supposed a softened portrait of himself. Spencer had four sisters and a brother. The difference in their relative ages was not great. But, although tenderly attached to all her children, Mrs. Alice Cone seems to have felt for her eldest son an affection which nothing but the natural strength of her mind, and the still greater strength of her religious principles, hindered from idolatry. After events have raised the natural promptings of a Christian mother's heart almost to the dignity of prophecy, and yet we know they could be no more than almost every other such mother has felt and hoped. Thus she always persuaded herself that God had some special work in the world for her boy to do. That he had sent him into the world to carry out some not unworthy, and perhaps noble part of his great plan of Providence; and that, in his own good time and way, he would bring him out and set him in a sure place. She believed too, with a conviction that nothing could ever shake from her, that God had heard her prayers; and as she was sitting by his cradle when he was yet but a baby, and being downcast for some trouble which was upon her, fell into gloomy forebodings, and began to wrestle with God in prayer for her baby's life, *only* his life; to spare that to her, no matter what other evil might come upon her—she believed, we say, that God heard and answered her: “Be of good cheer!—not only shall the child not die, but he shall live to preach Christ and him crucified!”

And thenceforward, through all changes, she carried the promise in her heart, and had no fear for his life. But if the care of his life was taken from her, and her maternal anxiety hushed in the deep faith with which she received into her soul the promise of his Father in heaven, it seemed to her as if a greater duty, a more

absorbing anxiety, had been substituted, and that God had given for awhile into her keeping a soul intended for himself. Under this conviction she watched her boy daily, to catch the first dawn of intellect, the very opening of the mind and, if it might be, endow his earliest purposes with holy thoughts and words. Every occasion was seized, every occurrence improved, with an eye single to that future she believed so firmly to be destined for him, persuaded that in that she had also an eye single to the glory of God. And it was in that elevated feeling that she began to teach him, investing even the common lessons of honesty and truth with the charm of Christian heroism.

For it happened one day, when he was about five years old, that some drovers, reaching their place about nightfall, were obliged to put up their cattle in the sheds, and tarry with them until next morning. When the morning came they got their cattle together again, mounted their horses, and went upon their way. That day, as Spencer was playing in the barn, he found a dollar—a real silver dollar; and silver dollars then were not the common coin they are now. War and a depreciated paper currency had raised them to a value which would now-a-days seem fabulous. Spencer thought he was a made man for life; that he had found a treasure, an inexhaustible mine of wealth. So he ran to his mother to show her *his* dollar.

“Your dollar, Spencer,” said she. “Where did you get it?”

“Oh! I found it in the straw, and it’s mine.”

“Not so fast, my son. Let us think of that a little: silver dollars do not grow in the straw?”

“No—mother.”

“Then, my son, somebody must have put it there, or somebody must have lost it there.”

“Yes, mother,” said the boy. “I never thought of that.”

“And more than that,” said his mother, drawing him to her. “If we do not know who put it there, God knows. If we do not know who lost it, God knows. He sees us altogether. And besides, Spencer, if you had had a dollar, a silver dollar, and had been so careless or so unfortunate as to lose it, would you not feel very sorry, and would you not hope that whoever found it would try and find out who it belonged to, and if he heard it was yours, bring it back to you?”

“Oh, yes indeed!” he cried, earnestly.

“Well then,” said the mother, winding her arms around him. “You and I will ask God to help us to find out who this money belonged to, and to put it into our hearts to always try and do unto others even as we would that they should do unto us.”

And the little boy prayed well-nigh as earnestly as the Christian mother for the guidance and direction of their heavenly Father. And so his mother began to teach him that the fear of God was the beginning of wisdom. It was quite a year after before the drovers came that way again; but the first thing Spencer did was to run out amongst them, with the silver dollar in his hand, tell them how he had found it in the barn, amongst the straw, after they had gone away, and beg them to try and remember which of them had lost it. So the old fellows laid their heads together, and although they would have liked to smile at the child's earnestness, refrained out of wise respect for the principle of the thing, and pretended to try very hard to discover the loser. But when they could not, after much questioning, fix upon any one of them as the man, they very gravely discussed the question of whose property it should be, and finally resolved unanimously that

Spencer should keep it as a reward for his honesty; or rather because he had kept it so long and well, and taken such pains to discover the true owner—for honesty was not so rare a quality in those days as it has come to be in later times.

It may not be amiss to notice that his mother, Alice Houghton, was the daughter of Col. Joab Houghton and Catharine Runyon; and that Catharine Runyon was the child of one of the early Huguenot refugees, and that both her parents were very stern old French Calvinists—persons of that earnest faith and resolved temper so common to the churches of our faith amongst the mountains of the Cevennes—a faith tempered in the blood of so many holy and glorious martyrs—a temper at once elevated and indurated by persecution, and chastened and purified by suffering to the most steadfast endurance of all earthly trials, the sublimest anticipation of their reward in heaven. From the dragnnades of Louis XIV., and the smoking ruins of La Rochelle, they came out, not fainting, not destroyed, but renewed in the temper and spirit of their minds; and brought to the Western world that indomitable courage and exalted piety which were ordained, of the Master who had tried them in the fiery furnace of affliction, as the elements of a new world of civil and religious freedom. He taught them, in the school of royal and priestly persecution, man's inalienable rights—above all and most precious of all—his right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience. They brought with them a fixed principle of personal inviolability as the basis of their political system; and for their religious one, undying hostility to hierarchies and state religions, and an immovable fidelity to the Independence of the Churches.

These things they taught their children; and these

things Alice Cone taught her boy. He learned his principles in childhood. He heard them as soon as he could listen and understand. They were no after-thought. They were not learned from books, nor gathered up in schools and Theological Institutes. They were inherited. They were poured into his mind fresh from hearts which had bled to hear from the lips of those who had suffered in their own persons the loss of goods, and country, and all the endearments of the home of their childhood; who had suffered imprisonment and stripes and all but death itself, for Christ's sake—the story of their wrongs—the reason of their bitter persecutions. It is not to be wondered at that their principles took deep root in his mind, nor that they bore their fruit in due season. Col. Houghton was still living when Spencer and his sister Amelia were between six and eight years old.

“Grandfather Houghton,” says the latter, in a late letter, “was as easily affected to tears as a woman.” She is speaking of how his feelings could be wrought upon by reminiscences of the war, or heroic sentiment of any kind:—

“The last we remember of him was once when mother took all of us children up to his house. He would have us sing for him. We sung ‘Hail Columbia’ as well as we could. He was completely overcome, and cried like a child. Our Father Cone was just like him, and wept easily. They both sung finely. Uncle Houghton said they could hear grandfather sing three-quarters of a mile. Both of them used to set the Psalms in church. I remember hearing them. My dear brother's voice was hereditary. It ran in the Houghton and Cone family. Our father had naturally all the qualities of a public speaker. His language flowed easily and naturally. He was a philanthropist, and greatly injured

himself and family by his too great generosity. He spoke at Grandfather Houghton's grave."

What a singular transmission of qualities! His son inherited the same strange compelling sense of duty. It is evident there was no one there when the old soldier was laid to rest, who could do him justice but Conant Cone. He felt it. He had been his fellow-soldier—and fought with him in the same holy cause. He felt it to be a duty. That simple idea, heroic in its simplicity, bore down everything else; put back the tears; conquered the selfish weakness of humanity—conquered all but the high sense of duty to the dead—and he stood up and spoke for him to the living.

It is not a little singular, too, that three generations of the same stock should not only be controlled by the same all-powerful sentiment of duty, but also that in each of them it should take the same development in love of country, lofty patriotism, perpetual looking to the *people*, as the source of all power, and the object of all effort politically; and in religious affairs, to the propagation of Baptist sentiments. Three generations thought, and spoke, and acted as one; all looking from remote and various periods of time to one object, and working for one glorious faith of civil and religious independence.

Grandfather, father, and mother were all at one time, members together of the old Hopewell Baptist Church.

The meeting-house is a square, old-fashioned, stone building of some size, and is pleasantly situated in the lower part of Hunterdon county. There are hundreds like it scattered through the land, and few can fail to picture from their own memory such a place—with its plain, high-backed pews, made neither for ornament nor ease; its square pulpit, perched high up in one end; its white-washed walls, and general air of rude and simple

solemnity. One feature is peculiar—before the meeting-house still flourish one or two trees, now almost centenarians, and beneath whose shade many generations have met in the pleasant hush of the Sabbath, to exchange weekly their kind greetings before entering together the house of prayer.

Dr. Cone says, in a sermon delivered in 1844, and of which, happily, a phonographic report was made—“My mother was baptized when I was a few months old.”

He refers, a little after, to the conviction of his future calling, impressed so early upon her mind:—

“When I was a few months old, and soon after her baptism, as I was sleeping in her lap, she was much drawn out in prayer for her babe, and supposed she received an answer, with the assurance that her child should live *to preach the Gospel of Christ*. This assurance never left her; and it induced her to make the most persevering efforts to send me to Princeton (College)—a course, at first, very much against my father’s will. This she told me after my conversion. It had been a comfort to her in the darkest hour of domestic trial; for she had never doubted but that her hope would be sooner or later fulfilled.”

When Spencer was but eight years old, and while he was spending a few months with his grandfather Houghton, he accompanied him to an annual Baptist gathering, known as the “Hopewell Great Meeting.” Here he was first awakened to see his lost condition as a sinner. A sermon was preached on that memorable occasion, by Mr. James McLaughlin, from Jer. viii. 22: “*Is there no balm in Gilead? Is there no physician there?*”

“This sermon,” he says, “deeply affected me. It left upon my mind an impression never eradicated—a *system of theology never forgotten*; viz:—

“1. Total Depravity ;

“2. Universal Condemnation ;

“3. Salvation alone by the balm of Gilead—the blood of the Lamb.

“I was so affected by this sermon that for months I was afraid to go to sleep without saying the Lord’s Prayer, as it is called, or some other little form taught me by my mother. But the impression wore off, and left me thoughtless and playful as it found me.”

About two years after this, he accompanied his mother to hear a sermon, preached by Dr. Ashbel Green, of Philadelphia. Dr. Green preached very powerfully, from John i. 29:—

“*Behold the Lamb of God which taketh away the sin of the world.*”

“His mind was again seized with distressing convictions of his ruined condition as a sinner, of his base ingratitude, and of the efficiency of the blood and righteousness of Christ alone, to save him.

“For a time he strove again to do good, but strove in his own strength, and evil, and only evil, was present with him ; so that he soon ceased to pray, and gave himself up again to folly.”—*Dr. Armitage.*

It is not often that childish convictions are so strong, nor their effects so lasting. We are compelled to admit their reality and significance too, by the consideration that, they arose in a mind the very reverse of gloomy or mystical, by natural tendencies. His temper was gay and mercurial, his animal spirits inexhaustible. The most prevailing characteristic of his mind, too, was always a turn to humor ; and this, added to a physical development of uncommon power, and a nervous activity, amounting almost to constant restlessness, would seem to offer as many natural antagonisms to religious impressions as could well be combined in

one man. When it is considered, that these qualities are always more marked and exuberant in childhood, the singularity of his early impressions is largely enhanced.

CHAPTER III.

BOYHOOD.

DURING childhood, Spencer had frequent, and often severe attacks of sickness; and was constantly troubled with sick headache. This determined his mother to send him away from the village to his grandfather's farm. Living there the greater part of the time for several years, running about the farm and taking constant and hardy exercise, he gradually outgrew all tendency to headache; his periodical attacks became rarer and rarer, and when about eleven years old his health was firmly established. From that time, and during his whole life after, he enjoyed an exemption from even the slightest attacks of sickness, and was confirmed in a strength and vigor of body, which never seemed to fail him under the hardest physical or mental labors.

On the farm or in the village he was the soul and centre of every boyish scheme of frolic or amusement.

In the winter the Millstone river, which runs close by the village—we speak of the last century, for we believe it has since risen to the dignity of a city—was the scene of their enjoyment, and in the rough game of “hurley,” he had the reputation of the best “bat” on the ice.

In milder seasons “base” and “cricket,” assisted the development of his boyish strength.

Very early amongst the boys of his own age, he began to play the part of a leader; and the whole rout of village urchins looked up to Spencer H., as they called

him, for direction. His boyish motto seems to have been "Caesar or nothing." He undertook all the details, as well as the grand effects of their plays. Very late in life he remembered a struggle for precedency between himself and some of the older boys. They had formed a company of soldiers, and got along very smoothly as far as paper caps, and rag epaulettes; but the guns were a sticking point. This was his opportunity. An older boy had been chosen captain; but he had no mechanical ingenuity, or, if he had, was without the means and chances of exercising it. Spencer's father had a forge and workshop on the place. What was to be done? The gallant company gathered round Spencer, and tried to coax him into gun-making. "Make me captain," said Spencer—"and I'll make your guns." That was his ultimatum. Every boy knew that what Spencer once said, all the pincers and red hot iron in the blacksmith's shop could not frighten him from, if they should take him apart piece by piece with them. So the first captain was obliged, by the unanimous revolt of his troops, to lay down his wooden sword and truncheon of command, and Spencer as unanimously elected in his place. And Spencer *made the guns*, and paraded his company to the general delight and amusement of the villagers, amongst whom the story of his "*coup d'état*" had not failed to get abroad.

His great delight as a boy was English poetry, and at a very early age he had by heart a little repertory of the finest passages in the language. Shakespeare, Milton, and Dryden were familiar to him, and he could recite thousands of their lines, at an age when few boys have any idea or appreciation of such things. It was a natural bent. He studied them of his own motion. During his whole life, indeed, he was passionately fond of fine poetry, and the immense stores of it laid up by his sin-

gularly retentive memory gave a warmth and richness to his diction in public speaking, a romantic form and coloring to his sentences which was not the least among the charms of his oratory. His sister says of him :

“ He was always a good boy—obedient and loving to his parents, and kind to his brother and sisters. Oftentimes I used to ask him to go into the next room and speak for me. He spoke so sweetly that, in my sisterly view, there never was his like. I used to be the audience, and he the orator. He would speak ‘Hannibal to his Soldiers.’—and then I was in raptures. Sometimes he spoke ‘My name is Norval’—or ‘In such a night stood Jessica.’ In truth he was no vulgar boy. I never remember him to have been in brawls with other boys. He was truly gifted by nature and by grace. To those who never saw him, nor heard his voice—what pen can describe him?—Oh! could we paint in bold relief his grace, his air, his manner, his voice, his reading—the eloquent expression of his countenance; his beautiful self possession—modest, yet firm and energetic. These were his natural graces; but better than all, *he was God’s Man.*”

The judgment of the Christian world has assented to the truth of the portrait drawn by sisterly affection.

Urged by his mother, whose anxiety to push him forward was sleepless, he applied himself to Greek, Latin, and mathematics with an assiduity which nothing but an extraordinary constitution could have supported. A Latin or Greek Grammar was always in his hand and, like Porson, his pockets were always plethoric with a small library of classical literature. Under this forcing process, he made a very rapid progress, and his memory became cultivated to a remarkable degree. How thor-

oughly the Greek and Latin had been ingrained, might be gathered from the fact that on reference to passages in Cicero, Seneca, or Homer, which he had not read for half a century, he would correct, from memory, verbal inaccuracies in the Greek or Latin text, and give readily the passages in the context illustrative of a particular sentence. His boys, whilst at school or in college, often tried, out of curiosity, how much he did recollect, and finally concluded, either that he remembered all he had ever learned at school, by some quality of memory peculiar to himself, or else that schoolmasters in the eighteenth century had a very peculiar knack of making what they taught stay for ever in the heads of their pupils.

One of his masters had a narrow escape of martyrdom, or rather sacrifice to popular resentment, on his account. He was an Irishman; a very finished scholar, and a great mathematician, but unfortunately addicted to the wine-cup, and when he had been indulging became savage and cruel towards his scholars.

In one of his fits of intemperance he accused Spencer of having told a falsehood. No threats however could force him to admit the guilt of an act so foreign to his nature; an act indeed of which he was never known to be guilty, and the meanness of which he always held in utter contempt. He esteemed lying the vice only of cowards, and being essentially without natural fear, the idea of it was entirely contemptible to him.

The pedagogue, unable to compel him to confess what he was not guilty of, seized Spencer and beat him unmercifully. The poor little fellow bore it heroically, and when school was out went home without complaint. But when he came to undress for bed, he was so stiff and sore that he could not get his clothes off himself, and had to ask his mother's help. As this was unusual

she fell to examining him, and when his jacket was taken off, found his shirt saturated with blood, and his whole back gashed and welted with the whip of the cruel drunkard.

Before an hour was passed the story had got from one end of Princeton to the other. The townspeople took it up as a public matter, and were making their arrangements to inflict summary punishment upon the offender. Luckily for him some friend or crony carried the news to him, and helped him to a horse, thus giving him an hour's start of Judge Lynch and his officers. The latter, when his flight was discovered, mounted in hot haste and tracked him for miles. Here they lost the trail; and returned with vows of future vengeance. But the offender never gave them an opportunity. They learned afterwards that he had got away to New York; and he took good care never to return to Princeton.

At the early age of twelve, Spencer entered the freshman class of Princeton College. He stood the examination for admission with great credit to himself; and with how much satisfaction to that doting mother, whose heart was wrapped up in him, and who looked forward to his future career with as much confidence as if she had indeed a "thus saith the Lord," to repose her faith upon, only a mother's heart can appreciate.

During the freshman and sophomore years he maintained his standing in his classes, and grew daily in favor with the Faculty. He was uncommonly large and forward for his age, attaining his full growth as a man, indeed, between the ages of twelve and fourteen; but his face was very boyish, and the contrast between his extremely youthful appearance, and the grave and thoughtful purpose with which he pursued his studies, recommended him to the notice and favor of his professors.

At the close of the first speech which, as part of the routine of college exercises, it was his duty to deliver, the president (Dr. Smith) laid his hand upon his head, and nodding to him approvingly, said, "Young man, your voice will be your fortune."

It was a prophetic criticism.

The Doctor, a man very eminent, and in many respects peculiar, formed a strong friendship for the lad. He was a great chess-player, extravagantly fond of the game, and excelling in it. Discovering that Spencer played chess, he had him up to the presidential quarters for a trial of skill. The trial evidently pleased him, for it was often repeated; and their contests over the chess-board did the boy-collegian no damage in the eyes of the grave functionary, whose nod, within the charmed circle of the college-walls, was fate.

It was his fortune to be a student of Princeton at a time when the roll of that institution was filled with names, since illustrious in the literary and political history of our country. Amongst them were James Fenimore Cooper, the novelist, and John Forsyth, late Secretary of the United States Treasury. During his brief collegiate career, there occurred one of the most memorable events in the history of Nassau Hall. We refer to the celebrated rebellion and "barring out," in the course of which the students took possession of the building, barricaded and fortified it, placed cannon in the hall, and held it as a besieged fortress against the collegiate and town authorities for some days. The crowning act of the rebellion was the almost entire destruction of the college by fire. We believe Fenimore Cooper was tried upon suspicion as the incendiary, but was acquitted.

Literary societies, as all know, exist in every college: and during his collegiate course, Spencer belonged to

the "Whig" Society of Princeton. Many young men, who have since filled the highest offices in the State and Church, were fellow-members; and he has said an hundred times, that, although, in riper years, it had been his fortune to listen to some of the most renowned orators, legists, and ecclesiastics, he had never heard, on the floor of Congress, at the bar, or in the pulpit, finer speaking, nor seen debates conducted with more dignity and decòrum than within the walls of the Whig Society. He attributed much of his own training to the influence it exercised upon his mind, at the most impressionable period of his life.

But in the very midst of his career of study, and when his prospects of distinction were fairest, Providence turned the current of his life into a new channel. The halcyon days of study, reflection, and domestic felicity, were to be succeeded by years of struggle and trial, pecuniary embarrassment and apparently hopeless effort.

Dr. Armitage, in the eloquent and chaste funeral address delivered by him Sept. 16th, 1855, has fallen into an error in stating that "He was pursuing his studies with avidity when his father was unexpectedly taken away by death." It was if possible a sterner trial which summoned him from the seclusion of collegiate study, to a bitter strife—a hand to hand grapple with the world for daily bread.

A philanthropist by nature and habit; entirely improvident in regard to money, upon which he set no other value than as it would serve a friend, or relieve a suffering fellow-creature, his father suddenly found himself penniless. The exposure and hardships of the Revolution, and the wounds received in it, had unfitted him for active exertion. A high-spirited soldier, he was too proud to beg. A frequent invalid, he was unable to work. He saw starvation and penury, perhaps con-

tempt and disgrace, the common fortune of the poor, staring him in the face. His mind gave way under the pressure. He could not meet the crisis. He could not bear the anticipation. He fell into a state of morbid melancholy, soon followed by decided aberrations of mind. He had frequent, and sometimes lengthened intervals of entire sanity, but his mind was never wholly restored to a state which could be looked to as permanent, and he was unfitted for the care of his family.

It was thus at the age of only *fourteen* that Spencer found himself the sole hope and support of his mother, and left by the mysterious providence of God to support her, his stricken father, four sisters, and a brother! All of the latter, young children and incapable of assisting themselves or him.

Did he hesitate; did he despair? Never less. It was not in his nature. His mind was like a finely-tempered spring; the greater the pressure, the greater the recoil. He had, unconverted as well as converted, a pure and simple trust in God. His mother had labored night and day to instill it into his mind, and her labor had not been in vain. He never doubted. His only question was—What is duty?—and when conscience and meditation, as he believed, told him what was duty, he did it—“Not having the fear of man before his eyes.” And now that they were poor, and the bread for the little ones of the flock began to fail, he said, “Mother, you have worked to feed me whilst I got an education; and now, with God’s blessing, my education shall feed you.”

And it so happened that a Dr. —, who kept a school at Basking Ridge, had advertised for an assistant in his school, and he resolved to go and ask for the situation. But Basking Ridge was more than thirty miles away from Princeton, and he had no money, nor no coa

fit to go amongst strangers, who would undoubtedly scrutinize him closely, and be, perhaps, unfavorably impressed towards him if he came amongst them threadbare and out at elbows. But mother Alice had a gay scarlet cardinal, of very fine cloth, which not long before, in better days, she had worn on Sundays and holydays, to the great envy of many female neighbors. And mother Alice sat down and ripped her gay cardinal apart, for she would wear nothing so fine now, and got dye-stuff and dyed it a sober brown; and then set to work night and day, to make the lad a new coat; dropping many hot tears all the while, which hindered her sadly, but they would come; and praying—praying, oh! how fervently, that God—the God who had brought his fathers up out of more straits than this, and had been with them and with their children to that hour—would be with her boy, and save him from the disappointment and heart-sinking of his first rude trial—graciously turning the stranger's heart towards him, that he might not fail.

How often he has said he never had such another coat as that. It fitted him so perfectly. It was so comfortable and warm. He felt so happy in it. It seemed as if it had his mother's loving tears and blessing in every thread of it.

So he put it on, and before the day broke started off for Basking Ridge, his only companions a good stout, knotted stick, and a heart full of the happy feeling, that he was about to be useful. Glorious boy!—that feeling made him happier than a monarch in all his pride of place. No one need pity him that morning—as they see him stepping out into the cold twilight, and buttoning his coat up, and striking off briskly, half running—to keep him warm. Their pity would be thrown away—utterly wasted. He was rich as Croesus; and happier

than ever money made the Lydian king: Rich in youth, and hope, rich in unconquerable determination—above all in love and duty;—in the idea that he was about to live to some good purpose—and be useful to others. That was his happiness always. He was as young, and daring, and happy in it when the snows of seventy winters whitened on his head, as when the morning damp hung on his rich, brown curls the day that he stepped out there first into the wide world to fight for bread amongst its starving millions. He was not to be pitied—he was to be envied.

He could not afford to ride; but he was not a whit afraid to walk—nor to say why he walked. And that day he walked the thirty miles, and not very late in the evening came to Basking Ridge, and the house of the doctor who had advertised for an assistant.

But, as if Providence would have him tried and proved at the very outset—as if it would put his metal to the touch and try if it were pure gold—he was here to meet with a disappointment—perhaps the hardest of all the many which beset his pathway in life—his first disappointment.

We all know how time, and the repeated failure of favorite plans daily for years, come at last to harden us, to dull the fine edge of our capacity for suffering, to inure us to disappointment, to bring us to that point that disappointment is rather a vague idea than a keen reality. We become schooled to it—indurated and callous. But the first disappointment of a brave, loving, hopeful boy; the disappointment of his first exalted scheme of labor for those he loved, and whose little hands had been tugging at his heart-strings all that lonely walk of thirty weary miles! Can we not fancy what such a boy as he was had been thinking all the way? How he had said to himself, “The Doctor must be a good man, a man who

feels for trouble. He will see my situation. He will sympathize with me. I will tell him all my little story of family affliction. God will help me to tell it rightly. I know he will, for it is a true tale, and I am going to work for my mother and father, my brother and my sisters. He will employ me. I shall not receive much salary, perhaps. I am too young to have a right to expect much. But it will be enough to keep them all at home; and for myself, I shall want nothing. Have I not a new coat—this blessed coat, dear mother sat up all last night to finish for me? Has she not put all my things in order? No, I shall want nothing. I shall have food and lodging, and books to study for nothing—and all my money I can send home. Oh! I shall be so happy to be able to do it—so happy, young as I am, to have the privilege of denying myself for their sake, for her sake who has denied herself so much to give me an education!”

Who can doubt, that ever knew him, that just such thoughts beguiled the tedious journey, and buoyed him up all day long, and made him forget the weariness of the way.

But when he came to Basking Ridge, the Doctor had obtained an assistant. Only the day before he had engaged one. Do you not pity the boy? Alas! how his heart must have sunk within him!

The Doctor was very kind and hospitable, it is true—but what a bitter disappointment. He made him stay with him all night; gave him his supper, and a good bed, and talked comfortably and wisely with him. But poor Spencer cried himself to sleep that night; and the next morning turned with a heavy heart to retrace his steps; and weary, foot-sore, and sad, reached Princeton late at night. It was harder walking back from Basking Ridge hopeless, than going there full of the first

unchecked plans and expectations of a heart fresh to the world, and ignorant of its trials. One of the bright prophets of the future—Youth, was with him still, but his twin brother, Hope, lagged wearily behind. Not long after his return to Princeton, however, a little door of hope was opened for him and he obtained a place in the Princeton Academy.

He thus speaks of it in a letter dated September 5th, 1810 :

“The cup of life to me has been a cup of bitterness. I came into the active world at fourteen years of age, overburdened with duties and difficulties. I beheld my mother, and my little sisters left completely destitute—without the means of procuring a comfortable subsistence—without a friend or a father to support and protect them. Notwithstanding my extreme youth, *when our house and everything belonging to us was sold*, I was so fortunate as to procure the situation of Latin teacher in the Princeton Academy. My salary, however, was so trifling *that it barely kept us alive.* * * * * * It would only give a useless pang to your sympathizing heart, to tell you how I struggled, and what I suffered, during those delightful years when nature wears no mask. Those years of happy youth, that by most are merrily spent in study or amusement, to me brought nothing in their train but vexation and disappointment. Though I lived at that period with the strictest economy, I found we were sinking daily more and more into debt—but I still persisted in keeping my family together.”

Poor boy! Fourteen was very young to study so hard a lesson. Self-denial; poverty; debt; disappointment—almost despair—But so—

“By all that wrings the heart of sin,
His wisdom wins to Heaven.”

A rough road indeed: but it made a rugged and brave traveller of him.

Speaking of that period and his trials, his only surviving sister says.

“ He took a house for mother, and came to Princeton and carried us all to Bordentown, to live. Father was then suffering in one of the most violent fits he ever had. He was entirely out of his mind, and often dangerously violent. The grief and fear we were all in was truly melancholy and pitiable. Mother and brother kept him home with us as long as they dare. It would often take four men to hold him; but dear brother was the one who had the most power over him. He used to call brother Mr. Seventeen, and seemed strangely puzzled and amazed at his trying to control him. We poor children would run away and hide ourselves, in different places, for fear; but mother and brother stayed with him, dangerous as he was, unflinchingly. It nearly broke their hearts but they would not leave him to strangers. Whilst we lived at Bordentown, however, these violent fits grew so frequent, that brother, who had his school to attend to, and must be away from the house, found that he did not dare any longer to expose mother and her young children to the danger of being alone with him. At last, therefore, taking some persons with him to assist, he went to Philadelphia, in the packet, to try and get him into the hospital, until the disease was either cured, or grew mild enough for us to dare to have him home with us again. Brother had never been in Philadelphia before, and knew no one there. He had gone there thinking that the hospital was a free institution. They had a great deal of trouble in getting our poor mad father to the hospital, and when they did get him there, the people of the place would not receive him. He was not a citizen of the State of Pennsylvania, but of New Jer-

sey, where he lived, or Connecticut, where he was born, and the rules of the institution forbade them receiving citizens of another State without having ample security for their maintenance. Poor brother could give no security, for no one knew him there; so they had to take father back to the boat, and leave him there to the care of the men, whilst he went and hunted for the principal officer of the institution. He described, when he came home, what he had gone through and the scene at the gentleman's house, and I remember well how bitterly we all wept to hear him. He rang at the door of the chief officer's house, and a beautiful girl, his daughter, came to the door and let him in. It was on a Sunday. She conducted him into a parlor. There was a table in the middle of the room, and a noble, benevolent-looking man sat by it, with a large Bible before him, reading intently. I knew his name once, but it is so long ago now that it is gone from me. Brother went up and stood before him, and told him his sad story, and that he was a boy, and had no one in the world to stand for him, or be his security. The old man heard him through, and then looking benignly in the poor boy's eyes, said, "My son, thy face is thy security: I will stand for thee. Thy father shall go in." Afterwards father had many intervals of sanity, or quiet—and was out and in the institution for ten years as his health permitted."

CHAPTER IV.

YOUTH.

AND so, with poverty for a daily companion, and many months to fill out of the scant pittance which divided it from starvation, he commenced his real experiences of life. Many, perhaps it would not be going too far to say most, minds become either callous or morbid under the pressure of such early trials—they lose their elasticity; whatever is generous and delicate, all its brighter tints fade little by little, and the whole mind and character takes the dull, cold hue of a November fortune. Happily for him, God had bestowed on him such a hopeful mind, so much animal spirits, and above all such a capacity for finding consolation in work—the great consoler, that whilst the difficulties which beset him tempered his character with precocious firmness and assurance, it left heart and mind as kind, and open, and playful as ever. Like the traveller who toils wearily amongst the mountains, he was often fatigued, worn out, and glad to lie down and sleep in any hut by the wayside, but awoke in the morning healthier for his labor, and better braced by the keen wind, and rough ascents, for renewed effort.

His engagement in the Princeton Academy afforded the means of a bare subsistence, and that of a very poor and meagre kind. In the intervals of duty he accordingly looked anxiously about him for something better, and, happily, many months did not pass before Providence opened the door of hope a little wider.

A master was needed for the school at Burlington. Young as he was he had already obtained a reputation for capacity to teach. His steadiness, close application, and scrupulous discharge of duty, added to this qualification, overweighed his youth, and he was offered the charge of the district school at that place. He accepted it joyfully. It was indeed a great advance for him, both in position and emolument.

Each of the richer sort in the district, at that time, took turns in having the "master" at their houses; and so he was "billeted," first on one and then upon another, by the week or month as the case might be. The same habit prevails still in remote and thinly populated districts. This relieved him at once of a great charge. His board cost him nothing; his salary was quite doubled, and he was free to apply the whole of it to the support of his family. The place, too, was perhaps as pleasant a one as could be found for the discharge of his duties.

Burlington county is one of the most productive and wealthiest in the State. Principally inhabited by Quakers, or the descendants of Quakers, hospitality and good living abound. They live in fact upon the fat of the land, and are a lively, worldly, thrifty race, delighting in fat cattle, fine horses, and social merry-makings. Very little of the Quaker sternness remains. Plainness in dress, and some peculiar forms of speech, are about all that is left of the peculiarities which exposed the "people called Quakers" to so much persecution for conscience sake during their earlier history.

Spencer's lively manners and high spirits, added to an agreeable person, very soon made him an universal favorite. Fortunately, too, for him, he had got his growth, and when not quite sixteen had developed into a precocious manhood; and although the majority of his

pupils were older than himself, he secured their obedience and esteem. It required, however, all the exertion of his fortitude to resist the influences with which he was surrounded, and make his duty the first thing always in his thoughts; for he was so much in favor with the whole neighborhood that no party of pleasure, tea-drinking, nor dance was perfect without him. Out of this flattery, so seductive to a very young man, he came, however, pretty safely.

Amongst his scholars was George Wood, long one of our most celebrated counsel in this State, whom he prepared for College.

He always recollected with pleasure that passage in his teacher's life, and was accustomed to say that he had passed as many agreeable hours in the little stone school house at Burlington, as in any other place he could call to mind.

At that time Dr. Abercrombie was principal of the High School or chief Academy in Philadelphia. An acquaintance had subsisted between them for some time, and such was the doctor's partiality for Spencer, that spite of his youth, he insisted upon his undertaking the second place, or assistant to the principal, in his academy. The offer was too flattering to be refused, and he removed himself and family to Philadelphia. Here he entered upon the discharge of his duties with the same activity and earnestness as ever, and justified the good doctor's partiality. He very soon found, however, that living in the country and the city were two things, and although his salary as a teacher was much larger, his family expenses were larger still. It was absolutely necessary to make up the deficiency by some other work than teaching. His predilections were in favor of the law, and he resolved to study for the profession. In doing so, however, it was indispensable to combine the

acquisition of legal knowledge with money-making. He entered therefore the office of Mr. Geib, at that time a prominent lawyer in Philadelphia, as student and copyist. No sooner were the Latin grammar and awful ferule laid aside, and the glad urchins freed from the imprisonment of school, than he hastened to the law office, and plunged into Coke and Blackstone. And when the daylight failed, instead of rest or recreation, he commenced his employment as copyist, taking the draft home from the office, and constantly writing until one and two o'clock at night.

As might readily be expected, no frame however strong, nor health however rugged, could long endure such uninterrupted labor, and the sedentary nature of his various employments began, after a while, to tell threateningly upon his constitution. He lost his fresh, country complexion; his appetite failed, and frequent pain in the breast threatened him with serious consequences.

Nothing, however, could divert him from the prosecution of his plan of life, nor from the effort to make both ends meet by added labor; and he toiled on, and hoped on, in spite of weariness and pain.

During his school-life, whether as scholar or student, he was remarkable for his proficiency in two branches of English education—geography and mathematics. The latter he never cultivated much in after life, although his capacity for making rapid and accurate mental calculations, and for the disentangling of mathematical puzzles, continued to old age, and its exercise always gave him pleasure. But in geography his attainments were remarkable throughout life. The acquisitions of youth were not only not lost by lapse of years, but they were yearly—almost, indeed, daily, increased. He often related that, when at school, he

could give, on the instant, the boundaries of all the counties in Ireland, the departments of France, and the provinces of India.

The deep and untiring interest he always took, as a Christian, in every missionary effort throughout the world, led him to complete his studies in this favorite branch. It formed a striking feature in his addresses and sermons on this part of Christian philanthropy; and his accurate and ready knowledge of the countries which his topic had to do with, their climate, boundaries, rivers, productions, and physical and moral characteristics, enabled him to interest an audience directly in them. He seemed rather to be talking of places he had seen and lived in, than of countries thousands of miles away, and rarely explored except by adventurous travellers. His graphic descriptions of the rivers on which Judson, or Boardman, or Carey floated beneath the burning sun of India; of the mountains they crossed, and where the paths led over them; of the towns and villages, and fields of paddy on their banks—of the *zayats*, where they preached the glad tidings of salvation for sinners to the heathen—always arrested the attention of his audience, and won their ears, at least, to the cause he pleaded for.

He took his audience with him to the very place he was describing, and surrounding them with all its peculiar accessories, compelled them to listen, as it were, rather to the missionary himself, and read the record of his mission in the keen eye of the watchful Brahmin—the cunning incredulity of the boatman of the Ganges, or the Irrawaddy; the gentle hope first lighting up some single convert's face; the rapt attention of all—than to himself. It could not be art, although it had the effect of the highest art—it was more than art—it was a pure inspiration of the missionary spirit, the love of

souls warming every sentence, and throwing a halo around every period.

His health at last warning him that he could not continue to combine the avocations of a teacher, law-student, and copyist much longer, without peril of his life, he had recourse to the advice of his friends, to confirm him in what he should do. Many advised, and talked, and sympathized, as men commonly do, to no practical purpose. The majority, indeed, gave then, as they do now, very wise advice, and no help; being very ready to say, do this, or do that, but making no offer to show how either this or that were to be begun.

In this conjuncture the more practical advice of an Episcopal bishop determined his course of action. Waiting upon this gentleman, who had, on many former occasions, evinced a lively interest in his success, he besought him to counsel him. The good bishop, after expatiating upon the singular advantages bestowed on him by nature, advised him to take orders in the Episcopal Church; offering, in the warmest and most generous manner, if he would do so, to provide for him, and see that he was entirely supported whilst studying for the profession. Nor did he fail to lay before him all the advantages which would accrue to himself and family from an acceptance of the offer: position, ease, influence, reputation—ultimately, no doubt, the highest honors in the church. It was a tempting offer for a young and needy man, conscious of ability, and chafing at a world which gave him no chance for its exercise. But the Baptist leaven was too strong in him. He knew too well that the ministry of the Word of life is the gift of God, and not of man. He had, even then, too frank and honest a reverence for holy things to tamper with them uncalled of God, and he modestly but firmly rejected the proposition. The good bishop then

told him, if he would not take orders, he knew of but one thing he could do to immediate advantage, and for which his remarkable voice and other physical advantages eminently fitted him—and that was—to go on the stage. He took the well-meant but dangerous advice, and became an actor.

He made his first appearance in July 1805, as *Achmet*, in the tragedy of Mahomet, and attracted immediate attention. The old Chesnut street Theatre, in Philadelphia, was then at the zenith of its glory, and the company a strong and talented one. Wood, Wignall, Jefferson, Francis, Blissett;—Mesdames, Wood, Duff, and many others renowned in theatric story, were upon the boards, and the best evidence of Spencer's talent is to be found in the fact that he took immediate rank, and won immediate popularity, although a mere boy, and with all the odds of experience and established favor against him.

In answer to any objections that have been, or may be urged against this step, by those who never knew what it was to be poor, but “more proud than poor, and more honest than proud;” who never went through the sharp struggle for the means of a respectable livelihood and the support of a beloved and helpless family—he shall answer for himself. In a letter written during the fall of 1810, he says:—“In a moment of desperation I adopted the profession of an actor. It was inimical to the wishes of my mother: It was in direct opposition to my own feelings and principles; but it was the only way by which I had a hope of extricating myself from my pecuniary embarrassments, and much as the world has condemned me for the step, I never have repented taking it. It has answered the end proposed. We have lived comfortably. I see my brother and sisters as well educated as their standing in society demands; and if

no unforeseen misfortune awaits me, I shall, by next spring, have some little beforehand. * * * * *

“ You know me as I really am. You have taken the trouble to judge of me, not from circumstances or report, but from my general conduct and principles. You see, no doubt, much to blame, and some little perhaps to praise. Filial duty and brotherly love have formed my rules of action. I have too often swerved from their principles, but I trust they have for the most part directed my course through life, and the sincere affection of my mother and sisters more than repays me for an age of suffering.”

This was written on his return from the theatre in the evening—written whilst exercising the profession to which it refers. It has the merit therefore of presenting a true picture of his mind at that period. It shows with what eyes he looked upon his calling; frankly confessing it was distasteful to him, and as frankly urging the reasons which rose superior to his inclination and constrained his conduct.

Ambitious of distinction in whatever he undertook, he was a hard student in his profession. He read much, and assiduously; formed his style upon the best models, and gladly accepted instruction. His temperament, physical quickness and versatility of mind, inclined him to the Garrick school, and he copied the style of that great master as closely as his genius enabled him. The effect of this was always evident in him. In a different and nobler walk in life, he lost all the characteristics of the mere actor in the unfeigned passion and vehement force of the orator. But the grace and majesty of the Garrick school; its pantomimic adaptation of the “word to the action, the action to the word, with the special observance of never overstepping the modesty of nature;” its lightning like transitions from touching

pathos to fiery invective; its rapid play of feature, delineating to the eye every changing passion as it moved the speaker's soul; its infinite variety of delicate and subtle strokes and touches, developing an undiscovered beauty in the plainest and most commonplace expressions—all these remained, and grew year by year—giving a character to his oratory so peculiar and commanding, that the mere report of his spoken words, as taken down by phonography, affords no better impression of its power and effect, than a description of colors to a man born blind. Off the stage he associated but little with the profession. The house of Mrs. Warren, the Siddons of the American stage, was the only one at which he visited. A woman of high social standing, refined manners, and great ability, her receptions were graced by the best talent, and most distinguished people of the time. Lawyers, poets, soldiers, and artists, formed around her a society celebrated for the purity of its tone, and the wit and agreeability of its character. He always spoke of her as a woman fitted to adorn any station in society. A more instructive and scarcely less brilliant coterie gathered constantly at his mother's house, when fortune began to smile on them, and the efforts of her son placed her in a position to receive and entertain the world of wit and letters. Her son's public position and popularity gathered, as it always does, the crowd of popularity-worshippers around him, and her firm and penetrating mind rapidly culled from amongst it such as were most congenial to its elevated instincts. She possessed besides peculiar powers of amusement and attraction. Her reading was large and varied, and especially on historical subjects she was replete with information. His sister says:—

“Dear mother was a woman of great gifts and won-

derful acumen by nature. When we were children, and, of course, very ignorant, we would be constantly asking her questions. She could always tell us what we wanted to know. It was so still when we grew older, and got more sense, and knew more ourselves. So that at last we concluded she was fairly an Encyclopedia of useful knowledge. She was cheerful, and always mild, and meek, and patient. Her nature was exquisitely tender, and yet she had the fortitude of a soldier. She sang sweetly, and conversed with ease and brilliancy. She was very pious. Her sensibility and sudden sense of right never made her severe, for she possessed melting charity; she had a clear head, and a sound judgment. She was almost always sick. I scarcely remember to have seen her well. But when suffering the most we would say to her, 'Dear mother, that was hard.' She would reply, 'Oh no!—others suffer; why should I be exempt?' And in strict truth I never heard her complain. Only just think of it—twelve or fifteen years of constant suffering, and not a peevish word. * * * * We were all brought up to observe the Sabbath as strictly as they do in Puritan New England. When father was well in his mind we always had family worship night and morning. But, you know poor father was often melancholy and out of his right mind, and then that good mother had to use all the qualities I have told you of. But she was a host in herself. We delighted in her. We all looked up to her. She was our everything. She never shone brighter than in adversity; and, by the way, that was the school we were brought up in. We did not get the first honors as our mother and brother Spencer did, but we studied hard in it. Brother Spencer was always a good boy—I used to think he was so good; he was just such a boy as Washington."

This letter is written by a woman who has reached

the allotted term of human life—three score years and ten—but it has a dash of the family character about it, and shows that Spencer did not by any means monopolize all the ability or talent of the stock, although he got the “first honors” in the school where they were educated. The natural partiality of a sister is displayed in a strong comparison; but it is every way excusable. It is not strange that a sister should speak warmly of one who seldom failed to plant a strong and durable affection in the hearts of all who knew him.

From 1805 to 1810 he devoted himself assiduously to the study of his profession, playing principally in Philadelphia, Baltimore, and Alexandria. At that time he was almost the only American on the stage, and this circumstance, added to his own intrinsic merits, drew around him a staunch circle of admirers. It was not the fashion of that day for a man to claim much merit for being an American. The fact of his being so was rather considered as imposing larger duties, than as conferring superior claims upon public favor. It had, however, undoubtedly great weight in the minds of the young and ardent admirers of the drama, and gave him evidently a warm place in their hearts. A writer of theatrical chronicles glances at a circumstance which occurred about the middle of his stage life, strongly illustrative of his popularity:

“The theatrical life of Mr. Cone was not altogether free from turmoil; and on one occasion he was the cause, innocently perhaps, of an *émeute*, which in ferocity and violence was not much excelled by the scene at Astor Place Opera House, originating in the quarrels between Forrest and Macready.”

He was undoubtedly innocent of any intention or act of violence; and was at a distance from the theatre, and ignorant of the danger to public tranquillity, when

summoned by a breathless messenger, and besought to hasten there, as his presence alone could be relied on to calm the popular irritation. He obeyed the summons, rushed to the theatre, and in five minutes had gained, as he knew so well how to do, entire control of the crowd. A dozen sentences of his passionate eloquence appealing to them as American citizens to respect the public peace, to respect him, and to respect themselves too much to sully the name of either by acts of violence—restored comparative order, and checked at once a scene which might have had the most disastrous results both for property and life.

The reason of this threatening exhibition of popular feeling was that another actor, not a Philadelphian, it is believed, had interfered with Spencer H., and appropriated one of his peculiar "parts," and one secured to him by the articles of his engagement. Spencer H. was an American, admired as an actor, and beloved as an outspoken patriot and citizen by every Philadelphian. Hence they would not endure for an instant that their fellow-countryman and favorite should even appear to be subordinated to, or imposed upon by a stranger. The public sentiment was so marked, and its determination so unmistakable, that the manager agreed to refer it to two distinguished gentlemen of Philadelphia, who decided that Mr. Cone was entitled to the part. The manager yielded gracefully and at once, and Spencer H. took the position secured to him by the articles of his engagement.

His very success, however, was repulsive to his feelings. He was mortified even by triumph, and felt humiliated at being in a position where his very virtues, and claims upon the love and friendship of his fellow-citizens, might be turned into material to inflame their passions, and produce acts of lawless violence.

It was from that occasion, which on a less just and well-balanced mind, would have produced an entirely opposite effect, and aroused sentiments of vanity and overweening confidence, that his disgust for the stage began to date. He has often said that the train of reasoning it gave rise to in his mind was this: "If, by the exercise, merely, of the power of simulating the passions of courage, love, virtue, and whatever else it is the province of tragedy or comedy to exhibit in the most heroic shape, I have obtained such power over the affections of any portion of my fellow-men, as to make them willing to endanger their lives and reputations in my defence—winning them by "a fiction and a dream of passion;" how much nobler and more worthy of an American it would be to *live the reality* of heroic virtues—to *act* instead of *mimicking* the deeds of greatness. I will be a living worker in the world—I will play no more."

From that moment, although years passed before he could realize his wishes, his most anxious desire and effort was to strike into some path which lay among the realities of life, and where usefulness and honor might be his companions.

This determination was strengthened, too, by a circumstance which occurred about the same time. He made accidentally the acquaintance of the woman destined by Providence to be his wife, and such a wife as few great men have ever had to support, inspire, sustain, and console them through their struggles—for all greatness implies a constant struggle against a thousand enemies. In the Christian warfare, it implies it above all—a struggle against foes within and foes without—a tempting devil, and a deceitful human heart—the world, the flesh, and Satan, all combining, to strike the bravest soldier of the Cross down into the mire and filth

of their own corruption and hatred to God and to his work. God blessed him in nothing more signally than in bestowing upon him a wife brave, earnest, simple-hearted, and clear-headed; always wrapped up in her husband and his happiness; seeing, with constant anxiety, but also with constant joy, how he had his Master's work to do, and so devoting herself to make his home a place of rest and strengthening for him in the pauses of the battle. She was like a ministering angel, always beside him to console in disappointment, to animate for renewed effort. How strangely she was brought to this, her history will show.

In the city of Philadelphia, in the year 1810, there dwelt a widow, whose name was Mary Morrell, the widow of Robert Morrell, a man of wealth, and one of the earnest spirits of his time. Having served bravely, in several vessels, during the war, and particularly under Commodore Barron and Paul Jones, with the latter of whom he was on board the "Bon Homme Richard," at the celebrated capture of the "Serapis," and burning of Whitehaven—he returned to Philadelphia, and died shortly after the close of the war, leaving his family a good estate. The bad management of his trustees and executors finally dissipated the greater part of the property, but at the time of Mr. Morrell's death he was esteemed one of the wealthy men of Philadelphia.

Mrs. Morrell had four daughters, Elizabeth, Hannah, Sally, and Maria, and one son, Robert. The latter died when very young. The widow's only brother, Chandler Price, was an eminent merchant, and a man, not only reputed rich, but really so. Living in the same place with his sister, who was tenderly attached to him, he was much looked up to by her and by her children. He had, indeed, the main control of her property and business, and his recommendations were always acted upon.

In the course of time, as Sally was growing into womanhood, she, being a great favorite with her uncle, went to live in his house.

It was a gay house, and always full of company. Its owner, opulent and hospitable, of lively manners and large information, gathered constantly there a numerous and brilliant society.

In the incessant round of dinner-parties, balls, and fêtes, of which her home was now the centre, how little did the young girl dream of the future which Providence had in store for her. The spoiled child of fortune—the flattered beauty of a worldly and pleasure-seeking crowd, could hardly conceive the path her Master had marked out for her. She, the dashing, fashionable girl, educated to look upon the world as a great scene of elegant amusement, and social contest for place and power, pampered in every taste, and gratified in every wish, to become the wife of a Baptist preacher! The idea would have appeared a monstrous one—almost, indeed, altogether an insult. What! hear no praise—receive no homage—conquer no rivals? Bound her pleasures by the limits of a parsonage; restrict her employments to the bare discharge of duties; forget the world of fashion, in which she had occupied so notable a place, even more entirely than its giddy inhabitants would forget her?—and all this to be a poor, plain Baptist preacher's wife! She has often smiled over the odd kind of terror she afterwards experienced at the idea. She had never heard the sect named; never even reviled, although it was then, as now, “a sect everywhere spoken against.” She went to church on Sunday morning. It was rather fashionable than otherwise. Indeed, as one of the women of her family had, in earlier times, endowed schools and churches in Philadelphia with lands and livings, it was thought necessary

and proper that somebody from the family should be seen in the old pew in Christ Church—especially if the weather was fine. But of true religion, of vital godliness, she had no idea.

At their first acquaintance, too, there was still less to shadow out the future. She, a proud woman of fashion; he, a gay and dashing actor—young, beautiful, admired, both of them. They met at the theatre, in the public ball-room, on the race-course. Not in society, for their circles were different. Fascinated by his beauty and talents, the woman's heart broke through all the barriers of her exclusive life of society, and whilst she was pleasing herself with the idea that she was only admiring genius, and giving it its due by admitting it to closer converse than its line of exhibition could conventionally entitle it to—she was, in sober reality, rapidly coming to love the man.

Her uncle penetrated the heart of her mystery even before herself, and indignantly scouted at the idea of such an intimacy. Spencer was to be avoided. She must not see him, speak to him, think of him. It was a terrible blow to his pride—and as to the idea of her ever marrying him—that was preposterous. So her good uncle set very busily to work to prevent the two from ever meeting; which was, of course, the cause of their meeting twice as often as formerly. He told her all kinds of hard things about poor Spencer II., which made her defend him heroically, and believe in him twice as firmly as before. For we all know how much more we love those for whom we suffer, than those who suffer for us. It is very selfish, but very human. Poor fellow, he could not even speak to her a moment in peace, that uncle watched her so closely.

In a little note of May 25th, 1810, he says:—

“My sister Eliza will hand you a copy of D'Israeli's

Romances. I purchased it on purpose to present it to you. But just as I was conning over in my mind some fine speech, that would be suitable to the occasion, your uncle, very ill-naturedly, surprised us at the stone step, in Front street. So I was, of course, compelled to return the book to my pocket, and walk quietly home. The romantic love-tale of 'Mejnoun and Leila' will help you kill a dull hour or two. I am sure you will admire it. It gives a more correct picture of true love than any story I have met with. The passion is carried to excess, I admit, but still, the situations are so interesting, and their misfortunes so pathetically described, that none but hearts of stone could help sympathizing with them. I wrote your name on the title-page, but afterwards erased it, fearing it might involve you in some disagreeable question about 'Who gave it to you?' It seems almost an age, when I think of the six months to come that I shall be separated from you. But upon reflection, 'tis better so. Were I in Philadelphia, you would often, I fondly hope, honor me with your arm, as we strolled up Chesnut street. Some good-natured friend would certainly convey this useful information to your uncle, and he, in a rage, would probably lock you up, and deny you the light of the sun, though it shines equally upon the just and upon the unjust.

"Alas, I am a nameless wight!
Trode in the mire and out of sight."

This is a strange world, where men creep about for years to find, at last, nothing more, perhaps, than dishonorable graves."

"The course of true love never yet ran smooth." That terrible uncle ruffled it greatly; but God had too much for both Spencer and Sally to do in the world, for human pride to hinder them.

We cannot give a better history of his mind and fortunes at that time, than he himself gives in the few letters we are so fortunate as to have found. It is to be regretted that they are so few; for he wrote, as he always did, just as he felt, without effort or disguise. Speaking of his Sally, he says:—

“We, in common with the rest of mankind, are searching after happiness—it is our being’s end and aim. As free agents, we have an undoubted right to make use of whatever means are honorable to attain, if possible, this desirable object. Reason and judgment were given us in vain, if we are not to be allowed the privilege of exercising them; and even our hearts are of no value if they can be disposed of as the whim or caprice of another may direct.

“But we are young, and can wait.

“I shall yet, I hope, be possessed of a peaceful home to shelter her in—neat if not splendid—where, though we may be deserted by the votaries of fashion, we shall still enjoy the bliss which flows from perfect esteem and sympathy of soul—

“‘Thought meeting thought, and will preventing will,
With boundless confidence’—

A bliss, in my opinion, far preferable to midnight revels, or the boisterous merriment of those whose lucky stars, and not their merits, have raised to the gilded couch of affluence and luxury. Happiness does not depend on riches: it is found alike in every sphere.

“‘Who finds content will find her there!
'Tis to no rank of life confined
But dwells in every honest mind.’”

It is observable that although harshly spoken of, and bitterly attacked by all the malevolence of wounded

pride, he never speaks harshly of others. They are endeavoring to disappoint his most cherished hopes; to break up his dearest plans; and yet at an age when men are rarely very patient, and when his mind was naturally much embittered by unjust reflections upon his profession and himself—a constant vein of elevated morality and calm reasoning pervades everything he says.

Being rallied for his melancholy and gravity as a lover, he replies:—“*True love* is I think ever serious—not light and frivolous. It warms the heart with every generous principle of humanity, and kindles in the breast the spirit of universal benevolence. It softens the roughness of the disposition; ameliorates the unkindly frowns of fortune, and dispels all selfishness from the mind. A passion such as this deserves the cordial embrace of the man of honesty and honor, and could never be intended by the great author of our being to entail misery on its possessor.”

How just the sentiments of the following extract of a letter written July 8th 1810, from Washington, where he was then playing—how clearly it exhibits the character of his mind—a character heightened by the grace of God in after years to an earnest faith, but even amid all the seductions of the society in which he then moved, aided by the weakness of an unregenerate heart, strong enough to preserve him, by God’s blessing, in a course of rectitude which “won golden opinions from all sorts of people.”

“Reason and reflection convince me that real happiness is the offspring of virtue, and the inseparable companion of content. How vain then to sigh for the riches of Golconda—the gold mines of Peru or Potosi. Were they in our actual possession, content might refuse us the honor of her company, and happiness would con-

sequently desert us—offended at the absence of her inestimable associate. Sufficient for the day are the evils thereof. We should discard therefore all unnecessary solicitude for the future. With heartfelt pleasure, I exert every faculty with which nature has endowed me to procure comfort and competence for those who are entwined about my heart by the strong ties of consanguinity and affection. I trust confidently that the beneficent power which called me into existence will deign to smile upon my endeavors, and crown them ultimately with success. I am confident we were never intended for such wretched desponding creatures as we make ourselves. When our hearts throb in unison with the dictates of love, of honor, and of friendship, it is impious to say that we are not blessed with a very large share of the good things of this life—sufficient indeed, could we but prevail on ourselves to cultivate wisdom and virtue, to ensure us content and peace. But, alas. our good sense is too often blinded, and we suffer ourselves to be led into the vortex of fashionable folly and vice, without consulting our judgments, or reflecting that we are accountable for our actions to Him who made us. When I reflect upon my past life, *I am almost tempted to believe implicitly in the doctrine of predestination!*”

How firmly he held it afterwards; how gloriously he preached it! The sublime assurance that the children of the covenant are predestined from before the foundation of the world, that they should be heirs of God and joint heirs with Jesus Christ, shone, from the hour of his conversion, as a constant light upon his path. The study of the Word of Life fortified it with argument; but the conviction of its truth was an inspiration of the soul. It was this controlling, and absorbing reliance upon the predestinating love of God which animated him to

every effort. How could a man who, in the councils of eternity, was foreordained of God to be a son—a laborer in his vineyard—ever dare to doubt or waver? Once convinced of his calling and election in Christ Jesus, there was but one thing for him to say—“Here am I, Lord! What wouldst thou have me to do?” And if God graciously vouchsafed an answer to prayer, and pointed by His providence to the path of duty, flesh and blood was not to be consulted. The captain of the Lord’s host gave the order; the soldier of the Cross obeyed it—careless of consequences. He left them with Him who knew the end from the beginning.

“From the time that he heard M’Glaughlin preach on the balm of Gilead, his mind had never been at rest on the subject of his salvation. By day and by night God called him to repentance. At one time a frightful dream would alarm him.”—*Dr. Armitage*.

In a sermon to the young, in 1844, he thus describes the remarkable dream alluded to:—

“Blessed with health and a great flow of animal spirits, God was not in all my thoughts; but though I had forgotten Him, He had not forgotten me; and He was pleased to visit me in a dream, which no changes of time or place can erase from memory.

“I seemed to be falling down a well, backwards, with my face turned towards the top. There I saw one standing, having the appearance of a man. His face was fresh and ruddy; his eyes, like the blue sky, beamed with benevolence, and I recollect his countenance as distinctly as though I had seen it but yesterday. He intimated his willingness to lift me out of the well if I wished; but I looked to the sides, and looked down, and saw here and there projections of earth and stones, and imagining that I could lay hold upon these and climb up myself, I declined his assistance. I now began

to sway my body to the right and left, and to make vigorous efforts to lay hold upon some projection, and thereby arrest my downward course; conscious, all the while, that the Being at the top of the well, whether man or angel, was able and willing to help—but I was resolved to save myself. In an instant, to my utter amazement, the well immeasurably widened, like the mouth of a bell, and was lost in the bottomless pit. The flames almost touched me; my arms sank lifeless by my side; my strength was gone, my heart seemed to be suffocated and ready to burst; I looked up to the good Being at the top of the well; he stood there still, regarding me with the tenderest compassion; in unspeakable anguish I cried, ‘Save me! save me!’ and in a moment I was at the top of the well—I was safe! and the terrors of my dream all vanished away. I have never regarded dreams as worth remembering, and yet this dream told me the story of my life in such vivid colors, that I could not drive it from my mind. I was oppressed—terrified—at the prospect of Hell, and began to pray and read the Bible diligently.”

The Rev. Dr. Cox (Presbyterian), paid a beautiful tribute, in the course of the funeral services, to his character as a man, and we introduce it to show that our fidelity as a historian is sustained by the evidence of a witness as disinterested as distinguished. He said:

“My Christian friends, being accidentally, by which I mean providentially, in this city, my heart, as if magnetized, brought me to this spot; and though I am speaking in the presence of hundreds who probably knew Brother Cone better than I did, I doubt if there are ten who have known him so long. Some ten or twelve years since, Dr. Milner, Dr. Cone and myself, met upon a committee, as we often had done before, in this city. We used to live together in Philadelphia, all

of us ignorant of God. I recollect that Dr. Milner, upon that occasion asked, 'Do you know where first we met?' 'Yes,' said Dr. Cone, 'at the theatre; and do you know where we all expect to meet?' We all looked upwards in hope of the mediation of the Lord Jesus Christ, to whom we were all indissolubly and for ever united by faith. I will simply add, that while Dr. Milner was a member of Congress and a distinguished lawyer, he was awakened and began to seek God, in the autumn of 1812. In the same autumn so did I, although the youngest of the three, and I believe it was in the next spring that Brother Cone began to seek and to find Him who first sought and found him. And do you think that it is with any ordinary interest that I contemplate this scene? If it is a fact that on some points we differed, it is a grander fact that on greater and more points we agreed. I always felt that he was my brother, and I am very glad to hope that in the resurrection of the just, the Universe will know that we were brothers. I say to him, 'Farewell, sleeper in Jesus.' Them that sleep in Jesus, shall God bring unto him. 'Of all that my father hath given me will I lose nothing, but will raise it up again at the last day.' It is almost half a century since I first became acquainted with our deceased brother—since he first impressed me with the brilliancy of his genius, the power of his voice and the strength of his mind. Long before he became a Christian I knew him in the city of Philadelphia and I am happy to attest—as few men can do now, because they are gone—that his character for morality, and for a domestic and holy affection, I had almost said, for his mother and other relatives, had won for him a peculiar fame, even before he knew Christ. But he is gone, and I have no doubt that Heaven is richer, as I am sure Earth is poorer, because he has left us."

CHAPTER V.

1810-11-12.

THE summer of 1810 was spent as usual in Baltimore, Washington and Alexandria. On the 6th of August he left Washington, to fulfill an engagement at the latter place. A few days after his arrival, he met with an accident which laid him up for some time. In a letter dated August 17th he alludes briefly to it:

“I have been confined to my room this week, and shall be I fear for a fortnight to come. In returning home from the Falls of the Potomac, the carriage was overturned; I was tumbled underneath it, and my leg bruised most villainously from the knee to the ankle. So here I am, all alone in this town of Alexandria, with my foot mounted on a chair and pillow, and my gentle disposition in not the sweetest of all possible moods of course. It was a miracle my limbs or my neck did not get broken, for I was on the lower side, and all the people in the carriage came thundering down on my poor harmless shank. But there is a special providence even in the fall of a sparrow, and I hope I am sincerely grateful for my escape.”

On the 28th of the same month he says—“My leg is getting better—I act away at night, and sit with it perched upon a chair all day.” The extracts of letters showing the character of his mind at this period, must necessarily appear desultory and unconnected, but it will be seen how constant a vein of correct thinking pervades them. They show that his character was very

early formed, and his mind always occupied in the endeavor to arrive at truth.

Thus he is recommending study to a friend, and says :

“ I am confident your mind is capable of the utmost refinement, and nothing is requisite to attain this desirable end but perseverance and industry. You well know that all the attractions of the fairest form soon lose their magic charm, if not supported by an improved taste and cultivated understanding. Who then that has soul or reason, would not exert their every nerve to render their minds at least as beautiful and engaging as their persons! Their minds that live for ages—their persons, alas! like a summer flower, so soon cut down. This language is inconsistent with the customs and principles of the gay world in which you live, but not, I trust, entirely ungrateful to you. How can we better thank the Author of our existence, than by improving the noble faculties He has bestowed upon us? In what way can we so readily achieve our own earthly comfort, or how pass the hours of a life made dreary by disappointment or poverty, with so much enjoyment as in communicating our sentiments to our friends, conversing with them, and if possible instructing them? You attach more difficulty to the idea of writing than belongs to it. Your leisure hours are some of them undoubtedly employed in reading. Thoughts, conceptions, a variety of ideas and opinions must necessarily follow. You have then only to arrange the reflections, which the perusal of a well-written book occasions, to clothe these reflections in your own words, and a composition must be produced more or less perfect, according to the pains you have dedicated to it! could you not write down your thoughts on love, friendship, manners; the duties of wife or husband, parent or child? You certainly have thoughts on all these subjects, and is it not as easy to

write them down, as to speak them to a friend? Believe me, it is a habit soon acquired. A little attention will make it rather an amusement than a labor. Have you read the Scottish chiefs? Are you not moved by heroic actions? Does not the glow of patriotism kindle in your bosom? Emotions new, terrific, sublime, crowd upon you at the recital. Does not your soul put up a fervent prayer to heaven for the safety of Wallace, while storming the walls of Dumbarton, or when marshalling his gallant band, against the oppressors of his country, upon the Carse of Sterling? I have not room to tell you what I think of this admirable novel—a novel did I say?—’tis a real history. Let me hear what you think of it.”

How delicately the timid correspondent is drawn out! How simple and admirable the rules laid down—to write without effort at finery or rhetoric—to write just as the emotion of the mind dictates. What a pity this rule were not universally followed. We should come something nearer carrying a window in our breasts, and truth would perhaps forsake her well, to live a little while in upper air. It must be remembered that this was written shortly after the appearance of Miss Porter’s celebrated novel, and whilst it was the book of the day.

In a letter dated October 16th, 1810, occurs the first intimation of his intention to abandon the stage. The reasons he urges are precisely the same he ever afterwards did, and his consistency shows that in this as in all other actions of his life he proceeded upon calm reflection, and was governed by principles, not impulses.

“My profession,” he says, “which I adopted from necessity, is becoming every day more disgusting to me. It destroys all reflection which alone can improve and enlighten the human mind. I pray heaven that I may speedily exchange it for something better in itself, and

also more congenial to my feelings. What can be more degrading to the nature of man than to be stuck upon a stage for fools and clowns to gape at, or criticise. Fellows who can hardly write their own name, and yet think themselves qualified to judge—approve—or condemn!”

From this time he appears to have made untiring, though often foiled attempts, to secure a position more in accordance with his ideas of moral duty and manly effort. On the 29th of the same month he says :

“ You ascribe to me a greater depression of spirits than is really true. I am indeed rather more thoughtful than formerly, and care for the future frequently induces serious reflection. But this I am far from considering an evil. It is the lot of man to be assailed with adversity’s keen shafts in some shape or other. This world is the school of misery, and our first lesson is to learn to suffer. He who knows not that, has lived for nothing. Whilst honor and integrity remain untarnished, the heart is secure in its own strength. By reflecting upon our moral duties, the troubles incident to humanity, the native energies of the mind, and the great reward that perseverance never fails to receive, we acquire a confidence in ourselves, which, joined to a consciousness of habitual rectitude, can alone enable us not only to meet undismayed, but at last triumphantly to surmount the direst distresses.”

Once become the subject of serious reflection, his resolution appears to have acquired daily strength. On the 2nd of September, 1811, he writes :

“ Since your absence, I have been revolving in my mind my present situation, and have finally determined, let come what may, to abandon for ever a profession in which I find nothing congenial to my desires or tastes. It holds out to me no longer any allurement. I hope I shall not be deemed either thoughtless or culpable, for

believing that the good Power above, who guides our actions, 'rough hew 'em how we will,' on poor Spencer II., will bestow some avocation more congenial to the wishes of his friends, and the warm feelings of his own heart. Your persuasion, seconded by my own inclination, has caused this resolution, and I most fervently pray that it may tend to good. I have formed various schemes for future employment, none of which, perhaps, will be carried into effect. A circulating library in Baltimore is much wanted, and some of my friends there have thought an establishment of the kind would prove advantageous. But that and its success depend upon contingencies; and as my expenses are absolute and certain, my receipts must be the same. Then I bethink me of opening an academy; that requires no capital but a stock of brains and patience; yet even these are rare articles, and having none myself, who of my intimates will have the goodness to supply me?"

In referring to the absoluteness of his expenses, he means the necessity of providing for his mother's family. Both his parents at this time were ill.

"My dear mother," he says, "is confined to her bed with a raging fever. She has been ill these three days. Heaven, in its infinite mercy, save and restore her to us. My father's insanity is changed to great debility and listlessness. Much as I have suffered on his account, and terrible as the trial is to see him so, I cannot but dread the probable termination of his present state. Mother's fortitude is indeed great, or she had long since sunk beneath the weight of accumulated griefs. But why should I make you acquainted with my troubles? What a powerful agent is selfishness. We all bow to its influence. But for this I should never have abused the kind solicitude you manifest in whatever concerns me."

It is not wonderful that his after life should have been

marked by a grave and unwavering consistency of purpose; nor that fortitude and calm self-reliance should have taken in him the air almost of stubbornness. The training of his youth prepared him for a course as decided as it was conscientious. It is highly remarkable, too, that whilst actively engaged in a profession, to use his own words, "more calculated, perhaps, than any other to stifle reflection, and banish thought," he should have constantly indulged in the most serious and just reflection. In spite, too, of the ridicule which would naturally attach itself, amongst worldly and wicked men, to such sentiments, so grave, so full of reproof for them and for himself, uttered by one of themselves—by one yet pursuing with ardor the vainest shadows of worldly distinction—encompassed with all the gaiety and dissipation of fashion—the centre of a circle of what we call to-day, "fast young men"—full of animal energy and spirit, and foremost in every racket match and race ball—in spite of all the irony it no doubt drew upon him, it is delightful to see how faithfully and bravely he utters the whole truth.

His sister Catherine, a woman of lovely mind and disposition, and afterwards a bright ornament of the church, had been brought to the knowledge of the truth, as it is in Christ Jesus, and immersed into the name of the Triune God. A friend has written to him sneeringly about her; insinuating that she was "too young," that it was "pretence of being better than the rest of her young companions," and all the other common objections of the unconverted, to whom the action of one of their own number, "remembering her Creator in the days of her youth," directs the most pointed and unanswerable reproof.

Spencer H., from the very midst of his gay and wicked companions, replies, April 19th, 1812:—

“I cannot but differ with you in opinion, as it respects my dear sister Catherine. Perhaps when you consider the subject attentively, divested of that prejudice which education is too apt to impose upon us all, you may think differently.

“You, no doubt, remember, that when some would have driven away the children that pressed near Him, our blessed Saviour made use of those ever-memorable words, ‘Suffer the little children to come unto me, for of such is the kingdom of heaven.’ Kitty’s being ‘so young,’ therefore, instead of striking me as an objection, forms one of the strongest points in proof of the sincerity of her religious choice. A thousand passages of Scripture might be adduced to prove, conclusively, that—

“Youth is the time to serve the Lord,
The time to insure the great reward!”

“What sacrifice do we make, to manifest our love and gratitude to Him who offered up His life to redeem a fallen race, if we postpone our acknowledgments of His infinite goodness, until the eleventh hour? We try the world—we tread all the giddy mazes of pleasure—we taste of every sweet that promises enjoyment; till at length the overburdened appetite sickens with satiety, and the fascinating allurements that once captivated our senses, charm us no more! We look back upon our past life, upon the golden years of our youth, and find they have all been thrown away upon trifling objects, whose retrospection does not afford one pleasurable sensation. Consequently, it were absurd and ridiculous for us to pursue the same course to the end of our days, for we have already found that it cannot make us happy. We have kept company, and fiddled, and danced and sung, till we can do so no longer; and then, making *virtue* of *necessity*, we religiously determine to become good, and

serve our Creator. But, will he receive us, then? When our bodies were vigorous, and our minds animated and elastic, instead of laying up a treasure, where 'rust does not corrupt, and where thieves do not break in and steal,' we devoted them entirely to worldly pleasures and worldly pursuits. How, then, can we expect that God will bend His ear unto our prayers, when we have nothing to offer up to Him but the mere wreck of that noble being He created? Ah, no! It is a fearful chance to put off Divine impulses. 'Behold, *now* is the accepted time; behold, *now* is the day of salvation.' The present moment is ours—the next is in the womb of futurity, and we may never live to realize it.

"Kitty has become a member of that holy church, whose walls, as Isaiah describes it, 'are called salvation, and whose gates are praise.' Is she not safer there, than if she had waited some years to try how potent are the temptations of the world? If she has entered it with true sincerity of belief, and humility of heart—and this we do not doubt—is she not under the especial protection of her Maker? If we believe the Scriptures, we know she is; 'for, where two or three are gathered together in my name, there am I in the midst of them.' Such are the consolatory words of that omniscient Being, the 'light of whose countenance' does ever shine upon believers. How then can they go astray into the crooked paths of darkness?"

Shortly before this he had joined the Baltimore Union Artillery, and devoted himself at every leisure moment to an ardent study of military science. The cloud of war began to gather in the distance. The English orders in council, and the celebrated Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon Bonaparte, had disturbed the commerce of the world. Men were attacked in their most sensitive point—their pocket—and even merchants and

traders, proverbially, and in all communities, the most selfish and time-serving class, began to grow patriotic. John Bull, insolent and overbearing, as he has ever been, prior to his Crimean experiences, insulted and outraged the American flag whenever an opportunity offered. Our seamen were impressed, American citizenship scouted as a protection from the insolence and violence of British cruisers, and the men themselves taken by force from under the very guns of their own frigates, by English press-gangs. It was felt that war could not long be deferred. The first mention we find him make of his personal connection with the preparations for the impending struggle, occurs in a letter, dated January 7th, 1812 :—

“They mustered us all yesterday, in Howard’s Park, to stand a draft for the new army. I was so unfortunate as to draw a blank, and of course, shall not be permitted to march to Canada. Several of my friends here have been talking to me about obtaining a captain’s commission, as I have some powerful advocates at Court. For the present I have declined the honor. I don’t know why exactly. Not through fear, I trust, and not, *I am sure*, from a disapprobation of the proposed war.”

For the time, therefore, he declined a commission in the army, and addressed himself to the task he had already marked out. His reasons for preferring it, he confesses to be solely his family-ties, and the dread of leaving mother and sister unprovided for, if a bullet should find its billet in his heart. Thus he says, March 29th, 1812 :—

“I have commenced the business of the ensuing year already, by canvassing for a school. All I have spoken to upon the subject assure me it cannot but succeed, and I expect to have an academy furnished, and pupils enough engaged to warrant my opening it, by the first

of June, at farthest, provided I can obtain the manager's leave to absent myself from morning rehearsal, of which I have very little doubt. I am preparing myself with the utmost assiduity, to encounter any examination that may be made as it respects my capacity to teach grammar, elocution, mathematics, &c., &c., and I think two months' close application will store my memory with all those scholastic rules and usages in which I was once so perfect, but which a more than five years' interval has tended to obliterate. It will, indeed, prevent my sleeping so late as I have been accustomed to, or spending so many hours with my friends as usual, but the object I have in view is of power sufficient to inspire an idiot with the persevering industry of a Demosthenes."

But he could not obtain the desired permission to absent himself, and organize his academy, and "the necessities of present life" bound him hand and foot. Still his brain was busy with plans, and in May he writes:—"If war is not previously declared, I expect to be in Philadelphia about the middle of June. Some gentlemen here have offered me a share in a Commercial Dictionary, they are publishing, by which I think a considerable sum may be made, provided hostilities do not take place. But we are so near the seat of government, that the only cry we hear is war! war! war! Soldiers are constantly marching through the city, and the drum has scarcely ceased to beat for a single day since I arrived here." But his favorite scheme was the academy, and he felt the disappointment keenly. "I am vexed," he says, "and out of patience with this villainous, deceitful world. My proposed plan for English and classical education met with no encouraging warmth—'twas cold, chilling apathy. I had to ask support and patronage from some whose *charitable* hearts

could scarcely be induced to believe that an actor might be an honest, intelligent being; and not of necessity, either an idiot or a vagabond! To have my principles or abilities called in question by fellows, whose understandings could scarce aspire to the 'composition of a cabbage-net,' and whose hearts are as impervious to human feeling as their heads to a Greek epigram, is rather too much for an irritable creature, as you know I am, quietly to endure. 'Twas too much for flesh and blood."

Happily for his desires, an opening presented itself, and at the close of his engagement, he entered the office of the "Baltimore American," as treasurer and book-keeper to the establishment. The paper was in a flourishing condition, the accounts numerous, and the duties of his post constant and laborious; but he pursued them with a light heart, and untiring devotion. He had now been for more than two years engaged to be married to Miss Morrell. His love for her was passionate and intense; his whole nature was absorbed by it. She had refused to marry him so long as he should remain upon the stage. His quitting it was a *sine quâ non* with regard to their union. No labor, therefore, appeared hard to him, no effort beyond his strength. His habits underwent an entire change. "I rise regularly at five in the morning," he writes—"from necessity, and not choice," you'll say. No matter—I do it—and wend my way to the office, and post my books."

To a friend in Philadelphia he writes, in July, 1812:—

"While you are enjoying the sweets of retirement, and offering incense to the goddess Flora, we talk of nothing but the 'mailed Mars, up to the ears in blood.' We hear nothing but the martial drum, the shrill fife, the war-blowing clarion. The battle-steed already rears his lofty head, proud of his patriotic rider; and the warrior, snuffing oppression on the gale, with enthusias-

tic zeal, buckles on the armor of resistance with all a freeman's wonted alacrity! Success to our cause! and may all who have enlisted in its support

“Remember the heroes, our fathers, who stood,
In the day of distress, side by side;
When the grass of the vallies grew red with their blood
They *stirred* not, but conquered or died!”

My heart pants with anxious solicitude for the fate of our gallant little navy. Rogers and Decatur will certainly cover themselves with glory! They will fight like heroes to the last, and die as brave men ought! I tremble for their immediate safety, opposed as they are by overwhelming numbers. But let us confide in the God of battles, who will ultimately crown the cause of virtue with success.”

Every pulse of his heart throbbed with love of country. It was not the product of thought and reason in him—it was a kind of nature. He was altogether American, and clung to everything which belonged to his country or bore her name, not so much with the calm persuasion of reason, as with the warm passion of the lover. America was the mistress of his soul. She was the home of freedom—the land of the brave. The soul of man had here room and verge enough for its expansion. No shackle bound the conscience. No power interposed between man and his Creator. A glorious equality elevated him to the highest point of humanity, and opened for him all the avenues of distinction. Merit was the true rank; virtue the only order of nobility. She was a mistress worthy of the idolatry of a soul glowing with a poetic patriotism, a lofty faith in man's capacity for self government, and he loved her always with the same passionate devotion, the same republican energy of soul. There was no narrowness in

his love. To be an American was, in his mind, to inherit a duty to all mankind. The world had never known before what it was to have a city of refuge. God had opened in the Western world such a city, an ark of safety for the oppressed of all lands, who had an energy of soul sufficient to enable them to cut away the ties of habit, and nativity, and enter into its blessedness. Thus he considered the sentiment of Americanism to be a sentiment of love and sympathy with all men—an universal philanthropy. To attack America or her institutions, was with him to threaten the new ark of the covenant of liberty. The hostile attitude of Great Britain, therefore, in 1812, aroused whatever was then bitter or vengeful in his nature. The last asylum of free thought, of the expansive energies of humanity, was menaced by a power which had everywhere allied itself with despotism, everywhere formed coalitions, and subsidized venal courts, against the democratic idea as developed in republican France. A sacrilegious blow was to be aimed at the struggling youth of Freedom in the Western world. He could not endure that others should offer their breasts as a shield for his country, thus menaced, and he not share the danger. He must be a soldier. In such a cause it seemed base flattery, to call the man who hesitated a coward. He studied military science, with that power of concentration of thought of which he was always master, and made himself proficient as an artillery officer—waiting impatiently the summons to the field.

Baltimore has always been a city of strong patriotic impulses. Her citizens are generally men of warm and earnest feelings, and the war sentiment pervaded her whole population.

During the summer of 1812, several popular outbreaks threatened to take place against individuals, obnoxious

on account of their imputed sympathy, or correspondence with the English. One riot did actually occur, of an alarming and sanguinary character. Under date of August 4th he describes it.

“The narrow limits of an epistle preclude the possibility of narrating the bloody and horrible circumstances that occurred in Baltimore last week. They beggar all description. The town was in alarm and confusion for two nights, and all occasioned by twenty or thirty desperadoes, who had before braved the citizens, and publicly declared they would oppose the present administration (Madison’s) at all hazards. Then, to complete their folly, they fortify a house here, from which their treasonous libels were to be forced upon the public, although they had had one office demolished not a month before. The populace hearing there were a great number of men, who, after uttering bloody threats, had armed for defence, immediately after dark gathered about the house. From irritating threats, on each side, they proceeded to breaking windows. The mob were then fired on by those garrisoned in the house. One man was killed dead upon the spot, Dr. Gale, who has left a wife and six children. Mr. Williams a grocer, one of our subscribers, and a worthy man, died yesterday, and left a wife on the point of confinement, and two little helpless children. He lived but half a square from the ‘Tory Block-House,’ as it is called, and hearing a noise, went to see, from the opposite side of the street, what occasioned it. There were about thirty others wounded, some dangerously. The reports of the friends and acquaintances of those who were killed and wounded, together with the constant discharge of musketry, before morning, as you may suppose, had called together an immense crowd. Vengeance was in the mouth of every one. The mayor and some others

prevented the house from being pulled down that moment, and all within murdered. (Mr. Cone was, we are informed, with the mayor.) About thirty rushed out at the back gate and escaped before daylight. Seventeen had the temerity to remain till morning, when they were conducted to jail. About 9 o'clock P. M. the next day the jail was surrounded; the doors, and, indeed, a wall of two feet thickness, were broken down; the causers of the riot were dragged from their dungeon—one of them killed—eight dreadfully beaten, and eight escaped. The moment the last door was battered down, the prisoners extinguished the candles, mixed with the crowd, and cried out with them, ‘Kill the damned Tories!’ which alone saved them.”

Baltimore and the Baltimoreans were always dear to him, and when, in reference to this very occasion, a friend wrote to him censuring them severely, and animadverting sharply upon their character, he replied promptly:—

“As I am now a citizen of Baltimore, I cannot but feel chagrined and mortified that its inhabitants should be so basely slandered; and that every ridiculous story which *Federal love for England* delights to propagate, should no sooner reach your ears than it gains entire credence. My present occupation has made me acquainted with a very large portion of the people of this town, and as I cannot think myself entitled to the name either of knave or fool, my opinions, I presume, are not entirely erroneous.

“Baltimore has grown with almost unprecedented rapidity. Its mechanics are characterized by industry, and its merchants by enterprise. No city on the continent contains proportionably a greater number of public institutions: of banks, seminaries, and churches. At least three-fourths of us are devoted to our beloved

country, its happy Constitution and laws; are ready to risk our lives and all we hold dear on earth in defence of those boasted institutions of liberty and equal rights, for the establishment of which our fathers toiled and bled through a seven years' war. Is it for such feelings, and such principles as these you 'despise the Baltimoreans?' or, have you suffered yourself, in conjunction with many others, to be so unjust and so ungenerous as to condemn to lasting infamy a whole community, merely because a hundred lawless wretches have committed a most horrid outrage upon social order? Believe me, the great majority here are as sincere lovers of order, and do as solemnly deprecate mobs as any other people in the world. They suppressed them immediately. The ringleaders were arrested, and the grand jury have found them guilty of murder. What more could have been done? But enough of this subject. 'Tis probable that we shall never think alike upon it. From my soul I believe Alexander Hanson and his associates enemies and traitors to their country; that they are joined with the Essex Junta, and are devising means to bring about a separation of the Union. Then farewell to American happiness and prosperity! We shall soon destroy each other by dissensions and civil wars; or fall an easy prey to that *humane and Christian nation*, who, by falsehood and bribery, have, at length, succeeded in raising the scalping-knife of the savage against the helpless families that are thinly scattered over our extensive frontiers. Neither age nor sex are spared! Nay, at this very moment, when perhaps some frantic mother is shrieking over her butchered babe, Hanson and his crew, who have the audacity to call themselves Americans, are boldly and publicly advocating the cause of the cruel government with which we are actually at war. Is this patriotic? They

have repeatedly declared that 'Madison was directed by Napoleon'—that the majority in Congress were sold and under French influence—that they would oppose the war and the Administration by every means in their power, &c., &c. Is it to be wondered that the people should be enraged at such paragraphs as these? I think not."

In the latter part of 1812, he finally retired from the stage, and devoted himself to the support of Mr. Madison's administration, and the advocacy of the war against Great Britain, to the well-remembered battle-cry of, "Free Trade and Sailors' Rights." The injustice of the course pursued by the English government, in impressing our seamen, and violating the neutrality of our flag, excited him to a passionate opposition. These events are become historical, and but little interest can attach to the personal expressions of any individual. It is not, however, ungrateful to remember, that his pen exercised a large influence in rallying the democracy of the country to a heartier support of the administration against foes, both foreign and domestic; and cheered the patriot in defending the cause of his country against an invader, whose entire course, particularly in the neighborhoods of Baltimore and Washington, was marked rather by the rapacious cruelty of the barbarian, than the boasted chivalry of the English soldier. It is rather an unfortunate circumstance that Americans should always have been so unlucky as to find John Bull, in time of war, in one of his least Christian humors, and be compelled to recollect him as identified with a provost Marshal Cunningham, or an Admiral Cockburn.

During the summer of 1812, Miss Morrell's uncle, Chandler Price, who had been the most violent opponent of her intimacy with Mr. Cone, died. The opposi-

tion of her relatives, however, did not cease. They had set their heart upon a wealthy and fashionable match for her, in her own set; and the idea of her attachment to a man of no position in what they then, and many still, are pleased to call "good society," and one withal dependent upon his daily exertions for his daily bread, was insupportable to them. She had seen into his mind, however, with the inspiration of affection, and all attempts to injure or degrade him in her estimation, tended only to give her a more entire confidence in his goodness.

To please his betrothed, he yielded his desire to join the Canadian expedition then talked of:—

"You have made me effeminate," he says, "and in my temper softened valor's steel. Farewell, then, to the subject of Canada. When I urged the impossibility of your condemning in me what you admired in others, I did not refer immediately to a soldier's cap, but to those principles of patriotism which ever animate freemen, and which I deem the proudest boast of brave and true Americans. I have ever believed it just and commendable to love one's country, and when I read how our forefathers pledged 'their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor' for its defence, I cannot help asking myself how I can be exempt from toil and sacrifices? Why should not I, too, march to the tented field? I have been listening to-day, too, to an address delivered by the Rev. John Hargrove to the Baltimore Volunteers, who have received orders to march to-morrow morning. The address was a very animated one, and produced many a burst of indignation, coming from the lips of an old Revolutionary character, whose *only son* was *pressed* on board an English frigate, and in attempting to escape, found refuge only in a watery grave. When I beheld the tears of bitter anguish

rolling down the venerable cheeks of a disconsolate, grey-headed old man, who had lost the prop of his declining years, I must confess my feelings were such as words cannot describe." * * *

"Your noble qualities, the genuine offspring of a government, whose vital principles are equal liberty and equal rights, have endeared you to me," he says to a friend; "I shall for ever abhor the idea of your changing an opinion, merely because it does not happen to coincide with mine. Without boasting, I hope I am honest and just. I think my political tenets are not enshrined in prejudice, and I am quite certain they were not consecrated upon the altar of interest. I know that I love in an especial manner my country, my family, and my friends. My belief in the expediency, propriety, and absolute necessity of the present war with Great Britain, *is hearted*. Merciful heaven! are there human beings, or, what is worse, much worse, Americans, who not only defend, but approve the cause and conduct of England? Oh! my blood curdles in my veins, when I hear reasonable creatures applauding that corrupt and nefarious government; applauding a power which has deprived two-thirds of the inhabitants of Ireland of their birthright; that, under the semblance of law, murdered the innocent William Orr, the eloquent Emmet the patriotic and immortal Tone!—that government, whose fiend-like agents drove many of the miserable citizens of Waterford from their homes, and when the remaining women and children took shelter in a holy temple of the Most High, instantly set it on fire!—that government, which has entombed eleven thousand American seamen on board their floating dungeons, where *they have been flogged by English hands*, and compelled to fight even against their brethren; and, to sum all up, that corrupt and inhuman government, which has

sent the savage upon our defenceless borders, to stalk in indiscriminate butchery, and do deeds from which humanity shrinks with detestation and horror! And yet, under all these circumstances, you listen patiently, perhaps believingly, to those who denounce democrats, and a democratic administration, and side with those who say everything in favor of England, and against their own country. Can it be so? I do not express myself thus strongly without careful reflection. These are no times to trifle. Our prosperity is threatened by too many implacable foes from both within and without. My beloved country needs all her friends. For this reason, I have cheerfully assumed a soldier's cap. If I be wrong in this, I must be wrong in everything. If my love of country be not of the right kind, then am I willing to yield up all pretensions to correctness upon any subject; then am I willing to confess that the best passions and affections of my soul, are base and insignificant. But you, an American, cannot doubt the righteousness of our cause. Farewell, and, oh remember!— it is sweet to die for our country.”

CHAPTER VI.

1813-14-15-16.

It was in the midst of the war, and whilst most ardently employed in the defence of the Administration, that two events took place, by which all his after life was colored—his happy marriage and his happier conversion.

His account of how he was brought from darkness into God's marvellous light, so plain, so eloquent, needs no addition from us.

“Having served the proprietors of the ‘American’ more than a year, John Norvell, Esq., of Kentucky, who married my youngest sister (long since dead), and who has since been Senator of the United States from Michigan, induced me to unite with him and purchase and conduct the ‘Baltimore Whig.’ During the last war we sustained the Madison Administration with all our powers; at the same time I commanded the Baltimore Union Artillery Company, and was carried away with military ardor. For two years I do not recollect attending public worship more than twice. Politics and war completely engrossed my mind.

“In the month of November, 1813, after breakfast, I took up a newspaper, and saw, among other things, a large sale of books advertised at Wood's auction rooms, and said to myself I will look in as I go to the office, and see what they are. I did so, and the first book I took up was a volume of the Works of John Newton. In an instant my whole life passed in review before me.

I remembered taking that book out of the college library, while at Princeton, and reading Newton's Life to my mother. His dream of the lost ring reminded me forcibly of my dream of the well, and I felt an ardent desire to own the book and read the dream again. I left the rooms, having first requested Mr. Wood, who was a particular friend, to put it up for sale as soon as he saw me in the evening, as it was the only work I wanted. He promised to do so, and I immediately went out towards our office, which was nearly opposite; but I had scarcely reached the middle of the street, when a voice 'like the sound of many waters,' said to me—this is your last warning! I trembled like an aspen leaf—I felt myself to be in the grasp of the Almighty, and an earthquake could not have increased my dismay. Sermons heard when only eight years old, on the Balm of Gilead, and on the Lamb of God—the dream—all were painfully present, and I thought my hour of doom had come. I went to the office, took down the day-book to charge the new advertisements, but my hand trembled so that I could not write, and I put the book back in its place. I went out into South street—then walked up and down Market street in the crowd till dinner-time, to drown, if it were possible, my thoughts and feelings. But all in vain. The sound still rung, not only in my ears, but through my heart, like the sound of a trumpet—this is your last warning! I went home to dinner, endeavoring to conceal my feelings as much as possible from my wife. The day wore heavily away; I was at the auction room at the hour; purchased the book that seemed so strangely connected with my weal or woe; returned to my house immediately and read Newton's eventful life entirely through before retiring to rest. There seemed to be some strong points of resemblance between us; he had been rescued from the wrath

to come! What would become of me? I found that he read the Bible and obtained light. I went to bed with the determination of rising early to imitate his example, and search the Scriptures. My dear young wife thought I was going mad. Oh no! no! I was not mad! He who had compassion on the poor Gadarene, was now bringing me to my right mind in a way that I knew not.

“I commenced reading the Scriptures with deep interest, to find out how a sinner could be saved; and in two months, read the Psalms and different portions of the Old Testament, and the New Testament I think more than twenty times through. The Psalms, John’s Gospel, and the Epistle to the Romans, were particularly precious. It required great effort to attend to domestic duties, and my business in the office; for I felt continually that it would profit me nothing ‘to gain the whole world, and at last lose my own soul.’ I sought out preachers, and heard Mr. Duncan frequently; but I could not learn from any of them the way of salvation. One evening, after the family had all retired, I went up into a vacant garret, and walked backwards and forwards in great agony of mind; I kneeled down; the instance of Hezekiah occurred to me; like him I turned my face to the wall and cried for mercy. An answer seemed to be vouchsafed in an impression, that just as many years as I had passed in rebellion against God, so many years I must now endure, before deliverance could be granted. I clasped my hands and cried out, ‘Yes, dear Lord, a thousand years of such anguish as I now feel, if I may only be saved at last.’ I continued to read, and whenever I could steal away unobserved into the garret, there I walked the floor, when all around was hushed in sleep; there I prayed and poured out tears of bitter sorrow. While thus engaged one night,

the plan of salvation was revealed to me in the figure of Noah's Ark. I saw an ungodly race swept away with the flood, but Noah and his family were saved, for God shut them in the Ark. I felt that as a sinner I was condemned and justly exposed to immediate and everlasting destruction. I saw distinctly that in Christ alone I must be saved, if saved at all; and the view I at that moment had of God's method of saving sinners, I do still most heartily entertain, after thirty years' experience of his love. This was Saturday night, and that night I slept more sweetly than I had done for many weeks. Before daylight on Lord's day morning I awoke, and went down stairs quietly, made a fire in the front parlor, and threw open the window-shutters, and as soon as I could see, commenced reading the New Testament. I opened to the 13th chapter of John, and came to where Peter said, 'thou shalt never wash my feet;' Jesus answered him, 'If I wash thee not, thou hast no part with me.' Simon Peter saith to him, 'Lord, not my feet only, but also my hands and my head.' At that moment my heart seemed to melt. I felt as if plunged into a bath of blood divine—I was cleansed from head to foot—guilt and the apprehension of punishment were both put away; tears of gratitude gushed from my eyes in copious streams; the fire in the grate shone on the paper upon the wall, and the room was full of light; I fell upon the hearth-rug, on my face, at the feet of Jesus, and wept and gave thanks; my sins, which were many, were all forgiven, and a peace of mind succeeded which passeth understanding. Bless the Lord, O my soul! from that hour to the present, a doubt of my calling and election of God has never crossed my mind. With all my imperfections, shortcomings, and backsliding of heart, I have from that hour steadfastly believed that 'neither death, nor life, nor angels, nor principalities,

nor powers, nor things present, nor things to come, nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature, shall be able to separate me from the love of God which is in Christ Jesus my Lord!

“I wished immediately to be baptized. There was no question as to the right way. I had read the New Testament so thoroughly that the doctrines of the Gospel were perfectly plain, though I had not conferred with flesh and blood, or asked any one what church I ought to join.

“Next day I went to Brother Lewis Richards, pastor of the First Baptist Church, Baltimore, to inquire when I could be baptized.

“He said he would converse with me on Wednesday, being then engaged, and let me know. I called according to appointment, and he requested me to relate my Christian experience. I told him what God had done for my soul. He said if I would come to their church meeting, next Friday afternoon, at three o'clock, he would be glad to hear me say the same thing again. Accordingly I went. Half a dozen brethren, and forty or fifty sisters were present. The old man called me to him, beside the Communion table, and asked me to tell those present what the Lord had done for me. As there was no other candidate, he wished me to be particular in my relation. I enjoyed great liberty of speech; my soul was lifted up as upon the wings of a dove, and I felt as if I should stay a very short time upon earth. With a melting heart I recounted all the way in which the Lord my God had brought me out of darkness into His marvellous light; and the narrative was responded to by sobs and tears from many of those who were present. The pastor asked but one question—when I wished to be baptized? I replied, to-morrow. He said it was too cold; the ice was thick, and he was lame with

rheumatism. Several members said—‘Oh! try, Brother Richards; we have not had one baptism for so many months past.’ He consented. Many came and took me by the hand, and bid me God-speed. Some said, ‘We have not heard such a sermon as your experience in many a year; the Lord will make a preacher of you.’ On Saturday morning, February 4th, 1814, I was baptized in the Patapasco, by Elder Lewis Richards, the ice having been cut for the purpose. It was more than a foot thick, and the spectators, with many of my old companions among them, stood on the ice within a few yards of where I was buried, and went away saying, ‘He is mad; he’ll not stick to that long.’

“In coming out of the water, I felt a strong desire to tell to all around, what a dear Saviour I had found, but my sense of propriety prevented me from speaking.”—*Phonographic Report of Sermon to the Young, Jan., 1844.*

Upon the 8th of the same month, he wrote to his sister Amelia:—

“I gave in my experience to the members of the first Baptist Church on Friday afternoon last. A number of women were present, and my recital, which so clearly demonstrated that salvation is all of grace, and not of works least we should boast, affected them so much that I could see scarcely a dry eye around me.

“Gratitude and thankfulness to God for what he had done for my soul; for that blood-bought, free reward, that golden harp, strung and tuned for endless years, to sound in the Father’s ears the name of the Lamb that was slain, which he had given to unworthy me, so wrought upon my feelings and overcame my heart, that tears of joy and love continually interrupted my utterance. All present were so fully satisfied that the Lord

had commenced the good work, and that, therefore, according to his gracious promise, he would complete it till the great day, and seal my soul with the atoning blood of the everlasting covenant, that not a question was proposed by a single member, but all received me gladly. On Saturday, between twelve and one o'clock, I was baptized. The ice was so thick that a number of spectators stood upon it, round about the grave in which, I trust, the 'old man' was buried. The day was cold but clear, and although the water froze upon the clothes of those who cut away the ice, yet I felt a glow of warmth and animation, unwonted and unknown before, even while buried beneath the wave. Oh, 'twas a happy, happy sensation!—Next in order to that beatific moment when I heard my Jesus say—'Go in peace! Thy sins which are many, be all forgiven thee!' On Sunday I was received into the church by the imposition of hands, and admitted to commune with saints."

On the 10th of the previous May he had been married, by the Rev. Mr. Kemper of Philadelphia, to Miss Sally Wallace Morrell, the daughter of Robert Morrell and Mary Price. At the time of their marriage—Miss Morrell was a strict Episcopalian—as far as form went—and like all decided formalists, very intolerant of every other form; considering dissenters from "High Church," indeed, as little better than dangerous and desperate rebels against all truth and goodness. This explains the expression which he uses—"My dear young wife thought I was going mad." It appeared to her, if not absolute insanity, the very height of unreasonableness and delusion. She could not understand how a man of excessive animal spirits; the liveliest of companions, full of anecdote, quip, and crank; the soul of every gay society, should adopt a faith, and ally himself to profes-

sors of a form of religious belief considered by the world puritanical and straight-laced, refusing to mix in public amusements, forbidding the theatre, the ball-room, or race course—forbidding everything, in fact, which the high church Episcopalians considered innocent recreation. The idea even that he was in earnest forced itself very slowly into her mind.

How often has she told over, with a quiet humor which was natural to her, the secret rage and astonishment of her heart. She loved him too well to exhibit anything but the latter, whilst the former was absolutely stifling her. He would go to the place now so dear to him, the place where a little band of despised people called Baptists, assembled themselves together for prayer meeting twice a week. She could not bear to be away from him. She must be where she could see him. So she would follow him, and take her seat away back in some dark corner, and watch and listen, to try and find out what could be the attraction to such a dull and gloomy place. The plain Baptist folk, for the church was very feeble then in Baltimore, and few wealthy people belonged to it, saw with no small wonder a woman gaily dressed, glide in, and hide herself away in the remotest corner of the room. But she took no heed of them. She had eyes only for the one amongst them, whose conduct seemed so wild to her. It was a hard trial. It seemed as if a wall was being built up between them. Why should he love anything but her? she loved him wholly. What magic was there in religion that it should win away from her even a part of his attention? What was there in the Bible that he should pore over it all the while at home, and never talk as he used to do. He was kind, kinder, and tenderer, if possible, than ever—but so absorbed, so wrapped up in this new-found faith, that he did not seem to belong any more to her or to the

world. And so by stealth, for her pride forbade to do it openly, she took the Bible and pored over it to see if she could find out the strange secret of its fascination.

Thus the beautiful mystery of woman's love led upwards to the divine mystery of a Saviour. Is He not wonderful in working, and His ways past finding out?

But it was the mother who, beside her baby's cradle, had laid hold upon the future with such a lofty and serene faith, as rose almost into the dignity of prophecy; who had never doubted, and therefore never felt any sacrifice hard, which could fit him for her Master's work, to whom that Master, in the tenderest of His mercies, again committed her darling, new born out of the world, her child and God's. Oh happy child! from the same lips which taught him honor first, and how to live for man, to learn the holier lesson of a Christian's life, and how to live for God: to clasp her hand in his, and lay his head upon his Saviour's breast—her brother and her son!

The news of his struggles, his doubts, his fears, brought her to him on wings of anxious love, and how she sped, being there, his words discover:

“Mother's company and conversation were always very highly prized, but for some weeks they have indeed been of inestimable value to me! When grief and despair have almost overwhelmed my sin-sick soul, she, like my guardian angel, has encouraged me to press forward with increased ardor, and make my calling and election sure. She has often wept over her poor boy, but with God's blessing, purchased by the dear Redeemer's blood, her tears for me shall not henceforth be tears of bitterness and anguish, but of holy joy. I have been enabled to look back upon my past life, and I trust with seeing eyes and an understanding heart; But oh! what a gloomy retrospect! not one single hour well spent; no,

not one solitary moment dedicated to the honor and glory of Him who came into the world and died to save sinners. But did He die to save a wretch like me? Oh, that dreadful negative which my fears and crimes so irresistibly suggest. Like an unstable traveller, tumbling from some icy precipice's awful peak, so have I, for many long years, been falling into the bottomless pit. A Saviour's arm alone can redeem me from destruction. In the gall of bitterness and bond of iniquity I can only cry aloud for mercy and pardon. Is there no balm in Gilead, is there no physician there? Are not you one of the Good Shepherd's flock, and will not your prayers be heard? Join with me then, thou whom consanguinity has named my brother, and let us pray earnestly and without ceasing, that I be not a cast-away. Fare thee well! I am ill at ease, and cannot give you even a faint idea of what is passing within me. A greater than Gabriel must protect me or I perish."

Thus he pours out the anguish of his soul, when first awakened, to his only brother Joseph, who not long before had experienced a change of heart, and united with the church in Philadelphia. In disposition the brothers were very dissimilar. Spencer was eager and restlessly active; neither mind nor body ever seemed at rest. He rarely sat down, even in the house. When studying, his books would be laid open upon his table, and after bending down and reading with the greatest rapidity, he would pace the room backwards and forwards, from side to side, for hours. He hardly ever made a head or memorandum of any sort for speech, lecture, or sermon, but arranged it all mentally. This habit created a second habit of talking aloud to himself when alone, and in his talk, every thought, no matter how opposite from the main subject of his consideration, shaped itself instantly into words. Thus as he walked rapidly up and

down could be heard texts of Scripture; a line of a hymn; an opinion of some man's character; a word of advice to another; a sentence of a criticism on the character of a new book; a snatch of some old-timed song; a queer anecdote; a burst of eloquent declamation, or passionate appeal—all heterogeneously mingled, and rolling over each other like the waves of a single stream, which carries down with it in its course whatever, whether precious or worthless, is loosened from the banks and swept onwards by its hurrying waters. He has been heard thus to deliver whole passages, which he has re-delivered in public weeks afterwards *verbatim*, although meanwhile he may have preached or spoken on twenty different occasions. His memory was in fact marvellous, and cultivated and trained so perfectly that it had the accuracy of some fine machine, always obeying implicitly the direction given it, and acting according to the degree of power applied. Thus although he commonly read standing, and seemed to do little more than run his eye over the page, like one in search of a particular passage, he would throw by a book on subjects with which he was conversant, and if questioned about it, compress its whole argument into a dozen pithy sentences. Read it yourself, and it seemed an enigma, not only how he had got at all that was in it in such a space, but often why any one should have used so many words to say what could be put in so few.

Joseph, his younger brother, was on the contrary a mild and retiring man, of elegant reading rather than profound knowledge—an artist by nature and choice. He evinced an extremely early tendency to painting, and would steal away and shut himself up anywhere alone with his little box of water colors and his brush—forgetful of everything else. Spencer was obliged daily to take them away from him in order to make him

attend to his ordinary lessons. But nature had given him his bent; education could not warp it, and he became a painter and engraver. As the latter he ranked amongst the best in the United States twenty-five years ago. He was mild and retiring, as we have said, in manner. It was a moral quietness however, and extended no further than a distrust of his own capacity for public life. He had, what is very common in unassuming men, an indomitable courage, and a hatred of every kind of oppression, which the least circumstance would arouse into fiery energy. His brother used to say that until he was over twenty-one he never expected to find him alive at the day's close; since, if walking through the streets, he happened to see any one in trouble, he was morally certain to jump into the middle of the fight, without stopping to ask a question, and either hazard a night in the lock-up, by flogging the aggressor, or be brought home himself thoroughly well bruised and disfigured. On several occasions his brother Joseph's absence from home became alarming; often anxious search found him lying by the wall of the State House yard, or elsewhere, beaten into insensibility. They both, in fact, inherited what we may call the instinct of fight, and Spencer could never hear a tale of battle or of heroism without his eye dancing and his nostril dilating with eager sympathy. All the mastery of a powerful will, and the control of divine grace were necessary to curb the natural fire and impetuous bravery of his character. He was naturally fitted for a soldier, equally cool and reckless, for the sentiment of physical fear was unknown to him; it was not in his nature, and he had in reality no sympathy for man or woman who felt it. With that divine controller of his thoughts and actions, the love of Christ constraining him, he became the patient, quietly determined, but

daring defender of the truth, to whom "neither heights nor depths, nor principalities, nor powers," were obstacles—if he believed he heard the Captain of his salvation say, "forward!"

We present this feature of his character strongly, because it was truly his great characteristic as a man; and without keeping it in view, it would be impossible rightly to understand his conduct, either as a man or a Christian. It resulted naturally from this quality of mind, that, having thought and reasoned out a principle, he squared his life and actions by it, and never compromised it for the sake of expediency either for friend or foe. He said, therefore, constantly—"such an one would have me do this, and such another that, because it is *expedient*. But is it true? Our God is truth! Can we serve an expedient, when he shows us a truth? I do not know what other men dare do; but I dare not do it. I dare not disobey a "thus saith the Lord." If I am unfaithful in a little thing, what right have I to expect that his grace will keep me faithful in the weightier matters of the law? Is baptism immersion? Then I must preach it, for woe is me if I preach not the Gospel. And if it is right to preach it, is it not right to print it? Let God be true but every man a liar."

Of his brother Joseph, from whom our subject has necessarily diverted us, we shall speak more largely at a future period.

Peace and hope no sooner enter and take possession of Spencer's soul, than it is filled with anxiety for his brethren and sisters after the flesh, who are yet out of the ark of safety:

"Oh!" he exclaims, "how my poor heart bleeds for my sisters. May they be enabled to flee from the wrath to come. May the Lamb of God, who taketh away the sins of the world, melt our obdurate souls, and inspire

them with an insatiable thirst for that glory which passeth all understanding, and which fadeth not away. Eliza, Amelia, Martha, my sisters, oh! my sisters! can you contemplate the torments of the damned which are everlasting—the felicity of true believers which is eternal—and yet calmly sit down, without an endeavor to avoid the fate of the one, or secure the lot of the other? Are your obdurate hearts insensible to fear? Be it so. Say 'tis a base, unmanly emotion, beneath the august dignity of our nature. I agree with you. Have you neither gratitude nor love? You dare not say no, for they are the ennobling features of the human mind. Let me then point out an object worthy their entire, their undivided exercise. Emmanuel bleeding upon the cross, and expiring in agonies for lost sinners; that all who look on him with eyes of faith might be saved from the unutterable woe their crimes deserve. Can you turn away your eyes from this soul-redeeming Saviour, who died that you might live; this great Captain of our Salvation, who was made perfect through suffering; who was scourged, and scoffed, and spit upon, for you—even for you—that the stern justice of the immutable God might be satisfied; that the utmost rigor of the law might be complied with, and a way thereby devised to bring many sons to glory? Why need I add more? You will not close your eyes till the tears of penitence stream down your cheeks, and your cry shall be—‘Lord, what shall we do to be saved?’”

Nor was it strange he should be so anxious for them. He was so happy himself, and as he had shared all other happiness with them, it was terrible to feel they could not partake with him in the greatest of all. “I am so happy,” he exclaims, “I can scarcely refrain from prostrating myself upon my face, and crying—‘Oh! the wonderful grace of God—oh! the matchless love

of Jehovah Jesus!’ To me it has indeed been matchless. He has built me up in the faith. My hope is sure and steadfast. My soul feels as it were indeed sealed with the Holy Spirit unto the day of the Lord. No clouds or doubts have interfered to overshadow its anticipated felicity, or eclipse that beam of heavenly light with which the great Captain of our Salvation has deigned to illumine my once benighted mind. Oh! Lamb of God! My Friend, my Guardian, my Guide, my Saviour, my All-in-All—from beginning to end—grant me grace to love and adore Thee as I ought. And yet the world pretends to ridicule sensations so delightful, so heavenly, and pity our fancied delusions. Poor wretches, we need not their pity. We have an interest in One who is preparing for us mansions of eternal bliss, and crowns of never-fading glory!”

And therefore he will not let them be. He must be instant in season and out of season with them. He keeps the one thing needful ever before their eyes; meets all their objections, urges every motive, combats every doubt.

“My dear sister”—to one of them—“I know you cannot force an entrance into the sheepfold of Christ, and should you climb over the sides, or enter in any other way than by the door, the Word of God declares you to be a thief and a robber. All who enter the heavenly Canaan must come in through Christ Jesus, who is the way, the truth, and the life. But remember, God is just and merciful, and has proved it even to you. You have a desire, you say, an ardent desire, to love and fear him. Was it not his mercy that implanted that desire in your heart, for I doubt not you can remember a time when you had not even a wish to be made acquainted with spiritual things? ’Tis not in your own nature, therefore, but entirely of grace, that

you have ever been led to reflect upon the inexpressible value of your immortal soul. God's justice is apparent in this—you cannot be pardoned but by the washing of the blood of the Lamb; your sins must be atoned for, and righteousness must be imputed to you, ere God can be just in the justification of a sinner. I believe you feel your imperfect nature, and your soul's alienation from its Maker, and desire to be reconciled to the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. The bare desire is something good for which your praise is due, nor do I think that ever the earnest and sincere wish of becoming a follower of the Saviour was given to a single human being, without its being blessed, sooner or later, to their effectual calling and conversion. Beware of acting a disingenuous part, thereby only deceiving yourself; saying, 'I wish I were religious,' and yet proving by every action that you love the world and its vanities supremely. You can never find acceptance with God by saying 'Lord! Lord!' Do deeds meet for repentance, praying continually for divine instruction and guidance; for to expect to *do anything* aright, without imploring God to work in you, is, to my mind, the very acme of infatuated presumption.

“ Endeavor every evening to call to mind the actions of the day: place distinctly before your mind the errors you have committed in thought, word, or deed, and pray for strength to avoid falling again into the same snares. By reading the Scriptures and meditation, deeply impress your soul with the awful truth, that your heart is enmity against God—that you are not subject to his law—that there is a fatal variance between you, which must result in your utter ruin, unless you are reconciled to him through Christ Jesus. Though you cannot of yourself work out your own salvation, yet I would not have you content yourself with saying, 'When Christ

bids me come, I shall come. If you really think your eternal welfare of primary importance, you will be found reading and praying, and imploring God to grant you the influences of his Holy Spirit, to guide you in that path which shineth more and more unto the perfect day. But if you are lukewarm, and think you do everything in your power, by entertaining half-formed wishes of dying the death of the righteous, I can recollect no promise in God's blessed Bible adapted to your state."

For their sake, indeed, he is willing to part from his mother, though he should see her no more on earth. "Buoyed up with the fond hope, that her bright example and godly conversation may be blessed to you, I shall part from her without a sigh. I know we shall meet in heaven, to part no more for ever. But when death shall have received his commission, what, I pray you, will be your sensations, when you reflect that you are, by a single stroke, made strangers to her for ever? Where she has gone you can never come. Never again will you be permitted to look on those eyes which have so oft beamed upon you with kindness—never again entwine your arms about the body that bore you, nor hang upon that bosom which so long palpitated with affectionate tenderness towards you, nor ever ceased to rise and swell in fervent adorations, in anxious prayer to God—to spare, forgive, and save her darling children. Are you waiting to become holy before you come to the Saviour for help? Ah! my loves,

"If you tarry till you're better,
You will never come at all."

Remember Jesus came to call sinners, not the righteous, to repentance. All you are to bring is a broken heart:—

“All the fitness he requireth
Is to feel your need of him.”

Do you not feel the need of a Saviour? Do you think it strange I can part with mother without grief? Yet such is the fact; and I think you will not be tempted to ascribe it to my want of affection for one of the best of women. Oh, no! I have a nobler motive. A brother's prayers and tears—the Gospel's threatening denunciations against sinners—the hope of everlasting bliss beyond the grave—are trifles light as air in your estimation. I am not only willing, but anxious, therefore, for mother to return. Perhaps you will hear her. Peradventure she is the destined instrument by which God means to work. Oh, listen to her accents of love; be guided by her instructions in that path which leads to joys on high—pray for the influences of the Holy Spirit. For, rest assured that God is a holy God, and without holiness no man shall see the Lord.

“But what can I say to profit you? If the bold and polished periods of Dr. Staughton, if the eloquent life of a beloved mother, can neither of them win your soul for Christ, there is not much to be expected from the hasty reflections and imperfect expressions of your poor brother. But the Lord worketh by whom he will work; and when all these apparently great means have been found ineffectual, lesser ones may be made instrumental in opening your eyes.

“Oh, let me then once more implore you to seek after Jesus as the hid treasure.”

And God indeed blessed the lesser means; their minds were influenced graciously, and not many years passed before he experienced the unspeakable satisfaction, of seeing two of his sisters make a public profession of their faith in the same Lord and Saviour to whose cause he was dedicated.

One of them, Catharine, had long been a member of the church. A happy family.

For some time during the year 1813, he realized his original scheme of teaching. He established an academy which was well attended. It was, however, a calling for which his quick imagination and craving after action very much unfitted him. The restraint and confinement were insupportable to him, and he gladly relinquished it for the more exciting and absorbing occupation of an editorial career.

A single memorial of his school experiences in Baltimore is furnished by a letter from the Hon. David J. Disney of Ohio, written in 1843, and deserves to be recorded :

“ Accident,” says Disney, “ called my attention a few days since to an article in one of our city papers from their correspondent in your city, in which he describes you and your church. The simple notice recalled all the recollections of my childhood, and the obligations which I owed you. Again I sat on the little form in the school-room in Baltimore, and with my well-thumbed Caesar before me, glanced around at my school-fellows. Our boyish pranks rose fresh in my recollection, and, instead of the battered politician, I once more became the competitor for tops and marbles. Conjugations and declensions again perplexed my mind. The interesting story of Prince Le Boo, which I was artfully substituting for the commentaries of the warlike Roman, again perished in the flames before my eyes, by your hand.

“ The rigid severity with which, in the proper hours, you exacted of me a devotion to mental culture, again stood before me in all its original authority, and the years which have intervened vanished as with a fairy stroke.

“ Since we have parted, my boyhood has ripened into

manhood, and I have played a part among the public men of our State—but the scenes of my infancy, and the recollections of my boyhood have always had a deep abiding place in the storehouse of my memory.”

It is hard to fancy him a teacher of perverse school-boys. The effort to tame down his spirit to the necessary patience and routine, must truly have been one of the most heroic in his life. Of all men in the world, he was the least calculated for it by nature. His mind was purely creative; and his patience, only that with which a great mind waits for the development of great events, of which its power was in whole or part the agent. He never thought of or noticed the little things which were going on about him; his power of mental abstraction was complete. What a herculean effort it must have been for him to abstract himself, however, from his own nature, and watch a troop of mischievous urchins—and try to teach them. And what a picture of conscientious sacrifice it brings before us!

CHAPTER VII.

1814.—THE WAR.

To go back a little—*early* in the year 1813, the clouds of war began to thicken upon the horizon. British aggressions were multiplied: our ships searched, our flag insulted upon every sea, until the measure of American forbearance overflowed, and the spirit of the nation was aroused to that heroic contest with the “mistress of the seas,” the result of which is so finely idealized in the striking figure of Pinckney, where he represents America rising from the struggle, her head “encircled and adorned by the laurels she had torn from the brow of the naval genius of England.”

Pinckney, to whom Benton, in his “Thirty Years’ View,” accords pre-eminence over all the orators he has known, was a citizen of Baltimore. As minister to Great Britain, he represented the United States at that Court with rare capacity and decision, and returned home on the rupture of amicable relationships between the two governments, to exchange the pen of the diplomatist for the sword of the soldier.

His relationship to the administration of Madison, as editor of the government organ, in Baltimore, brought Mr. Cone into frequent contact with Pinckney, and a warm and durable friendship ensued.

For more than a year Baltimore and its vicinity was in a state of constant apprehension, and a descent upon some point in its neighborhood, from the British fleet, was daily expected. Mr. Cone was, therefore, alter-

nately busy in defending the Administration with his pen from the attacks of the Hartford Conventionists and Federal anti-war party, and in drilling his company of artillery.

With the natural devotion of woman, and her desire to share with the man she distinguished by her unselfish love, all his trials, Miss Morrell consented that the day of their marriage should be fixed.

Everything was prepared, and on the 13th of April, 1813, he writes to her:—

“I am endeavoring to procure a house in Pitt street, about two squares from the printing-office, and hope to meet with success, for it is pleasantly situated, very neat and convenient, and as low as I expect to find one. It will be ready to occupy on the 1st of May.

“I had intended to procure several articles in Philadelphia, but the British squadron is now within forty miles of us, and the *packets* have ceased to run.

“The storm of war will expose us to many inconveniences, but whilst you smile upon me, I shall never complain or repine.

“If life be spared me, I shall have the delight of calling you mine on Thursday, the 29th instant. And on Saturday or Sunday following we must repair to Baltimore, unless I can persuade some good-natured friend to write a little for me in my absence.”

And upon the 20th of the same month:—

“I should have written to John Morrell on Sunday last—a day I had in a measure set apart for the purpose—but the enemy’s squadron appeared off the mouth of our harbor on Friday, and we have been under arms ever since.

“I returned from the fort last evening, very much jaded with marching and loss of sleep, but I hope to be well again by to-morrow.

“We can raise more than 5,000 volunteers here in half an hour. So I fancy Jacky Bull will not think of setting his foot on shore.

“I shall be with you at the time proposed.”

Man “proposes,” God disposes.

On the 29th, the wedding-party was all assembled, except the bridegroom. The feelings of the bride and anxious friends may be imagined. The ordinary channel of communication was interrupted: the packets had ceased to ply between Philadelphia and Baltimore. No railroad annihilated space and time, and the inland route was tedious and uncertain. Nothing had been heard from him since the 20th. There was room and probability for the worst surmises. An attack by the English might have taken place, and Spencer be either killed, or worse, a prisoner, on his way to experience the tender mercies of English hospitality at “Dartmoor.” Nothing was too dreadful to surmise.

Nor was it until several days after the anticipated wedding-night that a letter was received from him, dated the 27th, and written from Fort McHenry, from which, whilst the gay company were waiting so anxiously for him in Philadelphia, he was as anxiously watching the movements of the English fleet, his heart torn with a thousand contending emotions, and his feelings towards the enemy of his country, as may be easily imagined, in no degree softened by their untimely interference in his own private plans and hopes. “I know not how to write this letter,” he exclaims. “I can but say our regiment is on duty here (at Fort McHenry), and I cannot obtain permission to leave the garrison until we are relieved by the 6th Infantry—which will be in a few days—not more than a week.

“We are under considerable alarm, but I do not think there is any immediate danger. Several ships of war

play about in sight of us—What their object is we cannot say. Guards are stationed around the camp, and no one can pass without a permit from the Commander. Keep up your spirits *this week*.”

Their regiment was finally relieved by the 6th and he writes :

“I have just returned from duty, very much fatigued ; nay, almost worn out. I am distressed to find that, in consequence of the burning of Havre de Grace, the ‘Pilot’ stage will not reach Philadelphia on Friday evening. I have therefore secured a place in the mail, and will reach Philadelphia on Saturday morning about 10 or 11 o’clock. I write from town, having a furlough from camp till six o’clock this evening, when I return. A few more days, I trust, and all will be well. Banish doubt and despondency. What though difficulties should oppress, and dangers threaten, yet—

“‘The simmer is coming, cauld winter’s awa’
And I’ll come and see you, in spite of them a’”

I live but in the hope.

I shoulder my rifle, or gird on my sword, but to drive off the base marauders, who have had possession of the shores of the Chesapeake too long. I love my country sincerely and ardently. I am, from conscience, an advocate of the Administration and the present war, and in it I must embark my life and honor, which constitute my all—Then war or no war—bread or no bread, we must set sail—

“‘On the ocean of wedlock,
Our fortunes to try,’——

and heaven I trust will bless us !”

After their marriage, the young couple returned to

Baltimore. From their marriage day to the hour of their earthly separation, they lived for each other, and their daily life, from year to year, only served to develop a beautiful and increasing tenderness and devotion. Their thoughts, their interests, their hopes, their pleasures, were one; and it is yet fresh in the minds of all who knew them, how holy an example of fidelity to "the vows they breathed in marriage" was presented for forty years, and how happy an influence was exerted by it upon the social relationships of the church, and the feelings and principles of the young. Dignifying their union by unvarying consistency of conduct and delicacy of attention towards each other, they came to be universally cited, even by careless and worldly men, as an illustration of the happiness which might exist in married life, and how practically it exemplified a Christian profession.

Events now marched with rapidity.

Early in August, 1814, the English fleet, commanded by Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, appeared at the mouth of the Patuxent, and their motions threatened a descent. All the available troops in the neighborhood were put in motion to meet him. The land forces of the English, on board their transports, were commanded by Major General Ross. The American troops, principally raw militia, were placed under the orders of Major General Winder, a well-educated, but vacillating and inefficient soldier. The regiment to which Mr. Cone belonged was put "en route" from Baltimore, and reached Bladensburg in time to share the disastrous fortunes of that day of shame—a day which left so dark a stain upon the annals of American story.

Mrs. Cone was necessarily left alone in Baltimore with her infant boy, then between five and six months old.

Mr. Cone's two sisters, Amelia and Kitty (Mrs. Norvell), were in Washington. Mr. Norvell, his brother-in-law, and partner in the "Baltimore Whig," was also an officer in the army, and on duty in a different regiment.

The English, under Ross, landed at a point on the Patuxent and began to ascend the banks of the river in the direction of Washington. A small number of gunboats, commanded by Commodore Barney, unable to oppose the overwhelming force of the English fleet, had taken refuge in the Patuxent. On the approach of the British, by the orders of the Secretary of War, to prevent his boats falling into their hands, he set fire to them and abandoned them. Their crews, and a large part of their artillery, were safely withdrawn, a circumstance which indeed saved the irregular force of the Americans, shortly after, from complete annihilation.

Gen. Winder, with between three and four thousand men, mostly militia, hastily drawn together, took post at Bladensburg, and prepared to dispute the approach to the national capitol.

The village of Bladensburg lies in Prince George county, Maryland, about six miles northeast from Washington, in the midst of a fertile country. The village is still small, and at that time was composed of a few straggling houses, which afforded a very slight and inefficient shelter from the fire of the enemy.

It contains about four hundred inhabitants. The houses are some of them brick. It lies between two branches of the Potomac. The Anacostic, or eastern branch, is narrow and shallow; nothing more, in fact, than a small creek near the town. The road from Baltimore to Washington crosses it by a wooden bridge.

The battle was fought along the rising ground beyond the town.

Major Pinckney's battalion, to which Mr. Cone was attached, reached Bladensburg the day before the battle by forced marches, and exposed to the scorching of an August sun. Completely jaded, and almost demoralized by want of rest, bad food, and harassing marches, they slept where they halted, throwing themselves upon the ground, without food, or fire to cook it. Everything was disorder, confusion, and contradiction. The commanding general, interfered with by the President and Secretaries, issued orders which never reached those to whom they were directed, and formed plans which no one took the trouble to execute.

Thus, when the battle took place the next day, the self-selected position, and stubborn bravery of Commodore Barney and his marines, with some pieces of artillery, alone prevented the total annihilation of the heterogeneous force gathered about Washington.

General Stansbury's brigade, to which Sterrett's Baltimore 5th, and Pinckney's Rifles belonged, came in on the evening of the 22d of August. Sterrett and Pinckney's commands reached the field the next day.

They were fine troops, well disciplined and reliable, but the position into which they were forced, by a kind of unaccountable madness, reduced them to a level with the rabble of militia, whose wonderful rapidity in retreat gave the battle the name of the Bladensburg Races.

Broken down by fatigue, without ammunition more than the few rounds in each man's cartridge box, Pinckney's men were pushed forward to occupy a high hill, more than a mile beyond the front of Winder's line of battle, and cover the flank of Barney's battery. Thus exposed, and entirely unsupported, they fired away their ammunition and broke. The efforts of their officers to rally them were fruitless. The whole American line were in full flight, and the panic had become universal.

The Baltimoreans followed the general example, and scattered beyond the hope of reorganization. Three times, however, with his handful of men and ship's guns, the gallant Barney drove the English back to cover, and his battery was only silenced when a British detachment had completely turned his position, and he himself had received the wound, of which he ultimately died, and was a prisoner in their hands.

The strangest part of the disgraceful history is, that the American army ran away, before a single man of them was killed; whilst the English lost *five hundred killed*, and an equal proportion of wounded, before Barney's position was forced.

The intention of the British commander to march on to Washington was evident, and the danger to which its inhabitants were exposed imminent.

Giving the few companions they could influence, their route for Baltimore, Messrs. Cone and Norvell hastened to Washington, to effect, if possible, the timely escape of Kitty and Amelia Cone. Kitty (Mrs Norvell), was within a few weeks of her confinement with her first child, Spencer, who was in fact born about a month afterwards, and inheriting the family failing, entered the United States army at an early age, and distinguished himself by gallantry and good conduct in the Mexican war. Passing unharmed through the terrible battles in which his regiment, the 3d infantry, were engaged on General Taylor's line of operations, he returned home to die at West Point of dysentery.

A few hours after the battle at Bladensburg, the stragglers from the field came flying on the wings of fear through Washington. Possessed with a dastardly panic, they rushed through the city, spreading, upon every side, the report that the American army was defeated, and the British marching close upon their

heels, to burn, plunder, and destroy the capital. A scene of terror and confusion ensued impossible to describe. Men, women, and children, flying through the streets—everything open and abandoned, and terror and uncertainty depicted upon every face.

Alone and unprotected Kitty, and Amelia could only follow the general example. The marauding expeditions of the British fleet upon the southern coast, their frightful cruelties and excesses, left nothing to hope for any one who should fall into their hands.

Hastily making up a bag of clothes and securing what money they had, the two helpless women prepared to fly. They set out not knowing whither. In the yard of the President's house they came upon a fugitive soldier sick and unable to go farther. His condition and words heightened their terror. They turned in another direction. Their way was blocked with men and women and cart-loads of household gear. No one could assist them. No one would point out to them their road, and they were strangers in the city. The selfishness of fear possessed every one, and each thought only of himself. Thus they wandered helplessly to and fro, every moment adding to their apprehension and bewilderment.

Suddenly Kitty Norvell catches a sight of her brother struggling through the press, and exclaims, "Oh! there's Spencer."

Jaded, covered with dust, and grimed with the smoke of the battle; his feather shot away, and uniform torn with shot and bayonet, and covered with blood and dirt—in spite of all, the eye of the sister recognized, and her cry of mingled agony and hope reached him.

At that moment a militia-man, one of the heroic band which had deserted the field without firing a shot, officiously proffered his protection to the ladies, and boast-

ingly offered to defend them from any given number of red-coats.

Thrusting the crowd aside, the young soldier reached his sisters in time to hear the offer of the braggadocio. With a fiery and bitter word of contempt, he drove him back. The man came up again to attack him, but catching him by the body, he exerted a physical power, at all times unusually great, but when nervously excited, herculean, and with a single jerk hurled him headlong amongst the crowd.

Clasping his sisters to his bosom, he allayed, with a few calm but energetic words, their excited fears. So vivid was the impression produced by the events of that and the succeeding days, that his sister Amelia, who is our informant, recollects nearly every word and look that passed between them.

"Come, girls," said he, "there is no danger. We have time plenty. Can't you find me something to eat. I am starving. I have not had a mouthful of food for twenty-four hours, and have been marching or fighting the whole time."

By this time Mr. Norvell, and McKenzie, of Baltimore, who had followed him, joined the group, and begged the women to show them where there was something to eat. They were literally famishing.

Hastening back to the house together, the women found and set before them all that was left in the larder, which consisted of a bowl of milk, and a cold chicken.

McKenzie, a dashing Baltimorean, a brave and noble fellow, and a devoted companion in arms of Spencer II., was literally in rags. He had no stockings, and his light boots were worn out with marching; whilst his gay uniform had been cut into "looped and windowed raggedness," in the desperate stand they had made

around Barney's Battery, to cover the American retreat.

Swallowing his share of the milk, and wrenching off a leg of chicken, which he thrust into his pocket, he left the ladies to the care of the two others, and rushed away for a moment amongst the crowd, to aid, if possible some unprotected fugitive. That done, he rejoined the little party. Their hasty meal dispatched, they prepared to abandon house and household stuff to the tender mercies of the enemy, and *walk* away. Lieutenant Cone's feet were, however, so blistered with marching, that, after a while, he found it impossible to use them. A pony was luckily grazing in a neighboring field. Norvell caught him, and Cone mounted him. Thus they proceed upon their journey, Norvell, McKenzie, and the two women walking by his side.

Stopping at the President's house, now deserted by all but a few servants, Amelia ran in and asked for some wine for the men. One of the servants caught up a bottle of wine, put it upon a silver salver, and thrusting both into her hands, took to his heels. The wine gave them new life in their wearied and half-famished condition; it supplied a strength which food would have been incapable of doing, even had it been possible to procure it.

Thus refreshed, they took up their line of retreat across the Potomac; crossed the bridge, and proceeded without interruption for three miles.

Night was now coming on; the roads were unfamiliar, and straggling parties of the enemy infested the country. The condition of Mrs. Norvell, the exhaustion of the men, demanded rest and repose. They must sleep, if it were on the ground by the way-side. Halting the sad little cavalcade in a sheltered spot, the men by turns played the comforter and the scout.

After a little while they discovered, not far away, an old deserted mansion, and hastened to take shelter in it. Family, servants—every living thing had abandoned it. Everything also, either eatable or drinkable, and the greater part of the furniture, appeared to have been removed. They discovered afterwards that the house belonged to Mr. Wise, grandfather of Henry A. Wise of Accomac.

Desolate and comfortless as it was, it was better than a lodging in the open field, and they congratulated themselves heartily upon being able to house the sick and wearied women for the night.

After much hunting they were fortunate enough to find a light, and began to explore every possible receptacle of food, happy if they should discover anywhere a forgotten crust or two, to appease the demands of an imperious hunger. Finally, and when they had almost given up in despair, and soldier fashion, had begun to draw their belts a hole tighter, to stop the importunate suggestions of the stomach—far away in a dim corner of the garret, they came upon a barrel, in the bottom of which remained a few handfuls of wheaten flour. A fire was soon kindled in the kitchen, and the women busy preparing a frugal, but to the famished party, luxurious supper of wheaten cakes, made in the most primitive fashion, of flour and water.

The whole party, both men and women, were so completely exhausted that sleep seized them almost before the last mouthful of their meagre supper had been dispatched. The bundle of clothes, caught up by the women in their hasty preparation for flight, was spread down in a corner for the weakest of the party, Mrs. Norvell and the men threw themselves upon the floor and slept. Everything gave place to the influence of fatigue, and the reaction of a day of fierce and con-

tinuous excitement. Too spent and wearied to care or think. Not a man was able to keep watch. Nodding, half asleep, Spencer II. says to Amelia: "Mele, if the British push a column upon Alexandria, to burn the city, they must pass this house, they can't help it. The house stands so that it must necessarily be seen by them and we shall have the red-coats beating up our quarters before morning. If you can keep awake, go to the bottom of the garden occasionally, and keep a look-out for them."

When they were all asleep Amelia Cone stole quietly out, and took her station by the wall at the lower end of the garden, and there she kept her watch all night long. In the distance, the burning Capitol and public buildings at Washington, sacrificed to the wanton rage of the British soldiery, and the barbarous policy of their commanders, lighted up the sky with a sinister and lurid flame. The silence of the night, its loneliness and darkness, broken occasionally by the distant noise and rumbling of wheels, which fancy easily suggested as the passage of artillery and baggage-wagons, or the echo of a musket-shot—fired by some drunken English soldier, as he pursued his work of outrage and plunder in Washington or its environs—all conspired to subject the courage of a young and solitary girl to a terrible proof. She kept her post, however, and played the sentinel, till the first grey streak of day stole upon the darkness.

The party were soon awakened, and prepared to resume their retreat. The close vicinity of Mr. Wise's house to Washington, and the want of provisions, rendered it impossible to delay a moment with safety.

About daylight one or two of the slaves belonging to the plantation had ventured back to the house. The pony is caught, and Spencer proposes to put him to a

cart which has been left behind in the yard by the fugitives from the mansion where they passed the night. The slaves refuse to allow them to take the cart, and attempt to prevent them. Spencer, however, intimates, in his peculiarly stern manner, that he will have the cart, or whatever else is necessary for the service; tells them who he is—that they may report the facts to their master, and say that Spencer H. Cone of the United States Army has taken such and such things for the service of the government; promising, if practicable, to return them to their owner. Should he be unable to do so, Mr. Wise must charge it to the United States, and Mr. Cone will certify his account. It is not known whether the property ever found its way back to the right owner; but no charge was ever made for it against the United States.

Spencer H. immediately set to work and manufactured a harness of ropes, and put the pony to the cart. But the pony had evidently never been in harness before, and neither force nor coaxing could budge him an inch. Go he must, however, for Mrs. Norvell's state would not permit her to walk farther. Putting the women into the cart therefore, the men fell to at the refractory pony for the last time, and by dint of whipping, pushing, coaxing and leading, got him off. Spencer H., spite of the terrible condition of his feet, trudged at his head. Kitty Norvell, lying faint and sick in the bottom of the cart, raised her head, and pointing in admiration to her brother's steady stride, conscious that every step so firm in appearance was an agony, exclaimed to Amelia, "Look at the Christian soldier!" It was indeed an exhibition of the character. No vain desire of military glory had armed him for the field. Full of an exalted faith in the God of battles, and feeling that the defence of the Republic was the service of

Him who had graciously made it the grand theatre of His mercy to His people, the peculiar place in which His truth expanded under the benign influences of civil and religious freedom, to draw the sword against its invaders seemed to him as much the duty of the Christian as the honor of the soldier.

Thus they trudged along for five or six miles. It was in the midst of August, and beneath a southern sun, which already, even at that early hour of the day, began to dart upon them a fiery heat. The atmosphere was suffocating.

Reaching the edge of a piece of woods, they took Mrs. Norvell out and laid her in the shade upon the grass and strove to revive her. Hunger pursued them. The few wheaten cakes of the night before had served rather to irritate than appease it. The men exhausted threw themselves down in the shade of the wood, unable to proceed. Kitty recovering from her faintness looked anxiously about, and discovered, through the trees in the distance, something which looked like a house. A strange compound of energy and mildness, a will of iron, and a manner of engaging sweetness, Kitty Norvell appears to have been a woman of uncommon qualities, a Christian of rare humility and consistency of character.

She insisted upon going to the house. Arrived at it she found only a poor negro girl. Kitty, with her sweet persuasive voice, told her they were literally starving, and asked if she could not help them.

The black girl, ashamed to offer such poor fare to white gentle folks, said she had nothing but a piece of pork, a bowl of milk, and an apple. Kitty took gladly what the poor girl was equally glad to give, and returned to the wood. Then quite gaily, miserable plight as they were in, they sat upon the grass and fell

to, Spencer cutting the pork with his jack-knife and serving it around to each, upon the point, with impartial justice. Each took a draught of milk, in turn, from the bowl, and the apple falls to the lot of Mr. Norvell. With many heartfelt thanks to the generous negro, who refused peremptorily to receive anything else in payment for her timely succor, they resumed their journey through the wood. Penetrating deeper and deeper, by a road rough and little used, except occasionally in carting wood, they had reached the thickest part of it, when the sky is overcast, the wind begins to sigh mournfully through the trees, and the thunder to mutter audibly in the distance. With the rapidity of the change incident to a southern climate, the sweltering and motionless atmosphere is changed to a keen and hurrying blast; the sky grows black as night, and a tropical storm bursts over them in all its terrors. The deafening peals of thunder, and the glare of the lightning, bewilder them. The poor pony, shaking with terror, refuses to move. A tornado, the almost inevitable accompaniment of such a storm, and of the terrific violence of which the inhabitants of colder latitudes can form no just idea, crashed through the wood—passing within a stone's throw of them, twisting up gigantic trees by the roots, and hurling them to the ground as if they had been straws. The road is rendered impassable and the horse and wagon become useless. Drenched to the skin, and almost dead with fatigue and excitement, men and women are compelled to take to their feet, and wander in search of shelter. Often falling amongst the branches and broken trees, which strewed the ground, and often losing each other in the blinding rain and darkness of the storm, they pass a dreadful hour, in which hope almost deserts them.

At last, however, they found refuge in a log house.

It was the dwelling of a good methodist family. All the men of the family, and all their horses and vehicles of every sort, were away with the American army, but the women were at home. It was enough for them to see the miserable plight of the wanderers; more than enough to see the torn and battle-stained uniforms of the men. The good souls turned every press and cupboard inside out in their haste, and gave them all dry clothes. Then, kindling a great fire in the old-fashioned fire-place, which was nearly as large as a modern room, they put on an enormous tea-kettle; broiled some fresh shad, and heaped a table with home-made bread and cakes, and all the house afforded—thanking God that he gave them the privilege of doing anything for those who suffered righteously.

Poor Mrs. Norvell had a narrow escape of it. They laid her in their best bed, and covered her up warmly, and watched her like a sick child. But her strength had almost failed her. For days she lay half insensible, and the little nourishment which could be given her by opening her mouth and putting it in, a spoonful at a time, barely kept her alive.

Next morning, filled with anxiety for his wife and child, and uncertain in what direction the British forces would make their next destructive foray, Spencer H. left his sisters to the kind care of the Christian family, and started off on foot for Baltimore.

His wife, whom the accounts of the disastrous affair at Bladensburg had already reached, and whose state of anxiety may be imagined, was watching from her window, and scanning every passer-by, in search of the familiar face of some of her husband's companions in arms, to ask how it was with him. At last, after many weary hours, she saw her husband coming—alive—that was all. She flew to open the door and receive

him. As he reached it, the factitious energy which had sustained him ceased, and he fell heavily into the passage.

When carried to the chamber and put to bed, upon drawing off his stockings the entire skin beneath came off with them. It was in this state, walking as it were with every step upon burning coals, that he had marched for two days.

A few days' rest, and a constitution of iron, restored him, and he resumed the active duties of the camp. At the request of Major William Pinckney, and under a brevet commission, he had taken command of one of the companies of the 5th Rifle regiment, before the battle of Bladensburg. Its captain (Aisquith) was absent, on leave, at a distance, and Pinckney preferred entrusting it to a personal friend rather than a stranger. The arrangement was afterwards sanctioned by the War Department.

After destroying, in mere wantonness of malice, all the public buildings at the National Capital, blowing up the great bridge over the Potomac, destroying the rope-yards, &c., and rifling private dwellings of whatever portable and valuable things had been left behind by the inhabitants, the gallant and humane enemy re-embarked, and hovered along the coast.

On the 27th of August, Captain Gordon, in the *Sea-horse*, and a large detachment of the fleet, attacked the defenceless city of Alexandria, and levied a large contribution as the price of sparing the town the fate of its unlucky neighbor—Washington.

The "Bladensburg Races," as they were not inaptly called, and the bloodless conquest of Alexandria, inspired the English commanders with the idea of attacking Baltimore, where they pleased themselves with believing that an equally amusing promenade awaited them. Happily for that city the calculation proved erroneous.

Early in September 1814, the British fleet sailed up the Chesapeake, and about fifty sail anchored at a respectful distance below the city.

Mr. Cone, amongst others, was ordered to fort McHenry, and remained in its neighborhood during the whole bombardment, which took place on the 13th of September. Speaking of the power of fatigue to blunt the feelings, we have heard him say that the night of the bombardment, although it was the first he had ever seen, he slept as soundly in the immediate vicinity of the fort as he ever did in his life. His company had been on active scouting duty all day, and at night lay a little below the fort at Whetstone point, watching the movements of the enemy, and ready to report any attempt at effecting a landing. Wrapping his cloak around him, he sat down at the foot of a tree, and leaning against it, watched the shells as they traversed the air—making a line of light which marked their course through the darkness of the night. Gradually his wearied eyes closed of themselves; and amid all the noise of the bombardment he fell into a sweet, refreshing sleep. Several shells fell and exploded near him during the night, without disturbing him.

During the bombardment, Mrs. Cone took her eldest child in her arms, and escorted by her brother-in-law, Joseph Cone, left the city on foot, and walked thus many miles, frail and delicate as she was, before anything in the shape of a vehicle could be procured. It will be readily understood that her affection for Great Britain was never afterwards of a lively character. Indeed, if any of her race or her husband's succeed in conquering a feeling against that government, it will be under the influence of that precept which teaches us "to love our enemies, and to pray for those who despitefully use us." Memory and affection pull strongly in an opposite direction, since few of the men of either race

up to the present generation but carried with them to the grave the marks of British bayonet and bullet. Readily as we admit the superiority of England, as a constitutional government, over her continental neighbors, and heartily as we join in love with the free and Christian spirit of her people in peace, the memories of the revolutionary times, and the later events of 1812—14, must die out, before she can hope to find sympathy on this side of the Atlantic in her warlike operations. Americans always separate in their minds the people and the government of England. Against the former they have no feelings of hostility; for the latter little love. An oligarchy scarcely less debased, effete, and arrogant, than that of Venice before its final suppression by Napoleon the Great, it misrepresents, in peace, the free spirit of the people it oppresses; and, in war, stains their character by the follies and excesses it commands. Twice it has plunged into war two nations of the same stock, the the same blood, temper—and we are bold to say, the same affection for well-regulated freedom; nations which should, and if equally governed by the will of the people—would, go hand in hand, in the exalted mission of civilizing and christianizing the world. It may have power to do so again. If it should, the mind recoils with horror from the prospect of a war, which the stubborn temper of the two great divisions of the Anglo-Saxon race, their equality in wealth, and possession of warlike material, would render perhaps the most sanguinary and destructive in the history of the world.

During the bombardment of Fort McHenry, the English threw over three thousand shells, without however doing any material injury, the fort being pretty strong and admirably placed, though at that time an open work. The city is built around the basin formed by a branch of the Patapsco river, and which is nearly

two miles long, by a mile and three-quarters broad. Fort McHenry stands at the point of the peninsula which forms the mouth of the harbor, and completely commands the passage. Fell's Point and Whetstone Point form the termini on either side of the outer harbor.

Finding it impossible to force the harbor, or destroy its defences, the English commanders determined to land, and attempt to take the town in reverse.

Captain Aisquith's company, commanded by Mr. Cone, in that gentleman's absence, and the companies of Captains Levering and Howard, were ordered forward to feel the pulse of the enemy.

It was the 12th day of September, 1814. Between five and six thousand British regulars and marines, under General Ross, and Admirals Cochrane, Cockburn, Malcolm, Codrington and Napier, landed at North Point, and proceeded, without meeting with any resistance, about four miles on the road to Baltimore.

Here the two companies of Sterrett's regiment, Levering's, and Howard's, and Cone's Rifles, had taken post. The detachment was commanded by Major Richard Heath, and burning to retrieve the honor of the corps, which had been compromised by the disastrous retreat of Bladensburg, they contested the ground, inch by inch, against the British advance.

The uniform of the "Rifles" was a natural green, which toned in with the leaves or grass, and aided materially to conceal them. They wore no ornaments to catch the eye, or betray them, when desirous of concealment, by reflecting the sun or light. The only mark of the corps, except the color of their uniform, if we remember accurately Mr. Cone's description, was a silver bugle embroidered on the cap-band.

As they were moving through a field of tall grass,

which, by the similarity of its color to that of their dress, completely masked their march, the quick tramp of a troop of horse struck their ear. They had just reached the fence which bounded the field, and the first rank were in the act of climbing it. Their acting Captain, Mr. Cone, was far enough in advance to catch the first glimpse of the enemy. His quick eye told him instantly what it was. Gaily dressed, and glittering in all the bravery of scarlet and gold, the troop of horse were visible at a great distance. Before his men had cleared the fence and formed in open order for the march, the troop were near enough for him to distinguish their dress, and see, from the glancing of aiguillette and epanlette, that it was a reconnoitering party of general officers, probably the staff of the Commanding General himself. The party rode up to a knoll, and halting upon the top, busied themselves with their glasses. The instant they did so Mr. Cone ordered his men to fall back along the cover, and give the enemy a dash, for the purpose of preventing their making any discoveries as to the position and force of the American troops. The first platoon levelled their unerring rifles and fired. The volley was delivered with an effect of which they had not dreamed. The squad of English officers were in fact, the Commanding General's staff. That single volley scattered them, and General Ross himself fell mortally wounded. Great as the distance was, the American rifle performed its deadly work with accustomed accuracy.

The brief interval of this episode in the battle had, however, afforded time for the heads of the English columns to come into action. The confusion which followed the loss of their General, and for some moments left them wavering and uncertain, afforded a

welcome and terrible opportunity for the American Light Troops, and the rapid fire of the rifles, every man of whom picked his man in the opposing ranks, and marked him down as if practising at a target, opened wide gaps in the English ranks.

The command of the British forces was soon assumed by Colonel Brooke, the line pushed forward at "double-quick," and the American advanced guard driven back upon the main body. They fell back coolly and in order, however, skirmishing, and disputing the English advance, with dogged resolution. For the first time, the veterans of the Peninsular war, who had been promenading the shores of the Chesapeake, had come face to face with picked and drilled American troops, and the game of war was to be fairly played, upon an open field, between English stubbornness and Yankee heroism. Every charge covered the ground with English dead. Their loss was very heavy, far greater than they ever admitted in their official statements.

The rifles of the 5th, emptying themselves amongst the masses of the English columns, committed terrible havoc. We have heard Mr. Cone detail, with great particularity, this part of the battle. In retiring, he threw his men behind a heavy winding fence, which, for some distance, partially covered them, and enabled them to make repeated and successful stands against the enemy. It was in an angle of this fence that MacComas and Wells fell. Wells fell across Mr. Cone's feet, and uttering the words, "I am a dead man, Captain"—died almost instantly. The names of these brave fellows who sealed their patriotism with their lives, may be read upon the Battle Monument in Calvert street, Baltimore.

The gallant stand of the three companies, enabled the Baltimore Brigade, under General John Stricker, to

get into position, and when the advancing English came upon the main body of the Americans, numbering about three thousand men, they found it impossible to dislodge them. Stricker had posted them with skill, and flanked by the cavalry of Colonel Biays, and a battery of six-pounders under Captain Montgomery, they withstood, for over an hour, the combined British force, numbering more than six thousand men. At no time during the battle were a greater number than *fifteen hundred* of the Americans actually engaged, and amongst these the weight of the contest fell upon Pinckney's Brigade. The 5th and 27th Regiments particularly distinguished themselves, by brilliant and reckless fighting. After an hour's severe conflict, almost hand to hand, the regiment of Col. Amey wavered, and finally broke—leaving the American flank exposed to be turned. General Stricker immediately changed front, and withdrawing the regiments of Sterrett, McDonald, Long and Fowler, and Pinckney's rifles, re-formed his line a short distance in the rear of his first position, and offered battle a second time. Although outnumbering his antagonist *four to one*, the first position had been so gallantly maintained, and, when yielded, the second assumed with such promptitude and spirit by the Americans, that Col. Brooke did not dare to attempt to force it.

Thus a superior number of veteran British troops were brilliantly defeated by a handful of Americans. It is not a little curious, too, to observe that the weight of the battle was borne, and borne with dogged stubbornness and resolution, by the very men, who, a few days before, had shared in the panic of Bladensburg, and yielded the possession of the National capitol to the invader, almost without a contest. The barbarous scenes enacted there by the English troops, the burning

of the public buildings, and general destruction of the seat of government, no doubt, exasperated their minds and lent them stern reasons for defending their homes, and firesides in Baltimore from a similar visit of mercy; but the difference in handling had more to do with it. At Bladensburg, regulars and militia, volunteers and amateurs, were inextricably mixed up with Presidents and Secretaries—Generals without a command, and commands with a dozen Generals to each, and no two things agreeing; they were without food, or ammunition, and one militia regiment without *flints* to their muskets. At Baltimore, or rather North Point, they were volunteer regiments, it is true; but well-drilled; properly brigaded—commanded by their own officers—everything, in short, prepared and well-ordered. They demonstrated, therefore, that six weeks' experience in the field makes as good soldiers of Americans as six years does of the men of other countries; and renders them fit to be pitted against the veteran troops of any nation. As a battle—that of Long Point is very remarkable. It was fought entirely by volunteers, in the open field, against veteran troops, flushed with a late and easy victory. It was a battle of tactics; and the American combinations were carried out, and the regimental and division movements effected with admirable and almost unvarying precision and success—one regiment only, that of Col. Amey, failing to maintain the post or play the part assigned it.

Disheartened by the battle of North Point, and the strong state of defence into which the city of Baltimore had been put by General Samuel Smith, a veteran distinguished for his brilliant repulse of the English attack upon Fort Mifflin, during the Revolutionary War, Colonel Brooke, and the gallant bevy of admirals who had so long been the terror of all the old women and hen-roosts

on the shores of the Chesapeake, commenced their retreat to their shipping. A division of the American army under General Winder, consisting of Douglas's Virginians and some regular troops, attempted to get into his rear and cut him off, but favored by the darkness of the night and the rapidity of his movements Colonel Brooke effected his escape, and re-embarked, under cover of the fire from the British fleet. On the next day the English fleet formed in a semicircle at a safe distance from Fort McHenry, and shelled it during the entire day and night. It was on this occasion that Mr. Cone lay near the fort with his company, as we have already described.

At midnight several bomb-vessels, rocket-boats, and a large division of barges, carrying twelve hundred men, attempted to turn the fort, by entering the Cove in its rear. In attempting to pass the six-gun water battery, however, they were received with such a sustained and terrific fire of red-hot shot, and lost in a few minutes so large a portion of their force, that they were glad to abandon the enterprise, and fall back to their original anchorage beyond the reach of the American artillery.

Nothing but the exhausted condition of the American troops, and a violent storm of rain which set in, on the night succeeding Brooke's demonstration against the city, saved the English army from capture or annihilation.

With the embarkation of Brooke's force, the cannonade against Fort McHenry ceased, and the invaders, completely foiled and beaten, relinquished their designs against the city.

The battles upon the lakes, and general turn of affairs in America, convinced the English ministry of the hopelessness of further attempts, and peace was soon after concluded between the two countries. That it may

never again be broken, is the earnest hope of every true Christian and philanthropist. In his own language at Baltimore, in 1841. We “deprecate war as one of the greatest of national calamities—especially a war between Great Britain and the United States.”

CHAPTER VIII.

FOES WITHOUT AND FEARS WITHIN.

THE war which paralyzed so many branches of American industry, and spread its influences very far beyond the circle of its actual horrors, produced the most disheartening effect upon the fortune of the subject of this memoir.

It was found impossible to make collections. Thousands of dollars stood upon the books of the paper, but scarcely one could be realized. In the mean time, those to whom, in the course of business, the establishment was necessarily indebted, became pressing and clamorous for their money. As every branch of trade and industry had felt the pressure, and suffered from the effect of prolonged hostilities, the relations of business assumed the distressing aspect, which war or commercial panic commonly produce.

The pleasant little house in Pratt street, which Spencer H. had taken and furnished for his young wife, had to be given up. The preparation of it for her reception had been at once a matter of pleasure and sacrifice to him. Many of the articles in it were endeared as mementoes of friendship. His warmest friend in Baltimore was Edward Priestley, a man of his own age, and a wealthy dealer in cabinet ware. Mr. Priestley's house was his home in Baltimore before his marriage. The two young men were so near the same size and figure, that their clothes fitted either indifferently. And if one happened to get a new coat or other article of

dress, the first who got up in the morning was sure to appropriate it; Priestley vowing that Spencer H. had more than his share, by an abominable habit of rising early, which he could never acquire.

The friendship which subsisted between them was extraordinary. Ardent associates in political principle, as well as personal tastes and habits, they differed upon nothing but religion. In the latter, unfortunately, Priestley was a free-thinker, and bitterly opposed to what he styled "Methodism," in which invidious formula he included all profession of religious sentiments.

Whilst preparing his house in Baltimore, Spencer H. wrote to a friend—"Ned Priestley tells me to take no trouble about the little things, for there shall be nothing wanting. Was there ever such a friend?"

Mr. Cone's conversion and strong religious convictions, threw the first chill over their friendship. Priestley resented his joining the church, almost as a personal wrong, and they gradually ceased to see or communicate with each other, but Mr. Cone cherished for him always the warmest sentiments of friendship, and never ceased to regret that a mind naturally so fine, and a heart so affectionate and good, should be clouded and hardened by the strange follies of Atheism.

Recollection of this beloved friend, and solicitude for the state of minds led astray by similar error, and pride of human reason, led him, as a preacher, to devote the most patient study to the subject; and many of his finest and most touching arguments and appeals, were made to combat, and, if possible, search out the cause and cure of infidelity.

The pleasant little house in Pratt street, as we have said, had to be relinquished. Everything it contained was sold under the hammer, and the money paid to the creditors of the paper. A large deficit, however, still

remained, and all the distresses of pecuniary embarrassment accumulated around him. Mrs. Cone returned to Philadelphia with her little boy, for they could not afford to live together in Baltimore; and her husband remained behind, to struggle through his difficulties and secure, if possible, an honorable release from the creditors of the "Whig." Mr. and Mrs. Norvell removed to Kentucky, and he was thus left alone to bear the whole shock of the misfortune.

A thousand circumstances combined to render the situation painful and embarrassing. He had had the unspeakable pleasure, not long before, of believing that his young wife, who had seen with mingled wonder and incredulity his own conversion, was herself the subject of saving grace, and her eyes open to see the loveliness of the path he had chosen. He therefore writes to her: "You are now, my Sally, more exposed to trials and temptations than you have been for months past, and although you have never been baptized and received into the church militant, yet I trust you have been buried with Christ, and risen to newness of life. I beseech you, therefore, my beloved, endeavor to walk worthy of that high and honorable vocation wherewith you are called. We who believe in Jesus, and profess to be followers of the meek and lowly Saviour—Oh! let us never forget, whatever allurements the world may set before us, what manner of men we ought to be in all holy conversation and godliness. Be not *ashamed* at any time, or in any company, of the Lamb of God, for of all such as are ashamed of Him upon earth, He has declared he will be ashamed in the day of His power. Lay these things to heart, and pray for the influence of the Holy Spirit to guide and direct you in Zion's road."

And again, a few days after—"My love, how stands the great account between the Friend of sinners and your

soul? Hath the Son made you free from the dominion of sin, or are you still gratified with worldly pursuits, and unwilling yet to enlist under the banner of the great Captain of our salvation? I know not how nor why it is, but since you left me I have been severely exercised on your behalf. The fear that the arch enemy of souls had lulled you into a false peace has continually haunted me. Oh, examine yourself strictly, and determine whether the placidity you enjoy be the fruit of love to Christ, which love alone can fill the heart with the peace that passeth all human understanding."

In addition to his solicitude with regard to her religious exercises, his own duties, so often, apparently, conflicting with the circumstances in which the misfortunes of business had entangled him, harassed and frequently clouded his mind with dreary thoughts. Through all, however, a strong and daily-increasing faith bore him up, and strengthened him to discharge whatever the inscrutable, but wise, providence of his Master devolved upon him. Needing consolation himself, he consoles her. "Bear up, my beloved wife," he exclaims—"with all a Christian's fortitude, against impending evils. Look not at the things which are behind, but have your eyes continually fixed upon the mark for the prize of our great high calling in Christ Jesus. Let not trifling cares disturb the peaceful serenity of your mind; let not even heavy burdens, however grievous to be borne, deter us from obtaining the object for which we contend. Do we suffer privation of comfort? The Son of God was content to lay in a manger for our sakes: for our sake, He submitted to be buffeted, and spit upon by sinners, and, at last, Oh! inconceivable wonder! poured out His precious blood freely upon the cross, that He might reconcile us to God. And when this dear Saviour calls us to suffer a

little for Him, shall we grow restive and rebel. Oh! never!"

The desire to serve the Lord, and the daily-increasing urgency of the members of the church in Baltimore for him to take part in public worship, gave additional poignancy to his regret for the hindrances interposed by the entanglements of business. "What shall I do?" he cries. "Shall I make application for a situation at Washington, with the determination that I will accept? if not, shall I endeavor to make a compromise with our creditors, in the hope of being one day able to pay them? I cannot take the benefit of the Insolvent Act, while there is the slightest prospect of liquidating the claims against us. I am anxious to devote all my life to come to my dear Lord and Master, but were I to shake off these claims, would it wound His cause or advance it?"

And again—"My soul pants to be engaged in the work of the ministry; but, oh! how the way is choked up! Our creditors, I fear, will not compromise; B——, to whom we owe \$1,000, is obstinate and unfeeling; he will, I think, push us to the last. 'Though I have friends to go my security, yet to lie in a jail a single hour, and then plead the benefit of the insolvent law, seems a very hard task, if, by any honorable means, I can prevent or postpone so melancholy a catastrophe. Father, forgive me! Shall a living man complain? Oh, no! rather let me rejoice that I have been thought worthy to suffer. May our troubles work out patience and godliness, and enable us, by faith, to say—'This is not our abiding city, we seek one to come.' I dare not promise when I will return. I am not my own property. I cannot do what my soul longs to do. I must prevent if possible, the breath of slander from tainting in the slightest degree my name, or how dare I hope the Lord

Jesus will make me a useful laborer in his vineyard."

About this time, and for the purpose of enabling him to relieve himself, he was offered the position of supercargo, and an interest in a valuable mercantile venture, by a friend in Baltimore; a proposition he took into serious consideration, as appears from several references to it, such as—"Mention in your next, whether you have consented to let me go to Europe to better my fortune, or whether dry land and hard knocks have the preference." As may be readily conceived, his wife opposed the plan, lucrative as it promised to be, with all her influence. A fortunate circumstance occurred, almost immediately, to second her remonstrances. Charles James Dallas, then Secretary of the Treasury, at the instance of his son, George M. Dallas, who had been a friend and supporter of Spencer II. during his course in Philadelphia, appointed him in the Treasury Department, and he removed with his wife and boy to the seat of Government. He experienced, however, the deepest regret at leaving Baltimore, and nothing but the "necessity of present life," overcame the desire he felt to remain amongst a people, who, under all circumstances, had displayed towards him a kindness and affection of no ordinary character. "Our friends," he says, "overwhelmed me with kindness,"—this was shortly after his removal, and during a business visit to his former home. "Every one pressed me to stay with them, and insisted upon it that Baltimore must be our home, and that something shall be done to make it a desirable one. Oh! that I were more worthy their Christian regards. They seem bent indeed upon my staying here. They insist that if one business will not support me here, they will keep us with all their hearts till I find something else that will. Such is the brotherly kindness of Balti-

moreans. Does it not resemble that which the apostles speak of in times of old."

The same letter gives a glimpse of home-life under difficulties; and to how strict an economy he condemned himself for the purpose of liquidating the claims against the "Whig."

Cynthia, their only house-servant, whom, indeed, they could as little afford to keep as bear to part with, and himself, formed the whole household of "retrenchment."

"Nothing of importance," he says, "has transpired. Cynthia and I rise with the sun here in Baltimore, continually; which to you wise and philosophical Philadelphians, I suppose, seems a paradox, but I assure you, nevertheless, it is literally true. To day (May 22d) I have indulged in very nice peas at $37\frac{1}{2}$ cents per peck, and if I had anybody to eat with me, no doubt they would relish delightfully. It has been uncommonly warm for two days past. My ancient greens have drawn forth from my poor benders, copious streams of perspiration. I can't stand it much longer. I shall be compelled, I fear, to buy summer pantaloons. How fares the purse by this time? I have between \$20 and \$30 owing in Philadelphia, on account of the 'Whig' which will be collected and given to you."

The above extract is only one of many which might be given as evidence of the manly energy and healthful elasticity of mind, with which he looked trouble and sacrifice in the face. Accustomed, during the latter part of his secular career, to luxurious living, extravagance of dress and equipage, and the company of wealthy and fashionable people, he sacrifices everything to the idea of duty, not with a repining or dejected spirit, but with a kind of gaiety. Sometimes, indeed, depressed, when "neither sun nor stars appear for many days," but very soon through all the gloom, seeing by

faith the shining face of his heavenly Father, even behind a frowning Providence. Sometimes feeling as if he were sinking in the deep waters, but very shortly hearing the eternal voice calling through the storm—"Be not afraid, it is I."—and walking the troubled sea of human sorrows, and earthly trials, with confidence and hope—secure that "neither death nor life, nor any other creature could separate him from the love of God," or prevent the ultimate accomplishment of His will.

On his appointment by Mr. Secretary Dallas, he removed his church membership, from the first church in Baltimore, to the Baptist church at Washington, of which Rev. Obadiah B. Brown was pastor.

The history of that time, so interesting and so happy in its results, is best told by himself.

"In the course of three or four weeks (after my removal to Washington, D. C.) the deacon of the little church at the Navy Yard asked me to go with him to their Lord's-day morning prayer-meeting. They had no pastor, and asked me to lead the meeting, and give the little band of twenty or thirty, a word of exhortation.

"In reading 1 John, ii. 1, I was forcibly impressed with the words, 'If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ, the righteous;' and I spoke from them without embarrassment for nearly an hour, to my own utter surprise. This was my first attempt to preach Christ crucified to my fellow-men.

"At their earnest request, I agreed to speak for them again the next Lord's-day morning. It somehow leaked out that Mr. Cone, formerly on the stage, was to preach.

"When I went to fulfill the appointment, their little meeting-house on the Commons, near the Navy Yard, was surrounded by an immense crowd, while within it was so full that I reached the pulpit steps with difficulty.

This was the greatest trial I ever had as a preacher, in view of an audience. When I came in sight of the crowd, I was tempted to turn back, and when I rose up to commence public worship, Satan assured me that my mouth should be stopped if I attempted to preach; that the cause of my precious Saviour would be sadly wounded; that I had better say to the people, I was not prepared to address so large an assembly, and then go home. The suggestion was so plausible, I did not think at the moment that it came from the great Deceiver, and I concluded to give out a hymn, read a chapter, pray, and sing again, and then determine how to act.—While singing the second hymn, which closed with these words,

“‘Be thou my strength and righteousness,
My Jesus and my all!’

the worth of souls was presented to my mind with irresistible force; I never once thought of the want of words to tell the story of the Cross, nor of the crowd of hearers, but directed them to Ephesians, ii. 10, ‘For we are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that we should walk in them,’ and spoke for an hour with fervor and rapidity. Wonderfully did the Lord help me that day; and I felt it to be so easy to preach Jesus, and I was so ready to spend and be spent in His service, that I consented to an appointment for the next Lord’s-day. My third sermon was from Malachi, iii. 16, ‘Then they that feared the Lord spake often one to another; and the Lord hearkened and heard it,’ &c., and He gave me that day a soul for my hire, to encourage my heart, and to strengthen my hands—blessed be His holy name for ever! Oh, what am I, or what my father’s house, that to me this grace should be given, ‘to preach among the Gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ?’”—*Ser. to the Young*, 1844.

CHAPTER IX.

ALEXANDRIA.

So general was the interest his preaching excited, that the little church at the Navy Yard was thronged inside and out by all classes, and he became so popular that shortly after being licensed to preach, he was chosen chaplain to the Congress of 1815-16. He was always of the opinion that the principal agent in procuring his election, by Congress, was Henry Clay, then the leader of the Democratic party; an account lately furnished by a gentleman assigns it to humbler influence. A few days after his election, Mr. Clay remarked to him that the salary of the chaplain was in his opinion entirely too small, either for the services performed by the incumbent, or the dignity of the body for whom he officiated, and announced his determination to make it his business to see members, and have it put upon a proper footing. With his customary earnestness in everything he undertook, especially whatever was recommended to him by a sentiment of personal friendship, he pushed the matter through immediately, and the salary of the chaplain was raised to five hundred dollars.

A member of Dr. Armitage's church has kindly furnished us with some interesting reminiscences, part of which, relating more especially to his chaplaincy, we shall quote here in nearly the words of our informant.

"In 1842, when he was my pastor, he gave me a letter of introduction to his own old pastor in Washington, D.C., the Rev. Obadiah B. Brown. Brother Brown was

formerly assistant Post-master General, under R. J. Meigs, and, being wealthy, preached, without emolument, for the church at Washington. I found brother Brown, then nearly four-score, venerable and polite. He received me very kindly, and, as he had at one time lived in the vicinity of New York, we had many common topics of agreeable conversation. He gave me a sketch of the early history of brother Cone, for whom he retained the warmest affection. He told me about his baptism; of his union with the church; of his giving him a letter from the church, and the part he took in his ordination. I attended worship in the brick church where he was ordained. I went down to the Navy Yard to see brother Abel Davis. Old brother Davis told me how it was he who had invited the young man (Mr. Cone) to lead their prayer-meeting in the little Navy Yard church; what he said that night, when he spoke for the first time, and what a blessed and comforting time they had listening to him. The old man recollected it all, as if it had been yesterday. 'Oh yes,' said Mrs. Davis, 'I was down at old Point Comfort, and my husband there wrote to me to come home directly, for there was a wonderful young man come amongst us; a young man from the Treasury Office, who belonged to brother Brown's church. I came home, and there—there,' she said, pointing from the window, 'there stood the old plank meeting-house, where he first spoke, and I heard him first.'

“A revival of these early scenes produced an amount of joy in the hearts of the old couple, no words can do justice to.

“‘Yes,’ said the old lady, ‘in this very room, where we are now sitting, he married the first couple he ever married. The bride was my own daughter, now Mrs. Church. She is living now at Fort Monroe.’”

“Many interesting details were communicated. One or two I particularly remember.

“In 1815, he was chosen chaplain to Congress, and the way it came about was a curious working of Providence. A widow woman, who was a member of the little church, kept a boarding-house principally frequented by members of Congress. She had two sons, about ten and twelve years old, and they were pages in the House of Representatives. One of the members and his wife took lodgings with the widow. The member's wife was also a devout woman. The widow said to this sister, ‘Won't you ask your husband to nominate brother Cone, as chaplain to the House?’ ‘Yes, indeed, most gladly;’ was the reply. She did so, and at her urgent request, and the widow's, he nominated Spencer H. Cone. The widow's sons, the two pages, were delighted at the nomination, and preparing ballots with Spencer H. Cone's name on them, flew around the hall, supplying the members with them, and importuning every one to vote for him. The zeal of the boys succeeded, and he was chosen chaplain.

“Here he was at once introduced, by the providence of God, into a field of great notoriety, and here, as every where, he fearlessly proclaimed the Gospel. During the session a person, high in rank, was laid on a bed of sickness. In his life-time, when strong and healthy, he had been an infidel; but when the fear of death took hold upon him, he cried out for the minister of Christ. How he died, whether changed or impenitent, I do not know, but the young chaplain, soon after his death, made a striking allusion to those who live without God in the world. When laid upon a death-bed, however, and summoned to their account, they dare not meet the Judge. Then they call aloud for God's people to supplicate, in their behalf, the God they had denied.

Then they are willing to renounce and abandon the refuge of lies in which they once trusted. But the hour of mercy has passed, and they die in hopeless, terrible despair. This solemn truth he uttered boldly, and with striking effect, in the Hall of Representatives. Two sons of the deceased great man heard the declaration, and became highly incensed against the chaplain. They said he had reflected upon the virtuous life of their father, and they would compel him to apologize as publicly as he had insulted his memory. The members of the church, hearing of this, for it was a common talk in the city, became very much alarmed, and feared for the safety of their beloved brother. The more timid met together to consult what was best to be done to protect him. Meantime there was a great stir abroad, and it was rumored that, on the next Lord's day, the chaplain was going to make a public apology. The day came, and multitudes thronged the house. The young chaplain rose, calm and undisturbed—his manner as happy and serene as though there had never been such a thing whispered, and as if fear were not a part of his nature. With his mellifluous voice he read a hymn of praise—then, with uplifted hands, poured out his heart in prayer. The Lord heard and answered with strength and grace. He stood up. Every eye was upon him, every ear stretched to hear. He began to preach. His voice rose to a pitch of dignity, his form dilated, and the stern words of doom, for the finally impenitent, went rolling and thundering through the house. Triumphantly that day he preached the whole plan of salvation through the Lord Jesus Christ. He spoke for more than an hour, but never made any direct allusion to the circumstance, nor the shadow of an apology. And this was a great day in Washington; for the Lord magnified His Word, and the faith of the

church was strengthened. Two ladies, wives of members of Congress, were converted by the instrumentality of that sermon.

“No one ever heard any more of an attempt to compel Spencer H. Cone to apologize for speaking the truth, as God had revealed it in the Bible. On several occasions, indeed, his life was threatened, and the brethren in great fear for him; but he could never be brought to entertain any apprehensions, or turn aside from the course of duty, for fear of what man might do unto him. A violent Catholic, whose wife he had baptized, went about, for a long time, carrying arms and making great threats of vengeance, but although he had frequent opportunities of executing them, either his heart failed him, or Providence interposed some other obstacle, and nothing ever came of it.”

At the close of the congressional session, he was invited to preach for the little church in Alexandria, D. C. We are indebted to Mrs. Dagg, wife of Dr. J. L. Dagg, one of his dear children in the Gospel, for the following account of the commencement of his ministry, and several interesting incidents connected with it in that city.

“In 1816, Mr. Cone was called to take the charge of the Baptist church in Alexandria, under the following circumstances. Soon after his chaplaincy to Congress closed, he made a visit to that place, and was invited to preach in the first Presbyterian church. The pastor of this church was an old Scotch divine, who had, for many years, lulled his people, by a lifeless ministry, into an almost total forgetfulness of their eternal interests.

“Mr. Cone preached from the text, ‘Whereas I was once blind, now I see.’ He showed that, by nature, we were totally blind, with no spiritual discernment;

but that, by the grace of God, the awakened soul was brought to be sensible of his blindness, and to see something of the holiness and purity of God's law, and his inability to fulfill its demands.

"In short it was a searching, practical, and experimental sermon, which pierced the hearts of many sinners. The movement through the congregation, and, indeed, through the whole community, was like electricity.

"As an effect of this sermon in the Presbyterian church, two or three ladies, members of that church, set about devising a plan by which Mr. Cone might be settled in Alexandria. At that time the Baptist church of the place was very feeble, being composed of twenty or thirty females, and *one* male member, with no settled pastor or stated preaching. These ladies set out to find the church. They sought for the male member, but he had removed from the town. They found some of the old sisters; expressed their desire, and promised, on condition that Mr. Cone should be called to the charge of the church, that they would guarantee his salary.

"A letter of invitation was written. Mr. Cone prayed over it; and the result was his acceptance of the call, and the removal of his family, which consisted of his wife and infant son, Edward.

"Here the record of God's dealing with men, by his instrumentality, commenced; and here commenced a chain of labor, a link of which was not broken until the golden bowl itself was broken at the fountain.

"He entered on his course, in that city, with deep interest. He saw that a mighty work was to be done, and that the Lord had much people in that city. His arms were not folded in sluggish inactivity and despondency, in view of the magnitude of the social and moral evil which surrounded him on every side. But he toiled hopefully, patiently, and ardently, in his work,

and great success followed. The house was enlarged, and crowds attended his ministry: and crowds were converted by his instrumentality. Many who came to deride and scoff, left crying for mercy. Among the converts were persons in every class and rank of society; the pharisee, the deist, the formal professor, the distinguished citizen, and the immoral and degraded character.

“He labored there about seven years; and almost every month during the whole of this time, he led the willing convert to the Potomac for baptism. Thousands would attend this ordinance; even when, as often happened during a severe winter, the ice had to be broken for the purpose, they would gather around the opening made for baptism, until, by their weight, the whole sheet would be immersed. At first the novelty attracted attention, and the subsequent frequency of the administration, with his impressive addresses at the water-side, and his graceful performance of the rite, added much to the notoriety of his ministry. But this was not without opposition. He was an object of ridicule and scoff to many; so much so, indeed, that at times his friends considered him in imminent danger of assault. But his faith undaunted faced his foes, the enemies of God, and the gainsaying world, with an humble reliance on the Saviour who said—‘Lo! I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.’

“Mr. Cone’s high social qualities, and courteous manner, drew around him a large circle of admiring friends and led him to visit the people of his charge with unrestrained freedom. He would enter into their joys and sorrows with that sympathy which made his visits not only welcome, but looked for with strong desire. These visits were not confined to the more intelligent or opulent of his church. The African and the poor widow,

as she toiled at her daily work, for the support of her fatherless little ones, were comforted and instructed by them.

“ His theme, at such times, was not matters of State, or trade, or agriculture, or the weather ; but he was accustomed to introduce such inquiries as these ; What have been your daily exercises the past week ? Does the love of Christ dwell in you richly ; or are you crying—oh, my leanness, my leanness ?

“ Is the road a thorny one, and your progress in sanctification difficult ?

“ Cannot you trust that grace which brought you into the way, and began the good work ?

“ By such inquiries as these, he would learn the spiritual state of his members, and would administer such counsels and encouragements as their cases required.

“ Often, in these visits, with a countenance beaming with heavenly radiance and holy joy, he would relate the exercises he had heard from some poor contrite sinner, or from the warm gushing of some heart grateful for an assurance of redeeming love. One case is impressed on my memory. It was the tale of an old slave belonging to a Maryland planter. He had never known God or Christ, until one day the inspector came to inspect their tobacco. He examined one hogshead and condemned it ; another, and it was marked as good. Another and another passed his inspection with varying results. While the old African looked on, the judgment day, with all its tremendous realities, passed before his mind—the day when all, both good and bad, shall stand before the Great Inspector. From these first impressions, the Holy Spirit led this old African to the foot of the Cross. After he had found peace and joy in believing, he applied to Mr. Cone for baptism, and told the artless tale of his experience.

“While the impression of this simple narrative was still fresh upon his heart, Mr. C. visited our family, and repeated the story with streaming eyes, concluding with the exclamation—Oh, the free grace of God! May I never want a tongue to proclaim it to sinners, or a heart to feel its influence.”

“Such were the methods which this man of God adopted to render his pastoral visits useful to the people of his charge. Thus was the communion of saints maintained and the fellowship of believers kept up, by the social interchange of pious thought and feeling. Mr. C. felt, that unimproved intercourse among Christians is the bane of the church. He felt, too, the preciousness of the fellowship of saints, and sought every means to keep alive a coal in his own bosom, that he might enkindle it in others. He taught that they who feared the Lord, spake often one to another, and grace, like fire, will beget grace; so, by the mutual giving and receiving, the brotherhood were strengthened, united, and advanced in knowledge and holiness.

“One instance of conversion through his instrumentality may be selected out of many.

“A young member of the Bar from Washington City, came on a visit to Alexandria. He called to spend the evening with two young ladies, with whom he had been previously acquainted. They proposed, as it was Mr. C.’s lecture evening, to attend, inviting their young friend to accompany them. Gallantry, as well as courtesy, demanded a cheerful acquiescence, though he would have preferred his hotel, as he had been indulging in too much wine. But he resolved what to do. As sleep would be grateful, he determined to place himself in some obscure corner, where he might indulge in a nap, unobserved and uninterrupted. He did so. The introductory hymn and prayer passed

unheard. The lecture, on that evening, was from the twenty-third Psalm: 'The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want.' This young lawyer was first arrested by the preacher's voice and manner, and then by the subject. He went, step by step, with the speaker until he felt he was a poor, lost, condemned criminal. He did not return to Washington the next morning, as he had intended. So deep, pungent, and sincere was his repentance for sin, that he presented himself to Mr. C., although an entire stranger, and told his story. He proved to be a trophy of sovereign grace. Mr. C. made every domestic claim subordinate to this interesting case. He invited him to his home; prayed with him daily; often placed his arm in his, and made his pastoral calls or social visits; recommended the reading of such works as were suited to him, and watched over his spiritual growth, as he that watcheth for souls. Conversion from sin to holiness was the result; and a consecration of himself to the work of the ministry. His initiation into the sacred office was under the guidance of his Spiritual Father, who rejoiced over him as a son in the Gospel.

"These two cases of conversion, which have been narrated, are from the extreme ranks of society. Others from intermediate classes might be told. Whole families were brought into the fellowship of the church. One, consisting of ten members, three of whom had passed their three score years, was of the number. Five of them, after having lived a life of faith, holiness and usefulness, have been translated to the church triumphant, and the remaining five, of whom the writer is one, have survived their Spiritual Father, and are cherishing the hope of meeting him in glory, and uniting with him in singing the song which none but the redeemed can sing!"

Early in his ministry in Alexandria, he writes to his

mother, "Duties and trials increase with years; but experience has proved that there is a Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, a Friend whose grace has hitherto been, and I doubt not will ever continue to be, sufficient for me. The Lord has wonderfully upheld me in the work of the ministry, and I may truly say, He hath done for me and by me exceeding abundantly above all that I could ask or think. About ninety souls have been added to the church in Alexandria, since my call to take charge of it, and the glorious work is still carrying on. Three or four, not yet baptized, have been introduced into the liberty of the children of God; several are anxiously inquiring the way of life and salvation, and the hearts of the brethren appear to be knit together in the bonds of Gospel love. And yet, oh! is it not astonishing? and yet, want of engagedness in the cause and service of Christ—backwardness in duty—distracted and wandering thoughts—coldness and deadness in private devotion—want of zealous and animated affection towards God, and his dear children, like leprous spots still cleave to me. Every day's experience convinces me, yet more and more, that, if saved at all, I must be a sinner saved by grace. Grace alone, free, sovereign and resistless, as that which rescued the dying thief, can reach my case, and present a good hope of everlasting life to one who deserves to be a firebrand of hell. The blood of Jesus Christ cleanseth from all sin. Oh, my dear mother, what a precious truth! Well, may the apostle say, 'It speaketh better things than the blood of Abel.' One calls down vengeance on the murderer's guilty head; the other cleanses the conscience from dead works, and speaks peace and pardon to the chief of sinners. The blood of Abel cried aloud to God—Condemn! The blood of Jesus cannot flow in vain. With a yet louder voice it

cries, in behalf of all his children? Father forgive them, for I have died. Pray for me. I hope we shall see each other yet once more in the flesh. If not—I trust me shall meet in a much better world, never to part again?”

In the same strain he addresses his sister Catharine, the loveliness of whose person was a happy index of the superior graces of her mind.

“I do think, my dear sister, if of my own wicked and deceitful heart I know anything, that I can sincerely unite with you in the prayer that ‘I may ever be kept at the foot of the Cross.’ So much *pride*, when the Lord is graciously pleased to work by me, in the comforting and conversion of precious souls; so much *self-sufficiency*, when a door of utterance is opened for me to preach the unsearchable riches of Jesus Christ; so much *unbelief*, when only trifling difficulties present themselves in the path of duty; so much *coldness*, formality, and wandering of thought—that I am constrained to cry out, oh! wretched man that I am! Draw me to Thy feet, dear Saviour! Lay me low, and keep me there!”

“What an unspeakable joy that where sin abounded, grace did much more abound. God deals not with us according to our desert, but according to the riches of His mercy and goodness treasured up in a dear Immanuel. Words are poor, and language vain to tell the debt of gratitude and love we owe to Him—‘Who hath begotten us again, unto a lively hope, by the resurrection of Jesus Christ from the dead, to an inheritance, incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away, reserved in heaven, for *children* who are kept by the power of God, through faith, unto the salvation ready to be revealed in the last time.’

“Meditate upon these heaven-born words. Have you this hope? To help you a little, if the Lord will, take

notice that the children's hope is *lively*—because it springs from spiritual life—because, though ever so much beclouded it never entirely dies, and because it enlivens and animates the soldier of the Cross in every battle trial! It is the hope of an *inheritance*—not a reward of merit. That hope is strengthened because the inheritance is '*reserved*.' It cannot be squandered by faithless guardians—and it is made stronger still, because we can't die *minors*—for we are '*kept*' by the power of God, and shall be led into the mansions of salvation, which are all '*ready*' for them that love God—that are called according to his purpose. The Lord bless you. Amen!"

No doubt every true child of God watches and prays continually against spiritual pride, as the prolific parent of every spiritual vice, and desires to be clothed in the humility of little children, and so possess their souls as ever kneeling at their Master's feet, confessing all their need, and weeping all their sin. In him of whom we write, this holy temper and spirit of the mind was, all his Christian life, a marked characteristic. It had its effect often very plainly on his oratory. When carried away by his subject, and rising to the loftiest heights, or whirled along by the power of his imagination, and pouring out a stream of impetuous declamation, which burned and glittered like molten gold—something would seem to flash across his mind. His hand would steal to his heart, as if a pain checked him—and tender and humble tones of love, pleading before the throne of grace for sinners—not sinners vile as some great criminals, whose name the historic page blushed and shuddered to record—but sinners vile *as himself*, went up to heaven with all the holy fervor of conviction in their utterance. You could not fail to see the thought which checked him, and struck his heart like a sharp agony,

translate itself upon his face. Every feature spoke it, and said—Have not words carried me away; and the passion of mere human eloquence led to the verge of pride in the display of human powers. God be merciful to me a sinner. “Bring me to the foot of the cross, Oh Saviour. Lay me low and keep me there.”

It was a beautiful trait in his character, and one springing necessarily from the grace of humility, that he was without envy. He was never heard at home, and we think no one remembers him, abroad, indulging in ill-speaking of any living creature. Those who gave him most trouble in his public life, and sowed most thorns for him, were prayed for in private at the family altar, and rarely mentioned at any other time; but if spoken of—always without passion. Of preachers he never said a hard word. Indeed he could never be got to criticise anything but their doctrine, by any feint or question. If he heard one preach what he did not believe to be the Gospel, then, indeed, he applied the Apostle's words with unrestrained severity, and asserted that, “if an angel from Heaven” preached anything but the Gospel he should be accursed. But for their manner of delivery, or of handling a subject, their style of sermonizing, or any mental or personal defects, he could never be driven to speak disparagingly. Often at home, we, being young and hard to please, as well as careless of what we said, would play the satirist, and be very smart at the expense of some good brother, whom we had lately heard. He would never stop to hear us out, but walk away, shaking his head, and saying—“Oh boys, boys, I hope you may, either of you, ever do half as well. The dear brother said a great many good things. I wish you had listened to *those*.”

He seemed in fact, to have but one feeling with regard to his fellow preachers, and that was—that they

were engaged in one cause, a cause so mighty and magnificent as to dwarf out of sight all human vanity. His natural disposition too, and the sentiment of the heroic which pervaded all his nature, made the success and ability of all who fought under the banner of the Cross a subject of enthusiastic delight; oftentimes his exhibition of the pleasure he experienced, in their well doing, was almost childlike in its simplicity. He would bend forward, and watch them as they spoke, whilst his face, like a glass, reflected every changing expression and feeling of their own. It was the only way in which his extraordinary powers of mimicry were ever displayed, in his Christian life; and these acted without his will—a happy mimicry in which the mobile face obeyed the prompting of the heart, and translated, in its varying expression, his kindly sympathy with the speaker. We cannot help dwelling for a moment on the characteristic, since it had undoubtedly a great deal to do in attaching the younger ministers of the Gospel to him. They felt as if a father were beside them, as anxious as themselves that their public efforts should be worthy of their own talents, and above all, worthy of the cause in which they were exerted.

In illustration of that part of his history which is connected with his labors in Alexandria, we further quote the reminiscences which have been spoken of as furnished by a member of Dr. Armitage's church. "In June, 1816," he says, "I left the city of New York for a tour in the South, and made a visit to my uncle, William Carman of Baltimore. On leaving Baltimore, he gave me a letter of introduction to the Rev. John Paradise, pastor of the Baptist church in Alexandria. When I reached Alexandria, however, I learned that Mr. Paradise, having fallen into ill health, had resigned the pastoral charge of the church there, and removed

to Maryland, and that Spencer II. Cone had been chosen pastor of the church in his stead. The first Lord's-day I spent in Alexandria the church was closed. I understood that it had been found too small to accommodate the congregation, and was being enlarged and repaired. I attended public worship, part of that day, with a young Methodist friend, a devout and godly person. Meeting some Baptist friends, however, I learned that Spencer II. Cone was going to baptize some three or four persons in the Potomac, near the city. I found the place, and there I saw assembled an interesting group, and amongst them the new pastor. After a solemn prayer he descended into the water. He immersed the women first, and then the man. The latter was a man of middle age, and was, at that time, cashier of the Bank of Alexandria.

“The place where the ceremony was performed, bordered on a field, the fence of which ran along, not far from the edge of the water. Among the spectators were some idle young men who had come out of curiosity, to see the player turned preacher. During the administration of the ordinance, these young fellows behaved in a very offensive and unbecoming manner, so much so as to be observed not only by the spectators present, but also by the administrator himself.

“When the last person, the cashier, had been baptized, one of the deacons took charge of him, and led him up out of the water. Whilst Mr. Cone remained midway in the water, he lifted up his hand, and, standing in exactly the attitude in which he is represented in the full-length portrait, now in the possession of his children, fixed his eyes upon the disturbers, and began to rebuke them in the most solemn manner. I have never heard a more scathing rebuke, or one delivered with such terrific earnestness, and intensity of manner. The devout

spectators, as they listened, felt as if God, in very truth, was there, manifesting, by the lips of His servant, His hatred of sin, whilst the poor deluded young men slunk away as well as they could, and got off by leaping the fence. Oh, what a solemn sight it was to me. It was mingled with joy and sorrow. Joy for the triumph of truth; sorrow for those ignorant and wicked men. Time has never effaced the vivid picture. There stood a young man, the fresh bloom upon his cheek, his heart so full of love and holy zeal, with uplifted hand, and voice clear and sonorous as a silver trumpet, rebuking, in the name of the Lord of Hosts, the despisers who wander and perish!

“This was the first time I ever saw Mr. Cone.

“I was, shortly after, informed, by a member of the church, that the wife of the cashier had some time before been baptized by Mr. Cone, and had united with the church. Her husband had vehemently opposed it, and was greatly incensed at her course. For some time he refused to accompany her to the house of God. The asperity of his feeling, however, gradually softened, and he yielded to her persuasion, and went with her. The preacher rose, and in his peculiarly clear and searching voice announced his text, ‘And Nathan said unto David thou art the man!’ His eye was upon the cashier, his finger seemed to find him out, amongst all the audience, and fasten the text, with all its terrible meaning, upon him alone. The words were like an arrow guided by the Spirit. It entered his heart. It slew him. His conscience was pricked. His sins rose up in condemnation against him. He remembered, with keen regret, his opposition to his wife. The word of the Lord had found him out. After service he retired, not to scoff but to pray, and cry, ‘Men and brethren, what must I do to be saved?’ Very soon afterwards he

came before the church, and related to them the story of his conversion.

“In the afternoon of the same day, I was present when the hand of fellowship was given to the new members, and the bread broken. The remarks of Mr. Cone were so striking, that I can see him still as he stood there beside the table of the Lord.

“As he broke the bread of life he followed, with touching tenderness, the analogy between the bread which perishes, and the bread of eternal life. The plowing of the earth; the seed sown in good ground, and springing up to yield an hundred fold. The blade; the ear; the corn fully ripe. Then cut down; threshed; winnowed, all the chaff blown away; ground; finally prepared for bread, leavened, put into the oven; broken and eaten. The staff of life. This is the bread of men. For the bread of heaven, go to the Lord Jesus. They plowed His back. With cruel hands, wicked men made deep their furrows. He, the seed of eternal life, was sown in the earth. He grew in stature and in favor; a plant of God’s own right hand’s planting. ‘For the bread of God is He which cometh down from Heaven, and giveth life unto the world.’ Jesus is the bread of life. He that cometh unto him shall never hunger. He was cut down; He was crucified and slain. He was wounded for our transgressions, He was bruised for our iniquities; the chastisement of our peace was upon Him; and with his stripes we are healed. He was tempted of Satan, and found perfect. He endured the fierceness of the Father’s wrath, as the substitute for His people. He was the bread prepared by the Father. ‘I am the living bread which came down from Heaven. If any man eat of this bread he shall live for ever; and the bread that I will give is my flesh; which I will give for the life of the world.’ ‘Whoso eateth my flesh,

and drinketh my blood, hath eternal life; and I will raise him up at the last day.' And the bread of life was broken. We see Him in the garden of Olivet 'that dear honored spot.' Behold His agony, when He sweat as it were great drops of blood! Behold Him nailed to the accursed tree. His Father hides His face from Him; and He who was the brightness of the Father's glory, and the express image of His person; He, the God, Man, Mediator; cries aloud, 'My God, my God, why hast Thou forsaken me?'

"'Twas on that dark, that doleful-night,
When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
And friend's betrayed Him to His foes!

"Before the mournful scene began,
He took the bread, and blest, and brake;
What love thro' all His actions ran!
What wondrous words of grace He spake!

"'This is my body, broke for sin,
Receive, and eat the living food;
Then took the cup and blest the wine,
'Tis the new cov'nant in my blood.'

"And this feast was spread for you. Eat oh, friends! drink, oh beloved!"

"Such is a feeble sketch of the tender and glowing eloquence of love, with which he enforced the glorious significance of the ordinance of the Lord's Supper, as he broke the bread and filled the cup in obedience to the Saviour's divine commission. In how many hearts will it not awaken the memory of an hundred such holy seasons; and bring before their mind's eye, that form which realized the exclamation of Isaiah—'How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of him that bring-

eth good tidings, that publisheth peace; that bringeth good tidings of good, that publisheth salvation; that saith unto Zion—Thy God reigneth!

“It was a solemn, a momentous time. My heart was melted, and I rejoiced that such a privilege was afforded me. We sang a hymn, and went out.

“The next Lord’s-day, with quickened step and joyful heart, I repaired to the house of God, and again listened with profit and delight. For nearly four months I sat under his preaching. I took a place in the choir, and became well acquainted with several of the members of the church. Many colored persons belonged to the church, and the house was always full. It was a plain building, and the audience a very attentive one. His preaching was greatly blessed to the church, and many precious souls were added to it. It was truly evangelical preaching, and at once bold and lucid. He loved particularly to dwell upon the Lord Jesus in his offices and work, as Prophet, Priest, King; the Advocate with the Father, &c. The sovereignty of God, in the gospel plan of salvation by the imputed righteousness of Christ, was also a constant theme, and developed with all the force of a close and powerful reasoning, and the fire of a surprising eloquence.

“I was informed that whilst he was preaching at the little church, near the Navy Yard in Washington, he occasionally went to Alexandria to preach for the destitute little church there, and that as the church was unable to offer him a support, the inhabitants of Alexandria generally combined, and secured the payment of a salary sufficient to support his family, on condition that the church called him to its charge.”

The manner in which this was done, we have already related.

“Having finished my business in Alexandria,” says

our informant, "I left some time early in the month of November. Before leaving, however, I determined to make myself known to the pastor. At the close of the service on one of the week evening meetings I did so. I remember that he preached that night from the text—'Oh God, my heart is fixed.'

"I took a vessel, to come round by sea, and it was twenty-one days, the winds being contrary, before I reached New York.

"Late in the month of November, and towards the evening of the day, as I was walking up Pearl street, I spied the young preacher on the opposite side of the way, walking quickly, and carrying his own portmanteau. I ran over, and accosted him. He did not, at first, recognize me. I said to him—'Do you not recognize the young man who introduced himself to you on the evening you preached from such a text in Alexandria?' He immediately recollected me, and gave me a warm reception, saying—'I have just arrived in the city. I have come to visit some of the churches, and ask them to give me a collection for the little church at Alexandria. I have a letter to Deacon Garniss of the Oliver street church.

"I offered to accompany him, and show him the way to the Deacon's house. We reached the house, which stood at the corner of Roosevelt and Chatham streets, and after introducing them to each other, and spending some time in conversation with them I left him the guest of the Deacon.

"On the next Lord's-day he preached in the Oliver street meeting-house, and it is impossible for me to describe the sensation he produced. His style, his matter, his manner were so unlike what the people were accustomed to, that after the sermon all were in astonishment. I remember in particular that Dr. Mackin-

tosh, referring to what I had written of him from Alexandria, exclaimed, 'Howbeit I believed not the words, until I came, and mine eyes had seen, and mine ears heard—yet, behold! the half was not told me.'

"This visit to New York, and his preaching, made a profound impression upon hundreds, and many of them are still alive who can testify to it. I do not know the fact, but I venture to say he gained his object, and entirely relieved the little church in Alexandria from its pecuniary embarrassments.

"From that time until he removed to New York in 1823, I think I never heard him preach but on one occasion, and that was for the church in Newark, New Jersey, of which the late Dr. Daniel Sharp of Boston, was, at that time, the pastor."

A remarkable testimony to the character, and success of his preaching at that time is afforded by the celebrated Dr. Staughton of Philadelphia, himself one of the most learned, evangelical, and eloquent preachers ever connected with the denomination.

It is contained in an extract from one of his letters published in the Christian Herald, volume 4th, p. 239—a paper printed at Edinburgh, Scotland, in 1817.

"I will state," says the Doctor, "a circumstance that will give you much pleasure. A young man of the name of Spencer Cone, has been for some years past on the Philadelphia stage. His talents as an actor were considerable. About eighteen month ago the Lord taught him he was a sinner, and constrained his flight to the arms of Jesus. He now resides at Washington city, and is connected with the Treasury Department. Two or three months ago he was called, by the Baptist church in Washington, to the exercise of his talents for the ministry. He has been approved, and is now a faithful, eloquent, and persuasive preacher of the Cross.

Two weeks ago he paid Philadelphia a visit. He preached twice in our house of worship, to the largest assemblies I ever saw; certainly from three to four thousand five hundred were present. He has had a liberal education, his views are highly evangelical, and *his ability for holding an assembly in fixed attention astonishing*. Hundreds who had seen him in the theatre crowded to see him in the pulpit. His first sermon was on the worth of the soul; his second on the Character of Christ. I cannot describe my feelings when, on his first rising, he began with the hymn:—

“The wondering world inquires to know,
Why I should love my Jesus so?”

“I have heard of several young persons who are exhibiting signs of a hopeful conversion; among these six young persons were boarding in our family, and one of these a John May. The Lord preserve our young brother a burning light.”

Happy child of prayer, from the cradle to the grave, His angels, who are flames of fire sent to minister to them that shall be heirs of salvation, were ever given charge over him, and the answer to the prayers of the saints was audibly uttered in the daily life of their object.

About a week after his death, the following interesting particulars were given to us, one evening, by the gentleman alluded to by Dr. Staughton—Mr. John May, for many years past a resident of New York. We were not then aware of the existence of the letter quoted above. It is a coincidence which lends a valuable addition to the Doctor's testimony, that Mr. May immediately described to us the same scene, a scene never forgotten, and which the death of Mr. Cone had brought

up before him, with all the vividness of the moment when it transpired. "I was a little late," said he, "and the church in Sansom street, which you know is of great size, was crowded to suffocation. I went up into the gallery. At that time I was a very young man. To obtain a sight of the preacher, I got up upon a bench, and looked over the people's heads. Just as I had secured my position, which was no very easy matter, Mr. Cone rose. Stepping into the middle of the pulpit he uttered the first two lines of the hymn. 'The wondering world inquires to know,' &c. I never heard anything like it. It was not loud. There was no effort at delivery, but every syllable came clear through the house, and seemed, as it were, to strike and rebound from the galleries and wall behind me. In an instant, crowded and uncomfortable as the audience were, a stillness like the hush of death fell upon the house. You might have heard a pin drop. It seemed as if there never had been such a voice heard before. Above all, it struck every one, who heard him, that it was such a happy answer to the ten thousand wonderers in Philadelphia, who had been asking that very question—Why should he, who led, not long since, such a different life here, and loved the world supremely, all at once pretend to love nothing but religion?

"What are his charms, say they, above
The objects of a mortal love."

The rest of that fine hymn of Watts', and the manner with which it was given, answered every question."

It would scarcely have been astonishing if a young man to whom was thus offered, without measure, the incense of public admiration; the applause of breathless crowds; the homage of so many weeping eyes, and

throbbing hearts—applause and homage the more subtle and flattering to human pride for its silent intensity—if he had yielded to its insidious charm and become vain and self-reliant. The triumphs of the orator expose him almost naked and defenceless to such foes. He reads his own power in the upturned wondering eyes that gaze on him, that catch the flame of every passion from his own, and weep or sparkle at his will. He stands above the crowd, an enchanter whose magic makes a thousand hearts his unresisting captives. The air that clasps him is laden with a fatal incense, which at once excites the natural man to the highest exercise of his powers, and lulls the spiritual into a dangerous slumber. The multitude is before, around, on every side of him—rich and poor, the mighty and the mean, confounded, for the hour, into a common mass by the ascendancy of his genius—and he—he binds them spell-bound, helpless in its fetters. The cynosure of every eye—the thought of every heart—the master, touching all to what fine issue he shall please; the conqueror standing erect, triumphant on the field of thought, and girt with willing captives! what more dangerous place; what keener test for youth? What can keep him from pride, or from ambition? The Master who inspires; the message he proclaims. They keep him; and he shall be kept.

We enter into his private thoughts; we find him alone after the lights are all out, the crowd all gone; the excitement done; and we find that it was a holy excitement, the exaltation of a spirit too full of love to God, to debase itself to pride of human things; the combat, not of the forensic Gladiator, but the soldier of the Cross. We find him at the very commencement of his successful career, retiring from his public duties, and stealing a moment to pour his heart out to his

mother, and exclaim: "I thank my God for such a mother, and have only cause to regret that your example and precepts have not had their proper influence upon my life. Let me not want your prayers; but daily remember your poor boy, whose lot it is to be placed on Zion's walls, where the fiery darts of the adversaries fly thick around him, and, like Jacob, wrestle with the angel of the covenant:

"That David's God, and Gideon's friend,
May be his keeper to the end!"

"Oh! how I rejoice to know, that 'there is another and a better world,' a world 'where the wicked cease from troubling, and where the weary are at rest.' Most feelingly can I say with Job, 'I would not live always.' The land in which we now live is a desert; it is a strange land and we are but sojourners and pilgrims, travelling to the Heavenly Canaan where our possessions lie. The Lord, I hope, daily cheers your heart, and comforts you with bright prospects of ere long enjoying that inheritance which is incorruptible, undefiled, and that fadeth not away.

"This morning I preached from Romans viii. 2, and rejoiced to know that 'The Spirit of life in Christ Jesus, hath made me free from the law of sin and death.' This evening closes the preaching year, and I propose addressing my fellow men, from Jer. viii. 20: 'The harvest is past, the summer is ended, and we are not saved.' May my dear unconverted sisters lay it to heart, and obtain comfort from the assurance that 'there is balm in Gilead, and a great Physician there.'

"I am making arrangements to leave home in two or three days, on a preaching tour in the State of Virginia, and, as I do not calculate to return before the middle of next month, it will be the part of filial duty, and affec-

tion, to one most truly beloved to devote an epistolary hour.

“It was, no doubt, a source of unspeakable joy to a fond mother’s heart, when God made her son a Christian; and that joy was perhaps much increased, when the Great Head of the Church called him to labor in His vineyard. Oh! the depth of the riches both of the wisdom and knowledge of God! How unsearchable are His judgments, and His ways past finding out!

“Faithful memory oft brings in painful review before me the days that are past; the balls, plays, card parties, &c., with which those days were swallowed up; and, then, I am lost in astonishment at the patience, the forbearance, the boundless goodness of my God! And yet to me, who am less than the least of all saints, is this grace given, that I should preach among the gentiles the unsearchable riches of Christ. Oh, for strength from above, that I may, to the end, speak the truth in love; and labor zealously, faithfully, and continually to win precious souls to Jesus. I am ashamed of my backwardness and slothfulness. Lord quicken thou me according to thy word.

“What pleasure it would afford me to hear from you; that you are growing in grace, and in the knowledge of a once crucified but now exalted Jesus! How is it with you, dear mother? Do you enjoy the presence of Him who dwelt in the bush? Do you walk in the light of His countenance all the day long? Does He lead you beside the still waters of consolation, and make you to lie down in the green pastures of His love? I hope this is your experience, and that the Lord is indeed making your last days your best and most comfortable ones. But it may be that you are sad to-day. What then? Lift up the hands that hang down, and the feeble knees. Art thou afflicted? Behold I leave in the

midst of you a poor, and an afflicted people, and they shall *trust* in me. Many are the afflictions of the righteous, but the Lord delivereth him out of them all. Whom He *lovet*h He chasteneth, and scourgeth every son whom He receiveth. Lest you be wearied and faint in your mind, look to Jesus, and consider Him, who for the joy that was set before Him, endured the Cross, and despised the shame, and is set down at the right hand of the throne of God. Are not sin, Satan, the world and the flesh your enemies? Then, Jesus and his people are your friends; their father is your Father, and their home shall be your home. Why art thou cast down, oh my soul; and why art thou disquieted within me? Hope thou in God, for I shall yet praise him who is the health of my countenance and my God. Rejoice not against me, oh mine enemy; though I fall yet shall I rise again; for the Lord hath spoken good concerning Israel. He hath said, I will be to them a God, and they shall be to me a people; I will put my laws into their mind, and write them upon their hearts; I will be merciful to their unrighteousness, and their sins and iniquities will I remember no more! I will never leave them nor forsake them! It is enough. Thy testimonies have I taken for an heritage for ever, for they are the rejoicing of my heart. Return unto thy rest then, oh my soul—for we *who believe*, do enter into rest—even that rest which remaineth for the dear children of God. May you be enabled to adopt the language of the sweet singer of Israel, and in the strong and unwavering confidence of faith, say with him, ‘The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want.’

“Our town has been remarkably healthy this season. I feel as hearty as I have for a year past. I have been strengthened to ride and preach a good deal in the

country during the summer, and expect to be similarly occupied the greater part of the ensuing two months."

The last sentence affords a glimpse of the life of a Baptist preacher in the South. The inhabitants of the great cities have little idea of the life they lead. It has indeed very little in common with city life. The road from the parsonage to the meeting-house is not quite so short or easy. The preacher, in the South, lives quite as much in the saddle as the study. The churches are widely scattered, and many of them destitute. During the seven years he had the charge of the church in Alexandria, Spencer H. Cone, like all Virginia Baptist preachers, combined the characters of pastor and missionary. It was no doubt from experience of the necessities and destitute condition of large portions of the country, acquired during that time, that he imbibed the spirit of missions; and, especially, laid the foundation of that strong desire for the support and extension of Home Missions which he always manifested.

Mounted upon his horse, his saddle-bags behind him, containing his little kit, the young preacher often during each year set out from Alexandria, to keep a round of "appointments." Months, perhaps, before he comes to any particular station, in the back country, his coming is noised abroad over all the neighborhood round about, and, with very few exceptions, the inhabitants prepare to meet at the appointed place, and enjoy the privilege of listening to the Word of the Lord, a privilege enhanced and endeared to the serious portion of them by its rarity.

Our Southern Baptist churches lie widely scattered, and whilst some of the flock are feeding on the slopes of the blue ridge of the Alleghany, others are gathered

in the valleys and by the rivers; and so the under shepherd goes out with his staff and crook to comfort and establish on every side, and unite in the spirit of a common faith, those whom the necessities of life separate and disperse so widely.

Sometimes, several preachers will agree to meet at one point. Then the news is published, and a "Meeting of Days" is held, usually, in the open air; and great concourses of people, often as many as four or five thousand, come together, from the surrounding country, to attend them. But the exercises are conducted with the greatest plainness and propriety. There are no extraordinary or unusual means resorted to to excite the imagination, or act upon the feelings.

Some of the earlier effects of his preaching, when the extraordinary circumstances which attended him drew together audiences of so heterogeneous a character, and the passionate force of his eloquence wrought so powerfully upon the imaginations of his hearers exercised a controlling influence upon Mr. Cone's judgment. He never ceased to pray that "the Lord would revive his work in the midst of the years;" but it was a revival of pure and undefiled religion he prayed for, and he looked to God for its accomplishment. He could never believe that an irreverence approaching to blasphemy, or a levity, in the handling of sacred things, trenching close upon buffoonery, however they might amuse or stimulate a crowd of human beings, could be acceptable in the sight of that God before whom the angels veil their faces, in awful worship.

With reference to the "falling away" of some whose feelings had deceived their hearts, he writes to his mother in January, 1821: "My prospect of usefulness in the cause of a dear Redeemer is not at present very

encouraging. It is a cold time with us in the church, and very few are inquiring the way to Zion. Some neglect to assemble themselves together; and others have gone out from us, to make it manifest that they were not of us. But these things you know, my dear mother, are not surprising. After an ingathering there must be a sifting time, and however trying it may be, both to pastor and people, God assures us that though 'He will sift the house of Israel, as corn is sifted in a sieve, yet not one *grain* shall fall to the ground.' So true it is that whom He loveth, He loveth to the end, and He will never leave them nor forsake them."

At the great meetings, or meetings of days in Virginia the exercises are never varied from the regular Sabbath day order of Baptist worship. In Virginia, indeed, where the Baptist churches comprised a very large portion of the Christian population, the strictest simplicity of religious manners and exercises always prevailed, and the "form of sound words" was adhered to with scrupulous exactness.

Amongst these churches it was the lot of the subject of this memoir to serve his apprenticeship in the Lord's work, and whatever of opinion, or doctrine, or idea of discipline was unformed in his mind, at the commencement of his ministry, very rapidly settled into an unchangeable conviction, in that stern and uncompromising old school of Baptists.

It was worthy of remark that his opinions and principles in religious matters were made up and established in these early years of his ministry. Change of place, of association, time, variety of circumstance, study—nothing ever altered or varied them a jot!—Converted, he searched the Scriptures diligently, and made up from that

one book of books his whole body of divinity. He had one unvarying test, for everything of a religious character; for every duty, scheme or object—"Is there a 'thus saith the Lord' for it?" The natural temper and quality of his mind had no doubt a great deal to do with the stern consistency of his religious principles. As convictions, they were rules which nothing could interfere with or modify. The same was equally true of every conviction of duty, whether to his country or his God. At the time of the attack on Baltimore, he was a member of the church, and many good people thought that he ought to resign his commission, urging that the shedding of blood was sinful. But it was a conviction of his soul that God called all true men to fight for liberty, that liberty the choicest boon of which was freedom to worship Him, with as audible and commanding a voice as He called any to preach the everlasting Gospel; and he went into battle singing, or rather humming the air of a hymn. His men smiled at what seemed to them an incongruity, but they followed him all the more confidently. In his speech before the Bible Society at Baltimore, in 1841, he says, "I love my country, and were it necessary, should not hesitate a moment to stand forth in her defence." It is therefore certain, from the peculiar formation of his mind, that what he once believed he believed for ever; and to believe with him was to act. "Faith without works" he held to be "dead." He examined a subject very carefully and prayerfully; and never stirred "without great argument;" but a conclusion arrived at—all the reasons weighed both for and against a matter, and a conviction established in his mind that one side was the right, and the other the wrong—he took the right and went forward in it unrelentingly, no matter who opposed or ridiculed, or combated; no matter if it led over the breasts of his best friends according to the flesh; no

matter who it alienated, or astonished or disgusted. The right was the right; there could be no two rights in the same matter. One must be truth and the other error. And as God was truth, truth was the rule of God's children. They must not hesitate, or compromise, or vacillate, or attempt to combine the incompatibilities of truth and error. Let come what might, truth was to be spoken, truth was to be acted; truth was to be lived for, and died for. Therefore he was a Baptist; and if he had been the only particular Baptist alive in the whole world, and all the world against him, crying shame upon him, deriding, hating, or persecuting—he would have been just the same—Baptist to all extremities. Let us define, however, what his opinion of a true Baptist was. It was very simple, and was, indeed, merely this; that a true Baptist was he who took the law of every act of his religious life from the Bible, and from nothing else, and in whose eyes nothing which was ordained of God, whether as doctrine, discipline, or ordinance, could be *non-essential*! Hence, also, naturally arose his intense desire for a pure translation of the Word of God into all languages, his own not excepted, that men might everywhere read in their own tongue, and for themselves, exactly what God said to them by the mouths of holy men of old.

The Rev. Cumberland George, of Culpepper Courthouse Va., in a note to us dated January, 1856, pays a warm tribute to his talents as a preacher, and to this his *firm devotion to the truth*. He says, "It is needless for me to say anything about my recollection of his handsome person, his incomparable voice—his easy diction and splendid enunciation. * * * I heard him often in Fredericksburg. He loved to preach Jesus Christ, and wherever he went, large crowds flocked together to hear from his eloquent tongue the message of salvation.

“In his attendance on Associational or other religious solemnities, or in the social circle, there was something in his whole bearing that seemed to say, ‘I have a great work to do, and for me there is no rest, until it be all accomplished.’ Among his traits of character, as they appeared to me, I may mention, *his love of truth*—his firmness when his position was once taken. It was not the firmness of obstinacy, but it was the development of an intelligent conviction that he had the truth on his side. His moral courage in avowing and proclaiming what he felt to be true. Although of kind, affectionate, and obliging disposition, yet where truth was concerned, he had neither concessions nor compromise, to make. Such to my mind appeared to be some of the prominent characteristics of Spencer H. Cone, in the earlier years of his ministry. Since his removal to New York, I have not been an uninterested spectator of his public course; and I rejoice to say there has been nothing in his eventful life, with which I am acquainted, that has not served to confirm in my mind, my idea in early life, concerning his devoted piety—his zeal for God—his love of the truth as it is in Jesus, and his dauntless courage in avowing and maintaining what he believed to be true. The ability of Dr. Cone as a speaker, and as a president of deliberative assemblies, I need not mention.”

Most of the members of the Alexandria church, who sat under his ministry, are dead or scattered. Some few yet remain, however, and from one of these we have obtained several interesting facts.

“I think,” she says, “it was during the summer either of 1806 or 7, that Mr. Cone first visited Alexandria. It was his first appearance there, upon the stage. The theatre was a small, temporary building, erected in Virginia, outside the district line. On the occasion of

his first appearance, from a hundred and fifty to two hundred persons were present. One fact connected with the history of that audience is very peculiar, and worthy to be recorded—it is this: that more than twenty of the number afterwards became members of different churches in Alexandria, and that Mr. Cone baptized ten of them, of whom three were chosen deacons by the Baptist church, in Alexandria, nine or ten years after.

“Whilst on the stage, Mr. Cone sustained in Alexandria, where we knew him, the character of a strictly moral man. His manners were polished, and we met him only in the best society, which he frequented. On the Sabbath-day, during that time, he was rarely if ever missed from his seat in church. He was a gentleman in character and standing.

“On the night of the 24th of September, 1810, Alexandria was devastated by a destructive fire. The flames raged all night, and laid waste the entire square on the river side of Union street, extending from Prince to Duke street. That part of the city was in those days occupied by shippers, commission merchants, board yards, &c. Mr. Cone was the most prominent workman on that night. He exerted every power of body and mind to combat the raging element. From midnight until the morning of the 25th he was seen everywhere at work amongst the flames. It is now forty-six years since that night of terror, but if there be a man still living who labored with him he can testify to the facts stated; and that it was mainly through his instrumentality that the spread of the conflagration was prevented. Thus Mr. Cone was a public character, esteemed and loved in the city of Alexandria, long before he made profession of religion.

“During the year 1815 he was called to the charge of

the church there. He was called, it is true, by a few poor women—they formed the whole of the little Baptist church then existing in the city. A few poor women—but when our blessed Lord, bending beneath His cross, toiled up the cruel hill, and the women followed him—where was the church?

“Mr. Cone accepted their call, and he was made the instrument of building up the church till the ‘little one became a thousand.’ It was the privilege of the church to be well acquainted with their pastor. He was truly a present friend in joy or sorrow, and the poor always hailed him as their help in time of need. He stood high in our society, not only as a minister, but as a man of literary taste and ability; and we used to think that if his mission had been that of an author, instead of the care of souls, his success would have been equally brilliant. I recollect he commenced the study of Hebrew whilst in Alexandria. A gentleman, a fine Hebrew scholar, visited the city and was desirous of making up a class. A number of professional men joined it, and Mr. Cone headed the list of scholars.

“In the missionary cause he made one amongst the very first laborers in this country. He spoke ‘trumpet tongued,’ its duty to the church, and it can be said to their honor that they responded to the call to the full extent of their abilities. It was just the same in everything; the church stood ready to hold up his hands in every good word and work. Whatever he felt it his duty to call them to engage in, they were ready and willing to follow in.

“Thirty-three years have passed since the ties that bound pastor and church together there were severed, by Mr. Cone’s removal to New York; yet as long as he lived, the church in Alexandria was bound to him by the cords of tenderness and affection, and they now

mourn with their sister churches in New York, a pastor and brother beloved in the Lord, and children yet unborn will be taught by them to love and revere his name. Whom he loved he loved always. The grave—the grave only, interrupted his friendships.

“During the first year that he was pastor in Alexandria, he visited the Kettocton Association. He had been appointed to preach the introductory sermon. The good brethren were anxiously expecting him, and had formed their own ‘beau ideal,’ and one as unlike the reality as possible. When, therefore, a very young man, with a broad-brimmed white hat, a pair of saddle-bags over one arm, a brown holland umbrella under the other, and dressed in a riding-suit of light grey cloth, made his appearance, no one fancied for an instant that the great preacher could be amongst them. Wherever he went in the surrounding country, crowds flocked to hear him, and on this occasion, as usual, since the meeting-house would not hold the hundredth part of the audience gathered together, a stand had been erected on the outside, beneath the trees. The ministering brethren present did not know him, and, of course, imagined he had failed to fill the appointment, although he was quietly seated amongst them on the stand.

“The hour for commencing the exercises arrived, and the ‘alternate’ was prepared to take the desk, when he rose up, and uttered the first two lines of the hymn :

“ ‘I’m not ashamed to own my Lord,
Or to defend His cause!’

“Words fail to describe the sensation created among the crowd, or the breathless silence with which the sermon was listened to by the mixed multitude congregated together on the occasion.

“On that stand commenced friendships that cheered his path for forty years.”

Whilst preaching in Virginia, Dr. John L. Dagg, now of Georgia, was also settled there. They commenced preaching together; held the same views of doctrine, and associated very constantly. We have been indebted to him, very much, in the course of this work, for valuable information and suggestions. He affords us the following account of his ministerial intercourse with Mr. Cone in Virginia; and of the Father in the Gospel, of whom one was the spiritual child, the other an ardent and life-long admirer.

He says, speaking of the manner of appointments for preaching at different places, and the character of Virginia “great meetings,” “Our chief religious festival was at our associations, which were usually held about the close of summer, and lasted from three to five days. They were generally attended by large crowds, especially on the Sabbath. A stand was erected in a grove near the meeting-house, where preaching was kept up from day to day; and sometimes another stand for the colored members of the congregation.

“The meeting-house was reserved for the transaction of the business of the association, except on the Sabbath; and on that day was wholly insufficient to accommodate the multitudes assembled. At those great gatherings, Mr. Cone’s voice was often heard proclaiming the Gospel of Christ; and he was usually selected as one of the preachers for the Sabbath. No doubt many now living in Virginia, remember the discourses heard from him on such occasions with pleasure. On his journeys to and from the associations, it was his custom to have appointments made at suitable preaching places. Besides these annual occasions, he often took excursions into the neighboring counties, and preached the Word. He sent his

appointments previously, by letter, to some of us, who were always solicitous to obtain them, and glad to make them public. In this manner he scattered much seed, which, I doubt not, will produce fruit in the great harvest, and add to the number of the sheaves over which he will rejoice.”

Speaking of the character of the men with whom Mr. Cone associated, and in the school of whose experience and wisdom his character as a preacher of the Gospel was formed, Dr. Dagg continues :

“Fristoe was the Gamaliel at whose feet I sat in early life. I was baptized, licensed, and ordained by him ; and under his instruction my views of divine truth were formed. It is altogether probable that your father’s association with this able and revered father in the Gospel was useful to him. I am aware that he admired the talents of this aged divine, and had great confidence in the soundness of his theological opinions ; and I know, also, that Fristoe esteemed him highly, and used to hear him preach gladly.

“On one occasion, when greatly pleased with the singing of a young female member of the Alexandria church, he pleasantly remarked to her, ‘Why, sister, you sing almost as well as Cone preaches.’

“The pioneer Baptist minister of Virginia, was David Thomas, who went forth from the Philadelphia Baptist Association, and labored with success in the northeastern part of the State. William and Daniel Fristoe were baptized by him at Chappawamsic, eight miles from Dumfries, and became eminent and laborious ministers of Christ.

“The churches formed under the ministry of Mr. Thomas were at first attached to the Philadelphia Association ; but afterwards, when three in number, they formed an association of their own, which was called

Ketocton, from the place of its first meetings. At this first meeting of the first Virginia Association, William Fristoe was present, and he lived and labored during all that period in which the Baptists of Virginia suffered persecution from the civil power. He was therefore a Baptist, tried, and true-hearted. The fear of suffering never turned him away from steadfast adherence to the truth, or silenced his voice. He was one of those who struggled amidst the persecutions, to obtain that religious liberty in which now our whole land rejoices. His firm adherence to sound principles underwent even a severer test than that which persecution applied. The Philadelphia Baptists maintained the system of faith usually styled Calvinistic, which is set forth in their confession of faith. This doctrine was at first taught by Mr. Thomas, but after a time he was thought to waver in his exhibition of it. In one of his public discourses, he said, "Who was John Calvin? A persecuting bigot. Who was James Arminius? A meek and humble disciple of Christ." In this strain he contrasted the characters of the two men, giving preference to the latter; and was understood to give a like preference to the system of doctrines which he taught. The young disciples were grieved that their father in the Gospel had departed from the truth, as they had first learned it from him; and they held a private, sorrowful meeting, to determine what ought to be done in the case. At this meeting it was decided to be their duty to labor, as children with a beloved parent, to bring back their spiritual guide to the good old path from which he was wandering. William Fristoe was selected to perform this very delicate and responsible service. Tremblingly, yet firmly, he approached the venerated man, reminded him of the truth which they had once learned from his lips, and reasoned with him out of the Scriptures. His mission

appears to have been successful, for confidence in the orthodoxy of their spiritual leader was afterwards restored.

“Such a man, firm in every emergency, steadfast in the truth, and zealous for its propagation, was William Fristoe; and that your father’s ministry had the approbation and confidence of such a man, was no ordinary praise.”

Whenever Mr. Cone spoke of old Father Fristoe, he would shake his head and say emphatically :

“Ah! he was a *powerful* preacher. He understood the truth, and knew how to make it understood. He was the best preacher I ever heard.”

On the subject of his early acquaintance with Mr. Cone; of his labors in Virginia, and the character of his eloquence, Dr. Dagg says :

“Brother Cone and I entered the Gospel ministry about the same time; he in the District of Columbia, I in Loudon County, Virginia, separated from the District only by the County of Fairfax. We soon became acquainted with each other, and a friendship commenced which nothing ever disturbed. I loved him most sincerely, and felt honored by the confidence and affection with which he ever regarded me. As one by one the associates of my early days have been removed to the unseen world, I have rejoiced that he was spared so long as a fellow-laborer in the Lord’s cause, and that he was permitted to render so important service to the generation in which our lot was cast.

“Soon after he began to preach, his fame spread through the neighboring country, and I, in common with many others, felt a strong desire to see and hear one of whom so much was said. This privilege I enjoyed on the morning of March 31st, 1818, when I heard him preach in the Baptist meeting-house in Alex-

andria, where he was pastor. His text was Hosea, 6, 1. His sermon was experimental, and well adapted to affect the heart. After he descended from the pulpit, I was introduced to him by a friend, and received from him a gentle reproof, for not having made myself known before the services commenced. Finding I had an appointment for the next day, to preach for a church a few miles from the town, he arranged to ride out with me. Thus our personal acquaintance commenced. On being invited to visit our neighborhood, he readily consented to do so; and frequently afterwards, his voice was heard in our churches, proclaiming the salvation of Jesus. Multitudes thronged to hear, and many received the word with joy.

“Though his ministry attracted attention, his course was not that of a revivalist. His chief success was at the place where he regularly labored. Here, it may be said, a continual revival existed, from the time he accepted the pastoral charge to the day of his removal. Without noise, or the extraordinary effort of protracted meetings, the increase of the church was constant, and the interest in spiritual things continued and active.

“The church at Alexandria, when he became its pastor, belonged to the Baltimore Association. This Association, at that time, was under the influence of Anti-Mission principles. In decided opposition to these principles, the benevolence of Brother Cone’s heart prompted him to labor for the conversion of the world, and to favor every judicious effort to extend the Kingdom of Christ. He found more congeniality of feeling among the brethren south of the Potomac; and as a proposal to divide the Kettocton Association of Virginia had been for several years under consideration, he favored the plan, and assisted to originate the Columbia Association, which was formed out of the Kettocton

Association, with the addition of the churches at Alexandria and Washington City. By this change he was brought into more immediate connection with the Virginia Baptists, who regarded him as one of their ablest ministers, and have ever held him in high esteem. Though his forwardness to aid in the benevolent enterprises of the day was abundantly manifested during his residence in Alexandria, it had a wider field of operation, and was productive of more important results, after his removal to New York.

“As a public speaker, Brother Cone possessed extraordinary endowments. Such was his command of language, that in all the sermons which I ever heard him preach, he never, so far as I remember, hesitated for a word, or recalled one that had dropped from his lips. Yet his words conveyed his thoughts perspicuously and expressively. They bore no marks of previous study, and betrayed no ambition for literary reputation; but they came spontaneously to render the service which he required, and took their places in proper order. His gestures were simple, appropriate, and graceful. I have known orators who could exhibit more of dazzling brilliance, or who could take loftier and bolder flights, or who could put in motion a deeper tide of feeling. His eloquence was more uniform and rendered his discourse throughout interesting and attractive. His voice corresponded to the style of his eloquence. He did not sometimes thunder, and at other times whisper; but he proceeded throughout his discourse with an utterance even, distinct, firm and strong, and yet with sweetly varied modulation, and with appropriate and expressive emphasis. On visiting an association in Virginia, where he had never preached, he rose in the progress of the business, to make a few remarks on a subject which was under discussion; and although he made no effort,

and designed to produce no special effect, the tones of his voice not only fixed the attention of all who were within the building, but caused many who were outside to enter immediately. In the pulpit he was ever solemn, ever earnest; and addressed his hearers as one who bore to them a message from God. All felt that he believed what he spoke.

“He was a firm believer in that system of doctrine which ascribes the salvation of men to the free grace of God. He maintained that men are by nature totally depraved and helpless; that they can be justified only by the righteousness of Christ; that they can be renewed and sanctified only by the influence of the Holy Spirit; and that salvation throughout is God’s work, in which he fulfills his eternal purpose and displays his sovereign love. In presenting these truths, he never lost sight of man’s obligation to obey the law of God, and to repent and believe the Gospel. He preached the truth boldly; not shunning to declare the whole counsel of God. He was a decided Baptist. His maintenance of Baptist principles awakened considerable opposition, in the early part of his ministry in Alexandria; but while he treated with courtesy those who differed from him, he freely discussed, in his own pulpit, the points of difference, and convinced many who came to hear. These discussions were not conducted in the spirit of angry controversy; but the love of souls predominated, and opposers were at the same time converted to God, and to the faith which they had despised.

“His walk as a Christian, and his work as a pastor, were in harmony with his pulpit ministrations. In everything he exhibited the man of God. He taught the road to Heaven and led the way.

“Brotherly love filled a large place in his heart. In his intercourse with brethren, when present, he was kind

and courteous; and when absent, he scrupulously avoided speaking ill of any one. With his brethren in the ministry he cultivated the most friendly relations; and during that part of his life in which I was most intimate with him, there was but one minister with whom I ever knew him to have any difficulty, and he was a man of intolerant spirit, who did not hesitate to denounce from the pulpit those who would not subscribe to his anti-nomian creed. To refute the unfounded allegations of such a man became a Christian duty.

“But love to his Master’s cause was his ruling passion. This prompted his efforts, and rendered him indefatigable in his toils. As he felt and labored, so he taught his people to feel and labor; and abundant proof of the tendency and effect of his instructions appears in the amount of the contributions for religious purposes which he always succeeded in obtaining from those to whom he ministered.

“When such a man falls in Israel, Zion may well mourn. In his death another Jonathan has been taken, and my heart is torn and bleeding. It seeks relief in the thought, that the days of mourning will soon be past. The time of conflict and separation will soon be over, and we shall meet in the grand triumph above.

“When he fought the enemies of his country at North Point, I, too, was under arms in a different regiment; and though not in the battle, was so near, as to see the smoke of the conflict in which he was engaged, and in which the leader of the invading host received his death wound. When we were afterwards fellow-soldiers in a nobler cause, it was still his to occupy a more prominent position, and to perform more active service; and it was mine, while laboring to do the humbler duty assigned me, to witness his prowess and achievements, and rejoice in his success. And in the great day, when he shall lay

his crown at the Saviour's feet, and the multitudes who have been converted by his instrumentality shall be as stars in his diadem ; though I cannot claim equal honor, I hope to share with him, in some humble measure, the joy of our common Lord."

CHAPTER X.

CATHARINE AND ELIZA CONE.

CATHARINE and Eliza were the youngest of his four sisters. Catharine married Mr. John Norvell, his partner in the "Baltimore Whig," and afterwards United States Senator, from Michigan. Eliza became the wife of James Leslie, Esq., of Philadelphia. Both married when very young, and died early.

Mrs. Norvell was a woman of remarkable sweetness of disposition, and singular personal beauty. After her conversion and baptism, she was distinguished by an ardent faith. The grace of God developed and heightened the natural graces of her character, and deepened the tenderness of her heart in an uncommon manner. Such was the gentleness of her spirit, that under the most severe trials and sickness, she was never known or heard, by any, to repine, or indulge in a harsh or hasty word. With a highly cultivated mind, and great natural humor and quickness of perception, she had also a meekness and forbearance, which prevented her from ever wounding the dullest or most ignorant. She was, from the testimony of all who knew her, a thing framed by nature to be loved. Her brother, indeed, and his wife, loved her with the most absolute and tender affection. Neither of them ever spoke of her except as of something too pure and exquisitely sensitive for the rough uses of the hard world we live in. Happily for herself, she went Home very young.

The thought which lay nearest his heart after his own

conversion, was those dear sisters. A never-ceasing anxiety urged him on their behalf. Although separated from them by distance, he must preach to them the Gospel? He must continually warn and entreat them—no matter whether they would hear or forbear.

“While I live,” he exclaims, “and you remain unregenerate, you must expect and bear from me the warning voice. How can you escape if you neglect so great salvation? In whose arms can you be eternally secure, should you continue to turn a deaf ear to the voice of the heavenly charmer? Are you unable of yourselves to flee into the strong tower? Your want of strength is a good plea—Christ died for sinners is a better: urge them both at a throne of Grace, again and again, and may God have mercy upon your precious, immortal souls!”

His warning voice was not raised in vain. His letters, warm with fraternal love, and preaching unceasingly to them the whole Gospel of Christ, were amongst the means blessed to their conversion. Catharine, the gentlest and most teachable of all, was earliest gathered into the fold of the Good Shepherd. Fragile and delicate, the consumptive tendencies of her constitution heightened for a time the bloom of apparent health, and lent to her complexion the dazzling brilliancy and clearness with which the disease flatters its victims as it plants upon their cheeks the roses of the grave. Very soon, however, after the birth of her second child, the sad flowers began to fade, and the melancholy brightness of the varying hectic only remained.

They took her away to the quiet country, still hoping that change of air and scene, and the influences of a milder climate, the peaceful repose of nature, and the watchful care of those who loved her, might at least retard awhile the advances of the disease. It was a

vain hope. But if the angel of death watched near her, waiting for her spirit, it was only as the messenger of the mightier Angel of the Covenant, and to bear her home clothed in the white garment of His salvation.

Amongst her brother's papers there is a little book of hers, containing some scraps of a diary which she appears to have tried to keep whilst absent. A few pages only are filled, and the handwriting shows that the effort to write was a painful one. All the sweetness of her character, and earnest faith may however be read in those few sentences—they open the whole volume of her heart.

“*July 10th.*—Through mercy I am spending a month or two in the country for the benefit of my health. Let me never forget, oh! my Father, whose kind hand sustains me, and softens the couch of my suffering. May a repining temper be ever far from me; but let me at all times say, it is the Lord! let Him do what seemeth to Him good. I desire to feel and acknowledge the happiness of having a Christian friend in this solitude. May we strengthen each other in the strait path that leads to life, and go on our way rejoicing.

“*July 11th.*—Hitherto the Lord hath helped me, and shall I now be afraid? His afflicting hand is on my dear boy, and whether it be unto death or no who can tell; but all that I am, and all that I have are His. The Lord gives and takes away—blessed be His holy name!

“Keep me this day, oh, our Father! from presumptuous sins. Let not the enemy of souls have occasion for rejoicing; but strengthen me by Thy grace to fight with true courage; to put to flight all my cruel adversaries, and enable me to sing glory, and honor, and dominion, and power to the Lamb who makes us more than conquerors through His precious blood. Bless the Lord

oh, my soul! and all that is within me bless and magnify His holy name, for He has mercy upon those who have none to help them.

“*July 12th.*—Help me to see Thy hand in my present trial, and in every case where Thou seest proper to take my idols from me. Is it a proof that I am a child of God? Let me then take the cup joyfully, and drink it to the very dregs. Yet, if not inconsistent with Thy holy will, I humbly desire that the physician who will shortly attend my sick lamb, may be sent of Thee, and through Thy mercy save his precious life. But if Thou hast ordered it otherwise, though Thou slay me, yet will I trust in Thee.

“*July 13th.*—Let this day also be Thine, oh, my Father, who art in Heaven. Thou hast shown mercy to me in saving my dear child—may he be saved eternally—oh, that his soul may live before Thee. I have desired this one thing for myself—my beloved husband; my children; my dear sisters and friends who are out of Christ—that they—that we all might have an interest in the atoning blood that was shed on Calvary. Oh, deny me not before I die! Give me to see Thy great salvation.

“*July 16th.*—It is the Sabbath! Rest, oh my soul, from all thy works, and take hold of Christ and His righteousness as thy portion and eternal rest. I have been reading the 14th chapter of John. What consoling language does our Elder Brother there use—‘Let not your heart be troubled!’ Oh, what height and depth, what length and breadth is there in the love of God to us. ‘I am the way, the truth and the life.’ Lord I feel it. Keep me in the way, for Thou art able to save unto the uttermost. ‘I will not leave you comfortless.’ Lord, it is too much! Oh, what grace. How does my ingratitude rise in array against me. How hateful is sin, especially my sins, which have grieved the Com-

forter and caused Him to leave me in doubt and darkness. Am I not a hell-deserving sinner? Yes, yes! Magnify Thy goodness Thou Saviour of sinners, by bestowing upon me—even me—a portion of that peace which Thou gavest to Thy disciples on leaving them, that peace which passeth all understanding.

Aug. 6th, 1820.—The sun is setting and the sober mists of evening are stealing over the face of nature. Alas! how mournful are the reflections of those who, on looking over their past lives, can dwell upon no one solitary action that has been truly Godly; all springing from a corrupt source; all the streams and rills poisoned from the fountain. And does not sin and folly mark all my actions? Lord save me from myself—I loathe myself.”

The summer-time faded; the winter came. The poor broken flower drooped more and more; but with the opening spring the Master took it and planted it in His own garden, where the heat of summer never scorches, nor the winter cold can blight. It was a happy passing from earth to Heaven. Her husband's letter, referred to in the following one of her brother Spencer, gave an affecting detail of her last hours. That letter has unfortunately been lost. It was most probably destroyed in the fire of April 1822, in Alexandria. This fire was, on many accounts, a disastrous event. The house in which he lived at the time, was a large three-story brick building on King street. Next door to it was a cabinet-maker's shop. Some boards carelessly left to dry upon a stove were the cause of the fire. Mr. Cone's house was in flames, for it was midnight when the fire took, before any of the inmates were awakened. He had collected quite a valuable library, which was totally destroyed. The greatest loss however, were the letters and papers relating to his early life. Amongst them was an autobiography which he had prepared. He

constantly promised to re-write it, but in the multiplicity of his duties and engagements he never found time to do so.

The house was entirely consumed. The family, barely escaping with their lives, found refuge in the hospitable mansion of Mrs. Edmonds, a member of the church, and very dear friend, by whom everything that kindness could suggest was done to make them forget their loss and terror. The other friends were equally kind. Sympathy for his loss was not indeed confined to the city of Alexandria, for we find by a letter from Rev. S. W. Lynd that the little church in Bordentown, New Jersey, took up a collection, and with many apologies for its smallness, but with a warm expression of sympathy, worth much more than money, sent it to him. Mr. Lynd had been converted through his instrumentality; by hearing him preach during the autumn of 1818, in Sanson street meeting-house, Philadelphia, from the words "Remember now thy Creator in the days of thy youth." "This discourse," Mr. Lynd writes to him, May 12th, 1820, "was the means of bringing me to that serious reflection, which I have reason to believe resulted in my conversion to God. On that memorable occasion I went to the house of God to see the crowd, hear the preacher, and gratify a vain curiosity—and I adore the mercy of Jehovah who turned it to my profit."

On the 9th of April, 1821, Mr. Cone, writing to his mother words of Christian consolation on the subject of his sister Catharine's death, says, "When Abraham had received the child of promise, when the termination of his earthly career was at hand, and when perhaps the good old man thought his work of faith and patience of hope, and labor of love were ended, and he had nothing to do but to die, *even then* it pleased his Heavenly

Father to test his obedience, and prove his fidelity, by a trial more severe than any he had previously known. 'Take now thy son, thine only son Isaac, whom thou lovest, and offer him for a burnt offering.' How many and how powerful the objections, arguments, and entreaties, which *nature* would instantaneously urge against such a command; but *grace* teaches to submit; grace enables to say 'Father not *my* will, but *Thine* be done;' grace strengthens us to trust God where we cannot trace him, under the assured conviction 'That all things work together for good to them that love God, to them who are thus called according to his purpose.'"

"We have bid adieu, for a short season, to our beloved Catharine. 'The Master came and called for her,' and I believe that he who loved Lazarus, Martha, and Mary, loved Catharine too. I suppose Isaac never found a fonder place in the bosom of the Patriarch than she did in yours, my mother. May you tread in the footsteps of the 'friend of God,' and since, like him, your heaviest trial has come upon you in your old age, may you like him, 'be strong in faith, giving glory to God.'" Remember, our sister is not dead, she sleepeth—she is not lost, but gone before; and now we have one tie less to earth, and one silken cord more in heaven.

"On Saturday I received from Mr. Norvell a long and most interesting letter, detailing many of the circumstances connected with the last sickness and death of our dear Catharine. How wonderfully she was supported; oh, how boundless the mercy and goodness of God! 'Tis He who enables the dying Christian to say, 'Though my heart and my strength fail, yet He is the strength of my heart and my portion for ever!'" We ought to rejoice at such a death—we ought to rejoice that our loss is her unspeakable and eternal gain; and that she

now knows, 'that it is far better to depart and be with Christ,' than tarry longer in a world of disappointment, sickness, sorrow, and sin.

"Poor Sally seems as if she could hardly be reconciled to her death, and her eyes fill with tears every time she is mentioned, but we shall meet where parting is no more! the Lamb shall lead us to the fountain of living waters, and God Himself shall wipe away all tears from our eyes."

Hardly three years passed before the angel of death knocked again at the door of the little family, which had loved so well, and had been so bound up in each other's lives. His next younger sister followed Catharine home to heaven. Gay, and careless as she was beautiful, the influences with which she was surrounded, the admonitions of her brother, the daily conversation of her mother, not even the death of her darling sister, whom she had nursed to the last with sleepless devotion, had appeared ever to affect her, or strike her with a serious thought. She was the sprite of the family, full of fun and mischief. Referring to her characteristics, her brother, writing from Alexandria in 1821, says :

"Tell Betsey that Wallace is her build to a fraction, and when engaged in mischief, has exactly her left arm crook, and tiptoe mince."

Suddenly the symptoms of disease developed themselves in her. The course of the malady was rapid, and the laughing, high-spirited woman was laid weak and helpless on a bed, from which none could afford her a hope of rising. Amongst her brother's letters, there remains but a single one of this dear sister's; that one has been preserved with a care evidently attributable to the character of its contents. It is dated April 17th, 1823, just about the period when he was making the final arrangements for his removal to New York. His

wife and children having already come on northwards as far as Philadelphia.

“Beloved brother,” she says, “as Sally tells me you will have but a few hours to stay with us on your way to New York, I thought I would prepare you by a few lines, for debility prevents my sending many, for a circumstance that will not more surprise, than it will overjoy a Christian brother’s heart. Does it seem possible that I—I who have, for so many years, been hardening my heart in iniquity, should, on what appears to be a dying bed—have it sweetly whispered in my ear—‘Daughter, be of good cheer, thy sins which are many, are all forgiven thee.’ Even so, my dear Spencer. I have experienced such raptures in a sick room; had such ‘songs in the night;’ have had my wishes, feelings, views, all so changed, as to make me a wonder to myself. I have had a sweet interview with our dear pastor. He gave me the most positive and consoling assurances that I was in the safe path—only *persevere*, and *watch*, and *pray*. I knew this would so joy your heart, that I could not a moment longer keep you ignorant.”

The remainder of her letter is devoted to commending to her brother’s care the orphan children of Catharine Norvell. Her own illness, everything in short relating to herself, was forgotten in the unselfish devotion of her heart to all that remained of the sister she had loved so well, and whose last days she had watched and tended so fondly.

She never saw her brother Spencer again. The news of her death came to him at Washington, from which place he writes, May 23d, 1823—“Dearly-beloved mother and sisters, it has pleased the Great Disposer of human events, to remove from us our dear Eliza; but though the dispensation was indeed a most trying one,

and the ties of nature and strong affection cannot be broken asunder without the sharpest pain, yet the circumstances of her death are calculated to make us rejoice in the midst of our sorrow. From the tenor of her last most precious letter to me, and from the testimony of Dr. Staughton, I feel confident that she has gone to that heavenly Canaan where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest! That blessed country where there is neither sin nor sorrow; where the Lamb that was slain leads His children to fountains of living waters and where God, I doubt not, hath wiped away all tears from her eyes. Our loss is her unspeakable gain. Why then should we repine or sorrow as those who have no hope? Hath not the Lord done all things well, and instead of murmuring shall we not bless His holy name, because He has taken her feet out of the miry clay and horrible pit, and then after a few days' bodily suffering, removed her to the church triumphant in glory? Oh, what a soul-cheering enrapturing thought! She is now with Jesus. She contemplates His glory and gazes upon the God-man Mediator with intense delight, without a veil between! and, oh, what a meeting between our sainted sisters! Who can tell the joy they felt when joining heart and hand around the throne, to sing the praises of Him who loved them, and gave Himself for them. My dear mother, I am sure you must rejoice, especially when realizing the shortness of human life, and looking forward to that blissful moment when we hope to join the choir above. May this providence have a tendency to wean us from the world, and strengthen us to pursue the path of holiness. My dear sisters, may God Almighty bless the event to you both. Oh, may He enable you both to lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset you, that you may run

with patience the Christian race, and so run as to obtain."

It was whilst his heart was yet torn and bleeding with domestic sorrows, that Providence called him to occupy a wider stage of action, and exert his talents in a field of Christian effort, the boundaries of which were ever afterward daily extending themselves, taking in ultimately the whole range of denominational effort in the Bible and Mission cause. He felt that he was called of God to preach and labor in the city of New York.

"When he left Alexandria, the church numbered 170 white members, and 150 colored, most of whom were brought to a knowledge of the truth through his instrumentality." So writes Daniel Cawood, adding, that at the date of his communication, February 17th, 1856, he is the sole surviving male member of that small but united band of Baptists, which, at Mr. Cone's coming amongst them, numbered some twelve or fourteen souls.

CHAPTER XI.

LEAVING VIRGINIA.

THE impression produced by his preaching during his brief visits to New York, and the personal knowledge possessed by many of his faithfulness and success in the pastoral charge of the church in Alexandria, filled them with a desire to induce him, if possible, to establish himself permanently in the former city. Efforts were made at the same time to draw him to other cities. Dr. Staughton wished him to be in Philadelphia, and the church in Baltimore anxiously desired him there; indeed, during his whole life, they would never give up the idea of settling him amongst them in Baltimore, and as far as mere personal preference was concerned, his heart always drew him towards it. On the 8th of January, 1821, he writes, "I have a pressing invitation, just now, to settle in Baltimore. I do not as yet, however, feel disposed to accept it. The Lord, I hope, will ever direct me where to go, and what to do. I desire to be entirely at His disposal, and say, in all the changing vicissitudes of life, 'Father, Thy will be done.'"

After his second visit to New York, a number of the members of Oliver street resolved to overcome his disinclination to leave the church in Alexandria. They believed that an opening in Providence was made in New York, for just such a man, and that the cause demanded his presence there. It appeared to them contrary to the designs of Providence, and the best interests of the Master's Kingdom, that a man calculated

to exert a commanding influence upon the denomination should be restricted to the narrow bounds of a small provincial city. On every side he was pressed with urgent appeals to come up and help them. From Philadelphia, Dr. Staughton wrote, "This will be handed to you by Brethren Carfield and Trimmul of the New Market street church of our city. I will only observe, that I am of opinion a very large and important interest may be raised in that vicinity, and I have no doubt, you would find your labors extensively blessed. The worthy brethren, whose affection and zeal I delight in reciprocating, would feel as happy in your compliance with the request of that church as myself. I pray the Lord may be your guide, and friend, and that the cloud of His presence and grace may direct your way. In early life I felt, and have often realized since, the experimental lines of Newton

"Our lot in future years,
 Unable to foresee ;
 He kindly to prevent our fears
 Says 'leave it all to Me.'"

The Rev. James McLaughlin adds his solicitation to that of the Philadelphia Brethren. It is brief, and warm as words can make it. "I shall rejoice to have you near me. Come, beloved of the Lord, and of our hearts; come, and the Lord come with you!"

The churches at Wilmington, Delaware; at Albany, New York; in Baltimore; Philadelphia; the Beriah church in the city of New York, and various others, as appears from the dates of their letters, were all urging him at this time to accept their calls, and pressing upon him his duty to choose a wider field. At the same time various brethren in the city of New York, amongst whom were William Colgate, Eliakim Raymond, Garret

N. Bleecker, Charles Postly, Daniel Hall and others, formed the plan of building a new meeting-house in a central position in the city for him. They entered into correspondence with him as early as 1818, and continued uninterruptedly to importune him until 1823. Ground was secured, and money pledged to carry out the plan, which appears to have been a favorite one with its projectors. Providence overruled it, but their importunities, and the crowd of reasons they brought to bear upon his mind, had, no doubt, a great influence upon his decision. Indeed, not only Baptists, but members of other denominations in those cities, joined in the solicitations for his presence amongst them. Thus Charles Postly, and Charles C. Andrews, writing from New York, Nov. 13th, 1818, say, "Many of different denominations are frequently inquiring of us, as Baptists, 'Whether you are not coming here?' And when an expression of doubt is given in reply, much disappointment is manifested by them. We, with many others, only require your *affirmative answer* to take our letters and form ourselves into a Gospel church, and then wait your much-desired arrival amongst us. Allow us, dear brother, to repeat, that the propriety of your coming to this city seems to be pointed out by Providence."

The most active and prominent men in the churches of New York wrote continually in the same strain and spirit, until he could not help believing that the finger of the Lord was in it, and that His Providence was pointing out, through their instrumentality, the path of duty. His interest in the Mission cause, and the prospect of being enabled to exert a larger influence in its behalf, had great weight with him. Very early in his ministry Dr. Staughton, at that time corresponding secretary of the board of Missions, had recognized

a kindred spirit, and invokes his assistance to aid the Foreign Missionary Society. Their expenditures had exceeded their receipts more than five thousand dollars, a great sum in benevolent enterprises, thirty-five years since, and from the tenor of his letter, Spencer H. Cone appears to have been amongst the first pitched upon by the doctor, then the leader in all such efforts, to aid them in their difficulties. "I know the kindness of your heart," he says, "and your readiness to advance the best interests of the Mission cause. Permit me to request of you the favor, that you will immediately call upon the treasurer, and our good Brother Colgate, who in the hour of exigence has always shown himself a man of God. I write unto you, my brother, as believing that like the youth John addressed, 'You are strong and the Word of God abideth in you.' I affectionately beseech you accomplish all you can."

Thus every interest of the Master's Kingdom appeared to demand, with an imperious voice, that he should choose the most central and public point for his labors; a point from which the influences of missions, and every other form of denominational and benevolent effort might radiate to the remotest quarters of the globe.

In the good providence of God, his mind was ultimately led to fix upon Oliver street. He had been unceasingly urged to accept the joint charge of that church, as assistant to the venerable John Williams. The increasing age and infirmities of Dr. Williams, and his long, acceptable, and faithful services, as an orthodox, evangelical, and fearless preacher of the Gospel among them, inspired his best friends in the church with the desire to relieve him, in a measure, from his pulpit labors, and render the last years of a well-spent life less trying and laborious. Such, at least, was the shape in which it was presented to Mr. Cone. This view and

purpose were urged upon Mr. Cone with so much force that he began to take the matter into serious consideration.

How he felt upon the subject of leaving his church in Alexandria, and the motives which induced the change, appear in some degree from a letter to the Rev. John L. Dagg, then residing at Upperville, Virginia. He never perhaps wrote more freely to any one than to Mr. Dagg. They loved each other with a manly and Christian love—a love which no separation, or time, or circumstance affected. For the opinion of John L. Dagg, a great and good man, with the head of a scholar, and a warm affectionate heart, combined with strong old-fashioned Baptist notions and doctrines, he entertained a profound and unvarying respect. They were every way kindred spirits, and poured their hearts out to each other ever without reserve. We do not believe, indeed, that any two men ever entertained a truer sentiment of friendship for each other, or one more unalloyed by selfishness, than they did. To Mr. Dagg, he writes in the winter of 1823: “I have some thoughts of leaving the shores of the Potomac, in the course of a few months. It is my intention, before taking up the line of march, to spend two or three days with you—probably in April next. A separation from my present charge will, doubtless, be very painful; but duty to God, and to my fellow-men, demand it. I have endeavored to examine the subject, in all its bearings, with an eye single to the Master’s glory, and hope that my mind has been brought to its present determination, by the light of His Spirit. In leaving the Alexandria church, the most obtrusive and perplexing question is—‘Who shall succeed to its pastoral care?’ How would you like a town residence? Are you in your right place? The harvest is great—the laborers are few; the

Lord of the harvest has thrust you into His vineyard; are you giving yourself wholly to the work?"

He was contemplating a separation from those who were dearest to him; from his children in the Gospel, and his eyes turned instinctively to the brother of his heart—to one he loved and trusted entirely—to comfort them, and carry on the good work in their midst. He could not bear to leave his little flock to a strange shepherd.

"My dear brother," he continues, "I feel that the time is short—the night of this life, in which we see things, at best, but darkly, is far spent. Few know how to preach Christ as the way, the truth, and the life! Souls are perishing for lack of knowledge. The day of judgment, and of glory, are at hand, when every subject shall be seen in its true light; and *then*, when the false glare which has recommended some objects to our notice here on earth shall be taken away, we shall know better than we now do, that 'he who winneth souls is wise.' May the God of Jacob bless you and yours, and enable you to preach the Gospel of His Grace, faithfully and successfully to the end. May you walk in the light of His countenance all the day long; for, indeed, this is a poor world to live in, without the soul-cheering presence of our dear Lord Jesus!"

In this state of mind, his brethren of the Oliver street church continued to ply him with letter upon letter. The correspondence displays, in an interesting and striking manner, the careful delicacy with which he proceeded, and the dread he had of wounding the feelings of the aged pastor whom he was called to assist. But the official correspondence betwixt the committee, and their desired pastor will speak for itself. It requires **no comment:**

“NEW YORK *Jan. 29th, 1823.*”

“ELDER SPENCER H. CONE.

“DEAR BROTHER:—It is with no ordinary sensation of pleasure, that we now address you in the name, and on behalf, of the Baptist church of Christ, meeting for divine worship in Oliver street in this city, having been appointed a committee for the purpose, and with instructions to communicate to you the result of our deliberations on that subject so interesting to you and to us. We refer to the subject which you know was under consideration during your visit to New York. After due deliberation on the part of the deacons, trustees, and some other brethren united with them, it was, with the knowledge and consent of our beloved pastor, submitted to the church. Previous to entering upon the discussion of the subject, a special meeting for prayer was appointed to be held, to ask wisdom and seek direction from the Great Master of assemblies in an affair so intimately connected with the peace and prosperity of our Zion. On the appointed evening, the church met with special reference to the proposition that had been submitted to them, when, after a free conversation on the subject, the following resolution was made and seconded:

“*Resolved*, That elder Spencer H. Cone of Alexandria, be invited to come and assist Brother Williams our pastor, in the discharge of his pastoral duty for one year.

“The question was taken by ballot, and there appeared one hundred and eleven (111) ayes, and twenty (20) nays. In discussing the subject, there was made the fullest and strongest expression of love and attachment to our present excellent minister, and also an *unanimous* expression of esteem and regard for the brother it was proposed

to unite with him. We believe the sole ground of objection, to be a fear that Brother Williams might in some way be injured. This fear originates, we are persuaded, in personal attachment to him.

“Thus, dear brother, we have endeavored to give you, in a few words, a history of our proceedings in this business, which we submit for your consideration, earnestly praying that the Lord may direct you to such a decision, as shall result in His glory, and the advancement of His kingdom in the world.

THOMAS PURSER.

E. RAYMOND.

WILLIAM COLGATE.”

“ALEXANDRIA, *February 4th*, 1823.

“BELOVED BRETHREN IN CHRIST: Your important and deeply interesting epistle of January 29th was received in due season, and as the subject upon which it treats has been made familiar to my mind by frequent meditation and prayer, I feel prepared to meet it with an immediate answer. One feature obtrudes itself primarily into notice—20 nays! Are they known? are they persevering and obstinate in disposition? Will they oppose my ministry, and convert mole-hills into mountains continually? or are they to be fairly won by kindness and brotherly affection? Give me, I beg of you, such information upon this point as will lead me fully into its merits; for whatever my judgment may determine, this point is, of all others, most perplexing to my feelings. The Great Head of the church, I humbly hope and trust, has brought me to that state of feeling, and to that decision of judgment, which dictates the following remarks:

“Frequent meditation and prayer, and watching of the finger of divine Providence, resulted in the conclusion

that it was my duty to leave Alexandria. Not knowing where my dear Master would have me go, I visited two or three neighboring cities hoping that He would open a door, and say to His poor disciple, "This is the way—walk in it!" The door seemed to open in New York, and I felt constrained to cry—"Here am I, Lord—send me." God grant that my impressions may never prove to have been the suggestions of the adversary. Of all the plans submitted to my consideration, that from the Oliver street church has the decided preference, and your letter contains but one unpleasant feature, and that feature requires close inspection—'Twenty Nays!'"

"NEW YORK, February 14th, 1823.

"DEAR BROTHER CONE: YOUR esteemed favor of the 4th inst. came to hand by due course of mail, and would have received a much earlier reply, had not two of the committee been absent from town. Your impressions that the 'finger of divine Providence' points to this city as the place of your future residence, are not peculiar to yourself; on the contrary may we not say that the Macedonian cry, 'Come over and help us'—was heard from almost every individual of our denomination. But as to the precise spot where it would be most desirable for you to fix your stand, it was not to be expected there would be so unanimous a voice.

"We will answer your questions, as far as we are able, with the frankness with which they are submitted. 'Twenty nays. Who are they?' they are members of a Baptist church, not all personally known, as the question was taken by ballot; but we believe all good brethren, on whose heart the Gospel fairly preached will tell, and who we hesitate not to believe, would be 'fairly won by kindness and brotherly affection.' We

cannot believe for a moment that they would ‘oppose your ministry,’ nor do we recollect that, while the question was before the church, there was a *single* observation made directly in opposition. On this point we think that we have said enough to quiet your apprehensions, especially as we have none. Brother William’s invariable reply to every inquirer has been—‘If the church thinks proper to call him I have no objection—I see no objection.’ May you still enjoy, &c., &c.

“On behalf of the church.

THOMAS PURSER.

E. RAYMOND.

WILLIAM COLGATE.”

“ALEXANDRIA, *February 19th*, 1823.

“VERY DEAR BRETHREN: Your letter of the 14th instant was received yesterday, and has had a tendency to relieve my mind materially from the embarrassments under which it labored. That there should be a diversity of sentiment among the Oliver street brethren, upon the subject of my settlement in New York, is not surprising; it was distinctly anticipated. But before I could give you a decisive and categorical reply to the propositions contained in your favor of January 29th, it was necessary for me to know whether that diversity assumed such an aspect as threatened, seriously, to interfere with my usefulness and comfort. It is conceded to be a matter of moment that you should ‘have no apprehensions upon this point,’ but it will also, perhaps, be admitted, that satisfaction to the preacher’s mind is a boon worth seeking after. The 20 days, however, are disposed of, and the Lord, I trust, will enable us to see ‘eye to eye,’ should He ultimately call me

to labor in your city. You think the question in relation to times of preaching 'premature.' Experience will demonstrate the sobriety of my judgment in this particular. It is a general principle that ingenuous preliminary explanation obviates many difficulties, and prevents many heart-burnings in our intercourse with our fellow-men. But if the whole business be submitted by the church, to brother Williams and myself, and if he be willing to share the responsibility of all pulpit arrangements with me, I am willing to leave it *there*. I wished to know whether brother Williams has recently expressed himself decisively and pointedly upon the subject. In the frank and unreserved conversation had with him when last in New York, my opinion was that I had formed a correct estimate of his views and feelings upon the subject; but I thought it wise to make a direct appeal to the judgment of *the committee*, that from their more extensive information, my opinion might either be invalidated or confirmed. That object is obtained."

The "call" of the church to accept the pastoral charge conjointly with their old pastor was the answer to this letter, and the reply was as follows:—

"ALEXANDRIA, *March 3d*, 1823.

"WELL-BELOVED BRETHERN: YOUR favor of the 24th ult. is before me, and that the Lord may crown the step I am about to take is a consummation devoutly to be wished. Enclosed you have my answer to the Oliver street church, which you will present at such time, and in such manner as you may think best. If the Lord will, you may give notice for me to preach in your place the third Lord's day of May. It would, I sup-

pose, be practicable to come a week earlier, but having acted for years upon two or three of the committees of the Board of Missions, it is expected, and you will perhaps think it right, that I should be present at the meeting of the convention."

"ALEXANDRIA, *March 3d*, 1823.

"To the church of Christ, meeting for public worship in Oliver street, New York. Grace, mercy, and peace from God the Father, and from our Dear Lord Jesus :

"DEARLY-BELOVED BRETHREN: Your call 'To come and assist brother Williams, your pastor, in the discharge of his pastoral duties, for *one year*,' was communicated to me by the committee appointed for that purpose. After mature deliberation, aided by the counsel of Christian friends; after discussing a number of important preliminary considerations with your committee; and after having obtained, as I do hope and trust, the mind and will of God touching this matter, I have been brought, at length, to the solemn and determinate conclusion that *duty demands* my compliance with your invitation. I will come, therefore, if the Lord will.

"In view of our anticipated relationship, it becomes me to specify the leading tenets of that ministry which I profess to have received of the Lord Jesus. It is then, brethren, my aim and prayer, through grace divine, inviolably to maintain, and faithfully and affectionately to preach, the following doctrines—viz.: The unity of God; the existence of three equal persons in the Godhead: the just condemnation and total depravity of all mankind by the fall of our first parents; eternal, personal, and unconditional election; the proper and essential deity of the Lord Jesus Christ; the indispensable

necessity of His atonement and its special relationship to the sins of His people; justification by the imputed righteousness of Christ alone; effectual calling by the irresistible operation of the Holy Spirit; the perseverance of the saints; believers' baptism by immersion only; the Lord's Supper a privilege peculiar to baptized believers regularly received into the fellowship of the church; the resurrection of the body; the general judgment; the everlasting happiness of the saints, and the interminable misery of the finally impenitent; the obligation of every intelligent creature to love God supremely, to believe what God says, and to practise what God commands; and the divine inspiration of the Scriptures of the Old and New Testament, as the infallible rule of faith and practice.

“It is my intention, by Divine permission, to take up my abode in your city in the ensuing month of May, and if it shall ultimately please the Great Head of the Church to locate His unworthy servant among you, may He enable us to look to Him and to *Him only*, for a blessing upon our united efforts to advance His declarative glory in the earth.

“With sentiments of unfeigned regard, and with ardent prayers for your future prosperity, I remain your brother in the everlasting bonds of the Gospel.

“SPENCER H. CONE.”

But it is from the unreserved outpouring of his feelings into the ear of that mother, upon whose wisdom and affection he equally relied, that we are let in, as it were, to the most secret places of his soul, and are made witnesses of all the varying emotions of his heart. There is no attempt at care; no studied phrasing; no reserve in his letters to her. Indeed, he always wrote a letter, no matter to whom or upon what subject, with

marvellous rapidity. Just as the feeling dictated the words flowed on.

While yet pressed by the New York brethren, and uncertain whether their call was indeed of God, he writes, January 13th, 1823, to his mother: "The recent journey to New York has occasioned much agitation of mind, and seems big with most momentous results with reference to all my future life. It is not that my hope or confidence in the Lord is shaken. No! blessed be His Holy name, I know in whom I have believed, and am habitually persuaded that He is able to keep all I have committed unto Him, till the day of Jesus Christ. But I am depressed from a view of all the dangers, and privations, and difficulties, which await me in my future ministerial career. To part with the people of my charge, if that should ultimately appear to be the path of duty, cannot be anticipated without the most painful emotions. To bid an earthly adieu to those Christian friends whose fidelity and hearted attachment have been proved in *winter* as well as in summer, and to shake hands with those who acknowledged me their Father in the Gospel, and leave them too, perhaps, without an under shepherd to feed them with knowledge and understanding. Alas! while contemplating that period, I think I understand the words of Paul—'What, mean ye to weep and to break mine heart?' And I am sure I should faint at the prospect, if Grace had not enabled me to say, 'I am willing not only to be bound, but to die also at Jerusalem for the Lord Jesus.' I look for no heaven on earth, but to preach a crucified Redeemer to poor, perishing sinners. Stand by me and support me, O thou Angel of the Covenant of Grace. Grant me thy presence! restore to my soul the joys of thy great salvation! Uphold me by thy Free Spirit; and then can I look forward with cheerfulness and holy for-

titude to a life of labor, and prayer, and trial, and preaching, and daily watching for the recovery of precious souls.

“We have commenced a new year, and I have entered the eighth of my ministry. What a dull scholar. I chide my heart for the little progress it has made in the knowledge of its own depravity and deceitfulness; or of the excellency, sweetness, condescension and preciousness of my dear Lord Jesus! Oh, my Saviour, work in me both to will and to do of Thine own good pleasure. Fill me with the knowledge of Thyself, and enable me continually and heartily to *pray* to Thee! preach for Thee! and rejoice in Thee! Amen! Even so, my sweet Lord Jesus! I desire this day to be filled with gratitude to God, for the gift of His Son—the sealing of His Spirit, and the consolations of His Word; and I desire, moreover, to bless His holy name for such a mother! May my God bless you with all spiritual blessings in heavenly things in Christ Jesus! May He reward all your prayers for me by pouring tenfold blessings into your own bosom! May He recompense you abundantly, even in this life, for the great and persevering affection you have borne to so unworthy a son! May your years be added unto, like Hezekiah’s, for the sake of your children; and while it pleases God to continue you upon His footstool, may you every day be more and more spiritually minded, which is life and peace, until at last the Master’s voice is heard, saying: ‘Come up higher.’ There, in the presence of our God and of His Christ, may we meet to part no more! Forget not to pray for your son.”

The decision was made, and the time approached for him to leave Alexandria. To understand how deeply his heart was moved by the necessity, the character of his association with the people of his charge there must

be considered. He had found them a little handful, but the little one, by God's blessing, had become a thousand. They were all his children in the Gospel. He had drawn them in from all classes, and all denominations. The centre of their thoughts, and chief object of their affections, he bore to them a relation more than usually tender. A small place, and a Southern one, the distractions, and dividing influences of a great city did not interfere between the hearts of pastor and people, and the warm, impulsive nature of the people had in it nothing of the reticence of northern habits of mind. They hung breathlessly upon his words when he spoke; they received him into their houses as one who brings a blessing with him; they surrounded him like a family of loving children. His comfort, and happiness, and his family's, were all the while uppermost in their thoughts. Nothing was omitted, nothing thought troublesome, which could be done for their good. In the strong language of his letter to his mother, their attachment was "hearted;" and all his intercourse with them was warmed with the sunshine of the heart. How could he leave them? He must go. Not from choice, not from desire. If God would let him, their country would have been his country, and where they lived and died he would have lived and died. But his Master put the necessity upon him. He must break the tenderest ties which had ever bound him to his fellowmen. He must forsake those who had been true in all seasons. He must leave those who had received him gladly as the messenger of the everlasting Gospel; who had taken him in their arms, and comforted him, and strengthened him for his work. For seven happy years that work of faith among them had been a labor of love. God had blessed him abundantly amongst them. In his public ministrations every effort was a happy season

of reunion with all his dear children, and in private life every day brought a pleasant meeting with some member of that united and confiding family. There is nothing strained, therefore, in the idea of sacrifice which pervades his letters. To him the change was the worst of sacrifices, a sacrifice of the heart. Sensitive in the highest degree to affection, and the charms of friendship, the habit of a daily interchange of their tokens with a society which might be said to have been created and formed entirely by himself, was one which could not be broken without a rude shock to the tenderest qualities of his nature. Small as the place was, comparatively speaking, it contained at that time a good deal of wealth, and a society elegant and accomplished. Not a few of those, attracted at first by the fame of his eloquence to Baptist meetings, had been won by his arguments to Baptist principles, had become the firm supporters of the cause, and exemplary Christians. Everything, therefore, of a social character combined to render a residence in the little city delightful. To go away from it to New York, a far northern city, amongst a people of different habits and feelings, and a people of colder temperament, was to sacrifice tried attachments for an unknown future. But the idea of duty rose above every other consideration. The sign was not to be mistaken. The answer to prayer had been obtained. The finger of Providence pointed northward. God put it upon him as a duty, and he was ready even "to die at Jerusalem."

And so he told them they must part as pastor and people; perhaps part as friends who should see each other no more in the flesh. No one attempted to change his decision, or turn him back from the path he had determined to pursue. They knew that he had taken counsel of God, and that flesh and blood might not prevent him

from pursuing what he believed had been revealed as the path of duty. Sorrowfully and with many tears, but with unabated friendship and affection, they assisted him in his preparations for removal.

When the day of separation came, they gathered around him as the disciples at Cesarea did around Paul, a weeping company. The night before, they came by twos and threes to the house; well-nigh the whole church was there, all indeed who were not hindered by sickness. A sadder company, or a scene harder to be borne by him around whom they gathered for the last time, could hardly be. And early on the morning of the next day, a number of them, both men and women, gathered around the stage-coach, weeping and bidding farewell; but mingling with their sorrow earnest and united prayer for his usefulness, his happiness, and his success, in the new sphere of action whither he was called.

So, borne upon the prayers of hundreds of faithful and loving hearts, he left the South, and came away to the great city of New York.

CHAPTER XII.

NEW YORK 1823.

On the 27th of May, 1823, he announced his safe arrival in New York to his mother. "We arrived in safety in this great city, the day we left Philadelphia, and after ten days' bustle and turmoil, and visiting and buying, begin to feel a little settled. The friends have been extremely kind, and have spared no exertion to make our situation as comfortable as the nature of the case would admit. It is not possible to say yet that we feel at home, but there is I think, for myself a fair prospect of usefulness and comfort, and Sally is much better satisfied than she anticipated. We live in a very quiet and retired part of the city."

There is a cheery tone about this announcement, which shows pleasantly enough how he was disposed to find good in everything. All the vexation, fatigue, and turmoil of a change of residence, are absorbed in the one idea of a prospect of usefulness.

The committee of the church had procured him a house about half the size of the one he had occupied in Alexandria; but quite comfortable. The location was not desirable on any other account, except as being at no great distance from the meeting-house. The family, on their arrival in New York, consisted of the preacher and his wife, two children, a young woman, an orphan, a member of the church in Alexandria, who being

homeless had found a shelter with them, and a colored girl named Mary. The latter was the nurse of the youngest child, and refusing to be separated from him, had accompanied them to the North. Two children, Maria Alice, and William Houghton, had been buried by them in Virginia; Maria in 1818 and William in 1821. Mrs. Cone exerted herself diligently in her new sphere to make everything go smoothly; and although placed in an unusual position, and forced to do many things she had never been accustomed to, succeeded so well that her husband never knew how much effort and devotion it cost to prevent the petty annoyances of daily existence coming to his knowledge, and interfering with the grander business of his life.

And this was the beautiful and controlling trait in her character as a wife. Her husband wrote upon her tomb, the noble epitaph, "She was a brave and decided Baptist." Twinned with her devotion as a wife, was her sentiment of duty. The two were never sundered. Her husband's God was her God. The faith he followed was her faith. It was his to ride forth, clad in the whole armor of God, to do battle for the truth as it is in Christ Jesus. It was hers to smooth his path, and encourage him to the strife. So she kept from him everything that might worry or distract his mind, and had a ready smile and cheery word for him always. Bound up and absorbed in his public work, he had no eyes or thought for mere matters of household life. In fact he was never heard to find fault with anything in the house in his whole life, nor ask why one thing was not done or set before him, instead of another. Simple in his tastes and very easy to please, it was only necessary to make him happy that others should seem to be happy around him. And so that dear wife, knowing him, as woman's love only can know,

studied hourly how she might keep all things at home in subservience to the great business of his life, the preaching of the Gospel and the advancement of the kingdom. No sound of the many-stringed instrument of daily life, whose thousand wires have an echo for every vagrant wind, was suffered to make a discord near him. If it refused a harmony, it was silent—put away out of sight and hearing. Thus, a house, or what was in it beyond books and papers and happy faces, made no part of his thoughts. The routine ran on with the fidelity of a nice machinery. Breakfast was always on the table between seven and half-past seven for him; dinner came, as punctual as the hour, to one o'clock; and tea marked half-past six with equal certainty. No matter what was doing or happening, the routine never varied. At nine o'clock when at home, or as soon as he returned, if engaged in public duties, the bell was rung and all the household came together in the study or parlor for family worship. After breakfast in the morning—the same. The day begun and closed with prayer. Either himself, or some member of the family, read a chapter from the Bible aloud, and then, all kneeling down, he offered up a prayer. And it was there, in the privacy of his own household, that the warmest, and most eloquent supplication or thanksgiving was poured out by him. He always seemed to feel, at those times, if we may say so, nearer to God than at any other, and approaching Him with childlike confidence, he sought direction, support, and comfort in all things, only from Him.

Then the first thing to be done out doors was to go to market. That achieved, his part of household-life was finished. How the rest came about, or who did it, he had no idea, and indeed no time to inquire of.

And part of his great success in the business of the

Denomination, as well as the happy uniformity of his mental action in public speaking—a large part in fact—was unmistakably owing to the freedom of his mind from all the petty cares of material life. He was able to devote his whole time and his whole mind to great things, great thoughts, unfettered by the littleness of domestic politics. “He has the Lord’s work to do,” was the idea often expressed by the true help-mate God blessed him with: “That is his business in the world; and mine is to see that he is taken care of whilst he does it”—and for more than forty years he was watched and tended, so that he never knew what it was to be interrupted, or distracted from his work by the ordinary cares of home life.

The climate of the North proved too severe for the poor colored girl who had accompanied the family to New York, and during the first year of their residence in their new home, she was attacked with disease of the lungs. The disease refused to yield to medical treatment, and hasty consumption set in. In addition to the cares of the house, the sick girl had to be nursed by the two women of the family, and if she had been child or sister she could not have been more tenderly watched over. On the 24th of May, 1824, the pastor writes to his mother, “Mary still lies at the point of death, and Sally and Nancy having employed no help in nursing her, have had for six weeks past a most fatiguing time. The physician entertains no hope of her recovery. She is wasting daily away—no gleam of hope that she can be restored to health again; and, poor creature, she is entirely ignorant of her awful situation, and will not be convinced, either that death is at hand, or that she is unprepared for the solemn event. She appears to be entirely destitute of the knowledge of Jesus, whom to know is life eternal. But the will of the Lord must be

done. She seems struck with death. The doctor thinks she will not survive another night. Sally is worn out nursing, and sitting up."

The fear of the physician was prophetic. She died the next day. But the messenger of death was waiting for a dearer victim. The mother, who had loved him so fondly, and who had been, in return, little short of idolized by him, was drawing near the close of a well-spent life. The remote cause of her death was the injuries received during a journey to the West. In 1817, Mrs. Alice Cone paid a visit to her relatives in Maysville, Kentucky, and spent the summer with them. Her mother, and her two brothers, Aaron and Joab Houghton, had removed to Kentucky at her father's death, and settled there. A number of the old inhabitants of Hunterdon County, New Jersey, most of them cousins once or twice removed, or connections by marriage, of each other, had accompanied them; and whilst old Hopewell and Princeton were still the scenes which recalled the memories of her youth, most that remained of the old familiar faces were to be seen about the newer settlements of the West, and chiefly in the neighborhood of Maysville. To the care of one of these relatives, Amos Corwine, her son Spencer's letters are generally directed.

After spending some time with her mother and brothers, Mrs. Alice Cone set out on her return to Philadelphia. The old-fashioned stage-coach offered, as all know, the only convenience of inland travel at that day. In crossing the mountains, a day or so's journey from Maysville, the stage, in which she was, upset, and she was seriously injured. Indeed, although she lived seven years after it, she never recovered from the effects of the injuries received, and they proved the remote cause of her death. The slow transmission of news from the

western towns to the seaboard, at that time, left her son for a week or two ignorant of the accident. But the instant word came to him that his mother was lying at Maysville ill and crushed, he took his horse and gig, and drove nearly night and day to reach her. So soon as she was able to be moved, he brought her home in the gig, travelling across the mountains by the easiest stages, and very slowly. It was the most comfortable mode of land carriage known then, for the gig was one of the old-fashioned ones, hung upon C springs, and as easy as a carriage could be made. Mrs. Alice Cone's life was saved; the broken bones were set, and the wounds healed, but her frame and constitution had received a shock ruder than it was able to support. After that, she seldom attempted to take the least exercise, and usually laid, supported by pillows, on a settee. Her daughters gathered around her, and nursed her there; and whilst the others sewed, or attended to necessary affairs, one always sat and read aloud to her. Her daughter Amelia kindly furnishes us with the following additional particulars.

“It was in June or August of 1818, I am not sure which now, that my dear mother was returning from Lexington, Kentucky. She had gone there to see her own mother, and had spent a year with her and sister Catharine. Brother Spencer lived then in Alexandria. Mrs. Willard, a lady from the eastern States, was also on a visit to Lexington, where she had accompanied her husband, who was in very ill health, for the sake of a milder climate. Mr. Willard died in Lexington, however, and my mother and Mrs. Willard left, in company, to return to their several homes, she to New Haven, Connecticut, and my mother to Philadelphia. They came, in the course of their journey, to a place called Sideling Hill, which I believe lies not more than twenty miles from Bedford

Springs. They were in an old-fashioned stage-coach. At a very steep part of the hill, the stage coach was upset, and the passengers tumbled with it down a considerable descent. In the fall, mother's head was dashed against the upright post, at one side of the coach-door, with great violence. The fall, and the dreadful weight which came upon her, nearly crushed her body, which was very slight and weak, for she had already been an invalid for several years. In addition to her bruises, she received a wound quite six inches long upon her forehead and head. She was carried, in a state of insensibility, into the nearest house which could be found. It was a wagoner's hut, a kind of stopping-place and tavern for teamsters. There were but two rooms in it; one was a bar-room, and the other a room used for sleeping, eating, cooking and all sorts of purposes. Mrs. Willard remained with her, and waited upon her, and nursed her night and day. She lay in that wretched, gloomy place a long while. For nine days her head continued to bleed more or less, so that she was reduced in a pitiable manner. There was no physician within eighteen miles of the place, and neither comfort nor convenience to be had. The people of the house, too, let them stay in it very grudgingly and unwillingly—and they had not the consolation of sympathy and attention even in the rudest and homeliest way. Mrs. Willard wrote to brother Spencer as soon as she could get means to do so, and with much difficulty had the letter dispatched to Alexandria. Brother took his horse and gig, and set out immediately in search of them.

“Mrs. Willard afterward gave us an account of the meeting between the mother and her son. She said it was the most touching scene she ever witnessed, and that she never could forget the pathos of his simple words. ‘My mother! my mother!’

“After a while they got mother up, and put her in the gig. Mrs. Willard sat beside her, and held her arms around her, to save her a little from the shocks and jolting of a rough road. Brother tied his large silk-handkerchief across in front of them, and made it so that she could hold on by it, or lean against it and save herself from falling forwards. And brother walked at the horse’s head and led him. The roads were rough and muddy. In some places the mud was so deep as to be almost impassable, and the horse could hardly drag them through it. When they could find a house, for the country was very thinly settled then, and the houses scarce and far apart, they stopped and got what they could to eat and drink. And so dear brother brought those two precious women to Joseph’s house in Baltimore; walking himself at the horse’s head, and many times through mud almost kneed-deep, all the way from near Bedford Springs in Kentucky to the city of Baltimore.

“My dear mother was attacked awhile after with partial paralysis. We watched her slowly sinking with agonized hearts. Sister Catharine came from Lexington to see her before she died; but poor Kitty died first herself. Although mother was frequently attacked, she would rally again and seem partially to recover. She articulated with difficulty, but she never lost her mind, which was a great joy to us.

“God in His goodness kept her with us thus until the year 1824. She was always sensible and reasonable. Martha and I were with her all the time night and day. Once I remember seeing her look very sad and disheartened, and I said ‘Dear mother, what is the matter?’

“‘Oh,’ she replied, ‘I am a great sinner.’

“‘Why, dear mother,’ I said, ‘I never see you sin.’

“‘Ah,’ she said, ‘I know—I know what I am.’

“Shortly after that she had a dreadfully distressing night, and about ten o’clock in the morning of the third of June, she said, ‘Lay me on the bed.’ She had been lying on the sofa. ‘Lay me on the bed, and take the pillows away. Give me some drink.’ We hastened to obey. Sister said, ‘She is dying.’

“She heard us cry. I was on one side of the bed, and Martha at the other. She heard our sobs; she turned her head, first to one side, and then to the other, and said, smiling sweetly—‘What, crying for me, children!’ It was as if she had said, ‘What, crying for my happy release!’

“I remembered how sad she had been, and went to the foot of the bed and looked in her face, and said, ‘Mother are you happy?’

“She understood me. Her mind was clear even in death. She said, ‘Yes! yes!’ Then she gazed upwards, and seemed to be looking exultingly away into eternity; gasped three times, but made no struggle, and her blessed spirit was with her God.”

And so, on the 3rd of June, 1824, she passed peacefully away to the better land, where there are neither wounded bodies, nor wounded spirits. Out of a family of four daughters and two sons, she had lived to see all but one daughter converted men and women, and members of the visible Church of Christ. She was a preacher, and a daily example of righteousness to her family; and see how God blessed her preaching and her life. He rewarded her even in this world, for He made her household, a household of faith. And who can paint,

‘Unless to mortal it were given
To dip the brush in dyes of Heaven,’

her happiness in that other world, when standing with

them, in the presence of her Saviour, she could say, "Behold, Lord, I, and the children Thou hast given me!"

On the 5th of June, 1824, her Spencer writes, "Dear Sisters: Amelia's letter was received last evening; so that I could not possibly reach Philadelphia until too late, by a day, to accompany you in the sad procession. The blow so long anticipated has fallen, and in the holy and unerring providence of God, we are deprived of the dearest—the best of mothers. It is true, that years ago we did not expect the Lord would have lent her to us until this period, and yet, even now, when he has taken her to himself, it is hard to say, 'Thy will be done.' But oh, what cause have we to bless the high and lofty One, for His kind dealings towards our beloved mother! So much comfort of mind, and so little agony of body in her last hours; and then what consolation is afforded us. We sorrow not as those who have no hope. Our mother is gone to the precious Jesus. She has joined the ransomed throng, to celebrate His praises in the world of glory, and it is not wrong, I hope, to believe that our dear sisters welcomed their mother to that happy world, where sin and sorrow can never come. Should we not then, instead of mourning, or repining, or wishing it otherwise, bless the Lord, that after all the pains, and trials, and sore afflictions, which she had to pass through on earth,

He sweetly kissed her soul away,
And laid her flesh to rest.

"We have now one tie less to earth, and it has been a mercy, and a great condescension to our weakness, that the Master has been cutting that tie for years. May the orphans' Father be with you and comfort you! Our mother is a glorified spirit in Heaven—released from

her prison of clay, and escaped from the body of sin, and of death, under which for many long years she groaned being burdened. We ought not to weep for her immoderately, or mourn after her, complaining of her loss. Had our dear mother, after years of parental tenderness and patience, and undeviating fidelity towards her children, been snatched away without a hope in Christ, oh, how should we have wept! Our mourning might have been like the grief of David, at the untimely death of Absalom, but since the Lord has given us abundant proof that he has taken her to that happy country, where sin, and pain, and sorrow, never come, oh, let us say, 'The Lord gave, and the Lord hath taken away! blessed be the name of the Lord!'

The privilege of smoothing her pillow in her sickness; of hearing her last words; of catching the last look of love, that deep, unalterable love, which had filled her heart from the hour she first strained him to her bosom; even the mournful satisfaction of following her body of clay to its long home, were denied him. The multiplied engagements and anxieties of his new charge; sickness in his family, restricted means, and the difficulties of communication between New York and Philadelphia, kept him from her. No apprehension of immediate danger, either, had been entertained. Her sickness had weakened her so gradually, the fire had burned out so slowly, that those who were with her all the day long, had scarcely perceived a change for the worse. An invalid for years, the fear of her death had long given place to the anxiety of her children, to console, and amuse the tedious hours of inaction, and confinement to a sick-room. But the Good Physician came at last, silently, and unexpectedly, with the sweet opiate of death, and as she fell asleep, took her away from the sick-room, where Martha and Amelia nursed her, and carried her

to the Heavenly gardens, where Catharine and Eliza, her happier children, were waiting to receive her. So died Alice Cone, an enlightened and unwavering Baptist; a worthy mother of a worthy son.

Wonderfully, but in a simple and natural way, God through her wrought in making him what he was. Sorrows and trials, day by day and year by year, assayed him, until a character originally strong and good was refined in the furnace of affliction, and made as pure as sinful man may be this side the grave. He had been always giving, and so grew to wonder at and pity sordid souls who were strangers to the blessed feeling that touches the soul when generous emotions move it.

In the midst of all these domestic trials, God consoled him by permitting him to see that his work was prospering in his hands. His preaching had great success. Crowds flocked to Oliver street meeting-house, and from a place known, comparatively speaking, only to its members and co-religionists in the city, it became one of the points of public attraction for citizens and strangers of all denominations. Yet he made no effort; no display. No public notice was given of the exercises except from his own pulpit. He conceded nothing to the passion or prejudice of the day. His preaching was plain, experimental, evangelical. The more the crowd of strangers flocked to hear him, the plainer he grew, divesting his style of everything like rhetorical ornament and bending all the powers of his mind to tell them in the plainest English, the story of the Cross. And that was the wonderful charm. So when the young pastor, standing, for the first years of his labors, in the great city of New York, in the midst of a changing and frivolous crowd of seekers after pleasure, money, novelty, excitement—anything that promised variety and new sensations—saw them throng around his pulpit

—like Paul among the Athenians, he preached, the Saviour of sinners. His zeal and enthusiasm found vent in no ornate diction; in no elaborate sentences; in no nice autopsy of motive; in no magnificence of illustration, display of erudition, or trick of rhetoric; but it beamed in his eyes; it gushed and quivered in his voice; it echoed in terror the thunderings of Sinai; it hung on every tender solicitation; it formed for itself every graceful or majestic gesture; it burned and glittered along every word that dropped like the molten gold—it was true to nature, to man, to God! It was the glorious Gospel of the blessed God, preached with that simplicity and singleness of heart, which is an inspiration of His Spirit, and it had free course and was glorified.

The glowing pen and warmer heart of Rev. Richard Fuller of Baltimore, one of the most eloquent and evangelical preachers in America, has recorded for us how strongly these characteristics both of his manner and his matter impressed themselves upon the minds and hearts of those who heard him. Writing to us, January 22d, 1856, he says, “Nothing would be easier than to compose an eulogium on one who was, for so many years, ‘a burning and a shining light;’ but all who knew him must feel that studied encomiums, and panegyrics, ought to have no place in a memoir of his character and life. He never sought praise from men. His entire conduct shows that, at the Cross of Jesus, and on the altar of stern duty, he immolated everything like a passion for distinction. Pre-eminence he did have; but I have known few men so pure from the spirit of Diotrephes.

“When some one spoke of Garrick as a vain man, Dr. Johnson said—‘No, sir, Garrick is not a vain man. If I were as popular as Garrick is, I would, whenever I

walk out, hire half a dozen stout fellows to go before me, with long poles, and knock down everybody in the way. No, sir, Garriek is not a vain man.'

"Few ministers of the Gospel ever enjoyed such popularity as your father's. It has been said that he was ambitious, but who among those who bring this charge could have borne such faculties and such applause so unostentatiously?

"He was enriched with every gift which can win golden opinions. His eloquence, his fire-souled glowing piety, his commanding presence, caused crowds to hang upon his lips whenever he preached. The world admired him. The denomination delighted to honor him. And yet, in all his course, it was manifest that he sought only the honor which comes from God; and that, unshrinkingly faithful to his convictions, he was always superior alike to censure and applause.

"When I became identified with the Baptists, I, of course, heard much of Spencer H. Cone, especially of his oratorical powers and accomplishments. Absorbed with the simple glory of the Atonement, having just come from the arena of forensic displays, into the pulpit, I had then (I need not say I have now in an intense degree), an abhorrence for those flowers, those rhetorical flourishes, that 'excellency of man's speech and wisdom,' which I had witnessed and heard extolled in men called 'pulpit orators,' and which so tarnish and degrade the real glory of the Gospel—the truth as it is in Jesus. I met your father first in Richmond. He was to preach the Convention sermon; and, as I found ministers and people expecting great things, I feared I might have again to endure pompous, and florid, and frothy declamation. I need not tell you how delightful was my disappointment. His appearance—so simple and earnest, his voice—so sweet and magnificent, his

whole discourse, in which there was utter self-oblivion, and through every word of which there breathed and burned such adoring love for Jesus—all this I remember as if it had been yesterday, and all this bound my soul to his. He sat with me, two days afterwards, when I preached on Sunday morning; and we left that Convention, feeling for each other affinities which Christians only can know, and which eternity, I humbly trust, will perfect and perpetuate.

“I met him but twice again. We were together at the subsequent conventions in Baltimore and New York. The more I knew him, the more did I admire the sincerity, warmth, and purity of his character. Splendid as was his eloquence, it was one of his inferior endowments. Deep-toned piety, a consecration which led him to regard himself as a perpetual sacrifice on the great altar of the Redeemer’s Kingdom, indefatigable fidelity to duty, a moral courage which never quailed before opposition or danger, a heart true, tender, and most affectionate, above all, a glorious loyalty to Christ and His cause—these seemed to me the great things in this great and good man. These Christian graces were admired by all who knew your noble father.

“It will be no easy matter to fill the sphere he has vacated, but God can raise up those who will stand in his place. Of course I do not believe in a transmitted piety, but such men cease not to live on earth, though they die. Though dead they speak, speak with deeper emphasis because dead. The grave does not impair, it consecrates their power; such examples are not given us to be forgotten. At home his memory must be fragrant of all tender, and generous, and holy influences.”

It is a subject of much regret that scarcely a record of his sermons exists. Delivered wholly extemporaneously, and without even what are called head-notes,

they live only in the memory of those who heard them.

The great and decisive reason for his leaving Alexandria, and settling in New York, had been to secure the means and opportunity for more strenuous and effectual effort in the cause of missions and the Bible. His first acquaintance with New York impressed him with the idea that it was the business centre of the Union, and as such, imperatively demanded to be operated in as the business centre, also, of those benevolent efforts, to carry out which to successful results large pecuniary means are necessary. The Southern brethren were warm-hearted, generous, and zealous for the faith, but too much scattered, few of the churches wealthy, and none of the Southern cities capable of offering the advantages of concentration, and rapid communication with the whole world. And already his mind had adopted the idea he afterwards bore as the motto on his shield. "The field is the world." New York alone, of all the cities of the Western World, combined in it all the capabilities for extensive action in benevolent effort. Endowed by nature with many of the qualities of a general, he recognized the necessity of assuming the best geographical position, and the one commanding the approaches to the object of attack.

It was his conviction that the system of Baptist doctrine and church government was the only pure and scriptural form of faith and practice; that from its features of independency, the pure and simple democracy developed in its whole plan of religious association—it was peculiarly adapted to the genius of the United States of America, and needed only to go boldly forward, and to rely on God for a success far greater than it had ever yet achieved. To reach this point of moral power and grandeur, unity of effort must be secured—not by sacri-

fiing a grain of the independence of the churches—but by operating on the heads and hearts of their members, that they might see eye to eye, and comprehending the vast importance of common effort, in the common cause of man's salvation, move forward shoulder to shoulder, like an army with banners—a great host united in aim, and hope, and effort. This was not a work to be accomplished in a year, or ten years. It was the work of a lifetime; and one to which all the powers of body and mind must be bent without relaxation. The hand that was put to such a plough must never grow weary; nor the laborer dare ever to look back and sigh over the lengthening furrow. It was also a slow and toilsome work, and had many obstacles to encounter. The spirit of missions was far from universal. Many churches were wholly without it. Many good Baptist preachers were so straight in the faith as to lean backward a little, and doubt even whether it were their duty to preach to sinners. The first association of churches with which he was connected, in Maryland and the District of Columbia, was decidedly anti-mission.

A system, therefore, was to be devised—prejudices overcome—unity of effort secured—resources created—a plan pursued, by which the force, and moral as well as pecuniary resources of Baptists in the United States, as a denomination brought to bear upon the world, at home and abroad. There was, it is true, much and valuable material to work with; many churches were engaged warmly in the cause of missions. Many thousand Baptists were filled with the spirit of Christian benevolence, and comprehended the advantages of united effort; but the denomination, although numbering its millions of adherents in the United States, had not yet begun to exert a force, or command an influence upon public opinion, commensurate with its numbers and

the intrinsic value of its principles. To bring about a state of affairs in which it should do so, was the consistent effort of his religious life. Writing to Dr. Bolles in March, 1828, he says, "The time for more vigorous action and benevolence, than has hitherto characterized our denominational career, has indeed come. * * * When I look over the map of the world, then read the Saviour's command—'Preach the Gospel to every creature—and then think of the number and wealth of American Baptists, I am constrained to say we have done nothing! nothing, compared with what we ought to have done. * * * What cannot be accomplished in one day, must be attempted in another. Each little fountain must be induced to send forth its rill, and each rill carefully conducted to the general reservoir, and then with God's gracious aid we can and must do. 'The time is short.' Who dare stand idle all the day?"

This controlling thought of the shortness of the time and the vastness of the work to be accomplished, forbid him ever to be idle.

Let the present position of Baptists in the United States, clearly occupying no mean place in the van of the Christian army, in all benevolent effort and successfully prosecuting the most extensive enterprises for the evangelization of the world, attest the value of his services, and the wisdom of his combinations. For more than thirty years second to none in the influence he exercised over the denomination, he labored to perfect all the details of the system, the workings of which have had such honorable and beneficial results.

It is remarkable, that whilst meditating such extensive designs, and engaged in such constant executive labor, he never neglected, or subordinated to anything, however great or far-reaching, his business and duty as the pastor of a church. He not only preached

constantly, but often almost daily to his flock, and like a true shepherd, was acquainted with the state and character of all who composed it. He was their companion, adviser, and friend. It was a part of that true system he aimed to develop in every quarter of the globe. Every Missionary, Sunday-school, Tract, Education, and Bible Society, was, in his eyes, only a means for founding independent and happy churches. They were the seed to be sown, and watered with care, looking to God for the increase. The further that seed could be scattered, the wider it could be sown, the better. But as the ultimate object was the founding of happy churches, churches built up in their most holy faith, after the primitive and apostolic model, the corner-stone, the foundation of the great building, must be happy, united, faithful, and and faithfully ministered to churches at home. Therefore, he watched with a jealous and sleepless care, the state and character of his own particular charge, and went in and out before them daily, to minister the Word of life.

The germ of associated effort already existed in 1813. Judson, Cary, and Rice, had written to Drs. Baldwin, Staughton, and others, urging the formation of a Baptist Missionary Society, and the result of their urgent solicitations was the formation of the "Baptist Society for propagating the Gospel in India, and other foreign parts."

On the 18th of May, in the following year, a meeting of pastors of Baptist churches from various parts of the Union, assembled in Philadelphia. Their purpose, as appears by their minutes, was "To organize a plan for eliciting, combining, and directing the energies of the whole denomination in one sacred effort, for sending the glad-tidings of salvation to the heathen, and nations destitute of pure Gospel light." This meeting resulted

in the organization of the Baptist Triennial Convention in 1814; a body which continued to grow in weight and importance, and the labors of which were singularly blessed for many subsequent years.

Mr. Cone was not a member of the body at its organization, but in 1817, almost at the very outset of his career as a preacher, he was elected a member of the Board of Managers, and from that day until his death, he held some important office in the institution.

He seized eagerly upon this opening; he recognized the power and beauty of the plan which might be carried out, and devoted his best energies to its accomplishment.

In less than two years after his coming to Oliver street, by his preaching, and conversation in pastoral visits, he excited the attention and enlisted the sympathies of a majority of the church in the cause of missions, as he had previously done in Alexandria. The effect was very soon apparent, and on the 17th of October, 1825, the Oliver street Baptist Foreign Mission Society was regularly organized by the adoption of a constitution, and the election of Thomas Garniss, president, Leonard Bleecker, vice; Spencer H. Cone, secretary, and Joshua Gilbert, treasurer. Into what the society grew, and the extent of the contributions of that church, under the influence of his ministry, to the benevolent efforts of the denomination, history has already recorded. It is perfectly fair to say that he raised during his ministry, and by his direct appeals to the hearts and consciences of Baptists, and by his unwearied exertions, more money for the cause of missions, education, Bibles, and every other form of benevolent effort, than any other pastor in the denomination.

CHAPTER XIII.

1823 to 1830.

IN 1824, he republished "The history of the Christian church, from the birth of Christ to the 18th century, including a very interesting account of the Waldenses and Albigenses, by William Jones of London—author of the Biblical Cyclopedia, etc." The enterprise was an unfortunate one. Rich in historical research as it was, and dear as it must ever be to Baptists from its clear and able vindication of the character of their churches in France and Piedmont, the sale failed to pay the expenses of the publication. Several causes concurred in this unhappy result. The work was issued in two volumes at the price of five dollars. It no sooner threatened to become popular and saleable, than cheap editions were issued, and the market entirely forestalled. Thus the book remained dead upon his hands, and the expenses of publication involved him for many years in pecuniary embarrassments, which straitened his means painfully, and filled his mind with constant and harassing anxiety. He was as constantly consoled, however, by the idea that, although he suffered, others reaped good fruit, and the work of the Lord was magnified; since the cheap editions, which destroyed his chances of remuneration as an editor and publisher, disseminated, even more widely than he could have hoped to do, a correct history of the denomination, and spread their story who

“Kept the faith so pure of old,
When all our fathers worshipped stocks and stones;
Who were God’s sheep, and in their ancient fold
Slain by the bloody Piedmontese, that rolled
Mother with infant down the rocks.”

Disappointment, however, never long oppressed his elastic spirit. He strove very earnestly to do everything with an eye single to the glory of God; and having done his best manfully and prayerfully, he left all the result with God. All, every part and particle he left there. He was accustomed to say, that all that was given us to keep or work with, was to be used after the best wisdom of this world, and the best light Heaven would give us in answer to humble and hopeful prayer; but the future, God alone knew it, and with Him it was safe. It was a happiness with him, to have a trust in God which never wavered. He could never be pushed, by any circumstance of misfortune or disappointment, to take a gloomy or doubting view of the future. “Children,” he would say, “I know in whom I have believed, and He is able to keep all that I have committed to Him; and if I have kept anything back from Him, I pray for pardon; I pray that it may be taken from me. I own nothing; I am nothing, only as my Lord and Master condescends to use me. He will help me to do all the work He has for me to do in this world, and when that is done, He will take me home.” Often his own family, with pardonable affection for himself, wished him a little of that worldly wisdom, the principal ingredient of which is selfishness, but he could never learn it. When a great object was to be compassed, he was wonderfully astute, and seemed to “Know all qualities of human dealings,” and human beings, “with a learned spirit;” hardly ever failing, almost at a glance, to take in the character or calibre of any man, great or

small, with whom he had to do. But in any matter of mere personal concern, he was as innocent and unsuspecting as a child. He never believed any one meant to wrong, or hurt him, until the conviction was forced upon his mind by some act, or series of acts, not to be explained on any kind or generous hypothesis. And if you could show him that all the world was against him, and eager to do its worst, it never disturbed the serenity of his confidence in God's protection. To matters of worldly concern he could seldom be aroused. He disliked thinking of them. They interfered with better thoughts. And when driven for a moment to consider them, he always broke away with the exclamation, "Ah, well, Providence knows better what we need than we do ourselves. Providence will take care of us all. We'll leave it there." And in a second he would forget all about it, no matter how grave, and go away into his own region of plans and purposes for sending out missionaries, or making Bibles.

He was simply the most enviable man of his time, for no man or circumstance could ever keep him long enough thinking of himself to grow a whit discontented. "Heart within, and God o'erhead," was his principle; and always to be doing something in his Master's work, his habit. There he found an instant refuge and shelter from every storm of fortune.

Much of this character of mind resulted from his experience in his mother's family. The gracious Providence which had fed them in time of great dearth, and raised up good friends in strange places; and then had gathered them all, as it were, into a little household church of one faith, where the interchange of fraternal and filial affection was hallowed by the presence among them of their elder Brother and Saviour, put away a

worldly temper of the mind, and fostered a heavenly one.

So, writing to his dear sisters after their mother had gone away to the better land, he says—"Our family has been highly favored of the Lord, and for those who have gone before, we are permitted to say with Paul, 'We sorrow not as those who have no hope.' We have reason to believe that they have gone to that land of promise, where parting is no more, and where sin and misery shall never for a moment be permitted to intrude. To enter that land will be happiness enough for men of mortal mould, under any circumstances; but there is unquestionably, *while we are here*, great comfort in contemplating the religion of Christ as a family concern; in looking upon parents, and brothers, and sisters, in the flesh, 'as heirs together of the grace of life.' When those who are thus bound together by the ties of nature are also lovers of our Lord Jesus Christ in sincerity and truth, it gives to friendship its holiest feature, its tenderest chord, its most permanent character. If this world be indeed a wilderness, without *friendship*—if an infidel philosopher could say, 'Banish me where you please, only let my *friend* go with me, and I'm content—' oh, how unspeakably glorious that flame of *heavenly love* which leads us, like favored John, to recline our heads upon the bosom of that *Friend* who sticketh closer than a brother—which imparts to us one common salvation—directs us to the same altar—animates us with the same prospects, and makes us, even on earth, helpers of each other's faith, and hope, and peace, and joy.

"Oh, for this love, let rocks and hills,
Their lasting silence break;
And all harmonious human tongues,
The Saviour's praises speak!"

“There is, perhaps, no point in this world when *family* religion affords such soul-thrilling consolation, as when death is approaching. The separation of beloved friends will be painful, it is true—tears will flow. At the grave of Lazarus, ‘Jesus wept.’ But these tears are soon wiped away with the reflection—‘they are not dead, but gone before! We shall soon meet again, where there is no death, and where not an inhabitant shall ever say, ‘I am sick.’”

“‘The Christian’s soul death cannot reach,
Nor rend from Christ away;
Though o’er the mouldering dust it boasts
The triumph of a day!’”

“But are we called to part without a hope in Christ? Oh! what dying looks! they seem to say—farewell for ever! We must not meet again! From such a *family scene*, O Lord, preserve us ever.

“We have entered upon a new year (1827), and it is the fashion here to say, ‘many happy returns of it.’ Our years whether *few* or *many*, if they be only spent in the service of the best of Masters, we may bid them speed their flight.

“‘By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still we are guarded by our God;
The opening year his mercy shows,
May mercy crown it till it close.’”

About this time he also published a small work called the “Backslider.” The sale, we believe, very nearly covered the cost of the production.

After his settlement in Oliver street, Mr. Williams’s health and strength continued gradually failing, and on the 22d of May, 1825, he was gathered home. Among

Mr. Cone's papers we find a slip containing the following memoranda :

“ John Williams born at Plasllecheiddior, a farm which had for many generations been the homestead of his family, Carnarvonshire, North Wales. Early exercised about divine things. In the 19th year of his age made public profession among the Independents, and joined the church under the pastoral care of Dr. Lewis, of whose ministry he always spoke in terms of the highest commendation. His mind soon troubled concerning Baptism ; 1 Cor. xv. 29 staggered him. Dr. Lewis confessed it had some reference to burial and resurrection. All this resulted in his being baptized, in the 21st year of his age, and uniting with the Baptist church of Horeb, Carnarvonshire. This church, consisting of one hundred and forty members, called him to take charge of them. He consented, and travelled and collected enough to build two meeting-houses for the church. July 25th, 1795, landed in New York. Preached in Welch about one year. Afterwards part in Welch and part in English.

“ April, 1797—visited Pennsylvania.

“ August 28th, 1798. At their unanimous request, became a member, and accepted pastoral care of the church in Fayette street, now Oliver street, having previously preached nine months on trial.

“ Thirty names on church-book. Ten had removed—only twenty living in New York. Meeting-house thirty feet square—benches—no galleries.

“ January, 1799—pews substituted and gallery raised.

“ August 4th. Thomas Hewitt baptized.

“ October 29th. John Cauldwell and wife received.

“ 1800. Meeting-house enlarged to 60 by 43 feet.

“ 1801. June 1st, John Withington and wife received.

“ 1819. Meeting-house rebuilt, 64 by 94 feet.

“Present number of members (182-) 580.

“Baptized near 600.”

The same paper contains also the following heads of the funeral discourse preached by him at Mr. William's death. We copy it, as it appears to have been the only occasion upon which he deviated from his usual practice of carrying his notes in his head, and put a skeleton upon paper. The paper, we believe, was not carried into the pulpit. He was evidently impressed with it as being a momentous epoch in his experience as a preacher.

“Faithful servant depart in peace. Lord now lettest Thou.”—Luke ii. 29.

“Occasion of the discourse.—The death of Elder Jno. Williams. Opposed to funeral discourses generally—this a proper exception. Promise to Simeon fulfilled. ‘Lettest Thou.’ A prayer expressing great desire to be with Christ, or ‘Thou lettest.’ God is faithful to His Word. My work is done. I have seen Thy salvation. Thou dost release me from earth according to thy Word.

“Division of discourse.—1. Character of a servant. 2. Privilege of a servant.

“All by nature servants of sin : by Grace made servants of Christ.

“1. Bought with a price. 2. Clothed upon with his righteousness. 3. Reconciled to His service. 4. Fed by His bread. 5. Obedient to His law. 6. Do His work. A faithful servant. An humble servant. An affectionate servant. A successful servant.

“Privileges:—

“1. To be at peace with God. 2. To preach peace through Christ. 3. To make peace in Zion. 4. To enjoy peace of soul. 5. To depart in peace!”

From the day of his settlement in New York, he

entered with increasing zeal upon a scene of varied and multiplied duties, which nothing but a remarkable physical constitution, and the best habits of business regularity and order, could enable a single man to accomplish. Seizing the laboring oar in every benevolent society, with which he became connected, and few were absent from his list, he put all his strength to it, and pulled with equal alacrity, in storm and sunshine, whether upon a summer sea, or when the waves ran mountain high. He never seemed to feel fatigued, or desirous of an hour's rest. Idleness was impossible. He rarely sat down, even in the house. He coned over and arranged in his mind, sermon, lecture, or address, as he walked along the street, turning it over and over with himself, sometimes mentally, sometimes half audibly, unconscious of where he was, and totally abstracted from all that was going on about him. Thus he was never unprepared, and no emergency could take him at a disadvantage. Knowledge drawn from books, observation, conversation, principles, objects, were all clearly defined and laid down in his mind as in a book, and the moment the occasion demanded it, he simply rose and read, as it were, a chapter long digested and arranged. Circumstances of public excitement merely warmed his mind to a poetic coloring, and added strength of expression. Facts, dates, anecdote, principles were all set in order and ready beforehand. The certainty and usefulness of this system of mental training will appear, from a little sketch of his advice to young preachers with which we have been favored, and which will form the subject of another chapter. About this time the Lord had in store for him an additional trial. His only brother Joseph fell ill. The malady which had already made such havoc in the family, appeared to have selected, in him, another victim.

Nov. 25th, 1830.—Mr. Cone writes to their sisters, “I wrote to Joseph by Brother Gray. An hour ago I had the comfort of conversing with Brother Wilson, who saw him on Wednesday evening. He tells me that the physicians entertain but little hope of his recovery, but Brother Wilson thinks he is by no means so low as he was himself last spring; and is under the impression that a trip to the South might be greatly beneficial. Brother Wilson expects to leave here about the 10th of December, and wishes Joseph to accompany him.

“It is very difficult for me to leave home. Every day brings with it a press of business, from which I can only retire when necessity compels. I hope Joseph may be spared a little longer, if it be the Master’s will, and if a journey to the South be deemed advisable, I will endeavor to make a way for the experiment. May the Lord prepare us for what may yet await us in Providence. Our way has already been somewhat rough to our feet, and it is more than probable that additional troubles will be necessary to wean us from earth. May we find it good to be afflicted.”

Joseph was his only brother, and much younger than himself. He had given him a sterling education, and had intended to fit him for some one of the learned professions; but an early passion for art frustrated the design.

His taste for art turned his mind towards engraving as the readiest means of at once satisfying a passion, and earning a living. It was found useless to oppose him and he became an engraver. He settled in Baltimore, after he entered upon his profession, and married there Miss Mary Ann Diffendaffer. Two sons and four daughters were the fruit of their union.

He was happily converted, and joined the Baptist church in Philadelphia before his brother Spencer. The

brothers possessed a good deal of similarity. His manners were mild and pleasing, and his general reading and information large and elegant. His gentle disposition, and quiet humor made him a delightful companion, and much sought after in society. Some time after his settlement in Baltimore the church licensed him to preach, and his talents as a public speaker were of a high order. His brother's greatness in that way, however, always acted as a check upon him, and indisposed him to frequent effort. He referred his holding back to a thousand causes, and persuaded himself that they were a sufficient excuse, but it was evident that dissatisfaction with his own efforts was the real reason. Endowed with a mind essentially artistic, he admired his brother's larger capacities enthusiastically, and by comparison criticised his own too closely. He often told a pleasant anecdote of his experience as a preacher in Virginia. Making a tour through that State, for the sake of his health, which had been threatened by serious dyspeptic symptoms, the result of too close application to the graver, he went armed with letters of introduction from his brother to the principal people of the denomination. He announced his name, and was received with open arms. Presented his letters—they were read, and the recipients grasping his hand with more than common warmth of hospitality, as if to make up for their words, usually said—"Mr. Joseph Cone, we're very glad to see you amongst us; but we wish it had been Spencer!"—Joseph's eyes would twinkle with fun as he told it, and he vowed Spencer should never write him another set of introductory letters.

Joseph Cone spent the winter of 1829 in South Carolina. Writing from Charleston, he says, "Brother Manly urges me strongly to give myself wholly to the ministry, and be in Charleston the second Lord's-day

in December, when the State Convention will be held, and when I shall probably be directed at once into some interesting field of labor. Among other destitute churches, he mentions that of Columbia. Weak as I am, the Lord still holds me up to do a hard day's work. As a preacher of the Gospel I do not at present feel it my duty to go to one place more than another. The only question, therefore, that requires an answer is this: Does my health demand a change of climate? Were my desires to promote the Redeemer's kingdom among men (alas! how faint and few), much stronger and more frequent than they are, I should doubtless, while confined to secular affairs, feel more unhappy than I do. But I am yet far from being convinced that I would be justified in entirely abandoning them. I beg you, however, to try and submit the case to your own judgment—apart from what appear to be my convictions of duty. If you say go, I'll go willingly and cheerfully, in the humble hope that the presence of the Lord will go with me, and that I shall find, by happy experience, that 'He giveth power to the faint, and to them that have no might He increaseth strength.' ”

Providence, however, had appointed him an early release from the cares of earth. He never had an opportunity of dedicating himself wholly to the preaching of the Gospel. His health grew very rapidly feebler; and in the latter part of 1830, he sailed from New York to St. Augustine, to try the possible benefit of that mild and salubrious climate. He was accompanied by James Wilson, one of the deacons of Oliver street church, whose kind and constant care consoled him to the last. The disease was not to be stayed; it had struck home, and he expired on the 4th of January, 1831. His last hours were happy and peaceful. He went home full

of joy at his release from pain ; and his dust mingles with its kindred dust in the city of St. Augustine.

His loss was a severe one to his brother ; an irreparable one to his family. In the mysterious providence of God, he was taken away at the very moment when a sense of duty had conquered his natural disinclination to public life, and he had resolved to dedicate his talents wholly to the ministry, for which they so eminently qualified him.

CHAPTER XIV.

1830 to 1841.

THE character and influence of the "Baptist General Convention of the United States" is a matter of history. It was the first General Congress or representative body of the denomination in America, both in point of organization and influence. It gave form and shape to the efforts of the whole denomination at home and abroad, and from the period of its inception in 1814, to its dissolution in 1845, exercised a powerful influence for good, in connection with every benevolent enterprise which appealed to the principles and sympathies of Baptists.

Mr. Cone was elected a member of its board of managers, at its second session in 1817, and both in its deliberations, and executive action, continued to take a leading and active part as long as it existed. In the interim between the Triennial sessions of the parent body, an executive Board conducted its business. That Board not being located where Mr. Cone resided, he communicated to them his views, principally, by letter. After the separation in 1845, a Missionary Convention was formed at the South, and a Missionary Union at the North. Mr. Cone's location in New York, made it in his opinion necessary and wise that he should continue to act with the Northern organization. Through the kindness of Dr. Stow, we have been favored with the file of his letters to the acting Board at Boston, from 1827 to 1849.

In 1832 he was elected president of the Convention, and continued to be re-elected until positively refusing the honor. During the nine years in which he presided over the deliberations of that body, it very generally and satisfactorily represented the Baptist Denomination of the United States. Its deliberations were marked by great dignity of tone, and harmony of design and feeling. His ability, as a presiding officer, in the management of a deliberative body, is conceded to have greatly conduced to this harmonious action, and the Christian union of sentiment which marked its sessions. His labors, however, did not end with the termination of its triennial sessions. In these interims his peculiar force and efficiency as an executive officer, made itself felt wherever the influence of the Convention extended. Whilst discharging, with unintermitting activity, his duties as the pastor of a church, scarcely a day passed without his communicating either with the acting board or some of the numerous missionaries laboring under its patronage in the home and foreign field. Judson, Kincaid, McCoy—nearly all the missionaries, indeed, kept up a constant and intimate correspondence with him. With the most of them he was personally acquainted, and they felt that they had in him a dispassionate, careful, and consistent friend. But whether personally acquainted or not, all knew him as president of the Convention which sustained them, and deeply interested in everything connected with their efforts and labors to spread the Gospel in foreign lands. The majority of the letters received by him from the missionaries—indeed, almost all which contained any matter of general interest or information, he published during his lifetime, and circulated as widely as possible, for the purpose of fostering everywhere the spirit of Missions, by keeping up a constant and lively interest

in the several missionaries and the stations occupied by them. He acted always upon the principle of an outspoken frankness ; as he says in a letter to Dr. Peck, May 24th, 1848—after detailing his reasons for desiring the French mission to be vigorously prosecuted, “ These are part of the things I have said to Brother Devan, whom I dearly love in the Lord. I tell them to you, because I have no *secret opinions*, or *private ends* to answer in the things of the kingdom.”

Whilst residing in Virginia, he became personally acquainted with Ann Hazeltine Judson, on the occasion of her visit to the United States. During all his after life, he spoke of her in terms of the warmest admiration. Words, indeed, seemed to him weak to express his appreciation of her worth as a woman, a wife, and a missionary of the Cross.

In 1841, the Convention met in Baltimore. At that meeting he stated that, having been honored for nine years past, with the appointment of president of that body, he desired, for *weighty* and *important* reasons, to decline a re-election. Many endeavored to persuade him to reconsider his decision, but he persisted in it.

In a letter to Dr. Bolles, dated April 15th, 1841, he says : “ As I told Brother Lincoln, it is my ardent desire to decline re-election as president of the Convention, and you will please ascertain whether Brother Sharp and the Acting Board approve such a course ; nothing would induce me to occupy that distinguished position but your sober, preconceived, and settled opinion that the cause of Missions would be benefited thereby. For that cause I am willing to sacrifice feeling and forego my own pleasure. But my private judgment decided three years ago in favor of a president from the South ; and I should *then* have adopted the course *now* proposed,

but that you, and Peck, and Babcock, and Bennett, and several others to whom it was mentioned, insisted upon my not saying a word, but leaving the matter in the hands of the Convention."

He accordingly resigned, and Rev. William B. Johnson, of South Carolina, was elected in his place.

That Mr. Cone's resignation did not ultimately conduce to a continuation of their union, events unhappily demonstrated.

On this point, the evidence of Rev. J. B. Jeter, of Richmond, Va., incidentally given in a letter to us, dated January, 29th 1856, throws some light. "My acquaintance with him," he says, "did not commence until several years after his removal from the State; and I never enjoyed the pleasure of seeing him, except at our larger denominational meetings, where our intercourse was mostly official and public. He visited this city several times after my personal knowledge of him began. Once to attend the meeting of the Baptist Triennial Convention, and on other occasions as a representative of the American and Foreign Bible Society, at our Virginia Baptist Anniversaries. His presence here was always hailed with delight. No preacher could draw a larger congregation in Richmond than he could. The largest house of worship could not, under favorable circumstances, contain the crowds that flocked to hear him. Several causes contributed to increase his popularity as a preacher. Independent of the evangelical matter of his sermons, and the sprightly, earnest, and impressive manner of their delivery, a manner well suited to the Virginian taste, the circumstance that he once resided south of the Potomac, that he had uniformly cherished a fraternal feeling towards the Baptists of the South, and that he occupied a prominent position

in the churches of the commercial metropolis of the nation, served to heighten the interest with which his ministrations were received.

“It was, however, in my judgment, as a *platform speaker* that he mostly excelled. He eminently possessed that self control, quickness of conception, readiness of speech, gracefulness of manner, and firmness of purpose which, in extempore debate, made him a powerful opponent, and gave him a controlling influence in popular assemblies.

“Some of his speeches I remember as rare specimens of eloquent and forcible discussion.

“His qualifications as a presiding officer in deliberative bodies are well known. His acquaintance with parliamentary rules; his promptness, firmness, and urbanity, aided by the clearness of his voice, and the venerableness of his appearance, rendered him the most efficient chairman that I have ever known.

“On the sectional questions that unfortunately agitated the Baptist denomination, he uniformly pursued a prudent and conservative course. He acted upon the principle, frequently asserted by the venerable Father Bennet, that, ‘*Mason and Dixon’s line does not run through the Kingdom of Jesus Christ.*’ Had the Baptists generally been actuated by the spirit of Dr. Cone, and pursued his candid and conciliating course, nothing could have occurred to disturb the harmony, or paralyze the labors of the denomination of which he was so distinguished an ornament. It cannot be surprising, in view of these considerations, that he should have acquired and maintained a strong hold on the confidence and affections of the Baptists in the South. His recommendation gave to any man a ready access to their regards and hospitality. His name carried an influence among them which was accorded to few others. No man, not residing in the

South, was better known to them, or more highly appreciated by them; nor was there one whose opinions commanded more respect.

“It was my fortune to differ from him on several questions of expediency, but these differences did not diminish the high regard in which I held him. I have often said, and now take pleasure in saying, after all the causes of difference are buried in his tomb, and a calm retrospection of the events of the past thirty years, that no man within that period, has occupied a more prominent place, wielded a mightier influence, or established a higher claim to grateful homage, in the Baptist denomination than he. I venerate him for his principles, his talents, his labors, his usefulness.”

On the 11th of February, 1840, his third sister, Martha, died of consumption. She was a woman of very peculiar mind. An earnest and devoted Christian, she was possessed of almost masculine energy and spirit. Her understanding was strong, and her ideas of duty particularly clear and energetic. After her brother's removal from Philadelphia, she was the mainstay of the family, and looked up to as guide and counsellor in all the affairs of daily life. As a member of Sansom street church, she was one of the “honorable women,” in the cause of Christian effort and benevolence. Like her brother, rest or inaction were impossible to her, and it is undoubtedly owing to that energetic quality of her mind, her mental vitality, if we may use the expression, that she was enabled to struggle for years against the disease to which she finally succumbed.

Martha was very dear, not only to her brother, but to all his family. She was a frequent guest with them in New York; and being greatly gifted in conversation, and combining much sweetness of disposition with a directness of purpose and force of character, which

made itself felt on all around her, her death was felt as no common bereavement.

In the year 1841 he also resigned the charge of the church in Oliver street. Many of the members he had found there were from the Old World. They never cordially embraced the strict Baptist doctrines which he preached, nor thoroughly sympathized with his strong and strongly-expressed Americanism. From these and a variety of causes, he became unhappy in his pastoral relations to that church, and on the 21st of April, 1841, sent in his letter of resignation. This letter, which is dated April 21st, 1841, begins as follows:—"To the brethren and sisters composing the Oliver street Baptist church, New York. Beloved in the Lord—my heart indites this letter, with emotions of tenderness which a pastor only can feel. Many of you are my joy and my crown; so stand fast in the Lord my dearly-beloved! that whether, as heretofore, I should see your faces stately in the sanctuary, or not, I may at least hear of your state, and know that the Gospel of the Grace of God which I have preached to you, has not been in vain in the Lord.

"After laboring among you for eighteen years, with such mental and physical energies as have been bestowed upon me by the Saviour of sinners, I am constrained to resign my pastoral charge: and in doing this; first of all, I would render unfeigned and heartfelt thanks to the Father of lights, for the souls He has given me for my hire, and for the measure of success vouchsafed in building up the Saints on their most holy faith. * * * * *

"And to those who are attached to me as a Christian; who have never been ashamed of the Gospel I have preached, but have stood by me in the time of trial, in the midst of all the charms of new men and new

measures; who have ministered to my support with a ready mind, and whose prayers and alms have gone up together before the throne; to such, language has no words adequately to express the depth of my enduring affection. May God Almighty bless you in all your outgoings and incomings, in your basket and store, in your bodies and spirits, for time and for eternity.

“For those who may wish still to sit under my ministry, an opportunity, I trust, in the all wise Providence of God, will be afforded; and to point them to the Lamb of God, whose blood cleanseth from all sin, will give me great delight. Such as remain in Oliver street, whether from the ties of blood; the persuasion of friends; the size, or wealth, or respectability of the church; the associations of by-gone years, or from a sense of duty to aid in sustaining our cause in that portion of the city; upon them I do fervently implore the rich blessing of Joseph, until the branches shall run over the wall.” * * *

The letter proceeds to state, at considerable length, the reasons which have brought him to believe that the term of his usefulness amongst them has arrived. It also enters into a consideration of the state of the first Baptist church, the call of which he has accepted, and the reasons which have induced him to think that duty required him to accept that call. The letter then closes with the following sentence:—“The Gospel I have preached to you, is the Gospel of peace and love! Farewell! and through the riches of superabounding grace, may we all at last meet in a better country, where there is no selfishness, but where we shall love our neighbor as we love ourselves! Even so Lord Jesus.”

In a letter to Dr. Dagg, under date of August 16th, 1841—he refers to his resignation of the pastoral charge of Oliver street church; his acceptance of the call of

the first church; and also to the results of the meeting of the Convention at Baltimore.

“Your kind letter,” he says, “was received before the meeting of the General Convention, and I was much disappointed in not seeing you in Baltimore, upon an occasion so vitally connected with the benevolent efforts of our denomination. That you lacked ‘influence’ either with the South or the North, I cannot, for a moment, admit, for I know of no one whose voice would have commanded more respect in our anxious and important session; but you had, no doubt, many other considerations than the one named to keep you at home. The Lord, I believe, was in our midst, and to Him belongs all the glory of whatever sentiments of kindness, benevolence, and union, it was our happiness to witness, and few of us, I trust, but felt, and will long remember, that *He* was better to us than our fears, and infinitely better than our deserts.

“In the paper submitted to the Southern brethren, in Baltimore, you have my views of church fellowship, and I was gratified that it was so generally and cordially signed by those present. It contributed somewhat, I think, to produce in all minds, a determination to attend to the appropriate missionary and Bible business that called us together, and not to suffer any irrelevant matter to be introduced, even in the shape of a commendatory resolution. To a strict adherence to this determination I ascribe, under God, the delightful general results of our Baltimore meetings.

“Upon the whole, I am decidedly of the opinion that we shall continue to act as a denomination, in Bible and missionary operations, through our present organizations, at least till the next Triennial Convention, and I hope a great many years longer; and for this we must not only hope, but labor, and watch, and pray.

“I have resigned, as you have seen, the charge of Oliver street church, and become the pastor of the First church, New York. Many causes conspired to induce this change. I was not very happy in Oliver street, and did not find myself as useful as I wished to be, so I had determined in my own mind to change my position when the First Church gave me an unanimous call, and offered to build in the centre of the city such a house as I pleased, with offices for Bible and Mission societies, rent free, &c. In all which I have recognized the finger of Divine Providence, and have entered upon my new sphere of labor with confidence and comfort, and believe it will result in the advancement of the cause in New York more than anything which has been attempted there by any of the churches, in the way of benevolent enterprise, for many years. Let me not want your prayers, for I feel that I have undertaken a great work, which cannot be successfully prosecuted without help from above. ‘Help, Lord! for vain is the help of man.’

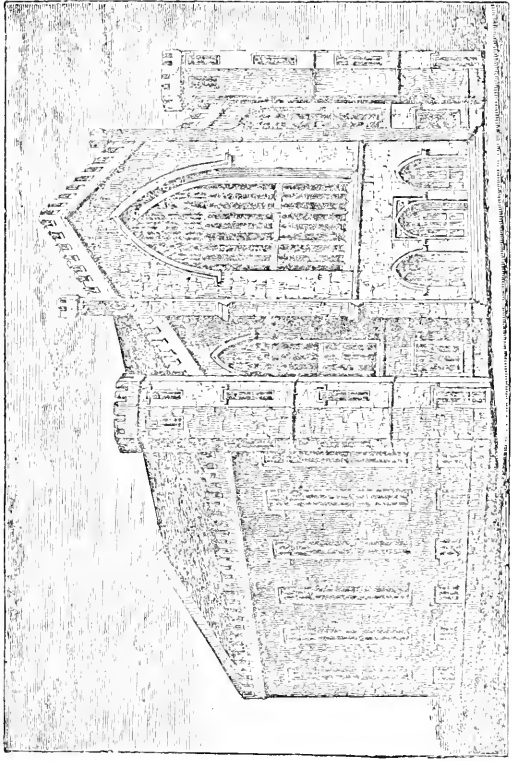
“I have read your tract upon John iii. 5, with much interest, but still think the allusion is to baptism. ‘To be born of water’ is a figure, exhibiting *water* as the *womb* out of which the individual is *born*; and teaching “the washing of the believer in the blood of Christ.’ I do not see at all the dilemma that ‘Baptism, must on this interpretation, be essential to salvation.” Baptism is not mentioned here—it is only alluded to as furnishing a *figure* of our salvation. To be born of *water* and *spirit* are different things; the first I suppose to mean ‘washed in the blood of Christ,’ the latter ‘renewed by the Spirit.’ Both are *necessary* to our salvation. 1 Cor. vi. 11. Eph. v. 46. 1 Pet. i. 22. Rev. i. 5.”

In a letter to Reverend J. W. Sarles he also speaks of

the change from Oliver street to the First church, as follows :

“ As you say it was, indeed, strange that after more than eighteen years’ pastoral toil and continued mental effort in Oliver street, my connection should be dissolved, and the charge of another church in the same city be accepted. But matters and things have been moving towards this point for years, and my peace of mind became so seriously invaded as to interfere with my comfort in preaching, and I determined, more than twelve months ago, to change my position, as soon as the Lord should open for me a door in Providence where I might enter and be useful. This He has kindly and most manifestly done, and I have never felt so much *at home* during my residence in New York as at the present time. The First Church, of which I am now pastor, is comparatively small, but sound in the faith, and united and harmonious in action. One strong inducement to accept the oversight of them you may see in their generous determination to build such a house in the centre of the city, as would meet my views of the wants of the denomination; connected with commodious offices for the Bible and Missionary operations in which we are engaged, *rent free*. This was an object of great importance, and I have reason to hope, through the Divine blessing on my feeble instrumentality, will be speedily accomplished.

The enterprise in which I thus find myself engaged at 56 years of age is a bold one, and must be attended with much anxiety, and prayer, and effort, before it can be conducted to a successful termination; at least so far as paying for the house and filling it with a congregation of attentive hearers are concerned; but if God be for us, it will all be well, and His name shall have all the glory; and for this *you will not cease to pray!*”



LORRING M. WTSO

MEETING HOUSE OF THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH, NEW-Y. R.K.

LEFEVRE, ARCHT

CHAPTER XV.

THE FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH IN THE CITY OF NEW YORK.

“NEW YORK, *March 29th*, 1841.

“THE First Baptist Church in the city of New York, to our well-beloved Brother in the ministry, Elder Spencer H. Cone, sendeth greeting :

“It is known and read of all men, that the First Baptist Church in this city has long and earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints. Under the ministration of our late pastor, we have been indoctrinated into the truth as it is in the Gospel of the grace of God, and led by the Holy Spirit, as we trust, to embrace and love it. But after years of great usefulness in our midst, he has in the providence of God been induced to leave us, and consequently we are without an under-shepherd.

“Since the date of his resignation, earnest, and we may say unceasing, prayer has ascended to our dear Master, that He would kindly regard us in this our time of destitution, and (though with shame and confusion of face we have great reason to mourn over our lukewarmness in the cause), we continue to implore Him, that He will not remove our candlestick, but that He will send us one to minister to us, whose labors He will delight to own and bless.

“But we have so learned Christ that the fatness of our souls would wax lean were we compelled to feed on the husks of doctrine which are now-a-days held forth to our guilty race. And we are therefore doubly

anxious that the words of faith and good doctrine, wherennto we have attained by sovereign grace, shall ever be preached from our desk in the same purity with which we were led to receive them. This enhances the difficulty of selecting a suitable watchman for this wall of Zion, and serves to make us feel how completely dependent upon the guidance of our Heavenly Father we are in this matter, and yet we are willing, nay even rejoice to submit our difficulties to Him who has graven us on the palms of His hands.

“While, therefore, we, as a church, have devoted specific seasons of prayer for Divine direction in this weighty matter, a committee of three were appointed to select and recommend a suitable person to undertake the pastoral charge of the First Baptist Church—a man who should have so learned Christ, that from the heart he might teach that form of doctrine which the Holy Spirit has delivered unto us, and which is set forth in the accompanying summary of our faith. This committee, after mature and prayerful deliberations, have *unanimously* recommended that the beloved elder Spencer H. Cone be invited to fulfill the duties of that station. This church has *unanimously* adopted their recommendation, and by a vote of that body the present call was directed to be made, with the hope that our Lord will incline your heart to accept our invitation, and come over and help us.

“Our Heavenly Father in His wisdom has seen fit within a few years past, to allow, not only a considerable diminution of our numbers, but also that a heavy load of pecuniary obligation should rest upon us; yet with all these troubles we are a united band, having but one single object in view; viz., the declarative glory of our beloved Master. But the church feels that for the attainment of that object, she greatly needs the regular and stated

labors of one of the under-shepherds of the Lord to go in and out before her to minister to her in holy things. For this end, the eyes of the First Baptist Church are fixed upon you, our beloved brother, and she stands ready to welcome you with open arms to the work.

“The services she seeks from you, are ministrations in the public sanctuary twice every Lord’s day, and on two evenings in every week, as well as the performance of those other pastoral duties which the faithful oversight of the flock may require at your hands. And as we deem that he who preaches the Gospel should live of the Gospel, the church will endeavor to relieve your mind of all your pecuniary troubles by the payment of twenty-five hundred dollars per annum. We would also have it mutually understood, that unless death or some other severe stroke of Providence intervene, the connection which this church wishes to establish between yourself and her, shall cease only, when either yourself or the church shall have given six months’ notice of a desire to dissolve such connection.

“With a sincere desire, and earnest prayer that God will direct your mind to a favorable reception of this our Call, we remain,

“Yours in the patience of the kingdom.

“By order and in behalf of the church,

“SYLVESTER PIER, *Ch. Clerk.*”

“NEW YORK, *April 21st, 1841.*

“DEAR BRETHREN IN THE LORD: Your communication of March 22d, 1841, was duly received. I have perused it with care, and endeavored to spread it before the throne of grace for Divine direction.

“You have called me to the exercise of the pastoral office by a *unanimous vote*. This is truly gratifying to

my feelings, and, indeed, without such an expression of an entire cordiality, I could not have entertained your call.

“Your printed epitome of Scripture doctrines, the order of a gospel church, together with the duties and privileges of its members, I have been intimately acquainted with for years, and it gives me pleasure here to record my hearty approbation of them. To preach them to the people, faithfully and affectionately, for more than a quarter of a century, has been my untiring effort.

“The salary you propose, being the same as that paid by the church in Oliver street, is sufficient to sustain my family in a manner becoming the position in society both of Pastor and people, and at the same time allow me to make occasional contributions to the cause of benevolence, as obvious claims may demand. But money forms no part of my motive to action. I hope to live among those who will ever sympathize with me in sorrow or in joy; who will never look upon my trials, whatever they may be, with frigid indifference; and who will cheerfully co-operate with me in promoting the interests of Messiah’s Kingdom.

“Preaching twice on the Lord’s-day, and once or twice on week evenings, is as much as I deem profitable to those who wish to mark, learn, and inwardly digest what they hear, and quite as much as my physical and mental energies should stately encounter, in connection with other indispensable pastoral duties, and such epistolary, Missionary, and Bible labors, as must of necessity be performed.

“And now, brethren and sisters in Christ Jesus, the great, the single question has been, “Lord, what wilt *thou* have me to do?” I have thought upon the church and congregation in Oliver street, to whom I have preached for eighteen years, and have no reason to

expect ever to minister to a larger. Increase of emolument, diminution of responsibility, or decrease of avocation—I do not desire; they have not weighed a feather in the balance: yet after giving this momentous question all the consideration of which I am capable, *the path of duty*, which I know to be the only path of true happiness, usefulness, and safety, seems to be made plain, and I am induced unreservedly and heartily to accept your call, and become, if the Lord will, the pastor of the First Baptist Church in the city of New York.

“It is not necessary to recapitulate the considerations through the combined influence of which my mind has been conducted to this result. They may be summed up in one sentence. I hope by this step, with the blessing of Almighty God upon our *united efforts*, to extend and more permanently establish, in this great and wicked city, the doctrines and ordinances of the Lord: and to do this, we must build such a house as the circumstances of the Baptist denomination imperiously require; and give, and labor, and pray, until it shall be filled with spiritual worshippers. This is the noble enterprise which has secured my unqualified approbation, and the desire and hope of accomplishing it, in the name and in the strength of the Lord, have made me willing to leave those who have had the unabated vigor of my manhood to spend my last days with you. God grant that these last days may be my best days for your sake, and for His dear Son’s sake.

“It will be agreeable to the deacons and trustees of Oliver street church, as I learn from their sub-committee, that my resignation of the pastoral charge of the church should take effect from the last of June. If this arrangement meets the approbation of the church, you may expect me to take charge of your pulpit the first Lord’s-day of July next, and in the meantime I shall be

ready to aid your committee in procuring occasional supplies.

“The grace of our Lord Jesus Christ be with you all.

“In Gospel bonds, your affectionate brother,

“SPENCER II. CONE.”

“On the first of July, 1841, By the unanimous vote of the First Baptist Church in the city of New York, he took the oversight of that flock, which, from peculiar circumstances in its history, had been greatly reduced in numbers and influence. It has since been raised to a degree of prosperity and usefulness enjoyed by few churches even in this favored land.”—*New York Chronicle*, 1850.

A large number of his attached friends in Oliver street followed him to his new scene of labor, and the large and beautiful meeting-house in Broome street, built in the style called the Collegiate Gothic, hardly sufficed to hold the crowds which continued to hang upon his lips. It was a surprising thing to see such numbers of strangers always flocking to where he preached; for he indulged in no fine flights of fancy, or florid elegances of style. Nor did he mince matters with them. He preached to sinners, and the Cross of Christ was never forgotten. He preached the whole Gospel to them, with little care how much the fine skin of human vanity might be ruffled by it. Anthony, a very old colored member of Oliver street church, and time out of mind its sexton, used to get very tired of bringing the benches up out of the lecture-room to put in the aisles in Oliver street for the people to sit on when the pews were all packed, and go up and down the stairs grumbling: “I wish Brother Cone would preach in the Park; then, may-be, the people get ’commo-

dated." It was the same thing to the last. His preaching never seemed to pall upon the public ear.

The ensuing sketch of the history of the First Church, New York, was prepared by him for the New York Chronicle, in 1850. It seems proper to preserve it here, as that church was publicly and closely connected with some of the most important events of his life.

The first Baptist preaching in the city of New York of which we have any account, was by one Wm. Wickenden, of R. I., sometime previous to the year 1669: the results of which are not particularly known, except that Mr. W. was imprisoned several months for presuming to preach without a license from an officer of the crown. In 1712, Mr. Valentine Wightman came to the city from Groton, Connecticut, and preached with considerable success. In 1724, a church of twelve was organized, and Mr. Eyres became pastor. They purchased lots and built a house of worship in Gold street. But after about eight years' existence, the church, consisting then of twenty-four members, being left without a pastor, under great pecuniary difficulties, was disbanded. Mr. Eyres and his associates are reputed to have been *Arminians* in doctrine. The church, known as the First Baptist Church in the city of New York, originated in 1745, when Jeremiah Dodge, a member of the Fishkill Baptist Church, settled here, and opened his house for public worship. Elder Benjamin Miller, of New Jersey, preached here in that year, and baptized Joseph Meeks, who continued to be a valuable member of the First Church, until the 6th of October, 1782, when he died, aged 73 years. Robert North and a few others who had belonged to the Arminian Church, having learned the way of the Lord more perfectly, now united with brethren Dodge and Meeks to sustain the Baptist cause. Mr. John Pine, a licentiate of the Fishkill Church, preached for them till 1750, when he died. In 1747, the Scotchplains Church, New Jersey, was organized, and called elder Benjamin Miller to the pastoral office, and as there were but thirteen brethren and sisters in the city who agreed in their views of doctrine, it was deemed advisable to unite with that church in 1753, with the understanding that Brother Miller should preach in New York occasionally, and administer the Lord's Supper to them once in three months. His preaching was so acceptable, that those who wished to hear him could not be accommodated in a private dwelling; the church, therefore, hired a rigging-loft, in Cart and Horse street, now William street, where they stately assembled for public worship for several years.

As their numbers and resources increased, they purchased ground in Gold street, and erected a small meeting-house which was opened on the

14th March, 1760. In that year Brother John Gano, formerly pastor of Morristown Church, New Jersey, preached for them several times with great acceptance, and received a unanimous call to settle with them. He replied, that he must finish his engagement with the First Church, Philadelphia, where he was then preaching; and must spend three months afterwards with the Yadkin Baptist Church, North Carolina, whence he had been driven by the outrages of the Cherokee Indians, in 1759, and then he would be at liberty to accept their call. To this the church agreed, and continued to depend upon visiting brethren, to lead in public worship, until June 19th, 1762, when twenty-seven members from Scotch-plains, having previously received letters of dismission, were publicly recognized as an independent Gospel Church. Brethren Miller and Gano, conducted the religious exercises upon this interesting occasion; the latter was received into the fellowship of the church the same day, upon the credit of his letter of dismission from the Yadkin Church, and entered immediately upon his pastoral charge.

Many flocked together to hear him preach Christ crucified; in two or three years the number of members exceeded two hundred; the meeting-house was considerably enlarged, so as to measure fifty-two feet by forty-two, and was then too small for the congregation.

But the peace of the church was occasionally disturbed. Three ministers from England, at different times, endeavored to divide the church; they were Murray, Dawson, and Allen; the last of whom, especially, caused them sore trouble. Brother Gano wrote to England, "and obtained such an account of the man and his character at home," as destroyed his influence in New York, and he, soon after, removed from the city. The next difficulty, worthy of note, originated in a vote of the church to sing from hymn books, instead of giving out the lines, as had previously been the custom. This change gave so much offence, that *fourteen* took letters of dismission, and formed the Second Baptist Church, New York. The church, however, continued to increase in numbers and influence until the war of the Revolution, during which period, the members were everywhere scattered abroad. The ordinance of baptism was administered by the pastor, April 28th, 1776, and not again until September 4th, 1784.

John Gano was a firm patriot and a brave man. In the struggle for national existence and the establishment of civil and religious freedom, he could not but take an active part. He removed his family to Connecticut, but determined to remain in the city himself, until the enemy entered it. He was invited to become chaplain of the regiment commanded by Colonel Charles Webb, of Stamford, but declined the appointment. He, nevertheless, so far complied, as to visit the regiment every morning, and preach for them every Lord's day. Brother Gano continued with Colonel Webb's regiment until the period expired for which the

men had enlisted, and they returned to their homes. He took this opportunity to visit his family, where he found a letter awaiting him from Colonel Dubosques, then stationed at Fort Montgomery, on the North River. He immediately set out for the Colonel's quarters, and at the earnest solicitation of General James Clinton, with whom he there met, he accepted an appointment as chaplain, and continued in the service until the close of the war.

After the British evacuated New York, he returned to the city, and collected together "about thirty-seven members of the church out of above two hundred." The meeting-house, which was much disfigured, having been used as a store-house and stable for horses, was repaired; public worship was resumed; "the Lord looked graciously upon His people, the congregation was large and attentive, and many were brought to bow the knee to King Jesus!" In two years the church again numbered more than two hundred members.

In 1787 a proposition was made to Brother Gano to remove to Kentucky, with the prospect of increasing his usefulness, and relieving himself from pecuniary embarrassments. He called a church meeting and laid before them the facts in the case; but he says, "they treated it all as a chimera, and with all possible coolness left him to determine for himself." He immediately determined to go. As soon as his intention was made known, "the Church offered to raise his salary, and very affectionately urged him to tarry." He would gladly have complied with their wishes, but it was too late; he had entered into engagements which could not be broken. He continued to preach for the church until the 4th of May, 1788; in the afternoon of that day, he administered the Lord's Supper, and in the evening took his final leave of them in a very affecting discourse from Acts xv. 29: "*Fare ye well!*"

Brother Gano arrived safely at Limestone, Ky., June 17th, 1788; he preached in various parts of the State, principally at Frankfort, and for the Town Fork church, and finished his course, August 10th, 1804, in the 78th year of his age. The last sentiment he uttered, in the midst of his weeping family and friends, was his desire to depart and be with Jesus.

The First Church, New York, has great cause of gratitude to the God of all grace, for giving them John Gano, as their first pastor. His ministry was owned and blessed to the permanent establishment of our cause in this great commercial emporium; where, for more than twenty-six years, this John the Baptist was a burning and a shining light.

After the departure of Brother Gano, the pulpit was supplied by different ministers. Among these was Benjamin Foster, D. D. of Newport, Rhode Island, with whose preaching, department and character the church was so much pleased, that, after due deliberation and prayer, they called him to take the oversight of the flock as pastor. This call he

accepted, and removed to the city with his family, September 26th, 1788, but having been inoculated with the small pox, he was prevented from entering upon the duties of his office until the 2d of December following. His ministry was very soon interrupted by the complaints of several members, who charged him with preaching what was called "New Divinity;" the fundamental error of which was understood to be, *an indefinite atonement*; and this led to an unscriptural "exhibition of the doctrine of imputation. The charge, however, was not sustained by the church, and from such of his writings as are extant, as well as from the high estimation in which he was held by the sound divines of his day, it appears not to have been well founded. But the fire of contention burned more and more fiercely, until January 27th, 1789, when eight males and five females were excluded "for their self-sufficiency, their scandalous treatment of the character of their minister, and their turning their backs upon the church in a contemptuous manner." These excluded persons were received into the fellowship of the Second Church; and this being contrary to our discipline, all intercourse between the two churches was suspended. The Second Church, sent no messenger to the Philadelphia Association that year, but in October, 1789, they attempted to justify their course, in their annual letter to the venerable body then in session in this city, by charging the First Church with having departed from the truth both in faith and discipline." The association appointed a committee of eight, of whom Dr. Samuel Jones, of Pennsylvania, was chairman, and Dr. Manning, President of Brown University, Rhode Island, was a member, for the purpose of reconciling the churches, "and preventing, if possible, all further disputes and animosities." The committee promptly attended to the duty assigned them, and finally submitted the following propositions:

1. That the Second Church do cordially withdraw its energe against the First Church and its pastor.

2. That the First Church will henceforward consider those members lately received by the Second Church from the First, as in good and regular standing.

3. That the members in each church in regular standing, shall enjoy occasional communion if required, in either church, and shall have the privilege of reciprocal dismissing, if requested by any.

4. That both parties do fully, freely, and cordially, promise not to use any expulsions, or other unkind treatment towards each other, and that a failure herein shall be a matter of discipline.

5. That each church shall enter the above in their church records, and transmit authenticated copies of their doings reciprocally to each other.

At the regular church meeting, November 2d, 1790, these propositions were agreed to, and Dr. Foster and Deacon John Bedient were appointed

a committee to wait upon the Second church with a copy of their doings. At this time the First Church numbered 192 members.

The First Church continued to grow, and having dismissed, at various times, some thirty or forty restless and dissatisfied members, enjoyed a large share of peace and prosperity. Dr. Foster was much respected in the city, as a scholar, a preacher, and an exemplary Christian. In the mysterious Providence of God he was, however, suddenly cut off by yellow fever on Lord's-day morning, August 26th, 1798, in the forty-eighth year of his age, having been pastor of the church nearly ten years.

The pulpit was again occupied by such occasional supplies as could be procured, until the 14th of October, 1800, when Reverend William Collier, of Boston, who had previously preached for the church some months, commenced his pastoral labors in accordance with their call. Soon after his settlement, the church and congregation resolved to pull down the old meeting-house, and erect a more commodious and substantial one in its place. The old house was removed in March, 1801, and a stone edifice, 65 feet by 80, at a cost of about \$25,000, was opened for public worship on Lord's-day, May 2d, 1802. The sermon on the occasion was preached by Dr. Stephen Gano, of Providence, from Exodus, xx. 24: "In all places where I record my name, I will come unto thee, and I will bless thee." In two or three years Brother Collier found his strength unequal to the duties of his station, and the church called Brother Jeremiah Chaplin, of Danvers, Massachusetts, as a co-pastor. He arrived in New York, January 10th, 1804, but Brother Collier had previously received and accepted a call from the Charlestown Baptist church; he tarried, however, until Lord's-day, April 8th, 1804, when he preached his farewell sermon from Acts xx. 32. "And now, brethren, I commend you to God, and to the Word of His grace.

On the 6th of November, 1804, the church, after much prayerful deliberation, agreed to send for Rev. William Parkinson, of Fredericktown, Maryland, to spend a few months with them, with a view to settlement as pastor, should it appear to be desirable and proper. As he had preached for them several times in 1802, they were somewhat acquainted with his ministerial gifts, and were not ignorant of his views of doctrine. He complied with the invitation of the church, and arrived in the city on the 20th of December. Having preached six weeks, a call to take the pastoral charge of them was presented, February 8th, 1805; this call he accepted on the 14th of April following. Brother Parkinson's preaching attracted large congregations, and the Word of truth was owned and blessed of God to the conversion and edification of many precious souls.

At the meeting of the New York association, in 1805, the church reported 253 members, in 1800, they numbered 564. For four or five years, a time of refreshing was experienced from the presence of the Lord, and the baptismal waters were visited almost every month, during

that most interesting and prosperous period. The enemy, however, had been busily engaged in sowing tares, and cases of discipline, exclusions, frequent church meetings to try delinquents, and strenuous efforts to reconcile differences and heal breaches were the result.

On the 26th of March, 1811, brethren Greenleaf S. Webb, and Jacob H. Brouner, with twenty-four other brethren and sisters, obtained letters of dismission, and united together as an independent body, under the name of the Zoar Baptist Church.

The troubles in the church caused many to leave her, and to seek peace and Christian fellowship elsewhere. These troubles arose principally, at this time, from the accusations brought against the pastor. Some future historian may choose to investigate the subject; it is sufficient now to say, that the church insisted upon *the right* of disciplining her own members, although four sister churches have declared, in their letters to the association, "their non-fellowship with the First Church, on account of their proceedings relative to the pastor." A letter was addressed to the New York association, and is recorded in their minutes of May 21st, 1812, expressing their views of church independence, and their reasons for not submitting the case of discipline in question, to the investigation and decision of that body. The question was decided by a vote of the churches, fifteen sustaining the views of the First Church, and six against them; "whereupon the following churches, viz., Fayette street, Mulberry street, Poughkeepsie, and Mount Pleasant, being dissatisfied therewith, requested their dismission, which on motion was granted."

After various seasons of prosperity and adversity, of joy and sorrow, Brother Parkinson resigned his pastoral charge August 11th, 1840, having held it more than thirty-five years. Between seventy and eighty members took letters of dismission, within a few months after, and most of them united in the constitution of the Bethesda Baptist church, choosing Brother Parkinson for their pastor.

The First church was now greatly reduced in numbers, having but about two hundred members residing in the city; their debt had been increasing for years, and the sale of their property would do little more than liquidate it; their meeting-house was ineligibly situated, and the congregation had moved away from it; and whether it would be better for them to struggle on and maintain their visibility, or not, became a grave and perplexing question. Occasional supplies were obtained for the pulpit; for several months Brother Benjamin M. Hill, corresponding Secretary of the American Baptist Home Missionary Society, preached for them stately; and the church resorted to prayer—frequent, fervent, and importunate prayer for the Divine guidance and blessing. Those who were present at these special prayer meetings, still speak of them as among the most precious seasons vouchsafed to them on earth.

The pastor of the Oliver street church at that time, had announced his

intention to resign the charge of that body, at the end of two, four, or six months, as the church might prefer; expecting to remove from the city. He was not aware of what had been passing in the First Church, nor had the thought of becoming their pastor ever crossed his mind. Dr. Thomas T. Devan, an intimate friend, now called and spread before him the situation of the First Church; their embarrassments, and their determination to make a mighty effort to sustain themselves; he stated, furthermore, that they could not unite in a call to any other minister, as far as he could see. Similar conversations were held with the pulpit committee, and other influential members of the church, and resulted in his consenting to entertain a call to the pastoral charge of the First Church, on condition "that the call should be *unanimous*; that he should be expected to preach but twice on the Lord's Day—morning and afternoon; and that the church should erect such a building on the Broome street lots as would accommodate our Bible and Missionary societies, at a merely nominal cost; besides suitable accommodations for the church and congregation." These conditions the church cordially approved, and their call was dated March 29th, 1841. After a month's deliberation and prayer—the hand of the Lord appearing to be evidently in this thing—the call was accepted, and the present pastor assumed the arduous duties and responsibilities of his station July 1st, 1841, having preached for the Oliver street church eighteen years and two months.

The building we now occupy was opened for public worship, February 20th, 1842; Sermon by the pastor from Psalm xx. 5: "In the name of our God we will set up our banners."

The entire edifice measures 75 feet wide by 110 on the East side, 87 on Broome street, and 90 on Elizabeth street; the auditory nearly 75 feet square; the remainder of the building, fronting on Broome street, is occupied by the American and Foreign Bible Society, and the American Home Mission Society, at an annual rent of *one dollar* per annum. The whole cost of lots and house, including interest, paid before the house was finished, and the expense of a lawsuit since, to defend our title, falls but little short of seventy-five thousand dollars. The lots on Gold street were sold for thirty-three thousand dollars, which has enabled the church to remove the *burden* of their debt, retaining the burying-ground, consisting of seven lots on Houston street, without encumbrance.

What hath God wrought! did Israel say,
When Jordan rolled its tide away.
What hath God wrought! the church should say,
Since God hath rolled her debt away.

For seven years past the church has enjoyed uninterrupted prosperity; the attendance upon the ministry of the Word is uniformly large; the

number of members reported to the association, May, 1848, was 602; being the largest number of which she was ever composed, and they are happily united in doctrine, in brotherly kindness, and in benevolent effort—and according to this time, with grateful hearts we would say—**WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!**

REMARKS.

1. For more than a century this body has met all its pecuniary liabilities, without ever sending their pastors to solicit aid from other churches.

2. The church has never received an *excommunicated* member from a sister church, and *extraordinary circumstances alone* can ever justify a departure from this course.

3. She has uniformly and steadfastly maintained the doctrine of *church independence*—a doctrine dear to the hearts of American Baptists.

4. She has “earnestly contended for the faith once delivered to the saints,” and to the attachment of her members to the doctrines of sovereign and all-conquering grace, must be ascribed, under God, her visibility until the present day. To the truth contained in her Confession of Faith she still inviolably adheres.

5. From this church have sprung the Second, or Bethel, Zoar, Abyssinian, Peekskill, North, Stamford and Bethesda churches, besides others principally formed out of members who had belonged to her. Ministers sent out by her are, Thomas Ustie, Ebenezer Ferris, Isaac Skillman, Stephen Gano, Thomas Montayne, Cornelius P. Wyckoff, James Bruce, John Seger, Simeon J. Drake, William Rollinson, Henry C. Fish, Solomon S. Relyea, and Thomas T. Devan, missionary in Paris, France.

6. A large portion of the heart-rending trials of the church, especially in the former part of her history, arose from *evil speaking, backbiting*, and the unblushing violation of the Saviour’s command: *If thy brother offend, &c.* “Behold how great a matter, a little fire kindleth; the tongue is a fire, a world of iniquity!”

Finally, in looking back upon the way in which the Lord our God hath led us, we acknowledge heartily that to Him be’ongeth all the grace and all the glory—but to us “confusion of faces as at this day.” May the Lord preserve this church from all the evils connected with the history of the past; enabling her members to cling to the Cross, and to exemplify in their deportment the sanctifying influence of the DOCTRINES OF GRACE; may He greatly increase their zeal in promoting the interests of Messiah’s Kingdom throughout the earth; and may their unchanging motto be—*According to this time it shall be said*—**WHAT HATH GOD WROUGHT!** Amen and Amen!

A marked happiness attended the commencement and close of Mr. Cone's ministerial career. Over those periods, the most trying in a preacher's life, God seemed to stretch the hand of His power to support and guide him with peculiar tenderness. He took charge of the church in Alexandria, when youthful inexperience, added to the fascination of his person, and the charm of his eloquence, exposed him to danger of every kind. That church was particularly fitted to encourage, sustain, and guard him. They appreciated his personal qualities; believed as he did; walked unitedly in all the doctrines and ordinances of the Lord blameless; and threw around their young pastor a love as careful of his spiritual welfare, as it was anxious to secure his temporal comfort.

Long-continued pre-eminence raised up against him many foes. The daring, and unqualified assertion of the truth, brought upon him unmerited obloquy and reproach. And then, when a ministry of thirty years had been accomplished; when the fire of youth no longer burned; when the vigor of manhood was nearly spent; when the almond tree began to blossom, and the stealing hand of time was slowly taking away all the props and pride of human strength, the same kind Master brought him to the First Baptist Church in the city of New York—a church so like his first charge, that he seemed to have gone back again to the days of his youth, and in the delightful associations with which they surrounded him “renewed his strength like the eagles.”

With this beloved church he continued to labor happily and successfully to the end. Their hearts were one, and the love of pastor and people for each other tender and unvaried. A little knot of evil-minded persons, among whom were some of the trustees, who

were not members of the church, opposed him and his principles, but the church put them away from her as troublers of Zion, and folded their pastor to their hearts with a warmer and more determined affection. In truth, pastor and people were fitted to each other by a nicer than human cunning. God touched their hearts together, with the coals from off His altar, and kindied between them an equal flame of ardor in His service, and loving confidence in each other. Their pastor loved them with all the generous warmth and strong passion of his nature; and they returned his affection an hundred fold into his own bosom. They understood and appreciated him, and he felt and knew it. They were, in his own language, "*A lovely church,*" to him, strong in doctrine, ardent in the Lord's work, and the fear of man was not upon them. Through all his trials in the Revision cause, they held up his hands, and strengthened his heart, by their sympathy, their generosity, and their prayers. When he was in trouble, they sought him; when his enemies raged against him, they defended him, and were as a living wall about him; and when the dearest earthly tie was broken, and she in whom he had garnered up his heart lay no longer in the bosom, that for more than forty years had pillowed that darling head—they comforted him. May his Master, and theirs, bless them for ever.

CHAPTER XVI.

1841 to 1845.

WRITING to Rev. R. E. Pattison, corresponding secretary of the Missionary Union in 1844, at a time when the excess of expenditures over its receipts filled the minds of all connected with it with anxiety, he says, "As to the state of our treasury, I can only say, I deeply lament it. Such help as I may command, you may always rely upon, for while I have my senses, *the work and cause of Missions must be the business of my life.*"

They had, indeed, been the great business of his Christian life from the dawn of its first day. Nor were his sympathies exhausted upon the foreign field. Ardently as he was attached to the Missions and Missionaries in Europe and Asia, the destitution of his own beloved country, and the desire to spread throughout it, everywhere, the preaching of a pure Gospel, and the circulation of pure versions of the living oracles of God, lay ever upon his heart. He never bent his knee at the family altar without praying for his native land, as a child might pray for a parent tenderly beloved. And she had not only his prayers, but his daily exertions in aid of every effort made in her behalf.

"I have labored," he says, "in the cause of Baptist Home Missions for *more than forty years*. Long before the present organization was projected (the American Baptist Home Mission Society), I discharged the duties both of corresponding and recording secretary of the

New York Baptist Domestic Mission Society, and since the foundation of the American Baptist Home Mission Society, have endeavored to promote its usefulness, with heart and hand, tongue and pen, as God has graciously afforded means and opportunity."

He was a constituent member of that society at its formation, April 27th, 1832.

He was elected one of its directors in 1832, '35, '36, '37, '38, and '39. Elected vice president 1840, '41, '42, and 43. He was also elected a member of the executive Board, May 1st, 1832, and was re-elected annually till 1845, when he resigned.

In May, 1839, he was chosen chairman of the Board, and held the office annually thereafter, till his resignation in 1845.

He was re-elected a member of the Board, and by the Board as their chairman, in May, 1849, and remained in both positions till April, 1855, when he again resigned.

After so many years of harmonious action, and extended influence, the vexed question of slavery introduced itself into the society, and led to the same unhappy results, which have attended its discussion in every religious body in the United States. The force of his character, his eloquence, and his fine tact in the management of a deliberative body averted the threatened storm at Baltimore, in 1841; but it very soon gathered again in the distance, and assuming proportions too vast for human control, burst finally upon the different societies with destructive violence.

Dr. Dagg, of Georgia, very clearly and succinctly details the principal events preceding, and immediately conducing to the separation between Northern and Southern Baptists in the benevolent societies, which had up to that time been sustained by their united force.

“Brother Cone exerted his influence,” says Dr. Dagg, “to prevent the unhappy division, which separated the Baptists of the North and South from each other. One of the first decisive steps in effecting this separation, was taken by the American Baptist Home Mission Society, in refusing to appoint the Rev. James E. Reeves of Georgia, as a missionary. The Baptist Convention of Georgia, at its session in 1844 (April), instructed its executive committee to recommend Mr. Reeves for an appointment, and at the same time to inform the Board of the Home Mission Society that he was a slaveholder. A suspicion was spreading among the members of the Convention, that the Board would not knowingly appoint a slaveholder to office; and a call was made to test this matter. In compliance with the instructions of the Convention, the Executive committee, of which I was a member, made the application in the manner prescribed.

Fearing that it might be rejected, and that disastrous results would follow, I wrote a private letter to Brother Cone, who was a member of the Home Mission Board, urging his attention to the subject. His reply, given in the following letter of October 10th, 1844, exhibits his position on this question. He says:

“After five meetings upon the subject, each meeting of at least three hours’ continuance, the Board of the American Bible Home Mission Society, adopted, by a vote of 7 to 5, the accompanying preamble and resolutions (adverse to appointing Mr. Reeves). One brother was excused from voting, on the ground that the question was pressed, before he had had time to make up his mind upon its merits. The final question was taken by *yeas* and *nays* (the *first instance* of the kind since the formation of the society), by which you may learn

that the brethren deemed it of importance 'to define their position.'

"I regret this result, and did all in my power to prevent it; believing as I do, that the constitution knows nothing of slavery or anti-slavery, I besought the brethren to act as we always had done, *until* the constitution should be altered. I suppose there will be a separation between the North and South next April, in our Home Mission operations; as many brethren have declared their unwillingness to commission a slaveholder as a missionary, although I have assured them that we must appoint such ministers as the South fellowship and recommend, or the society must be dissolved. Some of the members of our Board, who have the same constitutional views with myself, would have voted for the application from Georgia, *if nothing had been said* about Brother Reeves being a slaveholder; but they construed this mere matter of information into an ungenerous and offensive '*test*,' and upon that word '*test*'—resolutions and amendments were hung—in every possible shape and form, until I was sick at heart.

"It is my opinion that a Southern Baptist Home Mission Society could do more to supply preachers for the South, than the National Society has ever done; and I suppose there are brethren in Richmond to form an efficient board.

"My aim and prayer has been to separate the South and North, *if we must separate*, kindly, and like good Baptists; and if we should have a balance in our Treasury, belonging to the South, I would have it repaid honestly to the last cent. But my fear is, not only that the Home Mission Society will be dissolved, but that the South will also withdraw from our Foreign Mission

and Bible Society, and this would be disastrous in many ways; and *this last* we must prevent if the Lord will.

“Were I in the sunny South, I should see a wide field opened for the spread of the Gospel among Indians and negroes, as well as destitute whites. Baptists have both men and money—but where is the heart to use them?”

“With your views of the independence of the churches, and their right to decide the standing of ministers and members, I, of course, cordially agree. Indeed, it fills me with surprise that *any Baptist* of sound mind should think or act differently. But I have lived to see good brethren *think* one sentiment, and *act out* another; and then be very much hurt if charged with inconsistency.”

This letter fully demonstrates, that, if his counsels could have prevailed, the unhappy division would not have occurred, which has wrought such mischief in our denomination, and which, taken in connection with like divisions in other religious denominations threatens to dissolve the ties which bind the United States together, and bring our national government to an end.”

The efforts for the amelioration of the condition of the American Indian, and the spread of the Gospel among the different tribes, opens an interesting and varied chapter in the history of Baptist Home Missions. Mr. Cone's early and never-flagging interest in them; his close and fraternal connection with their chief missionary, and the well-known frequency of his appeals in behalf of those to whom the advancement of civilization on this continent had brought only misery and injustice, ally the subject intimately with the record of his life. Previous, however, to entering upon a more detailed statement of the Indian mission and his connec-

tion with it, we insert here a communication from the Rev. John Bates of Cascade, Iowa, going to illustrate his general interest in all missionary operations. The Rev. Mr. Bates says: "It was in April, 1848, that I landed in New York, a perfect stranger, to beg for the erection of a Baptist meeting-house in Ireland. From the fact that Mr. Dunbar, I think, of McDougal street, had sent a communication to Ireland about the famine, I found him out and called to see him. He said, 'You had better call and see Brother Cone, as all will be pretty much guided by his movement.' I called on him, told him my tale, and he replied in substance as follows (I would not defend the words but the substance is perfectly true). "I am glad to see you, but you can get nothing to build churches. We are flooded with men for this object from the West. Could you not beg for your Irish Society? That is doing a noble work, and then I will help you as far as I can. Yet, I fear you may not get much, as we have our Home Mission now, and are in that respect differently circumstanced to what we were when Brother Davis was here in 1832, and collected between \$5,000 and \$6,000 to aid your society. After a little more conversation about my object, and an invitation to call upon him whenever I wanted advice, in withdrawing, he said, "I shall make a recommendation of your object in your collecting-book, give you a subscription myself, and the First Church will take up a collection on your behalf. We *must do something for poor Ireland*, whether it is in building the meeting-house or for the funds of the society.

"In writing the recommendation in my collecting-book, he urged 'the churches cheerfully and promptly to aid in this work,' setting an example by giving a donation of \$10 himself, and his church the largest collection I had from any one in America.

“I preached for him several times, and frequently called on him for advice, as he took a lively interest in the object of my visit, and ‘deeply felt the necessity of spreading the Gospel in Ireland, as the only remedy for her woes.’

“One day, in walking with him from his own residence to the First Church, he paused, and said, as he gently put his hand on my shoulder, ‘Brother Bates, I wish you would send for your family and stop in America.’ I replied that I must go back, and inquired ‘if Ireland did not need the Gospel?’ ‘Oh, yes,’ was his prompt reply; ‘go back and labor in that destitute country, and God bless you. Situated as it is on the great pathway of the Atlantic, from England to America, it ought to be occupied by American as well as English Baptists, seeing that so many come to our shores.” In conversing with him on this point, he evidently felt much for Ireland, and thought that it was ‘ground for American missions quite as much as English,” and if any project had been started among the English and American Baptists for the more perfect occupation of the island, I believe that his heart and soul would have been thrown into the subject.

“As regards any description of him as a preacher, I feel that I am unable for the task. He possessed clear views of Divine truth, and in an eloquent manner peculiarly his own, he proclaimed the message of Divine mercy in silvery tones, with beautiful simplicity, great tenderness, and earnest zeal. The great characteristics of his heart and mind seemed to be an invincible desire to set forth the Gospel in all its heavenly light, linked with an unquenchable thirst for the salvation of men.”

To return, however, to the subject of Indian missions from which the kind and valuable letter just given has diverted us.

In 1817, Isaac McCoy was appointed by the Board of Managers of the Baptist Missionary Convention, for the United States, a Missionary to the American Indians. His earlier labors were performed in Indiana and Illinois, then the realization of that indefinite American idea, "the far West." The acquaintance of Isaac McCoy with the subject of our memoir commenced at a very early period of his missionary enterprise. The word enterprise is, indeed, the only one which describes the undertaking. It was long considered almost chimerical to attempt anything for the moral or physical amelioration of the condition of the American Indian, and the best men doubted the wisdom or practicability of the effort. Indeed, even after the astonishing successes of Isaac McCoy, successes achieved in the teeth of everything that would have disheartened a man less sanguine, or less faithful, no clear and hearty support was ever afforded him. It was the task of Spencer H. Cone, a task performed with the ungrudging heartiness of faith and love, to stand between him and many who failed to comprehend the value of his services in the cause of missions, or the generous scope of his benevolence. Thus, when unfounded tales had been told to McCoy's discredit, and the majority of the Board of Missions in Boston were inclined to believe, and act upon them, he says, in a letter to Dr. Bolles, secretary of the Board of Missions, December 29th, 1829, "I am not inclined to put —— and McCoy on the same shelf. *It is not in my nature to give up a friend because others do*, and, therefore, without intending the slightest disrespect to the pious and intelligent Boston brethren, I must wait for more light."

He waited; the light shone on the character of McCoy, and showed him, by every new discovery, to be only the more worthy of friendship, affection, and support.

Isaac McCoy was one of the most lovable men we ever had the happiness of being acquainted with. Living his whole life amongst wild Indian tribes, and wilder frontiers-men; living a life of exposure, vicissitude, and hardships scarcely to be described; always in the saddle or the camp, and every day risking life and limb to preach the Gospel amongst those whom all the rest of the world seemed to conspire to destroy or forget—his mind and manners, instead of becoming rude or hard in these rough uses and associations, grew, all the while, softer, holier, and more loving. Nothing could be finer than his manners. Never familiar, and carrying in his quiet eye an indescribable something, which prevented any one from ever being familiar with him, he never repelled. On the contrary, he attracted; children loved him. Men were compelled to feel, in his company, that they were near something, good, kind, and noble. The warm coloring of the heart tinged his words and manner, quiet as they were, in everything he did or said. If you had done anything true or good, you knew he loved you for it. When he looked at you, you felt there was no selfish thought or scheme working in his mind; but that he was thinking what he could do for your benefit, or happiness, or for the benefit of some poor soul that was in need of others' help and kindness.

That two such hearts as his and Spencer H. Cone's should beat in unison; that their trust and confidence in each other should be without limit or reserve, was a thing of course. To know each other but a little, was to ripen acquaintance into friendship; to know each other better, and have their hearts laid into each other's hands, as they soon were, like open books where every pure and generous thought was plainly written, was to deepen friendship into a loving brotherhood strong as that of Jonathan and David. "I love McCoy tenderly,"

he says, to Dr. Bolles, in a letter dated April 26th, 1827. Hon. Heman Lincoln says, in a late letter to us: "Your father was deeply interested in the welfare of the Indian tribes on the frontiers of our country. He was actively engaged in many important measures for their instruction and conversion to Christianity. Our friend, Isaac McCoy, who devoted his life to the benefit of the redmen of the forest, depended more upon his counsel and assistance than upon any other individual. They are now, we hope, mutually reaping their reward in Heaven." One accustomed to distinguish between men, or observe with any nicety the shades of human character and human callings as developed in their manner, would, before they knew his occupation, have fancied Isaac McCoy habitually the denizen of a court. There could be no finer illustration of how much the heart has to do with the bearing and manner, than was shown in him, and it is, therefore, worthy to be recorded, as high evidence of the truth, that a Christian gentleman is the most perfect gentleman in the world. The manners of the courtier may have exquisite finish and polish, as the result of daily intercourse with the refined and great, but something too much of care and nicety betrays them often to be merely the fine covering of gross wishes and selfish purpose. When, however, as in Isaac McCoy, to a heart all love to man, and faith in God, is added the warm glow of its passionate and eager longing after opportunity to do good to all men, elegance of manner comes to be but the reflection of a holy and universal benevolence.

McCoy had not only to contend with nature in its ruggedest form, and learn the full penalty of Adam in breasting the seasons' change; not only to meet the difficulties of an intercourse with wild men and savage habits, but away beyond the limits of civilized life, he

was met and opposed, and often thwarted, by one of its most dangerous developments. The ubiquitous Jesuit followed or preceded him, and busied himself with sowing doubt in the minds of the red-men of the forest, and planting thorns everywhere beside the pathway of the Baptist Missionary. At Fort Wayne, one of his earliest stations, he came first in contact with them, and recognized a new and powerful element of opposition. Three priests visited the station, one immediately commenced preaching on the subject of Baptism. "I soon became convinced," says McCoy, "that his design was to provoke altercation with me, which he might, through the Catholics mingling with the Indians, turn to the disadvantage of our mission. I had been admonished by their prejudices, soon after I became a missionary, to be ever on the alert with regard to them." His conciliatory bearing, and refusal to enter upon a warfare of polemics before such an audience, averted the threatened storm.

Certain of his own brethren were quite as hostile as the Jesuit missionaries. "In 1818," he says, "I met at the Silver Creek Baptist Association, in Indiana, a certain minister of that State, who violently opposed all our missionary operations, and, as I thought, needlessly provoked altercation, not to say strife. He was marshal of the State, and, in discharge of official duties, visited Fort Wayne in 1822."

McCoy invited this violent opposer to his house; showed him his school, and his scholars; gave him the opportunity of making himself fairly and fully acquainted with all he had done, and was doing. The effect of personal acquaintance with the facts, was such that, "on his return home, he wrote to Colonel Richard M. Johnson, then a member of Congress, highly commending the mission, its prospects, &c."

The marshal of Indiana was not a solitary instance of perverse sentiments prevailing in the Baptist mind with regard to the Indian Mission: and against both lukewarm friends and open foes, McCoy had scarcely a single unwavering supporter, in the leading men of the denomination, besides Mr. Cone, for some of the most laborious and trying years of his missionary life.

Left without resources in the very commencement of his labors, and when everything began to bear the most favorable aspect for their success; oppressed with debt contracted for support of the mission and its schools, he set out in company with the mail carrier, and traversed the desert to Detroit. "On reaching Detroit, my business was with General Cass (then Governor of Michigan Territory), who listened to the story of our wants with a sympathy that does honor to humanity, and having control of some public means, he was so kind as to promise me aid. He furnished about four hundred and fifty dollars' worth of clothing and food for our Indian scholars."

To General Cass, indeed, the mission was frequently indebted for invaluable services. Its rivals and opponents, the Catholics, were openly favored by many Indian agents and men holding official station on the frontier, to the prejudice and exclusion of the Baptist missions and missionaries from the benefit of lands and funds set apart by government for the purpose of Indian education and improvement. The wrong and injustice was very great, and conflicted directly with the spirit and intention of the authorities at Washington, and the policy of the American government, in matters of religious concern. That policy has been under all administrations to preserve a strict impartiality, and apply the funds set apart for the improvement of the condition of the Indian tribes, without reference to sectarian

systems or divisions. To prevent the perversion of government funds and lands, McCoy depended greatly upon Mr. Cone's acquaintance and influence with Andrew Jackson, Lewis Cass, and Richard M. Johnson—the three men, of all the men in the United States, who took the most direct, and constant interest in the Indian tribes and were always foremost to do them good, as far as their personal or official power extended.

The financial condition of the mission was but little improved down to the year 1833; occasional aid was procured from government, and the Board of Missions, but from neither sufficient to relieve them entirely from their embarrassments.

June 20th, 1833, McCoy writes to Rev. Charles E. Wilson, "Our friend, Mr. S. H. Cone, has recently had a personal interview with the Secretary of War (General Cass) on the subject of the Baptist mission amongst the Choctaws. The Secretary has promised to appoint you one of the three teachers stipulated for in the treaty of Dancing Rabbit Creek, * * * * forward your testimonials to Dr. Bolles, also a copy to Mr. Cone, and one to me.

"You will perceive by the treaty at Doak's stand, October, 1820, that 54 sections (640 acres each) of land are to be sold to raise a fund for the support of schools. By the treaty at Dancing Creek, 1830, the United States agreed to keep 40 Choctaw youths in school for twenty years. This I presume has been intended for Colonel Johnson's school.

"By the treaty at Washington, January, 1825, the sum of \$6,000, annually, for twenty years, is to be applied to the support of schools in the Choctaw nation.

"It seems to be the opinion of Mr. Cone that with the \$6,000 annual appropriation it is contemplated by the government to establish in the nation about ten

primary schools, and that the three schools provided for by the treaty of 1830, under the management of the three teachers, shall be schools of a higher order."

In a letter to Dr. Bolles, August, 27th, 1830, Mr. Cone says—"Suppose the government should choose to do nothing for another year or two; must we be still and not lift a finger in the cause; are our benevolent enterprises suspended upon the will of politicians and ungodly men? I hope not. I have no doubt that missionaries could be called out, and funds raised for their support (with reference to the American Indians) with just as much ease as has been accomplished for the heathen abroad;" and in a letter to the same, October 13th, 1830: "It is a grief to me that I am not able to coincide with the views of the board, as expressed in yours of 16th ultimo. You say, 'we have had our convictions severely tried, whether we should continue to have any connection with the government,' and yet you say—'it appears to us inexpedient to do more than follow them; but hazard nothing by *anticipation*.'" Now I cannot think it right to follow or wait for government or ungodly men, in this matter. It is our duty to *go forward*; if the earth be made to help the woman, it is well; but if not, the Master still says to us, '*Go ye—preach the Gospel,*' &c. And relying on His promised aid, we must with sacred courage go. There are *already* many Indians west of the Mississippi—have they no claims upon us?"

In a letter of the same date as the last quoted from him, McCoy writes to Mr. Cone—"I rejoice much to hear of the favorable reception you met with at Washington. I have no doubt that much benefit will be produced by your visit. Your visits to that place must be *repeated*. I have heard nothing as yet from General Clark about surveying—I hope I shall soon.

I am sensibly affected, and so are my family, with your kindness in offering to contribute towards our support. May the Lord abundantly reward you and yours with better things than 'the meat that perisheth.' Should necessity oblige me, I shall thankfully avail myself of your kindness. Still I hope that the Lord will provide some other way for me to live. It is a source of much grief to me that the procuring support for my family, under my peculiar circumstances, occupies my head and my hand so much as greatly to abridge their labors in Indian matters. Be assured that your solicitude for the welfare of the Indians, and your kindness to me, are appreciated."

McCoy and all that concerned him lay constantly at his heart, and were the daily subject of his thoughts and prayers. He knew his devoted spirit, his noble sacrifice of every selfish consideration to the call of duty, and sympathized with them. How could he do otherwise, with such a touching evidence as the following before him. "I think," says McCoy, "I will tug along as I am some three or four months longer. If the matter of giving to the Indians a permanent home and territorial government were once established on a footing that would facilitate the labors of missionaries, I should feel the less concern about the manner of spending the little life which remains to me.

"Do not imagine, my dear friend, that because I am earning nothing for the support of my family, I am doing nothing in Indian business. I am busily employed in labors for the benefit of these poor people, and hope to continue busy until about the time that *the last loaf comes to the table.*"

Long before this Mr. Cone had learned so well to appreciate the "dauntless temper of his mind," and the

character of his services as a missionary, that he writes to Dr. Bolles :

“ I know not how it is, my brother, but the sentiment is deeply imprinted upon my heart, that while the Elliots and Brainards are remembered, the name of Isaac McCoy, the red-man's benefactor, will not be forgotten. Let us think of him in our daily orisons.”

To entirely understand McCoy's position, it must be kept in mind, that his constant desire and ambition was to pursue his course as a missionary with as little help from the Board of Missions as possible. Thus he says, in the same letter : “ Whatever may be the duty of the Board in respect to offering me a living, I am determined not to accept of a dollar, so long as I can live without it and still work for the Indians.”

His main dependence, therefore, was upon the government of the United States, and in their employment as a surveyor of government lands, or other small offices in and about the Indian reservations, he contrived to eke out a precarious subsistence. To many of these Mr. Cone had the happiness of being able to procure his appointment. What men of the world would think a foolish honesty prevented McCoy from being a very rich man. At almost every cession of their lands to the United States by the Indian tribes, they insisted upon making it one of the conditions of the cession that he should receive a part of the land conveyed, and the expression of their desire would have ensured the prompt acquiescence of the government. But he invariably and peremptorily forbade it. His desire was for the soul of the Indian, not his lands ; and his knowledge of human nature taught him that the least appearance even of a selfish care of his own interests would destroy his usefulness amongst them as a missionary.

What kind of a life he chose, rather than one of ease and opulence, appears by an extract or two from a letter of 1835, to Mr. Cone. "Not long since, Mr. Lykins received a letter from you, in which you informed him that the Secretary of War had directed that surveying should be given me, sufficient to employ my time through the year, and directing him to inform you if I had been thus employed. In answer to you, I say, that they wrote me from the War Office that General William Clark, superintendent for Indian affairs in St. Louis, had been directed to employ me to survey one tract on the Mississippi, provided he had not previously made an arrangement with some other person to perform the work. Clark wrote me that he had employed another person prior to receiving instructions from the Secretary of War in my favor. This I believe was *not* true. But it happened as I expected when I discovered that there was a discretion left with Clark. General Clark is under the influence of the St. Louis Catholics, and of St. Louis infidelity. He has ever been fair to my face, but he has never been my friend, and he will not do anything for me, only as *he is compelled*. I have no business from government. About half my time I employ in writing, and in other matters relating to our missions. The *other half I spend in posting books for neighboring merchants*, for which I receive moderate wages. We have also three or four men commonly boarding with us, which brings us a little profit and a good deal of trouble. By these means, and by selling some movable property, which we could spare with least inconvenience, I am yet unembarrassed in pecuniary circumstances.

"I feel ashamed to trouble you with these little things when you have so many mighty men and matters

to engross your attention, *but I know who I am writing to.*"

He knew well who he was writing to, and his confidence was not misplaced, as the prompt action of the government proved. In his next, Mr. McCoy writes, "Your valuable letters of the 5th September were received here in my absence to St. Louis. The correspondence which you had the kindness to open with the Secretary of War in my behalf, resulted in a communication promptly made to me by General Clark, proposing to give me the surveying of the northern boundaries of the Osage and Kansas lands. Clark had intended to give the work to another person had you not interposed in my behalf. I have taken it. It will be four or five months' labor, and will be worth to me six or seven hundred dollars. I believe your kindness to me will be rewarded to you and yours by our Heavenly Father."

Five years before this time Isaac McCoy was one winter a guest at Mr. Cone's house, in New York under very painful circumstances, and whilst there all the family learned to love him.

He had arrived one very cold day in the mid-winter when most of the family were absent. The servant admitted him. He put off his overcoat, and asked for water to wash his face and hands. He then sat down in the parlor, and waited quietly the return of some of the family. He must have remained thus for more than an hour. When Mr. and Mrs. Cone came in, after exchanging the usual greetings of friends who had been long separated, and answering the many questions always put at such times, he said quietly :

"We have had an accident coming from Philadelphia, and I fear I am seriously injured. I believe, Brother Cone, some of my ribs are broken."

Everybody was, of course, instantly on the alert to aid him. Mr. Cone assisted him to his chamber, and put him to bed, and for nearly six weeks he had to lift and turn him like an infant.

His own account, given in his "History of Indian Affairs," published in 1840, shows against what suffering he sustained himself, without a groan or complaint on that occasion.

"At this time the subject of Indian removal was warmly agitated, and numerous memorials reached Congress, opposed to the collocation of the tribes in the West. In order that those in Congress who opposed the measure might not have all the argument to be drawn from memorials on their side, I wrote to friends in divers places what I deemed to be the true state of the case. In order also to promote right views in reference to memorializing Congress, and to confer with the board, at its request, I went to Philadelphia, where I remained ten days. I had left Philadelphia but a few miles for New York, on the 13th of February, 1830, when the stage capsized, and so injured me that for some time my recovery was doubtful. One of my shoulders was much injured, several ribs broken, and my chest was so crushed by a vast weight which fell upon me, that my breast and sides ever after remained much out of natural shape.

At the time, I thought it probable that I should not recover, and made a vigorous effort to reach the residence of my untiring friend, Mr. Cone, in New York. I was conducted into his hospitable dwelling under circumstances which scarcely admitted a hope that I should leave it with life. Here, with Mr. and Mrs. Cone, I remained thirty-seven days, and when I left I was barely able to move, being exceedingly sore and in much pain. The kindness of these good people made a

deep impression on my sense of gratitude, and that of all my family. To their unremitted attention and their ardent sympathies, and sensible and consoling conversation, when anxieties respecting my family, the Indians, and the missionaries, were rapidly accumulating, may be attributed in a great degree the agency which a gracious God employed for my restoration. No doubt such acts of kindness are noticed in heaven."

During his illness he had endeared himself to the family by his patience in suffering, and the sweetness of his manners, and they all parted with him with unaffected sorrow.

Crushed and helpless as he was, Mr. Cone was, of necessity as well as choice, his constant nurse. McCoy could not make the slightest effort either to turn or change his position in the bed. His friend's great physical strength made him, under such circumstances, a tenderer nurse than the kindest woman could have been. He moved and handled him as if he were a child. Time has not effaced the impression on their minds who were the daily observers of those scenes. Nothing could be more touching than to see those two men, whose lives were governed by the same lofty sentiment of devotion to the cause of human regeneration, giving and receiving from each other the tenderest evidences of an almost womanly affection.

If anything could increase the interest felt by Mr. Cone in Indian missions, or enlist his sympathies and efforts more actively in their behalf, it can hardly be doubted that the relationship established between himself and Mr. McCoy at this time had such a tendency.

McCoy's ideas were never restricted to laboring as a missionary in a single tribe. His mind was large and comprehensive. All its powers were devoted without intermission or distraction to the subject of the Indians.

He desired their conversion to Christianity, but he took in at a grasp, all the accidents and peculiarities of their position and relationship to the whites, and saw the necessity of combining their moral instruction with a certain physical and social process of gradual concentration and elevation.

In Mr. Cone he found a kindred spirit, capable of holding all the threads of the difficult web it was necessary to weave. The interest of speculators, Indian traders, government agents, and a thousand others, exercising a large influence at Washington, and on the public mind, was interfered with by the success of the missions. The elevation of the social condition of the Indian rescued him from the influences of intemperance, and all the crimes out of which their craft made great gain. Separated himself by more than a thousand miles from the centre to which all these influences against him directed themselves, and from which they levelled their secret attacks, McCoy depended constantly upon his friend Mr. Cone, to frustrate or divert them. The following extract, from a private letter of McCoy's, very briefly and strongly develops the spirit which actuated and sustained the difficulties which surrounded him.

"You will easily perceive the critical state of Indian affairs at this time. For the two latter sessions of Congress, the scale has hung in suspense, or it has rather indicated a preponderance unfavorable to the Indians.

"Do not accuse me of arrogance on account of the remarks which I make to *you*. I am sensible of my want of qualification, for the work about which I am talking. I entered upon it because I believed it ought to be done, and no one else appeared inclined to do it. I have no hope of success *only as I labor on my knees*.

"I have recently received information from government, that there is no surveying or other business that

can be given me this year (1835). I am now consuming the proceeds of a little property that I owned before I became a missionary, and a little bequeathed to us by my son Rice, neither of which I have ever supposed that I could consume without great injustice to the portion of my family which is still dependent upon me, and which would have no other resources in the event of my death."

And in reference to the effect of restricting himself to a single station :

"Should I locate within an Indian tribe, and receive support from the Board, my labors would become limited to that tribe. With the views which the Board possess, I could do nothing for the promotion of the Indian cause generally. My influence with government would be destroyed. Had some person feelingly interested in the welfare of the Indians, been in Washington during the session before last, the Bill for the organization of the Indian territory would probably have passed."

McCoy's "History of Indian Affairs," refers constantly to Mr. Cone, and the part he took in sustaining the Indian missionaries and their cause.

"Rev. Mr. Cone, of New York, was a friend who never forgot us, whether we were near or far off, who kept himself informed of our circumstances, and whose generosity was equal to his zeal.

"About this time (September 1830), we had become so scarce of funds that we were obliged to borrow money to fit out Mr. Lykins for Michigan, and for the support of our families, though I hoped to be able to pay out of my earnings from government, when I should receive it. Mr. Cone, knowing that we must necessarily be scarce of funds, and that we were in a land of strangers, wrote us, saying, that if we were in

want of funds we might draw on him. We were happy that by credit in our place we were not under the necessity of availing ourselves of his liberality. Some time afterwards I accepted of a similar offer, and received of him a considerable sum, all of which I was afterwards enabled to return."

We are sorry that we have been unable to obtain all Mr. Cone's letters to Mr. McCoy; the few that have been put at our disposal through the kindness of the Rev. J. Lykins, and which were all he was able to collect at the time, relate chiefly to business matters connected with Indian missions, and would probably not be generally interesting.

None of Mr. Cone's many addresses on the subject were ever reported. The habit of reporting the proceedings of benevolent societies, is indeed of very recent date, and we owe its benefits entirely to the enterprise of the American newspaper press. To the casual reports of the New York press, made for the purpose of placing before their readers specimens of the pulpit oratory of the day, by distinguished clergymen of different denominations, we owe all that is preserved of the sermons delivered by Mr. Cone.

Isaac McCoy, the great, intrepid, and devoted friend of the Indian, and faithful servant of the Cross, died in 1846.

Some record of his labors, and a mine of information with regard to the native red-men of the American Forest, are preserved in his "History of Indian Affairs." His appreciation of the value of Mr. Cone's services in the cause of Indian Missions appears from its dedication:—

TO

SPENCER HOUGHTON CONE,

President of the General Convention of the Baptist
Denomination in the United States, for Foreign
Missions, and other important objects
Relating to the Redeemer's
Kingdom,

THE CONSTANT AND ARDENT FRIEND OF THE INDIANS,

and for the last twenty-five years the efficient promoter of their
Temporal and Spiritual welfare,

The following pages are respectfully inscribed by

THE AUTHOR.

Mr. Cone, writing to Mrs. McCoy, July 30th, 1846, says: "Your excellent husband, whom I truly loved, has been taken away; and you are left to weep as others cannot weep. The world with all it calls good or great can offer you no consolation: but there is a Friend who sticketh closer than a brother. Your dear McCoy has obtained his discharge from the militant army a little sooner than we have, that is all; we must not grieve that he is happy *before* us, having joined the triumphant Host above." * * *

In this brief and imperfect sketch of the labors of Isaac McCoy, we feel the delightful assurance that we are to the best of our abilities discharging an inherited duty. It was an often expressed sentiment of Mr. Cone's heart, that American Baptists had never sufficiently appreciated the life-long devotion of that "friend of the red-man," to the cause of Indian Missions.

CHAPTER XVII.

FOREIGN MISSIONS.

ON the occasion of Mrs. Wade's visit to Philadelphia, in 1834, his sister Martha writes to him, "Mrs. Wade told me you were a dear friend of hers before ever you saw her." The same feeling of friendship and reliance possessed the hearts of almost all the missionaries in foreign lands. His whole course of action showed them that he thought for them as he would for himself; and made their griefs, and wants, and trials his own. From this it resulted that he frequently dissented from the decisions of the Acting Board at Boston, and interposed his influence between the missionaries and it. Whether separated by many thousand miles of ocean from the missionary, or in daily intercourse with the Board, he neither forgot the one, nor allowed himself to be unduly influenced by the other. His position was always that of mediator and peace-maker in every difficulty or misunderstanding which might arise between them. His heart was in the cause; his eye glanced over all the field; and he viewed the whole system as a great war, in which too many mighty interests were involved, to allow any trifling or unworthy cause to disturb the harmony of its combinations. In a letter to Rev. T. T. Devan, February 4th, 1850, he says, in reference to united effort, "I think I have looked over all this subject for many years, carefully. I have occupied from the commencement of our foreign missionary oper-

ations, such a position that everybody knew I would go for *union*, and were there now anything that could be construed into a *want of confidence* in the existing organization, too many, alas ! would be ready to say, I pray thee have me excused." At the same time he felt that every missionary was a fellow-soldier, who was nobly offering his life to that cause, and his constant effort was to keep them before the Board in that light. Thus writing to Dr. Peck, in 1841, he says, "*It is and has been* my opinion that all may be set right by a *correspondence* imbued with brotherly love ; based upon the fact that missionaries love the cause of missions quite as well as those who remain at home and dwell in their own ceiled houses."

It appears from his letters that he constantly urged wider scope of effort, and the occupation of every field their means permitted. He was for no tardy or hesitating course. He was not willing that the heathen should be left to perish whilst the soldier of the Cross spent years in buckling on his armor. As for instance, in a letter to Dr. Bolles, dated December 27th, 1830, he says, "The value of education I certainly appreciate, and think a preacher of the Gospel cannot know too much, although, it sometimes unhappily occurs, to use the language of L. Richmond, that Christ is crucified in the pulpit, between the classics and mathematics. Those missionaries destined, like Judson, to *translate* the Word of God, should be ripe scholars, before this branch of their work is performed ; but I am still of opinion that the learning of Dr. Gill himself would have aided him but little, had he been a missionary to our American Indians."

In the same letter, he says, "I drew the conclusion that some of the members of the Acting Board are opposed to the establishment of a mission in Greece.

I regret this fact very much. We are commanded to preach the Gospel to every creature. Can we give any good reason for not preaching it in Greece? The New Testament was written in Greek; a large proportion of primitive churches were planted where the language was spoken, and our denominational views are evidently strengthened and extended by an acquaintance with Greek."

In 1831, he urges also the planting of a mission in France, and indeed procured the occupation of that field and the appointment of the first Baptist Missionary sent there by the Board, Professor Rostan, to whose talent, ardent piety, and reputation as an able expounder of the Scriptures, he says, the most competent judges bear high testimony. "As an expounder of the Word of God, he was considered," he says, "by foes as well as friends, one of the most gifted and powerful men in France. He has the boldness of a Luther in his Master's cause, and would march into the lion's den without flinching, if duty called to the enterprise." Such men he loved.

Hon. Heman Lincoln says of Mr. Cone, "He was one of the earliest friends of Foreign Missions, and uniformly manifested the deepest interest in that great enterprise till the close of his useful life. In seasons of depression he was always hopeful, and did much to cheer and encourage the hearts of his brethren."

We have said elsewhere that he had many of the qualities of a successful general. A single sentence in one of his letters to Dr. Peck, secretary of the Board, shows how naturally his mind threw every plan into the shape it would naturally take in that of a captain. "Your principle of concentration," he says, "I approve. It is better for the purpose of conquest, to have one post in the enemy's country which we can maintain, than

half-a-dozen from which to be driven one after another."

The same quality of mind gave him a clear view of the basis upon which permanent conquests must be founded. He insisted that, "pure translations" of the Sacred Scriptures must be made for every people, among whom missionaries were sent, without a moment's unnecessary delay. Thus in 1844, he urges upon the Board, through its secretary, Rev. R. E. Patterson, the wisdom and necessity of taking immediate steps to perfect the Chinese version. "Do you not," he says, "consider Brother Dean a good Chinese scholar? Is the man yet to be sent from the United States, to study the language and some fifteen years hence furnish us with a translation of the New Testament? I think it of immense moment that he should prosecute this business of circulating the Sacred Scriptures in China, immediately and vigorously. If we are to wait for perfection in the translation department, this generation will pass away before Baptists are ready to do anything more than *pray* that the great wall of China may be broken down! I look over our convention field, and find the *living teacher* is all the cry, and the *Bible translated* may be put upon the shelf until a more convenient season. There must be some new light upon this subject since Thomas exclaimed, 'If I had one hundred thousand pounds, I would give it all for a Bengalee Bible.' Still my fixed sentiment is, *the Bible and the missionary must go together*. The missionary must point to the Written Word as his authority—thus saith the Lord! And the converts among the heathen must have the Scriptures to search—to see whether the missionary preaches 'flesh and blood,' religion—the religion of man or the religion of God. I am the more impressed with the correctness of this sentiment from the fact—the mel-

ancholy fact—that a great many preachers, even in the United States at this time, do everything in their preaching, except explaining to the people ‘*God’s plan of saving sinners.*’ The time has emphatically come when men must be directed to read the Bible for themselves, and make it the lamp to their feet and the light to their path, amidst the Lo! here and Lo! there of *living teachers.*”

One other feature of his character, and which marked it as that of a man qualified for successful leadership, was his attention to details. He never forgot the least minutæ, or apparent trifles connected with a great work. It is related of Napoleon, that he often terrified commissaries and clerks, in remote parts of his empire, by having them suddenly before him, and showing his intimate knowledge of the most petty accounts kept by them; and that when he was making combinations to move a hundred thousand men from many different points widely separated, and concentrate them upon a single one, for the conquest of a kingdom, he knew every ration of biscuit which ought to be supplied at any given point on their line of march, and was particular to inspect even the quality of the *shoe-strings* furnished by the contractors. All men really born and qualified for command possess this niceness of research, this analytical tendency of the mind to dissect the greatest combinations, and examine the moral or physical atoms of which they are composed. This was very strongly evinced in Mr. Cone. None of the steps or minutæ of a plan escaped him. He reasoned down from the effect desired to the smallest thing necessary to be done, as the commencement of a chain of sequences leading up to it. If the Bible is to be translated and published in India, he immediately examines what kind of press is the best to print it on; how paper, ink, type, pressmen—

everything are to be got, and how much is to be saved by buying in one market instead of another. For instance, he says to the secretary of the Board in 1830: "In writing to the East, will you ask for definite information touching printing-ink, paper, &c.—whether they could not be sent from this country, of better quality and for less money than they can be obtained in Asia?"

We find him also, in 1830, suggesting the following—"Our domestic cottons, I am told, are better and cheaper than those of the East; could not some pieces be sent out, and be made up in Burmah?" A pleasant illustration of how he loved to look after everything for the missionaries, is given in a letter to Dr. Peck, of July 12th, 1843—"In a recent communication from Brother Judson," he says, "he laments the loss of the 'church-going bell,' from his Maul-main Zayat. Alas! the clapper was too heavy and cracked the bell, so that it utterly refused thenceforth to send out any pleasant sounds. Hence, take warning, good people all, that your hammers are not too heavy, for it is much easier to crack a bell than mend it. The moral of this history is, that Brother Judson wishes me to send him another bell, and you will oblige me by saying *when* you expect to have an opportunity to send to Burmah?"

As to the establishment of missionary stations, he says—"In my letter to the committee, as a member of the Board, with whom they expressed a strong desire to act in harmony, I gave my opinion that missionary stations were to be established *where God opened the door*—not by human calculations: that *great cities* were to be entered by the heralds of the Cross, whenever the way was open, and referred to the Apostles—infallible guides—in Jerusalem, Samaria, Antioch, the capitals of all Asia Minor, Philippi, Rome, &c., and also Calcutta, Hamburgh, &c., in modern missions. * *

I see a great work to be done. We must be more devoted—more spiritually-minded—more prayerful—more unselfish—or I fear the Master will not let us do it. If He delights in us for His dear Son's sake, then He will open doors in His providence, which no man may shut, and we shall enter and labor until He shall choose to say to us, one by one: 'Child, come up higher.'

We have attempted to give a few extracts from his letters on missionary subjects. A mere glance at them is all that can be ventured. Covering the history for denominational effort for forty years, in every quarter of the globe, a fair digest of them would constitute of itself a larger volume than the present.

We can also barely refer to the great and successful effort made by him for Oncken. The history of Oncken's struggles, persecutions, and imprisonment in Germany, is yet fresh in the minds of all. Many, too, remember how warm the friendship which subsisted between Mr. Cone and himself, and how, when Oncken was persecuted and imprisoned for preaching in Lutheran Germany that Baptism was immersion, the former devoted his entire energies to effect his liberation, and to enlist in his behalf the governments of the United States and Great Britain. Our space permits us only to allude to it. His efforts to raise money for Oncken and the circulation of the German Scriptures were vigorous, and continued to the end. After Oncken's visit to this country, and when personal acquaintance ripened admiration and esteem into warm Christian friendship, it may easily be conjectured that those efforts lost nothing of their vigor.

Writing in 1848 to Rev. T. T. Devan, Mr. Cone says—
“You will perceive that we are making a strenuous effort to raise at least \$5,000 for German Scriptures, to

be printed and circulated by Brother Oncken and his coadjutors. We raised at least \$1,000 in the First Church, of which sum C. Thomas pledged \$500. The Lord return it into his own bosom a hundred-fold."

The following interesting review of his connection with missionary operations has been kindly furnished by Baron Stow, D. D., of Boston. He says: "As my intercourse with your dear father, whether personal or by correspondence, related mainly to missionary matters, I have confined myself mostly to that department.

"I was in Europe in the spring of 1841, and therefore can furnish nothing from personal knowledge of the circumstances touching his retirement from the presidency of the General Convention. I have heard different versions of the matter, and never had any definite impression as to the real facts in the case.

"My acquaintance with him commenced in the year 1822, when he was pastor at Alexandria, and I was a member of the Freshman class, in the Columbian College. He had then been but a few years in the Christian ministry; but I found that in the District of Columbia, and in Maryland and Virginia, he was held in high estimation, both as a man of great personal excellence, and as an eloquent preacher. Of the churches in that part of Virginia, lying between the Blue Ridge and the Potomac, he was not far from being the idol.

"In April, 1823, the Baptist General Convention held its Triennial session in Washington. Fifty-one delegates were present, and among them was Mr. Cone.

Then I had the first opportunity to see proofs of that interest in Christian Missions for which he was so long distinguished. He was not a member of the Convention at Philadelphia, in 1814, but at the next session in 1817, he was elected a member of the Board of

Managers, and from that day until his death he held some important office in the institution.

“ In April, 1826, the Convention met in Oliver street, New York, where Mr. Cone had become pastor. In that meeting it was easy to perceive the growing influence which he was acquiring amongst his brethren, and to anticipate the elevated position which he was destined to reach.

“ Among the delegates were such men as Semple, Stanford, Mercer, Maclay, Staughton, Rice, Kendrick, Gano, Bolles, Going, and others, his seniors, whom all regarded with special deference ; but there was no one whose uttered opinions commanded more general respect than those of Spencer H. Cone. His views of missionary policy were then the same as he maintained to the last, and they were clearly enunciated, though uniformly with a considerate regard to the opinions of others. At that session the Convention cut loose from the educational interests, with which for nine years it had been encumbered to the great detriment of its missionary operations. In effecting that divorce, which was not accomplished without a hard struggle, Mr. Cone was strenuously active. He was a friend of the Columbian College, and of its enterprising founders ; but he desired a Missionary body to have singleness of object—‘the diffusion of the Gospel, by means of missions, throughout the world.’

“ I had often heard him before, and have often heard him since, but on no occasion have I heard him plead so eloquently for the heathen, as during that session of the Convention. He loved the cause of education, but he loved the great work of evangelization more, and many of his fervid appeals for the vigorous prosecution of the latter ; by the united force of the denomination I

shall never forget. His spirit seemed to me to be peculiarly in harmony with that of the Apostles.

“In 1832, he was elected president of the Convention; of his excellence, as a presiding officer, it would be gratuitous to speak. It is conceded by all who ever saw him in the chair. He was always self-possessed; he was familiar with rules of order; he had a quick perception of the right and the wrong; he controlled debate within the limits of Christian courtesy; he made no mistakes; he gave no offence.

“Such were uniformly the facts as they came under my observation. He served the Convention as president during three consecutive terms. In 1841, at his own suggestion, the office was filled by the appointment of another.

“I well remember his presence and labors in the session of the Board, at Salem, Mass., in 1833. Then came up, for the first time, the question touching translations, and we had the first development of his theory, which was destined to a prominent place in his subsequent history. Some of our missionaries in South-Eastern Asia had solicited instructions, as to whether they should faithfully ‘translate,’ according to their apprehension of its meaning, the whole Bible, into the language of the heathen, or, following the English version, should ‘transfer’ certain words. The response was given at that meeting, in those famous resolutions, which have since been often referred to, as containing the only basis on which translators of the Word of God can legitimately proceed with their work. No directions were given as to the translation of any particular terms, but the translators in the service of the Board were enjoined not to ‘transfer’ any word, which could be intelligibly rendered into a Heathen tongue. These resolutions were from the facile pen of Professor

Knowles, and, after an able advocacy by Mr. Cone, in which there was a foreshadowing of what might follow, they were unanimously adopted.

“In April, 1835, the Convention met at Richmond, Virginia; Mr. Cone preached the sermon from ‘*Lord, what wilt thou have me to do?*’ At that session, the deputation from the English Baptists was present. I well recollect the profound interest felt by Mr. Cone, when one of them, the Rev. Dr. Hoby, made certain inquiries touching translations. He regretted the introduction of the subject, for he apprehended the bearing which the discussion might have upon our relations to the American Bible Society, of whose board he was an active and deeply-interested member. The storm was even then brewing below the horizon, which he foresaw, was likely to come, and he deprecated any premature agitation of the subject. By skill peculiarly his own, he responded to Dr. Hoby, and transferred the fuller explanation to a private interview.

“Allow me now to pass over the next ten years, which were full of events that brought him prominently forward as a leading actor.

“To records in your possession of his ‘labors more abundant.’ I can add nothing.

“In 1845 occurred the disruption of the General Convention. Our Southern brethren, dissatisfied with the answer of the “Acting Board” at Boston, to certain inquiries which they had made, withdrew, and formed a separate organization. Mr. Cone regretted the separation; he was grieved by it; but with the true Christian spirit he adhered to the great enterprise, and continued to work with the brethren at the North, whose action in that case he disapproved.

“A special meeting of the Board was held in Philadelphia, in September, to adjust certain relations with the

Southern Convention, and to deliberate upon questions of future policy. The General Convention held its charter of incorporation from the Legislature of Pennsylvania; but its business had been conducted mostly in the District of Columbia and in Massachusetts: and it was more than probable that the charter was null and void.

“At that meeting, it was agreed to call a special session of the Convention, with a view to some changes in the organization, and an effort to obtain a new act of incorporation. Accordingly, a committee of nine were appointed to prepare a constitution. Four members were appointed from New York, one from Pennsylvania, one from Rhode Island, and three from Boston. Of this committee, Mr. Cone was chairman, and he proposed that the members from the Middle States should confer together, and propose their plan, and the members from New England should do the same. He himself drew up the form of a constitution, and after submitting it to his associates, forwarded it to Boston. A form was, in like manner, drawn up in New England, and transmitted to New York. The two were widely dissimilar, and a correspondence ensued, which resulted in the preparation of two new forms, which, in some respects, came nearer together. By correspondence, the differences were still further diminished; but on some points there was a very decided disagreement.

“At length the committee assembled in New York the day previous to the meeting of the Convention. Two plans of re-organization were presented and amicably discussed. At length it was agreed to adopt the New England plan, with some modifications proposed by Mr. Cone, and a few by other members. The result was not a compromise of principles, but of opinions, respecting the best form of machinery. It is due to Mr

Cone to say, that he was in favor of a more simple organization, as better suited to the genius of the denomination, and less likely to occasion friction against the strong democratic element, which he well understood. But with the adoption of several of his propositions, he came cordially in with his brethren, and, in the closing prayer, thanked God for the fraternal unanimity that had been reached. As secretary of the committee, I have in my possession the documents, and never do I review them without emotion, at the remembrance of the Christian kindness and courtesy manifested in the sessions of that committee. Concessions were made on all sides; but it was plain to all that the greatest were made by Mr. Cone. The next day the constitution was reported as the unanimous product of the committee. Mr. Cone made the requisite explanations, and defended every article and every provision as earnestly as if the entire instrument had been his own favorite offspring. The committee, knowing his preference for something different, were filled with admiration at the Christian magnanimity which he there exhibited. I believe he never altered his opinion that something else would have been better, but I never heard of his uttering a syllable to the disparagement of the constitution, to whose unanimous adoption he contributed more largely than any other man. His noble conduct on that occasion fixed him a place in many hearts, from which nothing has since occurred to dislodge him. Under the new organization, he worked with the same apparent cordiality and earnestness, as under the old.

“ He was throughout, a consistent supporter of the missionary enterprise. He raised, mostly by personal effort, and paid over to the treasury, more money than any other Baptist pastor in the United States. He was at once the friend of the board of management and of the

laborers in the foreign field. He rejoiced in all the reported successes abroad, and grieved over everything that conduced to diminish the efficiency of the enterprise. His heart was set on two things—the giving of the Bible, faithfully translated, to all nations, and the publication of the Gospel, by means of missions, to every unevangelized people. To these objects, as the means of gathering in God's chosen, he devoted his life, his thinking, his labors, his prayers. Many things occurred that occasioned in his bosom profound anxiety; but he never, under the most trying circumstances, indicated a wish or a disposition to retire from the service, or to withhold the helping hand. At the first meeting of the Missionary Union, held at Brooklyn, in May, 1846, one of about his own age, who had from the beginning been an active home laborer, signified his wish, on account of advancing years, not to be re-elected to an office which he had long and usefully filled. I consulted Dr. Cone as to the propriety of passing a resolution, recognizing his valuable services, and expressing regret at his purposed retirement. The reply was characteristic—'Why should we do that? If you will offer a resolution that Brother —— be desired to continue in the work till his Master calls him home, I will second it and make a speech. I have enlisted for life: I intend to die with the harness on.'

“In times of difficulty, the Acting Board, and afterwards, the Executive Committee, were accustomed to look to Dr. Cone for counsel. He was ever prompt to respond and to render any assistance in his power. On more than one occasion were his services of special value, and in few places was his removal by death more seriously deplored than at the Missionary Rooms, in Boston. A column of great strength, and at one of the most important points, was smitten down at a critical

period, and we felt that the fabric had been weakened. Few will do for the general cause what he has done.

“As the friend and supporter of foreign missions, his memory is fragrant.”

We have taken the liberty of substituting “Mr. Cone,” for “your father,” in many places in the foregoing valuable communication of Dr. Stew.—EDS.

For letter of President Wayland, see Appendix.

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE BIBLE AND THE AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

*Do Baptists preach the truth? If they do, and it be right to preach it,
is it not right to print it?*

IN every effort to circulate the sacred Scriptures he took, not only a lively interest, but a constant, earnest, and decided part. When he first settled in New York, and for twelve years and upwards after, the American Bible Society occupied the whole field. Almost all evangelical denominations united in it. Its views appeared large and catholic, and its success was brilliant. The resolution upon which it acted, to supply every destitute family in the United States with a copy of the Bible, elicited the admiration of the Christian world. Stretching the arms of its benevolence as wide as the globe, it offered to almost every people, amongst whom the missionary penetrated, in their own tongue, the inspired record of the wonderful works of God. Different sects and denominations emulated each other in swelling its treasury, and its auxiliaries sprung up in every town. In this good work, the Baptists of America were nothing undervalued to the most ardent and generous supporters of the institution. They gave every where gladly. It was a cause which appealed at once to their principles and their hearts. The Bible, the pure unadulterated Word of God, was the basis of the Baptist faith and practice, and its dissemination, a duty springing naturally and inevitably from all their principles.

With an ungrudging liberality, therefore, they poured their money into its coffers.

Mr. Cone very soon became a member, and before long, one of the leading workers in the institution. There as elsewhere his willingness to work, and his capacity to work, were immediately recognized, and a laboring oar put into his hands. Painstaking and punctual, as well as intense; practical, and methodical, as well as impulsive—capable of not only taking a large view of the scope and capacities of such an institution, but also of grasping all the minutiae, he made himself rapidly acquainted with every part of the mere machinery of its operations. At the same time his mind busied itself with all the possible combinations of its powers, and having once mastered the mechanism of its action, gave it its true place and value as a mere means to the one great end of the conquest of the world for Christ. Vast and imposing as it was, and full of claims upon the respect of Christians, his mind was not of a character to be influenced by its apparent magnitude beyond a certain point. That point was the division-line between truth and error. So long as he believed it to be the exponent of the truth, he was ready to give heart and hand to its service. It was a labor he delighted in. He never grew weary of it; storm and shine found him at his post, and his work prepared and arranged for meeting, committee, or anniversary. They depended on him, and calculated upon him as much as upon one of their presses.

In 1833 he was elected one of the corresponding secretaries, and re-elected in 1834 and 1835.

During those years, however, many signs made it apparent that the spirit of Pedo-Baptism would not long permit its union with Baptists, even in the work of giving the Bible to the heathen. The action of the British and

Foreign Bible Society, quickly imitated by the American Bible Society, in refusing appropriations for translations made by Baptist missionaries, precipitated the crisis.

His Baptist coadjutors in the society at this time, were Dr. Maclay and Messrs. Leonard Bleecker, Garret N. Bleecker, William Colgate and Timothy R. Green. On him, however, as both able and willing to sustain it, the principal weight of the contest was thrown.

“The Baptist missions in India were commenced by Carey and Thomas in 1793. From their commencement special attention was paid to Biblical translation, and Dr. Carey, who excelled as a linguist, executed more versions of the Sacred Scriptures into foreign languages than any other scholar of any age. As early as 1816, the number wholly or partially completed by him and his immediate associates was twenty-seven. During the last years of his life, Dr. Yates was his associate, and was his successor in the same employments until his own death July 3d, 1845. The latter, in addition to several new versions undertaken and partially completed by him, revised and improved the most important of Carey’s translations, especially the Bengali, which he brought to so high a degree of accuracy and elegance, as to command the admiration of educated natives, and of foreigners conversant with the language.”—*The Bible, its Excellence. By Spencer H. Cone and William H. Wyckoff.*

The Rev. Messrs. Yates and Pierce revised and improved the Bengali translation of the New Testament made by Dr. Carey. They applied to the British and Foreign Bible Society to print it. Three Pedo-Baptist missionaries had anticipated their application, and informed the society that Yates and Pierce had translated the word βαπτίζω, to immerse. The British and Foreign Bible Society refused to print it.

Yates and Pierce next applied to the American Bible

Society. Faithfully copying the example of their British Pede-Baptist brethren, the American Bible Society also refused. The contribution of the Baptists of the United States to the funds of that society had fallen little short of *one hundred thousand* dollars. Out of this the society had appropriated less than *twenty-nine thousand* in aid of the translations made by Baptist missionaries. Yet they peremptorily refused. A simple principle of honor, it would seem, ought to have dictated a different course.

The committee of the American Bible Society reported, not that sprinkling, pouring, or washing, was the true translation, and immersion a false one, but that it was "*incapable* to appropriate funds in aid of translating or distributing any version containing *translations* of the Greek words βαπτίζω βαπτισμα and their cognates."

Thus the rule was laid down that translators were to manufacture for the heathen an ingenious mosaic of Bengali and other dialects, "cut on Greek and Latin." No provision being made for the concurrent distribution of Greek grammars and lexicons among those remote people, the question among Baptists, who are a common sense sort of logical folk, naturally arose: how are they to know what it means; and if our missionaries are to teach the heathen Greek for one word, of what avail is it to have the rest in the vernacular? Why not put the Hindoos to their Greek, for the whole, at once? The strangest part of it was, that the refusal to aid translations containing the word *immerse* was confined strictly to those made by *Baptist Missionaries*. The German Bible, and the Dutch Bible, circulated amongst, and read by many millions, had it so, and they never thought of refusing them. The shade of Luther forbade it. With what would seem to be a strange inconsistency, they patronized a version which translated the word to

sprinkle; and published Morrison's Chinese version which had it "to make a wash." It was something notorious also, that learned Chinese pronounced Morrison's version "an unintelligible jargon." Whether, viewed in the light of "expediency," this was not rather a recommendation than otherwise, as rendering it homogeneous with the practice of Greek transfers, and very weighty with the British and Foreign and American Bible Societies, their actions leave but little doubt.

Against this course of the society, Mr. Cone strove so long as a hope of arresting their unwise and unphilological tendency remained. He had recourse to every thing that argument, entreaty, or Christian sentiment could suggest.

He urged upon them the fact, that the uniform practice of Baptist translators, from the commencement of the missions in Asia, was to translate into the vernacular tongues words relating to baptism, and other "ecclesiastical" terms, as some have denominated them, and that this practice was never kept secret, but was written and talked about publicly and privately, without restriction—that Rev. Andrew Fuller, the corresponding secretary of the Baptist Missionary Society, in 1813, in answer to an inquiry of the secretary of the British and Foreign Bible Society, had replied, "In a letter which I lately received from Dr. Carey, he mentions having received one from you, inquiring in what way certain words were rendered in their translations. He wished me to inform you that they had rendered βαπτίζω by a word that signifies to *immerse*, and επισκοπος by a word signifying an overseer." He further urged that the American Bible Society, with the full knowledge of all these facts, had aided in the circulation of these translations, and if it now refused to continue such aid, after Baptists had contributed so largely to the funds

of the society, they might with justice complain of having been lured into swelling its revenues by the very natural belief that, at least, a reasonable proportion of that revenue would continue to be applied to translations made by their missionaries.

He showed them that the Galilean version, the first made, had it "immerse;" and as Christ preached in Galilee and the Apostles were yet alive when it was made, and probably used it, it was the next best authority to the inspired original. That the next, the Ethiopic version, had it so also. That all the original Oriental versions used it. That the society published and circulated a Roman Catholic version in Spanish, which translated "repent"—"to do penance"—and "Jacob worshipped the top of his staff"—instead of "Jacob worshipped *upon* the top of his staff." Which certainly was an indication that the patronage of versions differing from the English was not contrary to their principles. That the constitution of the society interposed no obstacle. That their decision was not confined in its effect to the versions under consideration, but involved principles in which all translators of the Scriptures were concerned. That they were about to say to these, either that they must faithfully transmit the Divine original into the current coin of every human language; or that they must suppress and cover up a part of God's truth.

The objection that Baptists refused to employ terms "unobjectionable" to other denominations had no force, for two reasons—first, that Pedo-Baptists would not abide by the same rule, and use terms "unobjectionable" to Baptists; and second, that on this point there were but two sects in the whole Christian world, Immersionists, and Non-Immersionists; Baptists, and Pedo-Baptists. That it was not contended that "im-

merse" was a false translation, but merely "objectionable." Why objectionable? Because it took away from a human ceremony the implied sanction of Holy Writ. The question then resolved itself into this—are human opinions to control the Bible, or is the Bible to control human opinions.

Thus the great issue was definitely joined, and their hereditary task and labor of love, the defence of the truth against human inventions, devolved upon Baptists. How gallantly and fearlessly they undertook and carried it through in the United States, under his leadership, we have now to show.

In the following pages, it will be seen that we are under great obligations to the Rev. Dr. Baker, of Williamsburg, New York, who was appointed by the Board of the Bible Union to prepare an address commemorative of the life and labors of Dr. Cone, especially as the staunch friend and supporter of pure versions of God's Word.

The Baptist Missionaries in India, early distinguished themselves as translators of the Scriptures. No censorship impeded their work. They sought to impress upon their translations the exact meaning of the Holy Spirit, in the original, without reference to human dogmas or disputes. The labors of Pierce, Yates, Judson and the rest, attracted the warmest sympathy of Mr. Cone's heart. He seized the earliest opportunity for its expression, and at the meeting of the Board of the Triennial Convention, held in Salem, April, 1833, he prepared, in conjunction with Professor James D. Knowles, resolutions affirming it to be the duty of Baptists to sustain them, and of the Board to instruct them to endeavor, by earnest prayer and diligent study, to ascertain the precise meaning of the original text; to express that meaning as exactly as the nature of the languages into

which they translated would permit, and to *transfer* no words which are capable of being literally translated." Mr. Cone was at that time a member of the Board of managers of the American Bible Society, and immediately laid upon its table a number of copies of the resolutions.

It is worthy of remark, as a historical fact, that Joseph Hughes, a *Baptist*, was the most active founder of the British and Foreign Bible Society in 1804. Prior to the founding of that institution, Baptist translators in India had translated *βαπτισμ* and its cognates, in the exact manner afterwards objected to by that body.

After their refusal to patronize such versions, Mr. Packard of Philadelphia transmitted to the American Bible Society, from Pierce and Yates, the same application. The resolutions of refusal, and restriction to a copy of the received English version were also passed, as we have seen, by the latter society. Upon the passage of these resolutions, Rev. Spencer H. Cone, the dissenting member of the committee, being the president of the general Triennial Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States for foreign missions, prepared and issued an address to that body, explaining the action of the American Board, and requesting the members of the Convention to communicate their sentiments upon the important matters thus brought before them, at the meeting of the Foreign Board at Hartford, in April, 1836. Protests embracing the most weighty arguments against the resolutions were presented at the American Board, but notwithstanding, the resolutions were confirmed by the society at its next anniversary, May, 1836.

The preliminary discussions of the question had attracted public attention. The Baptist and Pede-Baptist world were equally interested and excited. The

anniversary was held in the Broadway Tabernacle, and that immense hall, capable of seating from four to five thousand persons, was crowded to its utmost.

The platform, and the seats, which rise tier on tier behind it, were filled with the vice-presidents, managers, and directors of the American Bible Society. The most eminent talent of the Pedo-Baptist side was present, and prepared for the contest. Judges and governors, senators, and lawyers of fame, swelled the array. Against the decision of its Board, the Baptists had appealed to the annual meeting; and alone against the host of Pedo-Baptist talent and knowledge, Spencer H. Cone stood up as the champion of his people and of the truth for which they lived. Speech after speech was levelled against him. Rhetoric and argument, menace and entreaty; the most specious appeals and considerations were urged upon him. His denomination and himself were made the mark of a thousand arrows of subtlety, wit, and declamation.

Time has effaced most of these efforts from our memory. Some, however, made an impression which nothing can wipe out. We forget the name of the last gentleman who spoke on the Pedo-Baptist side of the question, in defence of the course pursued by the American Bible Society. He was, we think, a senator from one of the Eastern States. The point of his speech was this: Christians are a great army, arrayed against the evil which is in the world. Their warfare is perpetual. Every day finds them compelled to face the enemy. And when we see the army drawn up in battle array; the enemy in front; the fierce tug of war on the point of commencing—what must we think of that regiment which wheels out of line, and abandons the field, leaving the rest of the army to fight the battle alone? And should a regiment be guilty of such an

act, will not every true-hearted soldier step out of its flying ranks, and falling into the line again, stand to his arms until the fate of the battle is decided?

The instant he closed, Mr. Cone was on his feet. He stood upon the left hand, on the front of the platform. High excitement, and the vast responsibility which weighed upon him, lent a more than ordinary grandeur to his carriage, and an added power to his voice. He was the living embodiment of a great orator, and before the words formed upon his tongue, an intense and breathless silence pervaded the house, and every eye was fastened upon him.

“Mr. Chairman,” he said, not loud, but with that wonderful clearness of enunciation and concentration of manner which seems, as it were, to drive every word directly into the hearts of an audience—“Mr. Chairman:

‘There is a tide in the affairs of men
Which taken at the flood leads on to fortune;
Neglected, all our lives afterward
Are bound in shallows and in miseries.’

“On that tide my denomination is launched. It has risen to their feet. It commands them to embark. They dare not disobey the God they serve. They dare not cover up His truth, forsake high fortune, and incur the just retribution of being bound in shallows and in miseries all their life after. Sir, I love the army, but I love *my regiment better*, and whether they fall amid the mountains of America, or on the plains of Burmah, *I fall with them.*”

The remainder of the speech, or rather the words in which it was conched, have faded from memory. It was devoted to the argument, and put in clear, bold terms the principles of Baptists on the subject of Bible translations, and their resolve, with God’s help, to give His

Word *literally* to men. Its effect upon the audience was to elicit repeated applause, which was checked by the presiding officer as improper in such a place. His appearance and manner, on that and similar occasions, were such as to command a peculiar attention from the people. It was frequently and admiringly remarked by preachers and public men. Characterized by entire freedom and grace, without being open to the censure of effort after effect, the eye and ear received equal pleasure. The platform was evidently a place on which he felt perfectly at home. It put no barrier between him and the people. He could speak right at them from it. He always stepped forward, cleared himself of everything, and stood before them with the cause he had to advocate, living and breathing in every motion of the body and intonation of the voice. Preachers, from the habit of being shut up in a desk, very commonly feel ill at ease, and out of place, when brought into full relief upon the platform. Many of them remarked the fact to him, and said, they envied his happy self-forgetfulness and freedom. Undoubtedly early training had a great deal to do with it, but intense interest in his subject, and its aim had more. Like the patriot soldier, his "cunning of fence" was a mere subordinate matter, the servant of a great design.

In spite of protest, argument, and eloquence, however, the society affirmed the action of its Board, and by an arbitrary exertion of the law of might, exiled the Baptists from its ranks.

During the preliminary discussions in that society, the brunt of the battle was borne by Dr. Maclay in the Board of managers, and by Mr. Cone in the committee. He was the only Baptist in the committee, and, as such, prepared and presented the protest against its action. In that protest he demonstrated that the principle

sought to be laid down by the society was radically wrong. That it was not competent for it to control the consciences of well qualified Evangelical missionaries, or decide what words they should *transfer*, and what *translate*. That if the society can make an arbitrary rule for *one* word, it may for *all*. That the pervading sentiment of the majority was inconsistent with the spirit of brotherly kindness and benevolence in which the society originated. That it specially singled out *Baptists* as unworthy to co-operate with other denominations, and placed upon them an unjust stigma. That to avoid this they offered them the impracticable alternative of forbearing to do what they believed God required at their hands. That the words baptize etc., had been rendered by words signifying to immerse in Syriac, Arabic, Abyssinian, Ethiopie, Egyptian, Coptic, German, Dutch, Danish, and other languages, and therefore, it was not fair or just to stigmatize our translations as sectarian, when similar translations have been long in use in almost all the churches of the *Eastern world*, and in most of the churches of *Northern Europe*."

The protest was in vain. Pede-Baptism was alarmed, and fear obscured reason and justice. The question with them was no longer obedience to God, but how to guard and defend the *human* system to which they were committed. Mr. Cone immediately issued an address "to the General Convention of the Baptist Denomination in the United States for Foreign Missions," and asked them to come to the meeting of its Board at Hartford, prepared to consider the subject of the duty of American Baptists in the crisis.

The following statement in reference to the course of Dr. Cone in the controversy with the American Bible Society, was communicated to Dr. Baker, by Deacon William Colgate, of New York.

On leaving the committee to which the letter of Pierce and Yates, touching the Bengali version, had been referred, Dr. Cone called on Deacon Colgate, and in stating the case to him, spoke as follows :

“I presume nothing will be given. Shall I let it go by ; or shall I say—‘the application shall not be refused, on the ground of these words being *translated*, without first referring the matter to the Board?’ ”

To this question Deacon Colgate replied, by asking,

“Do you put this question in order to ascertain what I think on the subject, or do you ask it that my answer may be a guide to your action in the committee?”

Dr. Cone replied :

“I ask your opinion that it may guide me in my course in that committee.”

“Then,” said Deacon Colgate, “this is probably the most important question ever put to me, and I should not think of answering one of such importance without taking time for reflection and prayer.”

“I will call then some time next week for your opinion,” said Dr. Cone.

The next week he called, and the conversation, as near as it can be recollected, was as follows. Deacon Colgate remarked,

“That we Baptists who were members of the Board of the American Bible Society, were looked to as representing our denomination, and in this view, our position became very important and responsible ; and that if we or our denomination should be found guilty of clouding or changing in any way, God’s communication to men, it would be criminal in the sight of God and man. Yet if this be brought before the Board, it will, in all probability, produce a painful controversy, and our own denomination will probably be less respected, and our

friends on the Board be highly censured. Yet the principle of right demands this course at our hands, in my opinion."

Dr. Cone replied :

"I fully agree with you in that sentiment."

Deacon Colgate then reminded him that the Baptists in the Board were few in number ; that the members of other denominations were numerous, talented, and highly respectable. Now if you take this stand, will you be firm in carrying it through ?"

Dr. Cone replied with much firmness, and at some length to this effect :

"If I take my stand upon a principle established by my Master, *you know I am not to be moved.*

Deacon Colgate again reminded him—"That before such an array of character and talent, few have been found who have not faltered in the trial when hard beset."

Dr. Cone replied :

"That having been brought into a position where the eyes of the Lord, and of Baptists were upon him, he would never falter while he had God's truth to stand on."

Confident in the propriety of his course, and fortified in the resolution to pursue it, by the advice of such men as Colgate, Maclay, Kendrick, and others, he buckled on his harness, and marched forward to the conflict. That it would be no ordinary one, the magnitude of the interests, and the character of the men concerned in it, made it evident. It is no small honor to him that against every odds, and without even the hope of success to cheer him, he fought it to the last in the American Bible Society, and yielding at last to the force of numbers, instead of entertaining for a moment the idea of abandoning the field, like an able general diverted the attention

of the enemy by alarms and skirmishes, until he could bring up his reserves, and renew the battle upon a more impregnable position. To his thinking the battle for truth was never lost. Her soldiers might be worsted, and suffer a temporary defeat; but as long as life lasted there was always time to strike for and retrieve the victory. Thus, instead of losing a moment in mourning over the action of the American Bible Society, his thoughts were busy with plans for a remedy. Baptists were right. They had the truth, they knew it. They must stand by it, no matter what men did. They must support their missionaries. It was God's work, and God's work must go on. Nothing was needed but an ordinary executive machinery. That must be put together without loss of time. The past was irretrievable. They might regret it. Time, however, was too short, and there was too much to be done, to waste an hour in useless sorrow. They must act. A Bible Society to sustain pure versions must be formed without delay. He went right at it. Tasked his mind to it. Aroused them to its necessity. Put the ball in motion; touched all the chords which answered to the keys of his wide correspondence with every State and district in the Union; and backed by the manifest justice and truth of his position, found himself at Hartford, Connecticut, supported by an almost unanimous voice of the denomination, in the design of forming a new Society. Five votes only were cast in the negative. It was resolved "that it is expedient to call a convention of delegates from churches, and associations, and other religious bodies, to meet in Philadelphia in 1837, to adopt such measures, as circumstances, in the providence of God, may require."

The majority, amongst whom was Dr. Cone, expressed their opinion in private that a convention ought to be

called immediately after the annual meeting of the American Bible Society, unless that society rescinded the resolution of their board of managers not to aid translations made by Baptist missionaries. So soon as the society approved the course of its Board, it was evident to this majority that to postpone their action until 1837, was an unnecessary delay. The Board of Missions, by resolution passed February 17th, 1836, confirmed them in this opinion.

A large number of delegates met, therefore, in Oliver street meeting-house, where he then preached, on the 12th of May, 1836, and formed a provisional organization for Bible translation and distribution. Of this organization Mr. Cone was chosen the president. On Wednesday, April 26th, 1837, the Convention, pursuant to the call of the Hartford meeting, met in Philadelphia. After several days of able discussion, in which every point of the controversy was brought out, the action of Mr. Cone and his colleagues in Oliver street, during the previous May, was confirmed, the provisional organization made permanent, and the American and Foreign Bible Society definitely constituted. Among the ablest debaters, and most determined and unflinching advocates of the creation of that society, were the Rev. Messrs. Bartholomew T. Welsh, John Dowling, and others, who have not been since willing to carry out opinions then expressed to their legitimate conclusion. Dr. Welsh said, eloquently—“It had been said we were leaving the American Bible Society. He, on the contrary, believed they were leaving us. Another charge which has been alleged against us (said Dr. Welsh), is that of sectarianism. If to adhere to the truth; if to prefer allegiance to the throne of Jesus Christ; if to regard the integrity of His institutions and the purity of His Word, be sectarianism, then let

sectarianism be written on my brow in indelible characters; then let bigotry be connected with it in all its odious forms. And I would wear the stigma till death should obliterate it!"

The following letter to Dr. Dagg, dated May 21st, 1836, serves to explain the motives which governed Mr. Cone in the formation of the American and Foreign Bible Society in Oliver street.

"I received," he says, "the joint communication of Brethren Brantley, Dagg, and Babcock, and answered yesterday 'calamo currente.' To-day I have leisure to add a few thoughts to you.

"The board of managers of the Baptist General Convention passed no opinion upon the Bible question. It was a subject they refused to entertain. Had they responded to the call of the president of the Convention (himself), and disposed of the question by resolution or otherwise, it would have been the official act of a Board, representing the only organized Baptist body, of a general character, in the United States, and as such would have been weighty and important; but the Hartford conference could speak only for itself, and not for the Denomination, and its resolutions were entitled to no further general respect than their own intrinsic excellency and fitness might demand.

"The Oliver street Convention was a much larger body—many of its members were expressly sent by Baptist churches and associations, to form a Bible society immediately, if the American Bible Society did not rescind the resolutions of February 17th, 1836, and a much larger amount of information upon the Bible question was before the meeting than at Hartford. They were satisfied fully, from *circumstances before them* on the 12th of May, that it was pleasing to God and to the great mass of Baptists who take an interest in

Bible translation and distribution, *to go forward*, and they did so in the name of the Lord. The eight or ten brethren who were in Oliver street as well as at Hartford, never dreamt of being so pledged by the resolutions of one conference, as to prevent them acceding to those of the other. We have committed no sin against our brethren, but acted according to the light given to us, and the peculiar circumstances of the day, and hope that all appearance of collision and discrepancy, which indeed refer almost exclusively *to time*, may, by proper explanations, be entirely removed, and ‘*audi alteram partem*,’ contains a sentiment that we are none of us, I trust, disposed to disregard.

“I have not the minutes of the conference before me, and write from memory, but as I drew up the resolutions, I think these were about the words of one of the *last*, which was passed unanimously; viz:—

“Resolved; that the first anniversary be held in Philadelphia, the last Wednesday of April, 1837, when a report of the doings of the society shall be laid before a convention to be then and there assembled from different parts of the United States, for the purpose of securing the *united* and *concentrated* action of our whole denomination in the Bible cause.’

“This resolution was supposed to be so strong and unequivocal as to show clearly our intentions, and save us from the charge of dis-regard to the feelings of our brethren, or an unwillingness to submit to the voice of the majority, whenever properly and plainly expressed. As far as I am personally concerned, I assure you I had much rather escape from the presidential chair, than occupy it, and I had rather the seat of the society’s operations should be Philadelphia than New York, if competent brethren there would undertake its management; for here we have societies enough already.

“After all, what worse can you say of us, than that we were willing to encounter a responsibility and labor that *nobody else* was willing to touch, and though dear Brother Sharp said ‘we had not the men,’ we hope, by the assistance of our Heavenly Father, that we shall prove that he was *mistaken on a Bible question* for once at least if no more.

Dr. Dagg, says in reference to this :

“In the discussions at Hartford, Dr. Sharp, who was opposed to the forming of a new society, assigned as a reason that we had not the men to manage it. How greatly he mistook the ability of our New York brethren, especially that of Brother Cone, for conducting such an enterprise, the event fully demonstrated. The new society went forward with astonishing success; and much of that success is doubtless to be attributed to the wisdom and energy of him who so long presided over it.

“The question as to the time of organization, which at first produced some difficulty, was amicably settled, and the American and Foreign Bible Society received a cordial support from the Baptists throughout the United States, with but few exceptions. Brother Cone, at the head of the society, enjoyed a high degree of popularity; but it pleased Infinite Wisdom to render his relation to this society one of the severest trials that he ever endured. His withdrawal from it, and the formation of the American Bible Union, are facts which I leave others to record. Many who loved and honored him, did not fully concur in this movement; and of this number I was one. It gives me great pleasure, however, to say, that I honor the principles which governed him, and the motives by which he was actuated; and to express the hope that the result may prove his superior wisdom.”

In August, 1837, he writes to Dr. Dagg on the same subject, from Schooley's mountains :

"I have been rusticated for ten days among the mountains of my native State, and feel somewhat recruited both in body and mind.

"The last year has multiplied my avocations, and some of them have been sufficiently exciting. I have laid too much to heart the opposition, and I could almost say, persecution, which some of our good brethren have exhibited towards our Bible Society ; and the decision of the Philadelphia Convention seems to have no influence upon their course. Still they insist upon it, that a distinct Bible organization is unnecessary and most inexpedient, and must in its results prove injurious to the best interests of the Baptist denomination, as well as to the common cause of Christianity in our happy land. I hope I am cooling down a little. I want more of your quiet calmness ; or, you will say, I want more of the mind that was in the precious Saviour, I try to pray for it constantly, that I may walk by faith, and not by sight ; aim to do right, and leave the results with Him. Bro. —, has thus far kept South Carolina from coming up to our help. I hope his Anti-Baptist-Bible doctrine will never gain many disciples in your State. I grieve over the course he has taken, and wonder how he can think he is doing God service, by abusing his brethren. But I strive to comfort myself with the assurance, that 'the Lord God omnipotent *reigneth,*' and if He be for us, who can be against us? *No one successfully,* most surely !

"Bro. B. is out again in print about baptizo. 'The word is untranslatable.' I am waiting for him to show that the Saviour delivered the commission to the Apostles in *Greek*, for if this is not clearly made out, I

cannot see but that baptizo stands for some Hebrew word which may mean to *dip*; and if Naaman was *dipped* seven times without being drowned, it seems possible, that a believer may be immersed without being kept under the water for ever. When Cary, Marshman, Yates, Judson, etc., *have translated* the word into languages spoken by so many millions of the human family; and since Gill, Booth, Carson, etc., have so clearly demonstrated its meaning, my spectacles do not magnify sufficiently to discern the *modesty* of the man who boldly declares that *baptizo* is untranslatable. But in the face of so great a linguist, I still think we may safely *immerse* willing converts."

A few extracts from Mr. Cone's presidential address at the close of the first anniversary of the American and Foreign Bible Society, will place in the clearest light the motives upon which he acted, not only in that, but in all things connected with his denomination.

"Borne along," he says, "by circumstances which we could neither anticipate nor control; cut off from resources upon which we had been accustomed, perhaps, too much to rely; and having examined the signs of the times with prayerful solicitude, we have at length been constrained to organize a distinct society, for the printing and circulation of the Sacred Scriptures. To this course we have been impelled, not merely by the fact, that the Calcutta, the British and Foreign, and the American Bible Societies, have combined in the determination to afford no further aid to versions made by Baptist missionaries; *versions which obvious duty binds us promptly and adequately to sustain*; but the measure has been imperatively demanded by the cry of the destitute; by the ardent desire of many of our churches, to come up to the help of the Lord, in this

matter, against the mighty ; and by the peculiar facilities now afforded us in the glorious work of Bible distribution.

“ In communicating to the human family the gracious plan of salvation through Jesus Christ, *Holy men of God spake as they were moved by the Holy Ghost*. Not only did they deliver the *sentiments*, but the very *words* of Jehovah. * * * * All Scripture is given by inspiration of God. * * * * The gift of inspiration, it is true, is not vouchsafed to modern missionaries and translators ; nevertheless, in connection with their high vocation, the doctrine we advocate is of immense moment. *Under its influence, not a single word can be intentionally neglected, obscured, or perverted.* * * * * Among the errors and frauds which have marked the rise and progress of the Papal Hierarchy, *handing the word of the Lord deceitfully*, certainly, is not the least. To keep back any part of the price ; *to add to, or take from the words of the Book*, is a crime of no questionable character—the curse of the Almighty rests upon it ! * * * * In the version used by Papists, for the maintenance of their “*prodigious structure of imposture and wickedness*,” Baptizo and its cognates are invariably *Latinized—never translated* ; and the same policy was pursued in all European versions, wherever the authority of the ‘man of sin’ prevailed. The unlearned not being permitted ‘to read in their own tongues wherein they were born,’ what God required of believers, were compelled to rely upon their spiritual guides, and they told them that Baptizo signified to sprinkle, or pour, or christen ; that it *was too holy to be translated* ; and that its meaning was as immaterial as it was indefinite, and so, *unhappily*, one of the important ordinances of the Gospel, described by the Holy Spirit as with a sunbeam, has been covered up, and hid from the great

mass of the people, by the POPISH ARTIFICE OF TRANSFER.

“The Baptists, in every age and in every clime, from the days of Paul, when the sect was everywhere spoken against, to the present hour, have been the steadfast friends of the VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE, in whatever pertains to religion. They maintain, to use the language of a forcible writer, ‘that man cannot be born into a system of faith, nor be surrendered in infancy or age to a form of religion, but may assert his right to judge for himself; to examine and decide, under the lofty conviction that God has not made him a slave. They acknowledge no clerical or secular domination, but scorn, with becoming indignation, every attempt to subdue reason by enforcing the dogmas of a party, and hold, with determined fidelity, the high vantage ground assigned them by their Creator.’ No man is born a Baptist. Membership in our churches is matter of choice, after the Christian character is formed.

“The *compulsory system*, which tramples upon the freedom of judgment and will, is written in the history of our denomination in characters of blood. The Baptists, in the valleys of Piedmont, in Germany, Bohemia, France, Wales, and New England, have been the subjects of the most unrelenting persecutions. They were fined, imprisoned, banished, and massacred; not upon the principle of retaliation, because they had persecuted others; not for any immoralities laid to their charge; but because they immersed willing converts; and opposed the baptism of unwilling infants; and refused to receive for doctrine the commandments of men; and adhered, with unyielding integrity, to the great Bible principle, LIBERTY OF CONSCIENCE THE INALIENABLE BIRTHRIGHT OF MAN! Attachment to this sentiment has resulted in our separation from the American Bible

Society. The managers of that institution interfered with the *consciences* of Baptist Missionaries, in the execution of their trust as translators of God's Holy Book; requiring them to make versions that might be consistently used by the several denominations composing the society, as the *indispensable condition of future patronage*. Believing that 'the Bible should control human opinions, and that the creeds of different sects ought never to govern the Bible,' we have disallowed the rule adopted by the American Bible Society, and *ceasing from man, whose breath is in his nostrils, would lift up our eyes to the hills whence our help cometh.*"

The VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE was the key to his action in this matter, as in all others relating to human association. It is clear that the more astute of his opponents, in the American Bible Society, saw the tendency and consequence of his opinions. They saw that his great principle struck at the root and life of every other system than that adhered to by Baptists. His course was governed by an inexorable logic. Baptists founded their entire system upon the Bible. Their system was true. Pure translations, literal translations of the Bible *must* sow the seed of those principles everywhere, and the whole civil and religious policy and aspect of the world be ultimately changed. Translate the Bible, spread abroad Baptist sentiments, and if the whole world did not become Baptist, it must at least assimilate to them in most important particulars. Those sentiments were a lever able to lift the world, if a fulcrum only could be found. The United States of America was that fulcrum. God appeared to point directly to them by the finger of His providence. Here the democratic sentiment sustained and defended the VOLUNTARY PRINCIPLE in its purity. For this he fought. It was the foundation upon which he stood. Nowhere so perfectly understood or

practised as amongst Baptists, the whole machinery of whose church relationships and religious policy were strictly conformed to it, the diffusion of Baptist sentiments in religion carried, of necessity, with them the pure principles of human freedom, or the VOLUNTARY SYSTEM in civil government. To spread these principles of civil and religious liberty he preached from the pulpit; he spoke from the platform; he worked in benevolent societies; *to show the world to whom it was indebted for them*, he republished "Jones' Church History," which is indeed but an extended record of Baptist struggle to engraft upon the civil policy of states, the principles of the voluntary system. To lay for them an immovable basis he contended for "pure versions of the Word of God." A few years will show that his life, a life devoted to this principle, was not in vain. What he preached for forty years, and what was heard by hundreds of thousands, did not fall upon barren places. He knew and felt his people, because he loved them. A large souled American of the type and fashion of the early founders of the Republic, his republicanism was not confined to a form of civil government. To the poor the Gospel was preached, and his republicanism and Christianity were inseparable. He knew the *heart* of his denomination, because he knew the people's heart; and his own beat with it. This was the great secret of his success. He did not take hold of a little finger, or lay his hand upon a foot, or an arm to find what was in it; but he put his hand with the boldness of love and sympathy directly upon its heart, and learned how it beat. Men made a great mistake if they fancied he did anything in a hurry, or from his own mere motion only. He never hesitated because he stood alone upon a great truth, and yet he never stirred hastily. By a happy intuition, the intui-

tion of honesty, he struck out great popular truths—but they were always truths, and popular because true. Error had no venerable quality for him, no matter how hedged about by great names, or hoary with the rime of age. To him there was no divinity in the royalty of falsehood. Its crown and sceptre had no more terror for him, than a shepherd's crook. Its very majesty, and power over men's minds, was the strongest reason for entering the lists against it. In a just quarrel he was fearless; and as careless of what men's hearts might think or tongues might say as if he had been "locked up in steel."

Referring to both these qualities, a distinguished brother preacher writes to him:

"Your inquiry as to whether we have done what we ought, to keep the *great heart* of our denomination, is a legitimate one.

"I have suffered so much from every attempt to act independently, that I have become timid. I have not *your bravery*. I cannot, like you, bear hard knocks. This you will call weakness. Probably it is so. I love the cause; I am willing to *work* for it; but to *fight* for it—'there's the rub.'"

Not so with him. Let him believe he had a "thus saith the Lord" to go to battle on, and he was quite as ready to *fight* as *work*. The one or the other; it was perfectly indifferent which. If God gave his banner into his keeping, he had always a soldier's carelessness where it was to be carried. That was his Captain's business, not his.

The principles he preached were not new; they have been written on the lives of Baptists from the year of our Lord, 330, and the time of the Bishop of Rome, called Sylvester. But it is notorious that his ministry of forty years stirred up the Baptists of the United

States to a livelier and more consistent defence and propagation of them than that of any other man of his time.

What he preached during all those years, and labored mightily to upbuild, is daily finding new advocates. To some extent, Professor Curtis, in his able "progress of Baptist principles," sustains his favorite positions, although he does not go quite so far as he did. Every such work, however, serves more clearly to instruct the people of the United States, to whom they are indebted for that unshackled "soul freedom" wherein they now rejoice, and under the happy influence of which they are pressing exultingly forward. It is right that the people of these States should know that, belong to what denomination they may, or belong to none, they are living under a government constituted purely upon Baptist principles, and that but for the preaching, and suffering, and indomitable energy of Baptists, such a government never could or would have existed upon the earth. It is right that they should learn to what the principles of Baptists tend, and how their triumph is the triumph of voluntarism over coercion, of republican freedom over every usurpation of power, by whatever name disguised. It is just, too, that in his memoirs which we write, the principles for which he lived should stand boldly out. Professor Curtis states the distinctive principles of Baptists thus :

1. Freedom of conscience, and the entire separation of Church and State.
2. A converted church membership.
3. Sacraments inoperative without choice and faith.
4. Believers, the only scriptural subjects of baptism.
5. Immersion always the baptism of the New Testament.

The word "*sacraments*" was not in Mr. Cone's voca-

bulary. He denied that there were anything but "*ordinances of the Gospel.*" In the "summary of the faith and practice" of the First Baptist Church in the City of New York," printed under his supervision in 1851, and on the title-page of which his name appears, the 18th Article states "That the only symbolie *ordinances* appertaining to the Gospel dispensation, are *Baptism* and the *Lord's Supper.*"

From the principle mentioned, fifth in order, by Professor Curtis, resulted the views Mr. Cone had, in common with all Close Communion Baptists, of the order of a Christian church, as formed upon the apostolic and primitive model, of the necessity of conversion, &c., &c.; of the proper subjects of Christian baptism, and the proper character of those who should publicly put on Christ by immersion, and sit down to His table.

From the one first stated resulted his whole system of republican civil government, and republican Christianity.

The best authorities would seem to sustain his belief, that these distinctive principles of Baptists, particularly those referring to the separation of civil and religious matters, and entire freedom of conscience to all men, freedom to believe or disbelieve as they choose, dates from the age of the Apostles. Thence flowing down, interrupted, indeed, by persecution, but still permeating the harsh soil of Popery, and breaking out in rills as limpid as the waters of life, from the rocky declivities of the Cevennes, or the more luxuriant falls of Italy; they nourished the seeds of truth and freedom in the hearts of Arnold of Brescia, Peter de Bruis, and the Waldensian leaders.

Their principles found their earliest exponent upon American soil in Roger Williams, of Rhode Island. "In 1630, Roger Williams commenced to preach in favor

of religious liberty, and in 1636, having purchased territory from the Indians, commenced to found the colony on the express principles of perfect religious liberty. In 1638, others having joined and purchased the territory of the present State of Rhode Island, a voluntary government was formally instituted, by a solemn covenant of all, to 'submit to the orders of the major part *in civil things only.*' Thus was a constitution formed on the express basis of a perfect liberty of conscience. It is true that it was not until 1644 that Roger Williams obtained his charter from the king. This was not sought, even then, because he deemed it necessary, but only expedient, as a means of preventing the encroachments of the colony of Massachusetts. This charter was obtained and solemnly accepted and adopted by the inhabitants, in 1647, and on the 10th of May, in that year, a body of laws were enacted, and the government further settled upon the principle of perfect religious liberty. *Ecen this last was about two years previous to any enactment in favor of toleration afterward established in Maryland.* A more vital point, however, than one of dates, remains to be considered. The very word *toleration* implies the right to persecute" (Curtis, p. 41; Hildreth, vol. 1, pp. 207, 347, 256, 322) Baptists—the Baptist Williams and his compeers did not *tolerate*, they established perfect religious liberty.

Here they stand alone. They have not only the honor, whatever Archbishop Hughes may say to the contrary, of *first* establishing *religious liberty* on this continent, and on any continent, but also of establishing the *only* religious liberty which was here opened to men's souls. Lord Baltimore *tolerated*; Roger Williams enfranchised.

How he of whom we write preached, with what exulting satisfaction he dwelt upon those distinguishing

features of Baptist principles, and labored to spread them for the benefit of all men—Baptist or not—believers or not—but simply to spread them for the temporal as well as spiritual welfare of men, are there not many thousands who remember?

Let us listen to him in 1854, speaking to the Bible Union these memorable words.

“No other Bible organization in the wide world, advocates the translation and circulation of the *whole* truth. No other lives and breathes, and has its existence exclusively in the unclouded atmosphere of pure unalloyed principle; as the beloved Oneken, whilst amongst us, said, *OUR PRINCIPLE IS DIVINE* * * * here no king can threaten us; here no civil tribunal can coerce us, * * * in no preceding age were so just views entertained of *religious liberty*, as at the present time. With few exceptions, and those chiefly among the Baptists, even the advocates of religious freedom in past days, have insisted upon some restriction upon the rights of conscience, some connection between Church and State. Luther, Calvin, Zwinglius, Knox and their followers, together with the Puritans, both of Old England and New England, all fell into this grievous error. The present century has done more to explode it than any other, since the days of Christ and his Apostles. * * * In this highly favored land, the sun of liberty first shone with unobstructed rays. Rhode Island was the first State that really established the principle of *FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD*. This was the pattern commonwealth of Roger Williams, followed by the other States in our glorious Union, where all civil power should be exercised by the people alone, and where the Ruler of the Universe, should be the only ruler over the conscience. * * * *

“Of all denominations, Baptists have most strenuously and efficiently battled for unrestricted religious liberty.

From the time when John the Baptist was imprisoned for freedom of speech, to the time of John Bunyan, who suffered for the same crime; and from the time of the ingenious dreamer to the formation of the American Bible Union, they have been bold to declare and maintain their views of truth. They never could endure to receive their religion by inheritance instead of conviction, or yield up their souls to the domination of popes, kings, councils, or assemblies. *To the Law and to the Testimony* has been their uniform appeal; *the living oracles; the revealed mind and will of Jehovah!*

“Such is the age—such the country—such are the principles which have grown with our growth, and strengthened with our strength. Is it wonderful that they should have conduced to originate and cherish in our hearts an earnest desire to know exactly what God has taught? Is it surprising that we should reject the authority of King James and the rules by which he restricted the revisers of the Bishop’s Bible from ‘LET-
TING OUT THE WHOLE TRUTH?’

“But we are told that the legitimate exercise of our liberty in seeking to know what God had revealed, produces disturbance. No doubt of it. Truth and principle always create disturbance in our sinful world. The inspired Apostles themselves turned the world upside down by preaching the truth. You cannot put a little leaven into three measures of meal without producing a great ferment, until the whole is leavened. The Reformation was a fruitful source of trouble, the effects of which have not yet died away. The translation of the Bible by Wickliffe caused great disturbance; and Tyn-
dale’s version produced still greater. What would have been the effect of the revision made under King James, if the revisers had been permitted by him to do their duty, and had done it, who can tell? Probably it would

have changed the whole aspect of religious affairs in Great Britain; and have severed probably the cords that bound together Church and State; nay, it might even have gone far towards pulling down INFANT SPRINKLING, that great 'PART AND PILLAR OF POPERY!'

“And what is THE TRUTH for which we are contending? Is it some personal matter between man and man? Is it an affair that concerns only a city, a state, a nation? No! the truth for which we strive is THE TRUTH AS IT IS IN JESUS! the truth that concerns the immortal soul; the truth that affects the welfare of our whole race, and the declarative glory of God on the earth. We assert that there should be no embargo laid upon God's word, that it should be given to our countrymen, and to the whole family of man, in as pure translations as can be made; and that it should be free as the air we breathe. No priestly faction, no prejudiced society, no combination of wealth or influence should prevent it. *Let the Word of God run, and have free course, and be glorified!* The motto of Bro. Kobner, of Hamburg, we have acted upon from the beginning—WHO CAN MEASURE THE CONSEQUENCES OF AN UNFAITHFUL TRANSLATION OF A SINGLE SENTENCE?”

At Providence R. I., in April, 1845, he had said of Roger Williams, “He established a commonwealth upon the pure principles of democracy. He set an example which exerted a mighty influence upon neighboring colonies, and resulted in the formation of our happy national government. Christians of every name should be reminded of the obligations they owe to God, for the *principles and conduct* of Roger Williams. But for these the descendants of the Puritans might yet have been employed in burning, for witeches, helpless and inoffensive old women; or in whipping, fining, imprisoning, banishing, or murdering Quakers, and Anabaptists (falsely so called) for no other reason than

their obstinately refusing 'to receive for doctrine the commandments of men.' When thinking of that first of American Baptists, in connection with Providence, I cannot refrain from exclaiming :

“ ‘Oh, call this holy ground!
The soil where Williams trod,
He left unstained, what here he found,
FREEDOM TO WORSHIP GOD.’ ”

Thus we have, in the claim he makes for Baptists as the first to establish religious freedom, what more or less pervaded every speech and sermon he delivered during the forty years of his ministry. The glory of the principle and of Baptists as its exponents through ages of persecution and violence, until its happy triumph at last on the shores of America, was ever in his mind, and formed one of the strong ties which bound him to his denomination. There was no novelty, indeed, in it, since the fact of its assertion by Baptists in every age, made it as venerable for antiquity as for truth. The marked boldness and pertinacity with which he asserted it, the prominence he gave it, and the popularity he added to it, by a powerful and courteous presentation of the fact, made him pre-eminent as the apologist of his people. Is not his eloquence also yet ringing in our ears as he dwelt upon the glorious simplicity of a Baptist church, a voluntary association of men of like faith in the Lord Jesus, electing their officers—pastor, deacon, all—by open vote of majority; transacting their church business after the manner of a free republic; every church distinct and substantive in its existence, subordinate to nothing on earth, amenable to no law but God's law in the Bible, in its church relationship; subject to no ecclesiastical jurisdiction; acknowledging no superior but the Head over all things to his church, even Christ;

recognizing Baptist churches, but no Baptist church! are not all these things fresh yet in our hearts, and shall not these principles live; shall they not be immortal? Shall not a "TRANSLATED BIBLE" carry them on the wings of the wind wide as the world? He believed it, and that belief made every labor light, allayed every rising sorrow, plucked the sting of every disappointment and animated with the fire and energy of youth his happy age. He was the first we ever recollect hearing say, that "Baptists were not Protestants, that they came in a direct line from the apostolic churches, and as they never consented to the iniquities of Rome, they had not to come out from her and protest."

And what God has by the miraculous interposition and care of His high providence "kept so pure of old," and transmitted unadulterated even to this time—shall it not endure

"Until the elements shall be burned up,
And every creature shall be purified?"

CHAPTER XIX.

THE AMERICAN AND FOREIGN BIBLE SOCIETY.

THE first annual meeting of the American and Foreign Bible Society, was held on Thursday, April 26th, 1838, in the meeting-house of the Oliver street Baptist Church, New York. The second annual meeting was held on Tuesday, the 22d of April, 1839, in the meeting-house of the First Baptist Church, Second street, Philadelphia. Mr. Cone was again chosen as its president. After reading of the treasurer's report, the president opened his address, and the business of the session, by saying, "A review of the gracious dealings of Divine Providence in reference to its operations, was calculated to excite emotions of the liveliest gratitude. With but one agent, our indefatigable Brother Maclay, the receipts of the treasurer for the current year have furnished a gratifying proof of the estimation in which the society continues to be held by the Baptists of the United States, and a pleasing presage, that still more liberal supplies may be confidently anticipated, as new facilities are presented to expend them judiciously. * * * * In the exercise of Christian courtesy, the many yielded to the wishes of the few, and the efforts of the Board of Managers were, during the year succeeding the convention in Philadelphia, limited to the circulation of the Word of God in foreign tongues. At the last anniversary, this feature of the constitution was obliterated, by the unanimous vote of the society, and to our original motto—THE BIBLE TRANSLATED—we were

permitted to add—THE FIELD IS THE WORLD! The debatable ground being thus happily passed over, we had only to commend ourselves, in humble reliance upon Almighty God, to the work evidently set before us.

“As Americans, and Baptists, we have from the beginning felt the claims of our country.”

The unanimity of the society, and the cordial support afforded it by the denomination, proved the unsoundness of the objections urged against it in the Philadelphia convention. The most uncompromising opponents in that convention, were Drs. William T. Brantly, and William R. Williams. It is questionable, whether they had at that time a party prepared to sustain them in their extreme opposition views. Although many were undecided, a second class, the class always found in deliberative assemblies, as everywhere else in life, were nervous, undecided, and busy looking for an opportunity to see which way the current set, and swim with it, and so keep well with the strongest party. The third section, and happily an overwhelming majority, asked only, ‘What is the truth? What does it require at our hands?’ These rallied under the great leader in the enterprise, and stood immovable against every shock. It seems proper to give a sketch of the arguments used in that convention. Dr. Brantly opposed it as unnecessary, there was, he maintained, already an organization for this specific purpose, and until its deficiency should be proved, he would not vote for a new one. The Baptist Board of Foreign Missions had sustained, and conducted the whole matter of translating and diffusing the Bible. Why add another power to the machinery? He opposed a new organization, on the further ground that the translation and dispersion of the Bible in foreign tongues is a missionary work, and should be left to a Missionary Board; and lastly, that in directing the

attention of the denomination to the work of foreign versions and distribution, there might be danger of drawing off their energies from co-ordinate departments of missionary duty. He treated the scheme as visionary. He was opposed to the separation it would produce between Baptists and other Christians. He was a Baptist, but he loved the name of Protestant better. He wanted reasons, not poetry and declamation.

Dr. WILLIAMS eulogized the translators of King James. He anticipated that the effect of leaving the American Bible Society would be to beget a schism in the denomination. He maintained that Mr. Cone had acted improperly in calling the convention. That it was an usurpation of power. That those who sent him, Dr. W., would support foreign, but not domestic operations.

Dr. WAYLAND desired to see the convention unanimous, but opposed domestic operations, or making home distribution a part of it, or attempting a better version. He denied the power of the convention to do so, on the ground that the denomination could not be represented—"Every Baptist man being responsible to his own church, and responsible to no other being under God." A very true and noble Baptist republican sentiment, but rather illogically applied. Dr. Wayland, although in opposition, was kind, dignified, and Christian-like, in argument. He adhered, however, to the American Bible Society, and we believe still continues to do so. He was the apologist of that institution throughout, and was the author of the resolutions cutting off the Baptist missionaries. He was undoubtedly sincere; but, how a Baptist can "believe infant sprinkling a pillar and ground of Popery," and yet sustain the system which perpetuates it, is hard to understand.

Mr. LINCOLN, of Boston, took the same view of the subject, and was enthusiastic in his eulogium upon the greatness and success of the American Bible Society. He denied that Baptists had a right to complain of the resolution cutting off their missionaries. It was in consonance with the letter and spirit of its constitution. The A. B. S. was a great and noble institution. His esteemed Brother Cone, himself, introduced the resolution, adopted by the A. B. S. to supply the whole world with the Sacred Scriptures, in the shortest time practicable. Mr. Cone had by that given a pledge the Baptist denomination were bound to redeem. We could not be released from our obligations to it. His conclusions were hostile to a Baptist institution, as liable to interfere with that "great and noble" one.

Mr. MAGINNIS, of Maine, concurred in the general views of the opposition. Letters had been presented from different parts of the country, in favor of a new organization; if he had made the effort he could have obtained more against it, and in favor of the American Bible Society. If formed, however, he insisted upon restricting the New Society to foreign distribution. If not, the New Society would go beyond the circumstances which it was alleged called for it. He hoped the convention would not censure the American Bible Society, or do anything to disturb the good feeling which had so long existed between Baptists and that *glorious society*. Where could Christians unite, if not in the circulation of the (Pedo-Baptist?) Bible? He was terrified at the idea of Baptists ever attempting a revision of the common version. He hoped they would not touch it.

Mr. SHERWOOD regarded the amendment restricting the Society to distribution in "foreign languages" as

the test question. He would go for vesting it with that power, and would not go further.

To make the record clear, it is, perhaps, well here to state that this was in fact the "test question."

The original resolution offered by Professor JAMES D. KNOWLES read: "Whereas, the American Bible Society has ratified the resolutions of the Board of Managers, passed February 17th, 1836, therefore, *Resolved*, that it becomes the duty of the Baptist denomination of the United States to form a distinct organization, for Bible distribution in foreign languages."

Mr. CONE offered as a substitute, "That under existing circumstances, it is the indispensable duty of the Baptist denomination in the United States to organize a distinct society, for the purpose of aiding in the translation, printing, and circulation of the sacred Scriptures."

On the difference between these two propositions the whole debate, occupying four days, turned.

A small minority, but a very able and influential one in learning and position, came forward to sustain the American Bible Society, and oppose the formation of a distinct institution. On looking over the three hundred and eighty-six members present, as delegates from every section of the United States, twenty-four States being represented, and feeling the pulse of the body, the parliamentary experience of these gentlemen showed them that direct and unqualified opposition would not only be vain, but would also react very injuriously upon themselves. They perceived clearly that a powerful majority were fully determined to carry out the will of the denomination, and form a Bible Society. The tactics of the opposition were instantly changed, and as they could not prevent its formation, it became their object to reduce its proportions as much as possible, to

restrict and hamper its action, and confine it within such strait limits as would prevent it from conflicting with the interests of the American Bible Society. The able leaders of the minority were not ignorant of the character, nor did they fail to surmise the purposes of Mr. Cone. They knew that the desire to give the whole world pure versions of the word of God was in his heart—that the desire was an indomitable one—that between his thoughts and actions time rarely made much gap. They saw that the instant he obtained the machinery of a Bible Society, pledged, under his resolution, simply to “circulate the sacred Scriptures,” the home field would not be long unoccupied, nor King James’s Bible long unimpeached as a witness for truth. Therefore they expended their whole force in the endeavor to add the words, “in foreign languages.” The abstract of the arguments we have given fairly, represents the tone of the opposition debates.

In answer to them, at different times, during the four days’ debate, and with an eloquence, the effects of which the opposition vainly endeavored to sneer away, by stigmatizing it as “poetry”—“rhetoric”—“declamation,” &c., “the usual resort of men who seek rather to inflame passion and prejudice, than to convince reason,” &c., &c.,

Mr. CONE presented his reasons for calling the meeting at Hartford; for forming the provisional Bible Society, and finally for appealing to that body, the representatives of the whole denomination, to ratify his acts. He contended that it was necessary to organize a new society. That delegates from twenty-four States were present, and the sentiment of the denomination on the subject could be fairly ascertained. That he believed it to be the imperative and pleasing duty of the Baptists of the United States to organize such a society.

That they would sustain it liberally. The field was the world. The British and Foreign and American Bible Societies would no longer aid Baptists, unless they would consent to conform to the principle in their versions, which their missionaries and the whole denomination had disallowed. Baptists must, therefore, aid themselves. They were bound to give vernacularly the mind of the spirit, in the nearest possible approach to that mind as expressed in the original record. They had greater prospects of success than had ever fallen to the lot of any denomination. America was the land of Baptists. Roger Williams contended undauntedly and successfully for the "Voluntary Principle," viz., that a man cannot be born in a system of faith—that he must take the Bible as his only guide. This principle had been introduced into all the institutions of civil and religious freedom, which distinguished our happy land. He would say, then, under the circumstances in which the Baptists in the United States were placed—where there were no acts of uniformity—where there was no union of Church and State—where there was no sword of majesty placed in the hand of religious despotism, they ought to act unshackled and fearlessly. This was the land where we spoke as we printed, and printed what we spoke, and there was "none daring to make us afraid." Baptists wanted no new Bible; they merely wished to have the privilege of printing and circulating it as they understood it now. Were they to stand still? Must they not give the Scriptures unmutated and uncovered to the nations of the earth? An organization to do so, would be the most popular of all Christian efforts. Baptist Missionaries have translated the Bible into the languages on both sides the Ganges. They lift a piercing cry to us. Shall that cry be unheard? Germany, too, implores aid. Have American Baptists for-

gotten that they have martyrs to their principles in that land? No one was more devoted to the missionary interest than he was. It had been said we can send all our funds through that channel. We could *not*. That society had as much to do now as it could attend to. The formation of the American and Foreign Bible Society had already tested the wishes of the denomination. With very little effort \$21,000 (in one year, the *first* of its existence) had been thrown into the treasury, and \$15,000 more subscribed. He gave a detailed account of the controversy between the Baptists and the American Bible Society. Ill-used as the Baptists had been, but one course was left them—the one they had taken. Baptists were under as much obligation to *print* a pure version as to preach it. He had not *called* the Convention ex-officio—as president, as was charged; he had *merely asked* that there might be a full representation, and that such as could not come would send their opinions. It was unjust to charge that he had stretched his power. He did not think it wise to limit the society to foreign distribution. He desired a full discussion, and a public one. He desired the Baptist denomination to know what they did there. He wished to lie no longer under the imputations which had been put upon him. It had been said for a year past that he was misrepresenting his denomination. He wished that convention to say whether he had or had not misrepresented it. He desired to test the sentiment of the whole denomination.

A great deal had been said in regard to the translators and translation of the Scriptures. He had heard his brethren here utter the most singular remarks in relation to the forty-nine translators appointed by King James; and some had gone so far as to pronounce the Bible as translated by the distinguished forty-nine, a *perfect*

work! Had we ever heard of a work so lauded to the skies? The modest CARY devoted forty odd years to the translation of his work, and what was his answer to a question in reference to it? "*It may be made a perfect work.*" They were met, when discussing the propriety of extending the operations of the society to *domestic* distribution, with the argument that they were not to assume the name "*American,*" because it would look to a period of a change of the version. He was really astonished at the trepidation and fears of some of his brethren. He believed that the time was not far distant when in England a new version would be prepared and presented to English readers. YATES had translated the New Testament from the original Greek into English. When he heard so much said as to the "forty-nine" translators (of King James), heard them so lauded to the skies, he asked—"Who knows that they were such very learned men?" He had looked into the matter, and could not discover that they were men of such extraordinary and transcendent talents. Where were their learned works—their critical and extensive knowledge? Did gentlemen feel at liberty to say that forty-nine Baptists could not come together, and make amendments in the version of the Scriptures? He opposed *transferring*—because the result of it had been to unite Church and State, and to produce much evil. He was not disposed to award King James's translators the high wrought eulogies he had heard pronounced on that floor. He could not discover foundation enough for them. He maintained that the word "*Baptizo*" meant to *immerse*. He would neither repeat nor reply to the personal allusions and charges made against him.

Throughout the debate he was boldly and eloquently sustained by Drs. B. T. Welsh of Albany; Cushman, of

Philadelphia; Kendrick, of Hamilton, New York; Professor Knowles, of Massachusetts; Mr. Tinsley, of Virginia; Mason, of South Carolina; Anderson, of Kentucky; Armstrong, of North Carolina; Octavius Winslow, then of New York, now of Leamington, England; Sommers, of New York; J. B. Jeter, of Virginia; Crane, of Baltimore; Galusha, of New York; Mills, of Virginia; and others.

Of the efforts of Drs. Welsh and Cushman, in that crisis, he always spoke in terms of unqualified admiration. He has often repeated since that Bartholomew T. Welsh made the ablest speech in favor of pure versions that was made in that body. The impression left upon the minds, both of friends and enemies, by this Convention, was that a new version of the English Scriptures must ultimately be produced. The "Bible Repertory" for July, 1838, in its review of the proceedings of that body, said—"Every principle of the movement was *general*, and every argument of the Convention went as strongly for an English translation, as for a Burman or a Bengalee. Every speaker who alluded to the matter of translation at all, seemed to look, with one eye at least, towards an English translation. * * * * It was only by mutual compromise, that they confined their operations *for one year* to foreign lands."

The American and Foreign Bible Society was originally constituted as the advocate and exponent of the principle of pure translation. This was clearly set forth in the first article of its constitution, which defined its "single object" to be "to promote a wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures, in the most faithful versions that can be procured."

We will say here that in making up this review of the progress of the principle embodied in that first article, we avail ourselves of Dr. Baker's address; the

reports and addresses of the different societies; Mr. Cone's speeches and letters; Cone and Wyckoff's work, "The Bible; its Excellence," and other similar documents, using or condensing their language, as the space which can be allotted to the subject demands. The annual meeting, in April, 1838, decided the question of entering upon the work of domestic distribution. There was no direct opposition to the measure, but some thought that prudence required the postponement of the work till the new organization had acquired more strength, and was better able to undertake it. At that meeting they agreed to distribute the commonly received version of the English Scriptures "until otherwise ordered by the society." The position of the society was thus established. Its principle, PURE VERSIONS FOR THE WORLD, the English version being temporarily excepted, until experience in its new duties, and enlarged observation, should prepare the body for procuring a thorough and faithful version. So firmly established was this original policy of the Institution, that the pages of the annual reports and addresses abound with expressions upon the subject of the most unequivocal character. In one report the object of the organization is described as "the glorious enterprise of giving the Bible *faithfully translated* to all nations." In another, "the distinguishing principles of the society" are declared to be "The Bible—the Bible *faithfully translated* FOR THE WORLD." In another it is declared "Let but THE BIBLE, *pure and unutilated*, be universally distributed, and armed with the Spirit's power, it will conquer the world for Christ."

The third annual meeting was held in the Oliver street meeting-house, Tuesday, April 28th, 1840. Mr. Cone was again chosen its president, and said in his address, that "In the prosecution of their labors, they

had been much gratified to find that all the Baptist Missionaries of England and America were *of one heart and one judgment with them*, in the Bible cause. * * * In the estimation of some, the formation of our society was, indeed, *the day of small things*. Even the late excellent Dr. Fish ventured to predict, upon the platform of the American Bible Society, that the effort could not succeed, because his own denomination, as numerous and wealthy as ours, had tried the experiment, and failed. * * * The day of small things is never to be despised, if it spring from an orb of indestructible light. Clouds may overshadow its rising, but sooner or later it shall attain meridian splendor."

In reference to the subject of its home distribution, the article in the "Bible Repertory," already quoted from, says: "Soon the home distribution must commence; indeed, at the recent annual meeting in New York, they resolved to take it up at once; and then they encounter again the untranslated *Baptizo*, and after the Burman precedent of *conscientiousness*, what will conscience dictate then? How long will the translating society be content to *translate* into one language, and *transfer* into another? If the Baptists can consent to use the common English version in this country, while they make such conscientious ado about the foreign versions, corresponding to that in the principle of their translation, we shall be forced to entertain a disrespect for their consistency, which we cannot now think them capable of deserving." The "Bible Repertory" is a very able Presbyterian publication.

It was clearly the opinion of the whole Pedo-Baptist world that, having committed themselves to the principle of "pure versions for the world," the Baptists could not, without covering themselves with confusion, strike England and America out of the map. The principle

was either true or false; and if true as to one language, must be true as to all. It was either a whim or a duty. If a whim, it was unworthy a great religious denomination; if a duty, it admitted of no circumstance *quædam*, *minus*; it admitted no exception on the ground of expediency. The latter view was the one taken by President Cone. Strange to say, many good men admitted *the duty*, but obeyed *the expediency*; forgetting that expediency, a fickle tyrant seldom fails to prove a hard master; whilst God and duty, always sure, shelter obedience behind the eternal fortress of the "rock of ages."

The fourth anniversary of the American and Foreign Bible Society was held in the Calvert street Baptist meeting-house, Baltimore, April 27th, 1841.

In reference to this meeting, and some interesting facts and circumstances preceding it, we shall quote the testimony of the Rev. Dr. Joseph Belcher, of Philadelphia, published in the "Christian Review" for January, 1856.

"Dr. Cone had a remarkable tact for the execution of ecclesiastical business, and hence he was, more frequently, perhaps, than any other man in his denomination, called to preside at public meetings. To say nothing here of his presidency, first of the American and Foreign Bible Society, from its origin till 1850, and afterwards of the American Bible Union; or of his being many years, before either of these societies existed, a secretary of the American Bible Society; he was, for many years together, the moderator of each of the associations to which he belonged; and in 1832, 1835, and 1838 he was elected president of the Triennial Convention, including representatives of the Baptist body from every State of the Union. Those who remember the manner in which he discharged the duties of this office,

may well shed an additional tear over his loss. Not very many, perhaps, who were present at the Convention in Richmond, in 1835, will cast their eyes over this page, but those who may do so will remember the impression he then produced. The delegation from England, consisting of the late venerable and beloved Drs. Cox and Hoby, when speaking in their printed volume of the manner in which he gave them, at the request of the body, the hand of fellowship, say, "Well did he sustain the dignity of his office, while with equal affection and eloquence, he received us as brethren beloved for our works' sake, and emphatically as *Englishmen*, as *Christians* and as *ministers*. "We welcome you," said he, "to our country, our churches, our houses, and our hearts." When the tumult of emotion had subsided, after a few moments of solemn stillness which succeeded the president's address, he rose, and gave out a stanza of the hymn which commences—

"Blest be the tie that binds
Our hearts in Christian love."

"We happen to know that this statement was not made in a merely complimentary manner, as we heard more than once from their own lips even stronger expressions of admiration of his spirit and conduct.

"Perhaps his talent in discharging the duties of a chairman was best evinced in preventing the introduction of irrelevant matter. It is probable, however, that on no other occasion was his control of a public body so fully shown, as at the fourth annual meeting of the American and Foreign Bible Society, held at Baltimore in 1841. The reader will probably recollect the circumstances under which our denomination was then placed. For nearly a generation had the whole body of

Baptists, from Maine to Georgia, acted in perfect harmony, in sending missionaries to the heathen, and sustaining them in their labors; and with almost equal harmony had they acted in labors at home, as also from its origin, for years before this period, in the American and Foreign Bible Society. But dark clouds were now hovering over the whole land, opposing elements were collecting alike from the north and the south, flashes of lightning had for some time past indicated the approach of a storm, which was to rend the body asunder at Baltimore, during that last week in April. One class of brethren had determined, cost what it might, to seek the immediate destruction of the system of slavery, or at least to hold no further fellowship with those who sustained it, and another class resolved, if possible, to continue united efforts to extend the Gospel, in which all hitherto united as one. Strongly excited feelings had already been privately manifested, and as no one could tell whether the awful explosion would take place in the Bible Society, or in the Home Mission, or in the Triennial Convention of Foreign Missions, alarm prevailed. It was the lot of the Bible Society to meet first on the morning of Tuesday. Brother Cone was in the chair, and after the usual preliminaries, rose to deliver his annual address. It was eminently characteristic. He evidently felt his solemn responsibility, as giving, in some degree, tone to the meetings of many days, and made an effort to ward off, if possible, the danger. From the speech, as printed with the fourth annual report, we give an extract.

“To the successful prosecution of this enterprise, union *is indispensable*. Do soldiers and politicians, and men of the world, appreciate duly the importance of this principle, in their various spheres of action? God forbid that they should continue to be wiser in their

generation than the children of light are in theirs. In coming to this house to-day, my heart was deeply affected, while I leaned upon the arm of a brother, and gazed upon the Calvert street monument, erected to the memory of the brave men who fell at the battle of the North Point, September 12th, 1814. The first names which my eyes rested upon were McComas and Wells, and in an instant the scenes of that memorable day were present. We belonged to the battalion of sharpshooters, and were stationed in the edge of a wood, some five or six miles distant from the Point, when one of the videttes riding furiously to head quarters, delivered the stirring news that the British were landing below us. The General immediately sent one of his aids along the line for two hundred volunteers, including forty sharpshooters, to feel the pulse of the enemy. As they stepped out one after another, Wells said to me, 'I am this day twenty-one years old, just out of my apprenticeship; I know I shall be shot, but I'll go with you, live or die.' We advanced rapidly to ascertain the position of the invaders, and were soon upon them; swift flew the leaden messengers, and one of the first was sent to poor Wells; it passed through his head, and he faintly exclaimed, '*I am a dead man!*' Oh, never shall I forget the sound of his voice as he uttered the words, nor the expression of his glassy eye, as he looked up in my face, fell across my feet, and expired.

"My brethren, shall men thus devote themselves to their country, and follow their leader, whether to live or die, and shall we not manifest equal devotion to the cause of the Great Captain of our salvation? Do we talk of *union*? Baltimoreans, participators in the scenes of September, 1814, preach to American Baptists, I beseech you, on the nature and necessity of union. Remember the bombardment of Fort McHenry, as from

the opposite hill-top we watched the range of each successive shell, and as it exploded groaned inwardly as though it were the death-knell of some brother in arms; remember, that full ten thousand men were at the same moment pressing with hostile feet our native soil, and already within a few miles of this devoted city; remember that as we prepared to meet them, how every avenue for miles around, was crowded with women and children flying for safety; *then*, when we saw some troops from Maryland, Virginia, and Pennsylvania, coming to our aid, did we ask 'from what States do they come?' did we pause to discuss domestic institutions or local prejudices? No! the stars and stripes upon their floating banner, bespoke a common country, and a common cause; and to preserve the bold American Eagle from the paws of the British Lion, was the ardent, the common purpose of every patriotic heart. We heard the immortal Washington, the father of his country, though dead, yet speaking—'*United we stand, divided we fall;*' and shoulder to shoulder, we breasted the storm of war. And shall we not much rather be united in wielding the sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God, in obeying the commandment of Him 'who came not to destroy men's lives but to save them?' Brethren, excuse this extemporaneous burst of feeling, and these allusions to the battle-field and garments rolled in blood; they came upon me suddenly, with a force that would not brook control. But let me not be misunderstood. I love my country, and were it necessary should not hesitate a moment to stand forth again in her defence; but I abhor war, and deprecate its recurrence as one of the greatest of national calamities, especially a war between Great Britain and the United States. Let us strive against it, and pray always that these two nations, now accomplishing so much in

extending the means of civilization and salvation to earth's remotest bound, may henceforth be delightfully and profitably employed in provoking one another to love and good works."

The result of this address, delivered in his own animated manner, was to allay the storm, and to produce a sacred determination to maintain the peace and union which had so long reigned, and the object for this time was secured."

His views prevailed at the time, but subsequently a division took place in the Foreign and Home Mission ranks. Of this division and its results we have already given an account. But no such marked division ever took place in Bible operations. Southern Bible boards were formed, connected with the Southern Baptist Biennial Convention, but sympathy and co-operation in the cause of pure versions continue to the present day between Baptists who love the truth throughout the whole Union.

CHAPTER XX.

REVISED ENGLISH VERSION AND EVENTS OF 1849-50.

THE question of a revised English version began very soon to be considered. It found, we believe, the first public denominational expression in its favor at the General Convention of Western Baptists, held at Cincinnati, November 2d, 1836, in an address of Dr. Maclay's, the sentiments of which met with universal favor. "The day may come," said he, "and perhaps is not distant, when the Baptist denomination will give a version in the English language, wherein the word (baptizo) will be faithfully translated." The idea of an English translation lay, indeed, at the root of the whole matter. Pedit-Baptists saw this sooner, and more surely than many Baptists. They were more logical in their inferences. It showed itself in the instructions issued to Baptist missionaries, in April, 1833, by the Board of Foreign Missions which met at Salem, viz: "to transfer no words which are capable of being literally translated." Nor was the question of a revised version a new one in the United States. Rev. Morgan Edwards, author of a history of the Baptists in Pennsylvania, advocated it. Charles Thompson, secretary of the first Provincial Congress, published a translation of the Septuagint. It was agitated in 1796, in the New York Association, and "the terms of baptism proposed to be translated agreeably to their *original import*."

Mr. Cone's course with regard to the subject, was,

from the first, uniform and consistent. In the words of Dr. Baker—"If he embraced a principle he was not the man to flinch from its open advocacy on all proper occasions. If he believed that infant sprinkling is "the last pillar of Popery," and had set himself to the task of writing a history of Romanism, he would have gone to work to batter down this last pillar. When truth was at stake he received "not honor from men," but sought "The honor that cometh from God only." His motto was, "The Bible faithfully translated for all the world;" and for this he steadily contended, insisting in public and in private, on all suitable occasions, that the cause of God and righteousness requires, that the Sacred Scriptures should be given in their purity, fully and accurately translated, to all the inhabitants of the earth. And when he spoke of "giving to *all lands* the word of God faithfully translated," he really supposed that England and America were necessarily included in the words "*all lands*." In strict consistency with his principles, he constantly advocated the correction of the English version."

Having arrived at this conclusion, all his deductions from it were logical. What was true, was true everywhere, and always. The essence of truth was eternity and invariability; if the Word of God must be given purely to heathen nations, Christian lands had an equal right to it. If wrong to conceal any part of it in India, it was equally wrong to cover up or conceal in America. "The sword of the spirit," he said, "must be drawn out of King James's scabbard." The objects for which he pleaded on the platform or from the pulpit, were the objects for which he labored everywhere. That which distinguished him, in his attachment to the rule of translating God's Word, from many of his brethren, was, that his attachment was *love in action* and

universal in its character. The object of his attachment was not a something not to be touched with one of his fingers, but a principle which was to serve as a rule of action; he saw no good reason for excluding his countrymen from the benefits of its application."

Error, although wounded to the death, dies hard. "Writhing amid her worshippers," she strikes wildly on every side. The pains of dissolution add horror to her crest, and venom to her sting.

With the first announcement of the principle of "pure versions of the sacred Scriptures for the world," she felt the principle of her own life invaded. It was not wonderful, therefore, that she should rally all her strength to repel the dangerous assault, and crush, if possible, the enemy who threatened her. How desperate and unscrupulous the means resorted to, to gain that end, and with what a common consent and cunning her partisans acted together, we shall proceed to show before entering upon the last chapter devoted to the history of the revision movement. Our narrative would be imperfect without it. To-day we have the record open and fresh before us. The words of his opponents are in evidence against them. After a few years, it would be impossible to collect the material scattered, as it is, through an hundred newspapers, issued from every point of the American continent. Without condensing them here there would be a gap which the future could not fill up, and in the absence of such a record, it might be tempted to think that we had magnified the trial through which he passed, by way of adding a fictitious value to the services he performed.

A rapid digest of the whole matter at issue, from the first, and of the various pleadings, will show how exceeding bitter they were against him, and through

what a host of resolute foes he carried the banner of revision, with God to aid, victoriously to the end.

Up to the year 1850, neither the American and Foreign Bible Society nor its Board ever bound themselves not to circulate a corrected English version. The temporary resolution of 1838 confined the Board to the commonly received English version, *until otherwise directed by the Society*. At the annual meeting in 1849, that restriction was removed. The Board subsequently passed unanimously the following resolutions, which were introduced by the Hon. Isaac Davis, of Massachusetts :

Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Board, the Sacred Scriptures of the Old and New Testament ought to be faithfully and accurately translated into every living language.

Resolved, That wherever, in versions now in use, known and obvious errors exist, and wherever the meaning of the original is concealed or obscured, suitable measures ought to be prosecuted to correct those versions, so as to render the truth clear and intelligible to the ordinary reader.

Resolved, That in regard to the expediency of this Board undertaking the correction of the English version, a decided difference of opinion exists, and therefore that it be judged most prudent to await the instructions of the Society.

In the spring of 1850, Spencer H. Cone and William H. Wyckoff issued their tract called "The Bible Translated." In one of the concluding paragraphs of this pamphlet, the authors state, that a corrected edition of the English New Testament had been prepared by them; that copies would be sent to every member of the Society who wished to examine it. They invited its examination, and solicited the attendance of all who felt interested in it, at the approaching anniversary. At that time they also informed them the stereotype plates of the work would be offered to the society, as a dona-

tion, with a proviso that they should be printed from according to whatever demand the public might make for copies. The authors did not even profess to have removed *all* known errors, but only such as could be rectified without hazard of any difference of opinion among Greek scholars.

The tract closes, as he closed everything referring to the Master's kingdom, with an appeal to his brethren to take the matter to the throne of heavenly Grace; to shake off the fear of man, and inquire only whether it will please God; to believe that he and his associates were pleading "the cause of duty—of conscience—of Jehovah."

Such was the appeal for a revised version of the English Scriptures. Five or six years only have passed since it was made, and at even that short distance of time it is hard to discover how it could properly be charged as dangerous or wicked. The presentment seems, indeed, to be plain, modest, and Christian-like. Its authors certainly had no idea, no suspicion that they had committed a high crime against the Christian world and the English language. "They had acted as individuals claiming the right of private judgment," and yet, from the date of its publication to the meeting of the American and Foreign Bible Society, in 1859, what a storm of indignation pelted pitilessly upon them. If Tetzels had been alive again to sell "indulgences," and Luther to write "theses," and the thunder of the Vatican, yet armed with all its terrors, *Reform* could not have been more bitterly assailed. Almost the whole Baptist press were in opposition. They teemed with articles of unsurpassed violence. No charges were too serious to make, no means considered unworthy against the man who had come to turn the world upside down. "Churches had been snared and taken"—"the denomi-

national name tarnished"—“principles of honor which are looked for in religious connections trifled with.” It was assumed that—the officers of the society were taking advantage of their position, to induce it to trample on its own covenant with the churches.” “The plan of action proposed, involved a temptation to an abuse of trust—a gross departure from fair and honorable dealing.”

Such were a *few* of the harsh and un-Christian charges exhibited against Cone and Wyckoff, by the editors of *Baptist* journals. It is curious to remember that the majority of editors were also ministers of the Gospel, and professed not only to preach peace on earth, and good will to man, but to draw the sweetest assurances that “they had passed from death unto life,” from the fact that “they loved the brethren.”

And it was thus they manifested their love for these brethren whose alarming motto was “the truth of God for *the world*.” They said they were “radical men, intoxicated by the dignities of office, and the possession of temporary power.” We quote always the exact words of the opposition—suppressing much of strange unworthiness, but adding nothing; and see what burning ploughshares were laid everywhere for those two to walk upon, because they chose to obey God rather than man. It was felt at the time, that the agitation was kept alive by a bitter spirit; it is conceded now the feeling which animated it was not a Christian one. It has since very clearly appeared that it was put in motion and kept working by a few individuals in the city of New York and its vicinity. Their subsequent conduct affords too much reason to fear that a veneration for King James’s version was not the exclusive motive. It looks too much as if calculations of personal benefit and advantage, or a sense of weariness at hearing Aristides

always called the Just, had exercised the larger but less honorable influence.

The cry, started in New York, was adroitly made to echo itself, as it were by a spontaneous burst of public sentiment, from every quarter of the land. Urgent appeals, couched in every form of language, were made to all the members of the society, who did not desire to see so noble an institution ruined, to come up to its next anniversary prepared to put down, at once, the dreadful scheme. A very dear friend of Mr. Cone's, a methodical man whom nothing escapes, was at the pains to collect and put together all that was printed by the opposition. We have that curious volume before us. It is a very strange collection; strange to see the word "Baptist" printed before the other titles of newspapers issued from every section of the country; but strangest of all to consider the character of the arguments advanced. With one accord they assume that Cone and Wyckoff, as they styled them, had made *a new Bible!* and were bent upon straining their official influence to obtain the society's endorsement of their manufacture. And this when they knew, on the contrary, that "Cone and Wyckoff" had merely corrected some well-known errors in the renderings of the New Testament; that their work had been stereotyped, through the liberality of a private Christian; had been published as a private enterprise, along with their reasons for the undertaking; and that their whole project was to offer the plates as a donation to the society.

It is, however, merely fair to allow the newspapers to state things in their own way. How far their manner of reasoning will persuade Baptists, or those of any sect who aim only at the truth, time must show. They said, "They wanted no new Bible, because the old one was

good enough." "It had defects, but was the most perfect translation ever made." "It was a *Baptist Bible as it stood.*" "If Baptists make a new one (Translation or Revelation?) it will separate them further than ever from Pedo-Baptists, who will more than ever call them sectarian." "It would involve the abandonment of the denominational name." "The Bible Society was not a proper body to make such a version." "If it were—it was inexpedient," &c. &c.

But not once, from press or pulpit, was the question asked or answered by the opposition. Is it the duty of Christians to remove *notorious errors and obscurities* from the present English version? *That* question, and that only was put by Spencer H. Cone and William H. Wyckoff, in their tract "The Bible Translated;" and as a question of Christian duty it was never met!

The excitement, already described, having been skillfully fanned into so bright a flame, seemed to lead naturally and necessarily to the meeting in Oliver street, April 4th 1850. This meeting was commonly known as the "Indignation Meeting," and was called to oppose the project, described in the Hartford "Christian Secretary," of April 5th, 1850, "the gilded pill" of "the modern New York firm of publishers, Cone and Wyckoff."

How singular the repetition of such a sentence sounds now, when so vast an amount of the learning and piety of the Christian world is engaged in carrying on that project. The date fixes it, beyond a doubt, in the latter part of the nineteenth century; and yet it seems almost as if one of those cardinals, who urged the imprisonment of Galileo for asserting that the earth revolved about the sun, was yet speaking.

The call for the meeting in Oliver street, signed by

several Baptist ministers, and many wealthy and influential laymen, was addressed to the friends of the society opposed to "the project for a corrected version of the English Scriptures," as described in a pamphlet by Rev. Dr. Cone and Mr. William H. Wyckoff. The purpose of the meeting was set forth to be, "to take such action as may be deemed advisable to awaken the friends of the society who live at distance, to the dangers which impend over it from this measure."

On the night designated, a large number of persons assembled in Oliver street meeting-house, among whom were many friends of the revision movement.

The meeting was called to order, and Rev. B. T. Welch elected chairman. Dr. Welch stated the objects of the meeting. Portions of a reply to a pamphlet of Dr. Cone and Mr. Wyckoff were then read, and a series of resolutions passed. The resolutions developed no new idea. They simply reiterated the assertion that translating the Scriptures for the heathen was one thing, and for English readers another; that, although they admitted the imperfections of the commonly received version, they deprecated any attempt to depreciate its excellence as calculated to endanger the respect due to it; that to correct it, was the work of Christendom—not of a single denomination; that it would injure Sunday schools; endanger the union of sects in labors of common interest; that to substitute *immerse* for *baptize* would be to ignore the denominational history, and was a responsibility from which they shrank; and therefore they resolved, lastly, "to sound a serious alarm to friends of the society, at a distance, to attend the meeting of the society, and refuse the plates of the amended version—and, "re-enact a fundamental law which shall bind the society to the circulation of the commonly received version." These resolu-

tions were supported by speeches which were thought not to have added anything to the argument.

Almost immediately after this meeting, appeared the pastoral letter of Dr. Wm. R. Williams, of New York, to members of Amity street Church, in answer to certain inquiries upon the meaning of the word baptize, &c. From the celebrity of its author, as a scholar and writer, and the prominence given to this particular production by the chief actors in the Oliver street meeting, it must be regarded as a strong link in the chain of events which brought about the final action of the society in 1850.

The peculiar ability of the author characterized it. It displayed to advantage, his varied and elegant accomplishments as a scholar; his acute, and perhaps dangerous critical aptness, and his mastery of dialectics. It was almost entirely confined to a minute review of the pamphlet issued by S. H. Cone and Wm. H. Wyckoff, and received unmeasured applause from those who approved of the object designed to be accomplished by it. In the opinion of those well qualified to judge, it was completely answered, and its criticisms and objections disposed of by a review which appeared in the "New York Chronicle."

The excitement of the time has passed away. The two productions must stand on their own merits as the work of Baptist ministers. So considered, few Christians would fail to remark the striking difference in their religious tone.

The authors of "The Bible Translated," commence with such texts as these impressed upon their hearts and work. "Ye shall not add to the word which I command you, neither shall ye diminish aught from it."—"If any man add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book. If any

man shall take away from the *words* of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life," and others of like import. From these solemn warnings they deduced the duty of Christians to reject "additions," and to replace whatever had been "taken away" from "the words of the Book." They further proclaimed that, "a follower of Christ has no right to conceal what his Lord has communicated for the knowledge of man. * * * God has revealed His will in the Scriptures. All speculations, as to what part of this may or may not do good, are forbidden to man. * * * It is God's Revelation, not man's." and the tract closes with this "solemn appeal." "Brethren, weigh this matter carefully. Examine it at the throne of Heavenly Grace. Look at the probable consequences of *propagating the truth of God*. If it will please Him to spread the knowledge of the truth, then hesitate not on account of the fear of man. Had we invited you to conceal the truth, you might suspect us; had we asked you to compromise it, you would be reasonably indignant. But we request you to liberate from captivity the words of Christ—to let the truth as it is in Jesus go free from the fetters in which it has been so long bound. We plead the cause of duty; of conscience; of Jehovah."

These appear to be the suggestions of practical piety, of evangelical religion. We seek in the "Pastoral Letter," an answer to them, and are surprised that no answer, no allusion, however remote, is made to the passages of Scripture claimed to be "the Law and the Testimony," controlling the decision in this case. No notice is taken of the inferences, as to Christian duty, towards God and man, drawn from the Divine command above stated. The able author of the "Pastoral Letter," closes the work which displays his wealth

of learning, and power of critical analysis, with a few sentences of great literary brilliancy, sentences which glitter indeed like polished steel, but reflect no ray of that mild and Heavenly light—that fire of Christian love which warms the “appeal” he is reviewing.

The discussion and excitement was kept up from press and pulpit until the meeting of the society.

Immediately preceding this meeting, a somewhat novel occurrence took place. As the first instance of the kind in the history of the Baptists, it is worthy of being recorded. Before the meeting of the society on the 22d of May, 1850, probably indeed *some days before*, *printed ballots*, containing an entire new list of officers, president included, were industriously circulated throughout the country. This ticket was elected, and thus the threats previously made in many of the religious papers, of a probable change in the administration of the society, were accomplished.

At the annual meeting in 1850, Dr. Cone, as President of the Society, delivered his annual address, in which his views and conduct, to say nothing of their correctness, were most fully vindicated from the charge of insincerity and inconsistency. A most animated discussion took place, and the Society, to the astonishment and grief of many, rejected by an overwhelming vote the resolution:—

Resolved, That it is the duty of this Society to circulate the Sacred Scriptures in the most faithful versions that can be procured,

and adopted instead the following:—

Resolved, That the Society in its issues and circulation of the English Scriptures be restricted to the commonly received versions without note or comment.

Whereas, By the Constitution of this Society, its object is “to aid in the wider circulation of the Scriptures in all lands,” therefore

Resolved, That it is not the province and duty of the American and Foreign Bible Society to attempt on their own part, or to procure from others, a revision of the commonly received English version of the Sacred Scriptures.

Four distinct rules or lines of policy are here marked:—

1st. The Society binds itself to the perpetual and exclusive use of the common version, without condition or hope of change.

2d. It prohibits itself from ever revising or correcting it, declaring this not to be “its province and duty.”

3d. It forbids any encouragement to others to do the work for the Society, asserting that it is not its province and duty to procure a version from others.

4th. It imposes a construction upon the Constitution that extends beyond the English. For if, because the Constitution defines the object of the Society to be, “to aid in the wider circulation of the Holy Scriptures in all lands,” THEREFORE it is not in its “province and duty” to revise or procure the revision of one version, it cannot be its province and duty to revise or procure the revision of any other version.

The Society having thus decisively assumed an entirely new line of policy regarding the principle of pure versions, proceeded to enforce that policy by removing from office those officers and managers (with the exception of the president, who resigned) who were known to be in favor of removing the errors and obscurities from the common English version.—*The Bible: Its Eccles-
lence.*

Dr. Cone then rose and said, “I believe my work in this society is done. Allow me to tender you my resignation! I did not withdraw my name in advance, because of the seeming egotism of such a step. I thank you, my brethren, for the kindly manner in which you have been pleased to offer me once more the office of president of your society. But I cannot serve you longer. I am crushed.”

The society at first peremptorily refused to accept the resignation of their president. He was firm to his purpose however, and the resignation was finally accepted. Rev. Bartholomew T. Welch was then proposed as president, and unanimously elected.

Twelve members of the old Board, out of twenty-four, were removed on account of their favoring revision.

“The whole number of votes cast was 297. The election of all the officers was nearly unanimous, with three exceptions, the corresponding secretary, treasurer and recording secretary—who were elected by considerable majorities. Mr. Cutting (opposed to the new version) received 125 votes out of the 197 for corresponding secretary—a majority of 34; Mr. Platt likewise received 125 votes for treasurer, against Mr. Colgate (new versionist)—a majority of 12; Mr. Rhees received 119 votes against 21 for his opponent. The current evidently ran strong.

“The chair was taken by Bro. Sommers as first vice president of the society, and Dr. Cone took an eloquent and affectionate leave of his brethren of the society.

“‘I bid you, my brethren,’ said he, ‘an affectionate farewell, as president of a society I have loved—which has cost me money, with much labor, prayers, and tears. I hope that God will direct your future course in mercy—that we may all do as much good as such creatures as we are able to accomplish. May the Lord bless you all.’

“Saying this he descended from the pulpit, and immediately left the house, accompanied by the former secretary, Mr. Wyckoff.

* * * “Thus ends the most exciting and universally interesting chapter of many years in the history of the Baptist denomination.”—*New York Tribune*.

“The sensation produced upon the audience was indescribable. The strongest sympathy was manifested

for Dr. Cone, and many were affected to tears, not more on account of the resignation itself, than from the measure which led to it."

They might well weep, but human tears were vain to wipe the record out. A great society, founded upon an immutable principle, had abandoned its foundation to seek a resting place on the shifting sands of expediency. It had deserted the commandment of God, for the opinion of man. Forgetting every Christian grace, it had suffered envy, malice, and all uncharitableness to arm its hand against the head which had grown white in the service of the denomination it professed to represent. Alarmed at the power of a principle which must compel all who wore the name of Baptists to be Baptists indeed, and, abandoning every form of alliance with unscriptural church establishments, obey the command, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate my people," they consummated an act without a parallel in their history.

It was at once our privilege and our unhappiness to sit through that meeting. We sat very near the president. Although many there sympathized with him, none knew as well as we did with what anguish his heart was beating. The calm and Christian quiet of his manner was like the soft blue of a summer cloud above the ocean which yet heaves before the retiring storm. With bitter and relentless animosity

"They in whose wars he had borne his part,
They whom he loved with a brother's heart,"

were, hour after hour, insidiously aspersing his character, maligning his motives, misrepresenting his conduct, and proscribing his friends. Except the last, all this would not have moved him. What merely affected himself never troubled him. It passed him like the

idle wind, and left no mark on heart or head. But to attack his friends in whom he trusted and believed, was to find his most vulnerable point. But what above all made the weapons of his opponents keen and dreadful to him was this, that with every blow aimed at him, they struck down some cherished principle, in which he believed the truth of God, and the honor of his denomination, were involved. We saw him walk the floor of his study during the few moments' respite allowed him, wringing his hands and crying out when he thought no one heard him—"that his people were abandoning their principles, that they were afraid and ashamed of the truth of God, and the baptism wherewith they had been immersed into his name, in the presence of men." We saw him bow his white head, and cover his face with his hands, and sob as if his heart were breaking—and an hour afterwards we saw him sitting calm, patient and impartial, to preside over the proceedings of men who were laboring to undo all, he had spent everything he could command, money, influence, energy, all he had or was, to accomplish. Watching his face through it all, and knowing what a tempest of disappointment, mortification and sorrow was stirring his nature from its lowest depth, the words of Lear kept whirling through our mind:

"I will not tax you with unkindness,
Here I stand your slave,
A poor, infirm, weak and despised old man:
But yet I call you servile ministers,
That have joined
Your high engendered battles 'gainst a head
So old and white as this!"

He was a "slave" to God's people for the truth's sake, to what he believed to be the truth. Next to that, he

was bound to the good opinion of his brethren. He loved them. He desired to be loved; it was the great want and craving of his nature. Nothing but his devotion to great principles upheld and fortified him against the loss of their sympathy. A personal attack was nothing. He could easily consent to bear and forget it. But to find himself deprived of the affection of any number of his brethren, cut him to the heart. It brought him nearer to weakness than anything else which could happen to him. To avoid it, to retain their love, he was ready to make any sacrifice, and to concede everything, but *principle*. When it came to that, nothing moved him. The heart might throb, and the eye fill with tears, but the WILL was iron, the determination to please God rather than man inflexible. Had he lost the confidence and love of any considerable portion of his denomination, or countrymen, by any dereliction from duty, or compromise of principle, he would never have held up his head afterwards; but when he felt clear and free from such fault, felt that they, and not himself, were abandoning the vantage ground of truth, and going over to the dangerous morass of error, he felt the loss of their sympathy to be one of the sorrows and trials of the way by which the Lord had led him, and to sustain him against which, he could lean upon his Master's staff.

Thus, when the American and Foreign Bible Society abandoned their original ground, and committed their great error, he felt it keenly, not because he believed the principle ultimately in danger, but because it forced the necessity of creating a new machinery for the specific purpose of Bible translation; divided the forces of the Baptists, and postponed the period of a revision of the English Scriptures.

The party temporarily in the ascendancy in the

society believed, as they saw him leave the house on that eventful day, and bid them farewell as their president, that the power of the denomination had passed into their hands, and that the bold and truly American enterprise of giving "pure translations of the sacred Scriptures to all lands," was defeated. Temporary majorities often make such mistakes. They neither understood the man they thwarted, nor the principle they shrank from. Death only could chill the courage of the one, and eternity will demonstrate the purity of the other.

The most violent in opposition were Drs. Dowling, Hague, Granger, Wescott, and Ide.

Against them, and on the side of pure versions and Mr. Cone, were Rev. T. Armitage, Prof. Eaton, Rev. O. B. Judd, William D. Murphy, William Colgate, William H. Wyekoff, and others. It would, perhaps, be superfluous to say that the minority monopolized the argumentative portion of the debate. The majority, drilled and prepared to carry their purpose at whatever cost, felt all time consumed in speaking merely lost, and were anxious to come to the vote, and finish the matter. Indeed, one of their number had, at the opening of the meeting, proposed to take the question instantly. "They had come there," he said, "to vote, not debate." Dr. Cone was almost unanimously elected, but, as we have seen, instantly refused a compliment which had quite as much the air of an insult. It is noticeable, however, that with all the canvassing and preparation on the election of the other officers, through whom the reproof was meant to be administered to their president, the opposition majority out of two hundred and ninety-seven votes was only thirty-four; showing him to be sustained and supported in a meeting specially prepared and packed against him, by above *an hundred and thirty*

votes. Indeed, had the *tellers* counted the *blanks* cast in the contest for the secretaryship between William H. Wyckoff and Sewall S. Cutting, "as both custom and law require, Mr. Cutting failed of an election" (New York Chronicle). This was the actual *test* election, and was only carried by over-riding both law and custom.

This was of little matter, however; the opposition had secured their end—they had rid themselves of their president.

After he had retired, on motion of Rev. S. S. Cutting it was unanimously "*Resolved*—That this society entertains a high sense of the valuable services of the Rev. Spencer H. Cone, D.D., president of this society from the beginning of its history, and profoundly regret his retirement; and that he will bear with him our best wishes for his long life, and his continued usefulness and happiness."

It has been said "that conversation is the art of concealing one's thoughts." How near kin conversation and "resolutions" may be is worthy to be considered.

He was even urged, with some show of warmth, to retain the presidency. This was done to satisfy many who, though opposed to him, still loved and respected him. His remark with regard to it, made in his own quiet way, showed that he was not at all deceived by it. "Would they have the general," said he, "keep the command of the army, after they had cashiered all the officers he loved, and taught his men to think him a traitor?"

"The opponents of the new version"—we quote again from Dr. Baker—"might have been characterized as the MANY MEN OF MANY MINDS. One was in favor of the commonly received version, because the translators had *seen fit* to insert the word Baptize there (Dr. Dowling). Another opposed it as a New York movement

(Dr. Hagne). Another contended that we did not need a revised version—we ought not to attempt to make one—and we could not accomplish it if we did try (Dr. Ide). He preferred his dear old English Bible ‘as it was, with all its errors and inaccuracies.’ A conclusion worthy of a courtier of King James I.; but speaking after the manner of Americans, scarcely logical. Another would have the version amended, but desired the cooperation of all religious denominations in the work (Rev. Mr. Woolsey). A pleasing figment of the imagination. Another would have it postponed till all sects agreed to practise immersion (Editor of Tennessee Baptist). A truly indefinite postponement. Another ‘looked upon the enterprise as Quixotic; as the scheme of a few radical men intoxicated by the dignities of office (Christian Chronicle, April 3, 1850). A benevolent view of the subject. Another opposed revision because Baptizo was the only important word, and everybody understood it already (N. Y. Recorder, April 10th, 1850). These were a few of the *strong* reasons against the movement.”

The weight they had with Mr. Cone, his subsequent course clearly showed. That they failed to convince the denomination, the ardent support he received, and the earnest and thorough men who rallied to his aid, and that of the “Bible Union” evinced with equal clearness. After having been, however, for thirteen years its president, and devoting himself with unexampled ardor to its service, his connection with the American and Foreign Bible Society terminated under the circumstances we have related.

CHAPTER XXI.

THE AMERICAN BIBLE UNION.

IN the language of Dr. Baker :

“ Dr. Cone could not see a mountain before him that might not become a plain. To his eye of faith there was no formidable impediment to obstruct the progress of pure versions of the Word of God. He felt that the principle for which he contended, must ultimately triumph. Let who would oppose, he could say, ‘ My mind is steadfast and immovable. I have said, in my own pulpit, and say again, that I am as thoroughly convinced that God has called me to aid in procuring and circulating faithful versions of the Bible *in all languages*, as that he ever called me to preach the Gospel ; and I am willing to die at the stake, as Tyndale did, if I may be instrumental in giving to my own countrymen a correct version of the Bible ’ ”—*First Annual Report of Bible Union*, 1850.

He could say to the American and Foreign Bible Society, “ I believe my work is done in this society. I am crushed.” But he could say, at the same time, “ that the Lord had a work for him to do, which he was not permitted to do in that society.”

As the American and Foreign Bible Society could not now be relied on for a faithful version of the English Scriptures, the celebrated prayer-meeting was held at the house of Deacon William Colgate, No. 128 Chambers street, New York, on Monday, May 27th, 1850. It will be seen he did not permit much time to elapse. The

American and Foreign Bible Society abandoned the field on the 22d, and on the 27th he was preparing the skeleton of a new army.

At the meeting at Deacon Colgate's, many kindred spirits were present, and united with Dr. Cone in a solemn pledge to undertake the work of "procuring and circulating the most faithful versions of the sacred Scriptures in all languages." They held an adjourned meeting on the 31st of May, and on the 10th of June, 1850, a regular public meeting was held at the Baptist Tabernacle in Mulberry street, the result of which was the formation of the AMERICAN BIBLE UNION, with Dr. Cone as President.

Whether the American and Foreign Bible Society was formed to give the world a better version of the sacred Scriptures in the English language, or not, Dr. Cone, and the other founders of this Society, determined that there should be no mistake as to the specific object for which the "Bible Union" was formed. They inscribed their object on their flag, and hung it out to the view of mankind. "Its object," says the second article of its constitution, "shall be to procure and circulate the most faithful versions of the sacred Scriptures in all languages *throughout the world.*"

On taking the chair, when elected president of this society, at its organization, he said :

"I am very much obliged to you, brethren, for this mark of your esteem and confidence, and I accept it with thankfulness. By the Providence of God I am placed in a position from which I cannot recede, until it shall please my God to remove me from time into eternity ! There is nothing in me that says go back ! Oh, that we could but hear that voice which spoke to the trembling Israelites, when the waters of the Red Sea rose up in either hand as living walls, bidding them go forward

and not fear! Would that the same spirit might lead us now!"

"To make the translations of God's holy book, utter the same clear, distinct, unequivocal voice in all languages, has been no sudden or precipitate movement; it has been my cherished purpose for many years; I would never have lifted up my finger to form the American and Foreign Bible society upon any other principle; and when the Society, at its late anniversary, virtually resolved to stereotype and perpetuate the errors and obscurities of King James's version, it was evident that it could never accomplish the glorious mission for which I had supposed it had been organized, and therefore, promptly to resign the office of president became a duty as plain as it was imperative"—*Reported in the New York Tribune, June 11th, 1850.*

"In a letter to Dr. Dagg, of Georgia, dated June 18th, 1850, he says, "We organized the American Bible Union, the 10th instant, upon the basis of the annexed constitution, and in the evening raised in cash and good subscriptions, above *six thousand dollars*, for the objects of the institution. The meeting was large and enthusiastic, and I think the Lord, by His spirit, was in our midst.

"I have taken this stand in the sixty-sixth year of my age, because I wish to see the work of the English Bible at least commenced before I die, and because I thought the resolution of the American and Foreign Bible Society, at its late anniversary, to confine themselves to the issue of the commonly received version, inconsistent with the fundamental principle of the institution."

On the 25th of July, 1850, he also writes to him from Lake Mahopac, Putnam Co., New York: "For two or three months, I have with difficulty occupied my pulpit stately, and now for a few weeks of July and August,

shall seek for strength and reinvigoration of body and mind among the lakes and mountains of this romantic region. The end will be as the Lord pleases.

“I have been grieved and surprised at the result of the last anniversary of the American and Foreign Bible Society, but the misrepresentations, envy, and electioneering tricks by which that result was secured, are the chief ingredients of my sorrow. But if this is the way by which we may be the better prepared to carry out the great principle of *Bible Translation*, I desire to feel and say, the will of the Lord be done. Take the trouble to read Bro. Colgate’s questions, and although they were treated with silent contempt by Drs. Ide, Dowling, Kingsford, Hague, &c., yet it seems to me that a deacon who has devoted *forty years*, and to my knoweledge has given more than *forty thousand dollars* to carry forward the missionary, educational, and Bible operations of our denomination, and is withal a modest and retiring man, *deserves* to have questions of moment, upon which he has been pondering for years, plainly and candidly answered by his learned clerical brethren. The proscription of William Colgate for holding a true Baptist sentiment, and his ejection from the office of treasurer, would have prevented my serving in any office of the American and Foreign Bible Society—had there been no other obstacle in the way.

But we must work while it is day,
'Tho' earth and hell obstruct the way.

“I mean to unite *North* and *South* in Bible work as much as I can, and I want your help. We began together preaching the same Gospel, and still hold fast to the form of sound words. Let us end together, striving for the same things, and by God’s grace, wo

shall soon meet in a happy country, where there is but *one language*, without obscurity or imperfection.

“Your reason for retaining *baptize* is not good. The same reason would retain *pasche*, *azymes*, *tunicke*, *holocaust*, &c. *Baptize* does not mean to immerse, except to Baptists. What though we understand it, have we no responsibility as Christ’s witnesses to make others understand it? If it is our duty to *preach* ‘immersion,’ it is obviously our duty to *print* immersion, and if it is not immersion in the Bible, we have no right to preach or print it *anywhere else*, as a part of God’s revealed will. ‘To the Law and to the Testimony: if they speak not according to this Word, it is because there is no light in them.’—Isa. viii. 20. This used to be a good quotation in Virginia—you remember! Has it lost any of its virtue? I go for *immersionist* versions in all languages *univocal*. If it was *wrong* not to translate *baptizo* two hundred and fifty years ago, it will be *right* to do it as soon as we can. If I am wrong in this, may the God of the Bible, in tender mercy, set me right.”

In his address at the second anniversary of the American Bible Union, he said, “With all the disposition to peace and quiet, which the great *Teacher* inculcated and exemplified, He never gave the slightest countenance to error; nor can we, as his disciples, lend our sanction to the principle or policy of disseminating as His Word, aught but the most faithful representation of the inspired original that can be procured. To circulate as true, what we know to be erroneous or defective, would be contrary to our character as honest men, and in direct opposition to our duty as professing Christians. But the attempt to maintain the principle of pure versions in all languages, the English not excepted, has subjected us to obloquy and reproach, even from many who once professed to be our warmest and best friends.

Is it not astonishing that the desire 'to correct errors and remove obscurities,' from the commonly received version, should expose men to persecution from their own brethren, to opposition the most violent, unrelenting, and uncompromising? That the strongest bonds of personal friendship should be dissolved in consequence? That even church relations, and pastoral connections should be threatened, if we declare ourselves in favor of allowing every man to know just what God has said? Yet, however astonishing, such has been the afflictive experience of your presiding officer. He has dared to say from this pulpit, again and again, that Christian baptism is *immersion* only, that if right to *preach* it, it is right to *print* it; to *print it in the Bible*; for if it is not in the Bible, we have no right to preach or print it as a part of God's revealed will to man. For preaching these 'principles and projects of the American Bible Union,' as they are called, he has been denounced in a printed 'Statement,' as having 'departed from his duty,' and it is of the Lord's mercies alone, that he has not been driven from these walls of Zion."

In answer to some objections which had been raised, he continues, "One of the most specious arguments that has been advanced against the correction of the common version, is, that thereby we must forfeit the name of *Baptists*. The words relating to the ordinance must necessarily be translated, and because the common people will learn that it is the duty of believers to be immersed, therefore, the term *Baptist*, will cease to be the appellation of those who follow their Lord. They will be called *Immersionists*. This is not a necessary consequence. Episcopalians are not called *Bishopites*, nor Presbyterians *Elderists*, although *Episcopus* is translated Bishop, and *Presbuteros* Elder. These denominations take their name from the Greek, and Baptists

might continue to do the same, if they choose. But is it possible a Christian man can suppose there is any weight in such an argument against the translation of God's truth? What if all denominations, by such a measure, should lose their distinctive human titles, or have them changed—what evil would ensue? These distinctions will probably not obtain during the Millennium; certainly they will not in HEAVEN. It must, therefore, be of little consequence what we are called on earth. The great thing is to follow Christ; to be His disciples in deed and in truth; to believe what God says, and practise what God commands. To do this we must *know* what He commands. Does He command believers in Christ to be immersed in His name? Where is the difference in criminality between *preaching* and *printing* it? If the latter be wrong, the former cannot be right. A most strange and anomalous condition of things exists at present. Go where you will, and you may hear Pedo-Baptists talking about the impiety of our attempting to *correct the Bible*. Their minds are filled with prejudice and misconception about our undertaking; and their erroneous ideas upon the subject, alas! may be traced to *Baptists!* Who have raised the hue and cry, that it is sacrilege to 'correct errors and remove obscurities' from the translation of God's Word? *Baptists!* Who have endeavored to prove that *baptize* is not properly translated by *Immerse*? *BAPTISTS!* Who have raised the shout, 'Our craft is in danger;' the translation of the words relating to baptism, will endanger the denomination? *Baptists!* Who have reproached and vilified their brethren for wishing to give the plain and unadulterated truth of God to the *common people*? *Baptists!* Melancholy, mortifying facts! The people who have least reason to fear the truth, oppose its printing. Baptists, 'who

cleave to the simple and determinate language of Holy writ;’ who in every age, and in every clime steadfastly maintained that the text of Scripture is the only infallible authority in all matters both of faith and of practice! How strange—how inexplicable that any *who wear this name* should be afraid or ashamed to *print* what they believe and preach.

“We might pursue this subject, and inquire who has endeavored to prove that the versions of our missionaries, the translations of the Sacred writings, made by Carey, and Yates, and Judson, are ‘sectarian?’ *A Baptist.* And who combined to print the slander and scatter it by thousands over this land? *Baptists.* Well may Pedo-Baptists now lay aside their armor, and watch with complacency the progress of events. They have no more need to fight, while Baptists take King James’s sword in their defence; and as far as recklessness of attack and fierceness of invective are concerned, they certainly surpass those for whose ‘Infant Sprinkling’ they are indirectly but most powerfully contending. The common version is exclusively Episcopalian. It was prepared by the direction of an Episcopal king; by Episcopalian scholars, and not one of any other denomination was permitted to meddle with it. It was designed, as its preface teaches us ‘for the benefit of the Church of England.’ Who, then, have fulminated the thunders of censure and rebuke against its correction? Have Episcopalianians? No. They have been well content to be quiet, and leave their cause to Baptist pens and Baptist tongues. *Bishop* and *Euster* please them well, and if *Baptize* can only be kept untranslated, it may mean *sprinkle*, or *pour*, or *christen*, or anything else that men may fancy; ‘and so they wrap it up.’

“But some say we are not the men, and this is not the time. The *principle* that the Bible ought to be trans-

lated in all lands is generally admitted; that the common English version needs correction the ignorant only can deny; and we hear of many who are willing to co-operate, as soon as "all Christendom shall unite in the work." If we understand this loud and oft vociferated cry, it means, that as soon as those who hold 'Infant Sprinkling,' shall agree with those who believe it to be 'Part and Pillar of Popery,' *then* will be the time to correct King James's version; for sprinklers and immersionists will cordially unite in the enterprise. This sentiment is so absurd, so impracticable, that to name it is to refute it; and as to *the men*, why, that is the very thing about which the Bible Union is anxiously, industriously, and prayerfully inquiring. We are looking after learned men, good brethren and true; having neither the "fear of man," nor of Pede-Baptism before their eyes; who will do their work, in "the fear of the Lord; and we trust in God, that in the use of appointed means, the men will in due season be found.'"

In his address, in 1854, he said:

"On this platform we stand—the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth—THE TRUTH OF GOD FOR THE WORLD! Here we stand, and here we hope to stand while life remains.

"We *will* be free; free to speak or write, to preach or print—yea, to circulate in all lands, as far and as fast as we can, THE BIBLE AS GOD GAVE IT.

"I was born and bred a freeman, and am too old now to learn the language, or wear the fetters of bondage. Yea, more, I trust I am one of Christ's freemen, and the children of the kingdom should not become subject to human tradition.

"There is no sacredness in a translation, except just so far as it develops the features of divine truth. All else is refuse, and should be removed. Shall we hesi-

tate to filter and clarify the water we drink, because past generations have partaken of its impurities?"

"It cheered his heart to see the society he loved placed in an invulnerable position. It gave him holy joy to witness the zealous and efficient co-operation of such a host of friends, and to see that the work of "revision had taken so tenacious a hold upon the minds of his brethren in Christ."

"He entered upon the revision of the English Scriptures with clear views of the great importance of the work. As he pressed forward, however, in the cause, light increased upon his path, his horizon expanded, and the claims of duty became more and more imperative.

"If the opponents of revision had seen Dr. Cone, and the little band of kindred spirits, in Deacon Colgate's parlor, uniting in a solemn pledge to undertake the work of 'procuring and circulating the most faithful versions of the Sacred Scriptures in all languages,' they might have been tempted to say 'What do these feeble Jews? Even that which they build, if a fox go up, he shall even break down their stone wall,' Neh. iv. 34. But they could soon reply, 'Who hath despised the day of small things? Behold how great a matter a little fire kindleth.'"—*Dr. Baker.*

The spirit which animated that little band, and the influence of which has made itself felt in less than five years throughout Christendom, may be learned from Rev. T. Armitage's account of the meeting:

"The exciting and unfortunate anniversary of 1850 was over, and the brethren had returned to their homes, but they left the churches enveloped in the pillar of cloud, without one mitigating ray from the pillar of fire. When the day arrived, those who had been

invited to that conference, in a drenching rain, wended their way from the different points in these three cities (New York, Brooklyn, and Williamsburg), to the place of meeting. I never went to a meeting in my life with a heavier heart. The Ark of God was removed, and my heart trembled for it. Truth seemed to have fallen in the streets, and no triumphant assurance said, 'tho' I fall, yet shall I rise again.' We met, but oh! how we felt. The moment the eye of the more youthful pastors met the eye of the aged, each countenance seemed to ask, 'What shall we do?' The moment one layman took the hand of another, the quivering lip interrogated, 'What does God require?' The meeting was called to order, and prayer to the Lord God of Sabaoth proposed. Deacon Colgate, as the oldest in the company, was called upon to address the throne of Grace. We knelt down. And if I were in that room I could point to the very spot on which I bowed. I can never forget it while I live. All was silent. The venerable man of God was too much overcome even to lead in devotion, but his emotion found vent in sobs and tears. And there the whole company knelt, weeping for several minutes, in solemn silence, before God, save as, now and then, some struggling sigh was heard. When he was able to offer vocal prayer, he asked God to direct us aright; if it were our duty to form another society, to give us a clear sense of duty, and to open our way; but if not, to permit confusion and hesitancy, and to throw a hedge about us on every side, with much more of earnest supplication.

“After prayer, a long time was spent in free conference as to our duty, and it was unanimously resolved, that but one path was before us. That path was taken.

It is right that the names of those who, in the darkest hour, rallied lovingly and fearlessly around the standard of God's unadulterated truth, and strengthened with their sympathy, their prayers, their actions, the unfaltering standard-bearer, who never loosed his grasp upon its staff until death struck him down on a victorious battle-field; it is just that their names should be wonned with his whilst memory holds her seat.

“Their names and memories will be fondly cherished in the ages to come, and associated with all the triumphs of God's pure word over the errors of man. They were—

STEPHEN REMINGTON,	WILLIAM D. MURPHY,	ALEX. McDONALD,
HEMAN J. EDDY,	JAMES H. TOWNSEND,	GEORGE W. ABBE,
THOMAS ARMITAGE,	SYLVESTER PIER,	JAMES FARQUARSON.
JOHN RICHARDSON,	JAMES B. COLGATE,	EDWARD GILBERT,
WILLIAM COLGATE,	WILLIAM S. CLAPP,	HENRY P. SEE,
SAMUEL R. KELLY,	ORRIN B. JUDD,	LEWIS BEDELL,
JOHN B. WELLS,	A. C. WHEAT,	JAMES EDMONDS,
E. S. WHITNEY,	WILLIAM H. WYCKOFF.	

(*Dr. Elon Galusha's Address, 1853.*)

In considering the question of “revision,” as connected with Mr. Cone, nothing strikes us with such entire surprise as the storm of abuse which assailed him on account of it. Had that abuse come from anti-Baptists, from men, some pillar of whose creed was threatened by the “removal of errors and obscurities” from the commonly received English version, it would have been but little surprising. We might have wondered how any men, claiming to be Christians, could so far forget what was due to propriety as to invoke harsh invective, and unfeeling sarcasm to aid them. We might not have been surprised to hear it from English press or pulpit; but that Americans and Baptists—that men who claimed “one faith, one Lord, one baptism”

with him—that men for every interest of whose religious lives he had toiled so long and faithfully, and who, if they believed what they preached, were “Immersionists” because they dare not be anything else—that men, every one of whom had preached and written, from the time of their immersion, about the “errors and obscurities” he proposed to remove—that they should oppose, traduce, and persecute him, is a thing scarcely to be credited. But they did. Why? Ah! that is beyond the reach either of our philosophy or information to answer. The melancholy and mortifying fact stands upon the record in naked ugliness. He found no fault with any man, Baptist or Pedit-Baptist, for entertaining a different opinion on the subject from the one he advocated. He might be surprised at it, but had no right to find fault. The right of private judgment is sacred. He respected the honest convictions of his brethren. He found no fault with such as obeyed their convictions. One of the men he loved best, Dr. Dagg, disagreed with him; but he disagreed like a brother and a Christian, and he loved him just as dearly as ever, and loved him to the end.

After ages, if they read his story, will view with wonder the spectacle *that* part of it presents. They will see a Baptist loaded with every epithet of vituperation, and assailed by every artifice of malice——for what? For defending the faith once delivered to the saints. For holding fast the doctrines and ordinances of the Lord, blameless. For saying in New York, when the snows of age whitened on his head, the same thing he said at the first Virginian Association, in the earliest flush of holy zeal, in the fruitful summer of his manhood,

“I’m not ashamed to own my Lord,
Nor to defend his cause!”

For asserting that Baptism was immersion, and that if it was right to *preach* it, it was right to *print* it, *to print it in the Bible.*" Was it not passing strange? Will not the wonder of the future be tinged with doubt? Will it not say, these things have been feigned to lend a heightened color, an added lustre to his bold inflexibility in the cause of truth? Will it, at such a distance, be able to discern the cause within a cause, and see that envy of the man had its share in begetting opposition to the principle, or where that was not, that the syren charms of expediency, lured and made shipwreck of the truth, upon the shore of inconsistency and human inventions? Scarcely: for "expediency" has never been a Baptist doctrine. It will be very hard, indeed, for the future to understand, since the present even begins to doubt, and other voices than those of "Bible Unionists" are demanding a *revision* of the English Scriptures.

We find nowhere so apt a description of the class, whose burst of indignation and rage, against Spencer H. Cone, and his design to remove from the English Bible "its errors and obscurities," disturbed the quiet of almost every Baptist church in the United States, as in John Milton's glorious "speech for the liberty of unlicensed printing."

"There be, who perpetually complain of schisms and sects, and make it such a calamity that any man dissents from their maxims. It is their own pride and ignorance which cause the disturbing, who neither will hear with meekness, nor can convince, yet all must be suppressed which is not found in their syntagma. They are the troublers, they are the dividers of unity, who neglect, and permit not others, to unite those discovered pieces which are yet wanting to the body of truth. To be still searching what we know not, by what we know, still closing up truth to truth as we find it, (for all her body

is homogeneal and proportional,) this is the golden rule in Theology as well as in Arithmetic!"

But beyond the astonishment of the thing, that it should happen among Baptists, is the wonder, that it should happen in America, the land of Baptists, the land of free thought. Whilst England and English Baptists almost everywhere received the news gladly, his own brethren, those of his own nation and household, were scanted in the expression of their indignation, at the awful design of "revising" King James' version, by nothing but the poverty of the English language in passionate phrase.

And yet at the very time when the storm was at its loudest in America, English Baptists were saying to him "well done!" Their hearts and hands were with him the instant he struck the blow, "to save free conscience from the paw of the Presbyterian and Episcopalian wolf." To the Baptists of America, was reserved the strange inconsistency of preaching, and practising what they dared not print.

Passing beyond the Baptists of England, it has struck the common sense and intelligence of the people without reference to sect. "In the British house of Commons recently, Mr Heywood, the member for Lancashire, gave notice that he should, at the next session, move an address to her majesty, praying that her majesty will be graciously pleased to appoint a commission to inquire into the state of the authorized version of the Bible, and to prepare a plan for the further revision of that translation!"

Who is Mr. Heywood, the honorable member for Lancashire? Is he Episcopalian, or dissenter; who or what is he? Clearly the men of Lancashire, his constituents, have begun to lose their superstitious reverence for the "commonly received version" and believe a

better may be made. Clearly enough the mind of England is aroused to the necessity of the work. But where is the cry of horror, from American *Baptist* men, over Mr. Heywood and the iniquity of his proposition? Why was Spencer Houghton Cone accused of being a destroyer of all that was stable in language, or reverend in faith, for proposing a revision on this side of the Atlantic?

And if "our Sovereign Lady Victoria," yield to the solicitation of the member from Lancashire and the English people, will the "gracious pleasure" of an English queen anoint with the magic oil of kingcraft the wits of her revisers to the height of infallibility, and make the act holy in them, which in republican Americans came little short of being stigmatized as a suggestion of the evil one?

In the "Edinburgh Review" for October, 1855, we find an able article urging the necessity of an immediate revision of the English Scriptures. It attacks without stint the errors of the received version, and yet it seems not to have drawn down upon either writer or review any exhibition of indignant horror; and, indeed, it is doubtful whether the article cost the "great Quarterly" a single subscriber.

The writer says, "that it is universally agreed among Protestants of all denominations, that the Bible is their one great, paramount, religious authority; that they repudiate all traditional law, and human teaching; and that every man depending on his own judgment, and availing himself of his right to use it, looks to the Sacred Scriptures, and to the Sacred Scriptures alone, for the spiritual light which should inform his faith and direct his conduct. Such is the theory; *but it is little more than a theory.* If Christians acted upon it honestly and more freely than they do, they would in

all probability find their differences diminish, and their charity increase. But the fact is, that the right of private judgment in religion is a principle more vaunted than exercised."

We shall make but a single quotation further from this article. It has been reprinted in this country, and very widely circulated; and, indeed, its arguments had been presented fully and strongly long before, by the friends of revision. The objection that it is irreverent to touch the present version, is thus treated by the reviewer.

"But there is another, a more general and plausible objection to the alteration of our common version:—it ought not to be touched, because it has, for centuries, been held in reverence by the people. We admit the fact. It has obtained, and most deservedly so, the deep and affectionate reverence of our Protestant population; but how is that any objection against its being rendered more worthy of the deep and affectionate reverence with which they regard it? If their reverence extend beyond the respect that is due to the most accurate and complete translation of the inspired writings, which on the whole, has ever been submitted to the contemplation of the unlearned disciples of the Gospel; if their reverence attaches to its admitted errors and deficiencies—such a feeling is not pious, but superstitious; and it ought not for a moment to be deferred to as an impediment in the way of so great a blessing as an improved edition of the sacred volume. It classes, as an instance of ignorance and folly, with the popish priest's obstinate adherence to his old *Mumpsimus*, which has been a jest amongst Protestants ever since the first dawn of the Reformation. They who would resist the elimination of the palpable mistakes, and the acknowledged imperfections of our English Bible, from an apprehension of offending the religious prejudices of

the people, are guilty of a pious fraud, which though of a lighter shade of guilt, ranks in the same vicious category with the practice of the Romanist, who lends his support to the perpetuation of a belief in fictitious relics, or endeavors to sustain the faith of his flock by the contrivance of a fraudulent miracle. In dealing with a book, of which divine truth is the argument, nothing ought to be regarded, but the means of rendering it the most distinct and perfect reflection of that truth; and if our present translation do not afford such a distinct and perfect reflection, it ought to be subjected to a course of continuous and careful revision, till it shall. * * * Whatever course our ecclesiastical authorities may pursue, they may depend upon it, that the Bible will not long be allowed to remain in its present mutilated and unsatisfactory condition. *Whatever the public demand will in some shape be supplied.*"

On this point of superstitious regard, so forcibly put by the reviewer, we find a very striking illustration in a sermon delivered in 1852, by Rev. R. H. Neale, of Boston, before the governor and legislature of Massachusetts. At page ten of the sermon, he says, "It is recorded of the Alexandrian fathers, that in their honest intention to develop the true sense of Scripture, they inserted a punctuation mark after *ἐν*, in the 3d verse of 1st chap. of the Gospel of John. The conscientious Chrysostom was greatly alarmed at this proceeding, and denounced it as rank heresy. Epiphanius, still more zealous, declared it an act of blasphemy and a sin against the Holy Ghost. *Excitement rose high in the theological world. Wise heads combined to stay the spreading evil.* And thus, on account of a single dot, the perilous work of punctuating the inspired volume was delayed for years." If this is the view given of those who opposed what they deemed an unjustifiable meddling with the

sacred *text*, we hardly know how Dr. Neale would write of those who opposed the removal of known errors from a *translation*; who caused "excitement to rise so high in the theological world" of Baptists; and so many of whose "wise heads combined to stay the spreading evil."

In its issue of January 17th, 1856, The "Christian Intelligencer," one of the oldest and ablest journals in America, and an organ of the Dutch Reformed Church, speaking of the writer of the review above quoted, says, "He shows conclusively, we think, that it (revision of common English version) is demanded by every consideration of truth and duty." Strong testimony, surely, as to the character of the English witness.

In the Lower House of Convocation (Church of England) Canon Selwyn has given notice of a motion "to propose a petition to the Upper House, requesting his grace and their lordships, to take into their consideration the subject of an address to the crown, praying that Her Most Gracious Majesty may be pleased to appoint a body of learned men, well-skilled in the original language of the Holy Scriptures, to consider on such amendments of the authorized version as have been already proposed, and to receive suggestions from all persons who may be willing to offer them; to communicate with foreign scholars on difficult passages when it may be deemed advisable; to examine the marginal readings which appear to have been introduced into some editions, since the year 1611; to point out such words and phrases as have either changed their meaning, or become obsolete in the lapse of time."

Of all the objections brought against the Bible Union, that of sectarianism seemed to Mr. Cone the strangest. And yet it was one most frequently urged, and indeed,

coming from the highest Baptist quarters, had met him at every step of his course, from the first public expression of his sentiment in favor of pure versions, at Salem in 1833, down to the close of his life.

He urged in his addresses that the Bible—the Word of God—was THE TRUTH; that THE TRUTH could not be sectarian; how then could a society whose fundamental and controlling principle was, *The pure Word of God for all the world*, be properly charged with sectarianism?

Other Bible societies have hedged about their translators with constitutional barriers of sects, creeds, and “received versions,” allowing them to “consult God no further than sectarian influence would permit; making sectarian tenets the test and limit of the perfection of their versions.”—*Rev. D. R. Campbell, Ky.*

The Bible Union is founded on the simple principle of “The Bible faithfully translated for all the world,” and its grand direction to all the translators employed is “give the exact meaning of the inspired text.”

How then other Bible societies could be catholic, and the Bible Union sectarian, was to him both a logical and a religious puzzle.

Elder Isaac Erret, of Warren, Ohio, in an address before the Bible Union, in 1856, adverting to this objection, says very forcibly and eloquently:

“The work of the American Bible Union is, in the true sense of the word, catholic. That is to say, it is not sectarian. It demands the faithful translation of the Scriptures of truth on no low party plea. It asks it, irrespective of partisan interests or aims. It says, if the party cannot be sustained by the pure Word of God, *let the party perish*. Every man coming into this movement says, I recognize its claims as superior to party interests. If my party, in any of its peculiarities, cannot be sustained by the pure Word of God, let those peculiarities be

given to the winds, like the chaff of the summer threshing-floor. 'What is the chaff to the wheat?' If any other party can find countenance in a faithful translation for anything which I have disapproved, so let it be; I will not be found fighting against God. In this point of view, the Bible Union movement is a most noble triumph over selfish and party aims and inspirations. It knows no party. It is determined to know none. The impulse it will give in the direction of a catholic spirit, and catholic Christian enterprise, cannot be estimated either in force or value. Often do I thank God for this precious development of the true catholic spirit, and pray that it may never be grieved away by sectarian strife, or disturbed by a single discord. Sectarianism is the bane of modern Christian enterprise. * * * * *

"Is it too much to hope that the American Bible Union, advocating the pure Word of God in faithful translations, though it seems like a very feeble instrumentality, may, by gentleness and perseverance, prevail against a thousand discordant tongues, and gather round it steadily the sympathies, and prayers, and lives of those who fear God, until all the harsh and grating sounds of sectarian strife shall be drowned in the rich, full, swelling harmonies and melodies of the united children of God? Surely, if this may be, earth has never yet heard so glad a song; heaven has not yet been addressed in strains so triumphant as shall then go up from the one body. It will be like Milton's 'sevenfold chorus of hallelujahs and harping symphonies.'" May God hasten it in His time."

So too, Dr. Conant, of Rochester University, speaking of the fear that their peculiar religious tenets would give color to the work of revisors says, "The apprehension that the peculiar theological views of the revisors

would appear in the revision was groundless, Biblical interpretation was one thing, and translation was another. * * * Should a translator color his revision by his theological views, the philologist will find him out. Depend upon it, the work of this Union is so guarded by its congress of living scholars, by the light from the past shed upon their labor, and by the ordeal of criticism to which it must be subjected, that we are confident it will attain to the nearest possible approach to perfection." In the same address, Dr. Conant said, "In all enterprises of this kind, *the common people take the lead, the learned always follow.*" Coming from the source it did, this sentiment made a strong impression on us, and we could not refrain from quoting it here, thus abruptly and disconnectedly. It is a beautiful illustration of the modesty of true learning, and it leads us naturally back to the subject of this memoir. He thoroughly understood and appreciated this great truth. His conduct was shaped by it steadily to the end; and to the fact of his never for a moment, either forgetting or undervaluing it, much of his ability to aid so efficiently in the accomplishment of the great objects for which he toiled, must, humanly speaking, be attributed.

One of the ablest, perhaps the ablest, and certainly one of the honestest of those ministers of his own denomination who opposed all his plans for pure versions, is reported to have said, "I have opposed Spencer H. Cone twice, and each time I certainly thought I had the denomination with me, but somehow or other it has gone with him. I believe, after all, he knows the people better than I do." Speaking of some other traits of his character, and of the value of his services, Dr. Baker says:

"For the prosperity that has attended the Bible revision enterprise, it has, under God, been largely

indebted to Dr. Cone. From his native ability, gracious endowment, long experience, and rare efficiency, he was eminently qualified to be useful in such an enterprise. This work secured for itself the warmest fellowship of his generous heart, for while he possessed an *intense affection* for the Bible, his love was not a *superstitious regard* for the defects or faults of a translation of God's Word. He desired that the mirror which reflected the face of his God and Saviour, should have a polished and speckless surface. As one of 'God's freemen,' he felt that he had a natural and inalienable right to worship God according to the dictates of his own conscience; but he knew that conscience was not the rule of action, but the faculty of judging ourselves by a rule, and that this rule is the word of God. When he would settle the question, 'What is right?' he would ask 'what saith the Scriptures?' He knew that to be prepared to *do* right we must first form a right judgment of the word itself, and that it was our duty to have our conscience first directed by the Scriptures, and then to have our lives guided by our conscience. Hence he felt it to be important to know what *was truly 'the word of God,'* and all defects and errors of *translation* he rejected as no part of that word. With him the simple question was, 'What is the truth?' and his motto, 'Buy the truth and sell it not.' This ardent love to truth made him a revisionist, and called out all his energies in that holy work. 'He chose the right and adhered to it.'

"The wide-spread influence of Dr. Cone, carried great weight with it into the revision enterprise. His *name* was a tower of strength to the Bible Union. In the great Missionary, Bible, and kindred enterprises, he had held many important trusts, and had always fulfilled his high responsibilities with uncommon energy

and fidelity. This tried fidelity inspired confidence, and secured co-operation in that work.

“As his life was one of intense activity, he found time to consummate for the society a vast amount of labor. His executive ability was very great. He knew what ought to be done, and how to do it; and he loved to work for the institution. All the great aims of his Christian life converged towards the objects contemplated by it. During the last five years these objects largely engrossed his attention. Seldom a day passed that he did not spend a part at the Bible rooms. He originated its valuable library, and contributed most largely to its stock of recondite works. And he personally secured many liberal contributions to the treasury. His energies were so essentially interwoven with the society, that he seemed to be an essential portion of it.

Of the high qualifications of Dr. Cone as a presiding officer, it is not necessary for me to speak. ‘No other minister among us was so often called to preside over the deliberations of his brethren, and few men, in any circles, knew so well how to discharge the delicate and important trust of a presiding officer.’

“In contending for the principles of pure versions in all languages, the English not excepted, he was called to endure obloquy and reproach, even from many who once professed to be his warmest and best friends. He encountered opposition the most violent, unrelenting and uncompromising. He saw the strongest ties of friendship dissolved, and even his church relations and pastoral connections threatened, because of his adherence to this principle. His warm and generous nature keenly felt such treatment from his brethren. Had he met opposition and reproach from an enemy, he could have borne it. But thus to be cut off from Christian fellowship, from brethren that he had loved, and to have

to bear their reproaches, was to him an afflictive experience.

“The fortitude of superior minds under unmerited reproach, does not result from hardihood of feeling; that is the unenvied privilege of the leader of the mob, who addresses himself to the worst passions of our nature, because they are the most easily excited; whose work is defamation, and who has no character of his own to lose. In a virtuous mind, fortitude under calumny and injustice is the result of principle, struggling against feelings which are acute and sensitive, and deeply seated in the soul. The struggle is always painful, and if in public, the consciousness of rectitude supports, and the brow is consequently tranquil and serene; yet, in secrecy, the power of feeling prevails, and the eye poureth forth tears unto God.”

“Dr. Cone felt deeply the opposition and persecution, to which he was exposed in the new version enterprise. He said—“My reputation is dear to me, to my wife and children, and I will defend them as long as I am able.” But he was religiously inflexible alike through evil report, and through good report. His convictions of duty were intelligent and sincere, and he was prepared to carry them out in action, *fearless of consequences*. If the Bible question must be turned into one of personal hostility, and waging “war to the knife,” his reply was “my mind is steadfast and immovable, and I am willing to die at the stake as Tyndale died, if I may be instrumental in giving to my own countrymen *a correct version of the Bible*.”

Such is the testimony of those who knew him best; of those whose minds, “enlightened from above,” sympathized with the vast beneficence of the principle, of which he was the unfaltering champion. The ideas he sowed broadcast through the world for twenty years,

are already springing up, and "the seed time and the harvest" are nigh at hand. England and America have already replied to his summons, and the voice "that was poured on the free winds far," although silent now for ever upon earth, has found a thousand undying echoes to reiterate its demands, with a power that will not be denied.

View his course from what stand point we will, its resoluteness and consistency must be conceded at once.

He commenced his public and determinate opposition to the "errors and obscurities" of our present English version the moment the American Bible Society passed their uncatholic resolution of February 17th, 1835. He avowed the principle then; he never swerved from it afterwards. To carry it out he formed the American and Foreign Bible Society. That Society failed of its high mission. Age had found him and the work was not commenced, the night was at hand and the enemy yet held possession of the battle-field. He saw the columns of his people wavering and uncertain, or flying ignominiously from the field. Like the gallant Desaix, when he rode upon the field of Marengo, after that day of gigantic war, when the sun was dropping slowly down behind the mountains, and the wearied French were sullenly retiring before the Austrian charge, he exclaimed "the battle is lost, but there is day-light enough left to win another," and he founded the Bible Union. God spared him to do it. It was his work. His Master had set it to him to do. It was not written that the Lord's host should be defeated.

In all the war, and it was a "war to the knife," amongst the many who stood by him, William H. Wyckoff was one of the men whose "convictions of duty" were as intelligent as his own, and who never hesitated or failed him. They labored together from the first, and Mr. Cone relied upon him in every emer-

gency as a faithful friend, wise in counsel, patient in trial, and resolute in action. Their names appear so often together in the published history of the movement, and Mr. Wyckoff's character and services are so well known, that our testimony may appear superfluous. We, however, who know more intimately how much he did to comfort, support, and strengthen the leader whom he loved, and under whom he fought with so happy a bravery, cannot permit ourselves to fail in offering a just tribute to his affection for the *man*, and his loyalty to the *principle*. *In originating the movement for the revision of the English Scriptures*, and by the force of his character, the popularity of his name, the energy of his will, and the untiring devotion of his talents and his time, to placing the society, whose business it is to carry out and perfect the work, so far as human instrumentality may, by God's grace, achieve it—in a position of such influence and prosperity, as to insure its ultimate success, Spencer Houghton Cone performed an act which crowned, with her own eternal circlet, a life spent in the service and defence of truth!

Everything conspires to show that the revision of the English Scriptures, and the "removal of their errors and obscurities"—that the enthronement in the hearts of Christians throughout England and America, of his principle of "*the Scriptures as God gave them—the truth of God for the world*"—is fixed so that it can never again be shaken.

The result, thus far, has proved that Mr. Cone neither misunderstood the signs of the times, nor entered upon his work unadvisedly. Not only has the American Bible Union grown into a large national society, embracing its tens of thousands of life-members and subscribers for life-membership, and raising, in one year more than forty-five thousand dollars, but it numbers amongst its warmest friends and adherents influential

members of every evangelical body, employs distinguished scholars connected with ten different denominations, and exerts an influence that is felt throughout the religious public of England and America. From this influence cognate institutions have sprung up in both countries for the same object, the revision of the English Bible, and men of high positions in the British parliament, the Church of England, and the Free Church of Scotland, are prosecuting the most vigorous means for engaging both Church and State in the enterprise. The principles and plans of the Bible Union have vindicated the wisdom of its founders, and have resulted in giving to the world portions of the word of God, so ably and faithfully translated as to warrant the belief that before long the English speaking nations will rejoice in the possession of the best version the language has ever boasted of.

The following eloquent and Christian testimony to Mr. Cone's services in the cause of pure versions, is from the lips of Elder Isaac Erret:

“From no field of toil and sacrifice could the Christian of this age more earnestly desire to be carried to his reward than from this of endeavoring to give the Word of the Lord plain to the nations. My thoughts now linger around the tomb of a venerable and beloved man of God, who laid the foundations of this enterprise in tears and prayers, and daily watched it with fondest care and anxiety, and fearlessly faced the storm, and breasted the waves of opposition. I can conceive of no more fitting close to an earnest, laborious, and godly life than his. With what joy will he greet, in the world of light, the Wickliffes, and Tyndales, and Coverdales, and Rogerses, and the hosts of reformers and martyrs, who lived and died contending for the word of God! *He* has gone from more peaceful scenes, and from a bloodless

warfare ; yet, perhaps the faith which rejects the smile of worldly approbation, and the moral courage which breaks the dearest bonds of fellowship with friends and brethren, for the truth's sake, are scarcely less now than then. It will be blessed to be even the least in that throng of heroes, who nobly battled for the word of God, and to say in going up with them to cast one's crown at the feet of Jesus : ' I have not refrained my lips, O ! Lord, thou knowest.' It will be blessed for the feeblest and least of us all, if, when we stand before that judgment seat, where the Word of God will decide our eternal fate, it shall appear that in heart, and in life, in word and in deed, we have loved and honored that perfect law."

Let who will carry out the work, whether her " gracious majesty " of England, by her commission to the learned doctors of her realm, or republican America, by means of faithful men, not the less learned or faithful because they lack the " image and superscription " of royalty upon their work ; let who will do it—*his* name will be twinned with it, and the millions who shall hereafter rejoice in the triumph of truth and the confusion of error, will remember his name with reverence and affection, when the brilliance of the orator, and the loveliness of the man, shall be a misty and uncertain tradition.

CHAPTER XXII.

HIS CONDUCT TO YOUNG PREACHERS—DIRECTIONS—ADVICE
—VIEWS OF CHRISTIAN CHARACTER, FAITH AND PRACTICE.

His heart was always young. It was one of the most striking things about him. Neither mind nor heart seemed ever to feel the chilling touch of age. To the last moment of his working life, a youthful vivacity and eagerness of sentiment, distinguished word and action, and both were the true reflex of the inner man. The human machine wore out with intense physical and mental labor, the divine essence within worked as bright and bravely as ever, until the servant failed the master, until the main spring was fretted through, and every wheel stopped at an instant. Young in soul, he loved the young. Their eagerness and ardor were kindred with his own. Children loved him and played with him as if he had been one of themselves. He could find a minute to chat and romp with his grandchildren in his busiest hours, or have them play about him, and do his work all the better for their noise and mischief.

Especially, however, he loved the young, who, serving their Creator in the days of their youth, felt called to preach the Gospel. Here duty hallowed what inclination prompted. To serve them was to serve the cause he lived for. To cultivate their inclination for a holy sacrifice of all that in them was to that cause, and labor to make it "full of growing," was to plant trees in the Lord's garden, the fruit whereof, like the tree of life, should be for the healing of the nations. He believed

that the principles of Baptists were the hope of the world. The young preacher who stood beside him ardent in love and faith, and eager to spread those principles, was to to him a pledge of the future. In the fire of his eye, in the echo of his voice, he heard God promising that he would never leave himself without a witness among men. The warworn soldier, as his arm grew weak with smiting in the battle, hailed exultingly the accession of youthful strength and vigor, and girded up his loins and forgot his weariness. The moment they struck into the press beside him, and bared their breasts against the common foe, they were brothers of his heart, and his shield was ready to cover them, wounded, his sword busy to open for them, victorious, a wider pathway.

One whom he loved, and who happily for himself can speak experimentally of these things, tells of this better than we can. We will not call the kind contribution of John Wesley Sarles a favor. He does not think it so. He lays it as a laurel upon the grave of his father in the Gospel, and his tears are yet warm upon its leaves.

"I send," he says, "fourteen letters written by your father. The re-reading of these letters has again brought fresh before me, more of his generous solicitude, and prayerful wise counselling, than I know how to express. With all his leading characteristics engraven on your heart, and mind, I have thought the reading of these letters alone might better supply that which you seek than any expression I could give.

"I will simply add an unstudied sketch of my general impressions, which may possibly contain some thought or incident that you can use. When I remember his unwearied kindness to me, and his constant care for me, it pains me that I did not in some more practical way than I did, seek to express to him my sense of indebtedness.

“But I have no idea that *he* saw any failure in my appreciation, for if I do not greatly mistake, he was accustomed to forget most of the kindness he showed to anybody. He had no time, and not the slightest disposition to make a record of such parts of his life.

“He never acted as if he regarded me as his debtor. I think he really had no idea of the extent of my indebtedness to him. The kindness of his heart made him unconscious of the pains he had taken. And besides, from long habit, he quickly dismissed his own generous acts, with no desire to see them again, short of the judgment. I never saw in another as happy an exemplification of what I suppose to be included in the verses of Matthew, ‘Then shall the righteous answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we Thee an hungered, and fed *Thee*? or thirsty and gave Thee drink? When saw we Thee a stranger and took Thee in? or naked and clothed Thee.’

“He took a very lively interest in young ministers generally. They met with such a warm welcome, he was so unreserved and free, that they loved to come to him for counsel and sympathy. None whom he knew were in want of a friend in their need. In their failure to see clearly the *truth*, instead of upbraiding them, he admired and followed the example of Aquila and Priscilla in the case of Apollos ‘and took them unto him, and expounded unto them the way of God more perfectly.’

“While he freely sympathized with them in their temporal affairs, his kindness was specially manifest and overflowing for them as fellow ambassadors for Christ. He loved to help them in their great work, stopped not to count the cost to himself, regarded it as his business, and all of it done for and at the expense of Christ.

“I said *fellow* ambassadors, for though they were

young, he drew no lines between himself and them, assumed no right to dictate, claimed no superiority, but having presented the result of his own experience, was sure to leave them unhampered, and free to dissent, if they could. In the youngest of his brethren he fully recognized the right to exercise their own judgment, and often reminded them of the obligation to do so, after all that was spread before them by their seniors.

“If he could promote them in the favor of the people, and extend their usefulness, his own happiness was just as much enhanced. He was so completely above and beyond those little jealousies towards brethren, which have painfully characterized some good men, that, *in the minds* of those who knew him intimately, his very name is a rebuke to it. As the harbinger of our Lord truly rejoiced in the growing ascendancy of Christ, so, I believe, did Spencer H. Cone, in every place, and on every occasion, when he was obscured by a fuller and happier exhibition of Christ crucified. All thoughts of himself were forgotten when the honor of his Lord was involved. The higher Christ was exalted by young or old, the more his heart exulted, irrespective of his or another's connection with it. His abiding and ardent desire for his younger brethren in the ministry, was that they might greatly excel him in preaching the unsearchable riches of Christ. It was pre-eminently this kind of excellence in them that he sought and prayed for. He appreciated learning, but rarely attempted to excite a young man's ambition in that direction; for the simple reason that he usually found them awakened to the value of intellectual training, while vastly higher qualifications were but dimly seen.

“Long years since I often remarked that while many other ministers with whom I met, talked much and largely about literary studies, and taste and training,

style of composition and elocution—excellence in those particulars upon which the educated world sits in judgment—he was always seeking to make a *Scriptural* preacher, a *Gospel* preacher, a *spiritually minded* preacher. Accordingly, I well remember words like the following from his lips:

“Avoid seeking a reputation as a preacher. It costs dearly to support a reputation, destroys spirituality of mind, has greatly detracted from the usefulness of some good and able men.

“Beware of withholding, for some great occasion, thoughts which you may regard as specially *valuable*. If you make such use of thoughts given by the Holy Spirit, He will be likely to withhold from you. Give them to the people the first opportunity—wait not till another occasion.

“Guard against judging of the state of your heart, by any liberty or light you may have *in preaching*. You may be aided in that way, in answer to the prayers of the church which you serve, while the real state of your heart may be deplorable.

“Never be drawn or swerved from a plain duty by inconvenience and trouble. For instance, defer not a baptism, because it is stormy, or because there is only one, or because it may be a very humble and obscure disciple.

“There are two courses before you as a preacher: make yourself familiar with *classic* authors, study the popular taste, bring forth well-written essays, use the Bible as a fine collection of texts, and fill up your sermons from other sources; or—

“Give yourself chiefly to the study of the Bible, bring forth the whole counsel of God, whether men will hear or forbear, “*Present the Word.*”

“In the first course you will make yourself popular,

in the other you will be useful to the souls of men, and please God. Take your choice.

“Accustom yourself to give Christ His place in every sermon. Get the Gospel by the handle. Never preach a sermon without enough of the Gospel to show a sinner how he must be saved.’

“The above were not presented in precisely this language, and not at all in this order, nor all of them on any one occasion; but in a very informal way, he was constantly throwing out the weightiest suggestions whenever I had an hour with him.

“I am aware that this is a very meagre outline on the point named.

“Turning from these peculiarities, allow me to name another, and his crowning characteristic as a Christian, which I have not seen duly noticed, and which, I think, ought to be made prominent in a faithful memoir of him. I refer to the strength—the greatness of his faith in the Lord Jesus Christ.

“I believe that his cordial renunciation, before God, of every work and service of his head and heart, his grateful exulting reception of the sinner’s friend—the good faith in which he received the promise of life in Christ, and accordingly fled from himself to Christ as his *all*, this, I believe, was the crowning triumph of grace in his heart and life. Abraham-like, ‘he staggered not at the promise of God through unbelief, but was strong in faith, giving glory to God.’

“This was the ground of his power with God and men, and of his wide-spread, honored usefulness.”

The following letter to Mr. Sarles, is a very striking exhibition of his way of thinking, and manner of counselling a young preacher. He is writing from Schooley’s Mountain, New Jersey, and says, “The first Sabbath of the month (August) I supplied a large Presbyterian

Church in Hackettstown. I have preached twice in the chapel on the mountain. My texts have been, Jer. xxii. 29, Mark. viii. 36, and 2 Cor. v. 17, from which you may at least gather the character of the subjects to which the attention of my hearers was directed.

“So you sat up till near midnight, and had the headache the next day, as a very natural consequence. Well, don't do so again. *Experientia docet*. Your mental preparations can never be set off in a Boanerges' strain, unless you give the body fair play.

“I think I left a copy of the ‘Pulpit Cyclopaedia’ for you. You may consult it to advantage. Not only the essays on the art of preaching, but the skeletons of sermons. *Use* everybody—work them in, if they have anything that's worth it—but *copy* nobody.

“Look over Jay's morning and evening exercises—he has great tact in sermonizing—in the *choice* of texts, and in the *manner* of handling them.

“I wish you to get into the habit of always having a subject on your mind, not ‘half matured,’ but wholly matured for presentation. Why, a Baptist preacher ought to be ready to preach at a minute's warning, if necessary. I do not expect him to be inspired on such occasions, although, I believe the Lord always helps those who boldly and cheerfully stand in their lot; nor do I wish him to be ready to say anything that comes uppermost, and suppose that the single word ‘unprepared’ will serve as the mantle of charity to cover over all his jargon. No, this is the motto for my preacher, ‘semper paratus,’ and that the motto may be appropriate, let him remember that preaching is his business—his reasonable and delightful service.

“In the morning he rises—reads—meditates—prays—a passage strikes him—if not, let him read until he find one that does—then let him throw it into the shape of a

sermon at once. Say it is 2 Cor. v. 17. 'Therefore if any man be in Christ, he is a new creature; old things are passed away; behold, all things are become new.' Now what is it to be in Christ? 1. By election—by conversion, &c. 2. Evidence of the fact—*new* creation—new thoughts—principles—desires—hopes—fears, &c. Of God, of Christ, of soul, &c. 3. Privileges and benefits of this *new* state—embracing earth and Heaven.

"Let this or a similar outline from *any text* be on your mind—think how you could speak of Christ, or the spirit, or Heaven, or the worth of the soul from it; and the 'paratus semper' shall stand up, if duty calls, and say something to the purpose, for he has thought on his text, and satisfied himself of its import, and has several *proof texts* impressed upon his memory, that can be at once made available. Then he can use his liberty, and *dwell* on the 1st, 2d, or 3d points, as they open to his mind, and if he finds that he has talked *long enough*, he can wind up with a stroke or two, just to clench the nail he has spent the hour in driving; or if he has ten minutes that *ought to be occupied*, let him remind Christians of their privileges—gratitude—devotion, &c., or sinners that if the soul is lost—*all is lost!* Never forgetting that his '*wind up*' must not be forced or far-fetched, but be 'fitly framed' to the text. The Lord bless you, and make you more useful, and more devoted than your assured friend and brother."

Few men of good mind, and honest purpose, could practise on the system recommended in a letter on the same subject, without attaining excellence in extemporaneous speaking. It is true, much self-conceit and pride, must be first had away from the heart; and the bad habits of a majority of students and speakers got rid of; but it seems to us, that a frank and determinate adoption of these rules, will, perhaps, go as

far to banish all such, as any mere mental training can.

“I hope,” he says to the young student of theology, who at his request often supplied his pulpit whilst he rested a week or two from his labors during the heat of the summer—but who was now himself resting a little from his studies in a country retreat, “I hope you will have sufficient confidence in God, and in the fullness of Christ, and in the promised presence and aid of the Holy Spirit, and in the abundant supplies treasured up in the Gospel, to preach at least *once* every Lord’s day. You may sometimes be mortified and shut up, as others have been before you, but notwithstanding all this, *preach frequently*. Practise only makes perfect. A man might read about cutting out a coat until he was grey, and not be able to make a garment that would fit a lap-board after all. You must practise. Learn a little, and preach it; learn a little more and preach that, and so on, till you have the bag of the Gospel, full of milk, to resort to, and your hand so thoroughly practised in the art of milking, that you can pull away at the teat of election, and if the milk don’t run freely, try the teat of adoption, or justification, or sanctification, or conversion, or the offices of Christ, or the graces of the spirit, or the duties and privileges of the Christian, &c. Only take care always to feed your hearers upon ‘the sincere milk of the word, that they may grow thereby.’ As you are in the country, ascertain how the girls learn to milk. I think they try constantly till they succeed. Go thou and do likewise.

“I am sorry you are fallen into such Arminian borders, but hope it will do you good. Resort to the Bible for arguments, and call up your own experience on the subject. Salvation is either of *grace* or *works*. Paul has set that matter in a clear light. Your views of the

atonement are correct. You can sustain them by plain passages of holy writ; by the doctrine of the Trinity; by the offices of Christ—shepherd, husband, priest, surety, advocate, &c. Disputes are not profitable; avoid them when you can with propriety, and always speak the truth *in love*. If you must argue, ask the Arminian to solve *your* difficulties about total depravity, and the passages that speak of salvation by grace, the *power* of God, &c., and he will find that it is easier to *ask* questions sometimes, than to *answer* them.

“Read Booth’s “Reign of Grace” carefully and critically. If you should commit it to memory, it would do you good to the day of your death. It would furnish your mind with an outline of the plan of redeeming mercy, so that you could not be taken by surprise, or find yourself incapable at any time of defending a scriptural position. But more especially, study the Bible prayerfully; commit to memory striking passages, that you may be mighty in the Scriptures, and then your profiting will appear unto all men.

“Set out with the determination to preach *extemporaneously*. And to do this, *premeditate* not on *words*, but *things*; not to fix upon a *mode of expression*—this will only hamper you—but to fix the *subject* on your mind. The man who *commits* a sermon, when he preaches, seems to be performing a task—his highest success is *not to forget* what he had previously, in the cold study, written; but he who meditates upon a subject—say ‘the love of God’—and has enriched his mind by looking at it in various aspects, as the spring of all his blessings—the gift of Christ—his sufferings—the influences of the Spirit—the guilty creatures to whom it comes—the misery from which it rescues—the holiness and happiness to which it elevates them, &c.; when such a man comes to the people, he has to throw him-

self upon God and pray for help—a most profitable exercise! Then whilst he adheres mainly to the outline he has carefully formed of his subject, he is not afraid to employ passages, or historical facts, or Bible illustrations, as they come into his mind, in the warmth of argument or exhortation, as he feels the worth of souls, and the preciousness of Christ, and there will be a freshness, an attractiveness, an adaptation in such efforts, not to be found in written essays. And when success accompanies the effort, there is a consciousness of immediate aid from God, and an *evidence* that he has called us to the work which is above price. At least, such is my experience, and such the abiding sentiment of my soul. You must learn to preach extemporaneously. It will give you much more time for study, and render your ministry much more efficient.”

In answer to a young brother, who has asked for a course of study, he says: “I never studied an hour in a theological seminary—how can I mark out a course of instruction for licentiates? You know as well as I—let common sense have fair play. Preachers need to *know* everything. Let them begin with first principles, and go on to perfection, making the *Bible* their *daily* companion, and valuing learning of any and every kind, only as it helps to understand and explain the Bible.”

In another letter he says: “You ask for standard works—they are so numerous and so various in their excellence that I scarcely know where to begin. I prefer Abram Booth, 6 vols., 8 vo., London, to any other mere human writer. Gill, Hall, Fuller, Bunyan, have much that is good, but some things to be guarded against. Maclain, on Hebrews, and Haldane, on Romans, 1 vol., 8vo. each, are studies. I prize Haldane above the rest as a commentator.”

Making, of course, exceptions in favor of those which

particular occasions required to be reduced to writing, his general and strong preference was for extemporaneous preaching.

He was in the habit of putting the argument in favor of the practice very strongly, in this wise: "You will see," he said, "a lawyer in a court of justice trying a case. His client's interests are at stake. He is their defender. Perhaps it is money interest; perhaps the deeper interest of reputation; or, dearest of all, life itself. The judge upon the bench—the jury in the box, have the fate of his client in their hands. To save him, their minds are to be impressed by argument; their hearts touched by eloquence and pathos. To what a task does a good counsel set himself. Every power of the body—every quality of the mind is taxed and strained to the utmost. His memory contributes its stores of learning. His rhetoric adorns what is dry, smooths what is rugged, and makes the path so pleasant that his hearers are enticed along with him wherever he will have them go. His fancy and imagination play with seductive brilliancy around the subject. His heart contributes all its tenderest emotions to heighten and fix the impression, and stamp his words with the mint-mark of nature and truth. Does he not deserve success in a good cause? But behold, man is arraigned at the bar of heaven. A God too just to look upon sin with the least allowance, is the awful Judge. The doom of the finally impenitent is a hell of endless torment, where hope never enters. The prisoner, careless of his fate, ignorant of his danger, stands there in hardened folly. The preacher who is to plead with sinners—who is to stand between the living and the dead—who is to warn a soul worth more than all the worlds, to flee from the wrath to come; who is to point him to Christ as the only Saviour for one so lost and guilty; the only Advocate with the Father; who is

to endeavor to strike through the iron casing which bars the passage to his heart, and arouse him to the imminent peril in which he stands; the man who is to tell that wonderful—that soul-piercing and enrapturing story of the Cross—reads it all from a well-written manuscript! Can that man's soul be lifted up to the mercy-seat as he does so? Can his heart be bursting with agony and love for precious human souls—his eyes fountains of tears—his whole being wrapt and engaged in the sublime responsibility of his office? It is possible it may, but can sinners see it in his eyes, and hear it in his voice? Can he forget himself—his mere words—everything but the infinite sorrow of a lost soul—the infinite love of a dying, risen, interceding Saviour? and will that be so palpable that conviction will strike the dullest? I cannot think it. And shall a lawyer, for the sake of the things of this world, task all the noblest attributes of man, and, but to save for some unhappy wretch an hour, a month, a year of painful breath, display unmatched devotion, energy, fire, passion, everything; and he who pleads for souls, whose object is to snatch men from the precipice below which, roll the fiery billows of eternal woe—shall he do less? Dare he do less?"

We offer no apology for giving so many of his letters to Rev. Mr. Sarles in this connection; they tell their own story better than we can. They possess also a peculiarity, best shown by themselves. It was the only writing he indulged in after he began to preach. Dashed off at railroad speed, anywhere, under any circumstances, the simple, unstudied pouring out of his heart or mind; they have yet, many of them, the compactness and force of closely-reasoned, and carefully-prepared essays. The reason of this is very plain; they were the skeletons of his own system of thought and action. He had acted

all he wrote, for a life-time. Every point and rule had been digested and considered for years—turned and looked at in every possible direction—and when shaped in a manner to satisfy his mind, set up as a land-mark to travel by in the journey of duty.

Thus as he was always thinking of the best way to advance the cause of Christ in the world, as he thought of nothing else in fact and cast about him every moment of the day to find the best means to do it, his conversation, the product of so much thought, was full of weighty suggestions. Half the time he was not aware that he had said anything strong or valuable. It had been turned over in his own mind so often that it seemed like something which must be apparent to every body as a thing of course. So with his letters, they flowed out of a full heart and mind, naturally and without effort. Entirely free from the idea of producing an effect, and, indeed, simple relations of processes of thought, through which he had gone himself in the elimination of truth, or rapid digests of his system of Theology, benevolence, principles, they possess the charm rather of a great and good man's conversation, than his writings. How many natural traits and thoughts are scattered through this one. "With reference to your request to address the Society I am not now prepared to reply. I cannot make any positive engagement; all I can say is, the cause of missions is dear to my heart; to address your association upon the soul stirring theme, would be to me most gratifying, and if circumstances permit I intend to be present at your next anniversary. Further than this I cannot go, and it will be proper for your society to secure the services of some competent brother for the important occasion in question, and if I should happen to be at Hamilton, *you may work me in anywhere.*

“I hope you will not dispose of yourself positively for the month of August, at least until we have an opportunity of ascertaining whether you ought not to spend that month with the church under my pastoral care, (The First Baptist Church New York.) It is a lovely church, sound in the faith, united and happy, and I bless God for the usefulness and comfort he has given me among them from the beginning.

“I have looked over your case carefully and deliberately, and without repeating details and particulars, my judgment decidedly is, that you are not called to occupy the field of foreign missions.

“Next as to your ‘future course.’ Were I in your position, *if I understand it correctly*, I should enter upon the work of the ministry after your collegiate course is completed.

“Study Theology from the Bible, your own heart, the experience of your people, the wants of the community among whom you labor. *Reading* makes a *full* preacher, *thinking* makes a *wise* one, and *speaking* a *ready* one. The man who reads *two* hours and *thinks six* is the preacher I should like to sit under.

“If you were to be a missionary, with a view especially to the translation of the sacred Scriptures, you should remain where you are, and obtain a critical knowledge of Hebrew and Greek; but as a pastor of one of our churches, there are other things of more importance, and you can learn them better and faster when you every day are made to feel what you need, than if you were to study for years with an indefinite idea of what mental furniture you might probably use to the best advantage in future possible emergencies.

“You may be a missionary in spirit, and yet remain in the United States; my first impulse was to preach the Gospel to the heathen, and had I been single, I should

have gone forth immediately. Having wife and child I could not go, but God has manifestly made my thirty years' ministry a greater blessing to the *heathen world* than if my bones were bleaching on the plains of Asia, and He is able to do the same, yea, and much more with *you*, and so may He do for Christ's sake!"

In a letter written to Mr. Sarles, in May, 1846, he indicates his idea of the wide distinction between "revivals," got up by extraordinary means of excitement and preparation, and the gracious outpouring of the Spirit "like the former and latter rain." His tender care and affection for the wife of his youth and of his old age, peep out under the modesty of the word "necessity"—ah! it was a necessity of the heart. In the same wholesome way he shows too the distinction between trusting "Christ" and trusting "self."

"I shall expect you to supply my pulpit in August, at least. Mrs. Cone is now sick abed with influenza, her lungs are weak, and the slightest cold oppresses them; indeed, she has never had one entire week of good health since last September. I shall, of necessity, devote a considerable part of the ensuing summer to her restoration to health—if the Lord will!

"I do not wish you to interrupt your studies, but let me know *when* you can come, and *how long* you can consistently remain, and I will make my arrangements accordingly. The members of the First Church love you and your preaching; they will receive you cordially and listen to you kindly, so that there needs nothing more to be said upon that subject.

"I hope the Lord will make plain paths for your feet—you need not be in a hurry where to fix your post. Watch and pray, and the Lord will provide you a pulpit of wood, or a stand under the spreading oak, where you may proclaim the unsearchable riches of Christ.

“With the character of the recent revival at Hamilton I was happily made acquainted, from different sources, and it rejoiced my heart. It was evidently ‘a work of Grace,’ and that is all we need to break the hardest heart and turn the stone to flesh. Salvation by free and sovereign grace, is not only written upon the sacred page with a sunbeam, but in the experience of every Christian, if he will only tell the story of his conversion in the language of the Spirit, and not in the phraseology of mortals.

“Think of the Saviour’s account of a converted soul, in the parable of the shepherd, who *goes after* the poor wandering sheep—*finds him, binds him* to his shoulder—*brings him home* to his fold, &c. How simple, plain, beautiful, true!

“Now suppose that sheep could talk, and we should hear him say to others of the flock, ‘I took the first step—I was tired of wandering on the mountains of error—I determined to seek the shepherd—I found Him and jumped upon His shoulder—and here I am safe and sound, as long as I am faithful and choose to stay here!’

“Oh! these I, I, I, how they hide the Saviour! Let me continue to sing—while life, and strength, and being last, or immortality endures.

“‘Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God,
He to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood!’”

The following short extract shows how careful he was not to attempt to influence the judgment of younger preachers: “As to future study I cannot direct you; you must judge for yourself. You must decide whether it will be best to remain at Hamilton one two or three

years; or whether you ought to 'go a fishing' immediately, relying upon Him who sends you forth to furnish you with a net, and after perhaps much apparent fruitless toil, tell you how to put it down at length on the right side of the ship."

The following, too, indicates the just appreciation he had of learning in a preacher, and how he put it in its right place: "The importance of education to a preacher is admitted on all hands, and true learning always promotes *humility* rather than *pride*, and I rejoice, therefore, that you are solicitous to seek out acceptable words with which to clothe your thoughts. The question to be solved, in the case of Brother Taylor and yourself, is simply one of duty, and is between God and your own souls. You have taken the right method to ascertain the path of safety, by 'making known your request to God, by prayer and supplication with thanksgiving,' and as *you* think the 'long course' will please God, and as your mind is at peace, while you contemplate it, I say to you both, go on, and the blessing of the Highest overshadow you. The only difficulty in my mind is the length of time it will keep you from preaching Christ to the perishing and destitute; but if by this delay you are made 'workmen that need not to be ashamed,' the cause of truth will be the gainer, and not the loser by it. I therefore say, 'Go on,' under the assurance that your motives are pure, and that your aim is to be *useful* rather than *great* and *learned*—to win souls to Christ, rather than gather classical laurels for yourselves."

"Whenever and wherever you preach, preach Christ. Never leave out Christ when you are trying to make in your thoughts the skeleton of a sermon. *Habituate* yourself to *give Him His place* whatever be your subject—whom we preach," &c.

The other letters, with the perusal of which Rev. Mr. Sarles has obliged us, display his care over several of the young students at Hamilton; his solicitude for their temporal and spiritual welfare; anxiety to be useful to them in procuring books and comforts, and urgent desire that they should advance the reputation of the institution, and the cause of Christ, by coming out from it, not only learned, but scriptural and evangelical preachers of the Gospel. How he found time to do all this, in connection with his public duties, seems hardly possible to understand. Keeping the threads of every public enterprise of the denomination in his hand; preaching without relaxation; reading much, and reading closely too; studying Biblical criticism intensely; recollecting and attending to all the wants of individual members of his church; visiting the sick, and at the same time discharging a thousand offices of friendship daily. Such was his life. To compass it, every minute had its allotted work, and system co-operated with genius. •

Dr. Armitage's account of his first interview with Mr. Cone offers a pleasing illustration of his manner to young preachers, he says: "My introduction to Dr. Cone was at the pastor's conference in the lecture-room of the First Baptist Church, in 1848. As he extended his hand to me, he said:

"'Ah, this is Brother Armitage, is it? I have heard much of you, my brother, since Dr. Welch baptized you. We welcome you into the Baptist denomination. But I hope you are sound in the faith on the subject of our doctrines, as well as on the ordinances.' I replied, 'Yes, sir, I presume I am, at least I have been pronounced so by Dr. Welch, Alfred Bennett, William Arthur, and the largest council which ever met in Albany, after a full and lengthy examination.'

“ ‘Oh well, then,’ said Dr. Cone, ‘I presume it is all right. Bartholomew T. Welch ought to know. He’s a safe man in his views of the Gospel. If he says you are right, I reckon we shall have to let you pass. May God bless you, my brother.’ ”

The following communication from one of his early children in the Gospel, covering several important letters, shows, that however separated by lapse of time or distance, he carried them all in his thoughts, and was never too busy to attend to their spiritual welfare, or labor to upbuild them in the faith; and is especially valuable for its statement of some of his views of divine truth.

“In your last letter,” she says, “you spoke of his death. Yes! he is gone, but the remembrance of him is to me very precious. Dearly did I love him. I prized him, and felt him to be my friend. Though I have been so long separated from him, still in any difficulty I always applied to him, and always found him a willing counsellor. How often now do I think of him, and my warm attachment in days gone by. How well I remember the farewell sermon he preached, and the tears I shed when he left Alexandria!

“At a time when my mind felt dark, and I needed Christian counsel, I wrote to him, and he answered; ‘I regret that any consideration should have prevented you from making known your Christian exercises and difficulties, for it could not be a question with you, but that the present and everlasting happiness of my children in the Gospel, must ever be a subject near to my heart. With reference to Christian character, the Apostle says, that those who measure themselves by themselves, are not wise; that is, those who make the sorrows and joys, the convictions and ecstasies, the apparent humility and spiritual mindedness of their

professors, the rule by which they judge of their own state, do not act consistently ; they do not draw conclusions upon safe or scriptural principles. Open the Bible. Who is a Christian according to God's unerring description? If any man be in Christ, he is a new creature ; old things have passed away ; behold ! all things have become new. This is a Christian, who can say from experience, whereas once I was blind, now I see ! See what ? The holy character of the Divine Being ; the just requirements of His Law ; the depravity and sinfulness of the human heart ; the need of a better righteousness than our own to justify us in the sight of God ; the loveliness, suitableness, and fullness of Christ as our Redeemer, substitute, and surety ; the hateful nature, as well as fatal consequences of sin ; the beauty of holiness, and the utter impossibility of ever satisfying *the soul* with earthly things. Now if these are our views, we can go on a little further, and say, we love God because he is holy, and just, and good, and has given His only begotten Son to die for sinners ; we love Christ, because he first loved us, and manifested the infinite loveliness of his character in becoming poor that we might be made rich ; we love the Holy Spirit ; because He has convinced us of sin, shown us the ability of Christ to save to the uttermost all that come unto God by him, drawn us with the cords of love, and made us to pant after holiness, as the hart panteth after the water brooks ; we love the children of God, because they bear the image of their elder brother, because they love Jesus, and desire to glorify Him in their bodies and spirits, which are the Lord's. Hence the never-failing *mark* of true discipleship is left on record for the comfort of the saints in every age, and under every dispensation, '*hereby* do we *know* that we have

passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren.'

“‘Christians should earnestly desire the best gifts, they should never be satisfied with present attainments; they should forget the things that are behind, and press towards the mark of the prize of their high calling. And yet Christians often write bitter things against themselves, by confounding *Grace itself* with large attainments through Grace. There were many Old Testament saints who arrived safely in Heaven, although, they were not translated like Enoch, or carried thither in a cloud of fire, like Elijah.

“‘The foot is not an eye, and the hand is not the tongue; shall we say, therefore, that the foot does not belong to the body? This would evidently be an absurd conclusion. Our faces do not shine like the face of Moses; we have not the eloquence of Apollos, the profundity of Paul, the zeal of Peter, or the ardent love of John. Oh, for grace to be more like them. But do I love the head even, Christ? Am I attached to the members of His mystical body, His redeemed, and chosen, and sanctified ones? Then may we each of us say, ‘my soul shall rest immovably secure upon the promise of Him who is not a man that he should lie, nor the son of man that he should repent. His promise is, ‘where I am, there shall my people be also, that they may behold My glory.’”

Sometime after the above was received, my mind was considerably exercised on the subject of close communion. The following extracts from his letter, in reply to mine on the subject, are those which referred to the question.

“You believe that Baptism is immersion only, and that *believers* are the only proper subjects of the

ordinance. There is not in the Bible, either *precept* or *example* for *infant sprinkling*.

“The act of Baptism, is an act of obedience to Zion’s King, of which infants are incapable.

“The religion of Jesus Christ is personal, spiritual, and *voluntary*; it is, therefore, utterly inconsistent with infant Baptism, for babes have no *faith*, no *volition* in the act. It is an unmeaning, unscriptural, human ceremony. Now, do not Baptists *stand alone* in this matter, as witnesses for God? Thousands are *born* Catholics, or Presbyterians, or Quakers, or Churchmen; but no one is *born* a Baptist. We must first be brought to the knowledge of the truth; then cry ‘Lord, what wilt Thou have us to do?’ The answer is, ‘if ye love Me, keep my commandments. Arise and be baptized.’ We obey, and it is well-pleasing to God; for to obey is better than sacrifice, and to hearken, than the fat of rams.

“A Gospel church is a voluntary association of such persons, *and such only*, as have been baptized upon profession of their personal faith in Jesus Christ. They are organized for the purpose of maintaining the doctrines and ordinances of the Lord blameless.

One of these ordinances, and the one now in question, is the Lord’s Supper. It is a church ordinance, not a ministerial or private one like preaching or prayer. It can only be scripturally kept or administered when “the church is together in one place.” It is a sign of fellowship with the church and with Christ, the glorious Head, in obedience to whose commands in the ordinances of Baptism “we keep the feast,” and without whose commands to do so, it would be neither a privilege nor a duty. Now the *order* Christ has established is *faith*, baptism, breaking of bread. Such was the order of primitive churches; but Pedit-Baptists have

changed one of the ordinances, as well as their order. For baptism, they put sprinkling; for believing, they put *infant*. Instead of making *faith* the prerequisite of baptism, and saying, "if thou believest with all thy heart, thou mayst," they leave faith out of the question, and baptize, or sprinkle, or pour those who are incapable of its exercise. Have you communion, agreement, fellowship with such a church?

"You say you have dear Christian friends in other churches, whose piety is vastly greater than your own, and with these individuals you have fellowship.

"But the Lord's supper was not instituted as a sign of *Christian communion*, but of union in *church relationship*.

"We may love Quakers, or Catholics, or Methodists, if satisfied with the evidence they give of personal piety; and in preaching, singing, prayer, conversation, &c., may delight to manifest our *Christian* fellowship; but we have conscientiously and deliberately embraced different views of the order and laws of God's house; we have not church fellowship with them, and cannot, therefore, consistently sit down to the Lord's supper with them, which is the sign of that fellowship.

"Why should we have the sign, if we have not the thing signified?

"You say they would commune with you, why should you not with them?

"The cases are not parallel. *They* believe with *you* that baptism is the indispensable prerequisite of communion; they hold to *close communion* as pertinaciously as we do. They *know* that *immersion* is baptism; they are satisfied that you are baptized, and have a right to the Lord's supper. Of course, in sitting down with you, they have nothing to abandon—nothing to concede. But you have to abandon *believer's baptism* as the only

scriptural baptism, and still believing, as you do, that Christ has established this prerequisite, are you ready to say baptism is of no importance, or infant sprinkling will do as well?

“Until you can do this, you cannot consistently sit at the table with those whom *you know* to be unbaptized.”

A year after my marriage, when I was in deep affliction both mentally and physically, I wrote to him again, and again he endeavored to come to my relief, by a speedy and feeling answer, thus: “You say, ‘I am unhappy because I have not peace with God.’ If I were entirely unacquainted with you, and were to judge of your state simply by your own expressions, I should certainly conclude that you were a child of God, though ‘cast down, yet not to be destroyed.’ ‘The necessity of prayer; a new heart—a heart of flesh; godly sorrow for sin; removal of the load of guilt from the wounded conscience; personal interest in the atonement of Christ; His love shed abroad in the heart; the light of God’s countenance; ardent desire to go up to the house of God; to be useful to others.’ These are your expressions and feelings. These things are learned only in the school of Christ. He alone can show us the exceeding sinfulness of sin—make us hate it, and groan under its burden until we are delivered from the bondage of corruption—and teach us that His precious blood alone can cleanse us from all sin. You are like Job—‘Oh! that I knew where I might find him!’ or like David, ‘Restore to my soul the joys of thy salvation, and uphold me with thy free spirit;’ or like Paul, ‘Oh! wretched man that I am, who shall deliver me from the body of this death?’ Now why, my friend, rather not say with Job, ‘I know that my Redeemer liveth;’ and with David, ‘The Lord is my shepherd—surely I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever;’ and with Paul, ‘Who shall

separate me from the love of Christ? I am persuaded He is able to keep all I have committed unto Him against that day.' If your knowledge of sin, and ardent desire to be useful, and holy, and happy, in the society of Christ and his people, are the same marks of Christian character that distinguished Job, and David, and Paul, then, doubtless, your end shall be like theirs. Your unhappiness may be ascribed to a diseased body, and not to the work of grace in the heart.

"But you seemed disposed to look at your case, as of one who had learned these Scriptural forms of expression from associating with Christians, and from hearing the Gospel faithfully preached. You ascribe your profession of religion to 'natural feeling, which operated on you in witnessing the change in others, &c.' I question whether 'natural feeling,' sympathy with others, could give you the knowledge or abhorrence of sin, or the panting after Christ and holiness which you express, but even granting the bitter things you write against yourself to be true, and that 'you now know you have only a name to live,' why, it is an unspeakable mercy that you *now know* your need of a Saviour, and that repentance which needeth not to be repented of, and of a heart of flesh, and of a well grounded hope. Millions even where the Gospel is preached, know nothing of these things—they are foolishness to them; of course, they feel no need of them, and never pray for them. In one word, then, I say, look to Jesus for wisdom, righteousness, sanctification, and redemption. We can only be complete in him. You have been looking too much to yourself, to frames, and feelings, and walk, for comfort, and God is showing you that you must look to Christ. Look to Him wholly and alone. The more you see *in Him*, the more you will resemble Him, for the beloved John teaches us that we shall be perfectly

“like Him when we shall see Him as He is.” I commend you to God and to the word of His grace. Read and judge for yourself. Hold fast of whatever Christ teaches you. Be decided. Trust Him, and He will never leave you nor forsake you. He is a greater Saviour than you are a sinner, and you dishonor Him every moment you stay away from Him; His blood gives the peace of conscience which passeth all understanding. You are dear to me as one of my children in the Gospel, which I have ever regarded you. For your happiness I do fervently pray. May the Lord keep you in the truth.”

These extracts from letters must necessarily be of a desultory character, covering as they do, so wide a field of thought on pastoral duties, and church discipline and doctrine. In a letter to a member of the First Church then residing abroad, referring to some trouble in the church, Mr. Cone says, “I have been thirty-five years a pastor, and *never took sides in a case of discipline yet*, so you see we agree in one thing at least. I hold up the rule of God’s word, for doctrine and church order, and Christian deportment, and as far as possible endeavor to make the disciples walk thereby; but *neutrality* does not always satisfy either a delinquent or his friends * * * There are few additions to the church, the fisherman’s hands are tied. Hard catching fish in the waters of strife. Lord revive us! all our help must come from Thee.”

Writing to Rev. T. T. Devan, May 10th, 1848, in answer to suggestions of his correspondent, he says, “You are right in *preaching* at once as well as you can. Pride might suggest, wait till you are able to speak properly and fluently, and then why not wait till you are a walking theological seminary? No! your decision is correct, *to-day* lift up your voice like a trum-

pet ; we know not what shall be on the *morrow*. * * *
Baptism is undoubtedly a ministerial ordinance, and if you meet a man going to Ethiopia or Patagonia, with whose Christian experience you are satisfied, and he asks to be baptized that he may go on his way rejoicing, I would advise you to comply with his request. He may like the Eunuch, have an opportunity of preaching the Gospel to the destitute, and baptizing converts where churches do not exist. But when you ask whether ‘you ought to immerse, knowing that the subjects will retain their connection with mixed or Pedo-Baptist churches?’ I say no! All things must be done decently and in order. Converts are baptized and the same day added to an existing Gospel church, or with a view of becoming constituent members of such a church. If they do not sufficiently understand the New Testament to see that Gospel churches are composed of baptized believers, then they are not sufficiently enlightened to be baptized ; and if they are not willing to be baptized into the fellowship of a Baptist church, however weak and small, then they have not humility enough to put on Christ by baptism, and follow him through evil as well as good report. You could not baptize according to your hypothetical case without *practically* teaching and preaching open communion, and this you certainly were not sent to do by the church that licensed you and ordained you ‘earnestly to contend for the faith once delivered to the saints.’ I send you a little work by Rev. E. Turney, on the law of Baptism ; it will repay a careful perusal.” In another letter to the same person, he says, “The first Gospel church, was the church in Jerusalem, of which James was a pillar. The 18th of Matthew on offences and the institution of the Lord’s Supper, anticipated the formation of a Gospel church out of those persons baptized by John the Baptist, or the

Apostles, as well as all succeeding Gospel churches in which the doctrines, ordinances, and discipline, established by Zion's King, were to be observed to the end of time. The question of 'strict communion' is no more affected by the fact that our Lord administered the supper to his disciples before the organization of a Gospel church, than their 'ordination' to the work of the ministry could be called in question, because, 'a church did not license them to preach and administer ordinances.'" In another letter to the same he says, "Preach the truth, print and circulate the truth, and live the truth to the utmost. 'Proselyte' quotha? By all means. What did you go to France for? Let not your mind faint nor grow weary in the good work. Make as many Baptists as the Lord shall graciously 'make willing in the day of his power.' Infant sprinkling is 'part and pillar of popery.' Inasmuch as you drive it away or bring it into disrepute, as being a mere *human dogma*, without scriptural authority, you undermine popery, and lead the public mind to examine the Bible. PROSELYTE wisely, deliberately, determinately, prayerfully, scripturally."

We have given a general idea of his manner of preparation for preaching. His earlier habits, in Virginia, were the foundation, however, upon which all else was built. Whilst there, and for several years after his removal to New York, he was a very hard student of theology: a closer student perhaps, in Alexandria, than at any other time, as he enjoyed there a more ample leisure. The society which surrounded him in that place contributed greatly to his progress in knowledge of divine things. With true Virginian, or, better, with a Christian hospitality, his house was always open, and several young Baptist preachers, as well as students from Columbian college, Washington, made it their home

when in the city. The hours passed there, by these gentlemen, were profitable to all. They were generally spent in discussing whatever points of theology their late studies had particularly fastened on their minds. Books were consulted; commentators collated and compared; above all, the Scripture searched, that "to the law and to the testimony" all things might be brought. Thus they mutually established and built up each other in the doctrines and ordinances of the Lord.

Of the members of that little society almost all afterwards became eminent and successful Baptist preachers, and without exception, that we know of, held fast unto the end to the same form of sound words. The cardinal doctrines of his system of theology had been impressed upon his mind from the time he heard McGloughlin preach, he being then little more than eight years old; but during those years of delightful intercourse with his young brethren in the ministry, he accumulated an invaluable store of learning to sustain and fix them. He never varied in doctrinal belief or preaching from the commencement to the close of his ministry. During almost his entire career as a pastor, he was eminently a worker. Constantly preaching; fulfilling a round of pastoral duties; and actively engaged in every benevolent enterprise, it was not possible for him to devote much time to the studies of the closet. It would, however, be a mistake to suppose that he was ever anything but a hard student. He was always studying; and what he learned once he never forgot. He was always revolving in his mind some doctrine, or passage of scripture, or peculiarity of Christian experience, or great principle. Pass his study door, at any hour, and you would hear him talking over one or the other with himself. Hardly anything that passed about him, in the world, escaped him; changes in government, politi-

cal events in various countries, incidents and facts observed during his pastoral visits, remarkable discoveries in science—were all seized by him, and transmuted by a happy mental alchemy, into apt and striking illustrations of some view of divine truth. It is impossible to tell exactly when or where men of this quality of mind study. Their whole life is, in fact, an uninterrupted study. They are studying you whilst they talk with you about the commonest things. They are full of a great principle of creation, magnetic—and attracting to itself momentarily all the atoms which it needs to make its masterpieces. The world, life, all that any sense can reach, are hourly teachers of their thoughts, and fill them with the wisdom of which books may be made, but which they cannot teach. He has often told us that he had never passed an idle hour from the time he was fourteen years old.

It is not possible to present more than a very brief notice of Mr. Cone's connection with several benevolent enterprises, of which no particular mention has yet been made. He was one of the first patrons of the University of the city of New York. He attended most of the sittings of the convention that settled the principles on which it should be founded. After its incorporation, he secured considerable subscriptions from Baptists for its benefit, and acted from the beginning to within a very few years of his death with the friends of the Institution. As a member of the council, he devoted a large portion of time to many long and arduous sessions, during a period when the prospects of the University were so gloomy as to discourage its most sanguine supporters.

For many years, too, he served the Colonization Society of New York, as a member of its Board; regularly attending the business meetings, and was

usually relied on as one of the popular speakers at the anniversaries.

For The Christian Alliance, an association formed in New York for the diffusion of knowledge amongst the downtrodden nations of Italy and central Europe, he exhibited a strong interest, and gave to it much of his time and thoughts. In fact, in nearly every effort for the amelioration of the condition of his fellow men, which took form in the place where he dwelt, he bore so active a part that few who knew him but believed that in this world he was one of the Workers.

In the American Baptist Publication Society, from its first organization in Washington, under the name of the Baptist General Tract Society, to the close of his life, he took a lively interest.

And from the official acknowledgments of money received from him, which we have found amongst his papers, he must have been the channel through which many contributions flowed into the treasury of that society.

It is, indeed, a fact worthy of being noted, that the last moneys contributed to the cause of benevolence, through him, were for this society. They were placed in his hands by a member of the First Church after the conclusion of the services at the last prayer meeting he ever attended. Before the money reached the treasury of the society, the tongue that had spoken so long and so eloquently in its behalf, was silent for ever.

CHAPTER XXIII.

THE LAST YEAR.

THE measures adopted and enforced by the deputation of the American Baptist Missionary Union, during their visit to some of their Asiatic stations, produced great dissatisfaction in the minds of several missionaries. Statements were made by the latter, strongly conflicting with the report of the deputation, and an appeal taken from their decisions, to the churches at home.

A special meeting of the Board of the Union was convened, in March, 1855, in the city of New York, to adjust, if possible, the subject matters in dispute. In Mr. Cone's judgment, this meeting was inexpedient, because, called to act upon questions so gravely important in themselves, and so widely affecting the cause of missions, it was clearly necessary, that everything should be in evidence before the body assuming to render a decision. But at that period the evidence was defective. The statements of some individuals were in their possession; the statements of others, viz.: letters from various missionaries, still *in transitu* between Asia and the United States. Justice to all, seemed to him, therefore, to demand that the investigation should be deferred until the entire testimony was in a state to be submitted to the Board. The wisdom of his long experience was not, however, deferred to, and the meeting was insisted upon.

At the opening of the session, the Executive Committee submitted their statement and views in

detail, and solicited, by their counsel, an immediate decision of the points contested. Mr. Cone foresaw that such a course would not only foster the unpleasant feeling already existing between brethren, but tend directly to engender new discussions, and spread the evil far beyond its original limits. He felt, above all, with painful solicitude and regret, that it would afford a public occasion of rejoicing to the enemies of divine truth, who would find in the mutual differences of Christians, the opportunity for a dangerous triumph. He, therefore, warmly urged, that the whole matter be referred to a committee sufficiently large to ensure a settlement of the dispute, in a manner satisfactory to every interest. This wise and temperate proposition was treated with cold indifference. Foiled in his attempt to prevent the feelings and disputes of his brethren being offered as food for public scandal, he still persisted in urging measures of conciliation. To that end, he moved the reference of the whole subject to the general meeting of the society, to be held at Chicago, the following May. By such a course, he submitted, an opportunity would be afforded to the aggrieved brethren to be heard in their defence, and justify themselves before that body, whose agents they were. Thus he said; "I am convinced, that the committee ought to be sustained; but I think we ought to seek further light, in justice to the brethren, and wait for the regular meeting of the Board. I do not see, that such delay would be ruinous to the Union. We are assuming very much the character of an *ex parte* council, a thing which I abhor, and abominate, as *Anti-Baptist*."

The report of the meeting in New York is on record; it is not necessary to our purpose, that we should go into its history, further than to show Mr. Cone's

course, and its consistency with his whole life. His desire, and ambition, was to prevent injury to the cause of missions. Internal dissension, always more dangerous than external difficulty, or attack, threatened to impair its prosperity, and check its progress. Earnestly, and prayerfully, therefore, he tasked his mind, and drew upon the resources of a long experience, for a remedy which should carry with it oblivion of the past, and immunity for the future. The result has proved, even to the majority of those who were then unconvinced of its wisdom, that the course proposed by him would have been best.

After experiencing, at that meeting, in New York, the contemptuous indifference to his counsels, so unwisely manifested by his juniors, we remember, he came home, and quoted in sadness, and with a kind of tender piety for them, the remark made there by a brother whom he loved. It was an expression of feeling, prompted as well by personal attachment to the "disregarded veteran, Cone," as by an appreciation of the propriety of the course he had suggested :

"I had thought," said he, "that there was some ray of light, when my beloved brother of the church in Broome street, read his resolutions. I apprehend we have fallen upon times in which grey hairs are not as much respected, as in my childhood. I have almost begun to wish I might not live to old age."—(Rev. Baron Stow.)

The actions of men were not such things, however, as could alienate Mr. Cone from duty to God, his people, or the world. "As long as I live, I mean to sustain the cause," was his answer to all there, as ever before. Nor, although disappointed in the conduct of many, did his interest flag, or his labors suffer diminution.

In the interim between the special meeting of the Board, and the meeting of the society at Chicago, in May, he received the letters of the aggrieved missionaries, containing their statement of the facts connected with the doings of the deputation. These he immediately put to press, and caused to be circulated among those interested in the matter. His object was to enable every one to examine both sides of the subject in agitation, not doubting that such a course would lead to an impartial and happy issue. Nor was he disappointed.

The special meeting of the Board, at the Tabernacle meeting-house, after a protracted session, failed to arrive at any conclusion, or to decide upon a course of action which would tend to overcome the difficulties which had arisen, or allay the excitement created by them. The matter was therefore adjourned over to the May meeting of the Board and Society at Chicago.

When the letters from the missionaries reached the United States, Mr. Cone, as we have said, published them. During the time which elapsed between the special meeting and that at Chicago, the excitement constantly spread and increased. The feeling upon the subject was particularly strong in those churches throughout the country with which individual missionaries had been connected, prior to their entering the service of the "Union," and the commencement of their labors in the Eastern world.

This excitement had become, indeed, so general, and had increased so much, that when, at last, the society came together at Chicago, its best and staunchest friends and supporters took their seats, oppressed with the gloomiest forebodings. Everything appeared dark and threatening, and no man knew where it would end.

The Board met on the 15th May, 1855. Many fruitless hours were spent in the discussion of the question,

but no nearer approach was made to a solution of the difficulty. On the 17th the Missionary Union itself met, Ex-Governor Briggs, of Massachusetts, its President, in the chair.

The Rev. Mr. Jenks, a returned missionary, offered the following resolutions:—*Resolved*, that the missionaries of this Union are its agents, subject to its constitutional control. *Resolved*, that this control has frequently been exercised with too little regard to the rights and feelings of the missionaries themselves.” These resolutions were lost.

Mr. Cone then proposed his resolutions, which were supported by Dr. Stow. They were referred to a large committee, and finally passed, as reported by the committee in the following words:

“Inasmuch as grave differences of opinion exist between certain of our missionaries and the executive officers of the Board, as to their respective rights and duties, and the best means of conducting our missionary operations; and inasmuch as these difficulties have seriously affected the confidence of some of our patrons, and curtailed our pecuniary resources; and, inasmuch as the work of evangelizing the heathen cannot be abandoned, and must not be interrupted; your committee present the following as the basis of action in the premises:

“We deem the relation between the Board and its missionaries, and the rules set forth in the documents submitted to the Union, and by the Union to this committee, at this anniversary, by which they are mutually to be governed in these relations, to be explicit and sound, and such as, if rightly adhered to, will secure harmony and peace in carrying forward the work to which they are especially devoted.

It is, we think, clear that the authority of the Board

is absolute over all the interests of the missions submitted to their care. But, at the same time, their authority is limited, and as used in the prosecution of their work, and in connection with their missionaries and agents, must be exercised under the rules by which the parties are to be governed. To what extent these rules have been disregarded, either by the executive or the missionaries, it is not the province of your committee to determine. We deem it advisable to recommend to the Union the adoption of the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the Union recommend that a committee of one from each State in the home-field be appointed by the Board of Managers, to whom all these differences and difficulties shall be referred; and that it be the duty of this committee to give a patient and attentive hearing to all that shall be offered by all the parties interested, and to make all suitable investigation touching the matters involved, and report to the Board of Managers at the next annual meeting, or sooner, if deemed by them expedient, provided that in any and all matters of difference now existing between missionaries and the Executive Committee, the Executive Committee act with the advice of the committee now appointed.

2. *Resolved*, That this Union, in confiding as heretofore to the Board of Managers, its Executive Committee, officers and missionaries, the work of the body, with every assurance of united sympathy, support, and co-operation, will take immediate measures for the full payment of the existing debt, and for the enlargement of our missionary operations, as the providence of God may direct."

1. *Resolved*, That the measure be set forth to the churches at home and the missionaries abroad, as the nearest approach to a perfect conciliation which at present can be attained, and as a basis for the persevering and liberal co-operation of the friends of missions.

Thus, his original suggestion, rejected by the special meeting of the Board, was adopted, and became the rule of action of the parent body; the excitement was calmed; brethren reconciled; difficulties smoothed

away, and the great cause of missions apparently rescued from danger.

To fully understand the position he occupied there, and to justify the warm encomiums upon his conduct, uttered by so many of his brethren, it is necessary to glance at circumstances which had lately occurred in connection with the Home Mission Society.

He had been the subject, for some time, of much harsh and unchristian treatment. Just before leaving New York to attend the meetings in Chicago he had been compelled by the circumstances in which that treatment and the attitude it assumed, placed him, to resign the office of chairman of the executive board the American Home Mission of Society, a position he had occupied with very little interruption from the time of the organization of the society. In his letter of resignation he entered without reserve into the reasons which governed his decision. He stated that the board of the Home Mission Society had become tenants of the American and Foreign Bible Society in their marble building in Nassau street contrary to the instructions of the society issued at its annual meeting at Troy, and directing the Board to secure an independent location; contrary to numerous petitions and remonstrances from old and fast friends of the society, all which had been treated with contempt; that the purpose, if persisted in, would drive away, and alienate wholly, many valuable friends of the society; that every proposition for an independent location had been rejected, a majority of the Board having proclaimed their resolve to go to the building in Nassau street, whatever the obstacle; that it was his conviction the business of the society could not be harmoniously and successfully carried on in that place; the appointment

of their annual meeting for the same day of the year, as that of the American Bible Union, and at another extremity of the country, was the first instance, in the history of the benevolent institutions of the denomination, of an intentional collision; and for all these reasons, and many more, any further hesitation on his part must be regarded as indifference to principle, or neglect of the proceedings of the Board, therefore he was constrained to resign.

In support of these his views, a meeting of upwards of *fifty* pastors of Baptist churches in Boston and its vicinity signed a remonstrance, and forwarded it to the Board, recommending the selection of an independent location.

A sad event is connected with his history as chairman of the Home Mission Board. It was in that character, and during the last year of his life, after so long and varied a career, after sixty years' intercourse with all manner and conditions of men, that for the *first and only time*, he received a direct personal insult. The author of the insult to the old man, to him to whom grey-haired preachers of the Gospel loved to look up as a father in the faith and services of their common Lord, was a *young* member of the Board. If he be a true Christian he may pray for his master's forgiveness; his own he can scarcely hope to obtain.

For the following able sketch of Mr. Cone's general course in the meetings at Chicago, and the skeleton of the speech delivered by him on the floor of the "Union," a speech which decided the question at issue in the minds of a controlling majority of its members, we are indebted to the Hon. George N. Briggs, formerly governor of Massachusetts, president of the Union.

"I am very sorry" he says, "that I am not able to do more than to give a very partial account of the words

and acts of your venerated father at the meeting of the Baptist Missionary Union at Chicago in May last.

“I did not arrive at Chicago until late in the evening of the second day of the anniversary, and I think I saw your father but twice whilst I was there.

“In the morning of the third day, at a meeting of the Board before the hour for the meeting of the Union had arrived I heard him make a few remarks on some subject that was before the Board. His apparent feebleness surprised and struck me sadly. After that I do not remember that I observed him again until the last day of the session.

“He obtained the floor, and proceeded in a course of remarks, which commanded the attention, and excited a deep interest in the audience. In very appropriate and touching terms, he alluded to the early days of the existence of the convention, before the missionary operations of the Baptists took the form and name of the Union.

“In a very feeling manner he spoke of those brethren in the ministry, who were dear to his memory, and with whom he so long and so cordially labored in the missionary cause. He said, and in a voice stifled with emotion, that he had been anxiously looking round for those, who with him in other days constituted what was called the old guard. But they were all gone. He only was left, and he felt that his work was almost done. He then spoke of the difficulties which at that time were unhappily disturbing the counsels of the Union, and disuniting the attention of the friends of missions from the great and noble object which they all had so much at heart. He expressed a strong desire and wish that before he should take his departure from them and follow those tried friends who had gone before him into another world, he might say or do something which

would tend to heal existing divisions, and restore harmony and concord among them. He said the state of things had been to him a subject of much anxiety and pain, and he had put into form, propositions which he wished to submit to the consideration of the Union, and which in his judgment were the best calculated of anything which had occurred to his mind, to produce such a result as he was sure all persons were most anxious to see produced.

“He submitted his propositions, which appear upon the journals of the Union, and after a few additional remarks, said he should leave them to be disposed of by others.

“His short address, with the tone and spirit with which it was uttered, evidently made a deep impression upon the assembly who listened to it. Several members suggested some formal amendments to the paper submitted, and he was asked if he would consent to some verbal modifications which had been proposed. He replied, that he made no objection to any verbal alterations which did not affect the substance of his propositions; and remarked further, that he had submitted what he believed best calculated to bring to an amicable termination, the unfortunate difficulties which existed, and had said what he felt his duty to say, and then the whole matter was in the hands of his brethren of the Union, to do with it what they thought best.

“After various propositions from different persons, and some discussion, the whole subject was referred to a committee, of which he was a member. That committee reported to the Union, resolutions which embraced substantially the original propositions of Dr. Cone, with some things in addition, and their report was adopted by the Union.

“The whole of that disturbing and threatening subject is now in the hands of a large committee, appointed

by the order of the Union; what will be the result, the friends of missions and of humanity are waiting to learn.

“I am quite sure, if all of us members of the American Baptist Missionary Union, and its missions, upon whom rests the responsibility of settling the disagreeable differences which were the subject of the proposition of our departed friend and brother, could be actuated by that spirit which actuated him on that occasion, those differences would not long remain as obstructions in our path of duty, and in our course of usefulness.

“I do not profess, in the very imperfect account of what I have related, to have given the precise words used by Dr. Cone. But I believe I have correctly stated the substance of what he said, and did, and used much of the language that he used.

“It was the lovely Christian spirit which he manifested, in what I thought he sorrowfully felt to be his last acts and his last words to the assembled brethren of a great Christian association, in whose cause he had exerted the vigor of his manhood, and the best energies of his life, which I own, deeply moved and affected my heart. His pale face, his emaciated and feeble frame, the unnatural brilliancy of his fine eye, and the softened tones of his clear voice, were to me so many melancholy witnesses that we were looking upon him, and listening to him for the last time. I know that others concurred with me in these gloomy forebodings. Death had set his seal upon him, and the news that so soon followed, that death had smitten down his victim, was not surprising.

“Whilst his propositions were under discussion I beckoned him to the chair which I was occupying; I told him I wished most heartily, to thank him for offering what I regarded as the olive branch on the subject of the difficulties which were hurting the Union, and for the

Christian spirit, and kind words with which he had presented it, and that I hoped, his plan would be adopted, and that under Providence it might lead to a happy termination of all our difficulties. He said, those were the views, and that was the hope which had induced him to move in the matter, and he trusted Heaven would bless the effort. As he bowed and turned away, I looked upon him for the last time.

“It is fit that others should speak of what earth has lost, and Heaven gained by the departure of this good man from amongst us.”

The “febleness” alluded to by Governor Briggs, arose from an attack of illness which followed his journey to Chicago. For two days preceding that meeting, he had suffered terribly; spasms of pain in the chest and pit of the stomach, almost beyond endurance, had shaken his entire system. The mind compelled the body, however, to obey, and he went from a sick room to stand in the breach between his brethren. His son supported him to the place of meeting, and when he rose to speak, his weakness was such, that he expected every moment to see him sink down. Those who listened to him, did not know at what an expense of life he was playing the mediator of conflicting interests.

Hundreds of his brethren, who knew what he had gone through, expressed their admiration of the Christian and the man; but none have uttered the warm feelings of the heart, or expressed a noble sympathy in more eloquent language, than the Rev. George W. Eaton, of Madison University, in the address delivered by him before the American Bible Union, at its anniversary, in 1856.

“I am constrained,” he said, “to pause here by the rising image of a venerable form, whose image enshrined in our ‘heart of hearts,’ is now, alas, all that is left

us of that form, to make a *personal* application of these remarks. I can do it now without offence, for he is far beyond the praises or censures of his brethren. They are alike indifferent to him who has heard his praises from the lips of his Divine Master, whom he served so faithfully through good and through evil report, in the conflicts of His militant kingdom, and been crowned by Him in the presence of His holy angels, and Redeemed in glory. I need not *name* him. Whose thoughts are not even now full of him? Whose heart is not heavy, with the swelling emotion of sorrow, as he seeks in vain, in his wonted place, for that beloved form whose very presence in our meetings was a strength and a joy; and the thought rises that he shall 'see his face no more;' no more hear that familiar voice which ever rung like a clarion-peal in defence and advocacy of the highest and holiest truth, in enforcement of unswerving fidelity to that truth, and in cheer and encouragement to its faithful friends, and whose very name and advocacy were a guarantee of success to every enterprise and principle to which he gave his heart and soul. Of all those to whose character and services I have been attempting to render a feeble tribute, he was by the spontaneous consent of all—'*facile princeps,*' '*facile princeps.*'—Beyond dispute *the chief*—beyond dispute **THE CHIEF.** O, may his mantle have fallen as he passed upward in the chariot of God, upon some surviving Elisha, in the cause he loved so well, and whose certain and glorious triumph he saw in the vista of the future, ere he went up to receive his crown.

"I would also, have the friends of the American Bible Union instructed and admonished by the example of their late illustrious and now sainted president, who, in the meetings at Chicago, soon after he had been the selected mark of a very extraordinary *personal* attack,

manifested most beautifully and impressively the meekness and peace-loving spirit of the Gospel of Christ—who, forgiving and forgetting his own personal wrongs, stood forth before Israel as the *peace-maker* among divided brethren, and with all the power and fervor and peculiar eloquence of his best days, plead the cause of Christian charity and benevolence, and of a perishing world. How felicitous was that last opportunity in his long and eventful life, in kind Providence given, to vindicate before his assembled brethren and the Christian world, his *undiminished* claim to their confidence, honor, and love. Who that witnessed, can forget the appearance and the voice of the venerable man, as he stood in the midst of the assembled representatives of a great people, his form slightly stooped, and his bushy locks whitened by age and hard service, uttering, in silvery tones, gracious words of wisdom, of love, and of fraternal charity, and waving in his uplifted hand the *olive-branch* of peace, which he had wrought out of the resources of his sanctified sagacity and rich experience as the initiative to the adjustment of a most sore and calamitous strife, which had appalled and perplexed the wisest and best in Zion. That scene was *prophetic*. Without his or our knowing it, he was even then fanned by gales from the Heavenly City, through whose pearly gates he was so soon to pass, and their odors were diffused around him. May God have mercy on the man who can cherish ought but honor, love, and gratitude for the character and services of SPENCER H. CONE.”

CHAPTER XXIV.

LOVE STRONGER THAN DEATH.

NEW YORK never agreed with Mrs. Cone's health. The winters of a northern climate were too severe for a constitution naturally delicate, and lungs easily affected by atmospheric changes. In winter she was usually a close prisoner at home, and never perfectly well whilst the cold weather lasted. Several times during her residence in New York she was so severely attacked by inflammation of the lungs, as to render her removal to a milder climate necessary, so soon as the disease was sufficiently arrested to allow the fatigue of travelling. In summer time Schooley's Mountain, New Jersey, was a favorite resort of both her husband and herself. He found there, for the three or four weeks of rest he permitted himself during the heats of August, the recruitment he so much needed. He breathed there his native air, and he regained his strength more rapidly than any where else.

It is a famous watering-place, and within the last four or five years much crowded. When they were first in the habit of spending the summer there, the visitors were comparatively few, and principally people from Charleston, Baltimore and Philadelphia, amongst whom were many of their early friends and acquaintance.

In addition to escaping for a few weeks from the thronging avocations of his life, he enjoyed there a quiet, the most retired country spot in the land would have failed to afford him. They always had their own

little room. Nobody came near it. Everybody knew him and his habits, and with the delicate sense of propriety, which is, perhaps, the best thing learned in society, carefully abstained from intruding on them. A few books on some important subject, about which he wished to get up a "report," or formalize a plan, were his companions, and liberated entirely from the harassing interruptions to which every moment of his time at home was exposed, he prepared his work, and, as may be seen by many important letters already quoted, wrote up his widely-scattered correspondence. It may be well to remark here with regard to his correspondence, that we have not pretended even to give an abstract of it. Extending over nearly forty years, directed to every quarter of the globe, and occupied with every subject of benevolent enterprise or denominational interest, it would, of itself alone, have filled several volumes, if collected together. In a notice of so varied and important a "life," it would have been entirely impossible to do so.

When tired of writing he would now and then take a turn up and down the long piazza of the hotel, or arm and arm with his inseparable companion, for they never tired of each other's company, stroll slowly away through the woody walks, and pleasant solitudes of the plateau, upon the mountain top, where the hotels are built. Five minutes brought them, in any direction, to a seclusion as complete, as if they had been a thousand miles away from the scenes of civilized life. There was one particular spot he always sought at the going down of the sun. It was a point from which its last rays could be seen, coloring the undulating line of hills which lay beyond the deep valley below. There he would stand quite alone, sometimes for an hour, watching the glories of the sunset, till the crimson and gold faded into their

lines of misty grey. He seemed at such times to be so full of quiet and heavenly contemplation that if, by accident, we came near where he was, we passed on. We knew the temper of his mind, and how sweetly then, with how full a soul, he was dwelling upon the perfection of the Creator, and adoring Him in His works.

Frequently, at the desire of a great number of the visitors, one of the parlors was set apart for prayers, and all who desired went in whilst he read a chapter in the Bible and offered a prayer. Many men and women kneeled and listened there to what they had perhaps never heard before, for in his public prayers, as in his sermons, the way of salvation for sinners through the alone merits' sake of the blood of Christ was very plainly preached. After that, and never later than half past nine, he retired to sleep. Next day he rose betimes and wrote or walked out through the fields and woods till breakfast time—and so the day passed. On the Sabbath he usually preached in the little stone chapel, which stands a hundred yards or so from the mountain Houses. Writing to his sister Martha from Schooley's Mountain, he says:

“I preached to a very fashionable, and attentive audience last Sunday morning from Luke—last four verses—and dwelt particularly upon the divinity of Christ, and the *joy* and *fortitude* of those who worship Him in spirit and in truth. My heart was enlarged, and seeing before me two or three hundred of the *fashionables* of our country, who, perhaps seldom hear the Gospel of the Grace of God, and who under other circumstances would probably never have heard me, I could not but hope that some precious soul might be benefited. The rich are generally envied! but oh, it is a melancholy thought, that it is easier for a camel to

pass through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter into the kingdom of Heaven! How soon, oh how soon, in most instances, the purple and fine linen are changed for the garments of despair."

Another time :

"I rode eight or nine miles yesterday along the mountain, and preached to a little Baptist church with much comfort."

In a letter written from there the next year, he says : "Last Lord's day I rested, and now begin to feel like preaching again. But do you know that I begin to understand what grey hairs mean? I am an old man. My brethren in the ministry call me their venerable brother and father. Only think of it. It seems but yesterday when we were playing children in Princeton. Now I am old and grey-headed. O, Lord, forsake me not! Thou hast been the guide of my youth, and my prayer shall be to the God of my life."

Many meetings there brought back old times and feelings. "Lawyer M.," he says, "and family, have been here since our arrival. They introduced themselves very soon as part of the old W. family, and then you know as I had to go back to my old Dr. Abercombie connection, 1802—1806, it seemed to threaten to get the ladies out of their teens sooner than they were aware. But then it was so easy to remember that they were wild and very young chits of girls, while I was quite old! An *old* schoolmaster of *fifteen*. But no matter; I am old now—pressing on to the three score years. Whether the ten will be added the Lord only knows, and in His hands most cheerfully I leave it. He hath done all things well, and it is my daily prayer and my heartfelt desire to praise Him for all that is past, and to trust Him for all that is to come."

Mr. and Mrs. Cone spent many quiet happy hours

together there. She suffered, however, constantly, for five years, with ulcerated mouth and tongue. Medicine would not reach it. The air and chalybeate waters of the mineral spring, for which the mountain is famous, partially relieved her, but the disease remained.

Early in August, 1854, a strange presentiment seemed to forewarn her. Riding out with him one day, they passed the little secluded cemetery at Pleasant Grove, about three miles from the mountain, and a stone's throw from a little knot of houses called Anderson Town. She made him stop, and after looking long and wistfully over the place, and marking all its peculiarities of quiet and seclusion, she said: "Spencer, I have a horror of city burying-places. They do not let even the dead rest, near cities. Promise me, when I am dead, that you will lay me here—here in this quiet place!" and he promised her.

Only a few days after she was attacked by typhoid fever. Her husband and her son nursed her—how tenderly we need not say. She was all the world to them, the comfort and idol of their lives.

Her husband spoke cheeringly to her about change of air, and taking her home to New York as soon as she was able to be moved. She answered quietly. "I shall go home—to heaven—from the mountain this time, dearest!"

And, indeed, upon the 15th day of August, 1854, she went home. They saw that she was dying, and her husband leaned down, and asked her if Jesus was with her for the way through the dark valley. She looked happily into his eyes, and whispered her Saviour's name. She never spoke again, and about ten o'clock at night fell asleep in Him.

When his son came into his room, and found him sitting alone, his head bowed listlessly upon his breast;

he turned to him, and seeing him weep, said softly : " Weep on, my boy, you are young. Your poor old father has not been able to weep yet," and then we felt more bitterly for him who was left desolate, than for her who had gone before.

And the next day, as there was none else to do it for her, he stood by her coffin in the little chapel, and preached Christ to the people, with such a strange, unnatural power and calmness, it was almost as if one dead had been speaking to the living. What words he said we know not. Our minds were, alas! too full of busy sorrows to take them in ; but the place was full of men and women of the world, and they heard and remembered. That act by which all selfish weakness was put aside until a holy duty was performed, and the supreme sacrifice and offering of human love was made for her, seemed to them, what indeed it was, an unequalled spectacle of Christian heroism. There was, perhaps, hardly any there in whom the sentiments of religion commonly awoke a tender feeling ; and yet, not women only, but hard and careless men of the world, to whom fashion and amusement was the sole business of life, bowed their heads, and wept like children. And one, a woman, on whom fortune and fashion have lavished all their gifts, a woman yet young, and with all the world's desires at her feet, said to us afterwards : " As I sat there, and saw that astonishing exhibition of heroic love, nothing but shame kept me from shrieking aloud. You must not sorrow for her. If I could die as she did, I would pray to die to-night !"

And we buried her in the little grave-yard at Pleasant Grove. What sustained her husband, and made the broken-hearted stronger than they who had known no sorrow ?

" Dear Brother"—he says to h's friend Baron Stow,

“my loss is indeed great—irreparable! My dear Sally was one of the best of wives. True and faithful; industrious and loving; making her house a place of rest and happiness for her husband always, for more than forty-one years, whatever might have been the occasional trials and annoyances without—whatever the toils and anxieties of a pastor’s life; and you will believe that *mine* have not been few. I am left alone, and yet not alone, for Christ is with me; his rod and staff they comfort me.

“I received the last sigh of my darling, and parted from her without a tear, and spoke at her burial with holy confidence and joy. Do you ask *how* was this? Through Grace that strengthened me. An overwhelming sense of gratitude to God for giving me such a wife—for lending her to me so long—for *blessing her* with the assurance of faith and hope unto the end—and for taking her at last from sin and sorrow and sickness and pain, to the mansions of peace and holiness and joy! made my cup of bliss full even to overflowing, and I could say with David, from my inmost soul, ‘Oh God, my heart is fixed! my heart is fixed! I will sing and give praise!’”

And to his early companion in arms, and afterwards in the ministry—Dr. Dagg:

“The Lord has indeed removed from me the desire of my eyes with a stroke! My best earthly friend; the mother of my children; the wife of my youth and of my old age. It was a heavy stroke, but I remembered that the hand which inflicted the blow was that same hand that was nailed to the Cross *for me, for her*, and I was dumb—I opened not my mouth to complain; I shed no tear; I was a wonder, not only to many; but most—most of all to myself. I have not language to tell you how the Lord has been a present help in the

time of trouble, and has strengthened me by a bereavement which, when anticipated only, I have for years thought would well-nigh break my doating heart.

“When I held her hand and heard her last sigh, and all was still as death, I was filled, in the twinkling of an eye, with an overwhelming sense of gratitude to God that He had given me such a wife, and had lent her to me so long! And my joy of soul was equal to my gratitude, when I saw her released from sorrow, pain and sin; and in the exercise of faith and hope and love, could follow her emancipated spirit home to the mansions of peace and holiness and rest.

“Two passages of sacred Scripture came to me with omnipotent sweetness. “How precious are *thy thoughts* unto me O God!” and—“So He giveth His beloved sleep.”

“What I now *feel* but cannot describe is *loneliness*. I come home from my work, and go into the parlor—she, who was emphatically ‘a keeper at home,’ is not there! I go to the bed-room, to the table, she is not there—but still I am supported by the everlasting arms. The crook and staff of the good Shepherd, they comfort me.

“You ask if my views have changed with reference to what are usually known as ‘The doctrines of Grace.’ Not a jot. The 10th of John, and 8th of Romans, and 1st and 2nd of Ephesians are dear to me as ever. Grace reigning through righteousness unto eternal life by Jesus Christ our Lord, is the only plan by which sinners can be saved. If I am not complete in Christ, I have no hope of ever entering into the mansions of bliss. But I hear him say, ‘Because I live ye shall live also,’ and then I reply with holy boldness, surely I shall dwell in the house of the Lord for ever!

“I shall be 70 if I live till the 30th of April next, and

find my pastoral labors, with Board meetings, &c., quite as much as I can stagger under; but *I mean*, in spite of earth or hell, to die on the field of battle. This is what *I mean to do*, but whether it will turn out to be so—I cannot tell; the Lord knoweth.

“When you have leisure, write to me. Your letter was a great comfort to me. Christian sympathy is a reality—it is needed—it is in accordance with the yearnings of the inner-man. Else, why did Christ take Peter, and James, and John, to watch and pray with him in the Garden? They fell asleep, I know, but that may serve to show *how far*, but no further, human sympathy may go, and direct us after all, and above all, to look to Him whose eyes do neither slumber nor sleep.

“I have been going back to Virginia all the evening, 1816—what a memorable year! My dear Sally and many others that year, and the next, were immersed in the Potomac. Sweet seasons! I thank God for them—they will never return; *young* has passed away, and *old* has come.

“Farewell, dear friends of my early Christian life; if we are not to meet again on earth, I trust we shall meet in Heaven!

“As ever, thine, in the Crucified One!”

CHAPTER XXV.

AFTER his return from Chicago, in May, 1855, there was an evident change in him. We did not notice it so much at home as strangers did. When we were with him in the house he was always so lively and pleasant, that he quite deceived us as to the real state of his health. He would often say, "I am getting old, boys, and feel hard work more than I used to do." But he went about his work just as he had always done: and, indeed, during that last year did more than ever, preaching oftener, and with greater fire and energy, if possible, and busying himself every hour of the day with some of the manifold duties which were laid upon him. Going by the study door, however, in the evening we would see him sitting in his arm-chair, his head thrown listlessly back, and his whole figure wearing an appearance of weakness and exhaustion. Attributing it to his loneliness, for whilst she lived his wife always sat in the room with him in the evening, busy with her sewing or book, whilst he paced the floor backwards and forwards, talking to himself in an under tone: attributing it to her absence from the accustomed seat, rather than to a failure of his own physical powers, we would leave our own purposes for the evening, and go in and chat with him. He always rallied at once, and fell into animated conversation on matters of general interest. We never talked about mother. Each of us knew that the other was thinking more about her than about what we were talking of; but with a pardonable insincerity, we all pretended to be absorbed in the

question of the minute; and each fancied that he had deceived the other in believing that all was well about the heart.

Dr. Armitage has told, alas! too truly how the blow fell upon him whose comforter she had been through all the changing scenes of an eventful life.

“From the death of Mrs. Cone, in August, 1854, he felt that his own work was nearly done. When she who had stood by his side in all the changes of forty years was taken away, he realized, as he never had before, that human life is bounded by three score years and ten, and that his foot rested on the margin of those bounds. The pain of that event made him tread the few paces that were left more heavily, and he could not have endured it for a day, but for the special support which he drew from the precious promises of Christ. Nay, with all these consolations, it was a blow from which he never fully recovered. No man could be more devoted to his wife than Dr. Cone was to her whom he so tenderly characterizes, as, “The wife of my youth, the companion of my age, the sharer of my sorrows and my joys; affectionate, faithful, and true, her price was above rubies.”

“I can never forget a scene which occurred in my own pulpit on the 4th of June last, illustrative of his deep sorrow under this bereavement. A young minister had lost his wife, and had brought her to the house of God where she formerly worshipped, that we might celebrate her funeral services. Dr. Cone was present, and rose in the pulpit to address the friends. But as he opened his mouth to speak, his eye caught a glance of the young brother, quivering with suppressed grief before the coffin of his sleeping wife. The sight was too much for his very sensitive heart, and he was overwhelmed. For some moments he stood unable to utter

a word. The big tears came pouring down his cheeks, and he attempted to brace himself against his emotions, in his own peculiar way, but failed. At length, regaining perfect control of his heart, he said, in tones of hallowed tenderness, "It is hard to bury a young wife, my dear brother. But when you have lived with one forty and two years—the wife of your youth, the mother of your children, the companion of your lonely hours, the undeviating and always reliable friend of your whole life—then, indeed, *the stroke is heavy.*"

On the Sabbath, being the 5th day of August, he baptized in the morning, and when he came home, appeared quite tired out. At dinner he complained of numbness in his limbs, and especially in his left arm. We felt no serious apprehensions, however. He had had during his life several slight attacks of bilious fever, preceded by the same symptoms. So we told him that he ought to be careful, and recollect that his bilious attacks always commenced that way. We tried very hard to persuade him to stay at home for the rest of that day, and let us tell the deacons that they must get a supply for the pulpit. But he would not listen to us. He had to break bread in the afternoon, he said; it would wear off; he often felt very sick before he began to preach, but preaching cured him; and that afternoon he preached his last Sabbath sermon, from the text "No man cometh unto the Father but by me," and commemorated for the last time, with the people of his heart, the dying love of that Saviour, unto whom his prayer for many months had been "even so, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

He spoke again for them at the prayer-meeting on Tuesday evening, and some have said since, that he seemed to have a difficulty they had never observed before, in fixing his mind upon the subject, and spoke

several times during the lecture in a rambling and uncertain way.

On the 9th, Mr. Gwathney, of Virginia, an old friend, called on him, and he said: "I have been working very hard and incessantly, from the age of fourteen till now, and now I begin to feel that my work is done."

On the morning of the 10th, after breakfast, all that was left of the little family came into the study as usual to morning worship. Sometimes he would read a chapter from the Bible himself, and sometimes ask one of us to read. Latterly, indeed, he almost always said to one of us, "Read a chapter, my son—read us one of those sweet psalms of David." It may have been merely fancy, but we used to think he liked to hear our voices repeating the words of the book, and felt as if so he drew his children closer with him around the family altar.

That morning, however, he took the book and began to read. Twice during the reading he stopped, as if a blur passed over his sight. We were surprised at it, for it was very unusual, and the idea that he was threatened with a bilious attack was strengthened. After reading, he knelt and prayed. His prayer was so unusual that it made an immediate impression. Ordinarily he prayed for the prosperity of the cause of Christ; for his beloved country; for all who were near and dear to him by the tender ties of consanguinity or affection; for strength and counsel from above to do the work his Master gave him to do; for guidance through the day; for humility and singleness of heart; but now he prayed for none of these things. His prayer was one earnest, almost passionate supplication for himself. Like Jacob, he seemed wrestling with God at the foot of the ladder, and saying, "I will not let Thee go except Thou bless me." He had been set as an under-shepherd over the

flock, and he asked to be permitted to give up his charge into the hands of the Good Shepherd. He had been set as a watchman upon the walls of Zion, and he prayed that he might be found free from the blood of all men. He had been made a steward and a servant of the Most High, and acknowledging all his unworthiness, all his weakness—entreating his Master to forgive the unprofitable servant, to pardon the steward if he had hidden any talent given to his keeping, he prayed with touching humility that in some few things, at least, he might not be found unfaithful.

It was his last audible prayer. As he kneeled, his Lord had said to him: "Servant, thy work is done. Son, come up higher."

He went up stairs into his chamber to make some change in his dress. His son was in the next room. Hearing a step, he turned and saw him standing near the door, very pale, and trying to button his waistcoat. He went hastily to him, exclaiming, "What is the matter with you, father?"

"I believe you must button it for me, my son; my hand is very numb." His son put his arm around him, and stooped to do as he desired. As he did so, his father said, "I am very sick," and looking up, his son saw the change pass over his face, and felt his limbs stiffen. His arms were around him, or he would have fallen. He laid him on the bed, and just at that moment Deacon Hillman, one of his most attached friends, came into the house. He was immediately called up to the chamber, and together they undressed him, and rubbed his paralyzed limbs and side. As they were doing so, he said to the deacon: "I have kept on the harness till my work is done. The spirit of a man will sustain his infirmity, but a wounded spirit who can bear? *But I have no wounded spirit.* What

a blessed thing it is to know that when we leave this world, we are going to a better place.”

Dr. Thomas Markoe was immediately called in, and a telegraphic dispatch sent to Dr. Devan, who was in the country with his family.

Dr. Devan, a bosom friend, and for many years the family physician, left everything on the instant to come to him; sat by him; scarcely left the house indeed for days, but slept a little, at night, in an adjoining room, until what was considered the crisis of the disease was over. All that human skill and kindness on the part of his physicians could do, was done. Human skill, however was at fault; the quiet comatose state into which he immediately fell, and which was for some time considered favorable, never altered—he never rallied. When spoken to about ordinary matters he would answer very briefly, for he articulated with great difficulty. He answered always, sensibly. Active thought however was extinct; he never went beyond the answer to the question.

Dr. Devan tried several times to arouse his mind with regard to the church; but it was in vain. He would make no answer, once only after the doctor had said, “I am going to the church—have you anything to say to them?” he looked after him as he went out, and said slowly, “I should like to finish my exposition of the 22nd of Revelation.”

With that exception he never mentioned anything relating to the matters in which his mind had been so long and ardently employed. The stroke seemed at once to have paralyzed both mind and body.

It may have been a vain fancy on our part; but we could not help thinking the hand that struck him down at once, upon the battle field, was full of mercy. He had been so strong; so filled and overflowing with life

and energy; so active, every waking moment, that when we saw him helpless, and the physicians told us, "even if he recover, he will never preach or work again," we had no more hope of his life. Something in our hearts told us he had fallen as he longed to fall—"in the harness." His Master had honored his energy and activity so much, he had been so marked by it, that we felt he would not try him with lingering years of useless painful life. Dear as he was to us, we knew that he was dearer to his Lord. Our selfish love would have kept the faded form, to watch and tend, vain perhaps to think that he was all ours, and nothing else could come between him and our love. But He who loved him better than we could, He who died for him, would not suffer it to be so. He would not leave him in the world, after the work which He had given him to do was done. The everlasting crown was ready for him, and his Lord would have him wear it. And so, after he had lain very tranquil, and with scarce a groan or sigh, for eighteen days, on the morning of the nineteenth, which was the 28th day of August, 1855, he fell into a deep sleep—and was not, for God took him.

Only a little while before, we went together to lay his granddaughter Alice on her grandmother's bosom, at Pleasant Grove. The coffin was enclosed in a plain pine box. The father of the child took it in his arms to carry it from the cars to the carriage. As he did so one of the men about the depot stepped up kindly and asked to help him. After we had laid it in the carriage we saw father put a small piece of gold in his hand. The man looked up surprised, and hesitated to take it. Father shut his hand on it, and motioned him gently away—saying, "The thing you touched was very precious to us—she was worth more than gold—keep it."

And now our father, and our mother, and their little

grandchild, lie side by side in the quiet burial-place, far away among the hills of his native State. But the least of them does ever behold her Father's face in heaven, and they all have entered into the holiest, by a new and living way; by the blood of Jesus Christ which cleanseth from all sin.

THE END



APPENDIX I.

THE following kind note from President Wayland, of Brown University, was mislaid, and we did not find it until after the entire volume had been stereotyped. It should properly have been inserted in connection with Dr. Stow's communication on the subject of Foreign Missions, at page 313.

PROVIDENCE, *Nov. 20th*, 1855.

* * It would give me great pleasure to have it in my power to add anything to the interest of the memoir which you propose to publish, of the life and labors of your late honored father. I sincerely regret, however, that I have so few reminiscences that would be of service to you.

I first became acquainted with your father, if I recollect aright, about the time of my settlement in Boston. Afterwards for several years, I used to meet him at our public anniversaries, over which he commonly, and very admirably presided. * * Of late I have been unable to attend those meetings so frequently, and I have met him but rarely. Indeed I do not remember to have conversed with him since the formation of the Missionary Union. On this occasion, we were, for several days, thrown much together. Every member of the committee appointed to prepare the form of a constitution to be submitted to the public meeting, was struck with the frankness, kindness, and admirable judgment manifested by him on that occasion. When the draft was agreed upon, the duty of advocating it in the public

debate, was, by common consent, assigned to him. Of the manner in which he performed this service there has never been but one opinion. I have frequently heard it remarked, that no man in our country, of any profession, could have done it so well. In all the discussions, he exhibited great readiness and acuteness, with perfect knowledge of his subject and of his audience, enforcing his views with an irresistible eloquence, which carried the final vote, without, I believe, a single dissenting voice. The adoption of that constitution was owing more to your father's efforts than to those of all the rest of us put together. Without him, I do not believe that it could have been carried. But this is not all; in several points he differed somewhat from his brethren of the committee. But it was observed by us all with great admiration, that he advocated just as forcibly, and as eloquently, those articles in which he had not originally agreed with us, as those which had from the beginning met his approval.

Magnanimity of this kind was perfectly in harmony with all that, by personal acquaintance, I have known of his character.

APPENDIX II.

The following letter from Dr. Maclay, was handed to us, too late for insertion in the body of the memoir. Dr. Maclay informed us that owing to sickness, and engagements at a distance, he was not able to give it to us at an earlier period. At his request, we insert it here.—EDS.

NEW YORK, 28th June, 1850.

DEAR BROTHER CONE :—

The God whom we love and serve, in the gospel of His son, has preserved our lives, and I trust, in some measure, our usefulness in maintaining and defending His truth, to a good old age; while many of our companions and associates in the ministry have been removed from the field of labor to enter into that rest which remaineth for the people of God. It affords me great pleasure to reflect on the intimate and delightful intercourse which I have enjoyed with yourself and your predecessor in the ministry in this city, the venerable John Williams; and with other excellent brethren with whom we were associated. There has been a cordial union of spirit and of action in all the great measures in which we have been engaged to advance the kingdom of our Lord. In the great conflict which we had in the American Bible Society with our Pedo-Baptist brethren, we were placed in the minority, for all the different denominations combined against us; yet we remained unterrified by our adversaries, boldly maintaining, that the inspired originals were the only standard to the translators of the Sacred Scriptures, and that all their translations must be made, not in conformity to the jarring views of the different sects and parties embraced in that Institution, but in exact conformity to the inspired oracles of God. We were nobly sustained, with a very few exceptions, by our Baptist brethren in England and America, in maintaining the great principle, that the Bible ought to be faithfully and completely translated into all the languages of the nations without human addition, diminution or concealment. We maintained, with the great body of our denomination, ministers and people, that all men ought to have the Bible in their own mother tongue, unutilated and undisguised. Our opponents charged us with great inconsistency in maintaining and defending the principle, that *baptizo* and its cognates ought to

be faithfully translated in all our versions in heathen lands, while we continued to circulate the common English version, in which the words relating to the ordinance of baptism are transferred, and not translated. We felt the force of the objection, but replied that we had no hand in making our present English version; it was made by Episcopalians to our hands. We thought, however, that great injustice was done to the truth of God, and to us as a denomination, in concealing by non-translation, from the great mass of the people for whose benefit the translation was designed, the true and full meaning of the original words relative to the ordinance of baptism—giving them to the people in a language which they did not understand, instead of plain English. We then said most solemnly that the day might come, and we hoped was not distant, when the Baptists would give to the world a new and revised version of the Scriptures in the English language, which in our judgment was greatly needed; allowing the great Teacher to speak to the people in their own mother tongue, in the great commission—"Go, disciple all nations, immersing them into the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." I had long before that been convinced of the desirableness of a new, or revised version of the English Scriptures; and from that time to the present my mind has been more deeply impressed with its importance. I had, in the course of my ministry, expounded the whole of the New Testament and considerable portions of the Old Testament, examining carefully every chapter and every verse; and all my experience satisfied me that a revision ought to be made, and the errors of our common version corrected. This conviction I have not only felt, but often avowed both publicly and privately for the last fifteen years.

My reasons for desiring a revision are by no means confined to the ordinance of baptism; for although the common version has many excellences, from which I would not detract in the slightest degree, it has also many defects, and some serious ones I am well satisfied, that have no relation to the ordinance of baptism—defects which ought to be remedied and not perpetuated.

I had always hoped that the American and Foreign Bible Society would ultimately undertake the work of revising our English version. I think that a Bible Society is the proper body to perform such a work, or to secure its performance. It should be done by men of the highest standing for learning and piety that can be obtained in the world—men thoroughly versed, and critical students in the Scriptures. It should be deliberately and thoroughly done; and when it is done, if any error can be pointed out by friend or foe, it should be at once corrected, until a version is obtained as near like the original as honesty of purpose, and human ability and industry, aided by the Holy Spirit can make it. But there is no body to which the charge and direction of the work belongs so appropriately as to a Bible society. The American and Foreign Bibl

Society was founded on right principles, and if those principles had been carried out in all languages, that Society would have furnished us with a revised version in English. I wish from my heart it had done so. That society has always been very dear to me. I have labored hard, and risked my life to promote its prosperity. I have contributed from my limited means towards the grand object of giving to the nations the pure unadulterated word of God, and have been enabled through the divine blessing, within the last year, to constitute twenty of my family life-members of that society. Nor do I regret what I have done. I only wish I had had it in my power to do more. For, although I have been disappointed and grieved by the recent movement of the society, in refusing to take any measures towards the work of revising the Scriptures in English, and in declaring that it was beyond its province ever to perform or procure such a work, yet I feel no hostility towards the society, and shall most cordially and cheerfully do what I can consistently to promote its original and legitimate object—the distribution of God's word, plainly and completely translated into all the languages of the world.

I am decidedly of the opinion that as the American and Foreign Bible Society declined the work of correcting our common English version, it was necessary to form a new society with this special object in view: and I feel gratified, on examining the Constitution and Address of the *American Bible Union*, to find its principles and provisions so well adapted to the work which the providence of God has thrown upon our hands. I love union on Bible principles. "There is one body and one Spirit, even as ye are called in one hope of your calling; *one Lord, one faith, one immersion*, one God and Father of all, who is above all, and through all, and in you all."

The only effectual way to secure Christian union is to be of one mind with God, and one mind with Christ; and then we shall be of necessity of one mind with each other. And a correct and complete translation of God's word must tend greatly to produce this union. I have long been convinced that the immersion of infants in the Greek church, and the sprinkling of infants in the Roman and Protestant churches, are the grand barriers to Christian union. Christian union must be founded in the truth. It must be a holy union, a union of which Christ is the centre. It must be the unity of the Spirit in the bond of peace. The fruits and effects of such a union, founded in, and promoted by THE TRUTH, will be most blessed.

It was once in my heart, to devote my life to the missionary work in the East Indies, but the providence of God diverted me from that field of labor, and perhaps, I have been enabled, through His abundant goodness, to do even more for the heathen, by collecting means to send them the Holy Scriptures, than I could have done by spending my life among them. And my heart is still most deeply interested in the Bible cause.

and I shall cheerfully continue to labor in its promotion, although far advanced in years, while life and health remain.

I intend by this to signify my acceptance of the appointment as an agent which the Board of the American Bible Union has kindly tendered me; and I trust the God of all truth and grace will abundantly bless our endeavors to obtain the requisite means, to procure faithful versions of his word, and to circulate the Holy Scriptures among all nations.

I am, my dear brother, in the bonds of the gospel,

Affectionately yours,

ARCHIBALD MACLAY.

Handwritten scribbles and symbols, possibly including a checkmark and some illegible characters.

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